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RADIO
TV MIRROR

JULY • 25¢

President Kennedy
Ladies' TV Favorite

Teal Ames
Why She Quit TV

Rank Gifford
Newest Sportscaster

Presley: 1961
Dinah Shore
Nick Adams
Bill Leyden
Brook Bentor
The Everlys

Bobby Rydell
Breck Hair Set Mist

A SOFT, FINE SPRAY THAT IS GOOD TO YOUR HAIR
HOLDS CURLS BEAUTIFULLY IN PLACE FOR HOURS

Breck Hair Set Mist is a gentle spray
that leaves your hair soft and shining,
ever 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 pincurling

Beautiful Hair

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Available wherever cosmetics are sold.
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!
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 29c!

Lander CHLOROPHYLL STICK DEODORANT
...and only 39c for the lotion ROLL-ON style that stops perspiration worries.

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Terese Buxton, Managing Editor
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Frances Malby, Associate Art Director
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Front Portrait of Bobby Rydell by Michael Levin

BUY YOUR AUGUST ISSUE EARLY • ON SALE JULY 6
Imagine! The curl's still there...even after you trim your hair!

New! Fashion 'Quick' gives you a soft wave that's guaranteed to last through trim after trim—for 4 months!

Fashion 'Quick' waves deeper down from ends to crown—in just 20 minutes! Its unique formula acts to give your hair more body! That's why you can trim a Fashion 'Quick' permanent—and trim it again! There's never been a soft wave before with such a will to mould and hold! And new Fashion 'Quick' is easy to use. There's no shampooing, no mixing the neutralizer. With half the work, in half the time, you've a deep-down wave that lasts for four months—even with a short hair-do! Richard Hudnut guarantees it or your money back! Regular— for normal hair. Gentle— for bleached hair. Super— for hard-to-wave hair. Also, two new Fashion 'Quick' formulas for gray hair and children's hair.

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SAVE $1.00
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HURRY! Offer Limited
Changes on the Ranges: All signs point to a new look in TV horse-opry next season. Gunsmoke and Tales Of Wells Fargo are moving into hour-long slots. This is not entirely a welcome development for the stars of either show. Dennis Weaver (Chester), Milburne Stone (Doc) and Amanda Blake (Kitty), all of Gunsmoke, will have less time for those well-paying, enjoyable personal-appearance tours. Dale Robertson also has cause for regret. He used to pick up more money at one rodeo than he got for a week's work as Jim Hardie. Even the title is in for a change. It will now be called Man From Wells Fargo, in order to widen the scope of the story and allow Dale to take on a young sidekick. Among those mentioned for this role is Jack Ging, providing the young star can get out of another contract. Wagon Train is another Western due for revamping. Scott Miller will gradually be eased in while Bob Horton cases out.

Freely Translated: Tiny Miyoshi Umeki, who is recreating for the movies her Broadway role in "Flower Drum Song," will head for home in Japan as soon as her part is done. It will be her first trip back since coming here four years ago, and she has two great prizes to show her family—husband Winfield Opie, TV producer, and the Oscar she won in "Sayonara." With this in mind, she wired her folks, "Me Win Oscar All Coming Soon." Came the return cable. "Child, if you already win Win, why bother win Oscar?"

If Miyoshi is bringing a husband to Japan, Jimmy Shigeta may be going the reverse route. He has been secretly engaged to a cute Nipponese actress for the past two years and, when he goes there to co-star with Marlon Brando in "The Ugly American," it may well turn out that Jimmy will acquire a bride. The last time he was in Japan—doing "Bridge to the Sun"—he adopted a pup but ran into trouble with Customs. They insisted the pooch get all his shots before leaving the country and, during this two-week wait, Jimmy did a lot of sightseeing in the country of his forebears. Producer Jacques Bar was so pleased with his work, he gifted him with the wardrobe used in the film. "But what do you do with a dozen 1941 suits?" asks the actor.

Guess Who? A tough guy of the old school, his forte was playing gangsters, lumberjacks, ruthless captains of finance, etc. At present, he is one of the hardest-riding marshals of television. Actually, he is a man of culture and charm. He began as a writer, had a play ("Rendezvous") produced on Broadway in 1935, and still knocks out pieces that he says are "too tame" for today's market. This show-business brute has been happily married for twenty years and lives in a quiet English manor house of elegance with a lovely garden he himself tends. When he isn't weeding, he's reading—but never, never the papers. "Too much violence," he chuckles. "My tastes run to Sandburg, Chaucer and the sonnets of Shakespeare." His name? Barton MacLane!

Hard Smell: A salesman got after Dean Martin about installing a new perfume-vending machine in the powder room of Dino's, the actor's Sunset Strip eatery. Skeptical, Dean inquired, "What happens if the machine runs out of perfume?" Snapped the eager salesman, "A sign lights up reading 'Out of Odor.' . . . Your Loss, My Gain: During the filming of 20th-Fox's "Voyage to the Bottom of the
Sea,” the lead actors had to do much of their work in a submarine supposedly under the Polar Cap. They also had to do some swimming under water and, to be realistic, put on heavy rubber suits. With the hot lights and water, it was like being trapped in a steam bath. As a result, Robert Sterling, Michael Ansara and Frankie Avalon lost five pounds apiece. Wailed Frankie, “I only weigh 125, to start with. Now I’ll be stuffed with mashed potatoes for a month, in order to be in shape for my Las Vegas act at the Sands in September.” The odd part of all this was that Peter Lorre, who was praying to lose some of his excess, didn’t drop a pound.

Cold Couple Share Hot Dog: The big news about Lassie is not that her show has been renewed for the eighth year. That was expected. What was a shock, for Lassie and “her” fans, was the divorce of Rudd and Mae Weather-wax, owners and trainers of the popular dog. The court battle ended with a Solomon-type decision. Lassie’s pay goes to Mae for alimony and she has custody, except on days when the dog must work. Then Rudd picks the star up, chauffeurs (Continued on page 60)
Firecrackers: Elvis will be available for a special next year. . . All three networks inviting Ike to do a public series on his own terms. So far getting nothing but a genial "no." . . . Burt Lancaster and Edward G. Robinson being approached to emcee Carnival Time, NBC-TV's new circus show slotted for Friday p.m.'s in the fall. . . Rumor prevails that CBS will try to make a spec of "Teahouse of the August Moon." . . . Teleglobe—one of the four Pay-TV systems—will soon be seeking testing approval from the F.C.C. It has already received patents in England and Italy and, in 1957, the F.C.C. described Teleglobe as employing "relatively simple techniques." You get the picture free and merely flip a switch for sound, which meters time used. . . The air force named a missile "Whispering Smith"—first TV program to be so honored. . . With world-shaking events shattering the news, radio is proving itself far ahead of TV in complete and on-the-scene reporting. . . Betsy Palmer's grocer slips a goodie in her bag when she does especially well on I've Got a Secret. . . Barry Sullivan tells of the burglar who gave his girl a mink coat. "It's beautiful," she sighed. "It must be worth at least five years."

Life and Love: Just about the time Jim Franciscus premiers this fall in his new TV series, The Investigators, he will become a father. . . You can now buy a transistor radio that clips on a bicycle handle. First buy the bicycle. . . Bachelor Bob Mandan, who plays David Allen on From These Roots, is acting kind of giddy backstage and his colleagues figure it's love. . . Angel goes back to heaven; time-spot will probably be swallowed up by Checkmate this fall. . . Don Morrow, host on Camouflage, taxied socialite Darryl Link to City Hall for a civil marriage. Darryl, whose father was among the founders of the old Du Mont TV network, is one of the nation's outstanding amateur horsewomen. . . While in Hollywood, Polly Bergen rented the late Tyrone Power's former home. In the backyard was the famous nude statue of actress Linda Christian. Polly reports her eighteen-month-old son Peter frequently talked to the shapely alabaster. Polly recalls: "Peter worried because the statue didn't answer, and I was worried that it might." . . . All of which is remindful of Hermione Gingold's comment on CBS Radio, when recalling her first impression of New York: "I couldn't help but wonder why they had a statue of Judith Anderson in the harbor!"

Looking Ahead: Bob Hope and Ethel Merman join Lucille Ball this month (Continued on page 8)
From Baseball to Acting

Please give some background on the actor Larry Pennell.

E.M.Z., Louisville, Kentucky

Ruggedly handsome Larry Pennell grew up practically in the backyard of Paramount Studios. but he took him more than twenty years and a baseball career before his acting talents were discovered.

Larry was born in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, but his parents moved to Hollywood when he was just a baby. He was playing baseball on an athletic scholarship at U.S.C., when he was signed for the Boston Braves. He played in their minor-league farm system and then, after two years' service in the Army, was all set to play for the Brooklyn Dodgers, who had bought his contract. Just then, a talent agent saw him acting in a Hollywood drama group, and, quick as a wink, Larry switched to acting.... The dark-haired, 6'2" actor is married to Patty Throop, a former Las Vegas showgirl. In addition to sports, he likes reading and listening to music.

A Happy Coincidence

What can you tell me about the actress Karen Sharpe?

P.J.K., Brooklyn, New York

A pastry shop and a happy coincidence both played a part in the discovery of Karen Sharpe. Born in San Antonio, Texas, Karen went to Hollywood at the age of 14. While she was studying acting there, she got a job in a Beverly Hills pastry shop. It happened that the shop was frequently patronized by agent Leon Lance. Lance also called, from time to time, at the dramatic workshop at which Karen was studying. One day, he heard a part being read in the next room and asked to meet the girl. Much to his surprise, it turned out to be the girl from the pastry shop (Karen). He arranged an interview for her and, from then on, Karen has had a busy career in both movies and TV. In her spare time, the actress likes to swim, ride, dance and read. She also enjoys visiting museums.

Calling All Fans

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


Kim Novak Fan Club, Russ Charles, 268 No. State, Salt Lake City, Utah.


Paul Anka Fan Club, Janet Schlicker, Box 285, R. #1, Frankenmuth, Michigan.

John Bromfield Fan Club, Carol Bousquet, 25 Whittier St., Bridgeport 5, Connecticut.

Dinah Shore and George Montgomery Fan Club, Kay Daly, 3528 Greenfield Ave., Los Angeles 34, California.

W e'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.
to tape “Lucy Goes to Broadway,” for December showing. ... Twilight Zone may expand to a full hour for fall. ... Shirley Booth replaces Tennessee Ernie Ford in new comedy series called Hazel. Ford plans to return in one or more specials for his auto namesake. ... Mike Kirkland, of The Brothers Four, carrying a torch for Marilyn Van Derbur, former Miss America. ... Robert Sterling returns to TV in comedy again, filling the slot Tom Ewell abandons. ... Young Victor recording star Rod Lauren making his first movie, “Bucks County,” for Hal Wallis. ... Robert Taylor swings from ABC to NBC and goes into a full hour on Fridays, come fall. ... Circle June 15 for ABC-TV. More of that original humor on an Ernie Kovacs special. ... Vivian Vance and Betty White will show up frequently as guests on Candid Camera next season. ... Jan Miner, once queen of daytime dramas, receiving high praise for her comedy role in the off-Broadway musical, “The Decameron.” ... Steve Allen’s press agent took issue with an item in this column which noted Steve was looking for a Broadway play that would bring him back to N.Y.C. Not true, said the P.A. But Broadway producer Jed Harris says Steve will work for him this fall in “Southern Comfort” and, since Steve is a teetotaler, it has to be a play.

Like Hot: Broadway stars getting the TV nod. Dick Van Dyke, original male star of “Bye Bye Birdie,” stars in CBS-TV comedy weekly, Double Trouble, starting in October. ... Richard Burton, co-star of “Camelot,” to star in series, The Grand Conception, but this one is to be projected in the ’62 season. ... Lawrence Welk went eighteen holes with former President Eisenhower. The Welk Band has always been Ike’s favorite. ... Vic Damone and Dick Patterson will star in comedy series, Some Like It Hot. ... Evening of June 22, NBC-TV presents special titled “Doctor B,” a documentary of the real M.D. in Flemington, N.J. Special emphasis will be on the doctor’s relationship with patients. ... The Brighter Day begins telecasting from CBS’s TV City in Hollywood, end of June. Blair Davies (who plays Reverend Dennis) and Mona Bruns (Aunt Emily) will make the move out from New York, but most of the other actors are in Broadway shows and will remain behind — so you may expect many cast changes.

Saddle-sore Ego: Wyatt Earp will be gone beyond recall, this fall, but Hugh O’Brien expects to do some TV specials. Critical acclaim for his work in a Play Of The Week drama assures him consideration for dramatic roles outside of Westerns. ... June 17, NBC-TV carries the National Open Golf Tournament from Birmingham, Michigan. ... Hal March signed as permanent radio host on Monitor in the three-to-six Sunday spot. Incidentally, Hal and Candy are expecting again. ... Curious characterization in NBC’s 8th Precinct, the detective series which will engulf Acapulco in the fall. Actress Gena Rowlands will play in the running role of a deaf mute, as the wife of a detective played by Robert Lansing. ... NBC pays a record $615,002 for TV rights to the pro-football title game next season, but no one knows what the two dollars is for. ... Vivien Leigh guests on the last ABC-TV Churchill episode. She recalls the day she happened upon Sir Winston working on a canvas. She expressed his admiration, and he sent the painting to her for Christmas. ... Georgine D’Arcy’s option picked up by Desilu even though Harrigan & Son gets no chance at a retrial. ... Gary Moore co-stars with Carol Burnett in “Once Upon a Mattress” in summer stock. This was the musical comedy that made Carol. The Moore-Burnett version will be taped as a TV special for entry next season. ... This will excite the kids: A Superboy series is finally being readied, starring young actor John Rockwell.

Show Stoppers: Eighteen-year-old Leslie Uggams, rising to fame via Sing Along With Mitch, has decided it’s about time to learn to read music. ... According to Weekly Television Digest, independent producers turned out two hundred new pilots this season and sold only fourteen. ... Ricky Nelson now has $300,000 in negotiable cash. He was 21, on May 8, and picked up his trust fund. ... Kathy Nolan, hospitalized with a back injury, returns to production in The Real McCoys sometime in June. ... Remember Stop The Music? Harry Salter, one of its originators, now has a new one headed, possibly, for NBC. He calls it Stop The Camera. ... Buzz Clifford, an admirer of comedienne Phyllis Diller, turned shy and nervous waiting to meet her. But the first thing she did was to ask for his autograph for his children. ... Muriel Williams is the actress now playing the role of Grace Baker in As The World Turns. Fran Reed left the part to join the San Francisco Stock Company for two years. ... Bing Crosby’s company developing a one-hour medie series, Ben Casey, with Vince Edwards and Sam Jaffe.

In ABC-TV’s new cartoon series for the fall, Top Cat, Allen Jenkins will be the voice of Officer Dibble, and Maurice Gosfield—one-time Doberman — the voice of Benny the Ball. ... Funny things happening in production of the Bus Stop series starring Marilyn Maxwell. Although the Broadway play and movie were big hits, TV will change the characters’ names. The role of Elma Duckworth, the waitress, is considered to have comical overtones and becomes Elma Gahrringr!
Jim Hagerty, ABC's vice-president in charge of news, special events and public affairs, explains how he plans to expand the network's programming in these exciting fields

by JAMES TAYLOR

He's a realist with strong opinions about his future, America's future, the world's future. Yet, in that future, James C. Hagerty predicts: "It will be as easy for TV news programs to switch from New York to Tokyo or Moscow or Paris as it is now to switch from New York to Boston or Washington. I have plans for an early-morning news program on which we will be able to say: 'This is what happened around the world while you were sleeping'—and actually show what happened, not just talk about it. When this happens, it will outdate the morning newspapers and we'll also be ahead of the afternoon newspapers. This will require a larger TV staff of trained reporters, reporters who are capable of speaking foreign languages. My background may come in handy. I have more than a passing knowledge of newspeople in practically every country. As a matter of fact, I expect to be in Europe before the end of the year, working on this project."

"Background" is a pale word for the preparation blue-eyed, hard-working, no-punches-pulled Jim Hagerty brings to his challenging new job at ABC. His name became (Continued on page 68)
Pictures of your favorite daytime characters (and the stars who play them)—PLUS a
behind-the-scenes look at that popular drama

FROM THESE ROOTS

by FRANCES KISH

FOLLOWING A DAYTIME DRAMATIC SERIAL on television is like reading a chapter at a time in a long, absorbing novel. Each day, something new develops in the story. The characters reveal a little more of themselves, of their inmost thoughts and feelings. New people appear on the scene, and others who have served their purpose move out. But the principal characters remain, and the main plot continues to revolve around them. You get to know them well...the houses they live in, the work they do, their interests, their dreams. Most of all, you learn about their family relationships, their friends, their loves...and, sometimes, their hates.

Leonard Stadd, writer of NBC-TV’s popular serial drama, From These Roots, has a strong belief that these daily segments come very close to the lives of many women who watch, and fill a definite need. Often, these women are housewives, alone many hours a day with young children—or with older children at school or busy with their own activities. Sometimes, they are older women whose families have grown up and moved on. And you might be surprised how many men watch regularly...night workers, shut-ins, or retired from business.

“Our audience,” says Stadd, “is composed of people who, like those in our story, are searching for love and understanding, and trying to give these to others. Trying to find peace and happiness in their relationships. I believe that we play to a basically intelligent audience, people all over this country who can identify with our people and their problems. If some of the parts and situations are a little outside their own experience, the basic emotions are still there. David Allen, one of our main characters, is a playwright. His wife, Liz Fraser Allen, works on her father’s newspaper. Both professions show sides of life unfamiliar to many in our audience, but easily understood.”

Stadd is convinced that the housewife of today is concerned with a greater variety of things than her mother was. She is exposed to more—through movies and radio and, most of all, television, as well as contemporary literature and magazines and the daily paper. She sees more, reads more, has more contact with the world (Continued on page 77)

From These Roots, written by Leonard Stadd, NBC-TV, Monday through Friday, from 3:30 to 4 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.
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From eight to eighty, the ladies of America have taken Jack Kennedy to their hearts. And as they look, listen and adore, they are also becoming better and wiser citizens

by CHARLES MIRON

"JUST LOOK into his eyes and you can read sincerity." President John F. Kennedy had just given one of his televised press conferences, and I scouted around for "the feminine reaction." The above comment came from a housewife in Pasadena, California. The following week, in New York City, a nurse told me: "His views on the labor problems in this country are quite sound."

Two typical remarks, three thousand miles apart. The consensus on the early tenure of Jack Kennedy—at least, from the female standpoint—seems to be as steadfast as on that November day when American women helped to elect him. And they are getting plenty of opportunity to observe their hero in action, particularly since Presidential press secretary Pierre Salinger has booked the Kennedy image on television as a regular commodity to be cheered, to be booed—but, most important of all, to be seen and listened to.

That Jack Kennedy hits straight from the shoulder has never been denied. And there can be no doubt that his debates with Richard Nixon helped him to win. The Republican candidate’s rather formal personality and delivery showed off Kennedy’s grace and silver tongue to even greater advantage than if the Democratic nominee had spoken alone.

"We will speak on any and all topics vital to the American public," Salinger announced, following Kennedy’s victory in November. Said President Kennedy himself, "I shall answer all questions asked of me." But skeptics were doubtful. No President in the history of the country had ever exposed himself to such a large listening and (Continued on page 61)
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There was a time when Don and Kay—married while still students at West Virginia University—thought the brightest ideas might never pan out. But Knotts is a resourceful man. Now they've struck gold in sunny California, have settled down with daughter Karen, 6, and son Tom, 3.

by BILL KELSA

The house is not new. It was designed more for comfort and living than for impressing the neighbors. A ring at the doorbell is most apt to bring a joyful greeting from three-year-old Tommy: “Daddy, it’s some people!”

When Daddy himself comes to the door, he’s readily recognizable as Deputy Barney Fife of the current comedy hit, The Andy Griffith Show, and as the former “nervous” man-on-the-street of Steve Allen fame. In person, Don Knotts is quiet, mild-mannered, even slighter of frame than he appears on TV.

But the welcome smile is familiar, and the quick, ready handshake is firm and friendly.

As will be proved, later on, Don Knotts is a fast man with an idea. Right now, he’s very much at home, a good (Continued on page 74)

The Andy Griffith Show, CBS-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Post Cereals, other General Foods products.
Don Knotts: IDEA MAN

The hilariously inept Deputy Barney Fife wasn’t dreamed up by a writer. He’s the brainchild of actor Knotts, who doubles the laugh content of The Andy Griffith Show.
Managing a talent like Bobby’s means both work and fun! In rehearsal above, I’m at the piano. At the left—Noel Sherman (standing), who writes the special material, and Lou Spencer, who stages Bobby’s acts.

Sometimes our hotel suite looks like a nut-house. Laughs break up the monotony of a tour, and Bobby Rydell does an imitation of a waiter—dressed in T-shirt and bow tie—that’s a gasser. As “elder statesman” of our group and Bobby’s personal manager, I’ve been subjected to many a trick, have jumped out of bed for an early-morning appointment to find my shoelaces tied to a bedpost. It’s corny, maybe, but it’s fun.

But some of the laughs are funny only in retrospect. Take the time a tire blew when Bobby and I were on our way to make a radio program—I didn’t own a spare, couldn’t afford one, and we were twenty miles out of town. And we remember mornings when a policeman pounded on the car window to wake us—we couldn’t afford a hotel room.

Those were the not-so-good-old days when Bobby Rydell had four bust records in a row and he would say to me, “Frankie, maybe I’m just not right for show business. Maybe you’re wasting your time.” I was suffering from debt-itis, too, but there was no thought of quitting. I knew then, as I know now, that I had a tiger by the tail, a lad with a talent both frightening and gratifying.

We can afford a laugh now—and a spare tire, too. Things have happened in the past year and a half. Bobby has had seven hit records. In the recent TV season, he’s been the only guest star (Continued on page 63).
with BOBBY RYDELL
Top shows have welcomed him.
He's due for movie commitments.
But I remember the days when
a flat tire on tour was a
major catastrophe. Moral:
There's no real shortcut to success

by FRANK DAY
Bobby Rydell's personal manager

Sometimes our hotel suite looks like a nut-house. Laughs break up the monotony of a tour, and Bobby Rydell does an imitation of a waiter—dressed in T-shirt and bow tie—that's a gasser. As "elder statesman" of our group and Bobby's personal manager, I've been subjected to many a trick, have jumped out of bed for an early-morning appointment to find my shoelaces tied to a bedpost. It's corny, maybe, but it's fun.

But some of the laughs are funny only in retrospect. Take the time a tire blew when Bobby and I were on our way to make a radio program—I didn't own a spare, couldn't afford one, and we were twenty miles out of town. And we remember mornings when a policeman pounded on the car window to wake us—we couldn't afford a hotel room.

Those were the not-so-good-old days when Bobby Rydell had four bust records in a row and he would say to me, "Frankie, maybe I'm just not right for show business. Maybe you're wasting your time." I was suffering from debt-itis, too, but there was no thought of quitting. I knew then, as I know now, that I had a tiger by the tail, a lad with a talent both frightening and gratifying.

We can afford a laugh now—and a spare tire, too. Things have happened in the past year and a half. Bobby has had seven hit records. In the recent TV season, he's been the only guest star (Continued on page 63).
On your TV screen, she's the pampered pet of Danny Thomas. Here the role is reversed, as Angela Cartwright "mothers" her pet poodle "Peppi."

Some stars in the CBS-TV firmament proudly present their favorite pets

Amanda Blake, of Gunsmoke, is an animal-lover who once housed a menagerie of dogs and cats. Present roster: Poodle named "Sapphire," Siamese cats called "Sam" and "Nanki-Poo."
Parrot named "Gauguin" has the run of Red Skelton's home. Red sometimes uses Gauguin on his show and in his night-club routines.

Betsy Palmer's husband gave her two Siamese, when they were only kittens. He named the male "Domenick." Betsy matched this moniker by calling the female "Cecily Ann." Now three years old, the cats are only pets of I've Got A Secret panelist and her doctor-husband.
Midge Ware, the lovely who adds feminine charm to Gunslinger on TV, takes a walk in the woods with her husband Arthur Batanides and their police dog named "Plato."

Lucky duck named "Louie" has his own private pool at home of Raymond Burr of Perry Mason series. Actor Burr loves animals, owns a small burro and other assorted four-foots.
Cindy Robbins, of The Tom Ewell Show, lives with her parents, four sisters, two dogs and a tomcat. The larger standard poodle is called "Capris," the miniature "Chou Chou," the cat "Desi." Above, on couch, are sisters Robbyn, Cindy and Brenda, at right. On floor are Allyson (left) and Dusty. Now, there's a happy family!
FUR and FEATHERS DEPT.

Midge Ware, the lovely who adds feminine charm to Gunsmoke on TV, takes a walk in the woods with her husband Arthur Batanides and their police dog named "Plato." (Continued)

Lucky duck named "Laurel" has his own private pool at home of Raymond Burr of Perry Mason series. Actor Burr loves animals, owns a small burro and other assorted four-footeds.

Cindy Robbins, of The Tom Ewell Show, lives with her parents, four sisters, two dogs and a tomcat. The larger standard poodle is called "Capris," the miniature "Chou Chou," the cat "Desi." Above, on couch, are sisters Robbyn, Cindy and Brenda, at right. On floor are Allyson (left) and Dusty. Now, there's a happy family!
In response to hundreds of reader letters, the full story on the reasons for the untimely death of Sara Karr

by MARY TEMPLE

Phone queries galore: Did Teal leave to get married? To travel or take a long vacation? To appear in another show—on TV—on stage—on screen?

LAST WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, something unprecedented happened in daytime TV. Sara Karr, heroine of the dramatic serial, The Edge Of Night, died in the arms of her grief-stricken husband Mike, in full view of an estimated audience of ten million.

Viewers stared at their sets with stark unbelief. Mike and Sara (played by John Larkin and Teal Ames) had been together since the drama began, in April, 1956. Audiences had followed their courtship, rejoiced when they were married on-air . . . rooted for Mike when he left the police to enter the District Attorney's office, and when he went into private law practice . . . worried as he paced the hospital corridor, waiting for Laurie Ann to be born. The little family became near and dear. Any major break was bound to weigh heavily on viewers' hearts.

Just how heavily, the show's top brass—producers and CBS network heads—had no idea. They soon found out.
Results were immediate, stunning, overwhelming. While the drama was still on, the huge CBS switchboard in New York was literally jammed with calls. Not only from individual viewers in the area, but from managers of affiliated stations across the nation, whose own switchboards were being tied up with inquiries: Had Sara really died? If so, why was it allowed to happen? Was Teal Ames ill ... leaving to get married ... taking another job? Most unthinkable of all—had they dared to fire her? Telegraphs piled up, some 260 of them while the program was still in progress. TV editors and columnists from all over—many of them more familiar with nighttime than daytime shows—phoned to ask: "Who is this Teal Ames who plays Sara?" (Continued on page 58)
In response to hundreds of reader letters, the full story on the reasons for the untimely death of Sara Karr

by MARY TEMPLE

The Edge Of Night, CBS-TV, Monday through Friday, from 4:30 to 5 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Procter & Gamble and others.
“We live simply,” says Dinah Shore.
“We simply live,” says George Montgomery.
Small wonder that,
with such sound ideas, they have . . .

At work or play, at home or abroad, George and Dinah—wed more than seventeen years—have a simple formula for both achievement and contentment. Below, returning from Europe after a family jaunt with Melissa Ann (“Missy”), who’s now thirteen, and John David (“Jody”), now seven.

by DENA REED

SHE WON’T BE BACK on Sunday night, next fall, but Dinah will be busy as ever. New time (Friday, alternating with Bell Telephone Hour). Same big network (NBC-TV). And same beloved Miss Shore. Pardon us! The same beloved Mrs. Montgomery.

For, to Dinah herself, the most satisfying part of her busy life in show business has been her happy marriage to George Montgomery, which has been going strong for more than seventeen years. Dinah is a shimmering, happy woman who stays that way because her marriage is one of true fulfillment and contentment. Its components are a real and lasting love, a happy family, and a rich personal life.

How does she manage it, career-girl that she is?

According to the best authority, George himself, it is easy because: “Dinah is not only an extraordinarily talented performer—more than that, she’s an extraordinary wife. I have no comparison for her. She’s in a class by herself. She’s (Continued on page 72)
Happiest Marriage
One of football’s all-time greats tells about his new career as a sportscaster

One night in the fall of 1956, Frank Gifford, handsome left halfback of New York’s professional football Giants, appeared as a guest on What’s My Line? The following morning, he woke up early. The phone was ringing. It kept on ringing all day. . . . "TV reception must have been exceptionally good that night," recalls Gifford, a surprisingly modest man for one whose name has been in the headlines most of his adult years. "At least, it was good for me. Among the phone calls were offers from Warner Bros., 20th Century-Fox and three independent movie producers in Hollywood. I was bowled over." As his football opponents have learned, when Gifford is "bowled over," he recovers quickly! When he recovered from the amazing reaction to his guest TV

Continued

Now just a memory for N.Y. Giants football fans: No. 16 (Gifford) scoring—with No. 44 (teammate Kyle Rote) getting set to throw a block, if necessary. The place: Yankee Stadium. Opponents here: Washington Redskins.

Former athletic idol, new topflight broadcaster, at home with his family—wife Maxine, sons Jeffery, 9, and Kyle, 6, daughter Vicki, 4. They really listen to Dad’s daily show, watch for him on special sports telecasts!
Acting offers have flooded Frank, and he's also interested in a writing career. He has already turned out newspaper columns on his own—with only a nudging assist from "Rufus," the dachshund.

Keeping fit might be more of a problem now. But Kyle and Jeff watch admiringly as Dad does his daily push-ups and Maxine observes that her husband's golf is getting better all the time.

(Continued)

Frank Gifford

appearance, he began considering the various aspects of show business for an eventual career when his football playing days were over.

After several years of preparation, appearing in motion pictures and on radio and television when his schedule would permit—while at the same time continuing to rack up records with the Giants—last February, Gifford made his big decision. Although he was the highest-paid player in the National Football League, he announced his retirement as a professional athlete and signed a long-term contract with the Columbia Broadcasting System.

"It was the most difficult decision I've ever had to make," he says. "Football has been the stepping-stone to everything for me. I truly love the game. It's been good to me, very good. But I simply decided it was time for me to get out. Every professional athlete has to quit sooner or later, and I believe it's better sooner than later. There were several (Continued on page 69)

Frank Gifford is heard on WCBS Radio (N. Y.), M-F, 6:15 P.M. EDT, sponsored by F & M Schaefer Brewing Company and Monroe Auto Equipment.

There's still football for fun, of course. Here, Gifford passes to Jeff, as Kyle plays at center.
Frank expects to see lots more of his home in Scarsdale, now that he's not on the road or in training with the Giants. He enjoys household tasks (with Vicki's help) and watching his "womenfolk" primping up.
Grant Williams of the Hawaiian Eye series was a talented dilettante—until, one day, he met a man who taught him the value of

Doing Instead of Wishing

by ERNST JACOBI

Actor going places: Grant takes a grim dare by portraying psychopathic killer, Charles, in Warner Bros. movie, "The Couch." Below, a scene with Onslow Stevens as Dr. Fuller.

More romantic role with filmdom's "Susan Slade"—alias Connie Stevens, his pert co-star in TV's Hawaiian Eye!

Sex is sin, the voices said. Sex is bad. You're bad—bad—bad. He started to pace furiously, 'round and round the narrow room. But this didn't quiet the voices nor calm his excitement. He wanted to shout, break things, hurt himself. Reaching the bursting point, he finally seized an ice pick and started to stab and slash—blindly, aimlessly, hitting out wildly—

"Cut!" yelled the director. "Stop it, Grant. What are you doing to yourself? Stop it!"

It took Grant Williams some moments to break the spell, withdraw his mind from within the shell of the psychopathic killer he was portraying, and return to his own sane and balanced self.

"You've hurt yourself, Grant. Look at your knuckles. You've skinned both your hands."

Still slightly dazed, Grant looked at his bleeding hands and shook his head. "I wasn't aware I was hurting myself," he said. "I guess I (Continued on page 78)"

Grant Williams is Greg MacKenzie in Hawaiian Eye, as seen over ABC-TV, Wed., from 9 to 10 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.
Adams & Company

For Nick, happiness is a charming trio: Carol, Allison, and newcomer Jeb

by KATHLEEN POST

Nick Adams (alias The Rebel) has a happy glow in his eyes these days. And it was there even before wee Jeb Stuart Adams was born, just this April! There's proof in Nick's inscriptions on the picture postcard he was sending to close friends, a few months ago. The card bore a colored photograph of Nick in Confederate uniform, with this printed description: "Nick Adams, starring as Johnny Yuma; born Nanticoke, Pa.; many movie appearances including 'Mister Roberts' and 'No Time for Sergeants'; blond, blue-green eyes, 5-10, 150 lbs.; married to actress Carol Nugent." On one such card, Nick penned: "The last, far from being the least, is really the most!" On another was the gleeful notation: 'Little Allison wasn't born when these were printed... and now another's on the way... so getting set to order new cards with two (Continued on page 66)

The Rebel is seen on ABC-TV, Sun., 9 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Liggett & Myers Tobacco, Procter & Gamble, Union Carbide.

As befits a future Hollywood belle, daughter Allison went by stroller, on an early visit to Dad on The Rebel set. But baby Jeb Stuart—born this April and named for the dashing Confederate hero—will probably want a pony as soon as he can toddle!

Nick's right up there with "the foremost entertainers of my generation"—it says so, in Carol's baby books.

Special care for a special young mama: The world knows her as actress Carol Nugent—but Nick calls her "my good-luck charm."
Surprise! Backed by Bill Leyden, young Jon Provost of Lassie presents one of the famed canine star's puppies to the 1961 Easter Seal Twins.
THE PEOPLE MAKE THE SHOW

Bill Leyden reminisces about the romance, the humor and the heartbreak which people bring to It Could Be You

by GREGORY MERWIN

He's talked his way through more than 1,300 shows, interviewed more than 9,000 people on It Could Be You. "I've been doing the show five years," says Bill Leyden, "but I've never been bored! I've done other programs for which I'd wake up saying, 'I'd give anything if I didn't have to go to work today.' This one is different. It's loaded with so many surprises and dramatic situations that every day is a new experience."

According to Bill, It Could Be You has received more than five million letters in the past twelve months. From these letters come real-life situations that make most fiction seem dull. One of them suggests that the show reunite Mrs. Elvira Mount and her daughter. Mrs. Mount lives in the United States, the daughter lives behind the Iron Curtain in the custody of her father— (Continued on page 62)
Acting—not movie stardom—lured these two to Hollywood. They began in Peyton Price's classes, right, at Warner Bros. (for whom they record)—still study drama seriously, even at home, as seen on the opposite page.

Less than two years ago, the Everly Brothers stopped off in Hollywood on their way to Australia. A film studio (name withheld) made a screen test of them at a cost of $25,000. A few days later, Don and Phil were invited to see the results. They sat silently through the screening and, when the lights went on, they both headed for the nearest exit.

"We'll be seeing you," Don called out. "But not in pictures," Phil added. Yet, on the basis of that screen test, the studio asked the boys to sign up for a movie. They refused. Phil recalls, "It was (Continued on page 59)
She grew up on TV

Lynn Loring of Search For Tomorrow sounds off about the pro's and con's of being a successful teen-age actress

As a teenager, Lynn welcomes her mother's guidance—most "don'ts" come from pressure of work.

by ALICE FRANCIS

Does a teenager pay too dearly for success in TV? Are the sacrifices too great—in fun missed, broken dates, scrambled school hours? In the high costs of learning, and heavy taxes on earning? In having always to look her best and be on her best behavior? Aren't the pressures of growing up hard enough—without adding to them the pressures of performing in public?

Probably no one can answer these questions better than Lynn Loring, who has grown up on television from pre-school days to an eighteenth birthday coming up in July. When Lynn was four, she (Continued on page 75)

Search For Tomorrow is seen on CBS-TV, Monday through Friday, at 12:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Company.
It's a long road from youthful choir singer to top recording artist with fifteen consecutive hits. For Benton, it's been a happy trip by PHIL COPPOLA

Home port for the musical pilgrim from Camden, South Carolina, is now a lovely duplex house on New York's Long Island. Here Brook Benton shares his happiness with his wife, Mary; Benjamin, 5; Vanessa, 4; Roy, 3. With plenty of room to spare for his growing awards and photos of many show-business friends!

The whole Benton family takes pride in Brook's success. Above, Mary sees her husband off for work—a far cry from jobs he held in earlier days. Below, all three youngsters get into the act, "taking turns" at the mikes attached to Daddy's tape-recorder.

IN JUST TWO YEARS, Brook Benton has become one of our brightest vocal stars. He's among the hottest sellers on wax, with fifteen consecutive hits for Mercury Records and sales nearing the ten-million mark. His appearances on such top-rated programs as the Ed Sullivan, Perry Como and Dick Clark shows have earned him a wide TV following. His successful engagements in theaters and clubs, from New York to Las Vegas, have established him as one of the ace box-office draws in the country.

Whenever anyone skyrockets to such fame, he gets many tempting offers to branch out into other forms of show business. Brook Benton has had plenty of them. But, thus far, he has concentrated on doing what he does best—singing. "Just let me sing," he says, "and I'm happy." It's been his philosophy ever since he was a youngster singing in a church choir in Camden, South Carolina. "The other day," says (Continued on page 71)
June's the Month for Romance

And June's the lucky girl who's to marry David Nelson this very month.

The Nelson TV lot is a friendly place, boasts a casual atmosphere, just right for Dave and June to fall in love.

The story of the engagement of June Blair and David Nelson has a magical touch, since the two young people actually met on the set of the long-running Nelson family show, The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet. June, who had worked in Hollywood as a model, then as a starlet in several 20th Century-Fox movies, joined the cast of the series about a year-and-a-half ago. The role? David's girlfriend, of course. Apparently, the makebelieve romance soon turned real, and the two handsome young people are headed for a June wedding. On these pages, we see them on the day their engagement was announced (facing page), and on a double date they enjoyed with brother Rick and Linda Hines during filming of a commercial on location in San Diego some months ago.

After advertising shots are completed, the gang had a ball taking ride in miniature railroad in the Park.

The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet, also starring David and Rick, is seen on ABC-TV, Wed., 8:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Eastman Kodak and Coca-Cola.
A lot of double-domes predicted that,
after Army service, the Presley craze would die.

Seems they'll just have to think again . . .

by JIM MORSE

Late one night in Marc Reuben's Absinthe House, a restaurant catering to the theatrical and newspaper crowd on New York's West Side, a movie critic for one of the largest metropolitan papers took a seat next to a friend and began discussing the star of a film he'd seen earlier in the evening.

"I tell you," he said, "this fellow is going to become one of our biggest dramatic stars. He has the same animal magnetism as Marlon Brando and Paul Newman. This is something you don't acquire—you're born with it. He's a natural. Without benefit of an acting lesson, he's able to establish a relationship with an audience that few can achieve.

"Of course, I can't write this in my review. I'd be laughed out of town. But you mark my words—this guy is going to make it big as an actor. There may be a day when people won't even remember he started out as a singer."

Who was the subject of this all-out rave? None other than the "Hound Dog" man himself: Elvis Presley.

In the spring of 1960, when Elvis packed away his Army uniform and returned to civilian garb, there were many who believed that "the Presley craze" was over. Public taste had changed, they argued. The youngsters had forgotten Elvis. Presley imitators had taken advantage of his service stint and had outstripped him in popularity. Elvis was a show-business freak, to begin with, and his quick fame—which had earned him a million or more dollars a year—was now history. Or so these wishful-thinking observers claimed.

But they hadn't reckoned with Presley, or with his manager, Colonel Tom Parker.

1961 is turning out to be the biggest Elvis Presley year of them all. Early this year, he signed a four-year motion-picture contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. And, significantly, Metro announced that Presley would appear in both musicals and dramas, with the strong possibility that he would do no singing at all in films of the latter category.

But Presley isn't neglecting his singing. Nor are the nation's record buyers—his discs are consistently at the top of the best-selling charts. Among his many awards, one of the most revealing has been Dick Clark's announcement that Elvis had been named 1960's best male singer in the annual American Bandstand mail poll—proving that, although Elvis is now twenty-five, he hasn't outgrown his popularity with teenagers, nor has he lost ground to such young singers as Ricky Nelson, Bobby Rydell, Fabian, Bobby Darin and others who zoomed into the limelight when citizen Presley became Private Presley. Furthermore, the same voters named Elvis's "It's Now or Never" the best record of the year!

"It's Now or Never" was Presley's biggest success since "Hound (Continued on page 57)
Beautifully arranged hair helps take the wilt out of a hot day, says Audrey Peters, star of Love Of Life

by JUNE CLARK

Skilled Charles of the Ritz expert Leon Amendola shows Audrey how to maintain her varied hairdos between salon visits.

As Vanessa Sterling, Audrey wears her hair in a soft page-boy, a shapely, versatile hairdo that converts into four others, all flattering to this romantic and wistful beauty.

7 Day Settings
Side-swept setting frames the face, focuses attention on Audrey’s lovely blue eyes. In another version, back interest dominates with a graceful swag of hair that is “teased” slightly to give height to crown. Lower hair is set in pin-curls, top in rollers.

The greatest test of coiffure talents comes through a hot and humid New York city summer. The damp heat of midsummer days can conquer most settings in a matter of hours. Audrey Peters, busy each day with Love Of Life, on CBS-TV, can fit in only a single session a week at her hairdresser’s. Her hair stylist has created a basic shape for her, taught her to rearrange the skilled setting, turning what could be a hair-care chore into an artistic endeavor. To achieve the side-swept style, Audrey begins with a low part, brushing her hair up from the temple, over and slightly forward to the right side. Large rollers speed the setting time, and Audrey rolls hair over for curls that are destined to spring up, and under for curving fullness. Charles of the Ritz, who has beauty salons in this country and abroad, offers this way to learn the proper method of rolling: Tuck the end of a nylon stocking into a drawer, pretend it is your hair, then practice rolling the curlers. For a partless hairdo, Audrey brushes up and back from the forehead, so there will be no separation after the set. She is particularly talented with her brush, which she uses almost exclusively in arranging her hair, especially for the show—when she must wear it very simply. For more elaborate hairdos, Audrey teases her tresses. For best results, according to Charles of the Ritz, don’t torture the hair, don’t pull or stretch it taut. Raise a few strands of hair, then gently comb the very ends toward the head. A few strokes are all you need to give beautiful results. A light permanent wave helps Audrey maintain a salon-fresh setting all summer long, gives body and bounce to her blonde, finely textured hair, making it a real beauty asset before and away from the cameras. Another aid is hair spray that firms and weather-proofs the hair, locking in the set, preserving the shape. Audrey keeps cool-headed—with style!

For an ingenue look, Audrey has her hair in arched wings off the brow, the ends flipped up, kept crisp with a mist of hair spray.

A gala evening occasion calls for a new-dimension coil that stays through hours of dancing. Audrey’s hair is brushed upward, then coiled and pinned into a flat chignon.
Astronomy's a serious subject to Janet. She and mother, Lillian, put their faith in hope and hard work, rather than stars or cards.

Talented Janet DeGore tells about the calculated "accident" which cast her in The Law And Mr. Jones

by HELEN BOLSTAD

This is a story about the stars . . . those in the distant firmament and those who shine here on earth . . . and the place of both in the life of a stargazing beauty whose career is acting and whose hobby is astronomy . . . Janet DeGore, who plays James Whitmore's secretary, Marsha Spear, in ABC-TV's The Law And Mr. Jones.

Just as Grace Kelly, in her early acting days, was often compared with the young Ingrid Bergman, so Janet might be likened to a young Grace Kelly. Her long hair is golden blonde, smoothly coiffed to accentuate her classic features. Her (Continued on page 63)

The Law And Mr. Jones is seen over ABC-TV, Fri., 10:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Procter & Gamble, P. Lorillard Co., and Simoniz Co.

But star Jim Whitmore of The Law And Mr. Jones gave Janet's career a boost!
MILWAUKEE'S "MR. VERSATILITY"

When WOKY's Steve Morgan was working his way through college, he gave serious thought to many careers—medicine, law, engineering. But, somehow, he felt that the only profession in which he could be happy for a lifetime was broadcasting. That's when he decided to major in speech and radio. He never regretted it, for today Steve is a very happy and successful broadcaster. He's currently keeping Milwaukee listeners happy, too, with his news programs, heard Monday through Thursday, and his record shows, heard on Saturday and Sunday. Steve admits to liking music that has a beat. Says he, "Beat is basic to life. Your heart beats to a certain tempo and, when you walk, so do your footsteps. Even cities have a tempo." Besides providing Steve with a career he loves, broadcasting also introduced him to his pretty wife Kathy. Steve was announcing a TV show at WOOD-TV in Grand Rapids, Michigan, which was a public-service extension program for Michigan State University. The show was produced by Kathy, and Steve made several suggestions to her about ways to improve production. When she returned to her office at the university extension office, Kathy spoke to a friend about the announcer at the station and asked who he was. Her friend had just finished remarking that Kathy ought to get to know Steve, when the phone rang. It was Steve . . . calling to ask for a date. They were married in June, 1957. . . .

The Morgans live in a modern, ranch-style house done in modern walnut and cool, neutral colors. One of their current projects is landscaping the lot. Kathy has planted rose bushes all around the edge of the lawn, and both she and Steve are working together on a rock garden . . . Steve is an avid sportsman and especially enjoys hunting, swimming and tennis.

He does news, record and panel shows . . . name it, and WOKY's Steve Morgan has done or will be doing it.
A Favorite Stopping Place

... best describes Bob Murphy's daily interview show for Detroit's WJBK-TV

Many celebrities make Bob's Morning Show a regular stopping-off point. Here, Bob is with Angie Dickinson.

When Bob Murphy slipped into the disc jockey's seat at WJBK Radio in 1948, he started a career which has made him one of the most familiar voices and faces in the city of Detroit. "I am constantly amazed by people who remember me 'way back when' during the times when I was a deejay," Murphy says now. Bob quickly became one of Detroit's top record spinners, and remained so until the day, in 1950, when he stepped before the TV cameras at WJBK-TV. Billed as "tall boy, third row" (he's 6'8" tall), Murphy moved from being a popular "voice" to the position of a favorite daytime "TV friend" of Detroit's housewives on his audience-participation show... Later, after his audience show was discontinued, Bob moved to the role of host on WJBK-TV's
A family portrait: Bob, his wife Joan and the children—Todd, 6; April, 8; and baby Robie.

daily Morning Show, a two-hour movie program, with guest interviews interspersed throughout the movie. The program is a pleasant combination of many facets, including daily visits by a political science expert, the city's health commissioner and a child psychologist, all bent on explaining to Bob and his viewers some of the fine points of their own specialty—as that area relates to the average housewife. . . . Recently married to a former model, Murphy has taken to the change from bachelorhood to head-of-family with an uncommon zeal. "If anyone had told me a year ago that I would be on hands and knees in a tulip bed this spring, I would have laughed. But, this year, I will be—and I am looking forward to it like a kid waits for Christmas." Bob and his wife Joan have three children, Todd, six, and April, eight (both from Joan's previous marriage), and Robie, a new-this-year baby. The Murphys live in suburban Birmingham, a residential area north of Detroit and about a thirty-minute drive from the WJBK-TV studios. After years of being a "bachelor's bachelor," Murphy has found a "whole new world" as a family man. In addition to the family responsibilities, Bob and Joan now spend long hours planning the traveling which they will do, and which they jointly love. Both have taken up painting and Bob has been recently bitten by the photography "bug" in a big way. "In a big way every way except the pictures," he says. "I'm still trying to get a decent picture of our new baby."
LUCKY LEN

Ask Len Goorian about his work and he'll say, "I'm lucky to be working at a profession I really love." That's especially true of his job with WKRC-TV.

If it were possible to staff a station with just one man, Len Goorian would come pretty close to filling the bill. During his thirty years in show business, he has been—at one time or another—a dancer, night-club comedian, TV director, producer and writer, radio-station owner, ballet-theater manager, public relations director and operetta singer. Currently, he is devoting his time and versatile talents to The Len Goorian Show, a live variety program directed toward people who enjoy good conversation and entertainment. It's seen Monday through Friday, from 1:30 to 2 P.M., on WKRC-TV, in Cincinnati, Ohio. . . .

Brooklyn-born Len has been in some form of show business since the age of ten. He has worked on everything from the Borscht Circuit to staging dance exhibitions on boats going to South America. At WCPO, in Cincinnati, he produced, wrote and did the choreography for the three-hours-a-day Paul Dixon Show, and he was also president and sales manager for WZIP, in Covington, Kentucky. . . .

During World War II, Len was stationed in Fort Thomas, and it was there that he met his lovely wife Mera, a ballet dancer who was helping to entertain the soldiers in the hospital. Today, they live in a Southern colonial house furnished in American and English antiques. They have two daughters—Donna, 10, and Viva, 6—who, according to their father, love to collect things, especially small animals. . . . Len says his hobby is horseback riding—"but I usually spend most of my leisure time flat on my back just relaxing."
Only Len, wife Mera, Donna (10), Viva (6), dog "Tawny" were available for photo but the kids collect snakes, frogs, cats, too!
ALL THE LUCK

Meet Bill Riley, of KRNT-TV and Radio in Des Moines, whose lucky number is 19... read on and you'll find out why

About to start his nineteenth year... and currently doing nineteen shows a week... that's the status of Bill Riley, of KRNT Radio and TV, in Des Moines, Iowa. Bill probably breaks another record every time he introduces another of his popular programs. And the programs run the gamut from children's shows to a telephone party line on radio to auctions to quiz programs... After a wealth of early experience with a weekly newspaper, for the Department of Agriculture and the O.W.I., Bill came out of World War II as a Military Police Officer. This was in October, 1943, when he first joined the KRNT Radio news department. In a very few months, Bill was not only doing news but sports, as well, and then headed up the continuity and production departments. Ultimately, he became strictly an air personality, and certainly the unchallenged "Mr. Radio and Television" of Iowa... Just last year, the Iowa State Fair Board asked Bill to conduct a massive, all-Iowa search for talent to be culminated with competition at the world-famous Iowa State Fair. Bill pitched in, with his usual enthusiasm, and provided the State Fair of 1960 with one of its top attractions, according to the enthusiastic State Fair officials... Currently, Riley is master-minding the second year-long search for talent for the 1961 Iowa State Fair. This involves talent shows in the towns and cities of Central Iowa for schools, civic groups and county fairs. Also, each Sunday, the Iowa State Fair Talent Search television show is presented on KRNT-TV, with winners advancing to next summer's competition at the Iowa State Fair... Riley, the personable Irishman, is married to a true Danish beauty named Ann and they have five fine children—Patricia, 14; Peggy 12; Theresa, 9; Eddie, 7; and Billy, 3. "The mob," as Bill calls the Riley clan, is constantly enjoying family activities, whether it be ice skating in the winter or camping in the summer... When asked why he hasn't ever taken advantage of other opportunities in larger markets, Bill's answer is always a very simple one: "Why should I? You can't change your luck—when you have had all the luck for nearly nineteen years." By the way, one thing we forgot to mention: Bill also finds time to write a popular newspaper column which is featured in Iowa weekly newspapers. How many newspapers carry the column each week? You have probably guessed it... nineteen!
Phil countered, "Your reaction proves that you're obviously in need of medical care!" They stared at each other, and suddenly they both laughed. Don added, "Anyway, we're singers. We're not going to do anything that makes us think we're violating our integrity."

But, in mid-1960, the Everly Brothers did something very peculiar for human beings: They canceled out money—they canceled out all TV and personal appearances, and took off for Hollywood. Not to make pictures, but to study acting.

"It's a funny thing that's happened to us," says Phil. "It's like starting all over again. I can remember when we started in music, and it's brought back this feeling of looking for the big break.

"Now, maybe this is self-flattering, but I think we have something to say or we wouldn't have struggled to make a success in music. Right now, we know instantly when we're singing off-key. Well, we want to have enough knowledge of acting to know when we're acting off-key."

The brothers have no illusion about becoming great movie stars overnight. "We think of becoming actors," says Don. "And let me make this clear: A lot of singers did make pictures, and I think we could have done as well as most of them. But that's not good enough for us. And we don't want to be exploited for our popularity as singers.

"We're not under contract to make movies for anyone. When we signed a new recording contract with Warner Bros, this past year, the question of making movies for them came up and our attorney explained that we wanted to keep ourselves independent. We want to be able to decide on the basis of the script. Not the company.

"Would they split up to make a picture? "That's what we expect," says Phil. "I can't imagine a picture script that would have two good parts for Don and me. It might happen—but we know, from experience in the music business, the problem in finding the right song to record. We often spend as much as two months finding the material for a single record. It might take even longer to find a good script. Right now, we're willing to give this as much as three years, to get the right start. We expect to work at this, just as we worked at the music business."

Their youthful appearance is deceptive. Both boys have strong minds. Professionally, they deserve full credit for their recording success. They alone choose the numbers to record. When they step into the recording studio, they have the entire arrangement in their heads. Phil may walk over to the musicians and tell them what is wanted in
NEW PATTERNS FOR YOU


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 10¢ for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send 35¢ for full-color Fashion Catalogue (see cover above).
1961—Presley’s Biggest Year

(Continued from page 44)

Dog” and “Blue Suede Shoes”—both of which sold more than two million records. Explaining how he came to do “It’s Now or Never” (the Presley version of the Italian ballad, “O Sole Mio”), Elvis says: “‘O Sole Mio’ has always been one of my favorite songs. I liked the Tony Martin version, ‘There’s No Tomorrow,’ and I often play the record by opera singer Jan Peerce. I used to sing it myself, and I told the music company to get me a new set of lyrics.

“I don’t read music, but I know what I like. When a record date comes up, I fool around with the number and have the chorus put in some ‘oohs’ here and some ‘ahs’ there, and maybe add some piano. That’s the way I did with ‘It’s Now or Never.’ It wasn’t rock ‘n’ roll, but it did have a little beat. I think it turned out pretty good.”

Presley’s first truly dramatic assignment in Hollywood was in the film, “Flaming Star.” He told a reporter, at the time, “I don’t claim to know much about making movies. I leave all the decisions to people who do. I just do my best.” Informed that the script had originally been written with Brandon in mind, he commented with modesty but without awe: “I’m glad they thought I could do a part designed for such a fine actor.”

What did the critics think? The review of Archer Winsten in the New York Post was fairly typical: “This singing fool keeps surprising you. He can act, and he proves it whenever he tries.”

Although Presley has made only one TV appearance since his Army discharge (the $100,000 guest-shot with Frank Sinatra), he very definitely is planning on television in his future. It’s all a matter of money.

Colonel Parker, who calls the shots for Presley with amazing skill, has tagged Presley’s price for TV appearances at $100,000-plus. As the Colonel explains: “If his fans are unable to see Elvis for free on television, they’re going to buy his records and spend money to see him in the movies.” Elvis gets a percentage of the movie profits (for two recent Hollywood releases, he was paid $500,000 plus fifty percent of the profits).

It has been estimated that Presley’s 1960 income was in excess of $1,500,000—and Parker claims that, whenever Elvis has the time, he can pick up $800,000 for two weeks’ work in England, Ireland and Germany. Not bad for a guy once described by a columnist as a performer “who looks as though he’s suffering from itchy underwear and hot shoes!”

That was early in Presley’s career, when he had just climbed aboard rock ‘n’ roll and taken the country by storm. In those stormy days, Jack Gould, TV critic of the New York Times, cut loose on his typewriter with this blast: “Presley has no discernible singing ability. His specialty is rhythm songs that he renders in an undistinguished whine. From watching Presley, it is wholly evident that his skill lies in another direction. He is a rock ‘n’ roll variation on one of the most standard acts in show business: the virtuoso of the hootchy-kootchy.”

However, even in those days when Elvis was the most controversial personality in show business, he had his defenders among the critics. Fred Sparks, in the Scripps-Howard newspapers, wrote: “I am bored to illness by the eggheads, long-hairs, teacup tipplers, self-appointed moralists, and arty snobs who are running around this country saying ‘Elvis Presley must go.’ Sparks’ mail ran 25-to-1 in Presley’s favor.

Another early-day defender was a man whose career somewhat established the pattern of Presley’s—singer-actor Burl Ives, who said: “I think Presley’s the greatest. He has a fine voice and a great deal of talent. Anyone who says he contributes to delinquency is blaming the wrong party. If someone is going to do wrong, he’s going to. Presley isn’t going to be the make-or-break factor. One kid gets out of line and a million are condemned—often in the name of rock ‘n’ roll and Elvis Presley.”

These bars and bouquets were issued prior to Elvis’s military career, when he was the undisputed king of rock ‘n’ roll. In the year following his return to civilian life, there is evidence that Presley has matured.

The sideburns are gone, and the hiphanging has been considerably tamed. His recent record releases have included ballads. In his movie roles, he has played adult parts, working without a guitar. And, in a further obvious effort to win the approval of the post-teen audience, Elvis recorded an album of hymns called “His Hand in Mine.”

What of the competition?

Elvis has it, to be sure.

In 1954, when RCA Victor first flooded the nation with Presley records, he was in a field by himself. Elvis was the only singer who combined rhythm-and-blues and hillbilly. And he was the only one who accompanied his tunes with bumps and grinds.

Since then, however, several singers have invaded the teen-age market—among them, Paul Anka, Frankie Avalon, Conway Twitty, Bobby Darin, Bobby Rydell, and Tommy Sands (now temporarily out of action as a member of the armed forces).

All of the above-named—like Presley—have Hollywood contracts. One cynic has commented that it’s only natural that singers who can’t sing turn into actors who can’t act.

Following the success of Presley’s films, rival producers hopped on the bandwagon and youthful singers even began appearing in Westerns. In addition to cashing in on the popularity ratings, producers are also optimistically looking for “another Bing Crosby.”

Big man in Memphis: Mayor Henry Loeb (center) congratulates both Elvis Presley and the star’s wise manager, Colonel Tom Parker (left).
since Crosby was the first of the popular crooners to win acclaim as a non-singing actor.

Frank Sinatra, of course, followed Crosby—with even more success. Since his portrayal of Maggio in “From Here to Eternity,” he has been one of the busiest and highest-priced actors in Hollywood. Sinatra became a “second Crosby.”

The big guessing-game now has been who would become the “second Sinatra.” And the leading candidate, without doubt, is Elvis.

Contrary to what happened to others when their career was interrupted by Uncle Sam’s call to service, Elvis’ popularity remained secure.

All during his Army hitch, he received an estimated 15,000 letters a week from his admirers, requiring the services of three secretaries. During the Christmas season, he received 400,000 letters from well-wishers who wanted him to know that he hadn’t been forgotten.

A major share of this continued popularity was due to the foresight of Colonel Parker. In the months preceding Presley’s induction, Elvis made several records which, under the Colonel’s direction, were held up for release while Elvis was out of the country.

There have been many and varied explanations for Presley’s success. Dr. Harold Greenwald, a practicing psychologist, said Elvis appeals to youth because “his surly look and the way he dresses and moves are signs of rebellion and symbols of defiance.” Similar words have been used to describe Brando, Newman, and the late Jimmy Dean.

Most important of all, perhaps, is that Elvis won the respect of even his severest critics by his conduct while in khaki. He resisted all efforts to exploit his fame. He asked no special favors. He was a G.I. and expected to be treated like one.

Elvis’ venture into the field of drama has unquestionably been made easier by his physical appearance. Devoted to the study of karate and judo, the Japanese forms of attack and defense, Presley is a taut 180 pounds, has great balance and recovery. He does all his own action-scenes in the films. Actually, his athletic ability has been good for all his movement, which Dolores Del Rio once described as “that of a young panther.”

Also going for him is a fine memory, so that remembering his lines is no problem. As an example: While in high school, he heard General MacArthur’s speech to Congress upon his recall from Korea and, becoming interested, memorized the last few paragraphs from hearing them just once on the radio.

A Hollywood director, speaking of Elvis’ talents, told an interviewer: “Once in a while, someone comes along—an Edison or a Bach—who’s been tapped on the shoulder, who’s got a great gift. This boy’s got it.”

Far from being a has-been or an also-ran in 1961, Elvis Presley is proving that he’s going to be looking down at the scrambling competition for a long time.

He does indeed “know what I like”—and he likes being at the top.

Teal Ames Tells: “Why I Left The Edge Of Night”

(Continued from page 23)

Why is everyone so excited about her? What happened today on The Edge Of Night to start such an uproar?

Letters began to block normal mailroom procedures. Sackfuls from the New York area alone, snowballing day by day. Some local stations forwarded mail, some merely reported it was beyond belief. TV Radio Mirror itself got hundreds of letters, sent directly to the editor, containing such comments as: “Why did this wonderful story and this wonderful family have to be broken up?” . . . “My friends and I are wondering why Sara had to die and leave Mike alone.”

“Our whole neighborhood is waiting to hear why Teal Ames left the show. It’s like losing a very dear friend.” . . . “Thousands of women must have wept for Sara and her family, as we did.” . . . “My husband hurried home to watch the show with me every day. And now Sara is gone.”

If the network and agency and the sponsors were astonished at the quick and violent reaction to Sara’s demise, Teal Ames was even more so. When the CBS head of promotion asked her to come in and take some “conference calls”—a round-robin of phone calls in which half a dozen or so editors were on the line and Teal answered their questions—she was still in a state of bewilderment.

“I must say it was ego-satisfying,” she observes. “I had no idea that what happened to me would make such an impression. I knew people loved Sara, and I knew they would miss her very much. But I had to leave when I did.”

Why didn’t the show simply replace her, immediately or later?

Don Wallace, its producer, says: “Teal had told us she wanted to go. Her contract was expiring, and this was her right. Of course, we would have liked to keep her on the show, but she had made up her mind. TV is essentially an honest medium—anything dishonest in a story shows up quickly. The Edge Of Night has always been an honest program. To please our audience, we could have sent Sara away for a time. But she is not the kind of person who would ever leave her husband.”

“We couldn’t put another girl in the show and call her Sara. Teal was too closely identified with the part in everyone’s mind. It was not illogical to have her pass on. Death comes to families, and mothers sometimes give their lives to save a child. This is what Sara Karr did. She ran into the street to save Laurie Ann from the wheels of an automobile, and was herself struck down.”

Why did Teal herself want to leave the show?

“I left because I felt primarily that the time had come to expand, to do some things that would ‘stretch’ me, and my talents. I had been Sara during five wonderful years. I loved her. I loved my TV family. But when the time came to sign a new contract, I found myself wanting to be in a position of greater freedom. To be able to try new parts, play other kinds of women. Maybe to work in something like the Shakespeare Festival, or a Broadway or off-Broadway play. In the big nighttime dramatic productions on television. In roles completely new to me, presenting new challenges.”

Indirectly, Teal left because there are certain things she now wants from life: “A girl who is tied so closely to a job may neglect other aspects of her life. Getting out and meeting many kinds of people. Having time to get to know some of them well. Looking ahead to a home, and marriage. A husband’s wishes might have to take second place to the demands of a long-term job.”

She has a house in a suburban area, which she shares with two other actresses, the first step toward the country living she would like for part of every year. She wants to live on a farm someday. “It is possible to have a life like this—a life in the theater and a life in the country. I want some of both these worlds. I want to work intensive-ly, and then be free for a period.”

Some of that freedom she wants to use in travel. She has an invitation to visit friends in Japan. “East and West are beginning to meet, and I want to be a small part of that. Long trips are simply out when you work in a day-time serial. You can’t be away that much.”

How did she prepare to break away from the show? What were her feelings? “I thought about it a long time. These people had all become dear to me. They were like a family. And there was the audience, too. People all over the country who had bothered to write
my friends saw me pouring champagne for my guests in this funny short nightgown and whispered, 'Don't you think you ought to take time out to get dressed?'"

By pretext, they got her over to the hotel where their big party was waiting for her. By this time, she was perceptually in tears. The spray of red roses they gave her was presented with deeply touching words of appreciation and affection. So was the charm bracelet, to commemorate the five years then ending.

'I never had a charm bracelet,' says Teal. 'I always wanted one, but felt it should have special significance. This has the tiny basket of flowers which dangles from it to remind me that I was working in a flower shop in my early scenes on the show. The little bride-and-groom is for the marriage of Mike and Sara. The baby carriage is for Laurie Ann. The poofle is for a poohpoo I owned that appeared with me a few times. The TV camera, the medal which gives the name of the show and the dates, and the wishing well with the little bucket that goes up and down—these are self-explanatory. The wishing well belongs to the future—my future. What will the future bring to Teal Ames?'

At this writing, it is filled with excitement promise. A Theater Guild offer to tour Europe with a repertory company had to be turned down. Laurie Ann was spending part of the summer in an off-Broadway show she may do this summer or fall. There is talk of a Broadway show. There are some nighttime TV dramatic roles. There are also some trips she wants to take—short ones, and perhaps the long one to the Orient she has dreamed about for so long.

'Everything in life has a beginning, and an end,' she says. 'Many times you want to fight the end of something, especially of something you have loved. But you must move on.'

Meantime, The Edge Of Night has had an audience bonus. Little Laurie Ann, desperately ill at the time of Sara's death, is restored to health, and to the arms of her adoring father, Mike Karr, and her grandparents. Even those viewers who could not accept Sara's passing, at the time, have found new interest in the story's growing developments.

'I'm glad they chose the way they did,' Teal says now. 'When I left the show, Sara did, too. It would have seemed strange to watch anyone else in my part.'

She can see herself in it, any time she wants to run the kinescope of that final scene. The program presented it to her, as one more remembrance of five good years on The Edge Of Night. And of Sara Karr, the girl Teal Ames helped to create.
Lassie to the studio and, after the day’s shooting, back to the ranch. Taking a cue from other shows, Lassie will travel on location for some filming. One of these spots will be the Grand Canyon—which has led to a joke among the members of the troupe. “When the dog gets there,” they kid, “they’ll rename the place Grand Canine.”

Playing the Field at the Academy Awards: The fashions displayed at the Oscar ceremonies were probably the outstanding feature of the evening, aside from Liz Taylor’s personal triumph. Sal Mineo’s date, Tuesday Weld, was darling in a short black chiffon with white fox jacket. Polly Bergen wore a startling lime-colored coat lined with ostrich feathers, over a matching full-length sheath with dazzling interwoven beading. Mrs. Bob Stack was in rose crepe, with a topping of gray mink. Liz Taylor, too weak to go through the ordeal of a press interview, only stayed briefly for the champagne party afterward. She made a spectacular entrance on Eddie Fisher’s arm, in a Dior gown with mint bodice and white skirt with mint-flower embroidery. But poor Natalie Wood, an avid movie fan, had to view the whole affair by way of her TV set. She’d just had her tonsils out and was “grounded” by doctor’s order. To hubby Bob Wagner, she moaned, “and I had a special gown made that was out of this world . . . and here I am in matching p.j.’s, flannel bathrobe and necklace of white cotton.” That the old glamour still lives in the hearts of many fans was shown when Ginger Rogers arrived to applause that outranked most other stars. Ginger looked trim and glowing, undimmed by time. More than one starlet cast an envious glance her way. This is especially remarkable, since she uses only lipstick for makeup. But her hair, the object of much admiring comment, was the one false note in her gay array. “Truth is,” she confided, “I’ve got on a wig. I’ve had five made for different occasions, and you have no idea how much time and trouble it saves. It’s also nice on a damp, cold night.”

People and Plans: John Payne’s fans will be happy to learn that he’s in top shape again after four months of recuperation from that New York hit-run accident. For a while, it was feared he might be scarred, but John proved to have marvelous recuperative powers, and has only one tiny line on his forehead, which only makes him more attractive and exciting looking than ever. He’s basking in daughter (by his first marriage, to actress Anne Shirley) Julie Ann’s career these days—particularly enjoyed a screening of her Debbie Gillis segment (June 13). . . . “Look, Ma, No Ulcers!” was the way famed Rory Calhoun greeted us when he returned from his third trek to Hawaii in fourteen months. While there, he purchased an apartment house and says he’ll retire to Honolulu in five years. “I’ll have been in the business twenty-three years by then,” he said, “and that’s long enough. I say, move over and give others a chance. Besides, I want to enjoy my children while they’re young—not suddenly wake up one day to discover I’ve missed sharing all their important growing-up years.” . . . Bob Cummings insists that the Aerocar (an auto that sprouts wings to become a single-engine plane) will become the number-one mode of transportation on the nation’s highways within ten years. You’ll be seeing a lot of the gadget on his new fall weekly comedy series, in which he plays a high-living, free-spending adventurer who doesn’t jump into a taxi and say “follow that car,” but hops into his Aerocar and “flies” after, instead. . . . Good News: The old Four Star Playhouse group will be back together again on next fall’s Dick Powell anthology series. David Niven, Charles Boyer—plus Curt Jurgens, Robert Morley and Jack Hawkins—have already been inked for starring segments. . . . Debbie Reynolds, portraying a female sheriff in “Star in the West,” rides a horse, tends livestock and does other physical chores in the film. To look more natural, Debbie’s been doing her own housework in order to toughen up her hands. “I’m not a stickler for realism,” the star explains, “but, at the same time, I’d look—and feel—ridiculous tossing grain sacks around with velvety hands.” Debbie once visited another movie set in which a beautiful actress was doing a scene in which she was just rising from bed. After a hairdresser, makeup man, etc., finished polishing the actress, the director turned to Debbie and said, “Well, now, I guess she’s ready.” Debbie looked him in the eye and deadpanned, “Oh, yes, I’d say so. I always look just like that when I get up mornings, too. I just get a ‘mess-up’ look while driving to the studio.” . . . Alan Young has hopes his Mr. Ed series will go from syndication to network next season. Contracts with CBS are currently being worked out.

June, June, That’s a Honeymoon? For pretty green-eyed June Blair, June is the month she becomes June Nelson and takes off with David on a honeymoon she describes as “a real Alaska ball.” With the blessings of Harriet and Ozzie, the happy pair are headed for Anchorage, where David will appear with “The Flying Viennas” as their catcher. He has done numerous shows with this famous trapeze act. June’s engagement ring was a replica of Harriet’s, an antique that has been in the Nelson family for years. Seeing them off is a grinning Ricky, who plans to serenade his new sister-in-law and then rhapsodize as follows: “You can watch Dave swing through the air at the Shrine Circus, then you can go hunting caribou in the snow, then you can chop through ice and spear fish and eat them raw. And, in the evening, you can walk through the woods, listen to the mating calls of the bears, and rub noses for fun.”

From tree-swinging to gunslinging—ex-Tarzan Scott Miller joins Wagon Train.

What’s New on the West Coast
(Continued from page 5)
The President's Feminine Fans

(Continued from page 12)

viewing audience at one time, much less for a more or less regular series of appearances on nationwide television.

Witnessed by millions, thanks to TV, the inaugural itself was the first official opportunity to view the new President and his first lady, Jackie Kennedy. Said a teenager from Woodhaven, on Long Island: "I'd love to grow up and have the style that Jackie has, and marry a guy like the President."

Such teen-age admiration for the former Senator from Massachusetts has the Republican camp more than a bit worried, come the 1964 Presidential elections. For it is then that these present-day "minors" will be of voting age. The combination of youth and good looks, charm and know-how—as evidenced by Jack and Jackie—seems to have captivated at least three-quarters of the female population.

"I had to see him. He's just the greatest," said fourteen-year-old Kaye Lynn Eikenberry, of Greenville, Tennessee, to White House guards who stopped her outside the Presidential gates. Kaye, it seems, had saved twenty dollars from her lunch money, after seeing a Kennedy story in TV RADIO MIRROR. Then she had hopped a bus, determined to see President Jack, and got as far as the White House before she was halted.

"He's got the magnetism that sustains the complete interest of young and old alike," said a veteran press man. "It's almost like the days when the baseball players were going wild over Sinatra, along with their grandmothers."

When the Clan of Hollywood went over en masse to Kennedy's side, their pixie queen, Shirley MacLaine, was right out in front, speaking up in praise of Jack. Shirley led a contingent of Hollywood's "serious glamour gals." Judy Garland sang, Shirley sang, danced, and spoke up loud and clear. Marlene Dietrich used her brains, as well as her incomparable and indestructible glamour.

One of the stunning phenomena of our time was the fact that—although every Presidential candidate in modern times has wound up in the red after his campaign and owed a considerable sum—Jack wound up free and clear of any debt. Why? "Sinatra decided to throw that fund-raising clambake in Washington to clear up all the campaign debts, and every big talent and glamour doll of any worth jumped at the chance to help out," a talent agent informed me. "And they did it free of charge!"

Recently, I walked into a beauty parlor with a girl acquaintance, to listen to the things women in beauty shops talk about. The usual local gossip prevailed, and the chit-chat about the newest styles of dress and coiffure took the floor for their share of time. But then these same women, who had idled away their earlier moments discussing what Sally wore at the local dance, suddenly began to discuss the problems of national unemployment—and they discussed them quite intelligently, too.

The reason? "I watched the President on his television discussion, and it all suddenly dawned on me that people in some sections of the country are desperate. Then he said that he was working some of the problems out with his advisers, including his Mister Goldberg." It was impressive that these women were aware of who one of the President's new top men was. Jack had made the name stick in the minds of the people who'd elected him and expected action.

Said a fashion consultant named Jeanne Dressell: "I'm fully aware now of what we all have to do to preserve the American way of life. President Kennedy made it that much easier to understand by his forthright press conferences on television."

Never has there been such a wave of national communication. The television sets go on, millions sit down, and—speaking openly, just as if he were a guest in a friend's home—President Jack Kennedy tells them what is ailing in their community and what they can all do to alleviate the situation. "We think that's the best way to deal with a problem," he said, "bring it out in the open."

Aside from their political stimulation, Jack and his lovely Jackie have also made the nation aware of its art and literary background, and the various other cultural forces about them. As artist Boris Lurie said, during his exhibition at the March Gallery in Greenwich Village: "The crowds are good. They appreciate what I am trying to say in my show 'Involvement.' Much of this, I believe, is due to the President's wife Jackie, who is a known art lover. The audiences at the gallery are younger, many college people. Apparently, they have been stimulated by interest at the top. For this, I thank the President and his wife."

The creative people have benefited by the sudden interest in paintings, good books, theater and other arts. Said sculptress-artist, Maria Alexandra: "Creative people need encouragement. I think we are now looked upon as being people who are neither loafers nor beggars. Like many other people, we have a job to do, and we do it." She likes her new-found status, and gives Jack much credit for the change.

"I like him for being almost like a big brother," one teen told me. "I mean the kind of big brother with a varsity letter and the latest dance steps going for him. Not some square who grumbles all day that he wants the family car that night!"

We doubt if Jack ever had to grumble all day for the family car. Especially when they knew he was going to go out with a girl like Jackie that night! "She's girl enough for any man," said a friend of theirs, "and he knows it."

So, apparently, do millions of women in America who share Jack with Jackie—at least, on the hours he comes into their living room and tells them what's going on.

That's the miracle of television. And that's the magnetism of the man on-camera. The fact that women let him come into their living room. Both young and old, alike. Both chic and simple. From Dietrich and MacLaine to Suzie and Sally.

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The People Make the Show

(Continued from page 35)  
but the mission is accomplished. A neighbor writes about the plight of a friend, who is a very short woman with a very high, old-fashioned bathtub and gets very big bruises when she slips and falls climbing out of it. So she comes on the show—and gets a sunken bathtub.

“That’s the way it goes,” says Bill Leyden. “One moment, it’s a happy reunion that makes you cry. The next, it’s a freak situation that makes you laugh. But the show isn’t come by easily. I dare say our production staff works harder than on any other daytime show.”

Four persons do nothing but read the 100,000 letters that come in each week. Seven others are constantly doing research and investigation. Contacts are required in most parts of the earth. A soldier in army camp wants to marry his sweetheart in Sioux City, Iowa. Before It Could Be You accepts the responsibility of sending a bride to the altar, it must be ascertained in Sioux City that the girl who wants to marry and that her parents approve. Then there must be a check-out in the camp to make certain the soldier has the permission of his commanding officer, that the wedding ceremony has been set up, and that suitable arrangements have been made to accommodate the bride-to-be.

A sentimental reason is enough to start the machine working. A little girl, Vicki Ritz, moved from Pennsylvania to California with her family. Circumstances were such that she had to leave behind a doll-china cupboard which her father had made for her. It Could Be You found out that she was quite upset about having to leave it behind. A telephone call confirmed that the cupboard was still in Pennsylvania, where her uncle had been keeping it for her. Another phone call sent a truck to pick it up, and it was shipped to Los Angeles. Vicki was then brought to the show by her mother and reunited with her beloved cupboard.

The difficult is done immediately. The impossible takes a little longer, and sometimes requires devious means. The show has a special fund for “bribe” money to be used in European cities where under-the-table transactions are customary to bring about results. The money may go to a man who swims the river into Warsaw, Poland—at night—to take photographs of a child to make sure she is truly the child of a woman now living in America.

“It has taken us as long as four months to get someone out of an Iron Curtain country,” Leyden says. “We don’t deserve all the credit. We’ve had the cooperation of foreign airlines, the State Department and newspapers. Everyone helps.”

The intimate details of such operations are secret, since similar methods may be used again to reunite families. But the reunions themselves are as dramatic as the methods. The person on the “receiving” end never knows why she or he is in the studio. The format of the show requires the surprise element.

Even so, the camera seldom records all of the drama. During the video part of the scene, a mother being reunited with a child, after years of separation, is usually stunned. The biggest reaction sets in afterward—backstage.

Curiously, the show has affected Bill as much as it has many of its participants. “Five years ago, when I went into this, I was a different guy—a pretty callow one. I couldn’t have cared less about what you said into the microphone. All I cared about was what I was going to say and how I looked. But, somewhere along the line, I began to listen. And it turned me inside out. I’ve become tolerant and understanding of the human beings on the show. They’ve got a lot to say and a lot to teach. And, oh, boy, I’ve got a lot to learn!”

He notes the little things. A young couple about to be married is showered with gifts. “But you know what excites the bride?” Bill asks. “Not the refrigerator or three rooms—full of free furniture, but the wedding gown—which may be the least expensive item of the lot. It is sentiment, something beyond money. Or take the young farm couple: She doesn’t want a fur coat, and he doesn’t want a new car. They want an egg-hatcher. Given the tools, they will earn the other things themselves.”

The fun bits on the show are usually arranged. Someone wrote in about a wife who always burned her husband’s toast—and Bill gave her an acetylene torch. Another letter told of a woman who had rented a big coffee-maker for a club meeting. When it arrived, she couldn’t find the electric cord. She phoned the store, complained, and they rushed one over. The woman served coffee—but when she got to the bottom, she was startled. There was the original cord, at the bottom of the pot. She had served her guests boiled electric cord! Bill gave her a big coffee-maker, with the cord padlocked to the outside of the pot.

Mostly, it’s the people themselves who make the show. No two situations, no two sets of people, are really the same. The results are always a little different. And that even applies to the reactions of both Bill himself and the It Could Be You staff.
“Actually,” says Bill, “I have to keep myself detached. It’s not easy to do. We have some rugged, hard-shelled stagehands on the show, and I’ve seen them blubber over a particular story. I can’t do that. On the way home, I can reflect on what happened. But, during the show, I must keep myself as detached as a surgeon during an operation.

“I know beforehand that I have only three or four minutes to talk to a particular person. During that time, the details of the situation must be brought out. And, remember, they know nothing of what’s about to happen. Weeks or months have been spent on that particular three minutes, and this is the pay-off.”

He cites one case as an example. During the past year, a letter was received telling about William Howard Bentley. Originally from Tennessee, he had moved his family in with his mother and come to Los Angeles, where he got a job as a bus driver. A diligent worker, he was saving all he could to reunite his family. He figured it would take two years to save enough.

“Mr. Bentley knew nothing about the letter,” Bill recalls. “We secretly investigated the circumstances of his family in Tennessee. We got a biographical sketch of the man and checked his character, as we always do for this part of the show. Then we arranged through the bus company to have him brought to the studio to participate in what he thought was a filmed safety promotion.

“Mr. Bentley hadn’t the faintest idea of what was about to happen—he was backstage because he had been brought there. He came onstage with the impression that I was going to talk about road safety, but I enticed him into playing a game instead—a game that ended up with a lot of prizes for him. We had him back on the show five days in a row. It was really a pretty complicated act to set up.

“But all of the sweat—mine and that of the production staff—is worth it when you get to the end and say, ‘Mr. Bentley, we have brought your family to Los Angeles, and you will all move into an apartment with a paid-up six-month lease, and we will give you complete furnishings for the apartment!”

Bill takes a deep breath. “Can you still ask why I haven’t been bored with the show in five years? Can you think of anyone else in the business who has the satisfaction of seeing a family reunited—or the fun of giving a sunken bathtub to a woman who hurts where it isn’t funny? Certainly, I want to do other things in television. But I wouldn’t be surprised if this show lasted twenty years, and I’d be happy to be with it for the duration.”

Bobby Rydell

(Continued from page 16) to appear three times with Perry Como and three times on The Red Skelton Show. Bobby has already taped a performance with Jack Benny for the new season. And, come fall, he’ll make a motion picture with Kim Novak, titled ‘That Hill Girl.”

Success is sweet, but the real story should be told—particularly, for those who may think stardom is an overnight success. Our story started in the summer of 1956. A professional musician, I was playing with a group called The Apple Jacks in a resort near Atlantic City. We had a couple of hit recordings going, and we were the stars of the show.

Another band, Rocko and The Saints, was the “full” outfit, playing during our intermission. I had never stayed to hear them—until, one night, it rained and I had no raincoat. Rocko, the leader, was an adult, but the musicians were all youngsters with tremendous talent. A kid named Frankie Avalon played trumpet. Sonny Troy was playing guitar.

It was the drummer who caught my attention. He was in his early teens, fairhaired and skinny. He sang and did a little comedy. At that very first moment, I was fascinated and frightened by Bobby Rydell. I knew I was looking at talent—no-talent, a boy with a great natural gift for show business.

Bobby and I were both from Philadelphia and I asked him when his parents would be down. He said they were in town and, that very evening, I sat down with his parents, Adriano and Jenny Ridarelli. I told them I wanted to manage Bobby. I told them what I saw in him. They were a little skeptical. Bobby, at the age of nine, had worked on Paul Whiteman’s TV Teen Club. Others had come to Bobby’s parents and promised them Hollywood, recording contracts and fame. But I talked and they decided to let me have a whack at it.

For a year, I made no attempt to sell Bobby to anyone. I saw that he got dance lessons and more drum lessons. I coached him with his singing and taught him the little things about a performance that made the difference between an amateur and a professional. Sometimes, we sat down with a tape recorder and I “interviewed” him, like a deejay or reporter.

Meanwhile, I had given up my berth with The Apple Jacks to make Bobby Rydell my career. Then thirty, I had

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been happily married for nine years—and my wife, who is one in a million, never complained once. no matter how difficult things got before Bobby reached success.

The summer after I met Bobby, I said, “Now let’s go out and get a re-
cording contract.” We drove to New York for auditions and collected a fat file of courtesy notes from recording companies, telling us politely that Bobby Rydell was not for them. I set up my own recording company, cut Bobby’s first record. It flopped and the company went bankrupt.

A very kind person happened to us about that time. I met Bernie Lowe, owner of Cameo Records. He auditioned Bobby and signed him. Bobby’s first three records for Cameo were bombs. But Bernie stuck with us. He shared my confidence in Bobby’s talent and had the patience to wait for Bob-
by’s success.

Every time a new record came out, Bobby and I made a promotion trip to see deejays. We would go West to Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago. We would go South to Wash-
ington and Richmond. I owned a convertible, but I won’t tell you the manu-
ufacturer’s name, because it was a lemon. We would start out on those trips with eighteen dollars for expenses other than gas and oil and tolls. We lived on hamburgers, slept in the car and safe-
guarded most of that eighteen dollars to pay cleaning bills, so we could keep ourselves presentable.

One day, the car broke down on a country road outside Washington, D.C. We didn’t have the money for repairs. I phoned deejay Stan Karas, who was then at a station in Arlington, Virginia, and explained our predicament. Stan drove out, had our car fixed, and got us to his show on time.

Of course, we never had any money to “entertain,” but we remember with gratitude the many deejays who be-
friend us. Stan (now at WBON in Wheaton, Maryland) took us out to dinner many times. Clark Race (now at KDNR in Pittsburgh) was another who sized up our situation and took us to a restaurant or to his home for a feed. In a sense, we grew up with the younger generation of deejays—even Dick Clark, in our hometown of Phila-
delphia.

Not yet elevated to ABC-TV’s American Bandstand, Dick was then working on a radio program and few recording artists paid much attention to him. But Bobby and I stopped by to see Dick often, and we became friends at a time when all of us were “nobody.” Dick never became bigheaded, and his loyalty to old friends helped us later.

But, for three years, nothing hap-
penned. Bobby’s father, a foreman, is not a wealthy man. He often scraped to-
gether a few dollars to help, but I got up to my chin in debt. My wife con-
tinued to work at her job, which meant we kept our home going—but all the money I could make working dance dates, plus all I could borrow, went into my young tiger. Bobby got depressed, at times, but we kept going on my faith in him and the fact that Bobby himself had set his heart on being a performer, from earliest childhood.

It’s odd the way you know when success has come. His first hit, “Kissin’ Time,” was on the charts, but Bobby and I were still thinking the same way, and I was still paying off interest on several loans (the principal was ‘way beyond me). Then, one Saturday, we had to be in New York for Dick Clark’s weekend show. The press representa-
tive called, said she had a number of interviews lined up for us, and tactfully suggested that we check into a good hotel.

That Saturday, Bobby and I walked into the huge lobby of the Hotel Man-
hattan and up its grand staircase. A bellboy took us to our suite and, while I hung up my coat, I heard Bobby laughing like a maniac. He was stand-
ings by the door and pointing to the room rate. I knew why he was laugh-
ing. The cost of the room for one night was more than we used to carry for ten days on tour! And now we could afford it.

Since then, success has manifested itself in the crowds that turn out wherever Bobby appears, be it Wiscon-
sin or Australia. When he plays the New York Paramount, the theater and all its exits are crawling with fans. We go into the theater at ten in the morn-
ing and stay until night, when the last show is over. You can go crazy doing nothing backstage, all that time, and so we’ve had to work out a social life within the job.

We’ve come up with a game that ev-
everyone likes. We put on little plays. We have done this with Neil Sedaka, Dion, Dwayne Eddy, Brenda Lee, Chubby Checker and others. The kids set up a dramatic problem. “Bobby,” some-
one says, “you have just left an old friend and you come into the room laughing. You take a look in the mirror and you see the reflection of someone who is out to get you.”

It is a game Bobby and the others enjoy, but it is also good training and experience for them. Sometimes, we even film the sequences. Bobby and I are both camera bugs. Our pictures are full of laughs. I personally have a private collection of pictures of what Bobby looks like when he wakes up in the morning. I title these “Boy Star?” They are my revenge for the practical jokes Bobby plays on me.

Meanwhile, we’re not rushing suc-
cess. I say this with complete sincerity. Our goals have been recognition and growth—not money. Certainly, it was depressing when I was deeply in debt. But, before that, I was a happy man with a moderate income, and I could be so again. Bobby has no desire for spectacular material things. So far, he has bought his father a new car and his mother a new TV set.

Because we aren’t clawing our way to the top, we take the steps indi-
vidually. We have contracted to be only on TV shows that would show off the many talents of Bobby. He acted on The Danny Thomas Show. Red Skelton permitted Bobby to do comedy and he then allowed him to do an imitation of one of his own characters. On the Como show, Bobby has drummed, danced, and acted in skits.

Just ten days before I sat down to do this story, Bobby worked in a club for the first time. He performed for an adult audience and it was a frightening experience for me—I mean, frightening to see an eighteen-year-old with so much talent that he had an adult audi-
ence eating out of his hand. But there is a good balance in Bobby. Off-stage he is a normal, goodnatured teenager. Before he goes on, he is nervous and pacing. Once on, he instinctively takes command of the stage.

Of course, my interest in Bobby goes beyond professional considerations. My wife and I have no children, so I feel toward him as I would toward a son. In the past five years, I have literally “nursed” him along. But, the moment he begins to perform, I know that I have a tiger by the tail. Bobby has everything: The voice, the magic touch of comedy, intuitive acting talent, good looks. In five or six years —and we’re not rushing it—I believe he will be one of the major talents in the country. When I first met Bobby, the talent was raw. Had I not met Bobby, it would have taken him longer—but he would still have made it, and made it big. He was born to be a tiger, and nothing could stop him.
eyes are brown, her mouth generous. Her manner, too, is in the Bergman-Kelly tradition. When Janet smiles, her face lights up with that inner glow—but behind that animation is a poised reserve. Like them, she is in full command of herself, with the assurance of one who has mastered the techniques of her craft.

But unlike them, Janet, a year ago, found so little call for her talents that she was ready to abandon acting and become a secretary. Only the intervention of her own lucky star, in the person of James Whitmore, saved her acting career.

Janet’s search for stars and stardom began in Upper Darby, Pennsylvania. As her mother, Lillian DeGore, tells it, “When she was so tiny I could still carry her in my arms, we would go out in the back yard on summer evenings and look up into the sky. Like all mothers, I’d sing ‘Twinkle, twinkle, little star’ to her. I honestly believe that started it. By the time she was five, she could locate the constellations. At seven, she was making up stories about the stars and trying to write them.”

Janet’s first brush with juvenile stardom came during those same years. Her mother recalls, “Miss Elsie MacDonald, a sister of singer Jeanette MacDonald, taught dancing. I entered Janet, at five, simply hoping she would acquire grace and poise. Soon I noticed that, whenever Miss MacDonald lectured at a women’s club, she chose Janet—out of all her 500 pupils—to dance there. I began to wonder if this child really had something.”

Drama classes, begun when Janet was seven, strengthened the belief, and the applause of theater audiences confirmed it. Mrs. DeGore says, “That was the day of Shirley Temple look-alike contests. Janet had long golden curls and we entered her in a few, just for fun. She won every time.”

Philadelphia then had a children’s radio show which was a show-business kindergarten for a number of famed personalities, and Janet became a regular performer on that, too.

The summer that Janet was eleven, her parents separated. Mother and daughter came to New York. Says Mrs. DeGore, “I had always been interested in the theater. We wanted to see what we could do.” Janet remembers the venture as “the most difficult thing we ever attempted—we were just a couple of little country girls alone in the big city.”

They were, however, a pair of beauties who could make any producer look twice. Today, Lillian DeGore stands but five-one to Janet’s five-three (though they can still wear each other’s clothes). Then, the blonde child with the tiny blonde mother gave the impression of a Dresden figure repeated in miniature.

Nila Mack, who had Let’s Pretend on CBS Radio, was the first to cast Janet. Roles on CBS daytime shows followed. In TV, Janet was a natural.

Lillian became a receptionist at the Theater Guild office, later held jobs on television production staffs. They settled down in a charming little Greenwich Village apartment. Janet spent her first year in Professional Children’s School, then transferred to Morningside Tutoring School, taking every science and mathematics course she could get. Their New York careers were in progress.

At thirteen, Janet toured for eight months with Tallulah Bankhead in Foolish Notion. Lillian recalls, “Because I could not leave my own job, I hired a woman to accompany her. But, after the first reports, I never worried. Miss Bankhead is the last person in the world one might expect to ‘mother’ a child on the road, but she certainly looked after Janet. She saw to it that she ate properly, got enough sleep, and kept up with her studies.”

Janet says, “I could write a book about that tour, and I did write a story which a national magazine published. Miss Bankhead has deep kindness and a great ability to teach. I learned, usually without even realizing I was learning.”

Those were bright days for both Janet and Lillian. Live television was booming in New York. While Lillian advanced on production staffs, Janet piled up credits on TV, Broadway, summer stock and the road. Among them were Kraft Theater, Schlitz Playhouse, “Member of the Wedding,” “Cat on a Hot Tin Roof,” “Time of the Cuckoo,” “By the Beautiful Sea.”

There were quiet, domestic accomplishments, too. Lillian taught Janet to cook, to sew, to decorate a home attractively. Janet values this and says, “I think young people miss something when they don’t bother to learn the fundamental things of living.”

Janet took her high-school diploma from Morningside but decided against college. Instead, she took courses in astronomy at Hayden Planetarium. Her first report still evokes a chuckle from Lillian. “Mother,” she said, “They all stare at me.”

“Who are ‘they’?” Lillian asked.

Janet pondered. “Those older men. I’m the only girl in the class. But is it so funny for a girl to have her own telescope and want to know about outer space?”

Then, abruptly, that phase of their lives was over. Filmed and taped shows began replacing live TV programs. (Continued on next page)
Shows moved from New York to Hollywood. Lillian, then on Ernie Kovacs' staff, chose not to go. Janet herself felt she was strictly a "live" actress, either on stage or TV, and New York was her place—but "but I was living too television wasn't. Most of my friends were out of work. Luckily, I did make commercials, giving me a good income." Lillian adjusted to the changed situation by studying beauty culture. Janet, equally realistic, prepared to enter business school. "I am a touch typist, and would only have needed to learn shorthand. I felt that I would rather be out of show business altogether than only half in it."

A telephone call from James Whitmore, on December 23, 1959, effected another swift change. While Janet, in New York, was puzzling over her future, Whitmore, in Hollywood, was having his own problems turning a dream into reality. With the producer, Sy Gomberg, he was at work on The Law And Mr. Jones.

Preparing to film at Four Star Productions, they knew what they wanted. According to Gomberg, it was to be "not a whodunit, but a drama based on an actual point of law." Whitmore explained, "We want it to be so challenging that, when it's over, viewers will turn off the set and argue about it."

To find the right secretary for Whitmore's Abraham Lincoln Jones, they auditioned some 500 actresses. Whitmore kept saying, "No, no, no. Not quite the right quality. Now, there's a young actress I remember. . . It must be at least five years ago that I worked with her . . ." He couldn't remember her name, and it was only with difficulty that he remembered the show. By some involved show-business detecting, they located the film in a storage warehouse.

When they checked the credits, they had a name—and nothing else. Desperate, Gomberg asked a visiting New Yorker, "Did you ever hear of an actress named Janet DeGore?"

"Sure," said the actor. "I cut a commercial with her yesterday."

Summoned to Hollywood, Janet did what she describes as "the worst screen test ever. The crew was running into overtime and we rushed through with one take." Whitmore shared her opinion. To Dick Powell, who viewed the test with him, he said apologetically, "You've just seen Janet at her worst, though Janet at her worst is pretty darned good." Powell replied, "I think you've found yourself a leading lady."

Janet, who thought she never would like working in films, finds she is happier in this show than any other she has ever played. She also likes living in Hollywood. "I was so skeptical, at the start, that I didn't want to invest too much in furniture. I didn't know how long I would stay. I did my apartment in what I call 'early Salvation Army.'"

"Mother came out and helped me fix it up. We sewed the legs off dressers, painted things, made slip covers and curtains. It came out quite attractive. I feel so at home that, after my last visit to New York, I brought my telescope back and set it up on the terrace."

The Whitmores and the Gombergs helped her make new friends. "They both invite me to their homes. I spend a lot of time with them and their children."

Romantically, Janet is "interested," but not serious. "I certainly have a variety of beaux: Two surgeons, an advertising man, a publicity man, two writers, an importer, a television director." There are no actors. "I like actors, but perhaps it's a matter of two egos in conflict."

What's next for Janet? "A motion picture, I hope. With my love of stars, I suppose I have always wanted to see one on the door of my own dressing room!"

(Continued from page 33) names added. It will be quite a corporation, Adams & Company—Nick, Carol, daughter Allison and the new baby son named for Confederate hero Jeb Stuart.

Nick's pride in his family not only shined out of his eyes but it's the subject most often on his tongue. "Carol is my good-luck charm," he says with quiet sincerity. "My first real success, the turn of the tide, came right after I fell in love with her. Then I formed my own production company, we sold the Rebel series, and I had someone to share all my hopes and plans for the future. As I look back on it, all my ideas, energy and confidence seem to stem out of one thing—a deep sense of happiness in my wife and little family."

Shortly after The Rebel premiered on ABC-TV, Nick was slated for a cross-country promotional tour. He wanted Carol—then expecting their first child—to accompany him. A network official made the point that, while Nick's marital status should certainly not be denied, there was no sense in overemphasizing it by way of a pregnant wife. "Brother," said Nick, the hair on the back of his neck rising, "if the public doesn't want me as a married actor, they won't want me as a single one, either. If I have any real fans, they'll be happy to see me so happy." And Nick proved to be right. Petite Carol takes a view that is both frank and lively: "Oh, let's not overdo the sweetness and light—naturally, Nick and I had our problems at the start. We had our differences, and even quarrels. We're a normal American couple with different ideas and no hesitation about talking up. We had a lot to learn and quite a few adjustments to make. The important thing, I feel, is not that love and marriage be all smooth sailing. That's strictly make-believe and not for flesh-and-blood people. The big thing is to learn how to live together and like it, and, most of all, how to live for each other."

One of the hardest problems was how to sandwich romance and wedded bliss in between Nick's obligations to the show, his fans, publicity interviews, personal appearance tours, and so on. He had to spend long hours at the studio planning and launching each segment of the series. There were late conferences, early morning calls, weekend rehearsals. Like any bride, Carol began to resent this unending intrusion into her brand-new marriage. "I knew Nick had to do this—that, in fact, he was doing this for me and for our future—but, oh, those long hours alone!"

The only one ray of sunlight in the gloom was getting Stella, their "wonderful household helper," after Allison was a few months old. It helped to relieve the strain on Carol. "Now I can drive out to the studio occasionally, when Nick has to work late and I feel very lonesome," she says—and hastens to add, "This doesn't mean I make a pest of myself . . . or that Nick drops everything to lavish his attentions on me. I don't expect that. Still, when the company works late, dinner is brought in. It's nice then, to eat and chat with members of the troupe or with some of the wives (like me) visiting the studio for company."

Nick's growing responsibilities might sometimes make him appear aloof, preoccupied, or even snappish. This is definitely not in character. Ordinarily, he is the most kindly and considerate of men. It took Carol a while to recognize that Nick, the lover, husband and friend, was not the harassed and absent-minded executive, burdened with a hundred details of production, acting and promotion.

"There was a time," she smiles, "when the waterworks would flow for the slightest reason. Once, I remember telling Nick we needed another garbage pail. He just went on reading his script. When I'd repeated it three times and he still hadn't answered, I ran into the bedroom and cried. I was so sorry
for myself, married to a man who cared so little about his home that he wouldn't give a thought to our needing a garbage pail!

"Silly, isn't it? I felt even sillier when, later in the evening, he suddenly put his arms around me and said, 'I was wound up in that script and I didn't hear what you said—something about a new dress, wasn't it? Well, sure, you go right ahead and buy the prettiest dress you can find . . .""

Carol has learned to handle the affairs of the household without troubling Nick—"Heaven knows he's got both hands full with more important matters." Not long ago, the hot-water heater steamed over, splattered the wallpaper, and leaked out on the rug. Carol promptly went into action, calling the insurance company, the plumber and the paper-hanger. When Nick got home, all repairs had been made and the claim put in for settlement.

Says Carol, "When a man works so hard for his money, it's a wife's solemn duty to be careful with it. She must prove her right to be trusted with money and solving home problems. A wife should feel proud to know her husband has confidence in her running the household."

This is not to imply that large amounts of spending go on without Nick being aware of it. Quite the contrary. He enjoys the fireside conferences at which they plan their furnishings, decorations and selection of sundry purchases for the home. Their biggest "item" so far has been their charming three-bedroom house in Van Nuys, in the San Fernando Valley. "Although the place is forty-five minutes from the studio, I knew there was one feature that would sell itself to Nick, the moment he saw it," Carol recalls. "That pièce de résistance is a private steam room just off the master bath-

room."

"That's true," grins Nick. "I went out to see the place very reluctantly. I had no yen to live so far out. But when I walked into that steam room, I said to the agent, 'Where do I sign?' You know, I used to go to the gym two or three nights a week, mainly to relax in the steam room after a workout. Now I can get all steamed up right in my own home. It's great for taking the tension out of tired bones and nerves."

There is a large stable in back, room for three horses. But, unfortunately, a re-zoning ordinance prevents the keeping of horses in their neighborhood. "The stable won't go to waste, though"—Nick darts a mischievous glance at his wife—"because that's where our five kids will eventually be housed . . . after we re-do it, of course."

"Five kids?" Carol echoes.

"Sure . . . can you think of a better way of living than raising five kids?"

That Nick and Carol are devoted parents may be seen from the jottings in Allison's baby book. "I laughed at five weeks and four days," reads one page, "got my first tooth at five months, my first steps were to Grandpa Nugent at eight months." And under the notation of "the foremost entertainers of my generation" are listed "Nick Adams, Elvis Presley, Frank Sinatra and Marlon Brando." Carol, who filled in the page, is now busily adding similar items to the brand-new book for baby Jeb.

There are certainly no qualms on Carol's part that her name will never be listed in either book in any capacity other than "mother." When she and Nick were married, she was a starlet, with numerous TV and movie credits to her name. However, having been in the profession since she was a child, and with a father in the behind-the-scenes end of the business, Carol was never impressed with the thought of perhaps one day becoming a star.

Like Nick, she came from a devoted, close-knit family and her real ambition was to someday give her own children the same happy security she'd enjoyed as a youngster. "Nick is very like my father in one respect," she explains. "He makes his wife feel that being a wife and mother is the most important career in the world."

Nick has never really discouraged Carol from "keeping her hand in." But, by her own decision, her future brushes with acting will be "few and far between—probably just an occasional TV job."

The Adamses occasionally go on the town for fun, but they prefer their own circle of friends—which includes the Mervyn LeRoys, the Danny Thomases, Mike and Dodie Landon, Andy and Mary Frances Fenady. LeRoy gave Nick his first big movie part in "No Time for Sergeants" and Fenady is a partner with Nick in Fen-Ker-Ada Productions. All are parents and deeply involved in family matters.

"They say Hollywood's the toughest place in the world to stay married," Nick observes, "and this is true—if you lose your head easily. For those who like to sink roots and grow together, the chances of living a genuine family life are as good here in Hollywood as in Trenton, New Jersey; Dubuque, Iowa; or Austin, Texas."

A significant sample of what Nick means may be seen in the corporation papers of his movie production company, Hondo. A space was left for entering the name of little Jeb Stuart Adams, who now joins big sister Allison and mother Carol as an officer of the Board. Hollywood may be tough on marriages, but Carol and Nick Adams have thrown down a challenge to this legend and are set to prove it doesn't have to be so. . . .
(Continued from page 9)

A byword throughout the world during the eight years of the Eisenhower administration in Washington, when he served as Presidential press secretary and frequently was cast into the role of official spokesman for the Government. When Mr. Eisenhower left Washington in January, Hagerty was besieged with attractive job offers. After careful consideration, he accepted an appointment as the American Broadcasting Company's vice-president in charge of news, special events and public affairs.

Hagerty moved fast in expanding ABC News programming. Early in March, a five-minute Monday through Friday TV newscast was added at 1:25 P.M. EST, with plans calling for others, both morning and afternoon. In April, a new quarter-hour 11 P.M. telecast, with a brand-new approach to newscasting, was added in New York and Washington. Current plans are to experiment with this show's format before airing it full-network in the fall. Next, Hagerty turned his attention to the weekends, with plans for a half-dozen five-minute TV newscasts on Saturday and Sunday, as well as a good half-hour on Sunday nights.

"I took this job," Jim Hagerty explains, "because I believe television is entering into the really exciting period of its growth. In my field—which is news—television has yet to tap the surface of its potential. I want to be on the scene when that happens, and to help, in my way, to make it happen.

"This is an age of scientific exploration, not only of space, but here on earth in the fields of medicine, agriculture, water development, construction, communications. During my eight years in Washington, I tried to keep in close touch with our scientists. From the very start, they have been working not only just on the military use of rockets and missiles, but also on peaceful benefits of space for all humanity.

"Foremost among these has been the field of worldwide communications. Today, the planning stage is over. Actual experimentation is beginning. In the not-too-distant future, a network of communications satellites will be in operation around the world. The scientists say in five to ten years. I believe it will be nearer five than ten. And when this happens, we'll have instantaneous worldwide live television. We'll be able to televise news around the world as it happens.

"A few skeptics have said that the public isn't interested in expanded news coverage. I disagree violently. People everywhere have two basic interests—the economic condition of their pocketbook, and whether the world is moving toward war or toward peace. They want to know as much as they can about both these subjects. They want the news. Furthermore, I believe that the public is a great deal more intelligent than it sometimes is given credit for being."

Television's role, as Hagerty envisions it, will demand vast changes in techniques and formats. "It will take a lot of work, a lot of manpower and a lot of money. Television will need to acquire an expanded worldwide staff of trained reporters—more than any network has now—using the tools of their medium as newspaper reporters now do in their craft. Instead of the reporter's pencil, the TV reporter must use the camera.

"This won't happen overnight. But there is time, and that's why we at ABC are starting now. That's why I'm here. I welcome the excitement of the challenge."

Hagerty is critical of the job that has been done by radio and television networks in news presentation, and he doesn't spare ABC from his barbs. Not that he doesn't believe radio and television do a good job—he thinks they do—but he insists they can do better.

Shortly after he joined the executive row at ABC, he dropped a verbal bomb on the "well-modulated voices" who recite the network news. Hagerty believes too much emphasis has been placed on "well-modulated voices and nice looking faces," by all concerned. "These voices and these faces all too often are merely relaying the reports gathered by the trained reporters of their own networks or the wire service.

"They seldom, if ever, leave the radio or television studio to cover the news. Most of the time, they read someone else's work. They have little, if any, association with the story they are reporting. They themselves know it, the people involved in the stories reported know it, and, I suspect, the American people are beginning to know it.

"I am going to work for by-lined reporting with our ABC news staff, just as we have by-lined stories in the newspapers. The newspaper byline, in effect, guarantees to the reader that the man was there and actually covered the story. That he saw it happen. That he could consequently give the reader a personal report.

"Radio and television should do more of the same thing. Trained reporters, using the tools of their media—the microphone and the camera—should bring us more news from a personal-participation point of view. This is what I'm going to try to do at ABC.

"At first, I'm going to concentrate on Washington and the United Nations, the two big news centers of the world. I'm going to try and get away as much as possible from the studio-bound voices and develop a staff of reporters who will cover the news as it happens, and then relay it to the public.

"To be specific about it, I want to have the ABC reporter covering the White House report on the activities of President Kennedy, the ABC diplomatic reporter talk about the news from the State Department, the ABC man covering the Capitol report on the hearings and activities of the Senate and House. These reporters should be the image ABC reveals out of Washington, not just a single individual who can commentate nicely on the news, but who can't possibly cover it."

Principally because of its ability for immediate global coverage, Hagerty believes that radio has been doing a better worldwide job than television in respect to news coverage. "Newspapermen don't like to admit it, but more people get their news from radio than from any other media.

"With its international news round-ups, radio is able to say, 'This is what is happening here today.' With the new advancements in scientific communications, television will soon be able to do the same thing."

Hagerty believes that the television camera should have the right to cover news wherever it happens, here at home or overseas. "Right now," he says, "TV cameras are barred from many events that are open to reporters. For example, in Congress, television is permitted to cover Senate hearings but
not those of the House of Representatives.

“The camera must be recognized as the same kind of equipment as a newspaper reporter’s pencil. Where the pencil is allowed to go, the TV camera should also be allowed to go.”

Hagerty—a former reporter for the New York Times, and Governor Thomas E. Dewey’s press secretary before joining the Eisenhower staff—says he has no plans to write a book about his career in Washington. “I won’t say I’ll never write one,” he grins, “because never is a long time. However, I will say that I don’t expect to.”

“As of now, my life is dedicated to working with ABC, in this new concept of news development, and to my wife, Marjorie, and our sons, Roger and Bruce.” (Roger, 29, and Bruce, 24, are both serving in the U.S. Marine Corps.) Although he has little time for hobbies, Hagerty enjoys an occasional game of golf, and was a frequent golfer companion of Mr. Eisenhowser. In fact, during his years in Washington, Hagerty had a close personal relationship with the President. At Cabinet and White House staff meetings, President Eisenhower, having listened to arguments on both sides of an issue, often said, “Let’s hear what Jim thinks.”

The prestige of Hagerty’s past performance is expected to be a major instrument in ABC’s efforts to expand its news coverage and public affairs broadcasting as it has done, in recent years, in entertainment programming and sports.

As an indication of his enthusiasm, on his first day on the job, Hagerty checked into his ABC office at seventhirty in the morning. “No one else showed up until nine,” he recalls. “I couldn’t even send out for a cup of coffee.”

There have been some changes made. He’s now able to get coffee—and results—at any hour.

Frank Gifford

(Continued from page 28)

influencing factors,” he adds. “A big one was my family. My wife Maxine and I have three children. I was away from home so much that, at times, I barely knew them. A pro football player is away about four months, counting the road trips and summer training camp. This means, during my nine years with the Giants, I was away from home a total of three years.

“Fortunately . . . and I really feel fortunate about it . . . I don’t have the pressure of financial worry. We’ve always tried to live like we weren’t in a carnival. That’s a mistake many guys make. With good advice, I’ve made some wise investments. And, of course, I had something wonderful to step into—this job with CBS!”

“I’m sure that this summer, when the Giants start training, I’m going to have the old itch to get into uniform. But I expect I’ll be so busy with television and radio work that the itch won’t bother me too much.”

Last November, in a game with the Philadelphia Eagles at Yankee Stadium, Gifford suffered a severe head injury when he was tackled from the “blind” side by the Eagles’ Chuck Bednarik. The injury caused him to miss the last four games of the season. “Chuck was entirely within his rights,” says Gifford. “If I had my back to him, he couldn’t very well ask me to turn around before he clobbered me.

“I’m glad you brought up that incident. Some people believe that I decided to retire because of it. That’s not the case, at all. I’ve been given a clean bill of health by the doctors. Physically, I know I’m capable of playing football for several more seasons. But what then? I’d have to quit sometime. I decided to do it now, when I have this fine opportunity with CBS.”

Gifford’s first assignment was a nightly sports commentary on CBS Radio’s New York station, WCBS. From this, he is branching out with varied sports broadcasts on both the radio and television networks. And this black-haired, blue-eyed athlete, whose 200 pounds are well-proportioned on a six-foot-one frame, could easily become a heart-throb idol of the teenage set if he isn’t careful.

His good looks have already meant money in the bank. He’s been in demand as a model for magazine advertisements, posing in sweaters, bathing trunks, and other sports apparel, and is also seen on several commercials. “I expect to continue with these activities,” he says, “but everything else will be secondary to my job at CBS. By the way, don’t forget to mention my acting.”

Acting? Certainly. And it all started from that guest shot on What’s My Line? “20th Century-Fox wanted to take an option on my services and send me to acting school. If, at the end of a year, I looked like I was going to become another John Wayne, they would put me in a few movies.

“This didn’t appeal to me, so I signed with Warner Bros. and was under contract to them for two years. I had bit roles in three pictures—‘Onionhead,’ ‘Darby’s Rangers,’ and ‘Up Periscope’—but you would have had to look close to have seen me. I also appeared in a pilot TV film called Public

Frank Gifford

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enemy, playing an undercover detective. The pilot wasn't sold, and I understand Warner's later chopped it all up and used it for one of the Bourbon Street episodes.

"In the fall of '58, Warner's told me it would have to be either movies or football—I couldn't do both. Remember, up to this time, I'd been in Hollywood only when I wasn't playing with the Giants. Well, I didn't feel ready for acting then, so I rejoined the Giants and that ended my Warner Bros. contract.

"Last year, though, I starred in another TV pilot called Turnpike. It was a story of the New Jersey state police and I played another undercover agent. I guess maybe I'm not cut out for detective work, because nothing happened to that pilot, either."

But Gifford still had the acting bug. "I wanted to act, but I realized there were many roles I couldn't handle. I decided to do something about it." What he did was to enroll in a drama school in New York, which he attended three nights a week during the football season—at his own expense. "It was a worthwhile investment. Not only did I meet and get to know an entirely different type of people, but I learned something about acting. The classes were rough. And that training is of great help to me now in my radio and television work."

"Coaches have been an important part of my life," he notes. "The various football coaches I've played under, of course, and my two drama coaches—Wynn Handman in New York and Jeff Corey in Hollywood."

He has no feeling of disappointment about being assigned to radio first. "There were three times as many radios sold last year as there were TV sets," he points out. "Don't let anyone tell you that people aren't listening to radio. I know they are. I get reaction from all over the country from what I say on radio. Of course, I enjoy appearing on television. I've done a lot of it. But, at the same time, I have a healthy respect for radio."

Gifford's ultimate ambition is to develop into a versatile radio-TV personality, not limited to sports broadcasting. "Of course, this is for sometime in the future. Right now, I'm doing sports commentary and interviews. Eventually, I'd like to do play-by-play announcing—of baseball, as well as football."

"I believe it's much easier for a former player to comment on a game than it is for someone who never played—not that there aren't some excellent announcers who were never professional athletes! Some day, though, I'd like to think that I could handle anything in broadcasting. Perhaps emcee a quiz show, and things like that. But I have no desire to appear in a Western."

I'd look silly in a cowboy hat."

Nor does Gifford have any intentions of testing his singing talents on records, although he has been asked to do just that. "I guess all you need," he grins, "is a guitar, an open shirt and a pair of tight pants. But that's not for me. The only singing I've ever done, outside of in the shower, was in high-school operettas. Can you imagine? I was a tenor—if you could call it that."

However, he is interested in another somewhat surprising form of expression for a football player: Writing. "I've never had any real training for it, but I've been knocking out a few pieces from time to time. These have included a weekly football column for The New York Journal-American last fall, and a twice-weekly column for his hometown newspaper in Bakersfield, California."

"The Bakersfield paper no longer exists," he says, with a laugh. "Guess maybe I helped to put it out of business. Seriously, though, I wrote most of those newspaper columns myself. I didn't have a ghost writer, although I did have some help occasionally. What I'd like to do some day is write a book, but I'm not ready for it yet."

Gifford's actual broadcasting career began in 1957 on a television station in Bakersfield. "I had a local sports show there, for two years, during the off-season (in football). And then, in 1958 and '59, I filled in for Phil Rizzuto on his CBS Radio sports programs when I was in New York. Last fall, I had weekly shows on both the CBS radio and TV stations in New York."

Frank Gifford was born in Santa Monica, California, on August 16, 1930. His father, Weldon, was—and still is—a drilling superintendent in the oil fields. "When I was a kid," Frank recalls, "we were always on the move. We went anywhere there was oil."

As far back as he remembers, Gifford had one purpose in life—to become a football player. "When I was six or seven years old, I became interested in the high-school team at Avenal, California, a little town where we were living at the time. That was it, for me. Football was my life from then on."

Dame Fortune has been in his corner from the start. He was named to the all-state team while playing at Bakersfield High School, and he made the Junior College All-American team at Bakersfield Junior College. This was followed by All-American recognition at the University of Southern California.

Although he has retired from the Giants, his records remain. During his nine years with the New York team, he was a member of the All-Star professional squad six years, was named the National Football League's most valuable player in 1956, and played in the "pro" bowl game seven straight seasons, between 1953 and 1959. Upon his retirement, he held seven individual playing records with the Giants.

Gifford first saw the girl who was to become his wife when he attended the 1949 Rose Bowl game and she toured the stadium on a float as the Homecoming Queen. "I told her I picked her out then," he grins, "although we didn't start dating until the fall of 1950."

Frank and Maxine were married in June of 1951, and they now live in New Rochelle, New York, with their three children: Jeffrey (named after Jeff Cravath, one of Gifford's coaches at U.S.C.), nine; Kyle (named after his close friend and Giant teammate, Kyle Rote), six; and Vicki, four.

Now that his playing days are over, Gifford anticipates some difficulty in keeping in shape. "I plan to play as much golf as possible"—he shoots in the low 80's—"and, of course, I'll continue with my calisthenics."

When Gifford rolls out of bed, he does an average of seventy-five push-ups and fifty sit-ups on the bedroom floor. "It's a heck of a way to start the day," he admits, "but it's easy for an athlete to develop a pouch when he retires, and I don't want that to happen to me.

One concern that no longer faces Gifford is that of colliding on a grid-iron with a 250-pound-plus opponent. "One isn't so bad," he says, "but when three or four of them fall on you—well, you know you've been hit. Actually, after the first one, nothing hurts. If an additional 500 or 750 pounds comes down on you, you hardly notice the difference!"

She's Our Cover Girl!

Song queen Connie Francis leads off a parade of picture-packed features which includes—among many others!—no less than 22 new singin' swingin' boys and gals of 1961 . . . in the gala August issue of TV RADIO MIRROR on sale July 6

...
Brook Benton

(Continued from page 41)

Brook, "a fellow came up with a contract for me to star in a television series about a Negro private detective. At first, it sounded good. I was rather flattered. And the money was interesting, too.

"But then I discovered that the role called for straight acting, with no singing at all. I told the man, 'I'm not an actor, I'm a singer.' He said, 'It doesn't make any difference. You'll be good enough.' Well, after talking with my manager, Dave Dreyer, I turned it down. I don't want to be 'good enough.' I'm accepted by the public as a professional singer. I don't want to afflict myself on them as an amateur actor.

"I'm extremely grateful for my success," Benton explains. "I've worked hard, but a lot of singers have worked just as hard and not been as fortunate as I have. I'm not going to try to capitalize on this success just for the sake of a few dollars."

What about Broadway, the "dream street" for practically everyone in the entertainment field? "Who wouldn't want Broadway?" Benton grins. "I'm not darn-fool enough to say I wouldn't be excited about a chance to appear on Broadway. But, of course, I would have to feel ready for it.

"Perhaps, at some time in the future, I'll be able to take a few acting lessons. But I would be foolish, right now, if I took time away from my singing to try something I'm not sure I can do. Oh, I know a little something about acting, of course. Stage presence, and that sort of thing. But I certainly don't classify myself as an actor. Perhaps someday, but not now."

Those who have followed Benton's career have seen him gradually progress from a straight singer into a singer-entertainer. This has been a carefully calculated project of Benton and his manager. "I don't want to be just another fellow with a good voice who stands up and sings," says Benton. "These are the fellows who have success for a while and then bounce back to their old job of driving a truck or serving hamburgers."

"I'm determined not to be a flash-in-the-pan. And so, in addition to singing, I try to entertain. I've been learning to talk to the audience, to establish a friendly rapport. I'm not trying to pass myself off as a comedian. But, when the audience is in the right mood, I do joke around a little. And it paid off.

"Part of my routine is doing impersonations of people like Louis Armstrong, Frank Sinatra, Sam Cooke, Fats Domino and Roy Hamilton. When I first tried this, the audience went for it in a big way. I believe they were surprised to discover that I do something besides sing my hit songs."

"But it does have its hazards. One night, when I was doing my impersonations at the Apollo Theater here in New York, the audience suddenly started roaring in the middle of my routine. I couldn't understand it. It bothered me because it was the wrong time for them to be laughing. And then I looked around. Roy Hamilton and Sam Cooke—two of the singers I'd impersonated—had come out from the wings and were standing there on the stage behind me! I broke up, and it took me nearly ten minutes to recover."

Benton freely admits that a large share of the credit for his success belongs to manager Dave Dreyer. A veteran song writer and music publisher, Dreyer knows his way around the entertainment business. He's had a share of personal success himself, as composer of such old-time favorites as "Me and My Shadow," "Back in Your Own Backyard," and "Cecilia."

Benton has found success the hard way—with no screaming, swivel hips, echo chambers, or tricky sounds. Just talent. "But don't ask me to knock rock 'n' roll," he warns. "Some of my younger fans believe that several of my rhythm tunes are of the rock variety. I try to please audiences of all tastes. I prefer ballads and spirituals—but if I keep the rock 'n' roll fans happy, too, that's fine. Real fine."

"I classify myself as a singer. Not a rock 'n' roll singer, or a ballad singer, or a rhythm singer. Just a singer. This is very helpful when I'm appearing before the public. No two audiences are alike. Sometimes, in a theater or night club, I'll perform before three different types of audiences the same night. If I weren't versatile with my material, if I couldn't change my routine on the spur of the moment, I'd be a big bomb. The same thing goes for my records. They include a little of everything.

"I believe very strongly in versatility. None of us knows all our capabilities. My biggest problem is getting to know myself—self-doubt can be cruel. I try to be a good singer of all types. And that's why I won't say there's no possibility of eventually becoming an actor of sorts. But my principal career will always be that of a singer."

Benton has come a long way indeed, since he was born twenty-nine years ago in Camden, South Carolina, one of seventeen children of Willie and Mattie Peay. His father, a bricklayer, was the choir director of the Ephesus A.M.E. Church and it was there that Brook—who was christened Benjamin Peay—learned to love music and first exercised his vocal talents in public.

"I've been singing spiritually ever since I can remember," he recalls. "My mother and father both love to sing. We were a singing family. And when I
was ten, I first began putting words together for songs. It came natural to me."

Life wasn't easy for the Peay family. "We were better off than some," says Benton, "but every day was a struggle. I helped out, beginning when I was twelve, by delivering milk for Camden dairies. We all worked."

Even in those days, Brook's single ambition was to become a singer. "I knew that New York City was the only place I could realize my ambitions, so I came here when I was seventeen. I don't know what I expected, but I didn't find it. Not at first."

"I did about everything to earn a liv- ing. I worked in the garment district, washed dishes and . . . heck, those days are over. I don't like to talk about them. I'm not the only fellow who came to New York with stars in his eyes and had rough going."

However, he had plenty of determination and kept working towards his career. "I used to write songs by the bushel. I wrote close to three hundred of them before I had any smattering of success. How could I tell which of the songs were good? Simple. If it was good, I'd find the next word. If I got stuck, the song wasn't any good and I'd drop it and start another."

During the early stages of his song-writing efforts, Benton joined a group known as Bill Landford's Spiritual Singers and left New York to tour the South. "We weren't what you'd call a smash," Benton says, "and it wasn't long before I was back in New York trying to peddle my songs."

"In 1958, I had the first big break of my career when I met Clyde Otis of Mercury Records. Clyde and I began working together and we collaborated on many songs which later were recorded by other singers like Nat King Cole, Clyde McPhatter, Roy Hamilton. We've also collaborated on songs that have become some of my biggest hits, including 'Just a Matter of Time,' 'Endlessly,' 'Thank You, Pretty Baby,' 'Kiddio,' and 'The Same One.'"

"Actually, 'Thank You, Pretty Baby' was supposed to have been recorded by someone else. When the other singer failed to show up at the recording studio, someone suggested that I sing the song myself. I did, and it became a hit. There are many breaks in this business. Good ones and bad ones. This turned out to be a good one for me."

"Another good break for me, personally," Benton smiles, "came in 1955, when I visited a rehearsal hall and met Mary Askew, a secretary there. I fell in love—for the first time." They were married shortly thereafter and now live in a $50,000 ten-room duplex at St. Albans, Long Island, with their three children: Benjamin, 5; Vanessa, 4; and Roy, 3.

"My only regret about being so busy," says Benton, "is that I'm unable to spend as much time as I'd like with my family. But Mary understands, and we're very, very happy. We're together as much as possible."

Benton's hobbies, when he has time for them, include hunting, horseback riding, and playing baseball with the youngsters on the neighborhood sandlots. "Another of my hobbies, if you could call it that, is keeping in touch with my fans' clubs throughout the world. Don't misunderstand—I'm not braggi ng. It amazes me, a guy out of South Carolina, to have fan clubs in such places as Great Britain, Japan, Ireland, the Scandinavian countries, Honolulu, and the Panama Canal Zone!"

The long, long road Brook Benton traveled now spans the globe. And the former boy choir singer sings farther along with each song.

Hollywood's Happiest Marriage

(Continued from page 24)
a marvelous cook, a good manager, a wonderful companion, a canny business woman, a doting but sensible mother." All this, not from a new bridegroom, but a husband of seventeen years!

Dinah has her own explanation: "Because I'm a career woman, I work twice as hard as being a wife. Any career woman has to. She has to stay appealing and feminine, and put her husband before anything else."

Dinah put George before anything or anybody else, even before she married him. This all began 'way back in the early 1940's, when Dinah was a top girl singer on radio. In addition, she made movies, a lot of records and personal appearances. One day in Atlantic City, she found herself with a free afternoon and went with a girl friend to a movie. Exhausted, she promptly fell asleep.

But a strange thing happened. She opened her eyes just in time to catch a closeup of the hero on the screen. He was George Montgomery, Western star, and she had never before laid eyes on him.

Dinah sat up very straight and stared hard. "Where has he been all my life?" she exclaimed. "That's the man I'm going to marry."

Her friend replied, "Stop dreaming and go back to sleep!"

But Fate stepped in. The War was on, and Dinah was serving coffee and singing at the Stage Door Canteen. To whom did she hand a cup of java, one night? Why, to George himself! After that, it was Romance with a capital R. They dated steadily and were married in December, 1943.

George was in the service and was whisked away to Alaska. Dinah sang for the troops overseas. When they returned, they had their honeymoon in a one-room cabin which George built himself.

The seventeen years since then have been crammed full of memories—like the one when Dinah, still a new bride, got up at dawn on George's ranch to cook breakfast for fourteen hands. "I knew how to cook but the ranch had a wood-burning stove that defied me," Dinah laughs. "My steaks were leathery, but George was so sweet about it, I still remember it as if it were yesterday."

George has his own memories: "I was a rancher from Montana. Dinah was a Southern girl, trained to walk on velvet. For my sake, she learned to walk on grass."

The story of their marriage is that of two people who continually put each other first and their careers second. "And George has more than one career," Dinah points out. "He's wonderfully versatile, a genius at working with his hands. He made all the furniture and paneling in our house. And, every time he made something new, one of our friends would beg to buy it. There were so many empty gaps in our house, George had to go into making furniture in self-defense. So now he has his own factory, making replicas of antiques, beautifully hand-rubbed. He's made the chairs, the tables, everything in our house, with loving care."

These two take pride in each other's work. When Dinah does a new show, George has to be close by, for she needs his opinion. "What do you think?" is her first question after a rehearsal. His opinion counts. If George says it is good, Dinah feels better. If George finds some rough spots, Dinah smooths them out.

What George meant by her being born to walk on velvet was that—as a Southern girl, and particularly, as one who had had polio as a child—Dinah might easily have become pampered and spoiled. But she never was. When she was recovering from the effects of polio, she asked no quarter and made herself do hard exercises till no one could see she had ever been ill. In the same way, she disciplined herself when she married George.

The Montgomerys rise early. Dinah admits to a weakness for breakfast in bed, but she never gives in to it. George, as a rancher, is used to getting up with the sun. Dinah gets up because she wants to eat with George and the kids, "Missy," 13, and "Jody," 7. After George drives them to school, Dinah settles down, like any working wife, to
organize her household, plan her menus, cope with the laundry and tailor. When they have a housekeeping couple working for them, her work is made easier. When they don’t, the household still functions smoothly, for Dinah takes her homemaking seriously.

Once Dinah leaves for the studio, her day is full of rehearsals, fittings, publicity stills, interviews. But, at the end of it, Dinah Shore—like Cinderella—turns into Mrs. George Montgomery again and dashes home in time to spend an hour with the children before dinner.

Dinner is a family affair, complete with television, as it is in millions of other American homes. Whenever possible, they go to their home at Palm Springs on weekends to rest and just be together. They don’t do much entertaining, but, when they do, Dinah does the cooking. George can cook, too, and Dinah takes a lot of ribbing from him because he knows her way around the kitchen.

He and Missy are great pals, and sometimes they go down to open the Palm Springs house ahead of Dinah. When she arrives, the ribbing starts. “You’re a good cook, Mommy,” Missy will say, “but so is Daddy.” And George will grin, “Isn’t the coffee a bit strong? How is it I never get it that way and the toast is always done to a turn?”

But Dinah calmly takes over in the kitchen, with George lending a helpful hand. Ever since they married, chores have never been tagged “Dinah” or “George.” Whoever is free pitches in and does what needs to be done.

On Sundays, they spend a lot of time with Dinah’s sister Bessie and her husband. The two families are always visiting, having picnics, playing tennis, enjoying family life. The Montogmerys go out to night clubs only when they must; they still prefer each other’s company at home or simple social gatherings with their closest friends.

Vacations are red-letter affairs, but they have to manage to get the whole family away together—not always an easy matter to arrange. In the summer of 1960, Dinah and the children flew all over Europe, filming her shows in Copenhagen, Lisbon, Madrid and Paris. When George came over, it was a holiday and they took their “family vacation” on a leisurely boat trip coming back to the United States.

“We live simply,” Dinah says. But George paraphrases it, “We simply live.”

This, then, is the secret of their happiness: They live and have lived together well and have brought each other a fulfilling maturity.

“We’ve never argued for more than two minutes at a time,” says Dinah. “I think our only ‘disagreement’ lasted for an hour. But we talk things out for hours without emotion. George is a reasonable man, so fighting isn’t necessary. We can talk out anything, discuss anything—without quarreling—because we both know there’s one right way to do everything. We talk until we find it together. We’re both very amenable.”

Another thing the Montogmerys avoid—taking each other for granted. If they are pleased with each other, they say so, and a warm glow spreads over their marriage. Feeling all the love surrounding them, Missy and Jody are stable and happy children. They like nothing better than a jaunt with their parents.

Whatever the Montogmerys do, they do together. Even their hobbies: Tennis—tramping over the countryside in jeans (“George is a hill-and-country man and I’ve learned to be one, too”)—doing Sunday painting. George always could paint. Dinah took it up as a re-laxing hobby and has become surprisingly good at it.

Of television, George says, “The reason Dinah is so perfect for the medium is that she comes into your living room as a friend. Her warmth comes from really loving people and speaking to them from her heart. It’s the secret of her success.”

As for Dinah, she can’t find a thing wrong with George. How can she, when he’s brought her only good and taught her how to live? “I used to be a ‘today’ person,” she says. “I was always going at a fast clip, in a hundred directions at once. I never could see the forest for the trees.

“If there’s one thing that George has, it’s perspective. He taught me how to stand still, how to stand off and view a situation. If I’m flighty, he’s the ballast of the family. He’s got all this and a sense of humor, too. What more could a woman want for?”

Yes, Dinah Shore Montgomery has everything. If marriages were made in heaven, hers would be. But she knows better than to believe this fairy tale. She knows that a good marriage has to be worked at, day by day. She works at hers, and so does George.

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Speedway
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(Continued from page 14) father relaxing with his children. He smiles appreciatively as little Tom proves he can now jump from the second step of the stairway—without holding onto anything. He grins as six-year-old Karen comes home from a skating party to announce that she “didn’t fall down once, because I stayed on the side and held on!”

“Don is very, very good with the children,” says Kay, who has been Mrs. Don Knotts ever since their undergraduate days at West Virginia U. Kay Knotts is a petite woman, red-haired and soft-spoken. “We both reprimand the children, but Don has more patience with them. He’s the boss, the man of the family, and he can lose his temper—but it doesn’t happen very often.

“When Karen has a tantrum, he’s very understanding. He asks her, ‘Now, what are you really mad at?’ And he can get her out of a temper by finding out what’s at the bottom of it.’”

Kay is proud of Don’s present success, but she is too busy being a wife and mother to be overwhelmed by it all. Besides, she has made her own contribution to that career. It all began when Don returned to West Virginia U. after the war. He had been “picking up a few bucks” with a ventriloquist act since he was only twelve. “Mostly,” he says, “I listened to Edgar Bergen. I had good jokes and I used most of them.”

When the war came along, Don had been drafted out of the university and sent to anti-aircraft school for six months. Later, he had been assigned to perform in a service show, “Stars and Gipsters,” which toured the Pacific for two years. After his return to school, as Kay says, “I think the whole class was a little awed when the professor told us Don was a professional entertainer and was in our drama class. We were impressed because we couldn’t do anything, and he could get up and do a pantomime.”

They were married during their last year in school, but, after graduation, were uncertain how to go about starting Don’s career. “We headed West,” he recalls, “and stopped at Tucson to see my brother. I still had my G.I. Bill, so I thought I’d go after my master’s at the University of Arizona. But they didn’t have the courses I wanted and I dropped out. I didn’t even finish the semester—especially, after my Shakespearean teacher told me I might flunk.”

Back they went to West Virginia and, although Don was offered a fellowship to study for his master’s, it was a time of indecision, uncertainty, a time of shaky confidence. He had tried to crack New York, when he was only seventeen and just out of high school. “I struck out completely. I had two auditions which seemed major to me—Major Bowes and Camel Caravan. I flunked out on both of them and went back home completely discouraged.”

With this to gnaw his memory, and with the added responsibility of a wife, Don was understandably uncertain—still one day, almost on impulse, he turned to Kay and said, “Let’s go to New York.” She said immediately, “I’m ready,” with no mention of the security they would leave in West Virginia. “Kids today,” she says now, “seem to think security is all there is to living, but I’ve never felt that way. There are so many adventures to be experienced, and this was one of them—even if we did have to borrow a hundred dollars just to get there.”

Don Knotts: Idea Man

Don got lucky. He got a start in radio through Lanny Ross, whom he had met in the Army. But it was only a start, it wasn’t a living. They survived on Kay’s salary as an office worker until Don began earning enough to support them both.

These days, Kay is more concerned with seeing that the children get to church on Sunday and that Don eats regularly. “He’s getting to be a pretty good eater,” she confides, “but he still has a lot of dislikes. I like to cook a sort of fancy, but Don prefers steak and potatoes. Or chili. Or Italian food.”

They are both in love with California. Kay allows, “I’ve had all the snow I want for the rest of my life. We lived in New Jersey and used to be stranded because we couldn’t get the car out of the garage. You can’t even get us up to Arrowhead or Big Bear now. We like it fine right here.”

“We were saving up the money to come to the Coast,” Don adds, “when I got on Steve Allen’s show. That kept us in New York. Then, the last year we were on the air, Steve moved the whole show to Hollywood, and I was delighted. It didn’t cost us a cent!”

“The only thing we miss is the theater. There isn’t too much of it out here. Mostly, we go out to dinner or play bridge with friends. I’m not a putterer, so I’m not much help around the house. Actually, we don’t plan our recreation. We sort of take it as it comes along. During the week, there isn’t much time for recreation, anyway. I get up at six or six-thirty, and we work from eight until we’re finished. By that time, I’m ready for bed. My only addiction is golf. I’m not good, but I love the game and usually that’s where I’ll be on a weekend.”

Don is a prime example of the fact the best way, the only way, to get ahead in show business is through hard work. When he went into the stage production of “No Time for Sergeants,” with Andy Griffith, he wasn’t content with merely doing his turn. He began writing his monologues and trying them out back-stage with the cast, who comprised a hypercritical audience.

He tries his gags on Kay, too, but she declares, “I’m not a very good judge. If there’s an audience and you have someone to laugh with, it’s easy. But when you’re alone, it’s hard to know if it’s funny.”

Don and Andy got to be pretty good friends, though their paths crossed only occasionally after “No Time for Sergeants.” When Don heard that Andy had spun a TV pilot off “The Danny Thomas Show, he went to him, not just to ask for a job, but with an idea. The idea was—Deputy Barney Fife. The Andy Griffith Show is what is known in the trade as a “happy show.”

Why not write us a letter? 7-61

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:

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As Don explains, "When somebody makes a suggestion—the cameraman, for example—Andy will say, That's pretty good. I think we ought to hear it for Bill." So everybody stops and sings, 'What's the matter with Bill? He's all right!' People think we're nuts, because production completely stops while we all stand and go through that. But it relaxes everybody and tension never gets a chance to build up."

Don has cut an album of his monologues, which will soon be released. Since he's been on the Coast, he has also worked in three movies. He enjoys picture work and hopes to do a great deal more. "I don't care too much for Broadway, I like to appear on a stage once in a while, because stage work is stimulating and it's good to work with an audience.

"But when you're in a play for a while, it gets very monotonous. If you're in a real good show, sometimes it won't go stale for a year, but any show will wear on you. I don't want to go back to Broadway for another reason: I've been reading the papers, and it's been cold back there!"

Kay and Don are living the way they like to live, and they couldn't be happier. Which was the main idea when they got married—and, as we said, Don Knotts is a fast man with an idea.

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She Grew Up on TV

(Continued from page 39) She had to 'shadow' me in the screen test to make me look thinner. Other girls can get by with a few extra pounds. I found out an actress can't."

Although she doesn't look like an actress—she uses less make-up than most teenagers, wears untheatrical clothes—there's that other ever-present problem of having to make the best possible appearance at all times. "When I am dressed up, I may not meet anyone I know or who knows me. But just let me go out—even in my own neighborhood—without being properly dressed, and I meet everyone, including my TV fans!"

Still another problem is trying to be like everyone else in her crowd. Going to a party to enjoy herself as other girls do, not to be asked to entertain and not to be singled out as different. Forgetting she is an actress, separating her work from her social life. The last thing Lynn wants to do is to capitalize on it—if only people would let her.

At a charity ball, last winter, the boy who was her escort was busy in the receiving line while newsreel photographers were taking pictures. Lynn was attractively costumed, and they took her picture and asked her name. "This boy was surprised that I hadn't told them who I was. He went over to them afterward and said I was an actress and told them what I did. But I wasn't there as an actress, only as a girl lucky enough to be having a good time at a wonderful party for a wonderful cause."

Other boyfriends have been amazed if she acts like any other fan when glamorous stars are around. "I'm completely awed," she confesses. "When someone like Zsa Zsa Gabor or Julie London swoops into a party or a night club, looking absolutely gorgeous, and the photographers rush to take pictures and everybody stares, I stand there and stare with the rest of them. Why shouldn't I react like any other teenager? Why pretend to be blasé?"

(Continued on next page)
Problems arise about dating. A boy who dates Lynn always runs the risk of having it broken, sometimes at the very last minute, through no fault of hers. “One night, I was to be hostess at a dinner party a boy was giving. Dinner was at seven-thirty, and I promised to be there not later than seven. I was filming a commercial, to be finished by five. But the filming went on and on, until ten in the evening, and I simply couldn’t leave. It was unfair to the boy—yet I had an obligation to my work. “Some boys simply don’t or won’t understand about my work,” Lynn acknowledges. “If they take me to the theater, they can’t see why I can’t always go somewhere to dance afterwards. ‘An hour more or less can’t make that much difference,’ they argue. I try to explain that an actress goes to work, sick or well, tired or rested—but she owes it to herself, to everyone she works with, to be well and look well. A girl can go to school the next day with circles under her eyes, but an actress can’t. And she has to be absolutely punctual and keep to a schedule, or else she throws off everyone else’s schedules. She can’t do only what she feels like doing, when she feels like doing it.”

The greatest problems, of course, concern a teenager’s education—how to get the best one possible in the “staggered” hours left for study. In Lynn’s case, this has worked out well, largely because of the emphasis her parents put on doing school work first and studying scripts second, but also because of Lynn’s own capacity for hard work and concentration.

Grade-school years were spent at the Mace School, from which many young stars have graduated—Tuesday Weld and Patty McCormack among them; Carol Lynley was in Lynn’s own class. In June, 1959, Lynn—not yet sixteen—was graduated with honors from the Calhoun School for Girls, where she had taken her high-school work. She was admitted to Barnard College in New York—just before a movie role was offered her.

The college released her for the part, Search For Tomorrow wrote her out of its script temporarily. Then her mother, who acts as her personal manager, saw the complete movie script for the first time and refused it, because of scenes she found objectionable for Lynn.

“I hadn’t minded the break in my college year,” Lynn says, “because I’m two years ahead of my age group and I felt, if I missed one term, it wouldn’t matter that much. But, suddenly, I was left with all those upset plans, involving my entire college program. So as not to miss out completely, I enrolled in some classes at Hunter College. I would like the same education I would get if I weren’t an actress, but this takes more work and more self-discipline. “Other girls have classes at regular hours. I take mine any time I can—sometimes I start at five in the afternoon and work through until eight-thirty. Sometimes, if I’m not on a show, I start early in the morning. Not that I’m complaining about it—I have been very lucky. I chose this way, and I don’t mind having to pay the price for it.”

There is the problem of how much freedom a teenager should have, even an actress who has been treated like an adult in the professional world. “I go with an older crowd, especially with older boys. Some actors, but mostly young business men. While I feel perfectly capable of handling myself in all situations, I still don’t think it looks right for a girl of my age to do all the things the older girls can do. Like stay-

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went skiing over the holidays—but I had jobs to consider.”

People are prone to think that, when an actress keeps busy and earns well, it’s all profit. Lynn’s money goes into many necessary expenses. More than half is paid out in income tax. “I am happy to pay the tax—happy to be earning enough to pay it. But nobody understands how little is left over when all the expense is added.”

“A child in show business needs many special lessons,” her mother says. “First, there’s private schooling, because of the odd hours. This costs Lynn a minimum of $1,200 a year. There is tutoring in subjects she may have missed during the school year—algebra, geometry, languages. Special coaching is required for some parts. Dancing lessons, ballet, vocal lessons, dramatic coaching.

“When she plays a younger role—which she can, simply by changing her hair style and her clothes—she has to get a whole new outfit. If she plays an older girl, the clothes she has may not be suitable. She had to buy a new wardrobe just to take one audition, although nothing came of it. But it was important for her to look right.”

Her mother adds: “She pays dues to three professional unions—A.F.T.R.A., because of her radio and TV work; S.A.G., because of her movie work; and Equity, because of her stage work. Fan mail must be handled—she keeps up with it as best she can—and all this involves expense.”

There are advantages in being a teenage actress, and Lynn is quick to admit them. Some boys like to date an actress. They feel she has that “extra something” that makes her more desirable. On the other hand, there are boys who shy away from a girl already doing professional work for professional pay. This puts her at a disadvantage.

She has learned concentration, cooperation. To control her temper, even when she may feel she has good reason to blow up. To take criticism, listen to instructions, and take direction. To be part of a smooth-working team.

“I love my career,” Lynn says. “It’s my first love. But, as I grow a little older, I realize that it has its place—that, in order to grow as an actress, one has to grow as a person, and being an actress is only a part of my life. Getting out and having a good time has always been more fun for me when it was a change from work.

“There is no denying that being an actress has often interfered with other things I wanted to do. No denying the dates I missed, the parties I couldn’t go to, the evenings I wanted to stay up late and had to be in bed by nine.

“But I chose it, and I enjoy what I’m doing more than anything else. I have a wonderful life. I know I’ll never feel the cost has been too high.”

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From These Roots

(Continued from page 11) as it is. “Housewives simply are interested in everything that interests other women,” says writer Stadd, who continues: “There are two central characters in From These Roots—Liz and David. But we are not only telling the story of two people. We tell the story of an entire family, the entire town of Strathfeld, and all their complex inter-relationships. It's a story that never really began and will never end. It goes on and on, as families go on and on.

"There is no rigid pattern. We don’t say, ‘This is the way it is—today, tomorrow and forever.’ I write the scripts according to the way the story unfolds. If a character begins to get more interesting, to ‘take over’—and often it’s the viewers who first call this to my attention—then I build up the part. Nothing has to remain static.”

Healthy family relationships are a basic quality of the drama. There is the relationship of the father, Ben Fraser, to the younger members of the family. . . Ben is what the world calls an elderly man, but still active, still looking forward, still pulling his own weight. There is Kass, the Fraser housekeeper . . . Kass is an individual in her own right, not merely someone who walks in and out, serving coffee or answering telephones and doorbells. She mothered Liz after Mrs. Fraser died; when Kass herself was ill, the entire family was caught up in the concern for her.

There is the excellent relationship between Liz and her older sister Emily: "Here are sisters quite unlike in temperament and experience, yet able to have deep love and understanding between them, and to talk to each other on their own terms.

Emily’s own relationship with her daughter Lyddy is also a good one. Emily has come to grips with herself after some stormy years. She has now become a point of identification with many viewers around her age. Emily has lived through a period when she suffered from pseudocyesis (spurious pregnancy), caused by the shock of believing she had lost her husband’s love and that she needed to have another child to forge a new link in their marriage. Although she recovered, she became a widow shortly after, and has developed as one of the most interesting charac-

actors in the story.

Problems—often among those encountered by many viewers themselves—are met head-on. The whole question of the adoption of older children (the so-called “unadoptables”) is one of these. When Maggie and Dr. Buck Weaver decided to adopt an infant—and were led, instead, into adopting not only a five-year-old boy but his six-year-old “problem” brother—the mail increased from “adopted” parents who were particularly interested in the emergencies, problems and rewards of such adoptions, as depicted on their TV sets.

The subject of "black market" babies was treated with equal frankness, and both the producer and the writer felt they had rendered a service by airing the whole question in terms of human drama.

From These Roots has dealt with juvenile delinquency. Medical emergencies have occurred. “I don’t believe we have to bring in a lot of diseases or dwell too much on medical procedures.

When Kass required a brain operation,” Stadd points out, “that was an integral part of the plot. I talked to doctors before I wrote the hospital scenes. Kass had hit her head and injured blood vessels. This happens. The operation is the cure. It was all completely true to medicine—and to life.”

An interesting sidelight on the operation is the number of messages that poured in, asking to have Kass get well. “Don’t let Kass die,” they begged Len Wayland, who plays Dr. Weaver—and who notes: “They wanted me to see, personally, that Kass came out all right. I don’t think they quite trusted the writer or the producer. They went directly to the doctor!”

“We try to make our show a healthy one,” Stadd explains. “Where a character needs to undergo psychiatric treatment, as Emily did for a time, it was used as the great, modern tool it has become. But we steer away from psychiatric terminology. People today are familiar with psychological medicine. They know something about the treatment of the mentally disturbed. But that’s no reason for bringing it into the story merely to resolve some situation.”

Humor and fun also have their place in any drama that is true to life. Sometimes this is projected on the
show, through father Ben Fraser, who loves to "pull the leg" of some other member of the family until he gets the laugh he's angling for.

"The great thing we try to bring out," says Stadd, "is that people who live together—in a family, a community, in any group—are bound to have arguments, strong differences of opinion. But underlying these is the respect—more than that, the love—they have for one another. On daytime TV serials, people aren't ashamed of that word 'love.'

"Perhaps their emotions seem stronger because we have more time to portray them in depth. All the dramatic elements of a good nighttime drama can be shown, but there is greater opportunity to explore them. Our story doesn't need to be hurried along. What we can't do today, we can do tomorrow."

Leonard Stadd fully realizes how much the writer is aided by good production and direction, and by having fine actors to interpret his words. Eugene Burr is the producer of *From These Roots*, and Paul Lammons directs. All work together closely. "No matter what I write, nothing would happen without all of them and all their help."

Stadd speaks out of personal experience, as both actor and member of a family "team." Not too successful, at first, as a writer of short stories and magazine articles in New York, he became interested in TV while working for an agent for playwrights. "I read hundreds of TV scripts," he says, "and kept telling myself I could do better. So I had to prove it." He has—not only as sole writer of *From These Roots*, but in previous stints for such shows as *Ellery Queen*, NBC Matinee Theater, and *The Verdict Is Yours*.

Behind his current success is the woman he credits with starting it all: His wife Arlene. Born thirty-five years ago in Baltimore, Maryland, Leonard met Arlene while doing a little-theater production there. It was she who read his early writings and encouraged him to take courses at Johns Hopkins. And, when she left to study drama at Carnegie Institute, she followed—to major in writing at the University of Pittsburgh nearby. They were married during Christmas recess, now have a son Robbie, who was five last April.

"Robbie plunged Arlene into semi-retirement," the writer says. "But, last winter, she just to keep her hand in—she did a bit part in *From These Roots*. She played a nurse when Kass was ill... and a male fan of the show immediately asked, 'Who was the new nurse? Wow!'"

**(Continued from page 31)**

was concentrating so hard." Grant's hands were still deeply scarred three weeks later, on the set of 'The Couch,' Warners' psychoanalytical thriller which stars Williams in a feature film, by way of change of pace from his partnership in TV's *Hawaiian Eye*.

Though he doesn't belabor the point, the scars are, in many ways, characteristic of Grant Williams, the man. Behind the smooth, unruffled, handsome brow of this seemingly smooth, unruffled and handsome actor, there is unsuspected depth, sensitivity, imagination and character. Grant Williams has the looks of a matinee idol. But he is also an artist and has the mind of a mature man.

Grant's ability to think himself into a part—even one as alien as that of a psychopathic killer—is characteristic of "method" acting and marks him as a serious actor. "I spent several weeks preparing myself for the part," he says. "I talked to psychiatrists, parole officers, social workers, and studied actual case histories. I find there is nothing that helps me so much as research."

Despite his present seriousness and dedication to his profession, he began his acting career almost lachadaisically, being long undecided about a possible future as pianist, photographer or journalist. The background for acting is there, of course, as it must be with any talent. Grant started acting in summer stock at the age of twelve and continued with it, as an amateur, through high school and four years of service in the Air Force.

After graduation from high school, he set out to be a photographer and journalist, and learned both trades in the service. However, after his discharge in 1952, he didn't look for a job in either field, gravitating instead toward show business again. Having invested and promptly lost all his savings in a partnership with an independent television producer, he took a job as a publicist with MCA—world's largest and most influential talent agency—which finally became the stepping-stone for his career as an actor.

"Looking back, I guess I just didn't have the courage of my convictions," Grant says today. "Maybe my mother had something to do with it, too. She was all for my becoming a photographer and wasn't very happy when I finally decided I wanted to be an actor. She didn't think acting was solid enough. I can't really blame her, either. But it seems that acting is what I most wanted to do all along—even though I had to back into it, as it were."

Success came quickly, once he'd made up his mind. At MCA., he came to the attention of one of the agency's veteran executives, who sent him to the Warner Bros. New York office for an interview. The studio people liked Grant and sent him to the Carnegie Hall Dramatic Studio for training. He didn't finish his course, however—because, shortly after he started it, he entered and won the New York try-outs for a season with the famous Barter Theater in Abingdon, Virginia. This gave him his professional start and a much-longed-for and hard-to-come-by Actors' Equity card.

The format of the Barter tryout had been established by the late Ethel Barrymore, who limited each contestant to a one-minute monologue. As she pointed out: If a performer had it, you could tell in a minute; if he didn't, you thought your watch had stopped! Grant evidently had it...

"There were four hundred contestants that year," he recalls. "Rosalind Russell was the judge. I couldn't find anything I liked in the literature and wrote my own material—a comedy bit about a man trying to get on a crowded New York City bus, fishing for change and arguing with the driver. It wasn't great, but, luckily, it was good enough. Roz, at any rate, didn't seem to think her watch had stopped."

Coming back from Abingdon that fall, Grant confidently made his rounds of producers and was offered—nothing. He was getting discouraged when, late one night, his agent tracked him down at a party where Grant was fighting the blues with too much drinking. The agent explained that a famous French star had just been fired from a television play which was slated to go on the air the following day. The producers were desperate for a replacement. Could Grant come right over and try out for the part?"

"Now?" Grant asked. "The way I feel?" The agent answered firmly, "The way you feel—or not at all!"

Grant left the party, took a cab to the studio, read the part—and was accepted. "Surprisingly, all things considered, I got pretty good notices. Also, the play and the rest of the cast were tops, so a lot of influential people saw me. As a result, I had little trouble getting other parts, from that point on."

He might have been satisfied with smooth and easy success, if it hadn't been for the influence of a remarkable man. He says, "I became serious about acting after I met Hank Viscardi. He's the founder and guiding spirit of Abilities, Inc., an electronics manufacturing plant on Long Island employing more than six hundred people, all severely handicapped. Hank himself
was born with two shriveled stumps in place of legs.

"But he has learned to overcome this handicap so remarkably well that I wasn't even aware of it, the first time I met him, when he walked into a Madison Avenue restaurant. I portrayed Hank as a young man in a stage and TV play written about him, and came to know him very well. He's had a great influence on me. Hank's example has taught me that a man's life should have a purpose. And it has shown me how much can be accomplished by doing instead of wishing."

As a direct result of Viscardi's example, Hank enrolled as a student with Lee Strasberg, director of the famous Actors' Studio and high-priest of "method" acting. "I owe Mr. Strasberg a great deal," Grant acknowledges. "Just about everything I know about acting."

Today, Grant's career is booming, but his goals are far beyond mere starmaking and material rewards. Besides acting, he hopes someday to direct, and he writes in his spare time. In addition to a respectable string of TV writing credits, there are (as yet) unpublished short stories, poems, and an unfinished screenplay about his wartime experiences in Korea. He's an avid reader, a student of comparative religions, and a hiker who's never happier than when he roams the Big Sur country of Northern California, where he owns a weekend shack.

As a photographer, he still does professional work occasionally, notably some album covers for pianist Leonard Pennario, a close friend. He loves music. His great-aunt is Mary Garden of opera fame, and his own talent and accomplishments as a pianist are considerable. Though he's not of professional caliber now, he's good enough to play Beethoven, Brahms and Chopin for his own enjoyment.

The one flaw in Grant's otherwise thoroughly happy and fulfilled life is that he has no one to share it with. He acutely longs for a wife and a family, but sadly admits that, so far, he hasn't found the right girl. "I've been in love several times," he shrugs. "Three times during the past eight years, to be exact. Unfortunately, each of these romances has ended in disappointment. And—contrary to what they say—each new disappointment seems to hurt a little more than the last."

One standard Grant will not compromise is absolute mutual faithfulness, a standard which is right in line with the general code of ethics instilled in him by his Scottish parents and grandparents. Grant's father was decorated with the Victoria Cross, Britain's highest decoration for valor, comparable to our Congressional Medal of Honor. Grant himself spent two of his most formative years, from ten to twelve, in a Scottish school near his grandparents in Glasgow. "My father wanted me to have the discipline of a Scottish school, and I agree with him. I believe we could use more of it in our own schools."

Grant follows through on his convictions by steering his fast-spreading fan clubs into fighting juvenile delinquency. "We try to find responsible and mature leaders who'll work with the kids in their communities. I meet these groups whenever I can. We never preach, but we try to promote good citizenship by emphasis on proper dress and proper behavior. And by setting a good example. Being in the limelight is such a tremendous responsibility. The only way we can repay whatever gifts have been given to us is by using our influence in a constructive way. With a little effort, we can make slobs and delinquents look like squares. After all, that's what they really are!"

Grant Williams himself is no slob. But he's definitely on the square about doing something constructive in life, instead of just wishing hopefully.

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Cover Portrait of Connie Francis courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

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On a recent visit to Detroit, Freddie Flintstone was mobbed by adoring fans.

by Peter Abbott

Heard Around: Rumors to the contrary, there is little chance Dick Clark and wife will change their minds about the split. The decision was a long time in the making. . . . NBC will program 1600 hours of color next year. However, CBS has no intention of programing one minute. . . . Helen Jean Rogers, ABC news special—projects producer, married her boss, John Secondari. You saw them working as a team during the conventions. . . . Roger Smith sits as a writer, too. He's scribbling a two-part series for wife Victoria Shaw for fall showing on 77 Sunset Strip. . . . Bob Hope insists he wants a single sponsor for his six specials next season, which makes a problem. While Bob comes up with top ratings, the costs of his shows are comparably high—about $400,000 an edition. And six times 400-grand is a lot of popcorn for any single advertiser.

. . . Plenty of medical advice on tap for fall. ABC slotting Ben Casey (a surgeon) at 10 p.m. Mondays, NBC's Dr. Kildare will make house calls at 8:30 p.m., Thursdays—and there is still Young Doctor Malone, every weekday. Now, if we can just get CBS to schedule a dental series . . .

My Fair Lady: Julie Andrews has signed for five appearances on The Garry Moore Show next season. Curiously, Garry will have two of his shows for fall already taped before he leaves on vacation in July . . . There may not be any new series on TV this year starring a female performer. Operation Female, starring Polly Bergen, has been indefinitely postponed. Polly's husband, Garry Fields, feels Polly's movie career is about to bloom and thinks this is more important. . . . When Dobie Gillis returns in October, Dwayne Hickman will be permitted to play him as a 20-year-old. Dwayne has played a teenager for seven years—five with Bob Cummings, two with Gillis. He's really 27 . . . Dwayne's brother Darryl loses his series. (Continued on page 6)
Roger Smith has big plans and they include actress-wife Victoria Shaw.

ABC news people—John Secondari and Helen Rogers—have news of their own.

Lovely Miss Universe 1960, Linda Bement, lends charms to 1961 telecast.

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The Americans. It disappears at end of summer. . . . Jack's daughter, Joan Benny, and actor Mark Damon lighting up on the same match . . . . Summer replacement for Hennesey: Ray McKinley leading the Glenn Miller Band, with Johnny Desmond singing. . . . Clark Warren, Doc Curtis on From These Roots, was flown to Hollywood for a screen test . . . Dorothy Provine's part on The Roaring 20's being enlarged to meet her demands that she "get more dimension." Artistically, that is . . . . The FM radio receiver has become a "status symbol." A survey by Young & Rubicam indicates most listeners tend to be home-owners, college graduates, and wealthy . . . . Silly but funny—Scott Brady tells of the little boy who didn't want to go to Europe with his mother. "Shut up," she told him, "and keep swimming."

Hubadubadoo: Hanna-Barbera has a clever trick coming up, to maintain the high rating of The Flintstones. The cartoon series will feature guest stars who will speak their own lines and be drawn into the show . . . . Dave Garwood leaving the Today Show to spend more time with his children after tragic death of his wife. . . . Purex sponsors summer reruns over NBC-TV. First four include: July 11, "Those Ragtime Years"; then, on succeeding weeks, "The Single Woman," "The Trapped Housewife" and "The Cold Woman." The last three are from the Purex Specials For Women scheduled daytime during the past season. NBC began to consider nighttime reruns of the series when women wrote in: "I want my husband to see this series so that he will understand he has something to do with my problems." . . . CBS-TV gets the big dramatic show next year. On a budget 'round the half-million mark, David Susskind will make a ninety-minute version of Graham Greene's "The Power and the Glory" starring Sir Laurence Olivier, Julie Harris, Keenan Wynn, Roddy McDowall and others . . . . Connie Francis, a smash hit at the Copa in her return engagement, now hopes to make a movie with Sinatra in the fall . . . . The Way Out series is real gone . . . . Laconic David Brinkley will have his new show co-sponsored by Douglas Fir Plywood Association. Let's hope he doesn't get boxed in . . . . Tom Poston claims a friend has invented a new hair restorer. "It doesn't grow hair. Just shrinks your head so your own hair will cover it."

A la King: Alan King has been eager to try his own comedy ideas in a series. His new pilot film will get a "special" tryout this fall on CBS-TV. Showing a pilot is like trial by fire. Alan will get only critics' reaction, which seldom has anything to do with popular tastes. Most of the nation's favorites got poor reviews in daily papers on first exposure . . . . The answer to whatever happens to TV pilots that don't sell as series may be revealed on Westinghouse Preview Theater, starting July 14, on NBC-TV. Program includes outstanding pilots of various uncompleted series with such top stars as Shirley Jones, Hal March, Joe E. Brown . . . . Loretta Young, who

One of NBC-TV's summer Purex Specials stars Barbara Baxley, Patrick O'Neal.
Leaving TV after eight years, lovely Loretta Young has new-old interest.

said she was through with flickers and now is through with TV, is looking for the right movie script. . . . Not much chance of Haila Stoddard returning to The Secret Storm. She is giving all her time to Broadway production and currently working with Noel Coward on his new musical. . . . NBC publicist Gene Walsh expects a second blessed event in October. . . . July 15, John Daly reports on the Miss Universe Pageant from Miami, assisted by Linda Bement, last year's Miss Universe. Normally, a CB newsmen would have copped this assignment but a new network policy is now in effect: CBS-TV reporters will be confined to work that deals with news and news documentaries. One result of this is that Doug Edwards will have to give up his Armstrong Circle Theater assignment next season. . . . NBC has established a full-time news bureau in Leopoldville to coordinate network coverage of Africa. . . . Reminds one of a remark attributed to Henry Morgan, who noted that cannibalistic nations seem to prefer live TV shows!

Surf Happy: SurfSide 6's Lee Patterson came into New York to meet N.Y.C. newsmen. "It's kind of a paid vacation," he said. "I'm building a house north of Sunset Boulevard and can't afford to pay my own way." . . . Kookie was also in town and dogged by scores of fans every time he hit the sidewalk. . . . The F.C.C. receives an average of fifty letters a day complaining about the contents of TV shows. A televised rodeo drew hundreds of letters alleging cruelty to animals. . . . Indirectly, it would seem the public ego takes a beating on charge that so many TV shows are bloody or silly. Actually, an average of 5,722,000 homes tunes into public-service programs, an increase over a

(Continued on next page)

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by RICHARD HUDNUT
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Dress by Robert Sloane

Tampax Incorporated
Palmer, Mass.

WHAT’S NEW ON THE EAST COAST

(Continued from previous page)

year ago. Entertainment specials averaged only another three-million. Mike Wallace expects to return to network TV via new series, Biography. Two of those up for profiling: The late Gary Cooper and Clark Gable. Wallace promises candid approach to all subjects.

The Tall Man’s Clu Gulager is muttering “go East, young man.” He’d like to do a Broadway show. You may not always love commercials, but you have to admire the fiber of the salesmen. CBS has been trying to get A. T. & T. on their network for umpteen long years. Finally made it, and the corporation will pay the way for CBS Reports next season. Jack Sterling is taking in more wash than ever. Added a couple more automatic laundries to his holdings.

Happy Thoughts: Carolyn Miller, secretary to ABC news chief Jim Hagerty—Ike’s former press secretary—finds Mr. Hagerty a surprise. “I had heard he was a hard-boiled newsmen and difficult to work with. Actually, he’s nice and relaxed.” The most creative people come to New York. Instead of drawing mustaches on poster faces, they are chalking off Mitch Miller’s beard.

For his interest in the welfare of the physically handicapped, Dave Garlow received a Doctor of Ocular Science degree from the Massachusetts College of Optometry. The very finest in teleplays are being repeated Tuesday nights over CBS-TV during the summer. With Playhouse 90 doing that star such as Van Heflin, Jack Lemmon, Geraldine Page, Lee Remick, Kim Stanley, and Richard Boone. Now ABC has hired their first female news reporter. She is lovely Lisa Howard, an actress who previously worked on As the World Turns and The Edge of Night. Steve Allen—with a comedy-variety hour—will get the ABC-TV spot vacated by Hong Kong on Wednesday nights. His competition will only be Wagon Train. Lotsa luck! Now that the Lucy-Desi divorce is final, it can be noted that Lucy took with her a 25% interest in Desilu, which is valued at about $12-million. Two eighteen-year-olds in suburban Indianapolis thank Wagon Train for saving their lives. Debra Robbins and Pamela Shirley fell into twelve feet of water, deep in an old well. Neither could swim, but Debra braced her back and feet against the wall and Pamela hung on to her. After they were rescued, Debra explained she had learned the trick from viewing an episode of Wagon Train.

Using an abandoned church in Manchester, England, Charles Perry manufactures a soap called Brand X, the detergent that gets blamed for all tattle-tale gray in TV commercials. So great is the demand for Brand X that he is stepping up production from 45,000 boxes a day to half a million. Or as a wise man once said, he who lathers last, laughs best.

Currently appearing on Broadway, Hal March will soon be seen on TV again.
Warren's a Winner

What can you tell me about the handsome young actor, Warren Beatty?
J.E.S., Mitchell, South Dakota

When good-looking, blue-eyed Warren Beatty was a small boy, he couldn’t seem to make up his mind about what line of work he would eventually follow. At six, he wanted to be President; at seven, Governor of Virginia (he was born there, twenty-three years ago); and, at nine, an actor. Anyone who has seen him on TV, in the movies, or on Broadway, knows that the talented young man chose the right one when he decided on acting. . . Warren originally became interested in show business through his mother and maternal grandmother, both of whom taught acting and directed little-theater groups. . . . When the young actor went to New York to study acting, he supported himself as a bricklayer, construction worker and sandhog, before eventually getting small parts in several TV shows. His major break occurred when he got the leading role in a Kraft Theater production. . . Warren's aim in life: To be a successful actor, director, and writer. It's a big order, but he's already half-way there. And he has someone in his family who has set him a good example—his sister is Shirley MacLaine.

Some Quickies

I want to know the birthplace and birth date of singer Brenda Lee.
C.W., Randalia, Iowa

Brenda was born in Atlanta, Georgia, on December 11, 1944.

Could you please tell me if Betty White and Polly Bergen are sisters?
A.M.B., Warwick, Rhode Island

They are not related.

When and where was Lori Martin born?
A.M.H., South Boston, Virginia

She was born in Glendale, California, on April 18, 1947.

Would you let me know if Faye Emerson was married to James Roosevelt?
J.D., Cleveland, Ohio

Faye was once married to Elliott Roosevelt, not James.

Could you tell me when and where Don Grady was born?
D.S., South Bend, Indiana

Don was born in San Diego, California, on June 8, 1944.

Is Dan Blocker married and does he have any children?
B.D., Salem, Virginia

Dan is married to the former Dolphia Parker and they have four children—Dennis, 4; David, 6; twin girls Debra and Danny, 8.

Are Peter Graves and James Arness brothers?
R.B., North East, Pennsylvania

Yes, they are. The real family name is Aurness.

A Versatile Talent

I would like to know something about the actress, Patricia Barry.
M.M., Chicago, Illinois

A wonderful combination of beauty, talent and brains—that’s lovely Patricia Barry, an accomplished actress who repeatedly snags guest-star roles in TV shows such as 77 Sunset Strip, Hawaiian Eye, Maverick, SurfSide 6 and Hong Kong. . . . Born in Davenport, Iowa, brown-eyed Pat attended Stephens College before going to Hollywood. She appeared in several films there and, since then, has gone on to summer stock, Broadway plays and TV. . . . Pat married Philip Barry, son of the well-known playwright, in 1950. Their daughter, Miranda Robin, was born in 1951 and another daughter, Stephanie Ann Thankful, was born in 1957. . . . Pat’s favorite hobby is tennis, but she has to play indoors because her fair complexion is the sort that “burns, freckles and peels miserably.” She also loves to cook.

Calling All Fans

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

McGuire Sisters Fan Club, Linda Moore, 157 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.
R. Hawkins Fan Club, Sharon Cooper, 16 Norlong Blvd. Toronto, Ont.
Mario Thomas Fan Club, Polly Businger, 164 E. 226th St., Euclid 23, Ohio.

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.
Fiesta Time in

TRUTH OR

Picture story of a fun-packed weekend in the town named after the long-time favorite TV show

Planeload of top Hollywood talent sets off for Truth Or Consequences, to join in the holiday parade headed by the program’s creator, Ralph Edwards.

It’s always fiesta when Truth Or Consequences comes to Truth Or Consequences, and this year marked the program’s twelfth annual trip to its namesake-town in New Mexico. As always, the hospitality was Western-style—with wardrobes to match. Among the guests from Hollywood: Jayne Mansfield, Anita Gordon, actor Peter Graves, comedian Pat Buttram, “Smiling” Jack Smith, pianist Buddy Pepper, guitarist Billy Strange and a host of others who shared a gala weekend which included a parade, jeep derby, fiddlers’ contest, dance, regatta, entertainment at children’s hospital and high school—where program-host Bob Barker was named “honorary mayor.” Introduced to the cheering crowd by actual Mayor Robert Holcomb as “Bob Baker,” our hair-trigger hero responded: “That’s the story of my life, Mayor Hokum!”

Truth Or Consequences, popular show created and produced by Ralph Edwards, is seen on NBC-TV, Monday through Friday, 12 noon EDT, under multiple sponsorship.
Bob Barker, emcee of TV's *Truth Or Consequences*, is hailed by citizens of show's namesake. Resort town was once known as Hot Springs—even before that, its mineral baths were patronized by such native notables as Apache chief Geronimo!

Carnations for all: Anita Gordon sings at the Carrie Tingley Hospital for Crippled Children.

Short story: Ralph interviews Billy Barty—biggest tiny man in show biz.
Releasing July 4 is movie "Snow White & The Three Stooges," in which the zany trio plays actual acting roles, along with stunts. Above with star Carol Heiss and co-player Edson Stroll. At right, the boys in a typical "Stooge" sequence from one of their old two-reelers, now a joy to young and old on television.

by LEON RICE

With the release of "Snow White & the Three Stooges" by 20th Century-Fox, the Stooges will have completed one of the most fantastic come-backs of history. Their latest full-length movie, in a career of twenty-five years in Hollywood, cost $3,500,000 and co-stars the Stooges with Carol Heiss, five times world and Olympic figure-skating champion. It is based more or less on the Grimms' fairy tale, with the added contribution of the unique gifts of the Three Stooges—consisting of mayhem, disaster and lots of laughs. All but one of the other movies made by The Three Stooges—209 of them—were short two-reelers.

After a twenty-five-year stay in show business, the career of these zany performers almost came to an end in December, 1957. They were released from their contract with Columbia Pictures. This contract had run for twenty-five years. Peak acceptance of their short-subject movies came during the thirties, when they were top-featured on theater marquees, even though they were supposed to be the south end of the double bill. The public couldn't get enough of their nutty doings and they made as many as ten pictures a year. Shortly after World War II, their popularity began to fade and, by the end of 1957, the wise old studio heads decided that the Stooges had thrown their last pie.

In 1958, they started off on a personal-appearance tour that didn't seem to get anywhere. Meanwhile, back at the ranch (Columbia Pictures—that is), some unsung genius poking about in the film vaults came to a shelf covered with dust, piled high with a mountain of film and marked "3 Stooges," and said to himself, "There must be gold in them there hills." He suggested to Screen Gems, the television arm of Columbia Pictures, that the films might sell to local television stations around the country as a basis for children's shows, since their two-reel length made them ideal for a half-hour TV projection with commercials. The suggestion was the most profitable since the Indians said "Sold!" when they were offered $24 for Manhattan Island. Since The Three Stooges themselves had no residual rights, they don't get a cent out of TV use of these movies. The first batch of pictures was turned loose to television on seventy stations during September, 1958.

At the time, the Stooges' night-club and personal-appearance tour was going from bad to worse. Not yet realizing what TV was doing for them, they were disappointed at their thin local audiences. As it turned out later, it wasn't that they didn't have appeal, it was just that their audience was the wrong age. By December, 1958, they were just about at the end of their tour and the end of their rope. They were appearing at a
night club in Pittsburgh. The audiences were even sparser than usual. The Stooges had about decided to call it quits. Then, on a hunch, they decided to do a matinee. They knew vaguely that their old pictures were successful on TV, but not how successful. They were soon to find out. When the night-club doors were opened that afternoon, the joint was immediately inundated by a flood of children. Kids were hanging from the rafters, stacked on the bar (which sold only milk), sitting on the floor, and lining the walls.

Show-business history was made that afternoon. Stars were reborn. Instead of being cancelled, The Three Stooges’ booking was extended for a week. They haven’t stopped working since. They’ve been doing major television appearances, making records and major movie features. Their box-office draw in night clubs has a unique measure. Other performers talk of volume of liquor sold or how many thousands of dollars were taken in in cover charges in the mink-lined cellars. The Three Stooges measure their success in hamburgers sold.

Among them, the trio is now 162 years old. Moe is 57, Larry is 54 and Joe is 51. Moe Howard and Larry Fine are two of the original Three Stooges, but Joe De Rita joined them comparatively recently, in 1958. The original third Stooge was Moe Howard’s brother Shemp and three other “third” Stooges have been part of the team at one time or another.

The act originated as comic relief with the Ted Healy band in 1922 and continued with great success until the Stooges split off from Healy to go their own way in 1932. Like all Stookey activities, they started off with a bang. They got themselves promptly and simultaneously signed by Columbia and Universal-International. Moe Howard made the deal for them with Columbia, while Larry—unaware of this—was signing them to a long-term deal at Universal. After the smoke cleared away, they stayed with Columbia on the basis that that contract was signed three hours before the one at Universal.

Time has played a funny trick on the Stooges. They still do the same routines they’ve always done. But their audience now includes the adults who saw them in movie theaters, as well as the brand-new audience of children from the age of three up. Moe Howard recently said, “Now, little girls three years old throw their arms around my neck and say ‘I love you.’ This is something new for me. I even remember when my son used to scare my niece by showing her a picture of me in costume. But today people sympathize more and more with the misunderstood guy.” Actually, in the average Stookey comedy routine, there is probably less violence than in the average TV Western or detective show, and they are a lot funnier, besides. As Moe Howard says, “Kids don’t seem to mind seeing somebody get hit over the head in our pictures, because they know and can see that same person get right up.”

With their new movie, The Three Stooges are breaking into new acting territory. They portray characters, as well as doing comedy routines. For a 162-year-old group, they seem to promise to go on forever.
All in the Family: Sentimental was the word for Nanette Fabray's June 30 show. Her two-year-old son Jaime and seven-year-old stepson Brian appeared with her while writer-husband Ranald MacDougall, creator of the show, played nurse and chauffeur for the boys. The youngsters took to the cameras like pros, and Nan had a hard time explaining to little Jaime that his part in the "Ballet-Oop" segment was only a treat, not a permanent arrangement. Nan was presented by Ranald with a beautiful new pair of ballet slippers. "We know how much you love your old ones, said Ranald, "but it's time to give them a rest." The old pair had been worn by Nan since she was a teenager. "We had them bronzed and they occupy an honored place next to my Emmys," she sighed. "I hated to part with them, but I've already spent over $100 to keep them in repair, and the shoemaker told me there was nothing more he could do for them."

Bogie Man Hits Birdie: Bob Wilke—who won entertainment world's golf crown last year, and tied for second with Gordon MacRae this year—was asked by Tony Curtis, one of the long list of also-rans, how he got to be so skillful on the greens. "I spend my weekends dropping putts instead of people," grinned Bob. He is rated as one of the most effective villains in show business and, in his roles of the heavy, has bettered such heroes as Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, Robert Stack and Rock Hudson. "But it's on the golf course where I get a bang out of beating all the good guys—especially my pal, Jim Garner." Bob switched from stuntman to actor in 1936 "because it's safer than falling in holes." He now averages four features and twenty-five TV shows a year—and passes out a business card which reads, "Kill and Be Killed."

Hands of Gold, Feet of Clay: Art Linkletter does seem to have the Midas touch. His Link Research and Development Corp. has literally coined money out of projects ranging from hula hoops to million-dollar oil wells. Now Art has decided to go into a new field, by way of the Linkletter-Totten Dance Studios. His interest in dance schools stems, of course, from his love of children. "I believe in giving kids this sort of training," he says. "When I was fifteen, I was so shy and skinny, I was afraid to ask a girl for a date. One of my pals talked me into taking dance lessons and I became the best dancer in my class—and did all right with the girls, too." But if Art thinks of himself as being some shakes on the dance floor, his teen daughter Diane has a somewhat different version. She put
Chubby Checker's big hit on the phonograph one night and Art gallantly asked her to tread the light fantastic. When he went into what he fondly thought was a "mean jitterbug," Diane was appalled. "My goodness, Daddy . . . that stuff went out with high-button shoes." Art protested, "I thought I got around the floor pretty good." Came the retort, "The trouble is, Daddy, when you get around the floor, it seems to come out square."

Brunch for the Bunch: The Buddy Hacketts gave one of their Sunday brunches and, when Jack Benny arrived, he found the place jumping with 40 adults and 15 children—but no Buddy Hackett. "Oh, he'll be here in a few minutes," Mrs. Hackett blithely explained. "He's in Denver." And he was. Although working in "The Music Man" at Warner Bros., Buddy still found time to fly to Colorado for a Saturday-night charity appearance. Mrs. Hackett was right. Within ten minutes, Buddy had joined the party and was munching heartily. Since these Sunday get-togethers usually go on from 11 A.M. to 11 P.M., Buddy said, "If this keeps up, I'll be the only actor in the business who spends $10,000 a year on lox." Replied Jack, "That's the most frightening thought I've heard in many a month."

No "Emmy" to "Emmy": "We can be sure of one thing," flared a top TV director—who naturally asked for anonymity—"this show will never win an Emmy!" He was referring to TV's "big night of the year"—an evening which ran a poor second, entertainment-wise and rating-wise, to its big brother Oscar's earlier show. The fans outside the Moulin Rouge, site of the Hollywood end of the broadcast, set the general apathetic trend of the evening. There were few of them, and only the arrivals of Amanda Blake—easily the most stunning guest—and of Robert Stack seemed to stir excitement. Perhaps it was due to the pall on the town which had set in, earlier in the day, when film favorite Gary Cooper had been laid to rest. Several celebs—including Jack Benny, a pallbearer at the funeral—did not attend the broadcast and party. Don Knotts, at an earlier press party honoring the nominees, was grateful for his "best supporting actor" nomination, but was convinced he wouldn't win. Barbara Hale—a contender, along with Abby Dalton, in the same category as Don—insisted he had to win "because you're the funniest man on television." Andy Griffith, overhearing, beamed, "That's right, ma'am, he surely..."
WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST

(Continued from preceding page)

Kathy Nolan gets welcome-home kiss from her dad, after a hospital stay.

Golf-pro Bob Wilke gives few hints to Dennis O'Keefe (l.), Vickie Trickett.

Harry Morgan's wives—left, his real one; right, Cara Williams, TV spouse.

is! He's my boy," Andy couldn't have been happier if he'd won himself. . . . At the same pre-Emmy party, Peter Falk (in casual attire because he'd had to rush over from Desilu in his "work" clothes) was like a fan in his enthusiasm and admiration for veterans Loretta Young and Ed Wynn. "I've got your book," Peter told Loretta. "And when are you going to write your autobiography?" he asked Ed. "I've been talking it into a tape recorder for years," Ed revealed, "but I don't seem to have time to finish it." It was at the reception that Raymond Burr dropped the bomb that he'd be leaving Perry Mason because the series was too great a physical strain. But a few days later—as Ray clutched his second "Emmy"—he sang a different tune, saying it looked like "things will be worked out." Certainly no actor is more dedicated to a role than Ray is to that of the courtroom hero, and both network and sponsors will undoubtedly make any concessions to keep Ray happy and healthy. Playing the Field: Diane McBain's toy black poodle goes everywhere with her and sees life from the depths of her large handbag. "Coquette has been trained not to bark in restaurants and other places with the "No Dogs" sign. What's more, she is dressed well enough to hold her own in fashionable Chasen's, which caters to the stars. When Diane puts on her mist-mink coat, a miniature matching one is worn by Coquette. . . . In trying to kick the cigarette habit, Jonathan Winters has gone the whole route—no alcohol, and a very strict diet that ban potatoes, butter, sugar and other goodies. "The amazing thing," chuckles Jonathan, "is that I'm having as much fun as ever." . . . On his recent Caribbean tour, Bob Hope presented a colonel with a pair of cuff links— he thought! By some mistake, the box contained perfume. Two weeks later, he got this note: "Many thanks for the perfume. Now, instead of saluting, my men wave at me." . . . Pint-sized Billy Barty was asked if he thought all people should be midgets. "Oh, well," said the little comic, "I believe every man should shrink for himself." And, apropos of size, comes this from Robert Ryan: "Who says TV hasn't grown in the past ten years? I can remember owning a seven-inch set." The David Janssens bought a Beverly Hills home in the six-figure bracket. But they are furnishing simply and slowly. They have already startled their friends with two old-new ideas—plain black telephones and a pool that is neither heart-, kidney- nor piano-shaped—just plain, simple, old-fashioned rectangular. . . . Jimmy Durante has Bob Hope and Garry Moore lined up for his August 9 special. He's one of the few stars who stays out of the producing end of the show, saying, "Dey knows what dey's doin', I knows what I'm doin.'" He and his act—including Eddie Jackson and Sonny King—open at the Las Vegas Desert Inn in September, then on the road for six months. The Schnoz's big dream is to present his night-club show intact on TV. . . . Las Vegas showgirl Dotty Harmony, linked romantically in the past with Tommy Sands and Elvis Presley, is seeing a lot of new star Bob (Brent Maverick) Colbert. When Bob opened his new restaurant, The Corner, Dotty played hostess to the young Warner Bros. crowd. . . . Bill Ballance, KFWB disc jockey, has come up with a popular new gimmick—one the listeners wish would spread. People send him their bills and he pulls a few of them from his hat each day and pays them. Raisins Anyone? Nita Talbot, of The Jim Backus Show, recalls that, when she and muscle-man Steve Reeves were drama students in New York, some years ago, he invariably launched from yogurt, cottage cheese and raisins. Now, Jim Backus is trying the same. "I figure it was the iron in the raisins that built Steve up to play the role of 'Hercules'," says Jim, "so maybe I can still satisfy my frustrated desire to be a wrestler." . . . People and Plans: Peter Breck, hero in the Warner Bros. feature, "Lad—A Dog," put one of his own three German Shepherds to work in the film. "Cassius" did a bit in a dog-show sequence—and that," adds Peter, "makes him a professional, so I can deduct his upkeep from my income tax." . . . Hank Mancini, Peter Gunn composer, has written a song entitled "The Gist of It," dedicated to the show's director Bob Gist. Incidentally, Craig Stevens—Pete himself—doesn't seem at all unhappy the show's been cancelled. He and "the kid" (his nickname for wife Alexis Smith) plan a long rest down Acapulco way. Welcome Return: Kathy Nolan had recuperated enough from her serious back surgery (suffered when she was thrown from a horse on The Real McCoys set) to work in the final three shows of the season, but it will be months before she's back to full strength again. During The Real McCoys vacation, she plans to finish writing personal notes to all the people who sent get-well cards while she was in the hospital. (She stopped counting at 3,000.) "I'm trying to send personal notes to everyone," she explains, "but I hope those that don't get them right away will understand. I can't sit too long at the typewriter at one stretch, so can only get out a few thank you's a day."
After the last disc is spun, after the last sad, sweet song fades away into the summer night—what will the experts say was the news about pop music in 1961? In the opinion of the editors of TV Radio Mirror, there’s no doubt about it: The girls are back! We present for you on the following pages a charming, talented group of faces which prove to any masculine reader the eternal truth from the “South Pacific” show-stopper, “There Is Nothing Like a Dame.” But don’t worry, girls, we’ve also assembled for you a deft selection of young male charmers whose music has made the summer memorable. In a way, all 22—the total number of singles and groups—are beginners. To each of them, we say, “Good luck.” May the rest of 1961 and all the future reward you. A-Okay?

See Following Pages
Ann-Margret

America is the land of opportunity for Ann-Margret. She was born in Stockholm, April 28, 1941. Her parents, Gustave and Anna Olson, brought her to northern Illinois when she was five years old. They are now American citizens.

Even before she left Sweden, Ann-Margret had started to dance and sing, but there her parents had no money for formal lessons. Here, her mother worked two days a week to help pay for ballet, piano and voice training. Ann-Margret says, "I was in my teens before I realized what sacrifices my parents made for me."

She went to New Trier High School, Winnetka, Illinois, sang with a band during the summer, then studied for a year at Northwestern University. At Christmas, she went on a U.S.O. tour, and when summer vacation came again, she and three other N.U. students booked into a Las Vegas hotel. Or let's say they thought they did. When they arrived, there was no job. They went on to Hollywood and were down to their last three dollars before they found a booking. Later, Las Vegas proved lucky. When Ann-Margret and "The Subtletones" played the Dunes Hotel, George Burns saw her and hired her as the girl singer for his Sahara Hotel stint. The Jack Benny's arrived to spend Christmas with the Burnses, and Benny invited her to be on his television show. With two such great stars aiding her, Ann-Margret is moving ahead fast. In addition to her RCA Victor contract, she will also be in pictures at 20th Century-Fox.

Charlie McCoy

Young Charlie McCoy is another of the new singers who has both background and a beat. The beat is a heritage from his native hills in West Virginia, but that background of solid musical knowledge is Charlie's own achievement.

Born in Oak Hill, West Virginia, March 28, 1941, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ray H. McCoy, he grew up in Miami and attended Southwest High School. "They were doing some experimental teaching of music. I soaked up all I could get. When I entered the University of Miami, they put me into advanced classes. I've taken as much music theory as they offered and I also studied everything from the classics to New Orleans jazz."

He paid his way at school by having a band which played disk-jockey hops, high-school proms and club dates. He plays piano, guitar, bass, sax, harmonica and drums, plus his favorite, the electric guitar.

Yet with all his learning, his heritage defined his field. "Country-and-Western music and rhythm-and-blues are my favorites." The Old South Jamboree, a Miami square dance, was his springboard; Nashville, his objective. With two other young performer-writers who record as Kent Westberry and Snuffy, he wrote "Cherry Berry Wine," his first hit. His second Cadence record showed his versatility. With Archie Bleyer's band, he played harmonica for the theme from "Hippodrome" backed with "Mississippi Blues." Currently, until they find their girls and settle down, Charlie and his band share an apartment in Nashville.
Robin Clark

During a TV Radio Mirror interview, singer Eddy Arnold contrasted the farm child's isolation in the past with today's easy communication by saying, "I'm the father who gets a kick out of seeing my daughter talk on the phone for hours. In my day, if I wanted to speak to a friend, I walked."

That observation may have had something to do with the choice of a song for the recording debut of his young protege, Robin Clark. Her first record for Capitol is "Daddy, Daddy, I Wanna Get a Phone in My Room."

Freckle-faced Robin was born eleven years ago on the campus of the University of Alabama, where both her parents were students. Her father is now district sales manager for a trucking firm and the family lives in a suburb of Nashville. In that music-centered city, Robin's singing and dancing has won her the admiration of such stars as Andy Griffith, Ferlin Husky, Minnie Pearl and others of the Grand Ole Opry crew. Robin has done more than 250 performances on television shows and at civic affairs. At the annual Policeman's Benefit, which has been the springboard for such stars as Pat Boone, she has, for the past two years, stolen the show with her act.

Robin is an A student in school and is active in the 4-H Club and Junior Red Cross.

Johnny Maestro

A subway token, plus his own talent, paid Johnny Maestro's admission into recording. With a group of happy-hearted friends, he was singing over the clatter of subway wheels. A man in the music business heard them and, on the spot, arranged their first audition. As The Crests, they had "Sixteen Candles" and a number of other hits. Last Spring Johnny went solo and put his Coed disc high up on the charts.

Johnny was born in New York on May 7, 1939, the son of Sal and Grace Mastrangelo. They now live near Midland Beach, Staten Island. Johnny, who loves animals, stretches the walls a bit with the pets he brings home. Included have been a monkey, baby chicks, two huge tanks of tropical fish, and, of course, a dog.

Johnny, a self-taught musician, plays guitar and piano. He was graduated from Charles Evans Hughes High School and studied accounting at City College. His mother says, "He has always had so much ambition.
Mornings, he worked in an office. Afternoons, he went to class. And evenings, he sang. It got to be too much. He quit school because his music came first.”

Maestro is an eager amateur photographer. When younger brother Ronnie’s team won a football championship last fall, Johnny made action shots of the game. On tour, when fans crowd the stage door to take his picture, he turns the tables and takes pictures of them.

Linda Scott

The Brill Building on Broadway is the Tin Pan Alley of modern pop music, and the New Jersey Palisades, across the Hudson River, can certainly qualify as the cradle of a lot of talent. Within a few miles of each other live—or have lived—Paul Anka, Connie Francis, Bobby Darin, Pat Boone, Frank Sinatra and Bob Crewe. A recent young hopeful to emerge from this area is Linda Scott, who got her first hit on the Canadian American label with “I've Told Every Little Star.”

Linda was born at Teaneck, New Jersey, on June 1, 1945, the daughter of Raymond and Lois Sampson. Her father is law-trained and works as trust officer at a bank, a fact which Linda appreciates. “I don’t have to worry about contracts and things like that. Daddy knows all about them.”

Soon to be a junior in high school, Linda has been singing since the age of four and has worked professionally for a year. Guided by her coach, Mrs. Jane White, she cut her first record for a major company but “nothing happened,” so at option time she transferred to Canadian American.

She is five-feet-three, has dark brown hair and green eyes. She has studied piano and writes songs. She loves to bake pies and also loves to dance. Like many a teenager, she has a running discussion with her parents about going steady and says, “Right now, I’m going out with lots of different boys.”
A classmate was the talent scout who set up the first recording date for The Shirelles, a group of four girls who have scored top hits with "This Is Dedicated to the One I Love," "Will You Love Me Tomorrow," and "Tonight's the Night."

Shirley Jones, now 18, sang the solo for "Will You Love Me" and composed "Tonight." Beverly Lee is 18, Micki Harris is 19, Doris Kenner, also 18, sang the lead for "Dedicated."

They met while in junior high school at Passaic, New Jersey. Afternoons, after school, they got together to sing, taught themselves harmony, practiced new sounds and created original songs. While in high school, they entered a talent contest. Needing a group name, they derived "The Shirelles" from their leader's name, Shirley. Their classmate Mary Jane Greenberg heard them and told her mother. Mother is Mrs. Florence Greenberg, president of Scepter Records. Mrs. Greenberg coached them, recorded them and now manages their careers.

The girls are close friends with similar interests. They like to bowl, ride horseback and watch TV. Most of all, they enjoy music. While they like the rock 'n' roll which brought them fame, they always seek to improve themselves and hope to widen their range to include pops, show tunes and jazz. Their personal favorites include Ella Fitzgerald, Gloria Lynne, Frank Sinatra, Jackie Wilson, Roy Hamilton and Little Willie John.

If you had to choose between a full scholarship to study engineering at Columbia University or gamble you could gain fame as a singer, what would you do?

Paul Evans, after a year at Columbia, bet on his musical talents and gave himself three years to score. His
first record, cut for a top company, bombed. Songs he wrote for other artists carried him over, but his self-allotted time was almost gone when his present manager, Milt Schnapf, heard Paul's demonstration record of "Seven Little Girls Sitting in the Back Seat." Carlton Records accepted both singer and song. Six weeks later, it was one of the nation's top ten tunes.

Paul was born in Jamaica, Long Island, March 5, 1938, the son of Nathan and Leah Rapport. The family often staged living-room shows. His father, a commercial artist, played the flute. His mother had been a professional pianist. His sister, Estelle, had already gained recognition as a folk singer. Paul was eight when he started to learn to play guitar and sing. Regarded as one of today's most versatile performers, Paul also writes and produces TV commercials and hopes to enter motion pictures.

Gene Pitney

Gene Pitney's first fans were not the young people who now storm stage doors to ask for his autograph. They were, instead, top recording artists. And the signature they valued was at the top of a sheet of music, "by Gene Pitney." His tunes were recorded by Steve Lawrence, Billy Bland, Clyde McPhatter, Roy Orbison and others.

Dark-haired, hazel-eyed Gene lives in Connecticut. Born February 17, 1941, the son of Harold and Anne Pitney, he was graduated from high school with top honors. He plays piano, guitar and drums and sang with his school glee club. "I used to carry the first and second tenor sections, but could drop down to first bass."


Gene McDaniels

Gene McDaniels was lullabied with gospel songs and the sound rings out exultantly again as he tells the story of creation in his hit song, "A Hundred Pounds of Clay." The son of the Rev. Mr. B. T. and Mrs. McDaniels, Gene was born in Kansas City, Kansas, February 12, 1935.

He grew up in Omaha, where he attended Technical High School, Omaha University, the University of Nebraska and Omaha Conservatory of Music. He played saxophone in his school orchestra and, always, he sang. He joined his first gospel singing group at the age of thirteen and later formed several groups of his own
which toured the country, singing everything from gospel to jazz. Frank Sinatra and Ella Fitzgerald became his idols. He says, “I would sit for hours by the phonograph listening to these great artists and their phrasing of musical statements. It was a real education.”

Gene tops six feet in height and weighs 156 pounds. His primary interests are sports cars and basketball.

His first recordings for Liberty Records were done in jazz style, but his repertoire also includes gospel, folk music, spirituals and pop tunes. Friends say that he brings to song the same sincerity which his father brought to preaching. To him, the meaning is important and his great aim is to communicate with his audience.

Cathy Jean

When two pretty and gifted young women joined forces, the result was a hit, “Please Love Me Forever,” for newly-organized Valmor Records.

The first of the young beauties is twenty-seven-year-old Jody Cameron, whom record men call “the girl with a golden ear,” because of her ability to predict which numbers have the emotional impact to become hits. Jody, who is a great-grandniece of the Swedish Nightingale, Jenny Lind, never considered making anything but music her life’s work. She’s been a singer, a disc jockey and a music librarian. Always, she has written songs. Last year, with her husband, Eugene Malis, she organized Valmor Records and is one of the few women to head an artists and repertoire department.

Cathy Jean, who sings with a group called The Roommates, is Jody’s discovery. She was born September 8, 1945, and attends Lincoln High School in Brooklyn. She has studied both pop and classical music. She plays piano, guitar and flute and has been singing since she was seven years old. Jody says, “This is a voice with both range and volume. She is so powerful that she seldom needs a mike on live performances.”

Jody and Eugene are taking an active part in planning Cathy Jean’s future. He says, “The timetable is worked out. She’s doing a few record hops and theater appearances now, but she also has plenty of time to study, dance and skate and enjoy being a young girl.”

Bobby Vee

Tragedy and tension preaced Bobby Vee’s entry into show business. The plane carrying singers Buddy Holly, Ritchie Valens and the Big Bopper from an Iowa engagement to far-north Moorhead, Minnesota, crashed. The call went out for local talent to fill in the program of the scheduled show. From nearby Fargo, North Dakota, Bobby Vee and The Shadows responded.

Sixteen-year-old Bobby started out as a guitar-playing tag-along kid brother. Bill Veline, Bobby’s brother, and two other older boys had formed a group. They weren’t too happy when Bobby insisted on chiming in, but were won over when he proved their star attraction.

After the Moorhead show, Scott Beach, now at WCCO, Minneapolis-St. Paul, took over as their musical director and helped the boys polish their routines. Last June, in Minneapolis, Bobby made his first recording. Liberty Records bought the master. In January, he flew to Hollywood to record again. His hits: “Rubber Ball,” “Devil or Angel,” “Stayin’ In,” and “More Than I Can Say.”

Kathy Young

School-talent shows started Kathy Young toward her recording successes. Born in Santa Ana, California, October 21, 1945, she now lives at Long Beach. She enjoyed singing with her grade-school glee club, but
lost her nerve as a performer when she entered Hamilton Junior High. Then, when she was in the eighth grade, a close friend put in her name for a talent show, Kathy won.

During the summer vacation, her mother took Kathy and fellow members of a civic club to Pacific Ocean Park to see the Wink Martindale program. There she met Jim Lee, Indigo Records artists-and-repertoire man; She asked him how she might make a record. Lee first thought it a joke, but Kathy’s genuine enthusiasm led him to give her an appointment for an audition.

Because of a small accident, Kathy had to postpone the date. It proved to be a lucky fall for, while she was recuperating, Al Anthony, program director of KAFY in Bakersfield, brought to Lee’s attention a new song, “A Thousand Stars,” suggesting it as a follow-up for The Innocents’ hit, “Honest I Do.” Lee, feeling the song needed a girl’s voice, had Kathy try it. Within a few weeks, it was a hit. Her recent “Happy Birthday Blues” shows signs of becoming a standard.

Sandy Stewart

Sandy Stewart has yet to see one of her United Artists recordings reach the top of the hit charts, but it should happen soon. During her first appearance on The Ed Sullivan Show (her next one is September 19), Mr. Sullivan called her “one of the most gifted young singers I have heard.” Viewers’ mail seconded his motion. Showmen said it with bookings. Movie companies made offers. Said happy Sandy, “At last. It seems I’ve worked for this forever.”

Young as she is, Sandy has many years of experience. The daughter of Sam and Sally Galitz, she was born in Philadelphia, July 10, 1940, and sang as soon as she could talk. Yet when, at ten, she auditioned for a famed children’s show, she was told, “Go home, little girl. You have no talent.” Spunky Sandy and her mother then marched over to WPEN’s Juvenile Varieties and Sandy became a popular performer. At the age of fifteen, she moved to New York and was booked on many programs. For two years she was on Alan Drake’s radio show and also appeared on Garry Moore’s daytime show on CBS-TV.

Lolita

Although American artists have long evoked fanatical devotion from Europeans, the only foreign artist to score a million-seller here was Italy’s Domenico Modugno with “Volare.” Today, he has been equaled by Germany’s

Ben E. King

One of New York’s blizzards last winter gave Ben E. King his first big solo hit, “Spanish Harlem.” He was then lead singer with The Drifters, who were scheduled to cut some new sides at the Atlantic-Atco studios. As the storm worsened and traffic snarled, King battled his way into the studio, but the rest of the group never made it. Recording personnel decided to record Ben alone.

Ben began singing while working in his father’s luncheonette in New York City. His vocal group first was called The Crowns, and they later became The Drifters. They scored five straight hits with “Save the Last Dance for Me,” “I Count the Tears,” “There Goes My Baby,” “This Magic Moment,” and “Dance with Me.” Ben cares more about song-writing than singing, and “There Goes My Baby” was his own tune. However, he made every member in the group a partner in royalties.
Bert Kaempfert and Sweden's Jorgen Ingman, plus the pretty little star who personifies both trends, Lolita. Her "Sailor, Your Home Is the Sea," released here by Kapp Records, hit Number One on the charts.

Lolita was born in Vienna, studied in secretarial school and also taught kindergarten. She gained her foothold in show business in a way familiar to young American artists. She entertained at benefits and worked with amateur theater groups.

A friendly, home-loving girl whose favorite hobby is cooking, Lolita tells how she came to have an exotic stage name. "My producers found it for me. My real name is Ditta. Now, I'm known by this name, and people often ask me with amazement, 'Are you Lolita?' They expect someone worldly and foreign looking."

Satire and comedy are the big challenges of the entertainment world and, when you try to mix them with pop music, there are more flops than successes. One group which has succeeded is The Playmates, whose "Little Miss Stuckup" on Roulette Records was preceded by "Jo Ann," "Don't Go Home," "Beep, Beep," and "What Is Love." They are also important night-club performers.

All three grew up in Waterbury, Connecticut, met when they joined a dance band at Crosby High School, studied at Marietta College in Ohio, then transferred to the University of Connecticut, where they worked up their act playing at fraternity parties.
Morey Carr, whose powerful voice creates the texture of The Playmates' vocal sound, plays bass and is the funniest funny man in the group.

Chic Hetti, arranger and pianist, comes from a musical family and was the first to try singing, as well as instrumental performance. He collects records and sports cars.

Donny Conn, the drummer, was, as a child, an angelic choir boy and also the mischief who broke up many a school play with an impertinent ad-lib. He writes most of the material for their acts and records.

Frank Gari

Vibrant-voiced Frank Gari insists that, before getting his first hit, "Utopia," he had more turndowns than any other young singer in the business.

Born in New York, April 1, 1942, the son of Frank and Gertrude Garofalo, he was a junior in the Paramus, New Jersey high school when he first took stock and asked himself, "What am I doing with my life? I've always been crazy about show business. I'd better get on with it."

Fortified only by high-school play experience, he boarded a bus for Times Square, bought a professional show-business newspaper, saw an audition notice for a singer and applied. "They weren't taking any unknown singers," he recalls. "I went home disappointed." The next week, he repeated his expedition, saw the same company wanted an actor. He says, "It was the same story. The third week, they wanted a dancer. When I showed up that time, the man said to me, 'Isn't there anything you can't do?' He gave me a script and sent me down to a coffee shop to audition for the producer."

The producer "hired" Frank—if you can call a fee of a hundred dollars, for more than a month of work, being hired.

Frank says, "It wasn't until I met my manager, Sy Muskin, and sang 'Utopia' for Crusade that my luck turned. Or maybe I had just learned enough."

With "Lullaby of Love" following it onto the charts, important bookings are now coming Frank's way.

Aretha Franklin

Music has always been a way of life for eighteen-year-old Aretha Franklin. Her father, a minister, moved his family from Memphis to Buffalo. There, at the age of eight, Aretha first sang with his New Bethel Baptist Church choir. In Detroit, her present home, she made her debut as a soloist at Sunday services when she was twelve. She was paid fifteen dollars and promptly spent it on a pair of roller skates. Later, she recorded with her father's gospel group and traveled with a choir.

Friends sent her demonstration record of "Today I Sing the Blues" to John Hammond, Columbia Records' dean of jazz who discovered Billie Holiday. His reaction was, "This is the best voice I have heard in twenty years." Aretha was then on tour with a choir and for a month he vainly tried to locate her. When she did turn up in New York, he invited her to Ray Bryant's opening at the
Village Vanguard. From half-past-three until four A.M., Aretha, seated at Hammond's table, sang along with the Bryant trio. The next day, she signed with Columbia. Recently she had a hit with "Won't Be Long."

Aretha is an expert swimmer, likes skating and horseback riding, French clothes, Chopin, Duke Ellington and "making people happy."

**Miss Frankie Nolan**

The rivalry of two brothers for the attention of a pretty girl helped launch Miss Frankie Nolan's recording career. The elder of the two brothers, versatile Bob Crewe, is a song writer, singer, actor and artist who recently transferred his contract to ABC-Paramount Records and released "La La Loretta," backed with "Swinging Family Tree." Bob says of his brother Tommy, "He's the local Don Juan. He's always stealing someone's girl—including some of mine." But the family tree swung in the opposite direction when Tommy brought Frankie to a party at Bob's Manhattan apartment. Bob reports, "She began to do improvisations and it just got me. She has voice, she has talent, and, if you will pardon the expression, a 'rubber' face like Imogene Coca's. She can be divinely beautiful one minute and, the next, she'll twist her face into a wild grimace. It's so seldom a girl has real comedy talent and it is seldom, too, that a girl so young has such sophistication, poise and timing. Right then I knew I wanted to have a hand in shaping her career."

Frankie was born Marie Rose Francois at Teaneck, New Jersey, April 4, 1943, and, in Bob's phrase, "went to school to a TV set in those great days when Coca and Sid Caesar were clowning." Since her graduation from Teaneck high school, she has worked as private secretary to the vice-president of a large corporation and plans to hold that job until her entertainment career is established. Frankie's first recording session featured a comedy song Bob wrote for her, "I'm a Lonely Little Nut."

**Gary Clarke**

Gary Clarke, whose first RCA Victor record was "Green Finger" and "I Promised Amelia," likes to make people laugh. In Woodrow Wilson High School, Los Angeles, he was class clown as well as a star athlete. He draws cartoons, tells stories, turns a dive into a comic contortion and still goes back to school to pole-vault with the kids. "I wobble over the bar and tell them, 'That's the way it shouldn't be done.'"

Born Clarke L'Amoreaux in Los Angeles, 24 years ago, he is a handsome six-footer with hazel eyes, brown hair and a Will Rogers kind of smile. For two years, he was actress Connie Stevens' best beau and still sees her. But, as he says, "Our romance reached a stalemate."

He worked at many an odd job before finding his first motion picture roles. Last season, on TV, he appeared in the Michael Shayne series and is now under contract to Revue Television for a new film series.

His singing career began when he auditioned for "New Faces of 1928" in the Delta Rhythm Boys trio. he portrayed Harry Barris. He likes rhythm-and-blues and "real swinging spirituals." His favorite song is "St. James Infirmary Blues." His aim: "I try to sing a song so that I enjoy it myself. If I feel it's phony, no one else will believe it, either."
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was a member of two Roller Derby teams, The Red Devils and The Chiefs. She gave up skating in favor of singing when Jimmy Rich and George Simon, the team which headed Dinah Shore toward stardom, became her coaches.

At one of the small New York night clubs where she first appeared, Jackie Gleason heard her and was so impressed that he spoke to friends at Capitol Records about her. Riding the crest of a new Latin dance craze, Capitol had Genie cut "La Pachanga" as her first record. Genie, who loves to dance, gave the song so bright and interesting a rendition that, within two weeks, she was invited to appear on six TV bandstand shows and twelve radio shows.

Genie shares her parents' home in Astoria, likes to read, listen to records and play a guitar.

Bob Luman

When his second hit record, "The Great Snowman" and "The Pig Latin Song," came out, Bob Luman insisted he was the world's most impatient recording artist. Reason: Disk jockeys, show bookers and motion-picture executives were clamoring to see him, but Bob still had several weeks to serve under exclusive contract to the United States Army.

Bob's first Warner Bros. success was "Let's Think About Living," and, while sweating out those last Army hours, he indicated he was doing just that. "First thing I'm going to do is throw dust on my shoes. The shine on these boots is enough to kill a man dead." Also, he intended "to get a look at some of those sassy girls they've got out in California," and "buy a hammock, find myself a gang of shade and put on ten pounds. I guess I'm just naturally a peaceful man."

Peaceful he may be, but lazy he isn't. He has moved fast since he was born in Nacogdoches, Texas, in 1938. At high school in Kilgore, Texas, he played baseball well enough to attract major league scouts. He also raised his deep voice in a rockabilly beat and won an amateur contest judged by Johnny Cash, Johnny Horton and Carl Perkins. Shortly, Louisiana Hayride put him on television. Also, in Shreveport, he had his own show, then became a regular on Town Hall Party televised from Los Angeles. With Army service now completed, he has motion picture, television and recording dates crowding his schedule for a very busy future.

Genie Pace

One of those high-school questionnaires which ask "What do you hope to be?" helped Genie Pace define her career. Then a student at Bryant High School, Astoria, Long Island, Genie, with a flash of foresight, wrote, "I'll be a singing star and skater." Actually, at that time, she had never sung professionally and her roller skating had been limited to some fast turns around a local rink with a best boyfriend.

But the more she thought about that answer, the more eager she became to have it come true. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Al Paciello, encouraged both ambitions.

Skating success came first. Turning professional, she
Dorothy and her assistant, Tom Cursey, need a sixth sense to "protect" the public.

Official title: Senior Editor of ABC's Continuity Acceptance Department.
That's Dorothy Brown, who has to know everything about everything

by BILL KELSA

People do not like censors. This is axiomatic, and applies even more specifically to the talented people who bring you your daily TV entertainment. And, of all the TV people who don't like censors, writers are perhaps the most sensitive.

"It is most difficult to deal with the writer," confesses Dorothy Brown, who is senior editor of ABC's Continuity Acceptance Department and probably has had more experience dealing with TV's and radio's creative talents than anyone else in her field. "It is better to discuss modifications with someone who can be impersonal. Asking a writer to delete a line is like asking a mother to cut off her baby's first curls!"

Dorothy was working for NBC in San Francisco in 1938, when Orson Welles created chaos with his chilling radio show about an "invasion" from Mars. Shortly thereafter, Mae West was heard to enunciate her famous invitation on the air—and there followed a veritable avalanche of protest from the public. Deciding that Hollywood needed a Continuity Acceptance Department, NBC transferred Dorothy there. And later, when (Continued on page 82)
In less than three years, Connie Francis, the little vocal dynamo from Bloomfield, New Jersey, has warbled her way to the top of her profession. Her records have sold a whopping fifteen million, and she owns every trophy and citation the pop music industry can award its number-one female singer. Connie has also dramatically proved that, when she belts 'em out, the sound is heard 'round the world. Musically speaking, she has girdled the globe as successfully as Russia's space hero, Yuri Gagarin—and with comparable history-making speed. In every country where records spin, Connie has run miles ahead of other American gal singers. Her discs are translated into six languages: Spanish, French, German, Italian, Japanese, Yiddish. During her sixth and most recent visit abroad, last spring, she walked off with Europe's highest pop honor, "The Golden Lion Award," citing her as the top (Continued on page 72)
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England...

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Second-Time Winner

Now a seasoned Hollywood actor and singer, James Darren is happily married to beautiful actress Evy Norlund. And equally beautiful son Christian entrances them both. Jimmy's most recent movie for Columbia was "Gidget Goes Hawaiian" (below) with Deborah Walley as Gidget.

When James Darren hit Hollywood at eighteen, he knew nobody. He admits, also, that he did everything wrong. On the second trip, things were very, very different!

by JERRY ASHER

When handsome, Latin-looking James Ercolani of Philadelphia became James Darren of Hollywood, he started out feeling less secure than that proverbial cat on a hot tin roof. It was a strange, new world for the lonely lad, but sometimes he could find escape in dreams that transported him back where he belonged—back with his loved ones where he could share the warmth and glow of family togetherness.

Fortunately for Jimmy, he has always been a practical dreamer. So he resisted the urge to fly away home, worked hard, prayed a little and hung on tight. Today, just turned twenty-five, (Continued on page 63)
the Many Facets of Rosemary Prinz

An intimate visit with the charming young woman who fascinates daytime viewers as Penny Baker in *As The World Turns*

by FRANCES KISH

Rosemary is Penny Baker in *As The World Turns*, CBS-TV, M-F, 1:30 to 2 P.M. EDT, sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Co. and others.
Johnny appeared as a guest on deejay Dave Overton’s Five O’Clock Hop, when he visited WSM, Nashville. Below, he checks in at his new New York office.

No doubt about it. The girls find Johnny irresistible. Above, a group of Richmond, Va., fans hit him up for autographs. When it comes to real relaxation, though, Johnny loves to take it easy in the sun in Central Park, in New York, which is near the small apartment he maintains in the city.
An easygoing chart-climber talks about life, love and the pursuit of happiness
by LILLA ANDERSON

As is true with many other young singers, Johnny Tillotson is aware that—to enhance his effectiveness as a performer—he must be constantly at work. So he's studying acting.

Many a performer has clawed his way to fame by fighting back against his frustrations. The opposite emotion fires Johnny Tillotson's ambition. He loves life, the world and the people in it with such happy exuberance that it spills over to touch everyone he meets, everyone he sings to.

It shows through, also, in everything he says. Johnny talks freely about his family, his school, his friends, his songs, his girls and the kind of marriage he hopes to have some day.

The songs come first. His top hit, a joyous, imaginative ballad called "Poetry in Motion," has now finished its long run on the charts. Its successor, "Jimmy's Girl," is doing all right, but seems unlikely to equal "Poetry." Johnny isn't bothered. "I've been giving myself some time to study out the next (Continued on page 84)
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On the Holiday Lodge set, the yaks are for real, as Canada's Wayne and Shuster keep the action going

by KATHLEEN POST

Oddity of Wayne and Shuster summer series is that, for first time, they act in skits not authored by themselves. Here, laugh sequence with Elizabeth Hagman.

Everything about the Holiday Lodge team of Wayne and Shuster is zany. But zaniest of all is the fact that, in spite of their many hilarious appearances on The Ed Sullivan Show, they have remained the great unknowns of American show business. Most viewers, in fact even their most loyal fans, do not know which is Johnny Wayne and which is Frank Shuster.

The reason for this is simple. Before going into their first TV series, Holiday Lodge, they wrote their own material, and it seems their own penchant was for humor of the intellectual sort, skits that brought them before the footlights in Grecian togas, safari outfits and even Gay Nineties bathing suits. In disguises of this kind, they themselves—as real comic personalities—were sublimated to the makebelieve characters in fantastic get-ups. (Continued on page 83)
One of Hollywood’s most eligible young stars, Lee Patterson, prefers to stay at SurfSide 6 instead of moving over to Cloud 9.

"Why I’m Still a Bachelor"

by RUTH HARVEY

He’s fought his way through two continents and the British Isles, and he’s fought it through alone.

"Mine hasn’t been the life of a schoolboy," says rugged Lee Patterson. "It’s been rough—and some parts of it I’m not particularly proud of."

Six-feet-two, with the deceptive slimness of a boxer, and currently starring as a private eye in SurfSide 6, Lee could make an exciting series out of his own slam-bang experiences before he became an actor. Born Beverley Atherly-Patterson in Ontario, Canada, he ran away from home before he was fourteen. He hitchhiked and hopped freights from Winnipeg to British Columbia. He worked as a bus boy, caddie, lumber-mill hand and gold miner. He served with the Canadian Army. He was a boxer, hockey player, sculptor, designer and painter.

He’s a man of quick-changing moods, and words pour from him when he gets going on a subject. He’ll grab a pen right out of your hand to sketch an illustration, such as the design for the hillside home he’s having built to live in—(Continued on page 79)

SurfSide 6 is seen on ABC-TV, Mon., from 8:30 to 9:30 P.M. EDT.
Ever since its premiere in mid-September, 1960, National Velvet has been a favorite Sunday-night entertainment for the whole family. Famous as a best-selling novel by Enid Bagnold, and as a hit movie which rocketed MGM child-actress Elizabeth Taylor to stardom, the TV version won a loyal following. Carole Wells, the young actress shown here with co-player Carl Crow, is well known in the role of Edwina, the older sister of Velvet Brown. Carl and Carole met when Carl was cast in the series as one of Edwina's many admirers. A few weeks ago, the two young players enjoyed a day of real "dating" in San Diego. While they didn't happen to meet up with any honest-to-goodness race horses as beautiful as the horse in National Velvet, they did have a wonderful sun-drenched day.
down San Diego way

Carole Wells and Carl Crow, of National Velvet, live it up, land and sea, while on a recent personal-appearance tour to the border city

National Velvet is a favorite with younger TV viewers, so it's no wonder these girls tackled Carole Wells for autographs on recent San Diego trip.

At San Diego Naval Training Center, a group of sailors from Carole's home state, Louisiana, yakked it up and got signatures for their sailor caps.

Nobody should visit San Diego without a trip to Balboa Park Zoo. Here, South African fawn enjoys being petted by Carole and co-player Carl.

Before leaving Balboa Park, Carole and Carl enjoy a fast ride on carousel. The park is one of favorite fun spots for young and old in San Diego.

And on to a matinee performance at San Diego's world-famous Old Globe Theatre, another San Diego landmark where excellent live drama is given.

And then it's time to head for the beach on San Diego-Coronado ferry, shown on facing page. Sunset swim in Pacific is fitting end to day.

National Velvet, starring Lori Martin, is seen on NBC-TV, Sundays at 8 P.M. EDT, sponsored alternately by Rexall Drug Co. and General Mills.
The Day They Told Me

YOU’LL NEVER WALK AGAIN

by

CHARLES MIRON

MARTIN MILNER, now starring as a vigorous adventurer on TV's Route 66, recalls all too well the terrifying day in 1947 when—with all the world looking bright and shiny, and his new acting career just opening up for him—the dread disease, polio, struck him down and threatened to cripple him for life.

"One day," he says, "I was laughing, jumping and running. The next day, I was flat on my back and wondering if I'd ever walk again. I thought the world had come to an end. I couldn't move." For an actor—competing in a business where even the healthiest and handsomest have difficulty getting established—the possibility of going through life with a permanent physical handicap, as an aftermath of polio, seemed like the finish of all his dreams.

"I'd just done 'Life With Father,' the movie that starred Irene Dunne," Marty remembers. "I played the second oldest son in the film, and it was a great start to what I thought was going to be a clear-sailing career. But things have a habit of working out quite differently from the way you plan them."

With his muscles crippled and his body in much pain, Marty's spirits began to sag. He figured his career was finished and the best he would ever get was a menial (Continued on page 78)

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New Beauty on the Today Show

Anita Colby, one of America's most glamorous women, lights up the morn

by ALICE FRANCIS

WHEN LOVELY Anita Colby began her daily “women’s interest” segment on The Today Show over NBC-TV during last April, a member of the NBC staff asked for some background data for publicity purposes—“just an outline of the things you’ve done, Miss Colby.” A little later, struggling to keep pace with the account, the questioner stopped, pencil poised in air. “Just give me the list of things you haven’t done,” she begged. This amazing scope of interests is part of Anita’s qualifications for her job with Today. Another asset is a cool, calm beauty, pleasant to behold in the early morning hours when the show comes on TV—or at any hour, for that matter. She’s a blonde, with eyes she describes as “greeny-yellow.” They light up like lamps when she talks—and she talks quite a bit, another asset for a job in which being articulate is important. This combination of beauty with genuine gift of gab is one of the prime reasons why Anita Colby has for years been one of the most outstanding “talkers” in the glamour set. And her background gives her a wealth of subjects to talk about. A success from an early age, Anita is armed with enough subjects of conversation to fill a book.

She intends to write it some day. Perhaps with the title, “I Did It All Myself.” Subtitled, “With the Help of My Friends.” Because not the least of her talents is one for making and keeping friendships. “I check in with my friends, if only to say hello by telephone or by letter, no matter how busy I am,” she says. “You make the effort, when you like people.”

She has one published book already to her credit—“Anita Colby’s Beauty Book.” Translated into eighteen languages, syndicated in more than a hundred newspapers and digested in magazines, earning more in steady year-by-year sales than many a best-selling novel.

Anita’s first job, modeling, came naturally. She had the right kind of face and figure for it, and she encouraged the right circumstances. (Later, she was to become the highest-paid model in the business, but the beginnings were small—and amusing.) In her teens, her parents (her father is Continued on page 76)

Anita Colby does women’s-interest features for The Today Show, as now seen over NBC-TV, Monday through Friday, from 7 to 9 A.M. EDT.
Play Your Hunch fun begins long before it's on-air, when the "multiple choices" are decided upon—and the "spotcasters" go out to bring them in, left to right: Spotcasters Leni Epstein (front row), Chris Carroll, Anne Nixon and Susan Wright (back row), emcee Merv Griffin, head writer Bob Lane. Then off to the chase—a chase like the one seen beginning on opposite page!

by ROBERT LARDINE

The search never ends. For more than three years, Play Your Hunch spotcasters have been vainly seeking a Chinese square-dance caller, a castle owner in Europe, a courageous wife who'll own up to being responsible for smashing a fender on the family car, a Swahili or Urdu language expert, and an ornithologist who has his own teeth and can whistle.

These unique personalities have thus far evaded Chris Carroll, Leni Epstein, Anne Nixon and Susan Wright. But the four human bloodhounds are convinced they'll eventually land the elusive, colorful characters. In the meantime, they're constantly sniffing out other unusual individuals to act as participants on Play Your Hunch, the five-day-a-week game emceed by versatile Merv Griffin on NBC-TV.

The fearless four, working for quiz kings Goodson and Todman, track down their quarries in restau-
An amiable segment of Play Your Hunch is the X-Y-Z game, where viewers guess the “right” selection out of a grouping of three.

This is the story of the amazing job of hunting up the people

1. Faced with problem of locating a pair of non-identical twins, Anne and Leni start their search in New York City's Stuyvesant Town.

2. "Are you really twins?" Anne wonders. Ronald and Maryanne don't look a bit alike, but their mother, Mrs. Ernest O'Brien, affirms they were born the same day.

4. While Anne snaps twins' picture for show files, Leni gathers more information from their mother.
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The fearless four, working for quiz kings Goodson and Todman, track down their quarry in restau-
ranters, bars, elevators, schools—anywhere and everywhere. Like the Canadian Mounties, they keep pursuing until they get their man (or woman). Their highly specialized profession of picking up absolute strangers has led to some embarrassing moments, some humorous ones, and some tinged with pathos.

Not long ago, Susan Wright, a lovely, brown-eyed brunette, set out in a quest for a garbage man, who would be used alongside a symphony conductor and a fish peddler—the contestants would have to “play their hunch” as to which one was the maestro.

One of Susan's friends recommended her trash collector. “I have the cutest one,” she told Susan. “He's a doll.” So Susan set out in search of this begrimed “doll” at the huge New York City dump at Sixtieth Street and First Avenue. “I almost turned back because of the horrible smell,” she says. “But I kept on, because I knew he was essential for the show. The fellows at the dump kept whistling at me and yelling things. When at last I found my garbage man, I was so happy that he seemed as welcome as Chanel No. 5.”

The garbage-man idea was the brainchild of the Play Your Hunch head writer, Robert Lane. He's aided by the show's other writers, John Keel and Frank Wayne, in thinking up off-beat, out-of-the-ordinary participants for the program. Then it remains for the spotcasters to come up with the people.

Just so they're not caught short-handed at any time, Susan and the others have catalogued some eight hundred persons, who come in all sizes, shapes and professions.
The spotcasters want to be prepared for any contingency. A couple of months ago, slim, green-eyed Leni Epstein found an elevator operator who would have been perfect for the show. He reneged at the last minute, however, saying: “I couldn’t go on TV and admit I’m an elevator man. My son in Chicago thinks I have a very important job here.”

Leni, a University of Wisconsin graduate, has been luckier in other attempts. Being the only single gal among the spotcasters (Susan’s married to TV director Louis Volpicelli, Anne Knoll Nixon’s wed to free-lance writer Walter Nixon), she frequently garners people for the show while out on dates. “The other day, when I signed up a waiter in a restaurant, he turned to my boyfriend and asked, ‘Is she for real?’”

Many persons are understandably skeptical when approached by the spotcasters to appear on television. Thirty-five-year-old Chris Carroll, the sole male member among the participant-seekers, recalls the time he tried to talk a pretty girl on a bus into going on the program. “I went up to her and politely said, ‘May I speak to you a moment?’ I gave her my card which lists my name and phone number, the show’s name and its number. ‘Please call the office,’ I said. She kept looking at me suspiciously, and hurried off the bus a block later. Needless to say, she never called!”

On the other hand, some people are delighted at the chance to make a TV appearance. When Anne Nixon offered a bus driver the opportunity, he was thrilled. “Sis, you have a deal,” he told her. “My wife watches the show every day.” After Anne got off the bus, he kept waving in appreciation—and nearly ran into a lamp-post.

All the spotcasters agree that children make great participants, so they’re always alert for any remarkable youngster that might come along. The show’s producer, Ira Skutch, also well aware of a child’s TV appeal, recently suggested to them that they come up with a youngster who could efficiently hop on one foot. Two non-hoppers then would be placed alongside the little human pogo-stick and the contestants would have to guess which kid had the (Continued on page 79)
George Fenneman—known nighttimes as Groucho’s “son”—is now presenting his own show in the daytime hours. And, for all concerned, it’s a romp!
by JOSEPH H. CONLEY

STUDIO AUDIENCES have howled with glee at the words: "We now take great pleasure in presenting the son of Groucho Marx by a previous marriage . . . George Fenneman!" They also roar with laughter when the same handsome young man—no relation to Groucho, and now host of his own show, Your Surprise Package, on daytime CBS-TV—walks briskly to center-stage and says, "I bet you are each saying to yourselves, 'Gee, I thought he looked taller on television!'"

George's smile is just as real as it is infectious. "I enjoy doing Your Surprise Package and look forward to each session with the enthusiasm of a kid going to a birthday party. I fear that someday I'm going to wake up and find that this whole career of mine has been just a dream. I'm the luckiest guy (Continued on page 70)"

Your Surprise Package is seen on CBS-TV, M.F. at 11:30 A.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.

Fenneman's own prize package is a lovely new home in Sherman Oaks. At left—and on opposite page—George and his Peggy beam greeting from front porch.

Above: Husband and wife, both Sunday painters, now have a home studio for their hobby. Below, the whole family (left to right): Peggy; Georgia, 11; George; Beverly, 13—and ace swimmer Clifford, 16, who found dad's show an unexpected stimulus for winning a race.
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Your Surprise Package is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, at 11:30 A.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.
Rise and shine! Lydia looks forward to a day packed with activities which would defeat a less organized girl. Clue: She has A Plan.

Lydia, who plays Hassie—the teen-age granddaughter of Walter Brennan on ABC-TV's The Real McCoys—knows the value of timing (and beauty) begins with hour devoted to hair and skin care.

Sorting records in advance, Lydia picks favorites to spin for dancing after buffet supper (planned for three couples), sets buffet table before leaving for afternoon baseball game. Looking crisp and fresh, Lydia joins beau to root for home team.
Lydia Reed, the charming young actress you see each week in The Real McCoys, shows you how a beauty routine can be handled on a fast-paced Saturday full of fun.

A shampoo plus egg is Lydia's choice for her fine, slightly dry hair; a creme rinse follows. She sets pin-curls, hides them prettily with velvet bow-clips. After a facial masque, Lydia applies liquid foundation, then a rosy pink lipstick. Next, a quick trip to the market to round up ingredients for Lydia's specialty—meat loaf. "Inexpensive, but good!"

Good things to eat help make any party a success; the boys aren't shy about helping themselves to "seconds." To keep her soft, face-framing hairdo intact as she whirls, Lydia mists it with hair spray.
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Rise and shine! Lydia looks forward to a day packed with activities which would defeat a less organized girl. Clue: She has A Plan.
The indestructible sixty-two-year-old hero of Harrigan & Son takes a clear-eyed look at that fickle dame Success

by JOHN JUSTINE

It was as if they had suddenly switched off the lights on me. People I'd known for years stopped calling, producers I'd worked for many times turned the other way when they saw me, and invitations to parties and social gatherings became a thing of the past." Pat O'Brien, the indestructible sixty-two-years-young man—who long ago skipped out of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, one bleak day, to try cracking the iron curtain that faces Broadway newcomers—was relating the strange ways of Hollywood, the worship of success, the fear of failure, and the uncertainties of friendship in a town where friendships spring up all too quickly, then end with the dropping of an option. "Outside of some work for my old friend John Ford, everyone else in Hollywood—except old pals like Spencer Tracy—acted as if I'd died, or something," Pat O'Brien is a proud Irishman, a man who has carried his own weight for a long time. But one of the paradoxes of Hollywood is that, no matter how big a star one may become, there comes a time when the fickle public changes to a new hero and the old hero is left to fend for himself. "So, after twenty-five good years, I found myself out in the cold. And it can get awfully cold in that Hollywood sun!"

Sitting on the shelf were two pilot films Pat had made, but to which nothing had happened. They had been pushed from agency to agency, with no results. The answer usually went something like this: (Continued on page 75)

Pat not only found a new career in TV, but a new "offspring"—Roger Perry, seen as the youthful party-of-the-second-part in Harrigan & Son.
For Ken Reed, being a deejay for KXOK, in St. Louis, is "exciting and demanding" and he wouldn't trade it for anything else.

When Ken Reed was a small boy growing up in Tulsa, Oklahoma, he would covertly listen to a crystal radio set, while pretending to be asleep. Thus was first formed his desire for a career in broadcasting. Today, Ken has more than fulfilled that ambition with his popular deejay show for St. Louis's KXOK, heard Monday through Saturday, from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M. Says Ken of his work, "Deejaying is exciting and demanding. The search for new material and ideas to make the show sparkle is never-ending. Nevertheless," he concludes emphatically, "I love it." ... Ken says his hobbies are fishing, hunting, working in his vegetable garden ... and "shinnying up palm trees." (Unfortunately, his indulgence in this upbeat sport is rather limited, palm trees being somewhat scarce in St. Louis.) All of the aforementioned hobbies are enjoyed by Ken only when he is not involved in caring for his family, to whom he is greatly devoted. Said family consists of his wife, Millie, their three children—Kenny, 5; Andy, 3; and Linda, 2—not to mention a crow named "Marmaduke." Ken says, "Nobody else in the family likes him much and even I sometimes get nettled with him." All six Reeds live in a ranch-style house (overlooking a "dappled landscape" sans palm trees) in Florissant, a suburb of St. Louis.
Winning the $1,000 “wild guess” jackpot on KYW-TV’s quiz game, Give ’N Take, was a little too much for the pleasant, somewhat plump lady. She gasped for breath and almost fainted. Undaunted, the show's host, Tom Haley, ad-libbed while helping her regain her equilibrium. An embarrassing moment was turned into a humorous interlude. Handling the unexpected is the forte of the flame-haired Irishman who is as customary as the morning cup of coffee for many Northern Ohioans. In fact, many of his lady fans wouldn’t take their morning break at any other time than 10 to 10:30 weekdays, when Tom throws sticky questions at contestants on Give ’N Take. Next to an ever-present bow tie and an attractive family of six girls, the most distinctive thing about this genial forty-one-year-old expatriate from Brooklyn is his ability to “switch gears” easily and rapidly in this hectic, exciting world of TV. Announcer, deejay, newsmen, host and quizmaster—these are just a few of the radio and television roles Tom has played successfully in his twenty-year career in broadcasting. And it all started in a way that sounds suspiciously like something out of the first chapter of a “How to Turn Failure into Success” book: He got fired from his first job! As secretary (actually one of a battery of young men) to one of New York’s richest men, twenty-year-old Tom Haley was “wasting away.” He had become an errand-runner and note-taker for the wealthy tycoon when a reversal in the family fortunes took him out of Fordham University after two years of journalism study. But his heart wasn’t in the paper-work. The boredom of this routine, workaday life was broken, each luncheon, by a quick hop across the street to gape at Radio City. His true feelings did not escape the perceptive eye of his employer, who suggested kindly but firmly that, since he was so bored, perhaps he should look for a job elsewhere. He did—and became a page at NBC, the traditional entree to broadcasting. . . After a year of treading the magic corridors at NBC, Tom got his first radio break—a job as announcer at an Allentown, Pennsylvania station. He began doing everything and anything that needed doing, starting from the ground up—a major chore was sweeping out the studios each night. “Despite the hard work, this is the only way really to learn about broadcasting,” he reflects. “The experience of doing so many different things is so valuable and can’t really be learned any other way.” . . . After a brief stint as an announcer at WRC, in Washington, he went to Cleveland in 1945 and joined radio Station WTAM. He was, at one time or other, a deejay (with a top-rated morning record show featuring homey humor and, of all things, poetry reading!), newscaster, actor, announcer and host. . . . When WNBK (TV), sister-station to WTAM, began operating in 1952, a new vista opened up for Tom. He became a pioneer innovator of television technique. His daily hour-long show, Haley’s Daily, amused, entertained and edified viewers with homespun comments,
Announcer, deejay, quizmaster—KYW-TV’s Tom Haley is a glowing example of how failure can be turned into success.

Folksy witticisms and sage comments about the world in general. It was a time of learning how to do television shows under primitive conditions, with scenery tumbling at a crucial moment, or the sudden realization that there’s only five minutes of copy to fill the final ten minutes of a show... Tom’s many TV successes were registered in a variety of programs. Morning Surprise, a prestige show featuring remote broadcasts from places of interest around Northern Ohio, and—after the station call letters were changed to KYW-TV in 1956—Breakthrough, a science show, and Cash On The Line, a quiz-movie program. His Cleveland Zoo series, Show Them Alive, is a thirteen-week series videotaped last year and being re-run this summer. It has been hailed as a brilliant all-family entertainment show and educational tour de force about the world of animals... Although Tom has dispensed more than $55,000 over the past year, on Give ‘N Take, he feels that there is more to the show than just giving away money and prizes for contestants’ luck and knowledge. Tom has a real belief in the necessity of total involvement of his audience and has therefore inaugurated several entertaining features which have gone over very well. For example, he devotes several minutes each day to finding out people’s embarrassing moments and pet peeves. Some of the unexpected comments in these sessions often break up the audience, directors, engineers and Haley himself. Another popular part of the show is “story time,” when Tom starts a story off and has members of the audience complete it, no matter how far afield they may take it... Summer finds Tom out on the golf links, where he frequently hits in the low eighties—but, regardless of the score, soaks up the sun and the fresh air. All year “round, despite his busy schedule, Tom manages to spend considerable time with his favorite girls: Attractive wife Helen and six daughters—Cindy, 11; Debbie, 9; Jennifer, 8; Nanette, 7; Susan, 5 and Jill, 3. “That’s a lot of women to have lined up against me,” groans poppa Haley. But you can tell he loves every minute of it... His meeting with Helen actually reads like something out of a romantic novel. Back in 1948, when he had just been in Cleveland a short time, Tom ate regularly at a restaurant where Helen was a waitress. It didn’t take long for Tom to pop the question, and they were married that same year... Tom is a family man’s family man. He believes in doing things for and with his brood, and this attitude is apparent at the Haley’s home, a two-story frame house in suburban Lakewood, Ohio. An eagerly awaited yearly event is the visit of the entire Haley clan to Tom’s show. This is an occasion that few viewers would miss. This charming family group is an inspiration and a pleasure to see... With such a string of successes behind him, and a versatility which is remarkable even in the fast-paced, changeable business of television, Tom Haley looks forward to future opportunities to enlarge the sizable niche he has in the hearts of Northern Ohio viewers.
PM--EAST and WEST

Two program segments—one telecast from the East Coast, the other from the West—focus an illuminating spotlight on “ordinary people who lead extraordinary lives.”

A magazine of the air—featuring discussion, news, views, interviews and entertainment—that’s what PM—East and PM—West is all about. Syndicated by the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company, to many cities throughout the United States, the nightly show is divided into two segments: PM—East, hosted by Mike Wallace and Joyce Davidson, originates from New York for sixty minutes and is immediately followed by PM—West, hosted by columnist Terry O’Flaherty from San Francisco, for thirty minutes. Ever since his controversial TV program Night Beat catapulted him to international prominence, Mike Wallace has been moving from one area of show business to another, and always with success. The Massachusetts-born performer began his career as a newspaper columnist, then gradually eased into radio, TV and acting on Broadway. In recent years, Mike has served as commentator for the two 1960 political conventions, made many guest appearances on variety and panel shows, and now serves as executive vice-president of the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences. The versatile broadcaster lives at Sneden’s Landing, New York, with his wife Lorraine and children. . . . Pretty Joyce Davidson’s unique gift for putting guests at ease is matched only by her gift for drawing the most out of them with her sharp wit. It’s no wonder then that the Canadian-born performer rose from relative obscurity to stardom in the short space of only two years. Joyce began her career as a factory worker—soldering condensers for TV sets. And, although she describes herself as once having been “an unpopular, plain girl with straight hair and very skinny,” she managed to become one of the five winners in an Ontario beauty contest. From then on, it was smooth sailing into modeling, Canadian TV and finally TV here in the United States. . . . Long distinguished as a radio-television columnist for the San Francisco Chronicle, Terry O’Flaherty made his debut as a performer with the advent of PM—West. Born in What Cheer, Iowa, Terry moved to California at the age of one, was graduated from the University of California, and served with the Navy during World War II. The handsome bachelor has been on the Chronicle for nine years and, during that time, has interviewed just about every star in show business. . . . With three such versatile and talented performers as Mike Wallace, Joyce Davidson and Terry O’Flaherty, PM—East and PM—West has made . . . from coast to coast.

Three principals of the show—above, PM—West host is Terry O’Flaherty; PM—East host and hostess are Mike Wallace and Joyce Davidson (at left).
IT'S SPIN TIME

... for the teenagers and
Jack Hilton, as he emcees a whirl of a dance-party show for Chicago's WGN-TV

WHEN Jack Hilton was in his junior year at Northwestern University, he went to WGN-TV in Chicago and auditioned for emcee of that station's Spin Time show. He had no previous experience in either radio or TV and just did it for the experience of a professional audition. Much to his surprise, he got the job. According to Jack, the show—seen Saturdays, 4 to 5:30 p.m.—features a new version of the old dance-party idea. Says he, "We use a night-club set with low-key lighting. We hold a dress-up party, the result being that the teenagers are usually in their best clothes and on their best behavior."...Jack lives in a "low-slung" ranch house in Elk Grove, Illinois, with his pretty wife Cherie (whom he met at a fraternity party at Northwestern University), their cute-as-a-button, year-old daughter Bryn, and a German shepherd called "Kordo vom Osna-brucker-Land" (named after a region in Germany). Jack's hobbies include swimming, gardening, refinishing cabinets and cooking on the patio mostly because "I have an apron that says so."

Home-life for Jack and Cherie revolves around year-old Bryn, who manages to be in quite a whirl of activities, herself.
Second-Time Winner

(Continued from page 32) the fast-climbing star has finally found himself.

"I was a naive nineteen when I signed with Columbia movie studio and came to Hollywood in 1936," Jimmy recalls. "It was quite a responsibility, living away from home and knowing I must achieve on my own. I was very shy—not a good mixer—and I didn't know how to extend myself. Having the support of Columbia Studio should have given me more self-assurance. It didn't, perhaps because I was too intense and sensitive to criticism. In those days, I was on the defensive most of the time."

The whole truth was that Jimmy's attitude was not without provocation. Unfortunately, no one knew that he had already been exposed to a painful period of Hollywood indoctrination. It had lasted an angry three months, early in 1935, just long enough to mark the sensitive fellow with invisible scars. This was about a year before Columbia signed him to a long-term contract. Jimmy had gone to Hollywood on his own and tried to make it the hard way. He can look back on that experience with detached emotion—now.

"No one could have been less prepared to buck the competition that hit me smack in the face. I knew no one, was completely 'blind' and didn't know what one was supposed to do to reach the right people. As far back as I can remember, I've always wanted to be an actor. There's greater instant pleasure in singing. But—for me—acting is still more fascinating. So I gave it a whirl and did everything the wrong way!"

"I rented an inexpensive apartment on Vine Street that was the most depressing dump in the world. This place hadn't been painted in years and you needed an oxygen mask to get a good night's sleep. Everything about Hollywood seemed so cold and heartless. People treated actors with such great indifference and it made me sick all over. There's no excuse for rudeness and, when I get pushed around, my temper explodes. It exploded plenty in those days! Needless to say, I wanted no part of Hollywood and no one could have convinced me that I'd not only come back—but learn to love the town, too."

Back in Philadelphia—where he was born (on June 8, 1936) and brought up—Jimmy used to sing for his supper three times a week. A friend of his adored parents owned the popular C.R. Club, and those otherwise "non-profit" appearances famed the flame of independence for the ambitious teenager. "It gives you a good feeling to be able to do things yourself," Jimmy sums up. The creative Ercolani household fairly vibrated with love for each other and for all things artistic. Jimmy's proud parents gave him trumpet lessons—which, unfortunately, took second place in favor of the local pinball machines. He still vowed to live up to their high hopes. Fate, in the form of a brief excursion to New York, spun his personal wheel of fortune. Jimmy was simply standing in an office building waiting for an elevator and Hollywood couldn't have been more remote. A Columbia talent scout spotted him and—next thing he knew—he was convinced he should sign a contract to make movies.

"The full impact of what I had done," Jimmy's dark eyes twinkle in retrospect, "escaped me until I hit Hollywood again. Because I was scared, all the old misgivings returned. Outside of two weeks of formal study with the Stella Adler group, I sadly lacked professional training. May I say now—no one should come to Hollywood unprepared!"

"Shortly after I got here, they gave me the lead in a small picture, 'Rumble on the Docks.' I was expected to look relaxed and natural in front of the camera. The picture was released and my unexpected fan mail, I think, gave me the courage to go on."

From there (Continued on page 67)

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 Married women are sharing this secret

... the new, easier, surer protection for those most intimate marriage problems

What a blessing to be able to trust in the wonderful germicidal protection Norforms can give you. Norforms have a highly perfected new formula that releases antiseptic and germicidal ingredients with long-lasting action. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that guards (but will not harm) the delicate tissues.

And Norforms' deodorant protection has been tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms eliminate (rather than cover up) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

And what convenience! These small feminine suppositories are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate.

Now available in new packages of 6, as well as 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.

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63
To prove to you the remarkable way Bio-Rich Cream can go with Bio-Rich Beauty Cream, we will send you a full 30-day supply free. We do this because we realize that even the most perfect skin cream that science can produce cannot truly satisfy you if it does not improve and enhance your own natural beauty. For when all is said and done, when the many famous ingredients are purified, tested and blended into the wonderful Bio-Rich Formula, it still has to pass the most critical test—all that helps your skin to new beauty, a more youthful appearance and lowness as it has helped thousands of other women.

For each woman's skin has its own personal qualities and response to beauty treatments. Regardless of what scientists can include in a precious beauty cream, you yourself must remain the judge. That is why we are prepared to send you a 30-day gift supply of Bio-Rich Beauty Cream—yours to try in the intimacy and comfort of your own home.

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In youth, Nature provides the oils and lubricants, hormones and moisturizers that keep skin soft, and glowing... firmer, smoother, more radiant. With the passing years, changes are sometimes slow, other times accelerated, perhaps by over-exposure to sun and wind, hard water, strict dieting, harsh detergents... neglect, etc. First, there is dryness... a lack of moisture that seems to steal the bloom from the skin. Then, tiny dry lines may appear... on the delicate skin tissue around the eyes, near the mouth, on the forehead. There may be a slight roughening of texture... a slackening in the smooth line of chin or throat.

The hands of time cannot be turned back, of course. But if your skin's loneliness is needlessly fading due to these common external causes, don't despair! Bio-Rich Cream can go a long way toward helping you regain your own natural beauty.

For here, blended into a delightfully gentle cream, are actually 12 of the precious ingredients for which you would ordinarily expect to pay $10, $15, even $25 an ounce.

1. Here are included Pure Unsaturated Oils... natural elements of healthy young skin that drain away as skin ages; Feminine Estrogenic Hormone (so abundant in young women ages 18), in safe, gentle dosage. Here are Vitamins for added skin care: Vitamin A, D, E and Vitamin B-6, in proper amounts and without added substances. These have been added to complete this magnificent formula: essential oils, Lanolin, Allantoin, Royal Queen Bee Jelly, costly perfumes.

2. Watch The Wonderful Change, Day By Day

After your regular nightly cleansing, smooth this rich, lightly-fragrant cream onto your face and neck. It takes less than one minute. You'll feel an immediate sense of luxury as its superb ingredients begin to be absorbed, leaving no greasy film to soil your pillow or clog your pores. Then, as you sleep, protective moisturizing agents sink into the sub-surface tissue of the skin to help smooth out tiny dry lines and wrinkles. Rich cosmetic ingredients treat the skin... to help create the appearance of a lovelier texture. Each day as you watch, your skin will seem to radiate new life and beauty by losing its old "neglected" look.

3. Amazing New Plan Cuts Beauty Costs Way Down!

It's easy to understand why so many women have been willing to pay $10, $15, even $25 for a month's supply of salon creams containing only one or two of the costly ingredients in Bio-Rich Beauty Cream...

But now, thanks to the miracle of direct-to-you distribution, made possible by the Bio-Rich Plan, you can receive a regular supply of Bio-Rich Formula Beauty Cream, as you need it, for only $2.48 a month plus tax!

What's more, before you decide to spend even a penny, we want you to judge Bio-Rich for yourself for one full month at our expense! How is it possible for the Plan to provide you with exclusive beauty care at a price so phenomenally low?

First of all, of course, there is the elimination of middlemen—no salesman's salaries, no store overhead or other costly distribution expenses. The Bio-Rich Formula is sold only directly to you. But that alone would not suffice to bring you the tremendous savings. The real answer lies in the wide acceptance women all over the country have accorded this Bio-Rich Plan. These women, after having tried the product, have adopted it as a regular part of their beauty habits. They have recommended it to friends... and, they have made it possible for us to buy the precious raw materials in commercial quantities; to blend them on high speed homogenizers; to package them in automatic machines (no human hand is allowed to touch the cream destined for your face); and finally to ship them direct to your hand at the lowest possible cost. A chemical method available... the U.S. Mail! In each of these steps we have tried to bring the costs down... and we have succeeded! And that is the reason for the opportunity which presents itself to you today.

How You Can Obtain A FREE 30-Day Supply Under The Amazing Bio-Rich Plan

To take your first step under the Bio-Rich Plan, fill out the certificate and send it to us now. We'll then rush you, with our compliments, a generous 30-day supply of Bio-Rich Beauty Cream—enough to give the skin of your face and neck a Bio-Rich beauty treatment every day for a full month! With your cream we'll also send detailed suggestions regarding your daily beauty care and a reservation in the Bio-Rich Plan. This popular Plan will provide you regularly—every month for as long as you wish, with the Bio-Rich Cream that you need. But by participating in this Plan now you are under no obligation.

When you have received your 30-day trial supply, simply use the cream every evening to prove to yourself how the Bio-Rich Cream can bring to your own skin beauty—and it has done so to many thousands of women. You remain the sole judge. While enjoying the cream, you can decide whether you wish to continue enjoying its benefits. If you are not completely delighted with it and do not wish to receive any additional supplies, simply let us know by writing to us before the next monthly shipment—or use the handy instruction card we will provide—and no future shipments will be sent. Yes, you are under no purchase obligation ever. You may cancel future monthly shipments at any time. In any case, the 30-day trial supply is yours FREE!

But if you are delighted, as so many women already are—you don't do a thing and you will continue to receive fresh additional shipments of Bio-Rich Beauty Cream every month—for as long as you wish, automatically and on time—by regular direct mail at only $2.48 plus a few cents federal excise tax and shipping for each full month's supply. You take no risk whatever—you may always cancel out of the Plan any time you wish without spending an extra penny, by simply notifying us of your decision at least 30 days before your next monthly shipment. Take advantage of our generous Beauty offer... and see the results for yourself. Fill in and mail the certificate today!
MAIL THIS CERTIFICATE TODAY
to reserve your

FREE

30-DAY SUPPLY OF BIO-RICH BEAUTY CREAM

That you may judge for yourself the miracle of skin beauty that may again be yours...

A gentle, proven beauty cream made available to women like yourself to try now at our expense!

Yes, I accept your generous no-risk offer under the Bio-Rich Beauty Plan as advertised in this magazine.

Please send me FREE a 30-day supply of Bio-Rich Beauty Cream. I enclose 10¢ to help pay for postage and packing.

Name: ........................................................................
Address: ....................................................................
City: .................................. Zone: ....... State: ...........
(Please Print)

IN CANADA:
394 Symington Ave., Toronto 9, Ont.
(Formula adjusted to local conditions)
BIO-RICH Beauty Cream

Just mail this VALUABLE CERTIFICATE and receive A FULL 30-DAY SUPPLY under the generous and convenient Bio-Rich Beauty Plan described on the adjoining page.

If your skin beauty is marred by these TELL-TALE SIGNS...

- slight peeling on forehead
- fine dry lines under eyes
- dehydration lines
- "chappiness" around mouth
- roughness under chin
- "crepey" neck

You owe it to yourself to try BIO-RICH Beauty Cream 30 days FREE

Read the details of this generous offer on the adjoining page. Thousands of women like yourself rediscovered their natural complexion beauty in a matter of days. Mail the Free trial certificate TODAY!
Jimmy met Evy when each was enrolled in drama classes on the studio lot. Her English was bad at the beginning, but good enough for understanding Jimmy's "Will you have dinner with me some night?" When the lonely pair had their initial date, he discovered that all her qualities appealed to him. She was honest, outgoing, gentle, and refreshing as a sea-breeze. He in turn was volatile, introspective, guarded, and withdrawn. Their chemistry was made to order for romance.

"We combined the honeymoon with the filming of The Guns of Navarone," in Greece and London," Jimmy recalls. "When we visited Evy's large family in Denmark, I went there not expecting to like it. So, it was so wonderful, we went there twice! Having Evy along to share made my first trip to Europe perfect. She is always completely adaptable, and my five-year-old son, Jimmy Jr., adores her, too. Even when Evy was expecting our son, Christian—and I had to make many personal tours—she never complained. Evy voluntarily gave up her career. She is content with her role of wife and mother. Believe me, I count my blessings!"

"Seven weeks after Chris was born, I had to go to Honolulu on location for 'Gidget Goes Hawaiian.' This was the acid-test for Evy, since I wanted her to accompany me and the baby was too young to travel. We left him in the capable hands of my brother and his wife, who also have a young son. Every time we mentioned Chris—which was often—Evy just managed to hold back her tears. Finally, she took to calling him, just to hear him gurgle and coo over the long-distance telephone. We counted the days and hours, until we thought we'd never get back to holding him close to our hearts again!"

Although Jimmy Jr. lives with his mother, his famous father sees him every possible weekend. "A growing boy needs all the love and attention both parents can give him," Jimmy avows. "When I'm with my son, I try not to do personal chores that would distract or bore him. It's not much fun for a kid to go around with an adult, unless the day is free for his interests. We have a fine time building model planes together. Sometimes we go to the zoo. Jimmy's a fine boy and I just hope I may be able to save him from making some of the mistakes I've made."

According to Jimmy Darren, "I have never been happier or more content than I am today." Therefore, it's reasonable to assume he's in tune with and in complete control of every situation. Not quite so, he insists. A case in point: His first recording session. It was inevitable that the Col-Pix Recording Company—a subsidiary of Columbia Pictures—would enhance the facets of Jimmy's career by remembering he had an excellent pair of pipes.

"I had never sung in front of a live band before," he grins, "so, when I say I was nervous, I mean they practically had to hold me up when my knees buckled. It's quite an experience to face eighteen musicians—plus arranger-conductor Billy May—plus Morris Stoll, then head of the music department—plus writers of the songs and the crew of recording technicians. I managed to remain in one piece and, quite seriously, I loved every moment of it!"

To date, Jimmy has recorded about eight numbers. His own favorites are "Gidget" and "There's No Such Thing." The most popular with the buying public are "Gidget" and "Angel Face." It's his personal belief that a singer must choose either popular or rock 'n' roll, and he's learned it's a mistake to try and sing both. As long as he can sing and act, too, he'll continue to consider himself a very fortunate fellow.

Obviously, Jimmy's bachelor apartment was a bit crowded for comfortable family living. The Darrens' current abode is a rented, all-redwood house, high in the Hollywood Hills. Jimmy shudders whenever he strikes a match, which rather cramps his style when he cooks his specialty—"barbecued steak and a terrific raw-vegetable salad to go with it." His favorite friends and welcome dropper-inners include actor John Saxon and comedian Mort Sahl. There's an excellent hi-fi system in the house, complete with Lansing speaker and H.H. Scott amplifier. Jimmy's record collection features all of Count Basie—and "Sinatra, of course!"

The Darrens alternate "staying home with going out." Jimmy isn't too fond of cocktail parties—they're usually cold, and everyone stands around holding a drink with nothing to say to each other." He wishes he had more time to pursue such hobbies as playing the trumpet, tennis, baseball, tinkering with sport cars, and his newest—painting. Jimmy started out big, by painting an elephant! He likes clothes, collects sweaters and usually wears one favorite. He literally loathes driving in traffic—and "pedestrians who bump into you, spin you around, and then don't even have the decency to look back, make my blood boil.

"I still have a great temper," Jimmy confesses, "but I've learned to make sure it's necessary, before I lose it. In fact, I've learned to make sure about many things. Like handling things with more thought, as opposed to acting on impulse, which I normally did when I was younger. I'm more understanding and tolerant today. And, thanks to Evy, I'm no longer restless and impatient. My present contract has two more years to run, and who knows what will happen after that? As a performer, I believe I need to have much more training before I hit my peak. As far as my personal life is concerned—thank God, I've found true love. Without it, you're nobody at all!"

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**Why not write us a letter?**

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:

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The Many Facets of Rosemary Prinz

(Continued from page 34) have been the same, whatever work I did.”

She does admit that being an actress may have strengthened this attitude. At sixteen, during vacation between high school and college, she went into summer stock as an apprentice, was quickly graduated to ingenue leads, and went on the road, instead of entering college in the fall. She played the lead role of Corliss in “Kiss and Tell.” She later did road shows, half-a-dozen Broadway and off-Broadway plays, a great deal of nighttime TV drama. She says, in retrospect, “For fourteen years, I have been an actress. I have examined other people’s emotions. Their ways of living, their relationships to one another. I have recreated these emotions, and, to some extent, they became mine. This has been bound to make a difference in me.”

At twenty, Rosemary was married to a man—a few years older than she—who is now a successful stage director. They were very much in love. Six years later, she asked for a trial separation, and about one year later, they were divorced. Yet she still says of her marriage, “It takes two to break up a marriage. And it takes a set of circumstances. I am tremendously fond of my ex-husband. You don’t love for six years, and sever the bonds lightly. But loving someone isn’t necessarily remaining in love. A young girl doesn’t always understand this.”

In Rosemary’s opinion, a young girl may be inclined to marry for the wrong reasons. She says, “The security of marriage itself may have a certain meaning for her, rather than the person she chooses. Every girl has her own conception of what marriage should be, into which she tries to make everything else fit. So many young wives do everything wrong. The husband becomes unhappy and the wife is also unhappy. “A young girl sees life in romantic fantasies.” Rosemary continues. “She makes a situation seem what she wants it to be. But it won’t be like that in reality. A time arrives when she must come to grips with her marriage as it is. When she must find areas of compromise, if that is possible. Everything she has read in novels and stories, and seen in movies and television, may have helped to perpetuate the fantasy. This makes it even more difficult.”

Rosemary stresses the importance of strong, enduring friendships with her own sex and with men. Based on mutual liking and understanding, mutual respect for each other’s individuality. “What is living but relating to other people?” she asks. “Giving and taking. Forming warm, deep, mature friendships.”

It amuses her now to look back on the first months after her divorce. “I went through a period of what could only be called ‘delayed adolescence.’ I felt it was a wasted evening if I didn’t have a cocktail date, a theater date, a date to go out afterwards. But after a while, the dates all turned out to be more or less alike—only the names were different. The cast changed, you might say, but the play remained the same. There were other things, more productive things, I wanted to do with my time. I suppose I had to get all that out of my system before I learned better.”

The great problem with men, as she sees it—at least with those she meets, and she meets a great many—is that some are too giving and some not enough. “There is either the sweet, kind, loving person who very soon lets you step all over him—and a strong woman doesn’t like that at all. Or there is the man so egocentric that he thinks only of himself. This kind of man usually expects the woman to become subject to him, to the point of negating her own identity.”

Many women feel “trapped” in marriage, she believes. But many could be happier, if circumstances were changed even a little. The potential is there, if only there were the right conditions. She tells about one of her friends who found such an outlet. “The first four years of her marriage were extremely difficult. Her husband worked at night, she had a couple of babies, and she was just there at home, alone, most of the time. Her house was chaotic. She complained about the endless round of cooking and cleaning. Although he couldn’t really help any of this—any more than she could—she quarreled with her husband a great deal.

“After a while they moved into a development where a community theater began to flourish. As much for an outlet for her frustrations as for the work itself, she started to help. She had a baby-sitter, occasionally at first, but as her interest grew and her mood became happier, her husband helped her to get out more. She built sets, became stage manager, acted in some of the plays. The result was that she became a better housewife, because she had to put herself on schedule. Now her relationship with her husband and her home is well organized and she is more contented. It required energy to get started. She had to give herself a push. But it did change her world.”

Giving one’s self a push is something with which Rosemary herself is quite familiar. She does it every day on a schedule that would appall many women. When she is on the show—and frequently she is on every day of the week—she arrives at the studio at 7:30 in the morning. She leaves at 5:30, after rehearsals for the next day. There may be as many as forty pages of dialogue to learn at night. She takes classes in “body movement”—for the coordination and sense of rhythm required by every actor. She studies voice. She attends drama workshop for professionals. She is studying French, and taking some college courses she missed when she went on the road as an actress instead of entering college.

She finds time to be a gourmet cook. “Part of the whole picture of me is a strong domestic streak. I love to cook, to bake, to experiment with new recipes. My kitchen is always well-stocked and I get a tremendous satisfaction when people enjoy a meal at my home.” She loves music, studied piano. Her father was a brilliant concert cellist who worked under the baton of the great Toscanini and, later, in the Firestone orchestra. “Music is a part of me. My home is always filled with it.”

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Like Penny Baker, the girl she plays so eloquently in As The World Turns, Rosemary Prinz feels she has learned that every experience contains a needed lesson. And that out of those experiences emerges a new maturity.

"I couldn't play Penny at all if I didn't try to play her honestly. I try to invest her with the things I believe in, within the framework of the way she is conceived by the creator and writer of the show, Irna Phillips. Irna has a fantastic talent for what I call 'intuiting.' She has the gift of sensing things about people. If the actor brings something to the part, she will expand that and develop it. It makes the show wonderful to work in.

'The character of Penny is honest, but she is not a priggish person at all. She is courageous, not afraid of life. She has loved, but disappointment has never made her bitter. She is strong, yet she is very feminine. She is vulnerable — as all women are — but, when her trust has been misplaced, she can say, That happened, and now I have to go on to something else.'

Like Penny, Rosemary has learned that to live means to change constantly. "During the past five years there has been an enormous change in me. During the next five, there will be more. There has been pain. There has been the effort to go back — to the dates, to the flowers delivered every day, to the excitement of adolescence. But this could never satisfy a woman of any depth for any length of time.

"So now I am in the next stage of my life. I don't know what is ahead for me — any more than Penny knows what is ahead for her. Perhaps I shall marry again — when I meet a man who understands the basic needs of all these different women who are part of me."

All these different women, all these many facets that Rosemary Prinz can call upon and re-create to make her acting honest and impressive.
TV Surprise Package!

(Continued from page 53) in the world to have spent all these years doing exactly what I love most: I don’t try to imitate him—that would be sudden death. There can only be one Groucho. However, I do find myself trying to ‘marry off’ contestants, just as Groucho does. It seems natural to me; we all want everyone else to be in the same boat we are... married, that is.

“I learned from Groucho that it’s important to know when to shut up and when to listen. He doesn’t open his mouth until he knows exactly what he’s going to say. He’s always been a booster, and there is no doubt that my very presence on his show all these years has given me acceptance by an audience. Yes, Groucho has helped me,” George acknowledges.

“The new show is exciting to me because it is such a challenge. One hour before show time, while getting dressed and made-up, I am coached by Stan Drebbin, the associate producer, who gives me information cards on the day’s contestants. These are the cards filled out by the audience at every show. The cards are screened, then interesting people are interviewed at a later date for appearance on the show. I myself never see the day’s panel until I step out of the box at the beginning of the show.

“Stan warns me about certain areas which I should avoid while interviewing them—things which might prove quite unfunny. For instance, he might tell me about someone who has had a recent death in the family. I then steer clear of anything which might remind the person of that. I am informed as to the prizes and the clues—the clues are really funny! The fellow who writes them is Dave Vern, and he’s one of the cleverest comedy writers I have ever met.”

The show is divided into two parts: The contest and the interviews. In the contest, three people attempt to guess the contents of the Surprise Package, aided by a series of clues with a diminishing degree of difficulty. George tells them the retail value of the prize, which is flashed on an automatic machine, and the amount is decreased each second the contestant uses while asking questions. Whatever amount remains registered on the machine, when the winning contestant finishes, is a bonus prize. Winners may elect to take the money, or to take a chance with the “jack-in-the-box” which sits on their desk.

There are at least three games on each show, and George conducts the interview session immediately after the first game, with all the sharp wit and warm tact for which he has become justly famous. He teases the people a bit but always guards their dignity.

One day, he had three expectant mothers on the show. The first woman, though about her difficulty in achieving her present condition—and gave all the credit to the doctor. The second woman said that she had the same doctor—but that he (the doctor) didn’t have anything to do with it. This naturally drew a big laugh. George walked right into it, when he asked the next woman if she, too, had the same doctor. This contestant said that she had a different doctor, but wasn’t sure whether he had anything to do with it or not.

“How did I get out of that one?” asks George. “I used the old standby line. ‘And now it’s time to play another game’—what else could I do?”

He got off a good one himself, one day, when a contestant from Texas told George that her father was known as “Tex” Weinberg. George snapped back with, “Oh, yes, I’ve heard of his ranch. Isn’t it the ‘Bar Mitzvah’?”

The machines used on the program were much more expensive than they look, and are quite ingenious. (They should be. They cost $55,000.) The Surprise Package, itself, is almost room-size and is opened at the beginning and end of each game to show the audience its contents. The very beautiful Carol Merrill poses with each prize, be it a skin-diving suit or a pearl necklace.

Each game requires a complete wardrobe change for Carol and, although the time of one minute has been ample in most cases, there have been a few narrow squeaks. In the case of the skin-diving suit, she had to change from an evening gown, and the opening of the package almost caught her with her suit down. When she “modeled” the necklace, the wardrobe department knew that her next change was going to

No fair peeking—on TV. But, at home, George happily “kibitzes” a family card game. At left, Georgia and Cliff. At right, Beverly and Mrs. Fenneman.
take several minutes, so they substituted a manikin dressed exactly the same as Carol. As the box opened, the dress slid completely off the dummy, leaving George and the audience with wide open mouths, until they realized that they were gazing at a manikin—not Carol!—dressed only in a necklace.

With the changing of prizes, jack-in-the-boxes, clues, and all the rest, the show leans heavily upon the topnotch services of its ace prop man, George Bye. "This man," says Fenneman, "runs about two miles during a single half-hour show, without leaving the stage area. I don't envy him his job!"

George has no fears about "rigging" or about being connected with a "crooked" show. "We have built-in regulations which would never allow it to go to the way of those other shows. We have a limit of $500 on prizes—many times, they are valued as low as ten dollars. One prize was a year's supply of garlic. I don't think anyone would rig a show for that prize! Another built-in guard against greed, and its companion evils, is the policy against 'return' contestants. And our selection staff watches carefully for any of the so-called 'professional' contestants."

The prizes are frequently very funny. Audiences roar when someone wins a year's supply of pretzels or a year's supply of mustard. In both of these cases, the jack-in-the-box prize was worth much more than the main prize. They were, respectively, a portable bar and a year's supply of frankfurters. Incidentally, a pair of room air-conditioners went with the garlic, which brightened the winner's prospects considerably.

"Everyone seems to like the show," George beams. "And, in comparing it with other daytime TV, I think we look big-time. There is talk of the show going nighttime. How much there is to that rumor will have to be seen."

George admits that having a show of his own has affected at least one other member of the Fenneman family. Cliff, his sixteen-year-old son, is a varsity swimmer in high school. While Cliff competed in a school meet recently, George, sitting on the sidelines, was shocked to hear a swimmer from the rival school yell, "Your old man's show stinks!" Obviously, the boy thought he could rattle Cliff into losing the race. But Cliff fooled him. "He ignored the remark, as I've always advised him to do," says his proud father, "and he won the race, as well!"

George has still been doing The Groucho Show, and appearing in acting roles on various TV shows. "I love to work," he says. "Surprise Package has been good for me. It isn't the money, either. Uncle Sam has these things pretty well worked out, and the added income is hardly worth all the effort which goes into the show. It's fun—that's all there is to it!"
Inter-Continental Connie

(Continued from page 30)

female singer in the world. A few reasons why our Miss Francis merited this distinction: In England, she's won five "silver records"—the European quarter-million milestone, equivalent in prestige to the American million-mark "gold record." In Germany, "Everybody's Somebody's Fool"—for which she earned an American "gold record"—made history by selling some 600,000 copies. Her record sales in Australia have soared past the 100,000 mark—an outstanding figure, considering that less than 800,000 discs are bought there annually. Three out of every four pop records bought in Scandinavian countries are Connie's. She visited Italy for the first time last March, stayed for a week, and made three public appearances. By mid-April, her "Jealous of You" had leaped in sales from 40,000 to 105,000 and reportedly was moving at an unprecedented 1,000 copies a day. In South American record shops and popularity polls, the consistently heavy favorite is Connie Francis. A first trip South of the Border is on her agenda for this year.

Connie's international popularity is also reflected in a gigantic bulk of personal mail. Some 1,000 of the 7,000 fan letters that flood her office each week bear foreign postmarks. She personally reads every letter and—aided by her secretary Sandy Constantinople, assistant Judy Kaye and girl-Friday Pat Karafky—makes sure that everyone who writes gets an answer.

Connie is as conscientious about reading fan mail as President Kennedy is in keeping abreast of current events. She reads during every possible spare minute. In Sardi's, a magazine interviewer is a few minutes late; Connie fumbles in her purse for letters. A cab taking her from a dancing lesson to a recording date is held up in traffic; she expertly juggles a roast-beef sandwich and a letter, dictates answers to Pat or Sandy between bites. In the beauty parlor, while other women reach for magazines, Connie reaches for fan mail.

At home, there's always a big batch on the kitchen table for Connie to read during supper. "I tell her," sighs her mother, Mrs. Franconero, "you should eat while it's hot and stop worrying about those letters. But Connie, she's a fanatic with that fan mail."

In Connie's office, a long phalanx of filing cabinets is reserved exclusively for fan mail. Pat, an easygoing, cheerfully dedicated young lady of twenty, is keeper of the key. Pat and Connie have been good friends since 1956, when they met at Belleville (New Jersey) High School and Pat started the first Connie Francis Fan Club.

In 1958, right after Connie's first big hit, "Who's Sorry Now," there were approximately fifty letters a week, mostly from teenagers who wanted autographed photos and advice on how to start Connie Francis fan clubs. By late '59, some 1,000 letters a week poured in.

Approximately one-fourth of the week's load comes directly to Connie's West 54th Street office. The rest is sent to MGM Records on Broadway. Every other day, a special MGM messenger dumps a new box-full on Pat's desk. Recently, we visited Pat after an average Wednesday morning deluge and we found her literally up to her elbows in a bulging carton box.

"I'm getting it sorted," Pat said. "First, I divide it into 'domestic' and 'foreign,' then categorize it by 'request.'" She fished out a swollen packet of light-weight air stationery—the foreign mail. She snipped the cord binding it and a few hundred sheets fluttered to the desk. She picked up the first one and giggled. It was addressed simply, "Connie (the European-ization of her name) Francis, Amerika," and bore a German postmark.

"Connie's getting a fantastic amount of foreign mail these days—almost five times what it was last year." It's heaviest from England and Germany, possibly because movie magazines there and here have linked her romantically with England's top recording star, Adam Faith, and Germany's TV and disco hero, Peter Kraus. (To any fans who ask about her "future" with either young man, Connie pens a prompt denial. "They're wonderful and very talented guys," she repeatedly writes. "But we're just good friends—period!")

Most across-the-seas admirers write to congratulate Connie, and always beg for autographed photos. Whether the return address is Yugoslavia, or the island of Bali—or Dublin, Hong Kong, the West Indies, Brazil, Holland—the sentiments are similar: "It affects me so much, your voice. That's why I have all your records . . . I'll give anything just to see you once . . . Here all the teenagers love you and we hope you will enjoy hearing that you are the top singer . . . We wish you would someday come to visit us . . . I'd love to work for you. Your secretary is a very lucky girl . . . I have 21 discs, 2 EPs and 3 LPs of yours and 420 photos which I have got from musical papers and from pen friends in several countries . . . Your record stood for eight weeks in the first place here . . ."

"Foreign fans have a different conception of stars," Pat explains. "They feel it's an imposition to ask for advice or confide personal problems."

It's mainly Connie's American pen pals who really pour out their hearts to her. A sturdy steel structure labeled "Special—Save" houses a gigantic collection of pleas for guidance and dis- traught confessions from thousands of trusting, troubled young folk, who regard Connie as a super big-sister and adviser: "I feel I can tell you things I would never tell anyone else . . . If I ever need advice, I'll always come to you, Connie . . . Even though I've never met you, I feel as though I'm part of your family . . . You're the only one who understands me . . . What I wish and pray is that someday I'll meet you and your wonderful family and that
we will then become close friends . . ."

We asked poll-taker Pat if there's been any change in Connie's American mail—aside from quantity. Pat nodded thoughtfully. "There's been a re-shuffling of age groups," she said. "About twenty-five percent now comes from kids under thirteen—mostly boys. (It used to be closer to fifty percent.) She gets almost fifty percent from fans in the 14–22 group—mainly girls. That's a ten-percent rise over last year. This year, adults have joined the bandwagon to the tune of twenty-five percent. Before, Connie's adult writers contributed less than ten percent."

Pat also reports that there's a new trend in the nature of "problems!" Connie is asked to "solve": "Most of the letters from teenagers used to be kid stuff—you know, how to lose weight, how to snack a boyfriend, or get better grades in school. There's still a heap of that. But, in the past year or so, she's been getting more questions about growing up and about deeper family crises—stuff that required an awful lot of thought and real maturity to answer. The kids figure Connie's been through the 'trying years.' They want to know what to do, to turn out as happy and well-adjusted as she."

And so, within the gunmetal-gray confines of "Special—Save" are such confidential messages as: "I'm nineteen now. I've been married for two years. I was very much in love with my husband. Now, I have a little boy and my husband is out of a job. Sometimes he comes home and beats me. Please, Connie, I have always been your fan and admired and trusted you. Can you help me?"

As with every deeply-troubled fan, Connie tried to reassure—"I know you are the kind of person who will make a wonderful mother"—but never to directly advise—"Have you discussed this with your minister? I'm sure he will be able to help and guide you."

More frequent are appeals for advice like this: "I've seriously thought about running away from home. My mother and father don't understand me . . . I'm fifteen years old and they treat me like a baby."

Connie writes back, "I went through the same thing. Sometimes it's hard to get across to your folks that you're growing up. Remember this: Your parents love you and they want the best for you. You've got to try to see their side, too. Try to talk to them like you talk to me."

Lately, there's much mail from fans who started corresponding with Connie when they were freshmen or sophomores in high school. Now, they're on the brink of graduation, and often in-decisive about the future. A good many of the career-guidance letters ask, "Should I try to break into show business?" Typically, an anxious young girl...
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wrote, “I desperately want to be an actress. But I have heard depressing stories about movie and show people. Connie, I know you’re different. And I know you’ll tell me the truth. Are movie people really bad? Will I be making a mistake to try it?”

Connie shot back this reply: “I can only speak from my own experience. All the people whom I’ve met in show business have been wonderful to me, stimulating and exciting to be with. That doesn’t mean you won’t find some characters you wouldn’t want to invite home to dinner. But why pick on show biz? There are bums in every profession. If you feel you want to become an actress, go to it. Don’t let your pessimistic friends dull your silver cloud. If you have the talent and you’re willing to work, you have a good chance of making it.”

Connie’s youngest fans beg for pictures, scrawl childish symbols of affection and sometimes announce their love in strange ways—like the eight-year-old boy from Florida, who solemnly wrote, “If you have time, would you please blot your lipstick on a piece of paper and send it to me? I promise to kiss the paper every night!”

Most young men write to ask permission to call for a date, if they come to New York. Some would-be suitors are far bolder: Connie gets about seventy-five proposals of marriage a week from guys she’s never met!

The “Special—Save” file is also the haven for the thousands of letters Connie receives from ill and handicapped youngsters and oldsters, here and abroad. A young man from Indonesia reveals, “It can’t walk since I had an accident in a motor race and your records are the only thing that console me in these sad, lonely days. Thank you for giving me so much happiness. And God Bless You!”

There is a steady stream of grateful messages from parents, like this Levittown, New York couple whose invalid daughter is a faithful Connie Francis pen pal: “We lit a candle in church for you last Sunday. May God grant you your dearest wish. You have no idea how happy you have made our daughter. Your cards and letters have made her literally cry with happiness. We will never be able to thank you enough.”

Technically, a singer is a success if she turns out hit records and packs night clubs. But, in Connie Francis’s book, stardom means more than a wall full of awards and a scrapbook stuffed with press praise. It means giving up sleep and hot dinners, postponing the movie or the good book, to write the letters of encouragement and sympathy, to lend a sturdy shoulder for the problems of thousands. In the end, these are the gestures that will live on in the hearts of her fans.
Lucky O'Brien

(Continued from page 56)

"Pat O'Brien? Oh, yeah . . . well, we'll see. The public wants young faces. And our product . . ." In most cases, these inane words were spoken by some bright boy who probably wasn't even born when Pat O'Brien made his star debut in "The Front Page," in 1931.

But Pat, proud as he is, is not one to hold a grudge, nor is he one to sit back and wallow in self-pity, remembering about "the good old days." He took all the Madison Avenue slurs with a grain of salt, and set about getting himself in action. A motor-oil company offered him a chance to do thirty-second "spot" commercials on film for their product.

Sensing it as an opportunity, and not as an insult to an established star, Pat said, "Sure. When do we start?"

The commercial was shot, and it played in millions of homes, to people who began to say—when they saw his smiling face—"Hey, there's Pat O'Brien! I wonder where he's been these past few years?" The powers-that-be discovered that the long-famous star was anything but forgotten. As Pat says, "Then some-
tunate as they, at the moment. Pat also gives of his experience and knowledge to the younger people. He has helped Roger Perry, who plays his son on Harrigan, in many ways, while pointing out: "Roger is a natural. He doesn't need to be shown how to act, he does it instinctively. I just teach him an old trick or two."

The "old trick or two" has taken Pat a lifetime to perfect—or at least thirty-five or so acting years—and Roger says gratefully, "Pat's been a great help to me. What he's forgotten about acting is probably more than I'll ever know."

Now, things look good for Pat. But, in his own heart, they never looked bad. "The only trouble was, I kept getting typed at first, then later they forgot to even type me." The O'Brien humor works even against himself.

When he first hit Hollywood, Pat was almost tabbed as a "professional Irishman," what with the dozen fast-talking, nice-guy Celtic roles that Warner Bros. made him play. "Or," Pat recalls, "I was usually battling Jimmy Cagney for the girl, and losing . . . all in uniform."

The wonderful Cagney-O'Brien pictures of the 1930s, in which the boys were usually decked out in khaki or Navy blue, got Pat a host of admirers. But he became typed almost to extinction—until he was given the chance to play the immortal Knute Rockne, the Notre Dame football coach who died in a 1931 air crash. "They were a little hesitant at first," says Pat, "but it turned out pretty good."

"Pretty good" is the understatement of the year. The Rockne biography was a smash success. And Pat O'Brien soon found himself typed as "the coach."

"Every athletic picture that came up, they said, 'Get O'Brien for the coach.'"

Then, during the war years, he became "the skipper." ("Back in the uniform days again. But, this time, with a raise in rank.") Pat skippered a dozen ships to safety, and led an army of men into battle, and usually came out on top.

When the war ended, the Hollywood brass decided to take away his medals. So Pat did city cops for a while. And he usually got his man. "Wasn't a public enemy I couldn't handle," he grins.

But, one day, the string ran out. There were no more friendly Irishmen, football coaches, naval heroes or smart cops left for him to play.

It was then that the O'Brien household became a quiet place, and a house where the phone seldom rang—except for Jimmy Cagney, or Spencer Tracy, or Frank McHugh, asking how he and Eloise and the kids were. But, as Pat says, "It's a good thing for anybody. It lets them know where they stand with a lot of people."

And now, with Harrigan doing the talking for him, Pat knows where he stands.
(Continued from page 47)

"Bud" Curnahan, famous newspaper cartoonist, and her mother is a McCarthy (decided that Anita and her sister Francine, a year younger, should stay with their grandmother in Washington, D.C., and get away from the persistent New York swains who were crowding around and interfering with their school lives.

In Washington, the girls went to finishing school, were often noted in society columns as participants in charity affairs and parties. With two school friends, they decided it would be fun to apply to a Washington department store which was giving a fashion show. They got the jobs. "We thought we were getting the work on our talents, but we weren't good at all, against all those professional models. The store took us because we knew so many debutantes who would come to see us, and then buy."

Anita was sure she would be let go after the show. While she was pinning a dress to make it better fit her slim height (she's five feet, six-and-a-half inches), someone made her laugh heartily. Three pins she was holding between her lips disappeared. "I've swallowed some pins," she wailed. They hustled her to a doctor, but the x-rays showed nothing. "I can't go back to the store without those pins," she told the doctor. "After all that fuss and excitement!" But the store took her back, sent her from department to department for training.

One week, she might be selling pearls in the basement, hitting them with a hammer to demonstrate they were unbreakable. College boys came in to watch—boys she dated, boys who wanted to date her. They made wisecracks as she went through her sales routine. But she kept right on. Her sister had already given up: "Francine is married now to a wonderful man, has two lovely children, and loves the life she leads." The two other girls who started with them would stay out whenever dates seemed more important than work, and soon were fired. Anita took the job seriously—until her parents decided it was time for their daughters to come home to New York.

Back in New York, Anita became a flight model, and the inevitable happened: Hollywood "discovered" her and RKO Pictures gave her a contract. "Girls like Lucille Ball and some other famous names were on the lot then. I was supposed to be the one who would be the big star. I got more money than they did—and thought it was too little, because in New York I had earned top modeling fees."

She had some unexpected and some priceless help from her dad's newspaper pals. "Some of them much older than

I was, delightful, protective, wonderful to me." Columnists mentioned her name frequently. She had escorts galore. A waggit admirer christened her "The Face." The name helped make her famous. That first phase of her Hollywood career should have been a great success. "I was young and I don't think I was too interested in acting," she confesses.

When she arrived in Hollywood, Katharine Hepburn was doing the movie, "Mary of Scotland." Anita had just two acting lessons to get ready for her screen test for a small part in the film. "All I did was fall down twice and scream once, and that was about it." The studio put her in a play with Lucille Ball—part of their training for stardom. Plays were given in a little more about acting than I do, I thought. Let them cover up."

She was aware that the studio judges of these fledgling performances were watching every move. Her silence made it look as if Lucille had missed her lines. She didn't intend that—but she couldn't speak. Besides, without realizing it, she had skipped six pages of dialogue, confused by a similarity in lines. Lucille had to go to the wings to be prompted for her next speech—which was the equivalent of "Shut up."

"The phrase wasn't very appropriate by that time," Anita says, "because I hadn't opened my mouth for minutes! When I came offstage, I heard Lucy say, 'Just let me tell that girl off.' I sneaked away, found O'Hara and another friend, Charlie Lederer, standing in the shadows near the stage door. 'Why are you hiding there?' I asked. 'We're making believe we're not with you,' they laughed. 'After that shambles you made of the play, you just blew yourself right out of Hollywood!'"

She hadn't. Eventually she blew herself into one of its finest jobs. But when "Wildcat," starring the famous TV and movie star, Lucille Ball, opened in New York last season to become a long-running hit, Anita sent her an opening-night wire. It read: "I bet you're glad I'm not in this one."

Before leaving Hollywood—after a number of pictures, but no smashing success—Anita took a screen test at Paramount. "I don't know why, because I didn't even wait for the results." Back in New York, riding one evening with her brother-in-law and sister, she tuned the radio to a Winchell broadcast. "Calling Anita Colby," he was saying, "Return to Hollywood immediately. A contract with Paramount is waiting." When she got home, she found the telegram. But she didn't go back—not until three years later.

A good business head and executive ability led her to a job on a famous fashion magazine. She said she would take the job if she got a percentage on every advertising page she was responsible for bringing in. "By the end of the year, I was doing so well that the executive who hired me said he would swap desks with me."

Columbia Pictures wanted her for "Cover Girl," with Rita Hayworth and Janet Blair. (Anita's sister Francine also played one of the cover girls.) Besides a starring role, Anita was adviser on the film, sat in on script conferences, handled the public relations and exploitation, toured on behalf of the picture to fifty-six cities throughout the country. The picture was a great success, and she was a success. This led to work for other companies and other movies, more cross-country tours and exploitation, talking to groups of peo-
she's a wonderful woman now." She doesn't think the explanation is always that simple, however. "There's more to it than just the pressures. Some of these girls were spoiled, to begin with. Some young people out there get much too much. Hollywood itself is too much. It's a complicated situation." She cites some stars who are victims, she believes, of the "too-muchness." She also cites Grace Kelly as a girl Hollywood would never have spoiled. "Her training, from the beginning of her life, was too good," she says.

Since Hollywood, Anita has headed up a syndicated women's news service, acting as its president for several years, contributing a beauty and fashion column, selling the service to newspapers across the country. Just as she did for movies that interested her, she has been associated with a firm dealing with public relations. She thinks she has a flair for directing people, without making them think she is "bossy."

"This is especially helpful if you're working with men, who naturally dislike being bossed by a woman," she notes. Anita believes there's a big place for women in business, but they should "complement" the men—and she emphasizes that the word she means is spelled with an "e" and not an "I." She thinks that women who find other people interesting will never be bored. "I never want to meet 'interesting people'—the people I met became interesting to me."

Nevertheless, Anita knows literally hundreds of people the world calls famous—writers, artists, statesmen, actors. Her apartment in New York is filled with paintings and photographs. Mostly of close friends, but a large oil portrait of Anita, by Paul Clements, hangs over the mantel. She cherishes souvenirs, old letters, photograph albums—mementos of trips and of friendships.

Her parents live with her, and a miniature gray French poodle, "Bou- ton," whose shiny black-button eyes and little button nose account for his name. Although she has been engaged—and many times rumored engaged—she is single, thinks maybe it's because she has always been happy surrounded by family affection and involved in her work. She has as many men friends as women, thinks life would be very dull without them. She believes a woman needs a life outside her job. "I give everything to whatever job I'm doing, at the beginning. Then I expect it to fall into place with everything else. If it doesn't, it's not for me."

Anita Colby, a girl who has done a lot of fabulous things and had a lot of fun doing them, is still not blasé about anything. She wouldn't know how to pretend to be. She couldn't "put on an act." As she says, "If I did, my friends would laugh me right out of town!"
Marty Milner with two of his favorite pin-ups—wife Judy, daughter Amy. There’s also a baby girl, born in midst of Route 66 travels this year!
Hunch Hunters

(Continued from page 51)

“really remarkable” spring-like talent. Chris stumbled across the jumping-jack while interviewing his mother in the Goodson-Todman Park Avenue office. “Can you hop on one foot?” asked Chris. “Yeth, I can,” said the boy. “Let’s see,” said Chris. The boy then proceeded to hop fourteen times. On the show itself, it seemed the youngster would never stop hopping. He did at least seventy-five hops, before Merv Griffin smilingly called a halt to his kanga hopping.

On another occasion, Susan rounded up an adorable four-year-old girl. Minutes before she was to appear before the cameras, the youngster locked herself in the ladies’ room and refused to come out. Susan tried everything, but the girl was stubborn. Finally, Susan had to grab another youngster from a nearby studio, for the show.

Last-minute emergencies are not unexpected by the spotcasters. It’s not an uncommon occurrence for a participant not to show up because of illness or nervousness. In such situations, one or more of the Hunch hunters will speed downstairs to where the NBC tours commence. “Would you like to go on Play Your Hunch?” Anne breathlessly asked a man on line, one day. “I’d be happy to,” he smiled. “The very same thing happened to me, two years ago!”

The spotcasters use other methods, besides legwork, to line up participants. They spend many hours on the phone, calling such places as the Y.M.C.A., United Nations, Chinese Consulate, etc. They also nag friends and relatives for leads that will help them locate hard-to-get people.

But it’s the expending of shoe leather that turns up the best participants. Susan disdained the use of a phone when ordered to find a bartender who could sing. She started from Eighty-Sixth Street and steadily worked down Third Avenue to Fifty-Third Street before locating a sweet-tonsilled whiskey-slasher. “I must have downed fifty glasses of ginger ale en route,” she says. “In almost every place I went, some customer would blearily shout, ‘I can sing, baby! How about me?’” Weeks after the assignment, Susan still was receiving calls from drunks who found her business cards scattered in scores of bars.

Susan’s experience was a rare one, in that she worked the job herself. Usually, the spotcasters prefer to operate as a team. Chris explains: “When I approach a girl, she’ll be more inclined to trust me if I’m accompanied by one of the other office workers.”

The feeling the Hunch scouts have for their jobs is best expressed by Leni. “We have much more fun than the average person,” she says. “It’s difficult to consider it ‘work.’” None of the spotcasters expresses any desire to go on TV themselves, though all have had some experience in front of the cameras. Chris did some blackout bits on The Jack Paar Show, prior to joining Play Your Hunch. “I even have a fan club,” he grins. “A lady recognized me, just the other day, when she came up to the office. How do you like that? A one-person fan club!”

The affable bachelor denies ever having asked any potential participant out for a date. However, Leni reveals that many gals have called up the Siena College graduate. “I’m going to stay single,” laughs the six-foot 185-pounder, “until the chance comes to marry a very successful star.”

No one’s asked Susan for a date, either, probably because they were deterred by her wedding ring. One fellow did make an offer in a roundabout way, though. “He invited me to his home in the Bronx for a spaghetti dinner,” she says. “I turned him down. I told him I loved spaghetti, but I couldn’t accept— as it would definitely be considered ‘payola’!”

“Why I’m Still a Bachelor”

(Continued from page 41)

alone. For Lee, now one of Hollywood’s most eligible young bachelors, intends to remain that way—for a while, anyway, until he gets used to “the American way of life.” A strange mixture of Old World courtesy, easy affability and reserve, Patterson doesn’t make friends easily. “I’m a loner,” he admits. “I like people, but I don’t particularly want the responsibility of friendship. I don’t like people who grab on and demand attention. If I like someone, I don’t want to feel I have to do something to prove it.

“Perhaps that’s why I’m still a bachelor. I like women and I date a lot— but casually. I don’t like to be tied down.” Too, he finds a tremendous difference between the women of Europe and those he’s met in Hollywood. European women, he says, take you more on trust. “Women here seem to play a sort of game. It may be great, but I don’t know how to play it.

“You meet an attractive girl and ask her for a date. Instead of saying, ‘No, thanks,’ or ‘Yes,’ she’ll look at you as if to say, ‘Why? What’s on your mind?’ Now, like most guys who find a gal attractive, I’m dam’ well not going to make any pledges beforehand that

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79
I'm not going to make a pass at her, even though there's an equal chance that I might not! I think we should both take our chances. It's a fifty-fifty thing, no matter how you look at it!

He believes five things are important: Good manners, good friends, good women, good wine and good food. "By a 'good woman,'" he explains, "I mean a lady who makes it possible for a man to be a gentleman."

Here a little more than a year, Lee finds the Hollywood pace much faster than that of England, where Warner Bros. first signed him to a contract. "I seem to have less time to live and no time to relax," he says. Weekdays, he gets up at six, "make myself a terrible cup of coffee, shower, and dash to the studio for all-day shooting." Comes Saturday and he's bushed. But, as a bachelor, he has a million-and-one household and personal chores to attend to. "I have a houseboy who comes in to clean—he plays a game of hiding everything and, on weekends, I seek."

Marriage? "Sure," says Lee, "I'd like to be married someday. I'm no nut who wants to live alone forever. Lots of times, I think I'd like to get married right now. Especially when I get home at night and it's kinda lonesome. But I'm not really ready for it. Or maybe I just haven't met the right one."

"All men aren't boys at heart, but they do like to be spoiled a bit. It would be nice to have someone around to share things with, to anticipate your wants, who knows how to kid you out of taking yourself too seriously, without dethroning your ego. But I still have some growing up to do.

"I have a lot of faults and I wouldn't be easy to live with. Right now, I'm too engrossed in my work. . . ." His voice trails off and, for all his man-about-the-world manner, his innate modesty shows through as he adds: "You know, I honestly find it hard to believe, when a girl says, 'I love you' . . . I don't see how she can."

"Let's just say I live with myself too well," he laughs. "I can spend hours alone painting, writing, listening to music, digging in the garden or designing something I want for the house. I'm not much for parties, but sometimes I enjoy pub-crawling, by myself. It's fascinating to watch people—and, if I'm not recognized, to join in the fun.

"Besides," he adds lightly, dismissing the subject of marriage, "the community property laws in this state scare the devil out of me!"

Much of Lee's attitude on life might be explained by his childhood. His earliest memories are those of discord and tension. One of four sons of Mr. and Mrs. John Atherly-Patterson, he grew up and went to school in Toronto and "hated every minute of it." His mother and father (a former London actor now a Canadian banker) "just didn't get along. They finally separated, but I can still remember the incessant quarrels. I still hate scenes of any kind."

It was from his mother that Lee got his taste for music, drawing and painting. His restlessness and aggressive-ness came from his father, whom he terms a "self-made man." Rebellious against school discipline and home conditions, Lee ran away when he was barely a teen-ager—but big for my age." He roamed all over Canada, befriended by professional hobos. "They taught me how to hook my belt to the catwalk of a train, three or four cars behind an engine, and catch a few hours' sleep," he recalls.

This was the period in which he drifted about, holding down odd jobs in order to eat. He remembers carrying dynamite deep down a mine—until, one day, the charges went off prematurely and he narrowly escaped death. Still in his teens, Patterson then joined the Canadian infantry and served in the European theater of war. He was made corporal, and also became the middleweight boxing champion of his outfit.

Next, young Patterson turned down offers to become a professional ice-hockey player, in order to study design and architecture at the Ontario College of Arts in Toronto. For two years, he designed the thirty-eight-paper mâché floats used on Toronto's famed Santa Claus parade—until wanderlust hit him again.

"I was earning $350 a week and not Lee Patterson says scripts are much easier to "read" than Hollywood gals.
getting anywhere," he says, "so I quit and went to England. I thought I'd get a job at the British Broadcasting Company and study set design." He recalls checking into a small London hotel, looking out at the fog and thinking, This is for the birds. He checked out, flew to Paris, "took a few art courses and roamed the Left Bank, Brussels and Norway until most of my money was gone."

Back in London and broke, Lee became a truck driver, then supervisor of a tough wrecking gang. "Came payday and everyone—including me—got into a big brawl with knives, bottles and fists, and that was the end of that job." He then decided to look for a job by day and took a night job packing meat pies into boxes. "It was safe—and monotonous. I lasted four days. Then I got into an argument with the packer next to me, hit him with four meat pies, and quit."

"I guess," he explains, "in those days. I was going around with a chip on my shoulder, looking for trouble. I made some bad decisions. I know now it's better to gain maturity by observation and study, not by kicking around the way I did."

He finally landed a job with the British Broadcasting Corporation as an assistant stage manager—which consisted of "running for coffee and running errands." One day, he stopped by an agent's office to pick up a check for an actor. The agent asked, "Are you an actor?" "Yes," said Lee, ad-libbing some experience.

His bluff was called when the agent phoned the next day, and told him to report for an audition in an American play. Lee dashed to the public library, selected Thornton Wilder's "Our Town" and studied it on the way to Windsor's Theatre Royal (opposite Windsor Castle). From his "reading," he was given the role of Happy in "Death of a Salesman." Next followed a role in "Johnny Belinda," for which he also designed the sets. He made his London West End debut when he became Lt. Buz Adams in "South Pacific."

His agent then thought Lee might land a leading role in a musical if he could sing. "Mary Martin sent me to her singing teacher and I sang the scales for him," Lee recalls. "I'll never forget his shudder as he told me, 'If you work hard for one year and practice eight hours a day, every day, you'll have a voice like most people are born with.'"

Undaunted, Lee went on to "read" for a role in "Stalag 17" and was hired as an understudy. After three days of rehearsal, the producer, Buford Armitage, cast him in the lead and advised him, "Don't ever 'read' again, because you can't—just stick to acting." Lee has never "read" for a role since.

He went on to leading roles in many London stage hits before being signed for films in 1953. He has starred in twenty-five motion pictures in Europe, including "The Passing Stranger," "The Story of Esther Costello," "Gulliver's Travels," "Spin a Dark Web" and "Jack the Ripper." It was shortly after the release of the latter picture in the United States that he was signed to a long-term Warner Bros. contract.

Lee intends to apply for his American citizenship as soon as he completes the necessary residence period. He has been renting a house, but recently found a site high in the hills overlooking the panoramic sweep of the city from Sunset Strip to the ocean. He's redesigned the builder's plans and is impatiently marking time until he can move into his lofty eyrie.

"The foundation is poured, the walls are up, and, each night, there's something new. It's almost as if it's being built by pixies, because there's never anyone around when I visit," he grins, grabbing a pen and quickly sketching in the plan of a trim two-level, three-bedroom house: A large living room with picture windows and fireplace, another fireplace in a wood-paneled den-guest-room, a master bedroom, guest room, and housekeeping quarters.

There'll also be a swimming pool (small) and a kitchen (large). Does he cook? "A bit," Lee acknowledges. "But, like they say in Europe, I cook like I love—all enthusiasm and no skill!"
The “No” Lady of ABC

(Continued from page 29)

NBC sold its Blue network as the nucleus of ABC, Dorothy was moved in, “desk, chair and typewriter.” Today, she is Director of Continuity Acceptance for ABC’s Western Division, supervising eighteen network editors who clear more than thirty hours of programming a week.

“Continuity Acceptance was created as a department by NBC sometime in the early thirties,” Dorothy recalls. “The word ‘censor’ was eliminated because of its sheer negative connotation. People do not like censors.” Wryly, she adds, “Of course, they don’t like Continuity Acceptance, either.”

C.A. editors are unassuming and rather peculiar people. They have to be dedicated, or they wouldn’t stay in the department. Aside from the National Association of Broadcasters’ Code, we have at ABC a program policy booklet of about fifty pages, though the applicable modifications, alterations and exceptions would make a book as big as a desk. Actually, however, we accept ninety-five percent of the material submitted.

“Taste is a personal thing. It depends on your age, your upbringing, your education, where you live, in what part of the country you live.” This last consideration Dorothy learned early in her career, the hard way. It was shortly after she came to Hollywood and Ed Gardner was surprised and delighted when she offered no objection to the story with which he opened his show.

“I had lived practically all my life in California,” she explains. “I didn’t know what you did ‘in Macy’s window at high noon.’”

She shakes her head good humorously at her early naivete, and continues, “There are many comedians and stars who, once you tell them they can’t do something, immediately do it. One of the biggest vocal stars is especially inclined this way. The only way you can handle him is through the cast. If you can get the cast to laugh at him, he’ll eventually come around. Another, an extremely famous comedian, is fine until his wife is on the scene—and then he won’t be changed, in front of her.”

“Several comedians have said to me, when I’ve wanted to change their material, ‘Have you ever made a million dollars? Well, when you have, you come and tell me what’s funny’!”

“Many stars have become famous in motion pictures or on the vaudeville stage, where they use material that isn’t acceptable but—because they got applause and a big laugh—they decide it must be all right. Hedda Hopper wouldn’t believe it, either, if I said I didn’t like her hat. She’d probably say, ‘What do you know about hats?’ It’s the same thing—a matter of personal opinion—just as there are no iron-clad rules about what is acceptable on all types of programs at any time of day in every part of the country.”

It isn’t only the stars and the writers who run afoul of the acceptance department. TV has absorbed a great many motion-picture people who were accustomed to more freedom. The makeup man new to television will haul out a bucket of “blood” when the script indicates a violent death—or create a masterful horror mask for an actor who falls into an electric transformer from which “his crackling, crinkled, burned body drops to the floor!” (This was a scene, indicated for a close-up shot, which Dorothy recently marked “not acceptable.”)

Actually, Dorothy and her fellow editors are not out to butcher any show. They serve to remind the star and the producer that good taste must be observed, and to challenge the writer and the director to find a new way to make their story points without offending segments of the audience. “Occasionally, we are even thanked for this,” Dorothy says. “I have had them tell me, ‘When you said no, we came up with a better line.’”

Continuity, radio and networks were furthest from Dorothy’s thoughts when she first saw San Francisco. She had worked her way through College of the Pacific at Lake Tahoe summer resorts. Originally, she had wanted to study medicine, but medicine is an expensive dream for many, and she had settled for a high-school teacher’s certificate. She was on her way to her first teaching job at Sebastopol, California, by way of San Francisco.

“I don’t know what happened to me,” she says, “except I fell in love with San Francisco. This is a thing that comes over you when you are twenty-one and hit the big city. I didn’t know anybody, I arrived with my violin, my teddy bear—and five cents, with which I took the streetcar to the Evangeline Home. There, for eight dollars a week, you could have breakfast, dinner and a bed.

“Then I wired my father—who replied that, if I didn’t teach school, I could expect no help from him. So I walked up the hill to Heald’s Business College and asked how long it took to become a secretary. They told me nine months. I didn’t have that long, but we figured out that, if I could make enough money to pay for my lunch and carfare, I could make the grade.”

“I went out Sutter to Farrell, upstairs to a dime-a-dance place where, for a dollar an hour, you danced with anybody who came in. That’s how I got through business college in three months. I didn’t know anyone, so I sat and wrote shorthand from 3 P.M. until...
nine, when I went to work at the dance hall. That's how you learn shorthand, by writing it, and I did so well that Heald's offered me a job teaching three nights a week.

"By then, I had gotten a job with an advertising agency. Within a year and a half, I saved enough money to take my mother on a vacation. When I came back, I picked up my vacation check and put it in my purse. During the course of that afternoon, my purse was stolen—I was given two weeks' notice at the advertising agency, because the account on which I was working had been canceled—and the business college no longer needed my services.

"This was 1931. There was a depression, which became quite famous, as time went on. I did exactly what everyone else was doing: I walked the streets and hit every employment agency on both sides. Then, one hot summer day in September, I applied for 'vacation relief' work at NBC. By January, I was on the permanent payroll."

Dorothy recites the story of her life with droll humor. That sense of humor comes in very handy, for an executive who must occasionally say "no" to sensitive and/or temperamental creative talents. In addition, Dorothy really understands the people with whom she works. "They want dramatic effects," she explains. "They want to startle the audience. They also want publicity. If they can get a headline saying their show is "Unfit To Look At"—why, that is delightful, because tomorrow everybody goes and looks!"

Fortunately, the understanding works both ways. The people to whom Dorothy must say "no" realize there is no personal motivation on her part. Proof of this is the fact that she is still called "friend" by most of the greats of show business, dating back from the heyday of radio up to the present era of rapid-fire television . . . proof which might also indicate that the greatest asset of Dorothy Brown—or of any good continuity acceptance editor—is tact!

Z Is for Zany

(Continued from page 39)

A puzzled fan once wrote to Frank asking, "How do we tell you apart?" Frank's answer was typical. "It's really very easy . . . we always sit left to right, with John at the left." Sprawled at the bottom of this note was a postscript by John. "It's better than sitting arms akimbo, you know, and we always try to walk down the street with me on the left, Frank on the right." Came the fan's reply, "Whose left and whose right you talking about?"

In Holiday Lodge, Wayne plays a social director assisted by Shuster. Maureen Arthur gives feminine allure to the series, in the role of Frank's girl friend. The series, CBS-TV's summer replacement for The Jack Benny Show, is produced by Cecil Barker, directed and written by Seymour Berns, and filmed at Revue Productions in Universal City.

Called the "literate comedians" by a critic—popped John, "I heard of litterbugs but what are litter-rats?"—both members of this Canadian team are graduates of the University of Toronto, with master's degrees in English. Both are eligible to teach—but, "says John, "I don't think we could keep straight faces long enough to be taken seriously by any student." And both are happily married, live in the Forest Hill Village of Toronto about a mile from each other, and prefer the normal family life of suburbia rather than the more glamorous surroundings of Hollywood.

But, although the Shusters and Waynes are close-knit friends, their social interests vary. Frank is a golfer while John is all for sailing. Their wives, Ruth Shuster and Beatrice Wayne, agree that this divergence in hobbies has had the healthy effect of striking a balance between the men. "Too many teams break up after a period of success," points out Ruth, "because the partners do not get enough chance to develop their separate personalities." To this Beatrice adds with a smile, "If it weren't for each going his own way after working hours, the Shusters' two children and our three would begin to think they didn't have a father like everyone else but were sharing two fathers."

The Waynes have three sons—Michael, 14, Jamie, 11, and Brian, 9—while the Shusters have a daughter Rosa-lind, 13, and a son Stephen, 11.

In the case of comedy teams, the question always arises as to how they arrived at their billing. Why Wayne and Shuster and not the other way around? Actually the team did start out as Shuster and Wayne. "We had two reasons," laughs John. "First, Frank is two years older and I felt that entitled him to first mention. Second, alphabetically he comes first. Then one day—it was one of our first professional appearances in Canada—the manager came backstage and told us he'd changed it to Wayne and Shuster. I argued, but he insisted. 'Boys, don't give me that alphabetical bunk. Did you ever hear of Burns and Allen, Lewis and Clark, Laurel and Hardy? They did all right, didn't they?' Well, we went on as Wayne and Shuster, got fine reviews and let the name stand."

(Continued on next page)
When they began shooting Holiday Lodge, the partners were not at all sure they liked doing a series. Neither had ever done filmed TV and it seemed strange to toss the punch lines first and tell the jokes after. Also, it was the first time they were playing to another's tune. Hitherto they had written their own gags and devised their own situations. A heart-to-heart talk with Barker and Berns soon ironed out the kinks.

"These men run a happy ship," John explains. "I'm afraid we worried them more than they did us. We fight a lot—oh, yes, no need to hide it—we rant, we rave, and, where sweet reasonableness is in order, we'd much rather argue. What's more, we like to do it openly in front of everyone concerned. The point is that it's our method of topping a good line with something just a bit better. We operate on the theory that when the oyster is irritated, he gives a pearl. But if some third party thinks he can horn in on our scrap and pick on one or the other of us, he'll soon learn that we stand together when the chips are down."

Neither of the comedians comes from a theatrical family. Frank's father was a movie projectionist and once owned a theater in Niagara Falls, but that's the closest he comes to show business. John's father was a clothing manufacturer who wrote Hebrew poetry to ease the artistic cravings of his spirit. Asked how they got into the "make-merry" field, John said, "You might blame it on the Boy Scouts. He went on to add that he and Frank had been classmates and had joined the scouts together. One day, their scoutmaster asked for volunteers to write and act in a play to raise funds for the troop. "We were the only two to put up our hands," John chuckled, and "here we are...."

At Harbord Collegiate Institute, they performed, wrote plays, the libretto and lyrics for a musical (though they have only a slim knowledge of music) and soon, at the University of Toronto, were doing plays and musicals of sufficient skill to catch the ear of a radio executive who saw to it that they went on the air with their own show. World War II came along, bringing to a temporary halt their promising careers. Separated in the service for over a year, they were brought together again to do a Canadian version of "This Is the Army." As a morale-booster, their troupe toured Canada and then England, France, Belgium and Holland. They were the first entertainment unit to hit Normandy after D-Day. "We did five a day in a cave near Cannes," recalls John. And Frank, nodding gravely, adds, "All the boys had were K-rations and us."

Having done so well in wartime, it seemed natural to continue as a two-some in peacetime. They returned to Canadian radio and, in 1954, made their TV debut. Rosemary Clooney had them on her 1954 series, but nothing great or wonderful happened until Sullivan, in a commendable act of faith, signed them to do 26 performances at $5000 each. They proved to be one of the best bargains Ed ever made. But, in gratitude for their big chance, they never asked for an adjustment of the contract, even after it was obvious they had clicked.

Although they loved doing the ga-ga stuff that made them both famous and unknown, they are rather glad now to become more recognizable to their public via the Holiday Lodge series.

That Swingin’ Singin’ Tillotson

(Continued from page 37) song," he says, "I don’t believe in rushing into a recording session. I have written some new songs myself and I’ve been talking to other writers—Gene Pitney, Howie Greenfield, Aaron Schroeder and Bob Crewe, to name a few."

His voice warms with enthusiasm. "They all have such great talent." He cites the accomplishments of each. It never seems to cross his mind that each also is a rival. All, like Johnny, constantly seek to sell their songs to top artists. Bob Crewe and Gene Pitney also record and thus are doubly rivals for the public’s favor. Yet, in a business where feuds and jealousies are frequent, Johnny has only frank admiration for his contemporaries.

He also makes it clear that Archie Bleyer, head of Cadence Records, is his friend, as well as the director of his recording sessions. "Tonight, I’ll take my guitar and go out to his house and we’ll try out a lot of songs. To be right for me, a song has to tell a story and I have to feel it. I can be more sure of a song when I first sing it in someone’s home instead of just in a big box of a recording studio."

Archie Bleyer became Johnny’s friend at a time he needed one. "I had just lost a big talent contest in Nashville. That hurt, because the prize was a recording contract with a major company. I had aimed for that for years. But lucky for me, Lee Rosenberg, who owns Southern Belle Music Company, heard me and he arranged an audition with Archie Bleyer."

Johnny’s first record, issued by Cadence, was “Dreamy Eyes.” That it reached the charts was a big accomplishment for a new singer. "True, True Happiness," followed by “Why Do
I Love You So” and “Earth Angel,” were hits. Then came the topper, “Poetry in Motion.”

Johnny is glad that it took a while to get the big record. “If my first one had hit Number One, it might have gone off my head. As it is, I’ve learned some things.”

“Learning things” is Johnny’s favorite occupation. The process began in Jacksonville, Florida, where he was born April 20, 1940, the son of Jack and Doris TIllotson. He has two brothers, Danny, eighteen; Tommy, fifteen; and a little sister, Toni Ann, four.

Johnny, at the age of eight, was sent to Palatka, Florida, to live with his grandmother, Mrs. Ellie Causey. Explaining that move, Johnny says, “It’s kind of hard for anyone who did not know us then to understand it. My mother and her mother were very close. My grandfather had just died, and my grandmother was terribly lonely. So my folks did the nicest thing they could. They let me go to live with her.”

Contrary to possible expectations of child psychologists, Johnny thrived. “I remember I was sad the night I left Jacksonville, but I had always loved Ellie—I’d never called her ‘grandmother’—and soon that little town was good for me... Jacksonville may not seem like much of a metropolis compared to New York, but it was a big, confusing place to me. I was a real shy kid in those days.”

Spirted Ellie Causey found a cure for her grandson’s shyness. Palatka’s radio station, WWFP, had a children’s talent program. Johnny says, “She literally had to lead me by the hand to get me to go on it the first time. But then the kids in school started saying, ‘I heard you on the radio,’ and I liked that. It was the first love and acceptance I had from people outside my family.”

His family remains close and important to Johnny. Of his mother, who died when he was fourteen, he says, “Even now, I don’t like to think of her being gone. When something very good has happened to me, I keep wanting to call her up to tell her about it.”

Of his stepmother, he says, “When Joyce gave us a baby sister, that was a big event. We held a family conference to decide what to name the baby. I guess I had the last word. We had considered many names when I said, ‘Toni Ann Tillotson—that swings!’”

At four, Toni Ann is Johnny’s great delight. “You can love little brothers in a rough sort of way, but you can’t dress them up in a pretty dress and take them to Sunday school. A little sister is different. Toni Ann loves me, too. When she feels I’ve been gone too long, she sets an extra plate on the table and says, ‘That’s for Johnny.”’

His brothers come in for their share of Johnny’s abundant affection. “I keep a list of their clothes sizes and when I buy something for myself, I usually get something for them, too.”

His father is Johnny’s real pal. “Dad is the greatest. He keeps on running his filling station, and, in between gas fills and oil changes, he writes to me. He writes just the way he talks, and getting one of his letters is almost as good as a visit home.”

This family feeling came close to changing Johnny’s career. At the University of Florida, he took his bachelor’s degree in journalism, majoring in radio and television. He paid his expenses by working first on the Toby Dowdy Show, on WFGA-TV, and later had a show of his own. “But if I had discovered it sooner, I think I would have majored in sociology.”

A course titled “Marriage and the Family” first tempted him into the field. “Many kids signed up for it, with the idea it would be a pipe. It wasn’t. It involved much serious research, which I enjoyed. But the best thing about it was learning to know Dr. Shaw Grigsby, our professor of sociology. For me, as well as for many other students, he became a personal adviser. He has influenced the way I think about lots of things. Because of him, I better know who I am and what I want out of life.”

One of the things Johnny wants is a home of his own. His present dwelling is a new apartment in mid-Manhattan. “So far, all I have is a bed, a TV set, a hi-fi and a borrowed sofa and a borrowed dog, but eventually, I’ll get around to furnishing it.”

Eventually, too, there will be a wife to share his home. “I must be more firmly established in my career before I marry, but in the meantime, I certainly am looking for the right girl. I suppose it is because I have so little time for dates that I enjoy them so much. When I do get a chance to take a girl out, I always try to make our dates a little special.”

He describes one date: “I knew this girl liked the theater, so I found out which play she wanted to see. Passing a flower shop, I saw a kookie little gadget—a pair of tiny rabbits playing hide-and-seek around a small barrel. It didn’t cost much, but I hoped she would like it and it would let her know I was thinking about her.”

When the right time and the right girl do occur in Johnny’s life, he has his plans. “I would like nothing better than to be married. But when I marry, I’m going to be a bit old-fashioned about it. I don’t like this modern attitude of marrying with reservations—that if things go wrong, there’s always some side door out. Whatever happens, I believe problems can be met and the girl I marry will have to hold the same belief. A good marriage is the most wonderful thing in life, and when I marry, it is going to be for keeps.”
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Cover portrait of Jimmy Durante by Ozzie Sweet

Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc. Executive, Advertising, and Editorial Offices at 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. Editorial Branch Office, 321 S. Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif. Lee S. Moheilmen, Chairman of the Board; Gerald A. Bartell, President; Frederick A. Klein, Executive Vice-President—General Manager; Robert L. Young, Vice-President; S. N. Himelman, Vice-President; Lee Bartell, Secretary. Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco.

Manuscripts: All manuscripts will be carefully considered but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or damage. It is advisable to keep duplicate copy for your records. Only those manuscripts accompanied by stamped, self-addressed return envelopes with sufficient postage will be returned.

Foreign editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, N.Y. 17, N.Y. Gerald A. Bartell, Pres.; Douglas Lockhart, V.P.-Pres. Re-entered as Second Class matter, June 28, 1954, at the Post Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and other post offices. Authorized as Second Class matter by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada. © 1961 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Copyright under the Universal Copyright Convention and International Copyright Convention. Copyright reserved under the Pan American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados según la Convención Panamericanica de Propiedad Literaria y Artistica. Title trademark registered in U.S. Patent Office. Printed in U.S.A. by Art Color Printing Co.

Member of the TRUE STORY Woman's Group.

Subscription Rates: In the U.S., its Possessions, & Canada, one year, $3.00; two years, $5; three years, $7.50. All other countries, $5.50 per year.

Change of Address: 6 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil-impresion address from a recent issue. Address changes can be made only if you send us your old as well as your new address. Write to TV RADIO MIRROR, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York.

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WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST

Musical interlude for Victor Borge, courtesy of Hermione Gingold.

Lawrences—Steve, Eydie, David—Europe-bound.

Phil Silvers' wife surprised him with twin girls.

by PETER ABBOTT

People in the News: Deborah Kerr makes her TV dramatic debut via ABC-TV this fall. . . . Barry Sullivan riding the range with Nora Warner. . . . Big night September 27 on CBS-TV. First an hour with Victor Borge, then another with Jack Benny. Borge's guests will be concert pianist Leonid Hambro—with Hermione Gingold on cello. . . . Good possibility Dean Martin and Sinatra will participate in the Judy Garland special headed for CBS. . . . One of the country's favorite female performers, (Continued on next page)

For What's New on the West Coast, See Page 6
on TV, screen and theater, is truly the loneliest woman in all of N.Y.C. ... Art Carney's first special for NBC-TV, in the fall, will be a laugh-getter tentatively titled "Fads and Foibles." ... Jo-Ann Campbell and Conway Twitty making their first movie together. Titled "The Young and the Lovely," it has a Canadian locale. ... When the Kuklapolitans return to the network in the fall, Fran Allison will be just an occasional guest. ... The next electronic gimmick to amaze you will be a portable radio the size of a fountain pen. ... One of the big shows planned for NBC next season is "The Ziegfeld Girls." Producer Bill Nichols called on top modeling agencies to produce the city's most statuesquely episode titled "Fistful of Pride." ... NBC-TV bragging that all of its network news programming is sold out for the new season. Comes to $27 million in billings. ... After three years, Edd Byrnes gets promoted from parking-lot attendant to private-eye. A young new-comer, Robert Logan, gets Kookie's old comb. ... You'll see few outdoor girls in TV commercials that sell women's products. According to research men, consumers seem to think the outdoor type lacks femininity and responsibility. ... Americans now listening to 350 million hours of radio each year. ... Robert Merrill had his two children tutored in French. So this summer the family goes to Italy. ... All the F.C.C. talk about too much violence on TV

beautiful girls. Ziegfeld's gals measured 36-24-38. Current beauties average 34-22-35, but that wasn't the headache. Very few of the current crop of gals could walk gracefully to music.

**Instant News:** Summer found Lucille Ball too fatigued to tape the much publicized TV special, "Lucy Goes to Broadway." All plans for the show have been scrapped. Besides fatigue, Lucy has been suffering from bursitis. ... Shirley Jones prepping a TV version of a Nathaniel Hawthorne short story for ABC in October. ... NBC-Radio calls it "Instant News," a new program in special-events coverage. ... Connie Francis tours South America this month. ... Eddie Albert wings to Hollywood to guest-star in a Wells Fargo

will have little effect on this season's programing. In one case, however, ABC-TV's prexy kicked back one fall episode of a crime show to Hollywood for toning down. ... Jack Paar has a suggestion for enforcement of laws against jaywalking. He suggests that an offender who has six tickets should have his shoes revoked.

**The Untouchables:** Three of Eliot Ness's henchmen burst into N.Y.C. and took issue with Italian-American groups who claim the show tends to give the effect that most gangster types are Italian. Said Paul Picerni, who plays Lee Hobson, "I'm an Italian and I'm called upon frequently to do Italian benefits. I find they love the show." With Paul were two buddies—Nick Georgiade, who plays Enrico Rossi, and Abel Fernandez, who plays William Youngfellow. Paul explains that Nick, of Greek extraction, plays an Italian because "all Greeks are frustrated Italians." Fernandez—of Spanish, Portuguese and Italian extraction—plays a Cherokee. He says, "It seems I look more like an Indian than an Italian." Paul says the only question fans ever bug him with is: "How come the criminals always get killed and you cops never get a scratch?" Paul says it's not as phony as it seems. "Actually, since 1924, only 18 F.B.I. men have been killed in gun battle, while they have shot 1800 hoodlums. The truth is that F.B.I. men are far better shots than criminals." Then he grins and says jokingly, "On the show, it's different. Stack and the rest of us use real bullets and we give the blanks to the actors who play criminals."

**Quickies:** Al Hirt going for an even ¾ dozen children. ... Kingston Trio's Bob Shane had a baby daughter. ... Charles Van Doren planning to move to Europe? ... Dick Powell's new NBC-TV series premieres September 26 with the biggest whodunit cast ever, including Mickey Rooney, Dean Jones, Kay Thompson and such other murder suspects as Nick Adams, Carolyn Jones, Lloyd Bridges, Ralph Bellamy and Edgar Bergen. June Allyson, the former Mrs. Powell, was supposed to appear in the show but indulged the female prerogative. ... Ricky Nelson goes over to CBS (one time) to star

Pretty Academy Award winner Shirley Jones plans music special on ABC-TV.
in a General Electric Theater drama, "The Wish Book," scheduled for October. Father Ozzie will direct... Dorothy Collins confident that she is close to getting her own TV series. ... Bob Fuller found a mess of fans in Japan. Gave two benefit shows with 40,000 at each performance, and turned the proceeds over to a Tokyo charity. ... There's been no vacation for Bob Newhart. Spent early part of summer at work in Paramount's "Hell Is for Heroes" and is now laboring on his TV series. ... No network sale yet for ex-President Truman series. With David Susskind's office, H.S.T. is producing 26 one-hour installments illustrating the historic events and decisions during the years he occupied the White House. ... Sam Levenson says, "Today's kids become teenagers when they are nine years old."

Off the Hip: The scriptwriter has it in his head that he's going to marry off the younger Dr. Malone (John Connell) to Gig Houseman (Diana Hyland)... Concentration's nighttime version goes off in the fall. ... Jennifer Jones will play the role of Eva Peron, wife of the ex-Argentine dictator Juan Peron, in a dramatic special due late in the season over ABC-TV.... An hour-long tribute to songsmith Harold Arlen comes up September 24, starring Peggy Lee, Vic Damone, LaVern Baker and Nelson Riddle. ... Lee Patterson of Surfside 6, who drives an Aston-Martin sports car which goes up to 140 miles an hour, has been "grounded" by Warner Bros. ... Ichabod And Me, new fall series starring Robert Sterling, will feature six-year-old Jimmy Mathers, brother of Jerry Mathers, who plays title role in Leave It To Beaver. ... TV's Mighty Mouse becomes U.N.I.C.E.F. ambassador this year. ... Godfrey says, "Parents spend a child's early years teaching him to walk and talk and the rest of his life telling him to sit down and shut up."

White Christmas: Bing Crosby's first show for new TV season tentatively set for December 11. ... A new producer team includes Blake Edwards, who created Peter Gunn, and Freddie Fields, Polly Bergen's husband. They will develop TV properties for Polly, Judy Garland, Henry Fonda, Phil Silvers and others. ... Another star's husband, Shirley MacLaine's Steve Parker, is putting together another special for NBC with a Far East cast. This time, however, he promises it will be authentic Oriental art instead of Japanese rock 'n' roll singers. ... Outlaws' John Collier bought a small ranch and, with his wife and five children, has been spending the summer building on additional rooms. ... Will (Sugarfoot) Hutchins will be missing when Cheyenne returns. ... Guy Stockwell, Dean's brother, signed to be Gardner McKay's first mate in Paradise series. Ex-first mate, James Holden, becomes a landlubber in the same show.

Home Stretch: Quiz-show winnings beginning to climb again. The Price Is Right up to $63,000 in prizes for one winner. ... Steve Allen's plans for his new weekly ABC-TV variety show include his wife, his mother, Lee Brown's orchestra, Bill Dana and Louis Nye. ... Leslie Uggams, only eighteen, building fast. Besides Mitch's Sing Along series, she has two offers from Broadway producers and can take her choice. ... Garry Moore heads up to Maine on a vacation. First, he signed up Robert Goulet for four shows this coming season. ... The Clark Bandstand will suffer shrinkage this fall. ... And CBS will cut special programs from forty-two (last season) to sixteen (this season). Still maintains that one-shots, no matter how successful, hurt the regular ratings of the weeklies. ... High culture for CBS next season. George Balanchine and Igor Stravinsky preparing a one-hour ballet, "Noah and the Flood." ... Gen. Sarnoff proposes a global TV summit conference so the world can see its leaders face to face—noting that there are now 200 million receivers on the planet. ... Bill Cullen's vacation really begins in September. In addition to network TV, he's been working as an early-morning radio deejay for the past six years but now feels secure enough to drop the job. ... Stars worry about sponsor conflict, but character conflict seems the least of their worries. Runners of Robert Young's Father Knows Best will continue to be seen Wednesday evenings over the CBS-TV network. As "Father," he continues to be a conservative businessman, husband, and father of three children. But, on Monday night, same network, he is cast as a widower and a footloose novelist, in Window On Main Street. Next season, Tahiti??
WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST

Jim Franciscus and wife Kitty look forward to two happy events.

A most peculiar dog is Gardner McKay's shaggy friend "Pussycat."

Between-scenes clowning for Duane Eddy, Luana Patten, on movie set.

"Fight" of Tuesday Weld, Richard Beymer is just between-scenes fun.
Man's Best Friends: There's a riddle going around Hollywood. When is a dog not a dog? Answer: When he's Gardner McKay's "Pussycat." The white shaggy dog is driving his ever-lovin' master out of his ever-lovin' mind. Recently, Barbara Eden and hubby Mike Ansara drove out to visit the Mission at Capistrano, famed for its homecoming swallows. "Why," exclaimed Babs, "that has to be Pussycat! Gard must be here . . ." Mike saw a floppy sand-splotted dog yawning before the entrance to the Mission.

"How do you know he's Gard's dog?" he asked. Babs gave a pert sniff, "Because he didn't move an eyelash when that big fat cat strutted by him. It's driving Gard wild. Pussycat takes his name seriously and refuses to act like a dog . . . Vying with McKay for the "honor" of owning the most mixed-up animal is Gunsight's Dennis Weaver. His pet peeve is "Dandy Mike," a thoroughbred horse. If Pussycat doesn't like being a dog, Dandy Mike plainly hates being a race horse. On his track debut, he chewed up the bit, stiffened his legs and refused to leave the starting gate. On his next outing, however, Dandy Mike suddenly decided to prove he could run. He led the pack until the halfway turn, then—realizing he was all alone—skidded to a stop, made a U-turn and waited for the rest to catch up. It was one of those times when Chester couldn't get help from Mistuh Dillon. He went instead to Fred McDougall, a horse trainer who specializes in animal psychology and straightening out delinquent and neurotic four-footers. His efforts to cure Dandy Mike would fill a book. But finally, after months of treatment, McDougall announced to Dennis that he'd managed to talk some horse sense into the beast. Dennis promptly entered him in another race. This time, Dandy Mike left the gate—but in company with four late-starters. He ambled along with this group until the finish. Waived Dennis to the jockey, "Wha' happen?" The rider gave him an acid stare. "He was so busy telling the other nags about his 'analysis' that he plumb forgot to run."

People and Plans: Richard Boone was so impressed with Duane Eddy's acting in "The Thunder of Drums," their co-starring MGM feature, that he's signed the young guitar player for two Have Gun—Will Travel segments. . . Nancy Sinatra Sr. finally sold the home she and Frank bought when they first came to Hollywood. "Too big," she explains, "for just Tina and me." Frank Jr. heads for college in the fall and, of course, Nancy Jr. and husband Tommy Sands have their own apartment. Pretty Mrs. Sands will cut a Christmas album with sister Tina and their dad for Frank's new Reprise label. . . Mitch Miller's book, "Sing Along with Mitch," will be published by Bernard Geis in the fall. The volume will include forty-eight of the most popular American songs of the past 75 years . . . Pretty Kitty Wellman, a dancer before she wed Jim Francis, was all set for her big break. Choreographer Jack Bunche asked her to be solo dancer on three upcoming TV specials he'll direct. A week before rehearsals began, Kitty's doctor told her stardom would have to wait—she's expecting in December . . . Bill Lundigan says he's hit a new "low" in his career, then quickly explains with a chuckle: "For the past two years, I was way up with my TV series, Men In Space—but in my Columbia film, 'The Underwater City,' I go way down beneath the sea."

Where's Ray? Who's Don? Busy twirling his mustache as the heavy in Walt Disney's "Babes In Toyland," light-footed Ray Bolger has set his mind against doing another TV series. "I'm happy," he said, "that Where's Raymond? is still going great guns in Australia and Canada, because I own a nice hunk of the show. But I'm for guest shots only, from now on." He's eager to try another Broadway musical and, as soon as "Babes" was done, he flew to London for a look-see at "Oliver," a musical based on the Dickens novel "Oliver Twist." The role he was sizing up is Fagin, another heavy. Ray still gets fan letters begging him to revive "Where's Charley?" Since his wife, Gwen, "to whom I owe it all," was co-producer of the hit, Ray sometimes took a turn selling tickets in the box office, "just for the heck of it." Oddly enough, very few people ever recognized the star of the show behind the ticket-wicket. One day, a customer stood there staring intently at Ray. At last he said, "Say, you know who you look like?" Ray waited breathlessly to hear his name. But the man went on, "You look just like Don." Taken aback, Ray demanded, "Who's Don?" The customer shot back, "Oh, Don's a guy back home in Milwaukee who flew the coop when his missus found out he had two more wives."

Upward and Onward with TV: George Nader, who is starring handsomely in Shannon, a new private-eye series, reported to Screen Gems to film the first of thirty-seven episodes. He was given a briefing on the series: "You're to play an insurance investigator for a cargo bonding company," it was explained, "but don't get the idea we're going in for the usual preposterous Dick Tracy stuff. We are going to be realistic and adult—none of those hokey props like a Girl Friday or a kookie sidekick. Everyone who sees you in Shannon will say, 'I believe it . . . he's just a regular guy.' So George went on set to tackle his new no-hokum adult adventures in crime— and the first thing that met his eye (private, of course) was the car he drives in the series. It is equipped with a built-in phone, tape recorder and two cameras that swing out from the dashboard to take movies of the villains in action! "Well," grinned George, "doesn't every regular guy have one?"

A Question of Color: Sheb Wooley has a penchant for purple. After penning the money-making "Purple People Eater," he came up with another hit, "Skin Tight, Pin-Striped, Purple Pedal Pushers." Sheb says he wrote both songs while on the Rawhide set. "I love the color," chortles the author-composer. "Purple's the color that took me out of the red and put me in the black." . . . Along these lines, jazz pianist Errol Garner claims he sees colors ranging from cool-blue to red-hot while playing. His love of color has led him to painting and collecting paintings. He has close to seventy originals, acquired during his tours of Europe and the United States. "On my own canvases, I use many colors and mix my own shades. I seem to go for russet and violet tones a lot. Can you picture what a drab (Continued on next page)
Party Playtime: Latest Hollywood parlor game is “Marriage Coupling.” You pair two people with similar names and come up with weird rhymes or combinations. For instance: If Rhonda Fleming married Henry Fonda, she’d be Rhonda Fonda. A few more samples: Merle Oberon and Milton Berle—Merle Berle. Jean Simmons and Orson Bean—Jean Bean. Pat Suzuki and Learned Hand—Pat Hand. Conway Twitty and Kitty Carlisle—Kitty Twitty. Lori Nelson and Peter Lorre—Lori Lorre. Barrie Chase and Gene Barry—Barrie Barry. No one seems to know who started it all, but it’s pushed charades with her when she flew to Italy to record “La Boheme” for RCA at the Rome Opera House. No TV plans in the offering for her, though. “I’m busy enough as it is,” she sighs. “I still haven’t completed decorating our home, and I began the job three years ago.” . . . Barton MacLane will be upped to Governor of Oklahoma in the second season of Outlaws, with Bruce Yarnell, handsome young singer-actor moving into the role of Marshal Will Foreman. Former stuntman Slim Pickens is another addition. MacLane wanted out of the series, but agreed to stay on as “guest star” in a third of the segments . . . . Dean Miller, of Here’s Hollywood, surprised even his closest casual dates with others. Tuesday is taking lessons in singing, dancing and (hold on to your hats, folks!) philosophy. She has also turned composer and is working on a piano sonata. Dick, on the other hand, is studying French—with the help, ’tis said, of a non-professional miss from the land of the Eiffel Tower—and, in spare time, writing a play. This project, “A Present for Eunice” (his mother’s name), is especially tough, since he can’t type and must put it all down in longhand. At 20th-Fox, where the pair made “Bachelors Flat,” the top brass declared themselves delighted with “this burst of studiousness.” The general view was summed up by an executive who ex-

right out of the picture. Chad Everett and steady-date Yvonne Lime won first prize at the Roger Smith’s one night, when they paired Ish Kabibble and Sybil Thorndike and came up with Sybil Kabibble. “It may be silly,” Chad points out, “but it’s a lot safer than Russian Roulette.” “Our Post Office,” adds Yvonne.

Playing the Field: Mary Costa will add three roles to her repertoire when the San Francisco Opera Company opens its 1961 fall season, and husband Frank Tashlin is, as usual, beaming with pride. He accompanied her to Vancouver, B.C., when she sang Titania in the Western Hemisphere premiere of the operatic version of “A Midsummer Night’s Dream,” but couldn’t be friends when he married non-pro Ida Wagner in Sidney, Ohio. He combined his three-week honeymoon with business, interviewing William Holden in Stockholm, Tony Quinn in Rome and Gene Kelly in Paris, for his show . . . . Jimmy Mathers, brother of Leave It to Beaver star Jerry Mathers, TV-debuts this fall as Robert Sterling’s son in the new comedy series Ichabod And Me. George Chandler, former “Uncle Petrie” of the Lassie show, will be Ichabod.

The High Cost of Loving: Tuesday Weld and Richard Beymer, reported “in love” last year during filming of “High Time,” now say their romance is strictly for the cameras. But they are much too busy for more than oc-
Real-Life Fiction

Dear Editors:

I have been reading your magazine for a long time because I like to keep up with the TV personalities. I enjoy the daytime dramas very much, especially The Edge Of Night. I thought your readers might be interested to know that, here in Mississippi, we have a real town called Monticello and, up in the northern part of the state, there’s a real lawyer named Mike Karr. I hear his name on the local news quite often.

Vernice Shoemaker Stringer, Mississippi

Some Quickies

Could you please tell me if Tony Young is married? P.P., Two Harbors, Minn. Tony is a bachelor.

Please tell me when and where Doug McClure was born. J.W., Spencerport, N.Y. He was born on May 11, 1935, in Santa Monica, California.

Is Don Collier related to Bud Collyer? C.H., Belton, Texas They are not related.

How old is Anthony George? E.S., Fremont, Nebraska He is 36 years old.

Calling All Fans

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

Bobby Vee Fan Club, Sharon Oldenski, 4305 South Karlov, Chicago 32, Ill.
Jo Stafford and Paul Weston Fan Club, Mary Carol Johnson, 429 Rose Street, Jackson 3, Mississippi.
Gene Pitney Fan Club, Judy Toomey, 29 Cedar Ridge Road, Newington 11, Connecticut.
Robert Ivers Fan Club, Randy Randels, Box 2068, Hollywood 28, Calif.
Nancy Malone Fan Club, Judy Quintilian, 2334 Washington Ave., Bronx 58, N.Y.
Richard Boone Fan Club, Joyce King, 145-09 Neponsit Avenue, Rockaway Beach, New York.

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.

A Canadian Britisher

I’m writing this letter as a request for some information about Lloyd Bochner of Hong Kong.

J.D., New York, New York

Although he plays the part of a Britisher in ABC-TV’s Hong Kong, Lloyd Bochner is a native of Toronto, Canada. And he happened to become an actor because he hated to play the piano. It seems Lloyd’s parents wanted him to become a pianist. But, when he objected, they suggested he take acting lessons as a substitute. Willing to face anything rather than return to piano practice, Lloyd agreed. He was enrolled with the Josephine Barrington Juveniles at the age of ten. But it wasn’t until he had attended the University of Toronto and served in the Royal Canadian Navy for three years, that he decided to concentrate on acting. He subsequently appeared with the Canadian Stratford Shakespeare Festival company and on Canadian radio and TV. Oddly enough, Bochner married a concert pianist, Ruth Roher. They have three children—Paul, 10; Johanna, 7; and Hart, 4½. Lloyd’s favorite hobbies are painting, fishing and photography.

A Look at Leslie

Please tell me something about the actress Leslie Parrish.

B.L., Grand Rapids, Michigan

Pretty Leslie Parrish is just the opposite of Lloyd Bochner... she started out to be a concert pianist! The blonde, blue-eyed actress—who was raised in Upper Black Eddy, Pennsylvania—was only sixteen years old when she began giving piano lessons in order to continue her higher musical education. When she realized that she wasn’t making enough money to pay for this type of instruction, Leslie switched to modeling, and later became NBC’s Color Television Girl. From then on, it was a slow climb into small movie parts... In 1955, the attractive starlet decided she had had enough of the acting business. So she married actor-singer Ric Marlow and settled down to being a housewife. Her retirement lasted a year. She resumed her career and got the plum part of Daisy Mae in the movie “Li’l Abner.”... Since her success in that film, Leslie has appeared on numerous TV shows, including Perry Mason, 77 Sunset Strip and Bat Masterson. Although Leslie’s special enthusiasm is still music, she also likes to read, swim and play chess. She loves hats... conservative ones.
You are Eve...

the eternal woman, with a hundred faces to beguile and fascinate.
Which face do you wear this hour, Eve? Remember, your eyes hold the secret of your mood! Look into your mirror... are those the deepening, gleaming eyes of your Siren face? Will a raised brow announce the haughty Queen? Or will those silky lashes turn shyly down, inviting tenderness? Your eyes speak for you, Eve... so make the most of their subtle beauty... always!... with Maybelline.

For exquisitely expressive brows, Maybelline Self-Sharpener Eyebrow Pencil... for eyes that deepen and glow, Maybelline Iridescent Eye Shadow... a touch of scintillation with Maybelline Fluid Eye Liner... then lashes transformed, curled, colored and separated with the exciting Maybelline achievement, Magic Mascara with self-contained Spiral Brush.

Let Maybelline, the most prized eye cosmetics in the world, reveal all the hidden beauty of your eyes.

Maybelline

devoted exclusively to eye beauty

Maybelline Magic Mascara, Fluid Eye Liner, Iridescent Eye Shadow Stick, Self-Sharpener Eyebrow Pencil. each $1
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the eternal woman, with a hundred faces to beguile and fascinate.

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Let Maybelline, the most prized eye cosmetics in the world, reveal all the hidden beauty of your eyes.
Within a single week last spring, news was made by the impending divorces of Jimmie Rodgers and of Dick Clark. Behind the newsprint lies the heartbreaking story of

THE HIGH PRICE OF FAME

Dick Clark and his wife Barbara were high-school and college sweethearts before they were married in 1952.

Colleen's voice sounded mournful as a pale gray ghost when, from Hollywood, she acknowledged that she intended to divorce singer Jimmie Rodgers. "It's true. I've filed suit. It seemed the only thing to do."

From Philadelphia came similar unhappy news. Through a spokesman at WFIL, where the ABC-TV show American Bandstand originates, its master of ceremonies Dick Clark and his wife Barbara made a stiffly formal announcement: "It is with deep regret that we confirm the report of our impending divorce."

And from saddened friends and fans of both couples came the same question: "Why? What happened?" Of all show-business marriages, these had seemed the ones most likely to endure.

The Clarks, who married on June 28, 1952, appeared (Continued on page 78)
Jimmie Rodgers and his wife Colleen in loving pose, in days when no threat to their happiness seemed conceivable.
Imagination is the key word.
They're narrower, they're smaller.
They're global! Let's take a gander

by MARTIN COHEN

It was a private preview for the press. When the curtain at the Johnny Victor Theater lifted, there was an instant murmur. The women couldn't have been more fascinated if it had been the first showing of mink from the planet Venus. Men stared as though the exhibit of shapes-to-come included the future Bardot. On the stage were mock-up models of television and radio for the 1970s, incorporating the electronic miracles to be expected of our age.

"This is a new approach," said Tucker P. Madawick, head of the RCA Advance Design Center. "In the past, engineers have dictated the kind of sets you would have. They have told designers, 'Here's the equipment. Now you

Facing page: The color television and radio broadcasts of the world, bounced from satellites, will be within reach of this global set of the future. Illustrated map of the world features special pinpoint lights to indicate where show is coming from. Large TV screen is on reverse of 3-inch wide flip-over console. Tuning dials indicate time of day in all parts of the globe. At left: Smallest set of the future, a pocket-size color TV set, battery operated, which will combine with stereo radio. Designers hope to be able to market "miniature" at sufficiently low cost to make it a mass hit.
A BLUE-SKY LOOK AT THE TV SETS of 1970
build a box or piece of furniture around it.' But now designers are looking ahead. Anticipating electronic advances. Anticipating the public's need in the future. Designers are now saying to engineers, 'This is the kind of receiver the public will want in the 1970s. Let's see you come up with equipment to fit the design.'

And so... this is what the future holds for you:

Color television, not only in home receivers, but in hand-size sets you can carry in purse or pocket to a ball game or the dentist's office.

Picture screen so slim that the largest home set will be no more than five inches thick—and, ultimately, less than two inches.

Portability, for sets will be light and easily moved from room to room.

Versatility in function. Not only will your color TV receiver bring in broadcast programs, but it will serve as a baby-sitter in a (Continued on page 79)
Personalized color case on TV-radio combination unit which is planned for travel or for entertainment at beach parties or any pleasurable gathering. The size of an average book when closed, the set will have a clock timer for automatic tuning-in of either radio or color TV programs. Its hinged travel case and light weight will make it conveniently portable. As with all other sets shown, this one points the direction TV design will take in future but is not presently in manufacture and cannot be purchased.
Bob and Dorothy Jo (above) find they also enjoy the house they bought for a basset hound! At left—a few wriggling fractions of their canine collection.

At the Barker household, it's dogs' day every day, and the action is solid—just as the fun is fast on Truth Or Consequences!

by BILL KELSAY

It sounds like a gag from Truth Or Consequences: "Mr. Baker"—head dog in the home of that show's host—started out to be a cat! That is, when Dorothy Jo Barker went looking for a welcome-home present for husband Bob, she thought a cat would be nice because she had had cats for pets, off and on, for years. Bob was in Minneapolis on a (Continued on page 72)
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Bob Barker emcees Truth Or Consequences, as seen on NBC-TV, M-F, at 12 noon EDT.
New comedy series Margie will film at 20th Century-Fox for ABC-TV.
L. to R. below, the stars: Cynthia Pepper, Richard Gering, Penney Parker.
for FALL

Some new, some old, some special.
In a few weeks, we’ll all be ditching the sun glasses for a clear-eyed look at TV’s fall programing.
But let’s take a peek right now . . .

by BETTY ETTER

IT WON’T BE LONG NOW! With autumn just a flip of the calendar away, and baseball—which has kept many a home screen alight in summer—heading for its grand finale, the big new TV season is about to get under way. Beginning in September and early October, forty-odd new series will premiere on the networks, interspersed with even more old favorites—many of which are getting a re-styling job to give them added zip.
There will be specials, too, of course, with such top-flight stars as Sir Laurence Olivier,
of TV Shows for FALL

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There will be specials, too, of course, with such top-flight stars as Sir Laurence Olivier,
Judy Garland and, if all goes well, Marilyn Monroe. There'll be ballet, Leonard Bernstein, and maybe Elvis...a peek into the worlds of Bob Hope, Casey Stengel and Helen Keller...plus new hour-long dramas and new versions of such film classics as "Rebecca," done with big-name stars and no skimping on the budget.

But unlike previous years, the specials will be so scheduled as to interfere as little as possible with weekly series. Network brass has learned that audiences take a dim view of having their favorite show canceled in favor of another program, no matter how bright and shiny it may be.

In the week-to-week department, the season ought to be fun. At any rate, more comedies have been scheduled than have been around since the...
palmiest days of I Love Lucy—thirteen new ones, to be exact, plus sixteen that kept viewers chuckling last season.

Good news to millions is the word that Steve Allen, missing last season, will be back for an hour each week with his own special brand of comedy-variety show on which, in addition to new talent, members of his old gang are bound to pop up from time to time. Now living in California, Steve will do most of his shows live from there, but plans to originate several from New York and others, occasionally, from college campuses around the country.

Bob Cummings, another long-time favorite, will be back again, too—as a high-living, free-

From the Hanna-Barbera studio—which introduced the successful Flintstones—comes Top Cat, a brash big-city mouser with voice by actor Arnold Stang. Above, with Officer Dibble (voiced by Allen Jenkins).

Based on the famous play by William Inge, which was later made into a movie starring Marilyn Monroe, Bus Stop will now move onto the TV screen as an hour-long weekly series. Above are Marilyn Maxwell and Rhodes Reason, who co-star.

In scene from NBC-TV's Dr. Kildare: Richard Chamberlain, in the title role of the series, and veteran Raymond Massey, who plays Dr. Gillespie. Show is based on famous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer movie series.
Judy Garland and, if all goes well, Marilyn Monroe. There'll be ballet, Leonard Bernstein, and maybe Elvis ... a peek into the worlds of Bob Hope, Casey Stengel and Helen Keller. ... plus new hour-long dramas and new versions of such film classics as "Rebecca," done with big-name stars and no skimping on the budget.

But unlike previous years, the specials will be so scheduled as to interfere as little as possible with weekly series. Network brass has learned that audiences take a dim view of having their favorite show canceled in favor of another program, no matter how bright and shiny it may be.

In the week-to-week department, the season ought to be fun. At any rate, more comedies have been scheduled than have been around since the palmiest days of I Love Lucy—thirteen new ones, to be exact, plus sixteen that kept viewers chuckling last season.

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(Continued on page 70)

Activities of the Metropolitan Squad of Los Angeles Police Department form background for new hour-long series The New Breed. Shown above—left to right—are squad members Leslie Nielsen, Greg Roman, Glen Kramer. Seated, front, John Clarke.

New animated cartoon series, Calvin and The Colonel, features Calvin (a bear), The Colonel (a fox) and other animal friends. Title characters will use well-known voices of Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll, radio's famous Amos 'n' Andy.

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(Continued)
For the "Inka Dinka Do" expert, the 1960s bring a happy marriage and a new cohort in singer-comedian Sonny King. And, needless to say, the inspired nonsense that makes Durante unique goes on . . . and on . . . and on . . .
Durante:

THE NEW GROOM TAKES ON A NEW SIDEKICK

by KATHLEEN POST

Asked about the “new Durante,” the Great Schnozzola is likely to wag his balding head and wheeze hoarsely, “I’m mortified—how kin they be a new Durante when they never was no old Durante?” Of course, this is not entirely true. The world of James Francis Durante is not quite what it was, years ago. Some of the familiar faces are gone and there are a couple of new ones—most particularly, singer-comedian Sonny King, who has been working with Jimmy regularly in his night-club appearances. Some of the ragtime tunes have given way to modern brands of jazz. Some of the old jokes have taken on a gussied-up look, as befits the high-speed age we live in.

But, by and large, the world of Jimmy Durante is a wise, wacky, kindly never-never land where the big nose is a badge of honor, “Umbriago” is actually some thing or some place, and the motto of the characters boils down to: “Let’s not start a nargument . . .” This motto is a hangover from the old days. It dates (Continued on page 75)

The Jimmy Durante Show, NBC-TV, Wednesday, August 9, from 10 to 11 P.M. EDT—guest-starring both Bob Hope and Garry Moore—is sponsored by the U. S. Brewers Association.
You asked for it. And here it is. The behind-the-scenes story of on

Carol Irwin, producer of this serial drama.

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE
our favorite daytime dramas

by
FRANCES KISH

DR. JERRY MALONE
(William Prince)

TRACEY MALONE
(Augusta Dabney)

JILL MALONE
(Freda Halloway)

DR. DAVID MALONE
(John Connell)

GIG HOUSEMAN
(Diana Hyland)

DR. STEFAN KODA
(Michael Ingram)

FAYE BANNISTER KODA
(Chase Crosley)

LISHA STEELE KODA
(Susan Hallaran)

CLARE BANNISTER
(lesley woods)

DR. TED POWELL
(Peter Brandon)

CHRISTABEL FISHER
(Betty Sinclair)

DEIRDRE BANNISTER
(Elisabeth St. Clair)

LARRY RENFREW
(Richard Van Patten)

Wether or not they have ever been there themselves, most people are fascinated by hospitals and by medical procedures. Above all, they’re intrigued by the men and women who give a large portion of their lives to the healing arts. However, NBC-TV’s Young Doctor Malone is much more than just a story about doctors and nurses and the place in which they work. These medical people have families, friends and neighbors. So have their patients. There is a whole community of men, women and children to draw upon, and no limit to the dramatic elements which can be used.

Carol Irwin, producer of the daytime serial drama, points up this fact when she says, “We believe that the problems we present are universal. In a hospital, there is drama (Continued on page 59)

Young Doctor Malone is seen over NBC-TV, Monday through Friday, from 3 to 3:30 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.
You asked for it. And here it is. The behind-the-scenes story of one of your favorite daytime dramas

by
FRANCES KISH

Carol Irwin, producer of this serial drama.

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE

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Carol Irwin, producer of the daytime serial drama, points up this fact when she says, "We believe that the problems we present are universal. In a hospital, there is drama (Continued on page 59)"
Athlete and actor, Scott Miller adds a new face to NBC's durable Western. Watch the feminine viewership zoom!

by FREDDA BALLING

Scott Miller—six-feet-four and 212 pounds, blue-eyed and tousle-haired—made his TV debut one evening last April in "The Duke Shannon Story" on Wagon Train. According to the script, Duke Shannon was a ready-fisted buckaroo of impressive anatomy and great charm, and his only emotional tie was an aged grandpa, who expired at the end of the story, thus making it possible for Duke to stay on with the wagon train. As Shannon, Scott managed the rough stuff with authentic resourcefulness and vigor. But, after a week spent on horseback, he developed a private theory about the historical fracas at Little Big Horn. Custer's cavalry, he decided, were too stiff to put up much of a battle! It's not that Scott is particularly (Continued on page 74)
Rides with Wagon Train
Debbie Drake demonstrates how exercise can be a passport to good looks and good health.

by
JUNE CLARK

Debbie Drake, pert, pretty and beautifully proportioned young star of The Debbie Drake Show—nationally syndicated TV exercise program—believes that "anyone can do anything, if they're intense enough, enthusiastic and willing to work hard." Soft-spoken Debbie has enthusiasm as boundless as her home state of Texas, a bubbly excitement for the world and for people—especially for helping people to look, and live, better. A shy little child, sensitive about her thinness, Debbie decided in her teens to do something about her figure. She was so successful with her exercising regime that thousands have been inspired by the example set by this vibrant and happy girl.

Swinging waistline: Bend and touch toes with left hand; straighten, and touch with right.

Debbie advises a stretching session to limber up: Reach high with right arm, twist slightly, keeping left leg back.

To firm tummy and thighs: Kneel; bend other leg, point toe, bring knee forward, up to tummy, then straight back.

To shape hips, tighten tummy: Lie face down; alternating legs, point toe and slowly raise leg, then lower.
Bend left leg till knee touches floor, repeat with right leg and knee. Keeps thighs shapely.

For svelte thighs and a glowing complexion: Swing legs left and then right, in a scissor-like motion.

For bosom: Grasp two tin cans; elbows stiff, thrust arms back to ribs, then bring forward to center.

This takes practice: Hook knees over chair and slowly lean backward; repeat bosom exercise as above, working arms slowly back and forth.

Tried-and-true test: Touch toes, then floor—first with one hand and then the other. Keep knees straight.

Hips a little padded? Derriere a bit saggy? Lunge on left foot (above) and stretch right leg back—touch knees and "walk"!

Arm build-up: Grasping cans, thrust arms back, then bend elbows toward center 10 times. To reduce arms, do it 25 times.
Robin Hood had his fearless do-or-die followers. Odin, the Norse god, was trailed by a bevy of adoring Valkyries who made the erstwhile Brooklyn Dodger fans look like Maypole dancers. Nor were King Arthur’s henchmen slouches, when it came to rah-rahing his goings-on at Camelot. But these fabled fans turn into mere ventriloquist dummies, compared with the present-day army of free-ticket holders who sport the buttons, badges and banners of such TV luminaries as Jack Paar, Perry Como, Frank Sinatra, Dick Clark, et al.

Broadcast fans gallop from program to program from sunup to midnight. This shouldn’t lead one to believe they are infatuated with every host or emcee. Perish the thought! These are largely platonic affairs with habitual ticket-holders. Their real embraces are primarily reserved for one panjandrum, one huge, electronically conceived deity.
Miss Lillian Dorothy Miller, the foremost disciple of Jack Paar
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Nov. '58: Miss Miller posing with favorite pin-up, on grand tour of Hollywood. 'Way back in Nov. '49: Helping Ralph Edwards and George Jessel celebrate a T. Or C. anniversary!

A fan infatuated with Paar, for example, wants no truck with other performers, save in a passive manner. And clinical research also reveals that not all performers are lucky enough to be tapped for membership in the Torn-Off-Button Fraternity.

Thoroughly marinated in the juices of adulation is Jack Paar. His foremost disciple is Lillian Dorothy Miller, a bachelor girl of sixty-four who makes her home in a small and solitary room of the Hotel Holland, on New York's West Forty-Second Street, a ribbon-mike's throw from Times Square. Miss Miller's rapprochement with Jack Paar knows no latitudes and longitudes. It is as high as the moon and as balmy as June.

Miss Miller is indubitably entitled to wear the crown of "Queen of the Studio Fans." Nor would Sadie Hertz, who carried the title in the early days of radio, dare to wrest it from her. Miss Miller, the record will show, is today's major maharance of the megacycles. Studio fans decided she was entitled to a sultana's salaam when they learned that Paar, impressed with her attendance record in New York, had decided to take her along with his cast on a three-week engagement in Hollywood. This was indeed a celestial gift—a fair reward for constant burning of incense to a hallowed figure—and her stock zoomed astronomically after her trip to the Coast as a member of Paar's entourage.

Miss Miller, who was a Government clerktypist before retiring, didn't spring full-blown to this regal circle. She didn't merely sally forth, one spring day, and say to herself that she would like to be Queen of Studio 6B. No, it wasn't quite that simple. There were ructions, frustrations and internecine feuds. But the arduous apprenticeship leading to royalty has been repaid seven-fold, she recently indicated to a friend.

She reached Nirvana one night—after many months of steady attendance at Paar's show—when Jack paused in his routine and asked that the television cameras be turned on the bespectacled Miss Miller. "Every night, you are here in the studio. Why do you come so often?" he asked softly. "Because I'm lonely and it beats an empty room," Miss Miller said, with the impact of a Hemingway or a Faulkner knocking off a lyric (Continued on page 65)
She began with radio quizzes—then on to TV! Here she is, at Masquerade Party, with Jayne and Audrey Meadows, Sam Levenson.
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Phil Rizzuto is a classic example of the little guy who just wouldn’t quit. When he was a youngster breaking into professional baseball, minor league managers—skeptical of his diminutive size, five-feet-six—never dreamed that he would go on to play sixteen years (three years in military service) with the New York Yankees and become one of the game’s outstanding stars. Later, when his playing days were over and he joined the Yankee broadcasting team of Mel Allen and Red Barber, many who heard him were convinced he would never make it as an announcer. Phil himself admits that he’s grateful he wasn’t scored for errors during his initial broadcasts!

But little Phil—or “Scooter,” as he was affectionately called by baseball fans throughout the country—did make it. Today, he is an accomplished radio and television personality, taking turns with Allen and Barber for the play-by-play of the Yankee games and conducting his own six-nights-weekly sports commentary on the CBS Radio network.

“I was ready (Continued on page 68)
press box. Here's a report on how he likes the switch.

The six lively Rizzutas in a rare moment of suspended animation at their home in Hillside, New Jersey; Phil and his fair-haired wife, Cara; Patty, 17; Cindy, 14; Penny, 11; and Phil Jr., 5.

It's "Little Scooter," of course. Phil Jr. loves the game, says his dad—"yes, sir, he's going to be a ball player!"

His girls get good golf tips from dad—but trophies on his wall salute one of baseball's "all-time great" shortstops.
Ex-Yankee Phil Rizzuto has moved from the diamond to the press box. Here's a report on how he likes the switch.

Scooter Calls the Plays

by JIM MORSE

Phil Rizzuto is a classic example of the little guy who just wouldn't quit. When he was a youngster breaking into professional baseball, minor league managers—skeptical of his diminutive size, five-feet-six—never dreamed that he would go on to play sixteen years (three years in military service) with the New York Yankees and become one of the game's outstanding stars. Later, when his playing days were over and he joined the Yankee broadcasting team of Mel Allen and Red Barber, many who heard him were convinced he would never make it as an announcer. Phil himself admits that he's grateful he wasn't scored for errors during his initial broadcast!

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"I was ready (Continued on page 68)"

Title of "Radio Father of the Year" fits like a mitt. Phil chase broadcasting to be with his family, has own show on CBS Radio.

His girls get good golf tips from dad—but trophies on his wall salute one of baseball's "all-time great" shortstops.

Phil might have become a baseball manager. But he's happier at the mike with Red Barber (center) and Mel Allen (right), covering Yankee games on radio and TV.

The six lively Rizzutos in a rare moment of suspended animation at their home in Hillside, New Jersey: Phil and his fair-haired wife, Cora; Patty, 17; Cindy, 14; Penny, 11; and Phil Jr., 5.
A bowling evening out for Denver and friends yields a full score of fun, frenzy and falls!

Bob Denver Rolls With His Beard

- A few weeks ago, Carolina Lanes, opposite Los Angeles International Airport, was the scene for some hilarious action. The participants? Bob Denver (Maynard The Beard, of Dobie Gillis fame) and his attractive wife Maggie, Sheila James (who plays Zelda) and Stephen Franken (who plays Chatsworth Osborne Jr.). Also along for the fun were two personal friends of the Denvers, Ronnie and Carol Littman. Carol is an ex-actress and her husband is an insurance broker. The six eager tyros were first invited to visit behind the scenes for a "pin's-eye-view" of the AMF Pinspotters with the hope that this would improve their games. It didn't. Bob tried a couple of shots in which he attempted to "roll with his beard," but found this didn't work and discovered that he had a glass chin, too! The whole gang ended up bowling the conventional way, with Sheila James chalking up the winning score. Everybody had a ball!

Dobie Gillis is seen on CBS-TV, Tues., 8:30 P.M. EDT, for Marlboro Cigarettes and Pillsbury Mills.
Happy group arriving at Carolina Lanes (above, left to right) Ronnie Littman, Stephen Franken, Carol Littman, Maggie and Bob Denver, with Sheila James seated in car. After a "pin's-eye-view" of the alley, and a Denver conference on scoring, the game began, with the loving Littmans as audience. Bob Denver was given a trophy for rolling the most channel balls!
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The Man Who Looks

Say hello to Frank Gorshin.

Then don't turn your back for an instant! When next you look, he may be making like Karloff or Como

by PETER J. LEVINSON

The scene was Las Vegas, early this year. The occasion: Bobby Darin’s hit show at the Flamingo Hotel. The surprise: A young man named Frank Gorshin who took the stage before Darin’s own performance. Few recognized the name. Some recognized the face—perhaps from a minor but hilarious role with Judy Holliday in the film version of “Bells Are Ringing.”

There was much more to recognize, in the next twenty-five minutes, as Gorshin held the audience spellbound with his mimicry. On stage, in the person of one small blond, were the looks, the voices and the mannerisms of a dozen vastly different personalities: Boris Karloff, Perry Como, Broderick Crawford, Steve McQueen, Burt Lancaster, Dean Martin, Robert Mitchum, Jeff Chandler, Kirk Douglas, Al Jolson, Richard Widmark, James Cagney! (Continued on page 71)
The Man Who Looks Like EVERYONE

Say hello to Frank Gorshin.
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The acting Corcorans in a rare moment of:

When it comes to talent in a big package, there is simply nothing to compare with the Corcorans—Hollywood's actingest family!
MANAGING a family of eight children is no snap under any circumstances. But when seven of the eight are movie and TV performers, the problems multiply—to put it mildly. Cheerfully facing the day-to-day management of such a brood is Mrs. Kathleen Corcoran, who handles contact work and chauffeuring duties for: Bill, 21; Donna, 19; Noreen, 17; Hugh, 13; Kevin, 11; Brian, 9; Kerry, 8; Kelly, 2¹⁄₂. As her best working assistant, she has oldest son Bill, who started in movies but gave it up to take his college degree from San Fernando Valley State College. The rest of the children are all actively working for major Hollywood Studios. Donna, the oldest daughter, started acting at eight for MGM and was seen last season on TV’s The Asphalt Jungle. Noreen is featured with John Forsythe on Bachelor Father, now moving into its fifth season. Hugh has numerous dramatic credits with major TV series and appeared in “The Bridge,” which won a Cannes Film Festival award. Kevin and Brian are under contract to Disney, and Kerry has also worked in Disney films. Kelly—just starting—guested on Bachelor Father with sister Noreen. That’s a lot of success under one roof!

Continued
Energetic mother Kathleen Corcoran, widow of Bill Corcoran who was MGM guard, with her two youngest children.

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With seven actor-students in the family, one must help the other. Noreen tutors sister Kerry.

Helping Noreen in nightly roll-up-the-curls routine is elder sister Donna.

Family fun is shared, as well as family chores. Here Kelly, the "baby," beats the bongos, Bill plays guitar. Audience: Kerry, Donna, Noreen.
Family conferences often take place in the kitchen over soft drinks or milk. Food shopping is usually done once a week in volume. A typical list: 10 loaves bread; 5 lbs. butter, 25 lbs. meat, etc.

Donna plays piano for family song-fest with Kevin, Brian and Kerry (left to right) singing up a storm.

Man mows lawn. Hugh, Noreen, Donna help.
With seven actor-students in the family, one must help the other. Noreen tutors sister Kerry.

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THE BIG
B-I-G
CORCORAN CLAN
(Continued)

Family fun is shared, as well as family chores. Here Kelly, the "baby," beats the bongos, Bill plays guitar. Audience: Kerry, Donna, Noreen.

Bill, mother's friend, mows lawn. Hugh, Noreen, Donna help.

Donna plays piano for family song-fest with Kevin, Brian and Kerry (left to right) singing up a storm.
Monitor's Sunday March

Hal March, that is.
The radio host with the most

by DENA REED

It's a seven-day work week for Hal March, now that he's taken on the hosting chores for NBC Radio's Monitor on Sundays from 3 to 6 P.M. EDT. But, for Monitor, Hal's more than glad to do it. "With its pick-ups from abroad, its interviews and scoops on the news," he says, "it has an immediacy about it which makes it tremendously interesting. We were the first to announce there would be a meeting between Kennedy and Khrushchev—you have to respect that kind of show! I have a radio with me, wherever I am, and I always listen to the talk shows. I like working in radio," he adds, "because it was one of my first loves, and I find it a challenge to create an impression with (Continued on page 64)

Monitor '61, NBC Radio's weekend service, is heard Sat., from 9 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. EDT; Sun., from 3 to 10 P.M.

On Broadway, the star's a bachelor—in the comedy hit, "Come Blow Your Horn." At home in Scarsdale, N.Y., there's a lovely wife and four children—with another expected! Pictured on these pages are: Steve, 8; Missy, 6; Pete, 4; Jeffrey, half-past-one.

For Hal and his wife Candy, this is "the dream home." Indoors, they've furnished it with elegance and love. Outdoors, they've filled the spacious acres with fun and games and barbecues for the kids—and also for Hal's mother, as seen in center, below.
You may remember Helen O'Connell best for the haunting rhythms of her records—back in the '40s, her version of "Green Eyes" sold more than three million copies! You may recall her as the dazzling, dimpled blonde spotlighted with Jimmy Dorsey's band at some big hotel or club—if you didn't get there in person, you were probably listening on radio. Or perhaps you remember Helen from more recent appearances on TV's Today—she played "straight (Continued on page 61)
Helen's home has been in California for years, but new TV assignment is her first chance to "stay put" with her four daughters. The three seen with her here: Joanie (above, left), blonde Jennie and little Helen (far right).
Many spend their lives running after it. Some win. Some lose. But they all have to start somewhere. This is a definition of that starting point in

THE RACE FOR STARDOM

"Discovered" by letter to NBC, Annette Cash joined Hugh Downs on Concentration.

Heard in a New York club, Diana Trask went TV on Sing Along With Mitch.

Tested in N.Y., Bruce Yarnell stars in Outlaws!
Many a career starts with a talent or beauty contest—as at New Jersey's Palisades Amusement Park (below), where girls don't compete in swim suits but in party dresses (see Leslie Bonnell, 17, on opposite page).

As "Miss American Teen-Ager" of 1960, Leslie—from Valley Stream, N.Y.—received both trophy and $500 from Irving Rosenthal, prexy of Palisades Park.

by GREGORY MERWIN

A BROADWAY SAGE estimates that, every morning, a thousand Americans jump out of bed, scrub their teeth, study the mirror—and decide they should be in show business. Of these, some thirty will make the trek to New York or Hollywood. By year's end, two will still be in the race for stardom. "It's a rat race," the same sage tells a young hopeful. "Go back to Peoria. It's a hopeless business, show business. It's practically impossible to become a star."

Impossible? What about Elvis Presley, Connie Francis, Fabian, Adam Wade, Tuesday Weld, Troy Donahue, Connie Stevens, Brenda Lee, Leslie Uggams—to mention just a few of the young
people who rate so high in show business today? Network TV, local TV, night clubs, records, stage and screen—all are hungry for fresh talent.

Where do you get an audition? How experienced must you be? Do you have to go to Hollywood or New York?

First, there are the talent and beauty contests. On any one day, there are hundreds throughout the country—the amateur show at the local theater, the search for a high-school deejay or the queen of the community picnic. Each is an opportunity for recognition.

This fall, for the second time, a young girl will be selected Miss American Teen-Ager. Last year, at Palisades Amusement Park in New Jersey, 15,000 girls turned up. They were judged on beauty—but in prom gowns, not bathing suits. And they were rated on personality, charm and social dancing ability. If you live in Pennsylvania, Connecticut, New York or New Jersey, you can have an entry blank and instructions by writing Palisades Amusement Park, Palisades, N. J.

There's a new and novel contest for actors and actresses, too. Warner Bros., along with Fairchild Camera and Instrument Corporation, is conducting a nationwide talent search. It is frankly a promotional stunt, but it is one talent contest where you need go no further than your local camera supply store to pick up instructions and rent a camera to make your own “screen test.”

How do you get a chance at TV? Simple. You write to the casting offices of the big networks, in either New York City or Hollywood.

Will they encourage you to come and audition? Bob Martin, of CBS, New York, says: “If someone writes me who lives in New York City or vicinity, it is one thing. But, when we answer a letter from out of town, we try to discourage the writer from coming to New York. We suggest that they come up to audition only if they are in town on other business.” And Rick Kelly, who heads up NBC's casting office, says: “In effect, we write the same letter—although anyone who wants an audition can have one.”

The networks cannot take on the legal or moral responsibility of encouraging a correspondent to come to New York for an audition. But, once you get there, they will guarantee you get a chance to perform. CBS auditions about 2,000 new people every year. Most are actors, but some are singers, dancers, variety performers.

And these are the hard facts: Out of the 2,000 who audition, some sixty get a job. Martin estimates that one out of a hundred may get some work within two or three weeks, and two others may be called back within the year.

In August of 1959, NBC announced the initiation of a talent discovery and development program that is still in operation. Director of the program is David W. Tebet, Vice-President, Talent Relations. Since the program began, about two thousand people have been auditioned—models, actors, singers, dancers. Says Rick Kelly, head of the casting office: “People ask me what I'm looking for. I want to say, I don't know, but you come in and do for me whatever you do. We will see anyone, an accordionist or singer or juggler.”

Just as at CBS, an audition can be set up at NBC with a letter, if the writer indicates serious intent. Credits and experience are studied—but they may be hometown experience, or work in a little-theater group or small clubs.

In the past year, NBC has signed three new talents to a contract: Bruce Yarnell, Diana Trask and Annette Cash. Of the three, Yarnell came through the system of auditions.

Bruce Yarnell, handsome, six-five, was a singer with a legitimate voice who had sung opera and musical comedy. When NBC put him under contract, he was without a job. He didn't go on TV immediately, but has been on Broadway. And, this fall, he becomes a co-star on NBC-TV's hour-long series, Outlaws!

Not all the talent “finds” at NBC come through studio auditions. Tebet and Kelly spend time at little theaters off-Broadway and at clubs, looking and listening. Tebet caught Diana Trask singing at The Living Room. Now under contract to NBC, Diana will be a regular feature on Sing Along With Mitch, this coming season.

Annette Cash was discovered through a personal meeting arranged through a mutual friend. “Annette is a beauty,” Tebet says, “and was a young but very successful model from Dallas when I met her. She had no acting experience. Rick and I gave her something very difficult. With no direction and with no coaching, we gave her a script and put her on a bare stage. This kid came through like Gang Busters.” Annette is being sent to a dramatic teacher, has appeared as a “girl-of-the-week” on Today, and with Hugh Downs on the nighttime edition of Concentration.

“We also maintain interest in those who don't reach the contract level,” Tebet says. “Small parts come up, where we can get a youngster started. We have been getting a lot of girls work on The Price Is Right. Just recently, the Paar show discontinued auditions because they felt they were duplicating our work. Now, when we see someone we think they will be interested in, we pick up the phone.”

A man who has met as much new talent as any other living person, Ted Mack of The Original Amateur Hour, comments on the same subject: “I spend a good bit of my time trying to give people a break out of show business. With the very young ones, I try to talk them into considering music—or whatever—as an avocation, not a career. Generally, I try to discourage. Then, if they have the necessary drive and the rest of it, they'll say, 'Ted Mack is a jerk'—and go ahead, anyway.”

After more than a quarter-century, Amateur Hour still remains one of the prime showcases. To audition for this one, write: Original Amateur Hour, Box 191, Radio City Station, New York, N. Y. Auditioning crews travel around the country and it's likely, if you are patient, that you can be heard in the vicinity of your hometown.

Sometimes very exciting talents get passed over in auditions. Connie Francis appeared on the radio version of Original Amateur Hour, but flunked out on the television audition, and was very disappointed. Connie's luck was in meeting her manager, George Scheck—who, for eight-and-a-half years, was a TV show called Startime. Bobby Rydell and Bobby Darin also worked for him on Startime, and Scheck is highly qualified to comment on the market for young singers.

"It's wide-open," he says, "and we're no longer restricted to rock 'n' roll. Recording companies are interested in a variety of sounds, and the clubs are open to the youngsters. Again, experience and training aren't so important."

Scheck points out that ninety-five percent of the recording companies are in New York City. "Unfortunately for the singer, there is no substitute for coming to New York to audition. Demonstration records don't work. They come in by the hundreds and seldom get attention."

Scheck recalls that Darin walked into his office and introduced himself. Scheck's newest singer, Howie Tremkin, a sixteen-year-old, is another who walked in. Adam Wade, Dion and a number of others are among those who started on the top floor of New York's Brill Building and knocked on doors until they found someone who listened and liked.

And there it is—for singers, actors, comedians, any kind of a performer. Experience and recognition are to be had, wherever you are. But opportunity for stardom lies in New York or Hollywood, ultimately or immediately. No one can, or should, encourage you to move. The decision must be a lonely one. There are those who will try once, twice or three times, and quit. And there are those who will undergo trial by fire, over and over—and still don't make it.

As Ted Mack says, "Someone, an honest person, should talk about the horrible quality of show business. It can kill the spirit of an ordinary man. But, luckily, some rugged souls ignore it and become stars."
As a small boy growing up in Springfield, Illinois, Bob Kay never had any doubts about what he wanted to be when he grew up. Even then, he knew that a broadcasting career was his goal in life. He had his own makebelieve radio station. It consisted of a wind-up phonograph and old Victor records. Bob would play the records, make announcements, and read commercials from ads in magazines. When Bob was seventeen, a neighbor heard him announcing at a high-school assembly. She knew an announcer at the local radio station and arranged an audition for Bob. The result was a part-time job. After only three years, he had become chief announcer and also program director. . . . Today, Bob's show Mostly Music is heard over WAVE in Louisville, Kentucky, from 8 to 11 A.M. and 1 to 3 P.M. daily. He also does news and weather on both WAVE Radio and WAVE-TV. . . . A bachelor, Bob lives in a suburban six-room brick house with his small black dog "Nifty." Bob may not remain a bachelor very much longer, however. Not long ago, he mentioned on the air that rain was threatening—and he had some clothes out on the line. A listener (and obviously a much-admiring fan) went to his house, took down the clothes and folded them neatly in a basket. When Bob got home that night, he found the basket with a note on top: . . . it contained a proposal of marriage!
Multi-Voiced HUMORIST

Dave makes his own puppets (of wood, rubber and plaster of Paris); gives them frequent touch-ups.

That's how Dave Lee is known in the Minneapolis—St. Paul viewing area. But he's also puppeteer, emcee and producer for WTCN-TV.

A fresh and original talent is versatile Dave Lee, who has won kudos in the fields of television and radio for both children's and news shows. Lee is master of ceremonies, puppeteer, multi-voiced humorist, producer and what-have-you of Popeye 'N' Pete With Dave Lee, seen Monday through Friday, at 4 P.M., on WTCN-TV in the Minneapolis—St. Paul Twin Cities area. . . . Dave's popularity with those final judges, the kids, is established without doubt by the six-month waiting list for admission to his show! Within a week after the start of Dave's series (in April of this year), WTCN found it necessary to institute an "admission by ticket only" policy, with an iron-willed assistant in charge of doling out the ducats to Cub Scout den mothers, teachers, and harassed parents. Also, more than 10,000 children belong to his TV club . . . . Lee's co-stars on the show include not only the well-known, spinach-eating sailor (who appears in filmed cartoon adventures) and "Pete the Penguin," but also a long list of fascinating personalities such as "Elf Sargeant Littlejohn," "Fragrant the Skunk," "Omar the Alligator" and "Lionel Longhair" (a dog). As practically everybody knows, the co-stars are hand puppets for which Lee supplies the motion and the voice. . . . A native of Milwaukee, Lee attended the University of Wisconsin.
Mom Peg and dad Dave are temporarily forgotten as tiny Heather discovers several "playmates" more her size.

at Milwaukee, Butler University in Indianapolis, and Purdue University Extension in Fort Wayne. He gained early experience as a reporter on weekly newspapers, then moved into a career which has included advertising, promotion and broadcasting. His television credits also include top news and children's programs in Indianapolis, Indiana, and Tampa, Florida. . . . Wife Peggy and daughter Heather are daily fans of the Lee television efforts, and professional critics, as well—Peggy from several years of on-camera work herself, both with Dave and with commercial announcing, and Heather as an expert on the antics of her favorite puppet animals!
When Walt Kavanagh was no older than his oldest daughter is now, he learned that the most important thing he could do was to listen while others, more informed than he, were speaking. Today, the most important thing he can do is to speak so that others, less informed than he, can learn. Speak he does—and the greatest radio audience which assembles for any one Omaha broadcaster, listens. For Walt Kavanagh, news director, is also featured newscaster for Radio KFAB. He is on early in the morning. He broadcasts again at noon, and at 5:30 in the afternoon. In between, he’s gathering and preparing news for broadcast, covering important events, conducting interviews and supervising the activities of a five-man staff, three mobile units, and the unique Editorial Voice of the station. . . . Says Walt Kavanagh, "Our job is to tell the news as quickly, as interestingly, and as accurately as possible. Where feasible, we have a reporter on the scene—for example, our police reporter broadcasts direct from the press room in police headquarters. Our mobile units chase fires, fugitives, and accidents. We cover elections from where the ballots are counted. On-the-spot-as-it-happens coverage is radio news’ big advantage." . . . Walt’s entire journalism career has been in radio news. He trained for it in college, then almost missed getting into broadcasting. "If it hadn’t been for an enterprising radio-station manager, I would be in public relations now," he says. Actually, Walt had completed three years of college journalism at Creighton University without any training or thought of training for broadcast news. It wasn’t until his fourth year —after time out for military service—that he was encouraged (by a speech professor) to apply his news training to broadcasting. Walt graduated in 1947. "But 1947 was a tough year to break into radio," he remembers. "I auditioned for three months, all over the Midwest, but there were no openings. An attractive public relations job had been offered, and I had to make up my mind. I decided, on a Friday, if no radio offer came by Monday, I’d take the p.r. job and forget about radio. But that Friday night, I received a telegram from KFJB in Marshalltown, Iowa, asking if I were interested in working there. I drove out the next day, auditioned, and was hired. The funny thing was that I had never applied in Marshalltown! The manager of KFJB had gotten my name from checking with some stations in Des Moines, where I had applied. . . . After gaining two-and-a-half years’ newsman experience in Marshalltown. Walt came back to Omaha, via a news job at a sunrise-
Walt and his children—Mary Joann, 8; Kathleen, 10; and Walter, 5—enjoy antics of "Prince" (at left) and a quiet discussion period with Mrs. Kavanagh (below).

Walt and his children—Mary Joann, 8; Kathleen, 10; and Walter, 5—enjoy antics of "Prince" (at left) and a quiet discussion period with Mrs. Kavanagh (below).

Walt Kavanagh, 57, to-sunset station. Two years later—in 1952—he joined the news staff of KFAB. In 1957, he took over as news director. . . The biggest problem Walt has had to overcome was adjusting his family life to his working schedule. He uses two alarm clocks—and an all-out exercise of what he calls "somnambulistic will power"—to get up and out of bed by 4:30 A.M., in order to reach the newsroom in time to be on the air at 6 A.M. "It was pretty hectic, when it first started. But, by now, my wife and three children are used to my stumbling around in the pre-dawn darkness." The Kavanaghs live in a suburban Cape Cod-style home. Because of his long working day, Walt works a split shift, commuting two or three times a day from his home to the office. "It gets pretty rugged, especially in bad weather, but that's the news business," says Walt. And news is the business of Walt Kavanagh.
What are foreign newspapers saying

... or not saying ... and why? A WBKB-TV panel tries to provide the answers

PRESS INTERNATIONALE

Pre-telecast talk—l. to r.—newspaper writer Nicholas Shuman, editor George Kittnar, show host Bob Lewandowski, moderator Richard Applegate, editor Richard Sperber, newspaper writer Guy Lansillotti.

Press Internationale, the public affairs series which premiered on WBKB-TV, Chicago, last spring, proves that there really is something new under the sun, after all. Originated by program host Bob Lewandowski, moderated by veteran newsman and correspondent Richard Applegate, the series reports how news from the United States is interpreted in the foreign press all over the world. Thus—for the first time—the American public, or that segment of it viewing Press Internationale, can get an inside view of what the world thinks about major United States events. ... Guests on the show include active journalists presently employed by foreign-language newspapers, and others who may, because of specialized journalistic background, offer insight into news developments in foreign lands. A typical group visiting the show last spring included Nicholas Shuman, staff writer for Chicago Daily News and a specialist on Russian affairs; George Kittnar, editor of Chicago’s “Denni Hlasatel,” who reported on Czech press; Richard E. Sperber, of Chicago's “Abendpost,” covering Austrian and East German press. ... To keep the show moving briskly is Richard Applegate, a newsman since 1934 but a foreign correspondent for United Press for the past fifteen years. Applegate's wide experience includes Navy service in World War II, and extensive foreign reporting after the war in the Far East. He learned about the Chinese Communists the hard way, when he was captured by the Chinese Reds and imprisoned for seven-and-a-half months in solitary confinement. ... Comments about the show have been received from many admiring viewers, including James R. Taylor, who is Director of Television at DePaul University. He wrote: "About the best compliment that we can pay you is that we wish The University Broadcasting Association had thought of the idea first.”
Young Doctor Malone

(Continued from page 27)

and suspense, love and devotion, as well as bitter individual conflicts. Sometimes romance and laughter, to set off the grief and despair. The entire gamut of the deepest human emotions is part of the story. Not all of this takes place in the hospital itself. It carries over into the entire community.”

Having half an hour a day, five times a week, to tell the story is in itself a fascinating opportunity, Carol Irwin believes. It gives everyone the chance to expose character in depth, and character relationships and conflicts. “We have time to explore, develop and resolve situations to a degree impossible in any other form of television, and yet each day’s story moves at a rapid pace and the characters are sharply etched.

“We women loved the old daytime radio serials,” says Mrs. Irwin, “but these introduced a character and followed a very slow plot development. The techniques and clichés were successful for that time and medium, but not for today. We make the same approach to our daytime show as we would to a nighttime drama, or stage play. Our actors come from nighttime TV and the stage, and frequently double on Broadway.

Young Doctor Malone stresses maximum action and minimum conversation, because Mrs. Irwin and the director, James Young, deplore a static camera. Director Young employs as many camera shots and as difficult ones as are needed to tell the story effectively. “You will never see two people sitting on a couch, just talking, for very long,” Mrs. Irwin points out. “We strive for dynamic movement of plot, with the characters in action. Perhaps viewers are unaware of this. But, if the action lagged and the camera work became static, they might begin to wonder why they felt tired, perhaps even bored. We believe that a static camera is one of the intangibles which cause viewer ennui.”

Despite its hospital locale and the realistic life-and-death situations portrayed, the program shuns brutal or sadistic scenes. “We have never shown a brawl or fight. We have shown the effects of attempted homicide, with resulting court trial, because this was a logical sequence in the story. But we do not introduce violence where it does not belong—in a program which comes into the home at a time when children may see it.”

The basic themes center around a group of dedicated doctors—Dr. Jerry Malone and his adopted son, Dr. David Malone; Dr. Stefan Koda and Dr. Ted Powell. An important “non-medico” in the cast is Lionel Steele, businessman. Major feminine roles are Jerry’s wife Tracey and their daughter Jill; Clare Bannister and Faye Bannister Koda; Lisha Steele Koda; Lillian Houseman and her daughter Gig. But the focal point is always the hospital itself, and the place it fills in all their lives and in the community.

“We are not doing a documentary,” Mrs. Irwin observes. “We are presenting truth within a fictional framework. Our head writer, Ian Martin, checks all medical material with the chief of staff of a well-known hospital, a general practitioner, and specialists in various fields. He consults with the American Medical Association. A while ago, we explored a malpractice suit, which is something that sometimes happens to doctors and to medical institutions. For this purpose, we conferred with the producer of a series of educational films for the medical profession and with the A.M.A.’s legal department and our own lawyers. In the pursuit of authenticity and truth, we have met with the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, to discuss proposed story material. Every script is checked carefully from a medical point of view.”

In addition, the pictorial impact of the program is carefully considered. “We believe in pictures that please the eye, not only from the standpoint of composition but also from the standpoint of content. Some of our interiors may

New Medicated “Ice” Clears Oil-Clogged Pores Gives Close-Up Skin Beauty

Helps stop chief cause of blackheads, enlarging pores, breaking out—without costly treatments. Look for results in 15 days—or even less.

Now the greatest of all skin problems—oil-choked pores—may be controlled with Ice-O-Derm® the new pharmaceutical ice. Blackheads form when oil piles up and hardens in pores—pores are stretched, enlarged. Bacteria may enter and cause infection—“flare ups”—pimples.

Blackheads defy plain soap and ordinary cleansing creams. But Ice-O-Derm helps dissolve blackheads. It gets down into pores to clear out hardened masses—then a special astringent helps tighten pores.

Ice-O-Derm’s invisible medication stays on skin to keep dirt out—holds natural moisture in. What’s more, its stimulating action improves skin circulation for a healthier, younger look. Start your Ice-O-Derm complexion course today.

FOLLOW NEW 15-DAY COMPLEXION TIMETABLE

To Fresher, Clearer Skin Beauty!

1ST FIVE DAYS
“ICE” starts to rid pores of clogged oil. Clear blackheads—medication helps prevent breaking out—special astringent tightens enlarged pores.
Result: Clearer, smoother skin.

2ND FIVE DAYS
Ice-O-Derm’s invisible shield holds in moisture—protects skin from sun, winds and drying effects of steam heat. Result: Softer, moister skin.

3RD FIVE DAYS
Continuous “ICE” treatments stimulate circulation and increase natural resistance to infection. See how skin’s improving. Result: Fresher, healthier-looking skin.

$100

ICE-O-DERM
be a bit more attractive than those usually found in homes of the income group depicted. The TV camera itself tends to make things look a 'little better, a little nicer than they are. But we see only good in 'grading up' rather than down.

"Magazines and the movies have been doing this, for years, and have been a potent influence on public taste in home furnishings and fashions. Most people would like to make their homes a little more interesting and attractive. Our thought is that women like to see such rooms on TV and that sometimes they get ideas they can use, from watching sets designed for our show."

The mail is gratifying, almost overwhelmingly favorable, and shows an amazing degree of attention to and concentration on the program itself and the actors. No one person is singled out for all the mail. It comes addressed variously to Mrs. Irwin, to James Young, to individual actors, and to the NBC network. For a while, there was an enormous amount of daily mail concerning Clare Bannister, who was being outragedously. She was reviled by many letter-writers—until disaster struck, in the form of temporary blindness. Then sympathy for her took over.

"Don't let anything happen to her, she has been punished enough," was the general tenor of the mail.

"Our audience is intelligent, literate, understanding. They realize that nice people can sometimes do some dreadful things, and so-called bad people occasionally perform acts of great nobility," Mrs. Irwin says. "They always feel sorry for the underdog—that's an American quality."

When Judson Laire, who plays Em- ory Bannister, left the cast to go into the Broadway stage hit, "Advertise and Consent," he "died" in the Young Doc- tor Malone script. Not only did this explain his absence, but the death was a natural outgrowth of the way the story line was veering. "In spite of the fact it had been well publicized that Judson was leaving us to accept a major stage role, we got condolences from viewers to whom Emory Bannister had become a very real person they loved and respected. Each Christmas we are pleased, and touched, by the many charming cards from our friends 'out there'—not only for the cast, but the whole production staff."

Final responsibility for a program such as this is, classically, that of the producer. Mrs. Irwin, however, gives full credit to what she says is—in every sense of the word—a team effort.

"It would be impossible of achieve- ment otherwise. Each person—writer, director, associate producer, our fine cast of actors, designers, property men, stagehands, electricians, lighting di- rector—is individually important. The very important technical director,

Frank McArdle, our talented musical director, Billy Nalle, the audio and video men, the staff at the NBC offices and studio—all contribute to one smoothly operating team which gets results with a minimum of the fuss and hysteria so often associated with television, especially a live half-hour series every day."

Much of this lack of fuss and hyste- ria is due to Mrs. Irwin's knowledge of her job and the skills she has de- veloped during her years of working in radio, as well as pioneering in TV. She learned the fundamentals at Sta- tion WCAU (which was then KYW) in Philadelphia, became radio supervi- sor for a large New York advertising agency, headed the daytime radio de- partment, later becoming an account executive. She then headed up ABC's new program development department, became production executive for the famous Theater Guild On The Air, produced and developed other major shows such as Stage Door and The Girls, for CBS.

She has been both writer and pro- ducer for that classic of radio daytime serials, The Second Mrs. Burton, has supervised and produced many others, including the Claudia series and The Fanny Hurst Show. Dozens of night- time dramas, featuring famous Holly- wood, stage and TV stars, have come under her jurisdiction. For eight years, she packaged and produced the famous Mama show on TV, and she has been a radio and TV consultant for industrial clients.

All this experience and background has taught her great respect for the audience, daytime and nighttime. Espe- cially for the woman who tunes in for entertainment, for an escape from household jobs or from loneliness. For all those who look upon this half hour as a chance to "visit" with friends—those friends on TV whose lives unfold a little each day, and whose stories grow more and more interesting.

"The audience is neither that so- called 'twelve-year-old mentality' fool- ish people insist it is, nor is it a my- thical monster to whom we all must cater but can never hope to please. The audience is you, and me. Our friends, our neighbors, our relatives. Housewives, young mothers, and older people with time on their hands. The grocer, the postman, the architect, the scientist. Frequently, if his time per- mit, the doctor and his nurse! In short, everybody."

One of the show's fans is Patrick Dennis, author of "Auntie Mame" and "Guestward Ho!" Although she can't vouch for it "first-personally," Mrs. Irwin has been told that constant view- ers include many famous stage and screen stars. "But we value all the audi- ence," she says. "We believe that our best is none too good for them."

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The text above is a transcription of the content from the image. It includes the title "NEW PATTERNS FOR YOU" and some diagrams of clothing designs. The text discusses the impact of television on home aesthetics and the challenges faced by the producers of the show. It also highlights the skills and background of Mrs. Irwin, the show's producer. The text ends with a reflection on the value of the audience and the necessity of providing content that is appealing to a wide range of viewers.
Here’s Helen O’Connell

Hollywood and, in 1949, Helen bought the home where she still lives. But her marriage broke up, and she set out to make a comeback, once more the wage-earner for her family.

That comeback was a phenomenally successful job. She joined Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis in a night-club and theater tour across the country, then went out on her own, with a solo act. After that came television—as summer replacement for Perry Como’s fifteen-minute show, as star of the spectacular, “Manhattan Towers,” in November, 1956. And, eventually, her two-year stint on Today.

It was while she was on the Garaway show that Helen married Thomas Chamales, the well-known novelist and screen writer. She left the show only when their daughter, Helen, was born three years ago. Again, it was back to domesticity for Helen O’Connell, who didn’t care if she never made another public appearance. She had her lovely home fairly bulging at the seams with daughters. Why hit the night-club circuit again?

Then came Chamales’ tragic death, last year, and Helen admits to a period when she “just sat” and did nothing. “Friends would drop by, in an obvious and well-intentioned attempt to cheer me up, to jolt me out of my lethargy. Nothing seemed to work. But I guess that even I can take only a certain amount of domesticity. Our house, like almost any house where there are children coming out of the woodwork, is at its hectic worst about five o’clock on a Friday afternoon. One particular Fri-

day, a friend and I were making a valiant attempt to carry on a conversation, in spite of continued interruptions by the girls.

“And then the phone rang. It was my agent. He was calling, he explained, simply as a routine matter. He knew I always refused all night-club dates—I’d been doing it for years. But he had an offer for me to open at the Moulin Rouge, the following Tuesday evening, and he just wanted to get my official word on it. I stood there and looked out across the den—which seemed, at that moment, to be a seething maelstrom of girls and toys and cats and dogs—then I gasped into the phone, Tell them I’ll take it!”

“That was one wild weekend! I had to haul my trunks out of the cabana, out by the pool. My formal club-type gowns hadn’t been out of those trunks for seven whole years! Thank heaven, they were all classic, timeless things designed by Don Loper. All they needed was a little pressing, and they were ready for the spotlight. I needed more than a little pressing myself, though. Between Friday and Tuesday evening, I had to work up arrangements, get in some rehearsing with the orchestra, have my hair and nails done—three million things!

“I never did have time to get into the mood for the thing. But it went off well, and I’ve played several club dates since then. I like the hard work involved in a night-club engagement—and, the way I sing, it is hard work! But hotel rooms get to be an awful bore, after a while. And I don’t like

Bock in show-biz circulation, Helen O’Connell catches up with fan mail—and a letter to daughter Jackie, attending school in the East.
It doesn’t take long to discover that “baby” Helen is the star of the household. She’s a natural-born pixie, and her mama and the older girls make the world’s best audience. “When she wakes from her nap, she never yells for attention, or cries,” the older Helen grins. “She just stands up, hangs onto the edge of the crib, and starts chanting a soft, sing-song ‘Thumboddy—come and get the baby up—’ quietly and persistently, until thumbody gets the baby up!”

“It isn’t just the lisp which makes little Helen a constant source of amusement for her sisters and mother. For a three-year-old, she is—as Mama Helen says—really ‘way out.’ Queried about what she wanted Santa to bring her last Christmas, she tossed off a list which included “two dark-blue clouds and a somersault.” (Of course, with her, it came out “two dark-blue cloths and a thomerauth.”)

Big sister Jackie, now away at boarding school in Rhode Island, promises some of the same enterprise her mother showed at an early age. Her marks, Helen confesses ruefully, leave something to be desired. But she rates an “E” for enterprise. She’s gone into the “beauty business,” teaching “Hollywood glamour makeup” to her fellow students—at seventy-five cents a session. “And, believe me, she’s the gal who can do it,” Helen laughs.

“Not long ago, a friend escorted me to the airport where I was to meet my little girl as she came home for a holiday. As Jackie started down the ramp from the plane, I screeched, ‘There she is! There she is!’ My puzzled escort kept looking around, trying to find a ‘little girl’ somewhere. It wasn’t until Jackie came over, and bent down from her five feet, eight and one-half inches—plus heels—that he was convinced this young lady was my daughter. ‘S’funny—but I just realized I haven’t seen much of him since that day!”

“I suppose it might become a bore, but wouldn’t it be too delightfully simple for parents if all their children were the same—all responded alike to the same treatment? Me, I’ve got four

Send orders (in coin) to TV Radio Mirror, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add 5¢ for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send 25¢ for Needlecraft Catalog (as illustrated above).
daughters, and no two of them even remotely the same personalities. Joanne, just turned fourteen, is our daydreamer. That coffee table has been in the exact same spot for at least five years—and every day, regularly, she walks across the room and stumbles over it.

"She's our Mrs. Malaprop, too. I remember once, back when she was only four or five, I made a rare (for that time) television appearance. They all watched the show at home, and greeting my return ecstatically, Jackie, who was quite articulate, was telling me how well I photographed, and how beautifully I performed. Not to be left out, Joanne chimed in, 'Oh, Mommy, Merry Christmas!' Since this was sometime in May, I was a little puzzled—until I realized that, to her, this was one of the sweetest-sounding phrases she knew!

"As for Jennie, she seems very quiet, almost shy. But watch out! Those big blue-gray eyes and that blonde hair—the phone is busy all the time already, and I'm going to be sweeping the swains off the doorstep in a couple of years!"

How Helen was tagged for her current assignment is something of a puzzle to her. Of course, any viewer who remembers her glib repartee on the Garroway show would know why the Here's Hollywood producers would seek out Helen. But too fresh in Helen's memory is a brief stint at an interview show on a local Los Angeles station. "They couldn't have caught that show," she laughs, "or they'd never have hired me for this!"

"I remember one day in particular. For weeks, I'd touted the producer on one of my oldest and dearest friends, Joanne Drum—she's doing the Guest-Ho! show now. I told him how articulate Joanne was, how fast with the quip and the colorful phrase.

"So what happens when I interview her? I start firing questions, on camera—and Joanne comes back with prim 'yes' and 'no' answers. No elaboration, nothing! Furthermore, as the interview progressed—progressed? I should say, as it disintegrated—she developed a nervous tic in one eyelid. It fascinated me, and I gazed at her, almost hypnotized, and almost forgetting the sheet of questions on the desk before me. As soon as the show was off the air, Joanne disappeared—simply evaporated. I was just as glad, because I couldn't face a post-mortem on the show at that moment.

"For several days, I didn't even have the heart to call her, and rehash it. Then I ran into her at the supermarket. There she was—as glib and wacky as ever. We shared a howl over our wayward interview, and then Joanne added, 'I was telling So-and-So about it—and I do hope you don't mind, darling, but I gave you the twitching-eyelid bit!'"
nothing but your voice. I try to use the script as a jumping-off place. Rather than adhere strictly to the lines, I liven them up with ad-libs.” It is Hal who blends the news, commercials, foreign pickups and interviews into a cohesive whole, and he deems it his job to keep it sprightly enough to hold everybody’s attention.

Right now, the former quizmaster of TV’s The $64,000 Question has two other major media he works in. Aside from guesting on television, he also—six days a week—plays a man who enjoys his bachelorhood in “Come Blow Your Horn,” the Broadway hit. “Everybody identifies with that farce,” Hal explains, “and it’s a joy to return to acting, where I started twenty-three years ago.

“Doing a Broadway show is fine for me now. It looks as if it will run for another year, and it recently sold to Paramount for a picture. Meanwhile, doing Monitor on Sunday really rests me from the theater—but it’s a challenge, too. I won’t leave it to go on the road with the show.

“I’ve come to the place in my life,” Hal continues, “where my values have changed. Before my marriage, I’d make any sacrifice for my career. It came first. Now personal integrity and my home and family come first with me, then my career. So I won’t take on anything that would result in long separations from the people who mean most to me. After The $64,000 Question, I played in ‘Two for the Seesaw’ in the theater. We took the show to seventy-nine cities in twenty-two weeks. It was a great part. So what! I was as lonely as all get-out.

“I’d never do that again. I’m forty-one now, and I have a philosophy of life. It is this: Everyone comes into the world naked, and goes out in a dark suit. Everything you pile up, in between, is just temporary—so you better realize that the only things important are intangible, and enjoy each day as much as you can.”

The $64,000 Question brought Hal both fame and fortune. He was known to millions. Each week, the country stopped functioning and watched Hal March work with the contestans. It was a heady experience, but he knew it couldn’t last. “There were too many quiz shows and they began giving away more and more. It got so they offered the state of Wyoming and two human beings to start a new race!”

After the show went off the air, Hal disappeared from public view. He didn’t work for a year. “I couldn’t even get arrested,” he laughs—and adds, “I never worry. Come good or bad fortune, I know it won’t last. Marcus Aurelius said it: The only thing constant is change. If you’re sick today, you’ll be well tomorrow. If you’re poor today, you’ll be rich tomorrow. And vice versa. So, if you’re wise, you take what comes today and make the most of it. I’m not morbid—I expect to be around for a long time, but I live each day as if it were my last.

“I like my career. I love my wife and kids. Today, I’m a fulfilled guy, in all departments of my life. But it took me a long time to get where I am, and life is full of other things more important than a career. There are human relations, color, beauty, good times, love—to name a few. Why sacrifice them for success? I don’t take myself seriously. I know I’m just a small cog in the big wheel. I’ve ‘made it’ as an actor, but I know that thousands don’t—and I know the price I’ve paid.”

In the early days, Hal did his share of starving. He lived on frankfurters and orange drinks, and sometimes not even that. Many’s the day all he had to keep him going was popcorn and water.

Hal comes by his acting talent naturally. Born Harold Mendelson on April 22, 1920, in San Francisco, he grew up in a tough part of town and fought many a youthful battle. It was natural that, in his teens, he should turn to boxing as a welterweight. He won twenty-four out of twenty-five fights, and had sixteen knockouts.

Hal’s father, Leon Mendelson, owned a grocery and delicatessen, where Hal, his brother and sisters “helped out” after school. Every race and nationality came there to buy. Hal used to mimic them at home, and soon he had perfected thirty-one dialects. He first felt the thrill of public applause at twelve, when he took part in the junior high school play. From that time on, he dreamed of being an actor.

When his father died, Hal was all of seventeen and completely on his own. He set out to fulfill his dreams. With two hundred dollars, he went to Hollywood, took a room and left his name at all the film studios. No one was impressed. In desperation, he wrote an act for himself and played it in saloons. A year later, he was doing a stint in burlesque. He played club dates and vaudeville—then served his time in the Coast Artillery during World War II.

After the war, Hal went back to San Francisco and landed an early morning radio show. Here he met announcer Bob Sweeney, and together they wrote material for their own spot on The Hoagy Carmichael Show. There followed work with Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Burns and Allen, Perry Como, and Red Skelton. Then he and Sweeney got their own show for eighty-nine weeks.

“I played radio soap operas, too,” Hal recalls. “One day, the girl I was playing opposite fainted dead away and I played the scene alone, by saying, ‘You won’t talk to me—but I know what you’re thinking.’ In this way, I got over both my lines and hers until we were off the air and I could revive her!”

After radio, came motion pictures. “In movies,” Hal says, “I miss the discipline of starting at the beginning and moving steadily toward the end, the way you do on the stage, television and radio. My first starrer was ‘Hear Me Good,’ and it’s possible that I might do my original role in the picture version of ‘Come Blow Your Horn.’ I don’t know yet. But if I do, I’d commute to Hollywood and come home every
"I love the din around our dinner table. The other night, both Steve and Missy were out visiting, and this house seemed like a tomb—and this is from a man who didn't marry till he was thirty-six! Steve has complete confidence in me and will tell me anything." Hal adds. "We are completely honest with the kids. I have long talks with them and spend as much time with them as I can." Hal is Jewish and the kids will be raised in his faith.

The little Marches were all excited over the recent visit from Hal's mother. The boys were Mikhail when told that Grandma would sleep in the twin bed in Missy's room. "Haven't we a boy grandma who can sleep with us?" Peter asked.

The March family live in a big seventeen-room house in Scarsdale, New York. It has a slate roof, 200-year-old apple trees, an acre of ground for the kids to play in. They looked at hundre ds of houses before settling on this one, then had to wait a year to get it.

"The neighborhood school has the highest scholastic record in the country," Hal beams. "That's important when you have kids."

On a typical day, the children come into the master bedroom, to sit on Hal's head, at seven or eight in the morning. After he's roughhoused with them, he goes back to sleep till ten. He and Candy rise then and have breakfast, after which Hal takes care of his mail and phone calls. Twice a week, he goes out to play thirty-six holes of golf. He comes back at four or five, either plays baseball with Steve or naps till dinner time. He gets to the theater by eight. At eleven—if friends don't hold him up, by visiting backstage—he's soon on his way home. Candy will be waiting for him and, together, they will eat the ice box. Then Hal gets into bed with a new biography or novel and reads till two and sometimes even four.

The only things he does to keep fit are to take a nap between performances on matinee days, walk seven or eight miles on the golf course, and watch his weight. He weighs the same 160 today that he did when he was a teenager and in San Francisco.

He and Candy want their brood to be nice and normal. Hal says, "If they show talent for the arts, well and good. Candy paints beautifully, and I used to write. I've had an idea for a psychological novel for three years, but I can't afford the isolation to get it on paper."

He recognizes that Steve shows musical proclivities and will soon start him on the piano. Recently, he brought Steve to a Monitor show and the boy sounded a note on the piano that resounded throughout the nation. Missy is all-girl and loves to fuss around the kitchen with her mother. Pete is an athlete, and Jeffrey is the roughneck of the family—he can hardly walk, but loves to wrestle and has an affinity for mud.

One of the things Hal has taught Steven was how to box. "I've always thought there's a parallel between boxing and life," he remarks. "We're all afraid of pain. Yet, in a fight, you don't even feel it till the fight's over. In life, if you learn to feel the elation of hitting back, you're not thrown by disappointments or the blows you have to take."

Yes, Hal March has become a philosopher and family man. He means it when he says his career is secondary with him. Yet that career has never been brighter. Right now, there's talk of his going into a musical next. He might play Nicky Arnstein to Mary Martin's Fanny Brice in "My Man."

"I like to sing," he admits. "But if I were to go back to singing, I'd have to work out with a coach again." Hal's not above studying. After years as an actor, he studied at Paul Mann's Actor's Workshop before going into the stage play, "Two for the Seesaw." It was incongruous to him, to work with beginners, but that didn't stop him from giving it all he had. And it paid off.

Whatever comes next—singing, a motion picture or another TV show—Hal will be ready for it. Meanwhile, there is Monitor. "I'm the luckiest man alive," he says, "I have my work and I have the things that count most: Love and contentment."

Queen of the Studio Fans

(Continued from page 34)

line. Paar appeared so flabbergasted by this unvarnished cry of an elderly lady in quest of companionship that he forthwith made her his No. 1 rhapsodist.

Miss Miller recalls her maiden appearance on the air in the frontier days of radio as an unsuccessful contestant on a network quiz show under the aegis of a pipe tobacco maker. She failed to answer the quizmaster's question: "Can you tell me the names of the three husbands of Scarlett O'Hara?" She received, however, a consolation prize—a package of roughcut tobacco. The now prestigious Miss Miller says sourly, "It was a cheap prize, anyway."

But fortune was not long in smiling on the former Government worker. Miss Miller appeared on Grand Slam, Hit the Jackpot and numerous other radio quiz shows. Her span of knowledge soon netted her endless prizes, including a washing machine, automatic dryer, and transistor radio. "It would take me from here until next Christmas to tell you how many prizes I've won," she avers modestly.

Miss Miller believes there was more bluffing on the radio quiz shows of yesteryear than on TV today. "It was a real rat race to get on the shows in the old days," she recalls with some irritation. "I was on the air with Sadie Hertz, but she was never in my category. She
was married; I was single. Today, Sadie couldn’t get away with the kind of answers she gave in those days. Sadie couldn’t possibly make the grade today, no siree!

Sadie Hertz, who came from Brooklyn, was regarded as America’s foremost quiz contestant in the days when egghead qualities were not regarded as basic in audience-participation programs. Sadie, known as the poor man’s John Kieran, always had some sort of an answer. Often, her incorrect replies were enough to send the audience into hysteric.

Sadie had the ability to keep talking even when she did not know the answer. This she demonstrated in vivid fashion, one night, when asked: “In what year was the Emancipation Proclamation signed?” The studio audience, hanging on every syllable, heard this strange and rapid assortment of words: “Well, it is in the line of history. Am I right? You have to go back into history for that... let’s say around 1700 and... no, that was after the war. They had shooting... Barbara Frietchie is in there, if I’m not mistaken...” By this time, the audience was practically thuddering the answer at Miss Hertz, in spite of the emcee’s admonitions: “No prompting, please!”

Another memorable moment in Sadie’s career came on a radio quiz show, when she answered a question about stalagmites. Feeling her way in Braille, Sadie said: “A stalagmite is a guy what believes in Stalin.” Of course, this floored the audience and won her another prize.

Once an emcee asked her: “What’s a Capulet?” Nothing fazed Sadie when she faced a mike—not even a Shakespearean character—and she unhasteningly replied in her “cherece” Brooklyn accent: “Someone with a small cap size.”

When the quizmaster asked her what outstanding events happened in this country between 1860 and 1870, she sang out in no uncertain terms: “Terrible things. They had a centennial. Things was terrible. McKinley, Buchanan and Lincoln all was killed. It was a terrible centennial!” The spectators laughed so hard, they almost fell through the exit doors.

When the real big-money quiz shows hit the television lanes, it was quickly evident that the Sadie Hertzes and the Miss Millers would have to make way for meatier mental marvels. Quizmasters henceforth would be forced to pass over comedy-relief personalities.

Miss Miller has since appeared on a number of TV quiz shows but, in the main, has been singled out as a “distinguished” member of the studio audience. When she resided in Philadelphia, before moving permanently to New York, she was a regular committer to Steve Allen’s week-end program. After migrating to Gotham, she became a “regular” in the audience of Allen’s Tonight show. Allen frequently called on her to say a word or two.

But true fame came to her only when the Paar show replaced Allen’s on NBC-TV. Miss Miller recalls she wasn’t feeling too well at the time. It seems her spirits sagged lower than a last year’s débutante. “I came to the Paar show when I was feeling sick,” Miss Miller remembers. “I didn’t think I would be able to go on living, Paar was physical therapy for me. It was some place to go and he made a big thing out of me.”

A day in the life of Miss Miller reads like a legman on a beat for a television trade publication. She traipses from one program to another, always charting her comings and goings with the precision and painstaking detail of a Sir Edmund Hillary planning his next assault on Mt. Everest. She arises at 7 a.m. and watches Today while dressing. After breakfast, she is ready to embark on her journey through video-land catching such morning and early-afternoon programs as Say When, Play Your Hunch, Concentration, Camouflage, and Number Please.

In the past, she has managed to appear on some of these programs as a contestant but, more recently, the production officials have passed her by. “Now they are afraid to put me on the air,” she says with a trace of resentment and a pinch of pride. “I think they are afraid of me because I am too well known.”

She is also a frequent—but certainly not constant—patron of The Garry Moore Show, Ted Mack’s Original Amateur Hour and the Perry Como show. When she became Paar’s No. 1 fan, her presence at the Ed Sullivan variety show tended to pose a ticklish diplomatic problem for CBS personnel, she believes. No longer did she receive preferred treatment at the Sullivan goings-on. “They put me in the back,” she laments. “It must have been because of my love for Paar.”

When Miss Miller was on the West Coast, she realized one of her fondest dreams—namely, to dance with Lawrence Welk. “It was the biggest thrill of my life to dance with Lawrence,” she said softly, her eyes deep in moisture. “I like Lawrence Welk. You know, I danced with him for thirty seconds.”

Asked to describe this heavenly experience with the champagne-music maestro, she recalls that, when Welk put his arms around her, she looked up into his eyes and whispered, “I’ve waited thirty years for this moment.” Miss Miller continues: “And do you know what he said? He looked at me and said, ‘I’ve waited a lifetime to dance with you.’” She pauses to let these haunting syllables sink in.

Miss Miller has a fine faculty for free association and can produce a deep stream of sundry topics. A conversation with her may go from an upbeat reference to Jack Armstrong, the All-American boy, to a downbeat reference to Lillian Lillian, a one-time rival of hers for Paar’s affection.

Miss Lillian had once sought to overthrow Miss Miller as Paar’s prime booster. Miss Lillian ultimately became angry with Paar because he had failed to mention her name on his program. This so piqued her that she is reported to have cried out, “He’s jealous because he knows I’m going to follow Steve Allen to Hollywood. And so now I’m personal as gratin with him!”

As a staunch Republican, Miss Miller saw no improbity in the appearance of John F. Kennedy on the Paar show before he was chosen Chief Executive of the United States. “I met Mr. Kennedy on the Paar program,” she said, “and after Mr. Kennedy was elected to the highest office in the land, I went to Washington for the inaugural and the gala, but the snowstorm prevented me from getting to these special functions.

“I did watch the parade. You know, I’m a Republican but I voted for Mr. Kennedy and do you know that, the day before the inaugural, I tried to go on a White House tour? I was too late, but do you know that the guards at the White House recognized me from my appearances on the Paar program? They said, ‘Miss Miller, we sure know you, but we’re sorry you are too late for today’s tour of the White House.

And when I went to the Coast, Steve Allen invited me to visit him and I accepted his invitation. I made a lot of shows, while I was on the Coast.”

There is, however, nothing ambiguous or fuzzy in Miss Miller’s admiration of Paar. Her super-duper affection for the comedian has frequently led her into sharp encounters with non-professional critics. At the drop of the slightest Paar disparagement from an anti-Paar advocate, she is ready to leap into a coat of armor to defend both the showmanship and highly ethical standards set by the performer. In her opinion, Paar is an amalgam of Sir Galahad, Aristotle and St. Francis of Assisi.

On one occasion, a meddling busybody complained that Miss Miller was getting highly preferred (V.I.P.I.—Very Important Personage Indeed) treatment by all concerned with Paar’s show—from the NBC vice-president in charge of participating spots to Danny, the No. 4 elevator boy. The question was raised: How come Miss Miller
manages to get tickets and an aisle seat for every Paar performance? Paar, it is reported, gave the complainant a grim-faced look, and said: "Miss Miller has her ticket engraved on her heart!"

The ushers at the Paar show have instructions, however, to put her in an aisle seat ten rows back from Row A. When asked why this restriction on her position in the auditorium, she gurgled, "I guess the ushers are afraid that Jack would be running up to me and hugging me. I guess they figure, if I was too down-front, I'd take more notice of me."

The most exquisite moment in Miss Miller's career, to hear her tell it, occurred when she was invited by Paar to appear on his birthday program. "I was joined by the audience in singing a happy birthday to him," she says, with the air of a surgeon completing a lobotomy. Asked if officials of the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists were concerned about her status as a union member, she replied, "The union saw to it that I was paid $320, the same fee that Bob Hope and Jack Benny get when they appear on his program." She said she paid ATTRA $65 to join the union and that she still owes them $108 in unpaid dues. "As far as I'm concerned, I'm an amateur," she said judiciously.

What impresses observers of Miss Miller's daily activities in Radio-TV Row is the apparent ease with which she has slipped into her role as a "personality." She is frequently busy auto-graphing Korvette shopping bags, steno note books, the inside covers of match boxes, and paper napkins.

Her colleagues with Paar on the air are seldom cluttered with priceless conversational gems, but once in a while she does manage a roguish crack. One evening, Paar brought his portable mike to her seat and purred: "Miss Miller, what do you tell people about me when they ask what's Paar really like?" He paused for her answer. She cleared her throat and said slyly, "Your guess is as good as mine."

Several days later, Paar put his portable mike under her nose and sought her phone number. She hesitated for a moment and Paar said, "Miss Miller, don't you know your own phone number?" She retorted, "I don't call myself." She was also in fine fettle on another occasion, when Paar observed that she was carrying binoculars. "What are those for?" he queried. "To bring you closer to me," she cooed.

If broadcasting has any society, it is the legion who constantly course through the deltas of NBC, CBS and ABC. At the head of this consecrated army of admirers is Miss Miller, triumphant standard-bearer of the studio troops, whose battle cry, from network to network, is: "It's fun to stand in line." She is, indeed, their queen.
(Continued from page 36)
to chuck it several times," says Rizzuto, of his early broadcasting career. "But I was never a quitter in baseball, and I decided to stay with broadcasting as long as they'd let me get to the micro-
phone.

"The first game I broadcast with Mel and Red was Murder. I was far more nervous than during my first game as a Yankee player. In fact, I never relaxed during that entire first season as an announcer. I'd try to anticipate what was coming next and I'd get all fouled up.

"Mel and Red were great to me. Real great. They both told me to just follow the game and to report what I saw on the field. When you do that, it's easy.

"It was a funny thing. Mel was afraid if he helped me too much, I'd pattern his style. The same with Red. They told me that, to become a success, I should develop a style of my own. And I guess that's what happened, thanks to them and to the patience of the sponsors and the listeners."

Phil joined the Yankees as a player in 1941 and went on to participate in a record number of fifty-two games during nine World Series. Among scores of honors, his most cherished is the American League's "Most Valuable Player Award" in 1950, when he achieved a .324 batting average. His greatest fame was as a fielder, but he was also recognized as the best hunder of his era. He was the first shortstop in baseball history to command $50,000 a season.

Phil's playing days came to an end in September of 1956.

"It was an Old Timers' Day at Yankee Stadium," he recalls. "I'll never forget it. Old Timers' Day is an annual event at the Stadium, and I'd always looked forward to it. Many of the former stars come back for a reunion. I knew that, eventually, I'd be an old-
timer—but I didn't know it would be on that day. That's when I got my walking papers."

The baseball world was shocked when it read the headlines: "Rizzuto Released." But job offers were not long in coming. "I had a chance to manage the Washington Senators," Phil reveals, "and Frank Lane, who at that time was general manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, wanted me to finish the season with the Cards and stay with them the following year as either a player or coach."

"I wanted to stay in baseball in some capacity, but I thought I would prefer doing it as an announcer, if I could make the grade. Although I'd never had any broadcasting experience, when I was a player I used to look up in the stands and see Mel Allen at work. I used to say to myself, That's what I'd like to do someday."

During the waning days of the 1956 season, Phil auditioned to broadcast the games of the Baltimore Orioles, New York Giants, and the Yankees. All three offered him jobs, and he decided to accept the one providing the least pay—with the Yankees.

"The Baltimore sponsors offered me twice as much money," he says, "but it was a twelve-month contract. The same with the Giants. Their salary was bigger, too—but again, it was a year-round deal. During the off-season, I'd have been on call for banquets, special pro-
motions and that sort of thing.

"However, with the Yankees, the job ended when the season ended. That appealed to me. Remember, during my playing career I was away from home for long periods of the year. I liked the idea of being able to spend more time with my family. And, of course, I also liked the idea of staying with the Yankees."

Phil's often asked why he turned down an opportunity to become a major league manager—a goal many players want, but few achieve. "I'd admit it was mighty tempting," he explains. "However, after giving it careful con-
sideration, I thought I'd be able to last a lot longer as an announcer. A job as a baseball manager doesn't offer much security, you know."

Rizzuto began his It's Sports Time commentary on CBS Radio four years ago and, since then, working in collabo-
rati on with his writer, Dave Camerer, has come up with many a news beat and provocative sports editorial. Camer-
er, a former All-Eastern football tackle at Dartmouth under coach Red Blair, has been with Phil since the start of the program. He is the author of several books, including the best-selling biography of Roy Campanella, "It's Good to Be Alive."

"Dave and I make a good team," says Phil. "We talk every day, discussing the show's subject matter, then Dave writes the script and I check it out be-
fore going on the air. I do the programs live. When I'm on the road with the Yankees, I do the program from the CBS station in whichever city I'm in."

Rizzuto has discovered that there are also hazards in the radio-television business. "During the spring of 1960," he recalls, "Dave prepared a script about Mickey Mantle, who was holding out at the time, asking for more money before he signed his contract. Parts of it were a little rough, especially one reference to Mickey being a prima donna."

"Before going on the air, I cut out the parts I didn't think were proper. In fact, what I had to say actually became a tribute to Mickey. Immediately after the program, I got in my car and started driving to Florida to cover the spring training camps. The trip took me three days. And, all the while, I was looking forward to seeing my old pals on the Yankees again."

"What I didn't know was that CBS had seen the original script, believed it to be newsworthy because of its con-
troversial nature, and released it to the press. Newspapers from coast to coast carried stories that Rizzuto had put the blast on Mantle. Well, when I walked into the Yankee dressing room in Flor-
ida, I might just as well have walked into a refrigerator. My reception was that cold. My friends wouldn't speak to me. Everyone was mad, with one ex-
ception—Mickey Mantle."

"When I learned what had happened, I explained that I'd changed the script, that I hadn't criticized Mickey. That lessened the tension, but things were still cool between me and a few of the players for quite a while. Later I asked Mickey why he hadn't been sore. He said, 'Phil, you're a friend of mine. I knew you couldn't have said what I read in the paper.'"

"On the other hand, I guess it's im-
possible to prevent people from misin-
terpreting what you say on the air.

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(Continued from page 23) spending adventures who flies his own plane on trouble-shooting and laugh-making assignments.

Another TV favorite, Robert Young, who called a halt to Father Knows Best after years of success, evidently found the leisurely life not up his alley. Result: Window On Main Street, a new half-hour series in which he plays a popular writer returned to his hometown to gather material for his novels.

Car 54, Where Are You? is a half-hour fun-fest dreamed up by Nat Hiken, who was responsible for The Phil Silvers Show a few years back.
The name and fame of Shirley Booth are known to movie- and theater-goers everywhere, and just as familiar to readers of The Saturday Evening Post is Hazel, a going-on-twenty-year-old cartoon character in that magazine. She'd shied away from a regular series before, but, when distinguished actress Booth met insolent-but-lovable maid Hazel, wham! a new half-hour series.

Picture Gertrude Berg as a college freshman, if you can, without laughing. Enroll her in an English class presided over by Sir Cedric Hardwicke—and you have Mrs. G. Goes To College.

Playing it strictly for laughs, too, will be Peggy Cass, a frequent guest on The Jack Paar Show, in the role of a "mother" to the Marquis Chimps. The show’s title: The Hathaways.

TV viewers already know Joey Bishop, the sober-faced comic who's provided laughs on all the big variety shows, but this season he's going the situation-comedy route—in the role of a public-relations man who gets into all kinds of trouble both on the job and at home.

With the major movie companies turning out television films like crazy, it's only natural that pictures of a few years back are being dusted off and adapted for TV series. Father Of The Bride—which starred Elizabeth Taylor and Spencer Tracy on the big screen—has Myrna Fahey, Burt Metcalfe, Leon Ames, Ruth Warrick. Margie, a Jeanne Crain starrer in movies, will have Cynthia Pepper and Penney Parker, alumnas of The Danny Thomas Show, as a couple of cute teenagers of the Jazz Age.

For more laughs ... Robert Sterling, in Ichabod And Me, in which he portrays a high-powered New York newspaperman who buys a small New England paper. . . . Dick Van Dyke, of radio's Flair and Broadway's "Bye Bye Birdie," in the role of a TV comedy writer, with comic Morey Amsterdam helping out with the jokes. The series, originally titled Double Trouble, is produced and written by Carl Reiner, once

a regular on The Sid Caesar Show.

And, of course, the new comic smash who rose to fame via his first record, "The Bottom-Down Mind of Bob Newhart." Turning his back on night clubs, where he's been making a fortune, Bob's signed for The Bob Newhart Show, a series which will have a sort of Allen's Alley (Fred, that is) format.

Top Cat, a brash big-city type with voice by Arnold Stang, heads a gang of felines in and out of cartooned adventures. And if their voices sound familiar, they're courtesy of such well-known actors as Maurice Gosfield, Allen Jenkins, Marvin Kaplan, Leo DeLyon, and John Stephenson. Even better known will be the voices of Calvin, a bear, and the Colonel, a fox, in another cartoon series, Calvin And The Colonel. They're straight out of the mouths of Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll, the Amos 'n' Andy of radio.

The Alvin Show, with music by the now-world-famous trio of "The Chipmunk Song," is the brainchild of Ross Bagdasarian (David Seville), who wrote and recorded the novelty hit and its successors. And, from the creators of Rocky And His Friends, is coming The Bullwinkle Show, complete with a fractured fairy tale in each installment. Maybe the supply of Indians, or horses, ran out. At any rate, only one new Western is scheduled for the fall—Frontier Circus, with John Derek, Chill Wills and Richard Jaeckel.

There'll be no shortage of excitement, however, for those who like their adventure via the easy-chair route.

The influence of The Untouchables will be seen in two new series, Cain’s Hundred and The New Breed. Former, with Mark Richman, who recently starred in Broadway's "The Zoo Story," deals with a federal agent's efforts to bring underworld big shots to justice. The latter, which stars Leslie Nielsen, portrays the activities of a select squad of Los Angeles police.

Big-city criminals will be tracked down, too, by Robert Lansing in 8th Precinct, in which Gena Rowlands has the toughest role of the year. She plays Lansing's deaf-and-dumb wife. . . . James Franciscus (late of Naked City) and James Philbrook (of The Islanders) team up as private-eyes in The Investigators, with Mary Murphy as their eye-catching office girl. . . . A father-and-son team of legal eagles, E. G. Marshall and Robert Reed, will protect the innocent and point out the guilty in The Defenders. . . . Even the press is getting into the cops-and-robbers act. The Corruptors, by Stephen Moss, as they say, is a crusading newspaperman, is based on the confidential files of Lester Vele, a roving editor-reporter-investigator.

For those who like their adventure with an exotic flavor, there is Follow The Sun, in which two young, handsome—and single—freelance writers based in Hawaii scour the romantic islands of the Pacific in search of material: Barry Coe and Gary Lockwood.

The only new half-hour adventure series is Straightaway, an action show about auto racing with Brian Kelly—son of a former governor of Michigan—and John Ashley—handsome 26-year-old actor from Oklahoma—in the leads.
The medical profession, which has been left pretty much to itself since Richard Boone turned in his little black bag in favor of Paladin’s calling card, is getting a new airing this season via two new series, Ben Casey and Dr. Kildare. The former—dreamed up by Medic's creator—stars 29-year-old Vince Edwards, out of Brooklyn, Ohio State and the University of Hawaii, and character actor Sam Jaffe as his teacher, friend and adviser.

Dr. Kildare, of course, is adapted from the movie series, with newcomer Richard Chamberlain—who's been acting professionally for only a year—in the title role, and veteran Raymond Massey as Dr. Gillespie. Also from movie libraries comes Bus Stop, with a cast of regulars including Marilyn Maxwell, Rhodes Reason and 20-year-old Joan Freeman.

Dick Powell is shedding the fancy Western duds he wore as host of The Zane Grey Theater and going straight this year as emcee and sometime star of an hour-long Dick Powell Show which will include action-adventure, mystery-suspense, and even some light comedy.

For people with color sets, Walt Disney has dreamed up more projects than he could use up in two or three seasons. None of them, he says firmly, is intended only for the kiddie trade. On his new Walt Disney’s Wonderful World Of Color will be shown everything from a gigantic forest fire to a new cartoon character, Ludwig Von Drake, glib-talking uncle of Donald Duck.

Variety, too, will be the spice of the Du Pont Show Of The Week, which will include such specials as the famed Project 20 productions and new versions of eight well-known Selznick movies. . . . Fred Aastair will host Alcoa Premiere, which promises entertainment of all sorts with top stars, writers and directors. . . . International Showtime will give grownups and kiddies a chance to see actual performances of leading international circuses, ice shows and the like, taped as they are presented to audiences in real life.

Add wider news coverage from all networks, and you have an upcoming season with something for everybody!
The Man Who Looks Like Everyone

(Continued from page 40) As Gene Tuttle phrased it, in the Los Vegas Review-Journal, "Frank Gorshin, who came in hardly known, left the stage a new 'Strip' star." And that success was soon repeated in New York, where Frank again worked with Bobby Darin at the Copacabana—and also did his part impressions on The Ed Sullivan Show.

Twenty-eight-year-old Frank Gorshin is presently at the crossroads of a big career. "I don't know if I want to be a movie actor or a night-club performer," says Frank, who also sings and dances and has recorded several up-tempo numbers, backed by the Johnny Mann Singers, for a potential album.

Born in Pittsburgh—into a non-theatrical family of Yugoslav origin—Frank became interested in dramas when he attended Peabody High School there. Then, after seeing The Story of Louis, he decided to make the imitation of the fabulous Al Jolson who got him work at Elks' and Moose club parties.

Naturally, he wanted to attend Carnegie Tech, which has a renowned dramatics department. However, Frank enrolled in an engineering course because he wanted a secure background in case he didn't make good as an actor. His education ended just two years later, when he was drafted into the Army.

Sent to Chelveston, England, he took part in a talent contest there, won the European All U.S. Air Force Talent Contest, and was eventually assigned to Special Services duty—which sent him all over Europe to entertain in service clubs and as part of U.S.O. shows. "About a year before I was discharged," he recalls, "a civilian who'd been watching my act closely, at a U.S.O. show in Munich, came backstage to see me. He introduced himself as Maurice Bergman, a European representative of Universal—International Pictures."

Bergman told Frank to look up Alec Alexander, a movie agent in New York, when he got out of the service. Staff Sergeant Gorshin acted on the suggestion even sooner than that. Returned to Fort Hamilton in Brooklyn for final processing before his release, Frank looked up Alexander—who got him a small part in Paramount's "The Proud and the Profane." Frank managed to get a short leave so he could join the picture on location in the Virgin Islands, where he did just one scene, with Thelma Ritter.

Somewhat discouraged, Frank temporarily shelved his dramatic aspirations after leaving the service, took odd jobs working for the telephone company and in the post office. Then, after several layoffs—during which he found himself almost four hundred dollars in debt—he decided to go to California to see, once and for all, whether he had any real chance in show business.

Of all the famous personalities Frank can do "to the life," he most closely resembles Richard Widmark and James Cagney in physical appearance. Perhaps that's why TV casting directors took one look and cast him as a heavy in such dramatic series as Wire Service, Frontier Doctor, General Electric Theater, Navy Log and The Silent Service.

Frank also did tough-guy roles in the movies—and some comic characters, too—but these were mostly in very minor "B" films. "I wasn't going very far," he says of those struggling days, "but at least I was working steadily. I got all my debts paid off."

Then disaster struck. In the summer of 1958, Frank went back home for a visit. As he was returning to Los Angeles, he fell asleep at the wheel—and went off the highway. His car turned over and was dismantled. Four days later, Frank himself awakened in a hospital with a fractured skull. This was in Stroud, Oklahoma, where he remained for more than a month.

All told, it was seven long months before Frank could work again. During this time, he had to cancel out of an important movie assignment and, eventually, he and Alexander terminated their business relationship by mutual consent. When he had finally recovered, Frank became friendly with Len Kaplan of the William Schurer Agency, who signed him and set out to get Frank bigger roles in better shows.

On TV, Frank made dramatic appearances on Climax! and Alfred Hitchcock Presents. In movies, he got his biggest role to date in the 20th Century-Fox Western, "Warlock"—playing Richard Widmark's brother. But, during this new onward-and-upward period, his abilities as an impressionist were restricted to private parties—until Lenny Kaplan set up an audition with Steve Allen. The Gorshin impressions got off with a bang on Steve's big variety program, in March, 1959, and progressed from a $500 debut tag to $2500 per guest appearance before the Allen show went off the air.

Most important of all, the network program gave Frank the nationwide exposure he needed. He became a familiar and popular figure in West Coast night clubs. Director Vincente Minnelli, who had seen him on the TV show, gave him the antic role of a Brando-type method actor in "Bells Are Ringing." A "real fun part for me," says Frank. A best-supporting-actor-of-the-year performance, said critics. Career zooming, Frank bought himself a Thunderbird and began to enjoy bachelor life in a Hollywood apartment.

The chain reaction kept spiking
along. Producer Joe Pasternak liked Frank's work in "Bells," cast him as the bass-player who was utterly lost without his thick-lensed glasses in "Where the Boys Are," was so pleased with his performance that he increased Frank's billing before the picture was released. Meanwhile, Frank got full movie-star billing for the first time in a straight acting role in "Studs Lonigan," and Universal-International cast him as a menacing convict in "The Great Imposter," inspiring The Film Daily critic to observe: "If it isn't too early, I would like to suggest Frank Gorshin for an Oscar."

Frank hasn't won his first Oscar yet, but the reviews have been uniformly good and his film career has been kept rolling with a fine performance as a hoodlum in MGM's "Ring of Fire," in which he co-stars with David Janssen and Joyce Taylor. It wasn't until after this movie was completed that co-producer Andrew Stone first saw Frank perform in a night club. "If we had known you did comedy," he said, "we wouldn't have put you in a drama!"

But there have been no complaints—particularly from Frank, who has also done very well on TV this past season, with guest appearances on both Perry Como's and Ed Sullivan's shows, as well as successful performances in night clubs. It was at the Cloister in Hollywood, last August, that Bobby Darin and his manager saw Frank on the same bill with Connie Francis. Darin was so impressed that he came on stage, did an impromptu routine imitating Frank which stopped the show—and subsequently asked if Frank would be available to work with him at the Flamingo and Copacabana.

Though he'd previously mixed all club offers in Vegas and New York, because of his movie commitments, Frank jumped at the chance. "I don't believe what I read in the paper," he asserts. "Bobby's been a wonderful help to me and I'm very grateful. I think he's a great talent."

Of his own career, Frank says, "I want to develop my dancing and continue doing better acting parts. I don't want to study acting any further, because I studied for two years and found out it's not a craft, like engineering. The feeling in acting must come from within. You develop acting talent by working and getting experience."

Frank writes all his own material for his night-club act, now says he only wants to play the clubs with a complete act in which he would be able to display his singing, dancing and impersonations as a headliner. "I'm tired of just doing impressions. I want them to be secondary. I've had to be everybody else to establish myself!"

And now "the man who looks like everyone" has found the one-and-only girl just for him. Shortly after closing at the Copacabana in mid-March, he hurried home to Pittsburgh to see his family, and then returned to Hollywood to prepare for his wedding to Christina Randazzo.

"Chris is the best critic I have," the new husband sighs happily. "She's been behind me all the way." And, this time, not only the words are Frank Gorshin's own. So are the expressions and the heartfelt sentiment!

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**Bob Barker and the 11 Barking Bassets**

(Continued from page 19)

personal appearance with his TV program and, after twelve years of marriage, Dorothy Jo was still surprising him with gifts whenever he had to be out of town without her.

As Bob tells it, "While she was out looking for a cat, it occurred to her maybe she should get a dog instead, because I'd always talked about having a dog. So she went to look at a dachshund. Instead of the dachshund, she fell in love with 'Mr. Baker,' who—through no fault of his own—happened to be a basset hound.

"When I came home, I said, 'How are we going to keep a dog? You're not supposed to have a dog in an apartment!' We had never lived in a house since we'd been married, and my wife didn't know the difference between keeping a cat and a dog. She found out, though. We ended up walking Mr. Baker eight to ten times a day. That was just too much exercise. Not for him. For us. So we went out and bought a house for the basset hound."

It is a lovely, capacious home in the San Fernando Valley and, thanks to Mr. Baker, Bob and Dorothy Jo found themselves delighted to be home-owners. There was, however, one small problem: Whenever they'd leave the house, Mr. Baker would cry. So the Barkers bought another basset hound, a female. Then, later, they accepted one of Mr. Baker's sons by a previous marriage. After that, things got out of hand, and they awoke one morning to find themselves surrounded by more dogs than people. Eleven, to be exact.

While eleven basset hounds, of themselves, are not too great a problem, the Barkers discovered they did have a problem in family relations. One of Mr. Baker's sons, "Mr. Hubbard," couldn't stand his old man.

"Basset hounds are supposed to be very good-natured and they're not supposed to fight," Bob explains. "Unfortunately, Mr. Hubbard and Mr. Baker don't know about this. From the time Mr. Hubbard grew into adolescence, they hated each other and would start a fight every time they got together.

"Bassets like to sit around and be part of the family group, so I finally created and built a 'basset stop'—a low, screened affair through which the rest of the group can smile from the service porch at Mr. Hubbard, all by himself in the kitchen.

"Fortunately, I have a workshop so I can cope with problems like these. When we first bought the house, I went out and purchased all kinds of tools. Some of them don't even have the price tag off yet, and I have never figured out how to plug in the electric saw. But I have fixed a couple of things. Like the pulley."

A couple of Christmases ago, Dorothy Jo bought a handsome white Christmas tree. When the time came, she just couldn't bear to throw it away after only one season. Besides, she had read somewhere that you could conserve a white tree by hanging it upside down. Bob was agreeable—"the darned thing was expensive! So I built a pulley and hung it upside down in the garage. Of course, every time I got out of the car the white stuff dribbled down all over me and people were beginning to comment about 'Barker's premature gray.' At the end of the year, we let down the beloved Christmas tree. My wife took one look and said, 'It just won't do!' And went out and bought another one—also expensive.

"Seriously, though," Bob adds with a grin, "that workshop is well worth the money. I've had greater moments of fulfillment and greater moments of frustration there than anywhere else in my whole life. When my wife asks me to fix something, it's a tremendous satisfaction to be able to go out and do it—if I can. If I can't, I storm back in the house in a rage of frustration."

Talking with Bob, you become aware of frequent references to "my wife" and the feeling grows that, after sixteen years of marriage, these two have maintained a happy and perfect relationship which began when they were both undergraduates at Drury College in Springfield, Missouri. It continued after they were married—the day Bob won his wings as a naval officer—and during the war years, when Dorothy Jo followed him from one post to another. When the war was over, there were uncertain times while Bob was establishing his career, and now it has survived the most crucial test of all: Success.

Until Truth Or Consequences, Dorothy Jo helped Bob write his shows, first in Springfield, then in Palm Beach,
finally in Hollywood, when he had his own radio show. And there was only one time she lost her temper with him and his work.

"As you know," Bob explains soberly, "audiences are like individuals. They're all different. This one time, I had a cold audience. They weren't with me. And I made some snide remark about it from the stage.

"Dorothy Jo was livid. After the show, she read me off good. Threatened never to write another line for me if I pulled that stunt again! She said it didn't make any difference what kind of audience I had, it was my job to get them on my side—and if I couldn't do it, I'd better quit!

"Well," he adds, "she was right, and I have never since insulted my audience, even indirectly. I'll admit I've had audiences I didn't like, just as I have met certain people I didn't like, but I've never done anything or said anything for which I was ashamed afterwards."

By taping two shows in one day, at two o'clock in the afternoon and six-thirty in the evening, the Truth Or Consequences company is able to wrap up ten programs in five days. This leaves Bob with an enviable amount of time to call his own. He has taken up golf, and become pretty fair at it. Also, aside from the basset hounds and the workshop, there are other little chores around the house. "When we bought it, there was a gardener taking care of the yard. Dorothy Jo watched him for several weeks and saw what he did around the plants, and then she announced she had let him go. She said she was going to take care of the lawn, and she does. All week long, she keeps track of what needs doing—and then, on the weekend, I do it. One of the writers on the show said that, if our ratings ever drop, 'Barker can always go to Japan and be an American gardener.'"

When Bob first became aware that, with manhood, he was expected to make a living, his interests turned to the financial world and he entered Drury headed for a major in economics. "I thought I wanted to be in Wall Street, but I got a job in radio and I haven't been able to go straight since. I still read the financial pages and have a stock investment program set up.

"I bought some First Charter at 17½," he recalls. "It went up steadily and, while it was bouncing around 27, I got myself a business manager. He was helping me straighten up my stocks, and one of the things he advised me to sell was First Charter. Yesterday, it closed at 52." Bob grins, "Of course, that was the exception. He's really very helpful—he protects me from my agent."

At the moment, Truth Or Consequences gives every sign of going on forever, which is fine with Bob. He enjoys doing the show, he enjoys the leisure it affords him. He has only one complaint—"I want a nighttime show! I'd like to do a game show that's all audience-participation. None of them are now. The trouble is, somebody's always wanting to make a big production number here and dress something up there. When you do that, you lose the warm, informal atmosphere we have on daytime. I don't think the attitude of the nighttime audience is different; it's the attitude of the people who do the shows that is different. I think the easy, casual approach would do very well with that nighttime audience as a change of pace from the violence and the canned laughter they're getting now. There are some things in the works in that direction, but we need a little help from the viewers who agree with us."

Bob is a man who exudes confidence. As he says, "Until I've broken my pick on it, I can do anything. Someday I'd like to try a dramatic piece. It would be nice, too, to see a book on the best-seller list with my name on it, just as it would be interesting to pitch for the Cardinals—that was my boyhood ambition.

"Of course, these are things I never expect to do, but sometimes the contemplation of them gives you a satisfaction in knowing there are so many things you could do if you really 'wanted to.'" Bob doesn't claim this as any great credo or philosophy, but it does explain why his audiences are attracted to him. He is interesting because he is interested.

At the time of this interview, Bob was enjoying to the fullest his world of television and basset hounds. There was but one small cloud on the horizon: "My mother-in-law is coming for a visit tomorrow," he said—then added hastily, "which is fine. She's a wonderful person... only, she doesn't like dogs!"

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(Continued from page 28) bitter about the horse, as such. It’s just that he has always had trouble with mankind’s various means of transportation.

It all started when, as a senior in University High School in Los Angeles, he made his initial theatrical appearance. As an act in a school comedy revue, he stormed onstage in red flannel long-johns, pedalling a tricycle and bouncing a yo-yo. At stage center, the yo-yo backfired, striking him briskly on the forehead—and, at that instant, the tricycle bucked, unseating its crimson rider. There wasn’t a dry eye in the house. Scott laughed as heartily as anyone else… which says something for his sense of humor.

No laughing matter was an automotive mix-up one rainy night on Highway 101. Scott and his date were coming home from a party. Driving slowly through a wind-driven storm, Scott pulled into the left-turn lane behind four other cars that were also preparing to take the Santa Monica Canyon road. A drunk roared into Scott’s car from the rear, billiarding it into the next with so much force that, in seconds, six cars were welded together.

Scott blacked out, but regained consciousness an instant later, rain pelting his face. He was still strapped in his seat—but the seat had been torn free of its moorings and was hanging in the back of the car, parallel to the pavement. The entire front of the car was a volcano of flame, hissing and crackling in the downpour.

Fighting another flood of unconsciousness, Scott gulped in breath. He realized vaguely that his passenger had been thrown clear of the car and was lying at the side of the highway. Unbuckling his seat belt, he clawed his way out of the car and stumbled to the girl. Scott drew her carefully onto a blanket brought from another of the smashed cars, and pulled the girl to safety.

In describing that night, Scott ends the story with the thoughtful statement, “The girl suffered a whiplash injury. She had to wear an iron collar for weeks, but her face was unharmed except for a little scratch above her right eye. I’ll tell you, I was glad about that. She’s a model and really beautiful.”

He dismisses his own cuts, bruises, abrasions—and the car, burned to a cinder—with a shrug… which tells something of his innate concern for others, and his lack of preoccupation with himself.

Somewhat later in his career, having completed his two-year Army hitch in Germany, Scott continued his combat with the vehicular system. He made use of his terminal leave by visiting the island of Majorca for a month. And, like most tourists—particularly those in Army fatigue who have been footbound—he rented a motor scooter for exploration purposes.

The day before he was scheduled to return to camp, he was buzzing up one of the island’s single-track, snake-back roads when he caught sight of a bus coming down, out of control. Scott unloaded. He did a one-and-a-half-gainer with full twist—into a grassy ditch—while the scooter demolished itself against a stone wall. The bus poured past, shrieking with delight and no brakes.

Adjusting matters with the owner of the motor scooter (i.e., raising funds to pay for it) kept Scott on Majorca three days beyond his leave. But he was able to explain his absence to the satisfaction of his superiors… which tells something of his gift of gab.

In addition to the above bouts with standard means of transportation, Scott has suffered from certain exotic types of locomotion. During the shooting of his “Tarzan” film at MGM, he was required to leap from the bank of a Culver City jungle stream onto the back of a dozing crocodile.

Scott made a perfect two-point landing, but the croc did a teeter-board; his tail submerged and his snout swung skyward, unloading Tarzan. The crew gave Scott a thoughtless assignment for speed in leaving the lagoon. Afterward, he learned that the croc was rubber, but that it had atrophied from lack of use.

Scott also came to appreciate the heavy clothing worn by most elephant riders. Jouncing along on the back of an elephant is roughly equivalent to mounting a cactus. Those elephant-hide hairs, appearing so innocent at a distance, have a coarse rigidity that only a razor commercial could love. Scott says solemnly, “I never believed in the sleeping comfort of a bed of nails until I’d ridden an elephant.”

How did this ardent admirer of the art of walking make the long trip to Hollywood and television? Scott was born Dennis Linn Miller in Bloomington, Indiana. (The “Dennis” was changed to “Scott” by his first contracting studio. He says of the alteration, “An actor by any other name smells the same.”)

He was the first of two sons of Dr. and Mrs. Ben Miller. At the time of Scott’s birth, his father was chairman of the Department of Physical Education at the University of Indiana. Thereafter, the family lived in Silver Springs, Maryland, where Dr. Miller served as executive secretary for a national youth organization and on Long Island, where he was director for American Youth Hostels. The next move was to Los Angeles, where Dr. Miller became chairman of the Physical Education Board for U.C.L.A.

At fourteen, Scott entered the sixteen-year-old competitive class for the National School Boy Golf Tournament—and won. At seventeen, he spent a summer serving as life guard and dock boy for the Freeport Yacht Club. And that fall—at California’s “Uni High”—he distinguished himself on the basketball court (as well as on the aforementioned tricycle).

At U.C.L.A., Scott majored in Physical Education and was initiated into Phi Gamma Delta social fraternity. To keep in shape—and to support an active dating campaign—he took a series of summer jobs. One was with Bekins Van & Storage, a company specializing in big men to handle delicate
One afternoon, Scott's moving squad was sent to the Sunset Strip to transport the office valuables of agent Michael Gertz from his old location to a new building. Just as Gimbel's studies Macy's, Hollywood agents scrutinize one another. What agent Bob Raison saw—while noting the Gertz move—was Scott Miller. He gave Scott his business card and asked him to call for an appointment as soon as possible.

The moving was interrupted, a few moments later, by a second agent passing out his card. When the furniture reached the Gertz office, three of the five agents in the organization approached Scott with the suggestion that he consider a theatrical career. The activity of that day convinced Scott that he should answer Opportunity's knock . . . or take the door off its hinges, to keep life peaceful.

He made an appointment with Mr. Raison, and was placed under contract by Universal-International, a few weeks later. Contractual terms provided that Scott was to take drama lessons at U-I, but that he was not to be cast in a film or a TV series until he had earned his degree at U.C.L.A. (It didn't work out that way; he still has a semester to go.)

For six months, he reported once a week to Leon Charles's drama classes. Suddenly, MGM ran out of Tarzans and uttered a yell for help. Upshot was that Metro bought Scott's contract from U-I, and ordered its new contractee to let his hair grow . . . which will explain the injection of wit into U.C.L.A.'s rooting at basketball games.

When Scott came onto the floor, conspicuously furry in the company of four crewcut teammates, the rafters rang with such comments as: "Coach, give him a hairnet," or "Ape Man, Go Home."

After "Tarzan," Scott appeared in a segment of Northwest Passage, then was paged for the Duke Shannon role in Wagon Train, a job which will be interrupted occasionally by a film role. He will also make records. He has been studying under Maestro Cerero at Metro, and has developed an impressive baritone-bass voice.

However, should the film and auditory arts go bust, Scott will still file his steaks regularly. He wields a Grumbacher paint brush well enough to have sold two canvases, after less than a year of study by mail with the Famous Artists School of Westport, Connecticut.

Scott Miller is what is called "a man's man." He can talk football, basketball, baseball and aquatic sports with the experts. He has an amiable, competent, humorous masculinity that appeals to members of his own sex. But, for the female of the species, who have overwhelmed the NBC-TV mail room withlavatory messages and requests for pictures, he has an extra added attraction:

He is unmarried, unengaged. So go ahead—dream!

Jimmy Durante

(Continued from page 25)

from the time Jimmy's dad, a two-chair barbershop owner who lived to be ninety-three, came to Hollywood to watch his son make a movie at MGM.

"Pop was a gentle guy, a sweet, friendly sort," Jimmy recalls, "and this fellow comes over and says, 'Mr. Durante, what do you think of Jimmy's acting?' Pop gives him a look. 'Let's not start a nargument' he says. Me, I think that's a good way to be in life. What a nice happy place this would be, if people wasn't always startin' up with other people."

Today, at sixty-eight, and about to celebrate his eleventh year on television, Jimmy seems well on the way to match his dad's record. He may not be cutting hair, but he's still cutting up the usual capers. Not only is his career blooming with the same old vigor and freshness, but he has become a bridegroom, for the second time, after a sixteen-year courtship. The bride is Margie Little, a pretty brunette half his age, who has a delightful sense of humor.

"We met in 1944," Maggie smiles.

"I was a combination hat-check girl and switchboard operator at the Copacabana in New York. Jimmy was staving at the club and he fell into the habit of stopping by to tease me, on his way in and out. Some people might think it was a long, dragged-out engagement, but you can take my word for it—almost every minute was full of fun. It was also one of the best-chaperoned engagements in history."

A date with Jimmy, explains Margie, invariably turned into a mob scene. "Jimmy loves to be surrounded by people. He hates to be lonely, and he feels everybody else feels the same. So, rather than take a chance on anybody being lonely, he just invites them along wherever he goes. I once asked him why he needed his crowd along on a date. He looked hurt. 'But they're like my family,' he said. I never asked such a question again."

At Christmas of 1950, Jimmy presented his girl with a ring. Margie took it for granted they would soon be ankleing down the aisle to the altar. But it was ten years later, before she took..."
the bull by the horns and asked him bluntly when they were to be married. 
"But we only been 'gonna together' fifteen years," chuckled Jimmy. "We hardly know each other." Nevertheless, on December 14, 1960, they finally took the big step. Margie laughs heartily when she tells the story, and her imitation of Jimmy is priceless. "He was worth waiting for," she admits, her eyes softening. "Jimmy's one of the kindest, most lovable men in or out of show business. He never puts on the dog. He's the same to an errand boy as he is to the sponsor of a show. He's Jimmy to everybody, and he introduces me as 'Margie.' I once asked him if it wasn't a big undignified. Again, he gave me that hurt look. 'Our name is Jimmy and Margie, ain't they?' he asked. I crinch if anyone calls me Mister Durante."

That's Margie's dear, wonderful Jimmy—and she adds, "I wouldn't want him to change, for all the tea in China."

Oddly enough, though Jimmy loves people, he hates big, plush parties. He is happiest at home, in his Beverly Hills house, surrounded by friends of long standing. He has a swimming pool, but he is almost never in it. He does enjoy walking along the side of the pool when he is concentrating on a script. He is a creature of habit, and among his favorite habits are smoking a good cigar and directing a running barrage of wisecracks at his chuckling parakeet, "Tinker." Tinker barrages right back.

Jimmy has always stuck to this formula, with the "business" end of his career handled by someone else. The one thing he allows no tampering with, however, is his "entourage." Although there are some new faces in the Durante group, it is a tribute to his loyalty and gift for friendship that some of the old faces are very old indeed. Among these, of course, is Eddie Jackson, of the original Clayton, Jackson and Durante team. The act was formed in 1920 and—aside from a brief period when Jackson went on his own in vaudeville—the trio were a starring staple of show business until Clayton's death in 1950.

Then there is drummer Jack Roth, who dates back to World War I days. He not only pounds the skins but is also kept busy catching hats and intercepting parts of the breakaway piano as it flies across stage in the more hectic parts of Durante's "mayhem."

Among the oldsters are Sally Davis and pianist George Finley. Sally, a heavy-set woman, usually puts in her appearance at the tail end of the act. For those few minutes, she gets several hundred dollars a week. "Well," says Jimmy, "she's gotta live, ain't she? And she's worth it, every dollar, for the howl she brings from the audience."

Once Jimmy steps on stage, his avowed purpose is to do "any'tin' and ev'rytin'" to make that audience laugh. He sometimes gets so wound up, he literally tears the clothes from his Number One foil, Sonny King. Sonny really gets manhandled during these moments of fine frenzy. "I just gets carried away wit' myself," apologizes Jimmy.

Sonny was brought into the act at a time when Eddie Jackson was ill. He went on the road with Durante for a year. Then, when Eddie returned, he left to do a bit of troupin' on his own. He did very well, playing the circuit of clubs. After a couple of years, Sonny rejoined the Durante show, filling in occasionally for the ailing Jackson, but also taking his place as an "added attraction." Jimmy feels the dark-haired, thirty-nine-year-old King has a "great future" and considers him an ideal foil for his own antics. Finally, six years ago—when Jackson's health began to limit him to the old standard "Bill Bailey" number, plus a strataway—Sonny became a regular feature of the show and has gradually assumed more and more importance to its continuing success.

It is typical of Jimmy that the bill still reads: "Jimmy Durante with Eddie Jackson and Sonny King." When introducing Jackson from the stage, Jimmy sentimentally makes sure to say, "My old pal, Eddie Jackson of Clayton, Jackson and Durante."

King himself has been in show business since he was fifteen. Like Eddie Cantor, he began as a singing waiter in a Brooklyn restaurant near Coney Island. He was born not far from
Durante's lower East Side home. "In fact," laughs Sonny, "if there were no water between Brooklyn and Manhattan, you could walk a straight line from my house to Jimmy's backyard."

Sonny, like most performers who have worked with the Schnoz, pays him the highest compliment: "Working with him is like going to school and getting paid for it." Occasionally, Sonny still likes to "go it alone" for a few weeks at the Slate Brothers Club in Hollywood or the Sahara Lounge in Las Vegas. "I get a certain feeling of security from standing on my own two feet for a few weeks a year."

"I think every artist needs this once in a while," Sonny adds. "It salvages the old ego, if you swing it all right, and then you're content for the rest of the year being part of a bigger, less personal act." King also just completed a movie role. He plays the part of a mean half-breed in the Frank Sinatra film, "Badlands."

Las Vegas (where the Durante group

plays the Desert Inn four times a year) has a special importance in the life of Sonny King. It is where he and his wife Nancy met and married, nine years ago, and it's where they now make their home. She was a dancer at the time, working with Liberace. They have two little girls—Sharon, eight, and Toni, four. Like Margie Durante, Nancy follows the show when it is playing dates in places such as Miami, New York or Lake Tahoe. But, ordinarily, she prefers to stay at home and give her attention to their children.

When the Durante troupe is on the road, it seems to close ranks and become very much like a family. Jimmy, Eddie and Jack Roth love to spend hours reminiscing about the old days, and Sonny finds that "these stories are always fascinating, never a bore. I can sit and listen to them for hours without getting tired."

Usually, each member of the act has his own lodging. But once, because of a room shortage, Jimmy and Sonny doubled up. "Never again," wheezes Jimmy. "It cost me a fortune." It was at a hotel in Buffalo and, with Sonny sharing Jimmy's quarters, the younger man found his closet space too small. On searching, he found that there was a second closet in the room, and Jimmy promptly hung all his clothes in there. Came the end of the week and Jimmy was handed a $375 cleaning bill—for Sonny's clothes. "What'samatter, ain't you never seen a 'servamatic' before?" snorted Jimmy to Sonny.

That, of course, is an arrangement whereby a hotel guest hangs his clothes in a special "closet"—which leads out to the hall! Each time this "closet door" is opened, a light goes on in the bellboy quarters, signifying that something that needs pressing or cleaning has been hung up. So, every time Sonny had opened the door of this closet, all his clothes had been picked up and sent to the cleaners. Says Sonny with a grin, "Jimmy paid the bill... but he's gotten his money's worth ribbing me about my neatness."

Looking ahead, it is Jimmy's hope to convert his entire night-club act into a TV special. "We did it once before, for the Desert Inn in Las Vegas," he points out. "That's more, we went over with a bang. There isn't a single line that couldn't be put on the air. We don't use off-color stuff. When we put on a show, any parent could bring their kids in to see it."

Jimmy also puts on a free show at the Desert Inn dice tables. "You'd think, from his noise, he was betting thousands," says Margie. "Actually, he and Eddie will split a dollar bet and hold up the play till they can figure what to put it on. Meanwhile, they keep the other players in stitches."

After his stint in September at the Desert Inn, Jimmy is hoping to do his first movie in ten years. His old pal, producer Joe Pasternak, has plans brewing for him. "I'd like to get more to do than a third of a strip," he grins, referring to his part in the Italian film. But the fact is that he not only has the last word in "The Last Judgment," he provides one of his most moving, amusing, and characteristic moments. Scratching his head at the film's end, he muses: "I wonder what God would've lost, had He made my nose a little smaller?"

Whatever the answer to that profound question, one may say with certainty that the world of men, women and children would have lost some of their happiest memories...
(Continued from page 12)
to maintain a comfortable suburban serenity, and gave the impression their life together was progressing according to a well-planned timetable.

Even when they were high-school students in Mount Vernon, New York, Barbara Mallery and Dick Clark knew they wanted to marry. When Dick’s parents moved to Utica, and Barbara’s widowed mother moved to Maryland, Dick’s and Barbara’s love endured. When Dick attended Syracuse University, Barbara transferred from Salisbury State Teachers’ College in Maryland to Oswego Teachers’ College in northern New York so they could be closer together.

But they did not rush into marriage. Barbara believed that a woman should, if necessary, be able to earn the family living or contribute to it. After they married, she taught for two years in the Philadelphia schools.

Dick’s approach was, “A man should have a job and some money in the bank before he marries.” A business major at Syracuse, he expected to go into broadcasting management. At WFIL, Philadelphia, he became commercial announcer of the early Paul Whiteman TV show. Bandstand followed. He once remarked, “I’m still surprised to realize I am a performer.”

Barbara, too, fit more closely into the role of the wife of a young executive than the wife of a star. Although she was gracious to the reporters and photographers who flocked to their home as Dick’s fame grew, she was always a bit taciturn during interviews. One gained the impression that she just hated exposing any facet of their private life to public gaze. However, she did sufficiently unbend to account for their happy marriage by saying, “Dick and I are outspoken people. When things come up, we talk them out.”

Both have been concerned lest their son Dickie (born January 9, 1957) suffer from celebrity-itis. Once, when Bandstand was originating in Miami, and the cast included the recording artist, Fabian, Dick came on the scene just in time to see Dickie strike out at Fabian. Dick yelled, “Stop that,” but Fabian explained, “I was just teaching him how to box.”

Dick delivered his verdict, “See that you hit him back. I don’t want Dickie to get the idea he’s an exception to the rules.”

Comfortable, secure suburban life was the keynote of the Clark household. Despite Dick’s increasingly busy career, it seemed a strong foundation for a continuing marriage.

The Rodgers marriage seemed secure for a contrasting reason. Their love had been so tested by adversity, it appeared to be a bulwark against anything that could happen.

Jimmie Rodgers and Colleen McClatchey were both born in Camas, Washington. He returned from the Korean war and a subsequent tour with an Army show to find that the cute little blonde girl had not only grown up but that she had become a Hollywood starlet. She had been a volunteer at the local veteran’s hospital when screen star Audie Murphy visited there. Impressed by her beauty, he arranged for a screen test and studio training. Colleen, having played several minor roles, was home for vacation when Jimmie received his honorable discharge.

They had one date before Jimmie found his first professional booking at a little seaside night club. He came home again the day after Colleen had been terribly hurt in an automobile accident. A series of operations brought some correction of her internal injuries, but, even after she left the hospital, she would see no one. Her lovely face had been terribly cut, and, until plastic surgery restored it, she had to wear a mask of bandages.

Jimmie refused to be banished. Later, he said, “It certainly was a funny courtroom. For six months I couldn’t even kiss my girl.”

Despite pain and problems, they were in love. Jimmie had just found his first adequate night-club booking when a fellow-entertainer, who himself had just been married, demanded, “Why don’t you two get married?”

Jimmie turned out his pockets. He had two thin dimes, plus about five dollars in the bank. The friend said, “Don’t let that stop you. I’ll lend you money for the license.”

Jimmie’s success during that early engagement gave them funds to go to Hollywood, where they set up their first home, using furnishings which Colleen had stored there during her illness.

Tantalizingly, every good booking was followed by a barren period. They faced the situation with courage, humor and ingenuity. To provide Jimmie with a show wardrobe, Colleen turned over two turtle-neck sweaters, then sewed braid down the seams of Jimmie’s black slacks so that they could pass for tuxedo trousers.

Love compensated for many lacks. Jimmie once said, “Colleen could make a celebration out of a pizza pie and a bottle of wine.” And Colleen said, “Jimmie was so wonderful. Even when I had to have some more operations and the medical bills took every cent he made, he never complained. All he wanted was for me to get well.”

With such devotion, it was fitting that when Jimmie’s first big break came—appearances on New York network shows and a recording contract—he got his first big hit with a ballad called “Honeycomb” which has as its refrain, “It’s a damned good life, when you’ve got a wife like Honeycomb.”

He liked to talk about what a good wife Colleen was. Her own professional training helped her fill the demands of show business. He said, “She’s secretary, press agent and valet—and also my real inspiration.”

It was a big milestone in their lives when they were able to build a house in the Hollywood hills. Proudly, Jimmie said, “I’ve put in forty-eight rose bushes around the swimming pool. Some day I’m going to have horses, too. I want our kids to grow up enjoying the outdoors as much as I do.”

To have a family was their greatest hope. Colleen’s health made it difficult to achieve. They counted it a double blessing when their daughter, Michele Colleen Rodgers, was born April 14, 1960, and her birth brought about an actual, marked improvement in

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Colleen's own physical condition.
Why then, when at long last the Rodgers' difficult days seemed to be over, did this marriage go on the rocks?
Why, too, should the Clarks, despite their level-headed approach, have reached the breaking point?
At first, the Rodgers weren't talking and neither were the Clarks. But whatever the divorce trials may reveal, there is one common denominator of trouble—lack of time together. Time to talk things out when difficulties arise and to permit them to reach an understanding together.
Unless one has been backstage, day by day, it is difficult to understand the constant demands which are made on any top-rated performer. Perhaps no one, other than the President of the United States, has so many people asking so many things of him, every single instant.
A TV show alone takes such a surge of energy that an entertainer usually comes off stage soaking wet with perspiration. Then, before he has a chance to catch his breath, there are friends, fans and business associates to see, phone calls to take, decisions to make, benefits to do, and hours and hours of travel time. The result can be a deep fatigue which a night of sleep only touches. There isn't much energy left to expend on a private life. A wife can feel shut out and neglected. Little mis-

understandings occultate and grow.
Colleen's divorce complaint was filed on the charge of mental cruelty, but her explanation was practically a classic revelation of the tragedy that can strike a show-business marriage.
She said, "We're both terribly, terribly tired. Now that I'm home with the baby, instead of traveling with Jimmie, we get no time together. When Jimmie did get home, there were so many people around they forced us apart."
Unresolved differences of opinion produced quarrels. "There were so many pressures on us—business and personal—we were at each other's throats. We couldn't go on like that in front of the baby."
The drastic decision to file suit brought peace of a sort. Of a period between bookings when Colleen did see Jimmie, she said, "We couldn't settle anything, but at least we weren't fighting anymore."

Asked whether either had a new romance, Colleen replied, "There's no one else." Meanwhile, Jimmie said: "We are dating each other and have hope for a reconciliation. However, the divorce suit has not been called off yet."

As Colleen says, "Maybe if we had some time together... time away from people and problems... time to rest and talk and enjoy our baby... maybe. I know Jimmie still loves us."

**POEMS**

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cased in metal. Designers feel there is nothing handsomely about the shape of a TV receiver and, even at present, would recess it in bookcases or the wall. But you can't fight John Q. Public—though the designers hope that "tambour— or horizontal!" will be the last time you buy TV enclosed in wood.

The second transitional piece is the "Avant Garde Case on Case," a variation of the hutch design. The set looks completely functional. The picture is large, bold, four inches thick, with a large parabolic curve. In the slim compartment below the picture are the controls and storage area for video cartridges—some twelve hours of hand-selected private programming. You could conceivably choose your own: A concert by the New York Philharmonic, a World Series game, a new play or a variety show. The cartridges would be available for purchase or rental at a neighborhood store, just as films are today.

This receiver would also serve as a projector for home movies. A handheld TV camera which records picture and sound on tape is already in commercial use, and it's likely that such a camera would be available for home use. You would shoot a picture or the kids in the backyard with your camera-tape recorder, instantly bring it back into the home, and play it over your TV receiver by inserting the cartridge in a special slot.

Last in the "transitional" pieces is the dramatic "Globe Trotter"—the ultimate in the instrument-type look that designers are fighting for. It is a receiver with great versatility. One side will be a radio and you will receive international stereo sound. This would be a unit capable of receiving music from Australia, Calcutta, Paris and London. Your tuner is a global map, and a pencil-light will indicate on the map the city you have tuned in.

Four time-zone clocks mounted in the panel tell you the specific time in every part of the world. The panel is suspended on pivots—a push of the hand revolves the set to the reverse side, to expose the international color TV receiver. With satellite relay stations in the sky, it is wholly within the terms of probability that, by the '70s, you will travel and have the sights and sounds of Hong Kong, Moscow or Bangkok on your screen in full color.

All of these large sets are slim and light enough to be taken off their stands and mounted on a wall or used as room dividers. The Globe Trotter could be set into a wall between two rooms, so you could listen to international radio in one room and watch TV in the other.

Besides the startling appearance of these receivers, they represent a departure in reasoning and adaptation to the American way of life. The thinking, for several years, has been of television pictures projected on an entire wall. Many still think this is TV of the future—a screen five to fifteen feet wide viewed broadly, as you see a motion picture in a theater. RCA designers reason this is impractical for family use. Their contention is that people's tastes will not have changed by the '70s and it is likely that father, mother and children may all differ in choice of programs at one time. Then it will be an advantage to have smaller sets and several of them, rather than one receiver which projects a huge wall picture. (Of course, it is possible that you may have one such set in the living room and smaller flat-tube sets in other rooms.)

The oohs and ah's were plentiful, when the small sets of the future were unveiled. These are based on the theory that Americans will be more mobile than ever, in the '70s, and it's likely that we'll want to take our entertainment with us. The largest of the portable units is the "Home Communications" model, which RCA designers refer to as "the hockey stick" because of its profile.

This is a receiver which a housewife can easily carry with her around the house. It can be used to bring in a commercial program and—at the same time—serve as a private personal eye. Flick one button, and you get a picture of the man ringing at the front door or back door. Another button gives you a view of the bedroom to check the children, or the swimming pool.

A very interesting Father's Day gift for 1970? is the "Attache." An ordinary-size attache case carries a color- TV receiver, plus equipment to play video cartridges. If Dad is a salesman, he can make his whole presentation in animated color—and can carry it to a friend's home, to show pictures taken during the family vacation. When he's alone on the road, he can open his case in a motel room and tune in a commercial program—or insert a cartridge and see the football game he missed.

It is these compact models for which you'll want the longest, and the end will be the pocket models. It was many years before the portable radio was reduced to pocket-size, and the same patience will be required for truly portable TV receivers. One projected model is "The Bookette." This is a personal color TV-radio combination which is book-size, with a clock timer for automatic tuning of either the radio or color TV receiver.

The last and least—in terms of size—is a pocket-sized combination color TV and stereo radio set which will fit into your purse or pocket. It will combine color TV with AM-FM radio. Mr. Watts says, "One day, I hope this will be produced for $49.95 and people will carry them as they now carry transistorized radios."

You may note that none of these sets has antennas. The industry considers it reasonable to assume that, by the '70s, there will be a scientific breakthrough eliminating roof antennas and rabbit ears. Some of the tools and devices which will make these sets possible are already at hand. Transistors and other micro modules are already in use in radios and in some brands of TV receivers. This is the beginning of miniaturized equipment which will make for slimness and portability.

Stereo radio—already a fact, through AM-FM simulcasts—has now been improved through the use of multideck FM equipment. International telecasting is expected to be with us in a few years. The United States and the British both plan to have a communications satellite up, by 1964, which will carry its own spare parts that automatically swing into place when needed—and these space mechanics will keep such a satellite functioning some twenty years. In May of this year, our National Aeronautics and Space Administration selected RCA to build the Government's first experimental communications satellite capable of relaying telephone calls and television programs across the Atlantic. Its target for launching is mid-1962.

The biggest hurdle for scientists is the flat screen. Today, a color receiver extends twenty-three inches to the rear, and a black-and-white tube nineteen inches. Everyone in the industry is trying to invent a flat screen. But, as yet, no one knows the answer. It may be that the screen will be illuminated from the side or from a small box on the floor.

None of these ideas is science-fiction. The sets of the '70s are not impractical dreams. If you have any doubt, remember that it was in this century that the first flying machine carried the Wright Brother a hundred feet—a mere stone's throw—and that, this year, a man named Shepard was rocketed to outer space. But one word of warning: Don't call your local store and ask when they will be stocking a pocket-size TV receiver! They don't know, and scientists don't know. But it's a definite promise for the very exciting future!
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Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications Inc.
Executive, Advertising, and Editorial Offices at 205 E.
42nd St., New York, N. Y., Editorial Branch Office, 321
S. Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif. Irving S. Manheimer,
Chairman of the Board, Gerald A. Bartell, President;
Frederick A. Klein, Executive Vice-President—General
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man, Vice-President, Lee Bartell, Secretary, Advertising
offices also in Chicago and San Francisco.

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Gerald A. Bartell, Pres.; Douglas Lashkine, Vice-Pres.
Re-entered as Second-Class matter, June 28, 1954, at the
Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March
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Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications Inc.
Executive, Advertising, and Editorial Offices at 205 E.
42nd St., New York, N. Y., Editorial Branch Office, 321
S. Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif. Irving S. Manheimer,
Chairman of the Board, Gerald A. Bartell, President;
Frederick A. Klein, Executive Vice-President—General
Manager; Robert C. Young, Vice-President; S. N. Hummel-
man, Vice-President, Lee Bartell, Secretary, Advertising
offices also in Chicago and San Francisco.

Manuscripts will be carefully considered but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or damage.
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addressed return envelopes with sufficient postage will be
returned.

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What's New

by EUNICE FIELD

Pitcher-turned-actor Don Drysdale (r.) is seen with The Rifleman.

The Sportsmen: When Don Drysdale, Dodger fire-baller, drew a five-day suspension for overdoing the brush-back pitch, he was promptly signed to play a gunslinger on The Rifleman by ex-ballplayer Chuck Connors, star of the show. Said Connors: "Maybe it's a throwback to the old days when I was in uniform, but I hate to see a player sidelined for giving the team all he's got. I figured this was one way to make up to Don for the fine."

The Lawman: Young, handsome Peter Brown is so involved with the role he plays as a deputy marshal that he has begun to live, sleep and breathe the long-gone world of the Old West. "In the town of Laramie," he admits, "I feel at home. I feel sure of my values. I know why I'm there." Peter hurries to explain, "Don't get the idea I'm living in a make-believe world. It's just that I feel I'd have been happier if I'd been born a century earlier. I like being dressed in Western togs. And, most of all, I like the fact that, in the Old West, they were fast with the gun but mighty slow and careful about judging people. Every man was considered decent until he did something to change that view. But today, while we don't pack guns, we are too fast with snap judgments and we don't trust anyone until he's (Continued on page 6)
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NATIONAL BOOK CLUB, INC.

BOX 777 GLEN COVE, NEW YORK
done something that pleases us.”

The Funny Men: Shelley Berman, anxious to do a Broadway show, is shaping up by playing Nathan Detroit in “Guys and Dolls” with the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera. . . Bob Newhart’s TV pact requires him to stay single for the coming year. Reason? A majority of the sketches in the show will feature the adventures of Bob Newhart, buttoned-down bachelor. “I’m like a kid who’s been told he can’t have chocolate,” says Bob. “Suddenly, marriage has become irresistibly attractive.” . . . The Emperor of Insult, Don Rickles, with a new three-year half-million-dollar contract from the Las Vegas Sahara, is all agog at the success of his first dramatic role on Wagon Train. He has just been signed for another. . .

Perhaps the busiest comic in recent months has been Frank Gorshin. In the first half of 1961, he did three movies, six TV guest spots, a stint at Las Vegas and another in New York. While on the night shift at the Coconut Grove with Eddie Fisher, Frank was still plying his trade by day in “The George Raft Story.” Said Frank, ordinarily the mildest of men, “The next person who asks me ‘Whatcha been doin’ lately?’ gets a poke in the snoot.” But Frank shouldn’t complain. Ed Wynn, at the three-quarter-century mark, answered a 7:30 a.m. call for a scene in “Babes in Toyland.” It wasn’t until 6 p.m. that he was approached by director Jack Donohue and asked, “Are you ready?” Jovial Ed replied, “Yes, and I’m glad I got here on time.” Sorry for the delay, Donohue said, “Are you happy here, Ed?” To which Wynn said, “At seventy-five, I’m happy to be anywhere.”

Half-Way House: Ernie Ford’s “retirement” may sound to some people like something you do for the night, since it was only one month after he left NBC that he announced a “comeback” with ABC-TV for a five-a-week daytime series. At any rate, it’s the shortest retirement on record. But the Ol’ Peapicker explains it this way, “It might not be a solid seven-days-a-week retirement, but it will give me a full four-and-a-half days to go fishing—and give my boys Brion and Jeff a great deal more of my time than before. The new program won’t be aired before April, 1962. It will be beamed from San Francisco, and sometimes out of my new home—up the road from Shirley Temple Black’s place in Atherton. I won’t have to do any traveling, to speak of, and I can tape a week’s shows in two-and-a-half days. Figure it for yourself. My once-a-week NBC show took double that time. Oh, I’m retired enough to suit me and my family. Listen, I’m like the firehouse they put out to pasture. Every time the dinner-bell rang, he came charging to the gate. He knew doggone well there wasn’t any fire, but he just enjoyed the excitement.”

People and Plans: October 7, second anniversary of his death, has been named by his hometown of Philadelphia as "Mario Lanza Day." The singer’s four children and par-
Pert musical star Carol Lawrence guests on General Electric Theater.

Funds are being raised to buy the home Mario was born in, to turn into a permanent monument to his memory. Mario still remains most beloved son of the city that has fostered so many current stars—among them, Joey Bishop, Fabian, and Frankie Avalon. Cara Williams, practically a social recluse after her divorce from John Drew Barrymore, has been hitting the night-spots, with Scotty Rubin and George DeWitt her most frequent escorts. Tuesday Weld lost her tonsils at Beverly Hills Doctors Hospital, but she won even more of Gary Lockwood's affection. Gary managed to get the day off, from his Follow The Sun TV series, so he'd be present when Tuesday was operated on. And Tuesday—who doesn't like to do television—is now pressing 20th Century-Fox to find a script for her to do on Gary's show. Singer Gene McDaniels, of "100 Pounds of Clay" fame, is going into a sideline business—manufacturing clay sets for children. . . . And John Saxon is spreading his "investment" wings, too. He's backing a health-food restaurant in Palm Desert and will call it "Saxon's Soybeanery." . . . Even blasé Hollywood was surprised at the excitement Lawrence Welk's opening at the Palladium brought. L.A. mayor Samuel Yorty and Welk blew bubbles through an electronic device, and his colorful globes floated gracefully along Sunset Boulevard, causing traffic to come to a standstill. The Palladium (Continued on page 82)

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A Natural Talent

What can you tell me about that handsome young actor Robert Vaughn?


Handsome young Robert Vaughn comes by his acting ability naturally—his mother and father were Marcella and Walter Vaughn, for many years well-known stage actors in stock and on Broadway. Bob's parents eventually settled in Minnesota, where Bob attended high school and the University of Minnesota, where he majored in journalism. During his two years at the latter school, Bob appeared in school dramatics and summer stock. Eventually, he went to Los Angeles, where he attended Los Angeles State College, from which he was graduated in 1956 with a Bachelor of Arts degree in drama. . . . The talented actor has appeared in such movies as "The Young Philadelphians" and on TV in such shows as Playhouse 90, Alfred Hitchcock Presents, and Thriller. . . . The twenty-nine-year-old bachelor likes to fish, swim, play tennis and handball, and is an avid TV sports-viewer.

From Science to Show Business

I would like to know something about the actress Carol Christensen.

V.A.B., Dallas, Texas

As a child, pretty, dark-haired Carol Christensen had every intention of following in her father's footsteps and becoming an engineer in the automotive field. So, she studied mathematics and science at Southfield High School, located in a suburb of Detroit. After high school, she took a job as secretary to an executive engineer at American Motors. Because she was so attractive, Carol was often called upon to pose for publicity pictures. And that was how she was diverted from science to show business. Modeling and appearances in television commercials eventually led Carol to Manhattan and more modeling and acting on TV. A nationwide tour, demonstrating bowling equipment and fashions, led to Carol's being discovered for the movies and West Coast TV. . . . A bachelor girl at twenty-four, one of Carol's favorite hobbies is . . . bowling, naturally!

Calling All Fans

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

Kathy Young Fan Club, Donald Lee Woods, 1172 Washington Street, Noblesville, Indiana. Mike Clifford Fan Club, Betty Parker, Box 350, Beverly Hills, California.

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.
Those Oriental Dolls

For a special kind of glamour, there's nothing like these diminutive belles who bring their own unique beauty to TV.

In real life, Miyoshi Umeki won an American husband more happily than she won an Oscar for sad "Sayonara."

Cute queues: Ginny Tiu "came to breakfast" from Hong Kong—at five!

These miniature belles ring in from around the world! Tiniest of all, Ginny Tiu was born in Manila, discovered playing all-out piano at her father's hotel in Hong Kong, made her professional debut on Breakfast Club in Chicago—when she was all of five. Since that March day in 1959, Ginny has recorded an album, TV-guested with Perry, Dinah, Groucho. Miyoshi Umeki started later, came up fast. A top TV performer in Japan, she starred on Broadway in "Flower Drum Song"—ditto, U-I's movie version. She's wed to TV director Win Opie. Judy Dan began as Miss Hong Kong, placed third in Miss Universe contest of '56, won a movie contract.

Continued
Those Oriental Dolls

Private eye-full: Judy Dan of Hong Kong is in secretary-pool on ABC-TV's Hawaiian Eye.

has attended college in Los Angeles. Nobu McCarthy (born Atsumi) got her first name from her father—a Japanese diplomat then in Ottawa, Canada—her last name from her graphic-designer husband. She's appeared opposite Jerry Lewis (in "Geisha Boy"), also starred for MGM. Sondi Sodsai was Miss Thailand of 1960, but came to U.S. as a Fulbright scholar at U. of North Carolina. She has an M.A. from U.C.L.A., sings "pop," plays Spanish guitar, cooks strictly American. Anita Loo hails from Hong Kong, made her TV debut in series of that name. A student of Mills College and U. of California, she now studies drama, expects she'll be "the first Chinese 'method' actor!" Lisa Lu was born in Peiping, raised in Shanghai, educated at U. of Hawaii. Her husband owns a Chinese restaurant in Los Angeles. Marseilles is birth-

Love that name! Nobu McCarthy guests on NBC-TV's Laramie, with John Smith, Bob Fuller.

Adventures In Paradise: Gardner McKay and Sondi Sodsai—whose father heads university in Bangkok.

place of France Nuyen, whose mother was French, father a Chinese ship navigator. A former art student, "Fan Fan" wowed Broadway (not to mention Brando) in the stage version of "The World of Suzie Wong." Though their top TV showcases have been Westerns and whodunits, these cute fortune cookies have been welcome guests on everything from Pete And Gladys to Playhouse 90. Truly, their appeal is universal. . .
Drably dressed for TV scene with Bob Conrad, Anita Loo got her first assignments here because of gorgeous costumes she brought from Orient.

Deemed "sexiest" of Oriental dolls, Lisa Lu replaced "Hey Boy" (l) on CBS-TV's Have Gun—Will Travel last season, is actually well-bred daughter of Chinese diplomat.

Hawaii, the Eden where East truly meets West, is a fitting backdrop for France Nuyen, who made film debut in "South Pacific."
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A fiddle player who's cutting the deficits without cutting the comedy

by BILL KELSAy

September 27, CBS telecasts the Carnegie Hall tribute to Jack Benny—complete with such ranking members of the musical elite as Isaac Stern, Van Cliburn, Roberta Peters, the Benny Goodman Sextet, Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra ... pretty heady company for a performer whose violin has been little more than a prop for a running joke on TV! Actually, the tribute—and the awards given Benny for his symphonic efforts—have not been in recognition of a great musical talent ... but because Jack has turned his other talents to the practical side of the preservation of good music. In more than a score of benefit concerts—New York to Honolulu, Toronto to New Orleans—he's raised in excess of two million dollars for charity and various orchestra funds.

"It all started with one of my regular television shows," says Jack. "I was supposed to have had a big fight with my sponsor. I went home mad and said, 'I should have stuck with the violin!' Then I fell asleep and had this dream where I was the guest soloist with the Los Angeles Symphony. ... In a situation like this, you cannot play badly to get laughs. The fact is, you surprise your audience by being able to get through Mendelssohn. The humor comes from small, annoying things that happen or through other musicians trying to take the play away from you. ... I hadn't really played the violin for years. So, for a month before this show, I had to practice several hours a day. Let's face it—I'm not thirty-nine anymore and my fingers weren't supple and I had lost the touch."

Meanwhile, in New York, Carnegie Hall was about to be torn down and a committee had been formed to save it. They asked Jack to help raise funds by appearing as guest soloist with the Philharmonic in an act similar to the one on TV. ... Jack was in Houston attending the convention of the Retarded Children's Society, of which he was honorary president. There, a leading citizen from Oklahoma suggested he break in the concert act with the Oklahoma City Symphony to raise money for the society. The pattern for Jack's concert appearances was first set in Oklahoma City: The comedy involves primarily the concertmaster, assistant concertmaster and cymbalist, and reflects the same type of humor Jack has perfected in radio and TV. He is "the fall guy" trying to live up to an image he has of himself—and never quite succeeding.

"The big job in these concerts is preparation," says Irving Fein, president of Jack's production company. "For most of the people we are working with, it is their first experience with this sort of thing. I begin with letters telling them how to sell tickets, what to use for advertising, how to set up committees. After all, they want to make money for their particular cause, and there's no point in having Jack play to a half-empty house. ... We arrive in town at least a day or two before the concert. We have our first rehearsal with the key men involved, in Jack's suite, so that, when we get on the stage, their parts are perfect and we don't spend the entire symphony's time. This way, we work no more than two hours with the full orchestra. Then it's done. No problems.

"We have been a little concerned that we might run into a conductor who thought comedy was unprofessional and not suitable for the concert stage. Last year, we were worried about George Szell, who has built the Cleveland Orchestra into one of the five greatest of the world. He is a great, dedicated, and demanding conductor. ... He couldn't have been more charming! He laughed and said to Jack, 'I want to rehearse this again—you know comedy, I don't.' He is a perfectionist in his field, and recognized that Jack was also a perfectionist in his."

Unfortunately, there's only one Jack Benny—and several hundred symphony orchestras. There are some four hundred requests. Jack would like to do them all but, obviously, this is out of the question. There is one in particular he would like to do. About two years ago, it looked as though he'd be able to play with the Salt Lake City orchestra. But, when he was available, their schedule was inflexible. Ever since, wherever he makes a concert appearance, he receives a telegram: "Hope you are wonderful tonight. Wish you were here!"

Carnegie Hall Salutes Jack Benny, on CBS-TV, Wed., Sept. 27, 10 to 11 P.M. EDT.
by BILL KELASY

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Peggy, Kathy and Janet, the singing Lennon Sisters, have many things going for them. Personally, they are pretty, charming, intelligent, warm, witty and talented. Individually, they have lovely, clear, melodic voices. Together, they achieve a harmony seldom equalled this side of an angel choir.

On television, they are the most popular act on one of the video tube’s most popular shows. In personal appearances, they play to standing-room-only crowds. With their related commercial endeavors—coloring books, cut-out dolls, biography book and girls’ dresses—they are enormously prosperous.

Yet, with all these successes, they have failed in the one field where these singers should be the most successful: They do not sell records.

In attempting to solve this puzzling riddle of why the talented trio has never had a hit record, I talked to the people who should know. The answer certainly should be found among those who work with and live with the girls. It was. From the welter of corroborating and interrelating opinions emerged a clear-cut picture that easily explained the enigma.

One facet of the answer came from a spokesman for the ABC-TV network. “The Lennon girls have a visual appeal,” she said, “because people have a sense of identification with them. Older women think of them as their children, young people consider them as their sisters. They are sweet and fresh and wholesome. They are ‘family style,’ like everything else on the Lawrence Welk show . . . But, on records, this visual identification is lacking.”

The picture came a little more clear in talking to Mrs. Isabelle Lennon. “Rock ’n’ roll is still the big thing in records today,” said the attractive mother of this trio and their eight brothers and sisters. “Young people buy records, and that’s the kind of music they want. But our
the Lennon Sisters

A triple-threat trio, with beauty, charm and talent to spare. Yet they never had a hit single. Why?

"All-American girls" in other-land costumes, for one of Lawrence Welk's great production numbers. Below, Kathy both duets and dances with Larry Dean on show.

Continued
Sam Lutz, who manages the girls and Welk, as well as many other stars, was particularly optimistic about the Lenmons' future. "They're going to sell," he declared emphatically. "So far it's just been a lack of the proper material. You know, sometimes it takes a long time to find it, and seventy percent of success is the material—then comes interpretation. Every time we record, we do so, thinking it will be a hit. But who really knows what will be a hit?"

"The girls do too well in everything else to go for long without a hit record. The royalties from their commercial lines brought in close to $86,000 the first year. They broke a personal appearance record at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City that had been held by Guy Lombardo for nineteen years. They get more than 2,000 letters a week. And their 'Lennon Sisters Sing Catholic Hymns' album has sold over 40,000 copies. But you never hear that on the air.

"Someday, we'll get a piece of material and it will be a hit."

Dad Bill Lennon put all the pieces of the puzzle into place with his summation: "We'll never compromise our values to make money. The girls are exactly as they 'project' on the air—they're sweet, home-loving girls who are mainly interested in their family and friends. They have no drive for recognition and big money. So we've frowned on the girls doing rock 'n' roll. The Welk organization agrees with us that no record is important enough to destroy the true image of the girls, that the wrong record would only hurt them, in

Manager Sam Lutz has his own ideas about when the girls are "going to sell."

the long run. . . . Actually, we haven't concentrated too much on records. Between their various endeavors—plus their family, friends and religion—there isn't much time for recording."

One episode well illustrates the fact that the Lennon Sisters have no burning ambition to become immensely wealthy and famous. Recently, they were offered a TV series which would have paid handsomely and promised lucrative residuals. The girls met to discuss the offer—as they always do on all business matters where a decision is necessary—and turned it down because it would have meant too much time away from a normal life.

They have no show-business friends, no glamorous singer or movie star for an idol. All each wants is to someday achieve a happy marriage and settle down to raising a family, as older sister Dianne did when she quit the act last year. Dianne is their idol, her marital accomplishment their goal.

And so the puzzle isn't really a puzzle at all. The Lennon Sisters typify the ideal "all-American girl." They are decent, wholesome, self-disciplined, well-reared girls who won't do anything they think is suggestive or in bad taste.

If this means waiting for a "hit" until the trend in music changes, then the Lennon Sisters are prepared to wait.
Jeanne, daughters Mary Ann (going on six) and Terry (just turned three).  

Quote: "I figured I would be the best possible mother to my children by being the most complete person possible.

Stroll outside Benedict Canyon home—they call it "Hurly-burly Heaven."
Everyone loves a good melodrama, particularly when it is well constructed, well produced and acted. This is the premise of the CBS-TV daytime serial, The Edge Of Night, created and written by Irving Vendig, dialogue by Carl Bixby, directed alternately by Allan Fristoe and Dick Sandwick.

Don Wallace, executive producer of the show for the advertising agency, Benton & Bowles, says: "From the beginning, The Edge Of Night was conceived as unique among daytime serials because it is melodrama rather than drama. As we see it, melodrama is largely external conflict. Drama is internal conflict. Although drama and romance enter into melodrama, there is a stronger emphasis on action."

Unique, too, is the central character—a man, rather than a woman. "When we learned our time spot would be late afternoon in most communities, we knew there was the possibility of a large audience of men. As it turned out, we were right. Many male workers are off their jobs by the time we come on. Both men and women enjoy criminal lawyer Mike Karr, not only as a romantic figure, but as a man of action. John Larkin, who plays him, is a creative, complicated, exciting actor, and he has made unusual contributions to the show's development."

The show itself has a different format from most daytime serials, being essentially episodic. It runs through a complete story from beginning to end. The elements which overlap are the continuing characters: Mike Karr; his private-eye assistant, Willy Bryan; Mattie Grimsley, mother of Mike's late wife; her husband Winston and his daughter Louise, now wed to Phillip Capice; Mike's junior partner Ed Gibson, Ed's sister Marjorie and his wife Judy; the district attorney, Austin Johnson; and Mike's small daughter, Laurie Ann.

The show was a "first" in breaking the legal barriers which kept young children from appearing on TV programs originating from New York. A city ordinance prohibited the use of children under six years.
Watching the action-packed life of criminal lawyer, Mike Karr, has speeded up the heartbeat of millions of afternoon viewers. Here's how the show is produced.

of age on live TV, and this was interpreted as applying to taped scenes. Through the efforts of one of the show's producers, the law now permits young children to appear in scenes taped under the precautions taken on The Edge Of Night. These include the constant presence on set of a registered nurse and all equipment necessary for a child's health and comfort, including a crib and bottle-warmer. Larkin's daughter Victoria does her scenes as Laurie Ann earlier on the day of the broadcast, "ad-libbing" them like a veteran, and is back in her own home by the time these scenes are inserted in the live performances of her elders.

One question naturally arises about this action-packed program. Is it sometimes too stark in its treatment, a shade too violent? The answer would seem to be no. "By its very nature, the telling of our kind of story must include some suggestions of violence," executive producer Wallace explains. "Our main character is a lawyer who comes into contact with

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by FRANCES KISH

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criminals of all types. Things are bound to happen. But they belong in a show like ours.

"We don’t dodge strong scenes when they are an integral part of the story line. But we do try to suggest—rather than depict—unpleasant scenes. We are always cognizant of the women and children in our audience." However, Larkin—usually the soul of discretion on camera—once caused a minor crisis when he ad-libbed an expletive!

"All of us in the control room froze," Wallace recalls. "I don’t think Larkin was even aware of what he had done. And the viewers must have taken it in stride, realizing that, to a man like Mike Karr, those moments must have been literally a hell. We got only one complaint that I know of."

The Edge Of Night is a swiftly-paced show. "We move the story fast, with just enough ‘recap’ (re-capitulation, or synopsis, of what has happened in preceding scenes). We realize that many people cannot watch every day. Mothers of families take the children to dancing classes, music lessons, Scout meetings, shopping. Or they are busy with their own work or errands. So we fill in a little for what they may have missed."

Those responsible for the show believe that the reasons women watch daytime programs are not very different from the reasons they watch at night. "We try to provide good, solid entertainment. We don’t attempt to psychoanalyze the audience. We don’t probe all their emotional responses. If we did, we might end up by pleasing nobody. The results seem to indicate that we are pleasing a great many viewers," says Wallace.

Karr has been called one of the “last angry men.” He is idealistic but tough. Outspoken, stubborn, honest. Utterly incorruptible. Unwilling to compromise with any aspect of criminality. "Mike is a guy
who never gives up. He represents what all of us would like to be, if we had the courage. There are men like him, but not too many.”

Now that he is a widower, women are understandably attracted to Mike romantically. How vulnerable he is, how much his endearing small daughter and his work can fill his life, is the show’s own secret. Whatever does happen will evolve as a natural outgrowth of the turns the story takes, not as a carefully premeditated plot line.

The Edge Of Night went on the air for the first time April 2, 1956—one of the first half-hour daytime serials. As The World Turns, also a half-hour, made its debut the same day. No one was sure, at the time, that women would give thirty consecutive minutes to watching, with all the competition of children and home duties and ringing doorbells and telephones. Now many viewers say they wish it were longer. People who work on the show have grown very fond of it. Many of them are now “old timers,” including the star himself and two of the three original cameramen.

Wallace, now executive producer, was the first director. He came to TV originally from a background of radio work which began in the late 1940s, after his active Army service during World War II. He directed for Benton & Bowles such radio favorites as Wendy Warren, Perry Mason, When A Girl Marries, Life Can Be Beautiful. In the early 1950s, he moved over into TV. Since putting a dramatic TV serial together is a little like gathering up all the sounds of a choir and timing them in unison, his musical background has undoubtedly been helpful—he is organist and choir director at his community church, where his wife Peggy serves as contralto soloist.

Do their three sons (thirteen, ten and seven) faithfully follow the show Dad produces five days a week? It would be nice to say they do, but not strictly accurate. Little League baseball (Don is manager of a local team) and other sports somehow seem to interfere. The Edge Of Night can’t always count them among its viewers—a whopping big audience, incidentally, which numbers close to ten million!
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Arnold Stang, the funny little man with the famous falsetto, takes on a new job this fall as the voice of a battling big-city feline known as "Top Cat" or "T.C." to his furry friends in the ashcan set. Stang, who weighs in at 106 and stands five-three, has parlayed this unprepossessing exterior and unique voice into a steady success as an actor-comedian. With oversized lens-less glasses ("Who needs glasses?") perched on his parrot-like nose, Stang has panicked the customers on TV and in movies—enacting roles sometimes requiring comedy facility, sometimes dramatic talent in touching characterizations. Movie-goers may recall him best for his superb acting as Sparrow, the little punk who was Sinatra's sidekick in "The Man with the Golden Arm." TV viewers will probably recall him as the stagehand who regularly frustrated the star on The Milton Berle Show. And, on radio, Stang was well established as Seymour on The Goldbergs. In more recent years, he did a regular comedy stint on Bert Parks' Bandstand show, sandwiched in with numerous dramatic roles on major TV shows. . . . Top Cat is a new cartoon animal comedy series from the Hanna-Barbera studio, which originated that successful Stone Age romp, The Flintstones. Along with "T.C." Stang, there is a roster of famous voices. Benny the Ball, T.C.'s straight man, has the voice of Maurice Gosfield of "Doberman" fame. Allen Jenkins talks for a "human" policeman, Officer Dibble. Fancy Fancy, a feline Don Juan, is played by John Stephenson. Spook and Brain—two far-out cool cats—are spoken for by comedian Leo DeLyon. Choo-Choo, an impetuous tom more daring than wisdom dictates, is voice-fed by Marvin Kaplan. . . . With his commitment for this series, Arnold Stang has moved his family from their home in New Rochelle, near New York, to the Los Angeles area—a cross-country trek which represents a change of home and school life for JoAnne, Arnold's pretty wife, and David Donald, 10, and Deborah, 9 . . . as pictured above with "T.C."

Beginning Sept. 27, Top Cat will be seen on ABC-TV, Wednesdays, 8:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Bristol-Myers Company and the Kellogg Co.
THE PRIVATE LIFE
OF A PRIVATE EYE

An intimate story about
Van Williams, the
SurfSide 6 star, by the
lady who knows him best

by MRS. VAN WILLIAMS
as told to Ruth Harvey

People may shrug it off as wifely prejudice if I say I think Van Williams is terrific as a private-eye on SurfSide 6—but watch the eyebrows go up when I say Van and I don't always see eye-to-eye in private life! For instance, you don't have to look twice to see we're expecting an addition to our family pretty soon. And that's one of the things we don't agree on. For Van is excitedly rooting for a boy, and I'd like a girl!

But come what may, we'll all be delighted—including my four-year-old daughter, Nina. We're so busy getting ready for the event that we haven't even thought much about a name for her—or him. For one thing, every spare moment Van has had away from Warner Bros. studio, we've spent scouting around for a new home. And we found it—a beautiful three-bedroom house high up in the mountains in Pacific Palisades with a huge yard, and quail and mountain deer all around us. And a breathtaking view that extends to the Pacific Ocean. So when the new member of the Williams family arrives, later this year, we're ready to welcome him (or her).

Van, Nina and I are so happy and excited about the baby and the thought of buying a new home that it's hard for me to believe that, two short years ago, Van and I were reluctant to even date one another!

We met very casually in February, 1959, when a mutual friend introduced us at State Beach in Santa Monica. I didn't pay too much attention to him, other than thinking, He seems to be a nice guy. Frankly, I wasn't in the mood to be interested in anyone. At that time, Nina was two years old and I had just been divorced. The main things on my mind were to spend as much time with Nina as possible and to decide whether or not I'd go back to teaching school in the fall. Before my marriage, I'd graduated from U.C.L.A. and taught physical education to junior high school students.

So Nina and I went to the beach often. And Van, who hadn't then been signed by Warner Bros., was a constant beach-goer. We became friends—just plain good, casual friends. He'd been born and brought up on a ranch near Fort Worth, Texas. We both were athletic but enjoyed different sports. I love to ski, surf-board and play tennis. He prefers skin diving, body surfing and hunting. He had made All-American in football in high school and was a track star.

Van had won a football scholarship to Texas Christian University, which greatly pleased his father—a rancher with oil and real-estate holdings who, as "Blackie" Williams, had been an All-Conference star at the same university. But, during his freshman year, young Van eloped with a coed. He and his wife had twin daughters, Lisa and Lynne, before their marriage ended in divorce in 1956. His former wife has remarried and lives in the East. His little daughters visit him each summer.

After his divorce, Van left college to go to Hawaii, where he taught skin diving for a brief period before returning to school.

Love of my Nina (above) brought Van and me together!

Continued
THE PRIVATE LIFE
OF A PRIVATE EYE
(Continued)

It was in Hawaii that Van met Mike Todd's publicity man, Bill Watters, who urged him to try acting as a career. After Van got his degree from Texas Christian, in 1958, he headed for California and, within a short time, got a few small roles on General Electric Theater, Colt .45 and Lawman. Then came his contract with Warner Bros., in April, 1959, and his co-starring roles—first in Bourbon Street Beat and, currently, Surfside 6.

But I'm getting slightly ahead of our story. What I wanted to bring out was that, because of what had happened in our personal lives, neither of us was interested in the other romantically when we met in the early part of 1959. But Van became real interested in my daughter, Nina. He was crazy about her; took her to lunch and splashed around the ocean with her, while I played bridge on the beach.

Sometimes he'd talk to me about a girl he was then interested in, back in Texas, and I'd give him sisterly advice and tell him what to do. She sounded like a wonderful girl and was planning to come to California for a visit. But later developments changed all that. (Happily for everyone concerned! She's now married to Van's best friend.)

I was occasionally dating a young doctor, and we kept trying to fix Van up with an attractive girl so we could all go out as a foursome. And then, one day while we were surfing at the beach, Van suddenly said to me, "We have so much fun, we ought to go out sometime. How about Saturday night?" I was so surprised I accepted—and immediately was sorry.

I remember thinking, I don't really want to go out with him. He's such a good friend, why take a chance on spoiling it by dating. I suddenly realized that, while Van seemed like a likable Irish Texan, I'd never seen him in anything but a bathing suit. And then I had the terrifying thought: If he comes to pick me up in cowboy boots, I'll die!

Later, I found out Van felt exactly the same way. He told me he'd thought, This gal is a typical beach addict. I've never seen her in anything but a bathing suit and a pigtail and no makeup. Sure, she looks good in a bathing suit. But I wonder how she'll look in clothes?

Neither of us, however, had the nerve to break the date. Van has since told me he sighed with relief when he saw me all dressed up in a beige silk suit and with my hair up in a chignon. As for him—he was wearing a black mohair suit and he looked real rugged and handsome. I thought, Well, this isn't going to be so bad, after all.

We went to a night club and had a wonderful time. What impressed me most was that he didn't try

Van wants a boy. I want a girl.
At four, Nina—happy in Van's loving arms—doesn't care if it's brother or sister. She just wants us to have a baby.

Now, three, we're expecting a fourth member soon.
to kiss me when he brought me home. And I knew I wanted to go out with him again. On about our fourth date, we had a really romantic evening—candlelight dinner and dancing. I think I realized then, he could mean more to me than just a friend. But we both kept pushing it away. Neither of us wanted to get involved, and yet—we kept dating pretty steadily.

Then, one evening in April, Van put his arms around me, kissed me and said, "I love you," and I almost cried as I said, "Don't ever say that again unless you're sure." We finally got around to setting a date to be married in October, at the Wayfarers Chapel in Palos Verdes.

As time went on, Van asked me one day, "Have you made all the wedding arrangements?" I said, "No." And we both got chicken and decided to wait a little longer. I guess both of us were being overly-cautious. I had gone through a quick courtship once before and—well, neither of us wanted to repeat the mistakes we'd made before.

 Came December, and Van had time off from Warners'. His family wanted us to visit them for Christmas in Fort Worth. Van packed Nina and me and a truckload of presents into his car, and off we went. We had a wonderful five-day visit with his folks. When we got back from the long and tedious drive—and we were still speaking to one another—we figured it must be love. So, without any more hesitation, we got married four days later (on December 31, 1959) at the Wayfarers Chapel and started out the New Year and a new life together. Now, we're glad our new baby will arrive in time to help us and Nina celebrate our second anniversary as a family.

Van and I enjoy our marriage and each other. We spend most of our free time with Nina at home.

We seldom go out and, when we do, it's mostly to dinner. Most of our friends are non-professionals and we lead a quiet life.

At the same time, we have some real dillies of fights! We both have real quick tempers, but neither of us is a "seether" or "pouter." If anything bothers either of us, we get it right off our chest, right now.

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The Hard Road to Somewhere

by CHARLES MIRON

"The hard road up has to start somewhere. For me, it almost started with death! I was just a kid playing in the streets of Philadelphia, when a big car turned the corner and bore down on me. My muscles just wouldn't move—I was frozen to the spot. At the last minute, some force seemed to propel me out of the way. All I could do, for the next hour, was thank my lucky stars I was still alive."...

Anthony Eisley also recalls a more recent near-miss with death. "We were shooting an Hawaiian Eye segment, and I was supposed to be going at a pretty fast clip in a racing car. Suddenly, the car spun out of control and careened all over the place until we headed straight for a telephone pole. I couldn't do a thing about it, except pray for a 'minor' accident." He barely remembers flying glass, and the awful feeling of being thrown toward the windshield while everything about him shattered. He does remember landing hard on one of the seats and waiting for studio aides to pull him out.

Tony is a big investment for Warners' and they sweated it out for a long, dangerous minute before he came up smiling. But, for Tony, it brought back memories of the years when no one cared whether a hundred cars smashed him to the ground...

To a boy from Philadelphia, Broadway is only a short hop by train. For Fred Eisley, as he was known then, his first sight of actors having a grand time on-stage completely hooked him. He was eleven years old, and all the world was a stage. The hard facts of life were stuffed down his throat a few years later, when he took that same train ride again. Now, in place of the awestruck boy there was an eager 23-year-old who came to conquer. But Broadway was not to be conquered so easily...not by a "juvenile" who was just a little better looking than most.

Tony says, "It gets colder in New York than any other place in the world—especially, to an actor who hears the words, 'Sorry, no casting today.'" The whole paradox of his situation dawned on him, one chill winter night. Here he was, living in a cold-water flat on New York's West Side, with no food in his stomach, his money running out again, no job prospects in sight—and people were telling him to come back "when he'd done something big." Then fate played a hand, as she sometimes does when an actor is about to throw in the sponge. "I heard they were casting 'Picnic,' a play by William Inge to be directed by Josh Logan, the great Broadway director. I went down, read for the part of the rich boy, and got the next best thing—understudy to Paul Newman."

After a good run, the "Picnic" was over and Fred was once again standing on the unemployment line. Only, this time, it was worse...because, during the run of the show, he had married a pretty girl named Judy..."and we were expecting our first child. Things looked worse than they did even before 'Picnic' had come along." The baby, a bouncing boy they named David, made him a man with responsibilities. Fred made the rounds with more fire in his eye than ever before. But, outside of a few small parts on TV, nothing came up to ease his financial problem.

Then, one day, he ran into Joanne Woodward, who had also been an understudy with "Picnic." She painted a bright picture of opportunities for actors on the West Coast. Fred—now father of two, with little Nancy, born in 1955—had a long talk with Judy about their situation. "Why not?" Judy urged. "You're a good actor, and nothing's happening for you here. Maybe our luck will change in Hollywood..."

"At first," Tony says, "it was New York all over again, only with sunshine thrown in. Then, like some kind of miracle, things began to happen and the cloud of despondency I'd been living under began to lift. I got called in to read for the Hawaiian Eye series and the part of private-eye Tracy Steele. When Warners' called and told me I was Tracy Steele, I was so happy I could have cried." But tears were not to come, not on that day, nor the first time he saw his image flashed on the screen in Warner Bros.' hot new series. He came off strong, and the reviews were good. People on the street began to recognize him, and they gave him a warm greeting that made him realize he had finally made it.

When they asked: "Hey, Tony, how's it feel to be sitting so pretty on the road to success?" Fred Eisley—whom the producers had renamed Anthony Eisley for greater box-office appeal—could only look at them with a grin that spoke louder than words...and answer, heartily and simply, "It feels good."

Anthony Eisley (pictured on facing page with his wife Judy) co-stars in Hawaiian Eye, seen over ABC-TV, Wed., from 9 to 10 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.
by JOSEPH H. CONLEY

QUOTE: “We looked for that indefinable quality. We wanted that ‘pretty girl next door’ who was undeniably cute but not beautiful. We needed a personality who exuded life and vigor and who would be able to act, sing and dance her way into the hearts of ordinary Americans.” To achieve this goal, the veteran comedy-writing team of Hal Goodman and Larry Klein looked at hundreds of girls, screen-tested sixteen—and the search was over! Cynthia Pepper was 100% Margie, the new teen-age heroine on ABC-TV.

Cynthia began life “in a theater trunk.” Her father was Jack Pepper, the comedian, and her mother was a former Billy Rose show-girl. They traveled a great deal; “Cindy” figures she lived in twenty-five states during her first few years. You might say she was weaned on comedy, in a home always filled with top entertainers.

She attended elementary school in Texas, then returned to Hollywood—her birthplace—in time for junior high. Though strictly a student, she majored in drama at Hollywood High and had principal roles in many school productions. Upon graduation, she set her sights on an acting career. She studied singing and dancing, became a private pupil of Miss Eda Edson, famed coach of Mary Martin and others.

A year ago last Easter, Cindy had “the biggest break” of her young life. At nineteen, she married the guy of her dreams, Buck Edwards. He worked in the production office at Warner Bros., she was a “girl Friday” with a small printing firm. But her ambitions were still theatrical, and Buck was all for it. One day, when they were “old marrieds” of about three weeks, he called from the studio. “Cindy,” he said, “something has come up and we may be able to get you your first TV job. An actress, just your size, has become ill and had to be sent home. I told the director about you and he said to have you on the set in fifteen minutes. The catch is—you have to fit the dress!”

Our modern-day Cinderella made it to the set on time, wiggled her 34-23-34 measurements neatly into the costume—and memorized six pages of dialogue on the spot. This role in Bourbon Street Beat was Cindy’s first break. Later, she got a semi-regular role on My Three Sons, as Tim Considine’s girlfriend. “That was my second break,” she says. “And I must be the luckiest girl alive to have got the third one. Mr. Goodman, one of the producers of Margie, saw me on one of those shows and decided to test me. Sometimes I feel I should pinch myself to make sure I’m awake!”

She’s awake, all right. People at 20th Century-Fox who have watched her work say that’s exactly why she was chosen: “She seems to match the exuberance of the ’20s”—a lively decade brimming over with dance crazes, “big” sports cars, big-time vaudeville, silent movies, crystal-set radio, and public idols who dared to be different.

On TV’s Margie, you’ll meet—along with Cynthia—Dave Willock as her bumbling but well-meaning father; Wesley Tackitt as her understanding mother; Billy Hummer as her little brother; Penney Parker as her giddy chum; Tommy Ivo and Richard Gering as two boyfriends; and sprightly Hollis Irving as her flapperish Aunt Phoebe.

Dimples light Cindy’s face when she’s asked if she has any great desires outside show biz: “You betcha—we want to see Europe!” If Margie is as successful as Cynthia is cute, Paris will surely see one happy couple on a belated honeymoon.

Beginning October 12, Margie will be seen on ABC-TV, Thursdays, 9:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Procter & Gamble.
Harrah for Linkletter!

Harrah's that is, where Art Linkletter had his first taste of hamming it up for the customers three times a day in a night-club atmosphere. They loved it. And don't pity Art, either. It made a nice vacation for him, since it is a notoriously well-known fact that night clubs do not operate during the day. This gave him a wonderful opportunity to get into the waters of Lake Tahoe for swimming and other water sports, including water skiing on one ski! Art— who has always made a point of keeping in good condition and is still a fine athlete— had his forty-ninth birthday during his stay at Tahoe. And to make family fun even greater, daughter Dawn Zweyer's twins, Kevin and James, were around to celebrate their first birthday. . . . Art— who'd originally booked into Harrah's more or less for the fun of playing to audiences for money, after his years of charming free audiences on TV with House Party and People Are Funny— found the experience fascinating. He admitted to columnist Hedda Hopper, however, that "three shows a night, with the last one at 2:30 A.M., has cooled my enthusiasm." When it comes to enthusiasm, Art finds more in just being grandfather to daughter Dawn's twins and the sons of Jack— his oldest boy. Jack, who was back in Hollywood standing in for Pop during this night-club-vacation trip, announced on the show that Art will be a grandfather again within the year. "February 24 at 4:30 P.M.," says Jack proudly. So Art, who was named Grandfather of the Year in 1961, may be able to defend his title in '62—and find other show-biz worlds to conquer!
When Linkletter booked for his first night-club appearance at Harrah's Club, Lake Tahoe, the big question was, "What's he going to do?" No singer, no dancer, Art did what came naturally when he traded quips with members of the audience—and wowed 'em!

Continued
Harrah for Linkletter!

Art's first attempt to charm the night-time customers gave him day time to charm his one-year-old grandsons.

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An enthusiastic athlete, Art gets preliminary briefing on water skiing from boat captain John Ward. While Tahoe is a fisherman’s paradise, with fourteen lakes in the vicinity, Linkletter is no angler, preferred the active sports, swimming and skiing.

The Tahoe stay saw lots of birthday celebrations for the Linkletters. Art himself celebrated his in quiet fashion but when it came to the very first birthday of grandsons Kevin and James Zweyer, twin sons of daughter Dawn and Air Force Lieutenant John Zweyer, a special party was in order. "Don’t grab, fellas."
Ready for the takeoff. Art is about to try difficult feat of skiing on one water ski. Along for the ride: John Ward, boat captain, Lois Linkletter, Miss Wynn Keith, who represents one of Art’s companies in New York, and John Nicholson, a Tahoe acquaintance. Now look below, right...

End of a perfect day. Sunset gathering on porch of cabin overlooking blue Lake Tahoe. Or, perhaps we ought to say end of a perfect day for everybody but Art. He still had to get down to Harrah’s Club and get to work. This is work?

He made it! While Art had no trouble at all with two-ski ride, his comment on the single-ski sport was, "Only half as many skis, but it’s sure five times as difficult to do."

Art Linkletter’s House Party is seen on CBS-TV at 2:30 P.M. EDT—heard on CBS Radio at 11:10 A.M.—Monday through Friday, under multiple sponsorship.
Harrah for Linkletter!
(Continued)

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DIANA HYLAND:  

Gig Houseman  

by ALICE FRANCIS  

People tell her she looks like Garbo. But, unlike most actresses, she says uncomplimentary things about herself. "One director told me I ought to do something about my voice. He thought it was pretty bad. Another said it had a Katharine Hepburn quality. I can't see why everyone has to be compared with someone else."

This is Diana Hyland speaking, a beautiful blue-eyed blonde who started by winning a contest at fifteen . . . later won a lead in an important nighttime drama, her first time on TV . . . was featured on Broadway in "Look Back in Anger" and "Sweet Bird of Youth" . . . and is now seen regularly on daytime TV as Gig Houseman Malone in Young Doctor Malone.

In Cleveland Heights, Ohio, where Diana was born and went through school, she never tried out for any of the school plays. "I simply wasn't stagestruck," she says. But she finally headed toward a theatrical career almost by accident. Hy Peskin, the noted photographer, asked the society editor of a Cleveland paper to suggest a young local beauty he might photograph for a contest being sponsored by Paramount Pictures.

It was fifteen-year-old Diana who posed. And it was Diana who won a trip to New York City, chaperoned by her mother. At the time, of course, there was also some possibility of a movie contract. But her mother felt it wiser for her young daughter to go home and study.

After several years of study with a good drama teacher in Cleveland, it was decided Diana might be ready to try New York—which she did, living discreetly at a girls' residence club where she had a part-time job running the switchboard. The rest of the time, she kept busy storming the offices of agents and producers. And, one splendid day, she won the lead in a TV drama on Robert Montgomery Presents.

This was followed by summer stock, other TV and Broadway roles. Diana's dramatic career zoomed. Then, as can happen in the theater world, she found herself in a struggle—there seemed to be no jobs to be had. Diana says of this period, "It was a ghastly time for many actors. I ended up working in an art gallery as a kind of assistant to the director. I had a little art background and could talk reasonably intelligently to clients." Then the tide suddenly turned again, and Diana was tapped for roles in two shows on WNTA's Play Of The Week series. At the same time, she was offered the role of Gig in Young Doctor Malone, a part she finds interesting and rewarding.

Today, Diana is a confirmed actress and New Yorker, living in a brownstone-house apartment with high ceilings and shuttered windows. She loves the shutters, dislikes the inadequate kitchen, loves to bake, finds the cooking facilities frustrating. Music is her recreation. "I listen to music. I blare out music. I go to the opera. And I play the French horn—I'm sure of the horror of my neighbors!"

About romance, Diana shrugs her shoulders. "Career women are hard to please," she admits. Meanwhile, in Young Doctor Malone, Gig is finding romance a-plenty. Maybe it will rub off on Diana, who plays the role so sympathetically.

Young Doctor Malone is seen over NBC-TV, M-F, 3 to 3:30 p.m. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.
Diana Hyland: 
by Alice Francis

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Fascinated, day-to-day viewers watch the romance build on Young Doctor Malone.

Here's the Gig-Diana charmer who's ruffling the plot each day.
The news from the rating bureaus was good. As Breakfast Club entered its twenty-ninth year, it had the largest number of listeners of any morning show. Further, ABC Radio proudly announced, most of them were “young adults,” that audience sponsors seek because they have new houses to furnish, new babies to feed, new clothes to buy for children in school.

The rating gain, the network theorized, was due to the adoption of a lively new format. But toastmaster Don McNeill had another explanation. The changes, he stated, were largely technical. A more potent, human factor had been at work. “Kids who first listened to Breakfast Club in their own homes are married now. These young housewives are discovering the show all over again.”

An illustration of this came when a Girl Scout troop from Pontiac, Michigan, visited the show at the College Inn in Chicago. One little girl attached a number of threads to her questionnaire card and wrote: “Which string do I pull to get on the program?” Calling her to the stage, Don asked: “How did you get this idea?” The child giggled: “I didn’t, really. My mother remembered that some one did the same thing on Breakfast Club about fifteen years ago.”

Another girl who grew up with the Breakfast Club habit is Mary Anne Luckett, the show’s new vocalist. Mary Anne was born in Louisville, Kentucky, September 25, 1934, the daughter of Martin and Ruth Luckett. This dark-haired beauty was staff vocalist at WHAS-TV when Sam Cowling, the show’s comedian, visited his mother in nearby Fern Creek last spring. Sam, also doing a bit of talent scouting, asked his mother, “Who’s singing good around here?” A TV fan, she suggested he hear Mary Anne.

Mary Anne recalls, “When he said he was Sam Cowling, I first thought I was getting one of those phoney phone calls. When he asked me to send in an audition tape, I flipped! Even as a little girl, I used to dream of

Still going strong in its 29th year! That’s Breakfast Club, radio’s mightiest morning show—now entrancing the second generation.
Don McNeill and Sam Cowling say each day with Breakfast Club audiences is a "premiere."
They Grew Their Own
NEW AUDIENCE

by HELEN BOLSTAD

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singing on Breakfast Club."... Meanwhile, the show has also held its listeners at the opposite end of the age scale. Almost every studio audience includes a Golden Age or Grandmothers' Club which has made the trip to Chicago to see the people they consider old friends.

While there have been many shows on the air which have appealed to both the old and the young, no other program has done so for so long a period. Breakfast Club is the oldest show in broadcasting.

What is the secret of its longevity? How can it be, simultaneously, fresh and yet familiar?

During one of the show's visits to New York, Don McNeill and his cast discussed the subject with this writer. It had been many years since we had seen each other, but time has touched the Breakfast Club veterans lightly. Don, now fiftyish, has a slight frosting of gray at his temples and a line or two in his face, but still stands lean, straight and tall. Fran Allison, "Aunt Fanny," is pretty as ever. Sam Cowling has grown an extra chin—but then, he always had one. Cliff Peterson continues the rugged Viking.

They are all energetic, vigorous, alert. Part of the secret of the show's youth is the cast's youthful attitude. This was reflected in Don's reply to the question: "How, when you've been doing this same show for so many years, can you keep from getting stale?"

Don clearly indicated that, from his point of view, they never do the same show. "Every day is like a premiere. The audience is different and we never know who will be there, what they will write on their cards nor what they will say when they come to the microphone. Every morning is a challenge."

Fran said, "It's a challenge to the audience, too. We notice—particularly during the seasons of the year when schools are making student trips—that even the youngest children know the show as well as we do. Most of them have saved up some joke, ready to tell in case they are called to the microphone."

One element of change in Breakfast Club is the vocalists. Fran, who herself first came to the show as a singer, counted up some fifteen girls. The list included Marion Marlowe, Betty Johnson and An-
Mary Anne Luckett—girl singer from "next door."

Kay cooked rice! She poured in the whole box and it ran all over. I tell you, we had more rice than we had at the wedding."

Mary Anne's voice was almost mousy as she said, "I did the same thing last night. I didn't know the kernels multiplied." As she made her confession, it wasn't difficult to visualize that—out in what, at the start of Don's career, was called "Radioland"—many, many a young housewife added, "Me, too."

And there you have it. The secret of Breakfast Club's current appeal, and also of its longevity. They talk of personal experiences, funny or serious, which every family shares.

"Aunt Fanny," of course, is beloved Fran Allison.

Ita Bryant. She commented, "It's always interesting to see them learn and develop. Some fall in love and marry. Others go on to star careers. Some have done both." And Don said, "The boys haven't done so badly, either. Johnny Desmond, for one, got his first hit record on Breakfast Club. And, much as I hated to see Dick Noel go to California, this new Johnny Gary is going to fit right into the Breakfast Club family."

A few weeks later, he had proof of just how well both Johnny and Mary Anne fit in. Mary Anne, on moving to Chicago, was away from her parents for the first time and was learning to cook, and everyone was ribbing her about it. Johnny, too, spoke of his wife's culinary skill—or the lack of it. "The first meal she ever served me was terrible. Later, I found out her mother cooked every morsel of it."

Don chimed in, "Do you know, that happened to me, too? And we'll never forget the first time..."
They Grew Their Own
NEW AUDIENCE

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Pamela Danova, head of the 20th Century-Fox school, is devoted to the thesis that stars should look and act like stars—in the grand manner of oldtime Hollywood. Here, she addresses her eager students, including nineteen young contract players, who are receiving intensive training in acting, dance, fencing, personal development in the social graces, fashion and styling. Famous guests have lectured on all phases of entertainment. In group above, left to right (standing)—Trax Colton, Steve Baylor. Seated—Elana Eden, Bill Tyler, Sheila Kayne, David Brandon, Susan Adams, Louis Fuhrmann, Monica Moran, Jim Brolin, Linda Hutchings, Lou Payne, Sherrie Hackett, Elizabeth Howard, Chris Bowler, Anne Benton, Michael Lee, Nancy Priest, John Goulas.
Pamela Danova, who heads up the special training project for young actors and actresses at 20th Century-Fox studio, is a black-haired dynamo devoted to resurrecting the "star" quality which used to be the magic key to Hollywood glamour. An ex-actress herself, an experienced drama and dialogue coach, Miss Danova feels that stars should look and act the part. "We need more stars in Hollywood to replace the rapidly diminishing Old Guard," says she. "But I don't believe identification is the key anymore. During the war years, publicity played up the boy-and-girl-next-door type of movie personality. But if you'll look at the stars who've lasted—great names like Gable, Spencer Tracy, Bergman and Cary Grant—you'll see stars who lived up to all the word 'star' implies. They never made any effort to
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be ordinary people. A movie star or a TV star has to be a person that fans look up to and admire."

When Miss Danova started her project this year, she sent a letter to each of the young contract holders on whom 20th Century-Fox is lavishing this special training for true stardom. "From now on, stars of the future will look as well-groomed stars should look. You will dress properly. This means no more sweat-shirts, sneakers and blue jeans. No more straggly hair, pants or sports shirts emphasizing the female form. Boys will wear suits or elegant sports clothes. They will have hair cut and combed. If a sport shirt is open, the neck will be covered by an ascot. Bare chests are acceptable only at the beach or if a role before the cameras requires it."

Miss Danova points out that her students are being groomed for stardom in every possible way. "This means they must be able to walk with poise, speak with assurance and behave with propriety. They must learn to be gracious to anyone and everyone in preparation for the day when they may have fans and admirers. The image of the star is what made Hollywood great. Our students must reflect that image constantly whether at the studio or shopping for groceries."

At present, Miss Danova’s talented charges are getting real "on the job" training, integrating studies in such glamorous subjects as dance and fencing with working experience in actual TV and screen productions. Throughout, Miss Danova has continued to emphasize the importance of promptness and self-discipline—pointing out that such established luminaries as Marlon Brando, James Dean and the perennially late Marilyn Monroe wouldn’t stand a chance under the new program. "I’m afraid they’d have been washed out," she says. "But Cary Grant and Grace Kelly would have received A’s."
Hal Belfer, right above, is consultant and advisor in dance design and musical comedy activities. Several shows may be produced each year to enable studio’s executives to see students perform at professional level. Belfer is a top production director and choreographer, recently directed musical numbers in Fox movie “Pirates of Tortuga.”

Personal development tips were given by Wynn Cochran. Here, Elizabeth Howard, who was one of first four students, gets special makeup tips.

Regular feature of earlier classes was weekly talk from a guest lecturer who is expert in some field of entertainment. Here, speaker seated at table with Miss Danova is Jack Cardiff, director and cinematographer, who recently completed the Warner Bros. picture “Fanny.”

Weekly fencing lessons are given by Joseph Vince, holder of many fencing championships, and 1936 coach for U. S. Olympic Sabre Squad. He has taught such greats as Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Errol Flynn.
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Pamela Danova, right, above, is consultant and advisor in dance design and musical comedy activities. Several shows may be produced each year to enable studio's executives to see students perform at professional level. Belfer is a top production director and choreographer, recently directed musical numbers in Fox movie "Pirates of Tortuga."

Regular feature of earlier classes was weekly talk from a guest lecturer who is expert in some field of entertainment. Here, speaker seated at table with Miss Danova is Jack Cardiff, director and cinematographer, who recently completed the Warner Bros. picture "Fan."

Drama lesson for Nancy Priest and David Brandon is given by Robert Busch, Miss Danova's assistant. Mr. Busch has shared teaching chores with Miss Danova, was for a number of years attached to 20th Century-Fox studio as an acting tutor before school was set up. Weekly fencing lessons are given by Joseph Vine, holder of many fencing championships, and 1936 coach for U. S. Olympic Sabre Squad. He has taught such greats as Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Errol Flynn.
LOVELIEST LOVELIES ON TV

by ADAM MITCHELL

Beauty, as we all know, is in the eye of the beholder. So, when discussing the relative merits of various lovelies, why not get professional beholders to settle your argument for you? Having sat in too many barber shops and overheard too many debates about whether glamour, pulchritude, coyness, sweetness or “oomph” should dictate the choice, I decided to call on three experts for their opinions as to what constitutes a beauty—and, more specifically, who and what constitutes an all-time beauty where television is concerned.

My first stop was the Greenwich Village studio-apartment of sculptress Maria Alexander. Says Maria, “Beauty is a relative thing. Some beauty is found in utter simplicity. Other kinds of beauty are to be found in decorative objects. But, when you ask me to pick out one single woman as the all-time beauty, you leave me little latitude. “My number-one choice would be Loretta Young, for this woman combines both simplicity and gay decor, to add up to the complete woman. Her face is open and devoid of pretense. And that, to me, is the mark of a true beauty. . . . Diane McBain, of SurfSide 6, is a charming example of young beauty. She is a girl with a fine bone structure in her face, blessed with a smile that radiates a warmth which is both intriguing to men and friendly to women.” Maria’s third choice is Amanda.

Continued
Blake, the strawberry blonde of *Gunsmoke*. "She has the look of the great outdoors woman, while also seeming to be most capable indoors, if the situation calls for it. In real life, I'm sure a man like Marshal Dillon would never keep her waiting so long! . . . My fourth choice would be Betsy Palmer, of *I've Got A Secret* fame. She also has the wide-open, honest kind of beauty, a face that would not tell a lie. And she has an intelligence about her that accentuates her good looks . . . And, finally, I'd nominate France Nuyen, of last season's *Hong Kong*. As do most women of Oriental strain, she has exquisite small features. She is a girl who, in years to come, will grow even lovelier."

Our second judge of beauty was artist Boris Lurie, who had just had one of his striking collages bought by the Museum of Modern Art. "Beauty is a thing of the moment," says Boris. "What is beautiful now may fade, the very next hour. This is not being fickle—just factual, for a beauty has to be reborn again and again. My first choice would be Polly Bergen, who is always being reborn each time I see her. She is effervescent, fresh and sparkling . . . For my second choice, I would select Connie Stevens, a girl I feel has yet to attain the continuing beauty I believe she will inherit in future years. But she is the most consistent beauty of the younger television girls. . . . Then, Loretta Young, without a doubt. Endless, enduring, always a different woman. For me, she is a priceless third. . . . My fourth choice would be Bess Myerson, who has retained the Miss America quality that proclaimed itself in 1945. She has an incandescent glow that never ceases. . . . And, fifth, I'd name France Nuyen. That girl I like. She has the eyes of a sensual cat—and that, to me, is a rare thing, combined with her other assets."

Next judge was Emil Montouri, a talented decorator personally constructed along the lines of Italian idol Vittorio De Sica, only taller. Emil tells us, "Julia Meade would be my first choice. I always watch Ed
Sullivan's show, and one of the good reasons my wife and two daughters watch is to see Julia spiel the commercial! She can convincingly sell herself, long before she says a word. Then, there's Loretta Young—who, for me, is always the final bit of decor to any smart living room, whether it be in person or on the television set. She has 'class,' a priceless commodity in these times. Also, taste.

Third, for Emil: Bess Myerson. "Her bone structure is a thing of beauty. Those high cheekbones set off her sparkling eyes in a most enticing fashion. And her jawline is perfectly proportioned for her long, lean look. Next, I'd choose Faye Emerson. Although Faye is a bit more on the sexy side than the others, she nevertheless exudes a quality of gracious warmth, rather than blatant sex. And then, Polly Bergen. For me, she has the two-fold appeal of arresting eyes and a pert nose, which makes a combination of both youth and woman-of-the-world."

And there they are—the lovelies these trained artists elected. Five choices each. Counting duplicates, ten beautiful women seen frequently on television. Nice picking, by professionals—if you can see it the same way. But beauty being the fey thing it is... and everyone having his personal idea of what constitutes a great beauty... to each his own!
LOVELIEST LOVELIES ON TV

(continued)

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Calling Dr. Kildare
First a movie, then a long-running radio series, now a TV series—with Richard Chamberlain in the title role. Here’s a capsule view of Dick himself.

The premiere of the Dr. Kildare series this month might also merit a running sub-title, “Hometown Boy Makes Good.” Richard Chamberlain, who plays a young intern struggling toward professional success in a big city hospital, is a rugged young man who was born and brought up within easy driving distance of the major Hollywood studios. The more remarkable circumstance is that he was cast for this major role after a scant year of acting experience which gave him acting credits in a number of major TV series. ... Dick went through grammar and high school in Beverly Hills, then attended college at Pomona College in Claremont, California—an institution of higher learning which also boasts Robert Taylor and Joel McCrea as graduates. During college, Dick was an outstanding track star and also developed an active interest in the school drama program, performing in “King Lear,” “Arms and the Man,” and “The Lady’s Not for Burning.” Army service in Korea followed his college graduation in 1956, with sixteen months of non-combat duty eating up the time until he returned to civilian life in 1958. ... He at once renewed his ambitions to make an acting career his life work—with voice lessons and dramatic coaching. The effort soon paid off, with appearances in The Deputy, Gunsmoke, Riverboat, Alfred Hitchcock Presents, and other series. His motion picture debut was made in MGM’s “Secret of the Purple Reef.” The starring role in Dr. Kildare is his first major assignment in a continuing series. Dick lives in a bachelor apartment in the Hollywood Hills and, at this point, finds little time for serious romance—his acting commitments eat up too much of his days. ... Dr. Kildare, co-produced for TV by MGM and the NBC network, is based on the long-running movie and radio series, for which Lew Ayres and Lionel Barrymore created the original roles. The pilot for the new series was written by E. Jack Neuman, who is well known for his TV work and also, some years ago, wrote twenty original scripts for the radio version of Dr. Kildare. ... An integral part of the beloved drama’s charm for TV viewers will also be the presence of Raymond Massey, co-starring as Dr. Gillespie, who is the Chief of Medical Services for the hospital and a member of the staff of the adjacent medical school with which it is affiliated. Massey, the much-honored veteran of Broadway and TV, and Chamberlain, the exciting newcomer, add immediate interest to a dramatic idea long dear to American audiences.

Dr. Kildare will be seen over NBC-TV, each Thursday, from 8:30 to 9:30 P.M. EDT, beginning September 26.
Her Bachelor Husband

A wife's-eye-view of John Forsythe, the "wifeless" hero of Bachelor Father

by MAURINE REMENIH

SAYS MRS. JOHN FORSYTHE, "I'm in a rather unique and envious spot." Any feminine-type female viewer of Bachelor Father would call that an understatement—considering what a dreamboat "Uncle Bentley" is. But that isn't exactly what Julie Forsythe means.

"I think any average, normal male, after he's been married ten or fifteen years," she explains, "is apt to moon a little over the long-lost pleasures of being a bachelor. When he sees a pretty girl, he may think wistfully of how things might be, if he didn't have a wife and family! But John has been play-acting a bachelor for some time now. If he's ever had any of those wishful moments, he's able to get it all out of his system. As Bentley Gregg, he's perfectly free to charm the girls, dress like a well-paid young lawyer, be waited on by servants—the works.

"Actually, John never really was a bachelor, so I suppose playing Bentley is even more fun for him than it would be for someone with a playboy-type past. John was first married when he was only twenty. That lasted only a couple of years. Then, a couple of years later, we were married. So you might say he's always been married. However, I think John is one of those men born to married life. He always seems at his best here at home, being Head of the House.

"He'll stand for a great deal more nonsense from the girls than I do. There's usually a mob of children around the place. The girls are very gregarious, constantly issuing mass invitations to come over and swim. Inevitably, they all wind up in our pool—with John doing lifeguard duty. He'll put up with a terrific amount of giggling and horseplay. But, if things threaten to get out of hand, wham! John doesn't raise his voice, but there's a new note of authority in it, which the girls recognize instantly."

Julie claims there's one aspect of Life-with-John strictly from bachelorhood: His clothes—and the way he doesn't take care of them. "I'd faint if I ever found him hanging up anything for himself!" And the extent of his wardrobe would turn any self-respecting playboy green with envy. "He has to be well turned out for his role as Bentley—and he inherits his TV wardrobe for personal use. However, when the girls or I want new clothes, that involves our budget and is a different matter entirely. He's one of those husbands who say, 'But you've got a dress!' He's an easier touch for the girls."

How the girls were named is another story—with bachelor overtones. Very rarely are daughters named for father's old girlfriend. But that's the way it was with Page Forsythe. Before she was born, John and Julie were discussing names. John mentioned that he'd long ago dated a girl called Page. He'd forgotten the girl completely, but the name stayed with him—it had a certain dramatic flair. Would Julie mind? Julie's broadminded, and she agreed "Page Forsythe" had an elegant sound. So, for that matter, does "Brook Forsythe"—their second-born.

Around home, handsome young father Forsythe is strictly a do-it-yourself man. Not, please understand, do-it-himself. If you want something done around the house, that's fine with him. Go ahead and do it yourself. "He's a born overseer," Julie sputters.

Born husband or no, Julie admits that John is likely to forget anniversaries, even birthdays, and refuses to give her a present on Mother's Day "because you aren't my mother!" But he does come home with pleasant frequency bearing un-birthday gifts, things he's seen which he knows will please Julie. And she proudly reports that John is also that wonder of wonders—one husband who is as cheerful, charming and articulate at home with his family as he is at a party!

Bachelor Father is seen over NBC-TV, Thurs., 9 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by the American Tobacco Company and Whitehall Laboratories.
In 1956, Harry Belafonte produced a best-selling album titled “Calypso.” His latest album—released through RCA Victor but produced by his own recording company—titled “Jump Up Calypso.” Yet Belafonte flatly rejects being identified as a “calypso singer.” “Calypso is part of our folklore, and I include it in my repertoire because I'm basically a folk singer,” he says. “The temporary calypso fad of several years ago is over, and I'm most happy that it is. I'm not a faddist. Naturally, I'm hoping that this album is another best-seller. But I have no wish that it revive the so-called calypso craze.” . . . Belafonte has earned the right to his opinions. Fighting against a wide assortment of handicaps, he has become recognized as one of the country's most talented actor-singers, and the first Negro matinee idol. As Maurice Zolotow wrote in a recent article: “In repose his face is long and somber and his jaws meet too sharply at his bony chin. He looks young and naive. But when he moves and his face becomes restless and stirred up, he projects a range of emotions, the most striking being an electrifying air of sexiness.” . . . Although Belafonte is one of the foremost stars of motion pictures, the variety stage, night clubs, concert circuit and, of course, recordings, success did not come easy. In fact, his story is that of a singer who “made it” on the second try. After gaining a fair amount of popularity as a pop singer, he quit cold. He found crooning “artistically shallow” and decided to either find his proper niche in show business or get out of it. Together with two friends, he bought a small restaurant in Greenwich Village where, frequently, someone would produce a guitar and community sings would result. It was during these informal songfests that Belafonte discovered a deep feeling of satisfaction in singing folk tunes. . . . Late in 1950, Belafonte and guitarist Millard Thomas began to build a repertoire of old and modern folk ballads. Before the end of that year, Belafonte was booked into the Village Vanguard night club, where he received critical raves—and his show-business “comeback” was under way. This modest beginning led to a contract with RCA Victor and, eventually, to success in such fields as motion pictures and television. . . . Ironically, Belafonte first trained to become an actor—following his discharge from the Navy in World War II. He studied for three years at the Dramatic Workshop of the New School for Social Research in New York City, where his classmates included Marlon Brando, Tony Curtis, Elaine Stritch and Paddy Chayefsky. Today, he heads his own movie producing firm, as well as his own recording company. He can name his own price for night-club appearances and he is without question, one of the most popular American artists with European audiences. . . . Belafonte lives in an apartment in New York City. In his private life, he has few close friends and engages in few social activities. His main devotion is to his family and to his work. He's had a life-long desire to become a star . . . not only a popular success, but a success with respect for himself and for his race. Now that he has become a headliner, the handsome star refuses to relax, determined to realize equal recognition as a producer.
MITCH MILLER:
Man Against Crime and Corn

by MARTIN COHEN

This fall, Mitch Miller's TV series on NBC stirs right into the Tommyguns of ABC's Eliot Ness on Thursday nights—and the word around Radio City has been that the maestro of Sing Along With Mitch is none too happy about working opposite the high-spirited crime chasers.

"I don't like the time slot," he says frankly, "but it has nothing to do with The Untouchables. We'll beat their ratings, I think we're going to have one of the best shows you've ever seen. . . . But the time does bother me. What we have is a family show that will appeal to all ages. When we come on late, the kids will be in bed and I hate to see them miss it."

This is a confident, pleasant man. Bearded at a Columbia recording studio, he wears a loose red sports shirt and a look of concentration, as the male chorus rehearses a number for his fourteenth "Sing Along With Mitch" album. He says, "Our kind of entertainment, on records, as well as on TV, is nostalgia. We supply the song—it may be forty years old or just a year—and you supply the memory. Nothing new about the idea. You can think of a dozen programs that have tried it. It looks so easy, but it's not—because, most of the time, it winds up being corny. We don't deal in corn. We deal in quality."

Mitch's whole life has been dedicated to music. Basically, he is a trained, legitimate musician. For many years, he has been artists-and-repertoire chief at Columbia Records, responsible for their popular releases. This, he thinks, will be his chief asset in the battle for TV ratings.

He points out that he's been dealing with good music. "When people go out and buy a record, they don't play it once but many times. The recording business is altogether different from radio music. People don't love radio music per se. The recording business has grown into a giant, over the past few years, and people are not buying what they hear on radio. The recordings in the Top Forty played on the air represent only eight percent of the total record sales. Ninety-two percent of the records sold con-

tain music that has nothing to do with air promotion or air play. The stations' taste in music and that of the record-buying public are not necessarily compatible."

He thinks the word "trend" is a pitfall. "The man who follows trends is putting a noose around his neck. A trend is nothing more than following the leader. Ideas that come from imitation. A man should be intrigued by quality—but, of course, first he must be able to recognize it."

The quality he speaks of has been evident in the recordings of Doris Day and Johnny Mathis, to mention only two of the many whose recording sessions he has directed. Mitch retains his office at Columbia but has given up the administrative duties. He has no time for it, now that he is a star himself. He's the kind of man who gets completely involved in a project, and the TV show demands that kind of attention.

"I think we are giving TV a third dimension," he says. "Our camera moves in and out. I have two of the best men in the business helping me, producer-director Bill Hobin and writer Gordon Cotler. We are

Leslie Uggams is one of four featured singers—all girls—on NBC-TV's Sing Along With Mitch.

A% KAY: The Discs and Discers in Orbit This Month
Diana Trask gets pre-furred treatment in typically imaginative TV production number.

Louise O'Brien sings up nostalgic echoes of World War I.

Mitch is proud of his talented chorus—all male, all ages and types. "We chose them strictly for their voices."

Gloria Lambert is fourth of the girl vocalists who help Mitch prove that good songs endure through "quality," not "corn."

Doing things that require imagination." Privately, Mitch's life has changed little. He and his wife still live in Stony Point, New York. Their eldest, Andrea, finished her schooling last spring and made her acting debut in summer stock. Margaret is a senior in high school, and young Mitch is in ninth grade. "They all sing and play," their dad notes, "but not for money."

Mitch has been playing for money since he was a teenager. But, as he says, "Music makes money, but money doesn't make music. Quality in the arts has nothing to do with dollars and cents. What you have to bring to this business is respect for music itself. We will play recent songs, as well as some thirty years old, in the Sing Along series. But the new ones will be good ones, that will be remembered thirty years from now. Old or new, a good song is a fragile thing and must be treated with respect."

Discography: Mitch's latest albums are "TV Sing Along" (Columbia, CL 1628/CS 8428), "Special Request Sing Along" (CL 1671/CS 8471). Several previous albums have sold 500,000-plus; the original "Sing Along With Mitch"—one million!
Mitch Miller:
Man Against Crime and Corn

by MARTIN COHEN

Ham taff, Mitch Miller’s TV series on "Sing Along With Mitch" airs on NBC; stars right into the management of ABC’s "Elvis Nite" on Monday nights—and the word around Radio City has been that the question of "Sing Along With Mitch" is more than happy about working opposite the high-spirited crime fighters.

"I don’t like the time slot," he says frankly. "But it has nothing to do with The 20th-Century. We’ll beat their ratings. I think we’re going to have one of the best shows you’ve ever seen. But the time does bother me. What we have is a family show that will appeal to all ages. When we come on late, the kids will be in bed and I have to see them miss it.

This is a constant, pleasant man. Bearded at a Columbia recording studio, he wears a loose red sports shirt and a look of contentment, as the male voice chooses a number for his hurriedly "Sing Along With Mitch" album. He says, "One kind of entertainment, on records, as well as on TV, is nostalgia. We supply the song-it may be forty years old or just a week—and we supply the memories. Nothing new about the idea. You can think of a dozen programs that have tried it. It looks so easy, but it’s not because most of the time, it winds up being easy. We don’t deal in corn. We deal in quality."

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"I think we are giving TV a third dimension," he says. "Our camera moves in and out. I have two of the best men in the business helping me, producer-director Bill Hahn and writer Gordon Coarer. We are doing things that require imagination."

Practical, Mitch’s life has changed little. He and his wife still live in South Point New York. Their eldest, Andrea, finished her schooling last spring and made her acting debut in summer stock; Margaret is a senior in high school, and young Mitch is in ninth grade. "They all sing and play their dad’s notes, but not for money."

Mitch has been playing for money since he was a teenager. But, as he says, "Music makes money, but money doesn’t make music. Quality in the arts has nothing to do with dollars and cents. What you have to bring to this business is respect for music itself. We will play recent songs, as well as some thirty years old in the Sing Along years. But the new ones will be good ones that will be remembered thirty years from now. Old or new, a good song is a tangible thing and must be treated with respect."

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Leslie Uggams is one of four featured singers—"all male, all ages and types. We chose them strictly for their voices."

Gloria Lambert is fourth at the fall season’s show—Mitch proves that good songs endure through quality, not fame.
A round-up report on the records that’ll go, go, go this month

This is the season—as leaves turn gold, summer romances are over and new loves catch fire—when music again fills the air. It is new music, and all kinds, as the recording companies issue their big fall lists.

THE BIG VOICES (MALE) . . .

Belafonte: Jump Up Calypso (RCA Victor). Six years ago, Belafonte started a calypso rage with his first recording for Victor. Now he returns to the idiom with all new, high-spirited songs. Belafonte at his lively best . . .

Mathis: A Portrait of Johnny (Columbia). The world’s favorite romantic singer moves from slow to upbeat tempos, from “Star Bright” to “How to Handle a Woman.” The album includes a reproduced brush-stroke picture of Mathis with locking easel . . .

Ray Charles and Betty Carter (ABC-Paramount). This is the “together” album of the year. Charles, who has captured the ears of all, from rock ‘n’ roll to jazz fans, sings with inspiration with Betty. Almost any side is worth the price of the album . . .

Sing to Me, Mr. C. (RCA Victor). Eighteen all-request tunes that Perry Como has been asked for, in his TV mail, and this is Perry at his best. Should be in the library of even those who don’t like Como . . .

Broadway, Bongos and
Elvis' newest album with top pops for you... and you... and everybody! In twelve great tunes, Elvis sings the blues, tender love songs, big-beat specials, movie hits and more! It's a must for everyone! Living Stereo or Monaural Hi-Fi.

Living Stereo

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A "New Orthophonic" High Fidelity Recording

1. There's Always Me
2. Give Me the Right
3. It's a Sin
4. Sentimental Me
5. Starting Today
6. Gently
7. I'm Comin' Home
8. In Your Arms
9. Put the Blame on Me
10. Judy
11. I Want You with Me
12. I Slipped, I Stumbled, I Fell

From the Jerry Wald Production 20th Century-Fox CinemaScope Picture
WILD IN THE COUNTRY
Mr. "B" (Mercury). Mr. "B" is, of course, Billy Eckstine, a name that merely means wonderful — and this, with lively percussion, adds to the excitement of his wonderful delivery. . . . The old master, Bing Crosby — and who needs to describe him?— makes the market on two different labels: Join Bing in a Gang Sing Along (Warner Bros.) backed up by a chorus, and El Señor Bing (MGM), a toast to South America. . . . Mr. Entertainment: Sammy Davis Jr. (Decca). Giant-sized pleasure. On one side, it covers Sammy's versatility in vaudeville and, on the other, his "show-stopping" tunes. . . . Mills Brothers: Great Hawaiian Hits (Dot). Celebrating their twenty-fifth anniversary, America's favorite quartet blends "Sweet Leilani" and such. . . . Jack Teagarden: Misery and the Blues (Verve). One of those "that's all" albums, because Mr. T.'s trombone and voice were made to sing the blues. . . . Tony Bennett: My Heart Sings (Columbia). Swinging on one side, sensuous on the other, with the big-band backing of Ralph Burns.

THE BIG VOICES (FEMALE). . . . The queen of pop songs—who else but Ella Fitzgerald?— leads the parade with Ella in Hollywood (Verve). In a "blue sky" mood, she cheerfully swings through a dozen goodies, with an especially exuberant twist to "Mr. Paganini." . . . Lena Horne, recorded during an actual show in Las Vegas. Insiders have always known she was at her best before an audience, so this rightfully takes its place as one of her finest. . . . Abbey Lincoln: Straight Ahead (Candid). An experience in jazz singing totally unexpected, and completely moving and astonishing. The svelte, lovely Lincoln has abandoned her supper-club style for the honest cut of naked emotion. . . . Doris Day: I Have Dreamed (Columbia). The dream artist with a dream package, "Periwinkle Blue," "I'll Buy That Dream." What the doctor really ordered instead of an apple a day. . . . My Golden Favorites: Roberta Sherwood (Decca). This lady's voice is so well-loved, it is only right that she should record the songs she loves best for her fans. . . . He Needs Me: Gloria Lynne (Everest). The fabulous voice that Belafonte used over and over, in his last TV show. She applies her jazzy-gospel voice to tender sentiments, such as "The Lamp Is Low," against a lush background. . . . Eileen Farrell: Here I Go Again (Columbia). The operatic singer follows up the success of her first pop album with another dozen standards, again backed by Luther Henderson. . . . Pearl Bailey Sings Songs She Loves (Roulette). The songs are by her favorite composer, Harold Arlen —including "Come Rain, Come Shine," and eleven more. . . . And the Divine Vaughan is represented by two albums: My Heart Sings (Mercury), in the quiet mood, with "My Ideal," "Please" — all simple melodies that require a great voice. In another album, After Hours: Sarah Vaughan (Roulette), she sallies forth informally with a small rhythm section.

JAZZ SUPREME. . . . Fall is made memorable with a new issue, Miles Davis: In Person at the Black Hawk, San Francisco (Columbia). First recordings the jazz great has made since August of 1960, and the first he has ever recorded for Columbia outside a studio. One disc was recorded on a Friday and the other on Saturday. You can buy both in one package, or take them separately. . . . Jazz Reunion: Pee Wee Russell—Coleman Hawkins (Candid). A great album that includes fluid, inventive clarinet by Pee Wee plus crisp, slappy phrases by the Hawk. Included are the respectable talents of Bob Brookmeyer, Emmet Berry, Jo Jones and Milt Hinton. . . . African Waltz: Cannonball Adderley and His Orchestra (Riverside). The Ball's first
The Chicks and Chuck's... 
Brenda Lee: All the Way (Decca).
A brand-new collection of the youngest dynamic singer in the business. In this showcase, the teenager runs from tender ballads to rock 'n' roll. The gal due for the big, big build-up of the season is Ann-Margaret (RCA Victor). George Burns hired her on sight for his club act. Jack Benny used her on TV, and 20th Century-Fox put her under contract. For Victor, another of her admirers, she shows off a remarkable, versatile voice and goes from blues to ballads to the beat. Paul Anka Sings His Big 15, Volume 2 (ABC-Paramount). The teen-age genius of the rock

New Medicated "Ice" Clears Oil-Clogged Pores Gives Close-Up Skin Beauty

Helps stop chief cause of blackheads, enlarging pores, breaking out—without costly treatments. Look for results in 15 days—or even less.

Now the greatest of all skin problems—oil-choked pores—may be controlled with Ice-O-Derm® the new pharmaceutical ice. Blackheads form when oil piles up and hardens in pores—pores are stretched, enlarged. Bacteria may enter and cause infection—"flare-ups"—pimples.

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Ice-O-Derm’s invisible medication stays on skin to keep dirt out—holds natural moisture in. What's more, its stimulating action improves skin circulation for a healthier, younger look. Start your Ice-O-Derm complexion course today.

FOLLOW NEW 15-DAY COMPLEXION TIMETABLE

To Fresher, Clearer Skin Beauty!

1ST FIVE DAYS
"ICE" starts to rid pores of clogged oil. Clear blackheads—medication helps prevent breaking out—special astringent tightens enlarged pores. Result: Clearer, smoother skin.

2ND FIVE DAYS
Ice-O-Derm’s invisible shield holds in moisture—protects skin from sun, winds and drying effects of steam heat. Result: Softer, moister skin.

3RD FIVE DAYS
Continuous "ICE" treatments stimulate circulation and increase natural resistance to infection. See how skin’s improving. Result: Fresher, healthier-looking skin.

$100

Next Month: Surprises Galore!

Covers man: If you liked Mitch Miller this month, you’ll love his color portrait—and all-new story, told in his own words. Inside story: Steve Allen returns to the Battle of the Big Eye. Preview: "Merrily We Roll Along"—Groucho Marx steers the American automobile dawn Memory Lane in a fun-packed special. Expanding: How Mr. Ed, the talking horse, "talks"! Behind-the-scenes: Walt Disney creates a "dreamland" for studio tailors. Myrna Fahey takes over a Liz Taylor glamour role. Peggy Cass tackles the scene-stealing Marquis Chimps. All these, and many more—exclusive in the

November issue of TV RADIO MIRROR on sale October 5
'n' roll set with a second big helping of his own hits. If a kid of nineteen can have thirty best-sellers, what more can you say? . . . A Whole Lot of Frankie: Frankie Avalon (Chancellor). Seventeen of his hits, from "De De Dinah" up to "Who Else But You," culled from the original masters. . . . Rockin' Hot: Fabian (Chancellor). Twelve newly recorded tunes that rock for finger-snapping or dancing. Fabes sings such as "Tongue Tied" and "Meanie Little Jeannie." . . . Lloyd Price Cookin' (ABC-Paramount). Cooking, all right—pressure cooking, high-pressure, big-beat, big-band—with Lloyd and his boys serving up "Deed I Do." "Blues in the Night," and others.

THE SOUND OF PERSONALITIES. . . . Leading off is the huge man from New Orleans, Al Hirt: Dixieland (RCA Victor). This is the big, ingratiating horn with the popular jazz sounds that have intrigued the public. . . . I Love Paris: Pete Fountain (Decca). The album notes suggest this could be called "'way down upon the Seine River," for it is a Dixieland clarinet that Pete brings to sweet French melodies. . . . Andre Previn, His Piano and Orchestra: A Touch of Elegance (Columbia). In the title, a play on words—for Previn gives romantic interpretations of Duke Ellington's music, backed up with strings.

NEW SOUNDTRACKS. TV, ETC. . . . Most unusual of the new albums is Radio's Great Old Themes (Columbia). Frank DeVol and his orchestra recreate, in a two-record album, themes from the most famous radio shows. . . . Breakfast at Tiffany's (RCA Victor). From Audrey Hepburn's . . .

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Going Into Orbit NEXT Month

ON THE RECORD

New special recording section to keep you up-to-the-minute

Recording personalities: The Big Names Making the Big News

The upcoming releases in all categories: They'll Go, Go, Go!

The Golden Dozen:
Sounds of tomorrow headed for Hitsville
which will intrigue the teens

TV RADIO MIRROR'S

Up 'n' Comers: Capsule Introductions to the New Names in Recording

WATCH FOR
THIS BRIGHT NEW SURPRISE PACKAGE IN
NOVEMBER TV RADIO MIRROR
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With Instant-Acting Dr. Scholl's!

Don't suffer from corns, sore toes or tender spots caused by pointed toe shoes. Apply soft, cushioning, protective Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads to stop painful shoe friction and pressure. Separate Medications included in each box to speedily remove corns, callouses. Try them!

D' Scholl's Zino-pads
new movie, the soundtrack featuring the great Mancini — sound, the man who became famous overnight with his background music to TV’s Peter Gunn. . . . Babes in Toyland (Buena Vista). Original score from Disney’s big musical film starring Annette Funicello, Tommy Sands, Ray Bolger and Ed Wynn. . . . King of Kings (MGM). This is the Miklos Rozsa soundtrack of the new Biblical film starring Jeffrey Hunter. . . . The Premise (Vanguard). Sophisticated, satiric sketches taken from the off-Broadway hit. You get exactly what New Yorkers hear when they go down to the Village. . . . Songs from “Bonanza” (MGM). David Rose and his orchestra give an instrumental treatment to the TV show’s ballads. . . . The Roaring 20’s: Dorothy Provine (Warner Bros.). Music from the TV series, with the star, Dorothy Provine, accompanied by The Playboys. . . . Straightaway (Roulette). Background music from the new ABC-TV racing series. Maynard Ferguson is composer and conductor.

A VERY SPECIAL SERIES. . . . Over the years, Dixieland has been re-styled, recreated, so that literally millions of people have never heard the real and wonderful sound. The most celebrated recordings of the season have been the Riverside series described as “jazz in authentic classic tradition as recorded in New Orleans today.” The clue to true fidelity is in the word “today,” but the musicians—Kid Thomas, Sweet Emma and others—contribute the “authentic sounds” with inner conviction and reverent exuberance. If there was ever meant to be a Dixieland revival, this will do it. Here are a few of the Riverside titles, available in monaural or stereo: Billie and Dede Pierce: Vocal Blues and Cornet Tradition . . . Kid Thomas and His Algier Stompers . . . Sweet Emma “The Belle Gal” and Her Dixieland Boys, Featuring Jim Robinson.

(Continued on next page)

Married women are sharing this secret

. . . . the new, easier, surer protection for those most intimate marriage problems

What a blessing to be able to trust in the wonderful germicidal protection Norforms can give you. Norforms have a highly perfected new formula that releases antiseptic and germicidal ingredients with long-lasting action. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that guards (but will not harm) the delicate tissues.

And Norforms’ deodorant protection has been tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms eliminate (rather than cover up) embarrassing odors, yet have no “medicine” or “disinfectant” odor themselves.

And what convenience! These small feminine suppositories are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, mixing or measuring. They’re greaseless and they keep in any climate.

Now available in new packages of 6, as well as 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.

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Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N.Y.

Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

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THE SPOKEN WORD.... Tales of the Bayou: Cajun Pete (Mercury). This is not by any means a Bayou Mort Sahil, but folk-comedy created by Irvine Johnson, actually a rather sophisticated advertising man. Ain't That Weird (RCA Victor). The Southern comedy touch again—by Dave Gardner, who fractures Rebels and Yankees alike. 

... Larry Storch at the Bon Soir (Jubilee). Well-known to TV audiences, Storch does his club act, including "An In-Fidel in Cuba" and "James Mason at Home." 

... Shelly Berman: A Personal Appearance (Verve). All new comedy, recently recordings made during his West Coast tour. Prose from the Cons (Roulette). A new trend? This is comedy as done by a prison show in South Michigan prison, featuring four... 

Whoopee John Wilsaht Golden Favorites (Decca) is culled from masters of the late Polka Poppa.... Marty Robbins: Just a Little Sentimental (Columbia). New sides by the most admired folk and country singer. And, this time, pop tunes get his special treatment. 

... Girls, Guitars and Gibson (RCA Victor). Don Gibson's Valentine to gals who dig him most, with "Lonesome Road," "Cute Little Girls," etc., and backed up by Nashville's finest guitars. 

... Tommy Edwards Sings Gold Country Hits (MGM). All the best-sellers in the field, with a great pop singer's interpretation. Songs of the Famous Carter Family: Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs (Columbia). Authentic sounds from the blue-grass-country. 

Patti Page Sings Country and Western Golden Hits (Mercury). Patti, born and raised in Oklahoma, returns to the kind of songs she knew as a girl. To You and Yours: George Hamilton IV (RCA Victor). A Nashville product with the stamp of Chet Atkins. George sings standard country tunes, from "Where Did the Sunshine Go" to "Life Is a Railway to Heaven."
including "O'Reilly's Daughter" and "The Moonshiner." The patriarch himself, Pete Seeger: Story Songs (Columbia). Always the best and, this time, recorded live at the Village Gate with his concert-tour repertoire. On to The Folksongs of Britain: Songs of Courtship (Caedmon). Alan Lomax, one of the nation's foremost authorities on folk songs, with the first of a new series. The songs in volume one are wistful, simple and hauntingly beautiful. The ever-popular Joni James gets into the folk picture with Joni James Sings Folksongs (MGM) and, for her multitude of fans, this is a new treat. From a very humorous balladeer, Oscar Brand, comes a saucy, humorous package. Oscar Brand: For Doctors Only (Elektra). Worth a doctor's fee. A new group bids for your attention. The Shenandoah Trio (Dot). This is a young, exuberant three who do both standards and original folk material.


UNUSUAL DISCS. . . . Audio Fidelity, with a reputation for the very best in reproducing odd effects, comes up with Sound Effects, Volume 3. Noises run the gamut from frying in the kitchen to the voice of a rhinoceros. Sounds of Speed (Riverside) is a full sampler of exciting and thrilling sounds—captured from great cars speeding on the world's most famous courses. Most truly unique, Music Minus One Company has series of new "how to do" albums. Fun With Drumsticks includes sticks, instructions and a recording by an all-star band. Play the Harmonica includes an instrument, instruction booklet and a recording of examples. Play the Ukulele includes instructions by Sydney Nesbitt and an album. For the vocalist or instrumentalist: A new disc, Sing or Play with a Band, offering background music for the singer or musician. And, for the classical student, there is the Beethoven Piano Concerto No. 3, complete with The Vienna Festival Orchestra and conductor. But the soloist is you—and, for you, the album includes the piano score.

ORCHESTRAS IN A MOOD . . . Faraway Places with Guy Lombardo (Decca). New cuts with the country's long-time favorite band. . . . Dance Music for People Who Don't Dance Anymore (Riverside). Sy Oliver conducting a fine band through his own arrangements. If these don't start you dancing, you're dead! . . . Golden Waltzes: Billy Vaughn (Dot). More of the best-selling Vaughn stylings, applied to a ¾ beat . . . Percy Faith: Mucho Gusto (Columbia). The wonderful one applies himself again to Mexico with the usual superb sound results.
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You Can Make at
Least $50—More
Likely $100 in
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With relatives, neighbors, friends and tradespeople—you must know more than 20 people. These folks alone can bring you $50 to $200 in a few spare hours. Everyone you know needs Christmas Cards.

Show them the fabulous 1961 Wallace Brown Cards and they’ll order on sight. Keep up to $100 you take in. This is the fun way to make money because it’s so easy.

We send you samples that do the selling for you. Send coupon below and get two magnificent Christmas Card Assortments on approval, plus FREE Samples Personal Christmas Cards and Catalog showing lots more money-makers.

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Make more money with Personal Christmas Cards. Finest quality, lowest price, fastest seller. Mail coupon.

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DICK GREGORY:

by HELEN CAMBRIA

- Dick Gregory, hailed as the outstanding comedian of the year, gained his fame because he can live with and laugh about serious racial situations. In night clubs, on television, and now on a Colpix album, he spoofs the life of a Negro in a sophisticated but telling fashion.

He’ll say, “I’m really for Abe Lincoln. If it hadn’t been for Abe, I’d still be on the open market.” Another line goes, “I sat at a lunch counter for nine months. They finally integrated and didn’t have what I wanted.” News of the day is his grist. “I can tell we’re making good in the Congo. Seventy-three witch doctors joined Blue Cross.”

Dick’s wit has brought extravagant praise from audiences and columns of analysis from critics. Alex Dreier, ABC’s Man On The Go, wrote in the liner notes he supplied for Dick’s album, “In Living Black and White”: “This is a mild-mannered young man...more preoccupied with mirth than mission....He doesn’t preach or teach...humor is in him to stay.”

A contrasting point of view was taken by Gilbert Millstein, writing in The New York Times Magazine: “There is something a trifle eerie in watching Gregory run on, considering that what he is actually doing is a kind of immemorial, unchurched racial lament, a cataloguing of wrongs, a reading of indictments. The sterner the indictment, the more convulsed are his listeners.”

One of the first to praise Dick,
judging him strictly as an entertainer, was Herb Lyons of The Chicago Tribune. He wrote, "Dick Gregory is the hottest and most unusual new talent in show biz."

It's been said that Dick claimed fame overnight at the Playboy Club in Chicago. Closer examination proves his struggle was worrisome and long. He was born in St. Louis twenty-eight years ago. The family had many struggles to keep going, but were sustained by his mother's philosophy during their hardships. This helped shape Dick's point of view. On relief, she told her children, "We're broke, not poor. There's a difference."

A scrawny, sickly kid, Dick took on hard jobs too soon, but at Sumner High School he developed both in body and spirit. He was president of the senior class, won state titles in track and was awarded an athletic scholarship to Southern Illinois University. He majored in business administration and wanted to teach, but quit school a semester short of graduation and found a job in the Chicago Post Office.

Sandwiched between his junior and senior years was an eighteen-month Army stint, where his assignment to Special Services whetted his desire to entertain. And after the post office fired him—his superiors did not like his jokes—Dick determined to make it as a comedian. His wife, Lillian, encouraged him. (They were married in 1959 and now have two children.) Her salary as a secretary at the University of Chicago helped tide over lean years when each promising booking was followed by some crushing failure.

The tide turned when Dick phoned Herb Lyon, Chicago Tribune columnist, to invite him to catch his act at the Roberts Show Club. Negro entertainers count Herb as a friend—he has given many of them their first publicity break. Herb journeyed out to the show club and, as he told this reporter recently: "I had no doubt this guy was big-time. John Daly was in Chicago covering the Republican Convention. I told him about Dick. John put him on his ABC-TV special, 'Cast the First Stone,' a study of racial problems in the North."

Herb encouraged Dick to audition for the Playboy Club. Another comedian fell ill, Dick was called, and his performance that night brought him his first big contract. Now, with his album "In Living Black and White" a solid success, Dick Gregory has made it as the first stand-up Negro comic to register with a wide audience in many a year.

Discography: Dick Gregory's current album is entitled "In Living Black and White" (Colpix, CP 417). He is recorded a second album, also for Colpix, this September.

We Dare Any Other Eye Make-up to Make This Swim Test!

You can swim, walk in the rain, weep of the movies, and keep that "born-beautiful" look, with "Dark-Eyes"... avoids looking "featureless" at the beach. Water makes mascara run— with "Dark-Eyes" this CAN'T HAPPEN! "Dark-Eyes" is not a mascara...

"Dark-Eyes" keeps brows and lashes NATURALLY soft, dark, luxurious! ALL DAY, ALL NIGHT. "Dark-Eyes" colors, doesn't coat. Lasts until hairs are replaced every 4 to 5 weeks.

No more sticky, beady look— no more brittle, brooking hairs— no more tired looking smudges under eyes.

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**DAVID SEVILLE:**

Brings Alvin to TV

by ENID FIFE

• “Anyone who thinks my songs are nuts,” says David Seville (in real life, Ross Bagdasarian), “is only half right. Raisins had just as much to do with the success of my musical concoctions.” In these words, the composer of such weirdies as “Witch Doctor” and “The Chipmunk Song” refers to the fact that he was born January 27, 1919, in the grape (and raisin) country of Fresno, California. His father was in the vineyard business and, for a while, it looked as though Ross would follow in his dad’s footsteps.

Two things saved him for show business: The first, of course, is talent. The second, being the cousin of playwright William Saroyan. “Through Bill, I got to play the pinball manic (type casting, if there ever was any) in his ‘Time of Your Life’ hit on Broadway. Then came the war.”

After four years in the Air Corps, Ross returned to Fresno, met a local lovely named Arnen, and settled down to raising a family and grapes—with the customary by-products of wine and raisins. He had three lean years, then, in 1949, produced a real bumper crop. Alas, it was then he discovered the bottom had fallen out of the grape market. “That’s when I decided grapes were for the birds. I took my wife, two children, $200 and an unpublished song, ‘Come On-A-My House,’ and headed for Hollywood.”

Ross had composed this song almost ten years before, with the help of cousin Saroyan, when they were driving from New York to Fresno after the closing of Bill’s play. Both had forgotten about it until Ross came across the manuscript while packing. Columbia Records decided it was right for Rosemary Clooney. It was a smash hit.

“But you don’t get rich on one song, so I kept acting,” Ross explains. His movie parts got bigger, better. He appeared in “The Proud and the Profane,” Hitchcock’s “Rear Window,” and “The Deep Six.” He kept writing songs, too—among them, “Hey, Brother, Pour The Wine,” “What’s The Use” and “Gotta Get to Your House.” In 1956, he de-
decided to record some of his own work under another name. Listening to his version of "Armén's Theme" (written for his wife), the name David Seville simply popped into his head. "It seemed to fit the mood," he recalls.

For some time, he had been casting about for a wacky novelty number. One afternoon in January, 1958, he glanced up from his desk and saw a book entitled "Duel with the Witch Doctor." Ross says, "Since many of the top records at that time had the craziest sort of lyrics, I figured it might be fun to have the Witch Doctor give advice to the lovebirds in his own gibberish." Having recorded the orchestral track, he spent two months trying to get a "witch doctor's voice." One day, he sang the words at half-speed into his tape-recorder, then played it back at normal speed. Before the first "wallah-wallah bing" had sounded, Armen and children were in the room, fascinated and tickled. Ross knew he'd struck gold. At Liberty Records, president S. I. Waronker flipped over the piece. It sold close to two million.

No story about Seville-Bagdasarian can be complete without some mention of the chipmunks. Trying for a Christmas novelty, Ross was whistling melodies into his tape recorder (his method of remembering tunes, since he can neither read nor write music). His idea was to depict the singers as animals or insects, "just to be different." Finally, he taped a song, the introduction in his normal speed voice, and the rest in his half-speed "little voices." His "little voices" came out, he thought, like mice or rabbits, but his children disagreed. They heard them as chipmunks.

Still, something was missing for a real click. He spent months searching for the answer. Finally, S. I. Waronker and Al Bennett of Liberty, along with Mark McIntyre, a long-time friend, suggested his having an argument with the chipmunks. Thus, Simon (after Waronker), Theodore (after engineer Ted Keep) and Alvin (after Bennett) came to fame and fortune. Moreover, they've become such hams, they have insisted on squawling and squawking through several new songs and now will be seen over CBS-TV every Wednesday night in The Alvin Show.

Ross, who sings fan mail and pictures as David Seville, lives in Beverly Hills with Armen and their three children, Carol, 14; Ross Jr., 12; and Adam, 7.

Discography: Albums—"The Music of David Seville" (Liberty, LRP 3073), "The Witch Doctor Presents David Seville and His Friends" (LRP 3092), "Let's All Sing with the Chipmunks" (LRP 3132/LST 7132), "Sing Again with the Chipmunks" (LRP 3159/LST 7159), "Around the World with the Chipmunks" (LRP 3170/LST 7170). Seville hit singles include "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" (Liberty 55289).
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A KAY: The Discs and Discers in Orbit This Month
Itsy Bitsy Girl with the Big, Big Belt!

by LILLA ANDERSON

- Sixteen-year-old Brenda Lee is one of the tiniest girls in show business. She stands less than five feet tall and weighs less than a hundred pounds. It is a hundred pounds of sheer energy. When Brenda throws her whole being into a song, she can belt out a phrase that will bounce off the back wall of the biggest of auditoriums without benefit of microphone, if she so chooses.

But when so much power is compressed into so small a package, something's got to give—and, often, it is Brenda's clothes. She has shed shoes on some of the world's best stages. When she starts stamping out the beat, a steel-shanked spike heel can break off like a match stick. For that emergency, Brenda has found a solution: "I just kick off the other shoe and finish my song stocking-footed."

Her real problem is to find stage gowns which are pretty and dainty as lace, yet strong as denim. A dress which is perfectly fitted for Brenda—when she is standing still—isn't big enough to hold her voice when she takes a deep breath and starts belting. Seams split, fabric tears.

Her manager, Dub Allbritten, tells how Brenda almost did an involuntary strip-tease at Chapel Hill, North Carolina: "The crowd was big and enthusiastic. Brenda was enjoying the show as much as they were, and she really sang out. Then, long before the end of the song, I saw her start carefully backing offstage. From the wings, I could see that the whole zipper had popped open along the back of her dress. We pinned her up as well as we could and she took her bow, then did a quick change. We can laugh about it now, but we didn't dare to then. Brenda was too embarrassed to tear.

Few misadventures can upset Brenda, for she has been on stage most of her young life. The daughter of Ruben and Grace Tarpley, she was born December 11, 1944, at Atlanta, Georgia. After her father was killed in an industrial accident, her mother moved to Nashville. Before Brenda was into her teens, she was singing on radio and TV shows.

The big voice has brought big success. She celebrated the completion of her first motion picture, "Two Little Bears" (20th Century-Fox), by touring Alaska. Dub says, "To make the swing around Fairbanks, Juneau, Anchorage and a couple of Army bases, we traveled by airplane, seaplane, bus and car. But Brenda got her biggest thrill when the Chamber of Commerce at Anchorage met her with a dog sled for a parade down the main street.

Far south, too, her reception was hectic. At Sydney, Australia, fans mobbed her at the airport and newspapers reported she was one of the few girl singers ever to please the crowds. At both ends of the earth, she acquired furs. In Alaska, her admirers gave her a parka—Brenda's first fur coat. In Australia, they gave her a toy koala bear and a kangaroo, both made of the natural hides.

The bear and kangaroo bring Brenda's total collection of stuffed animals to 160. They are her souvenirs from about 250,000 miles of travel during the past year, and from earlier tours which have taken her to Europe, South America and virtually every large city in the United States.

Also decorating her room, at the Nashville house she shares with her mother and a younger sister and brother, is a collection of comic postcards, all signed with that much-wanted autograph, "Fabian." The two young singers became friends while on the same tour and, wherever they are, they keep in touch. Brenda says, "I always try to find a funny card to send Fabian, then he looks for a funnier one to send me."

As the fall entertainment season opens, Brenda has another crowded schedule. She may again tour Europe, she is booked for television, and a new motion picture will soon go into production. Since so much of her time is now being spent on the West Coast, she is registered at Hollywood Professional School, attending classes while there and studying by correspondence when she is on the road. She loves history, hates arithmetic.

With stardom crowding in on her, the title of Brenda's new Decca album seems prophetic. It's called, "All the Way."
AL HIRT:

the Biggest Trumpet
in the Land

by JIM MORSE

- One of the biggest products to emerge from New Orleans in years—both in size and stature—is a bearded 300-pound, six-foot-plus trumpet player. Al Hirt, who is 38, has been playing the trumpet since the age of six, but he broke into the big-time only last fall, as a result of a stand at the Dunes in Las Vegas. Dinah Shore caught one of his performances, booked him on her TV program, and he was on his way.

Seldom has a musician captured the public's fancy as rapidly as Al. He's set for a minimum of ten dates with Dinah next season, plus appearances on the Bell Telephone Hour, The Roaring 20's, and other TV shows, and he's also lined up for a movie role. He's booked for the leading night clubs throughout the country, and his records have been consistent best-sellers for RCA Victor. His latest album is "Al ('He's the King') Hirt," recorded with his own Dixieland group.

One of the big reasons for Al's success is that he's a personality, as well as a musician. He believes in showmanship. Says he, "A lot of jazzmen play with the attitude that the audience can't possibly dig them, and they refuse to bend even a little bit. That hurts not only those jazzmen but jazz itself."

Big family, too! Standing with Dad: Gretchen (left) and Rebecca. Seated (from left): Mary Lee, Rachel, Bridget, Jennifer, Stephen—and Jefferson Davis, in Mommy's lap. Children range in age from not-yet-two (Jefferson Davis) to sixteen-plus (Mary Lee).
Al laughs when he hears himself referred to as an "overnight" success. "I'm playing the same way now as I've played for years, but the public didn't know of me until Dinah Shore put me on television."

Hirt attended the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music from 1939 to 1941, when he began a four-year stint in the Army. Following his discharge as a sergeant, he began traveling with bands, including those of Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Ray McKinley, Tony Pastor and Horace Heidt. Then, tired of the steady grind of one-nighters, Al returned home to New Orleans, where he blew his horn in comparative anonymity for fifteen years.

Although he had numerous offers, Al was content to stay at home with his wife, Mary, and their children—the latter add up to eight. When he finally did accept an out-of-town engagement in Las Vegas, another chapter of show-business history was written.

Al grew his beard four years ago, as a gimmick for the Mardi Gras in New Orleans. "All the boys in my band grew them. We had some sheik outfits and thought a beard would go with them. I haven't cut mine off because—well, I dig it—and because it's become a trademark. People say, 'I don't remember his name, but it was the fat guy with the beard.'"

Although he and Louis Armstrong are undoubtedly the best-known jazz trumpet players in the country today, Al doesn't like to be labeled as a Dixieland musician. "I was influenced by Dixieland, but I want to go on from there. We do a lot of Dixie things because it establishes a quick rapport with the audience. Then when they like me, I'm able to convey some jazz messages I couldn't have attempted at the start."

Thanks to his conservatory training, Hirt is able to blow the roof off a night club one night and sit in with a classical orchestra the next. He has frequently appeared with the New Orleans Symphony.

Understandably, Al's bulk is a ready subject for humor. When Archie Moore, the foxy boxer, offered Hirt his famed reducing formula. Al replied: "Will it help me lose an acre?"

Diets are not foreign to Al. However, he is something like the man who claimed it was easy to give up smoking ("I know it's easy, because I give up smoking every day"). Al enjoys food, both as a consumer and as a chef. New Orleans is noted for its gourmets, and Al is one of that city's finest.

Surprisingly, perhaps, he is also athletically inclined. "The kids and I play around with soccer, basketball, football, baseball and other games, both around and in our home. You visit us, and you come prepared for action."

He admits he was "flabbergasted" when movie offers came his way. "I had no eyes for acting. But, if they want me to try, I'll be very happy to make the effort."

Discography: Al's first album, in March, was "The Greatest Horn in the World" (RCA Victor, LPM 2366). His second, "Al (He's the King) Hirt and His Band," is out in September (RCA Victor, LSP 2354).

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ON THE 13th of September, The Bob Greenberg Show, which broadcasts each Saturday morning from 11 A.M. to noon over WEAW, Evanston, celebrates its third birthday. In early July of this year, the show was expanded from thirty-five minutes in length to one hour—during which period Bob works in Chicago’s Adams Kolonial Kitchen restaurant spinning records, handling guest interviews, presenting an up-to-date lively commentary on sports developments of the day. For any sixteen-year-old, this would be considered a remarkable record of achievement. But, for a young man who’s been blind since birth, it’s little short of miraculous. ... How did it all happen? The only tragic element of Bob’s story is that he’s blind at all, since his sight was lost by accident. One of a pair of premature twins, Bob survived, the other infant died. Bob’s life was saved by an incubator, but an overdose of oxygen made him blind. Luckily for him, Bob’s
His manager Larry Gutter has been a constant source of encouragement to Bob, as have been many teen-age pals.

At home, Bob is almost self-sufficient, but mother Loretta is always there to help... when he needs it.

Parents exhibited extraordinary balance in dealing with this family tragedy, have always encouraged him to regard himself as completely normal and active. Education, from the ages of 5 to 10 at the Illinois Braille and Sightseeing School, helped develop his innate self-reliance and good-humored attitude toward life even further. Now a sophomore at Foreman High School, Bob leads a busy life as a student, but his broadcasting adds enough weekly hours of work to constitute a man's-size job. In his earliest childhood, Bob became a radio buff, avidly following all sports events and soaking up background information on his heroes in baseball, football and other sports. This backed by a keen ear for popular music— gave him two hobbies which were to pay off later professionally. A lucky meeting with Larry Gutter, an advertising executive who now manages his career, led to a contact with WEAW Radio, and Bob was on his way to a vital career.
WLW-D's Andy Marten has a perfect way to achieve good health and good looks. You can do it, too, by . . .

EXERCISING TO MUSIC

Little did Andy Marten realize in his youth—when singing in and around the theaters, radio stations and clubs of Philadelphia—that he would eventually become best known as an exercise instructor on TV. At that time, TV was still a vague electronic term, and his only participation in calisthenics was while in training for the basketball, baseball, football and track teams at Frankford High School. His real aspiration was to sing his way into motion pictures, and he had made some progress toward that end, with a definite start in radio at the age of seven. . . . Upon graduation from high school, at the age of seventeen, Andy set out from Philly on his “show biz” career. A year went by and he had gotten no farther than Miami, Florida. Night-club work did not particularly appeal to Andy at the time, but it looked, after a year, as if this might be his fate. He decided to go to college to study law. . . . In his senior year at Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pennsylvania, Andy was called into the U.S. Navy, assigned to U.S.N. Physical Instructors' School at Bainbridge, Maryland. His athletic background, swimming ability, and experience in the entertainment field were the factors considered by the Navy as qualifications, because Navy athletic specialists were often called upon to direct the entertainment program, as well as the physical fitness and sports programs, for the Naval personnel. . . . After three years, Andy went back to college. His bachelor's degree was conferred upon him at Lycoming College in Williamsport, Pennsylvania. . . . Abandoning his previous law school plans, Andy decided to go into business administration, and, within two years, had achieved the enviable position of one of the largest food specialty distributors in the state—but felt a gradual dwindling of incentive to go on. He quickly sold out his business and accepted a job as air-conditioning and commercial refrigeration salesman-engineer. Within six months, he was promoted to advertising manager. Suddenly, one early autumn day, he resigned.
Andy loves to cook . . . especially, preparing salads.

He invested the next seven months and his entire savings in training for radio and/or TV. Upon completion of his studies, Andy's very first job was a staff announcing assignment at WLW-D in Dayton, Ohio. . . . One of his various assignments as a staff man was hosting the morning movie program at 9, A.M. Theater. Just three months after the inception of the show, it occurred to Andy that his audience, which consists predominantly of housewives, would enjoy and appreciate a fifteen-minute period of exercises prior to the film presentation. He put the question to his audience. The response was overwhelming. . . . So, on a cold, wintry morning in January of 1959, Andy stepped in front of the cameras, decked out in gym shirt and pants, and started contorting with gusto. Andy's own innovation of recording the comments, instructions, commands and music on audio-tape—to play while he demonstrated the exercises live—proved to be an efficient and entertaining method of presentation. His careful selection of accompanying music was instrumental, too, in the viewer-acceptance of the show. Another factor that has undoubtedly contributed to the general acceptance of Andy's show is the fact that he requires no gimmicks. All that is ever needed, to follow him through the daily routine, is desire, a mop handle, two grocery tins and a chair or stool . . . . He opens the show with five minutes of just plain talk. The topics include everything from diet and nutrition to politics, railroad-crossing protection, capital punishment and the latest in scientific achievements . . . . Andy often interviews celebrities at the end of the movie . . . . Bachelor Andy golfs several times weekly during most of the year, but prefers to swim when the weather is hot. He enjoys tennis occasionally, too. In winter, he bowls and is active as an actor with the Oakwood-Kettering Community Theater . . . . And what about Andy's heart interest? Right now, Monica, 7, and Andrea, 5—his daughters by a former marriage—have top billing.
HE'S AN OPTIMIST

Don Bruce has a happy goal: To brighten the lives of his WRIT listeners with "upbeat" music.
KOTA's Polly Anne Weedman is truly a gal who exchanged her mirror for a window and, through it, she sees the world and interprets it in her own inimitable way to her listening friends in and around Rapid City, South Dakota. To them, she is like a next-door neighbor, the purveyor of all kinds of information, from the stories on national, state and local news, to tips on wedding etiquette or suggestions about how to help Junior get over his temper tantrums. . . . Polly likes and understands women. She keeps her fingers firmly on the pulse of their interests, activities and thinking. Because she herself has such a wide variety of interests, she widens the four walls of her listeners' homes to include the four corners of the world. It's no wonder then that her 11:30 to 12 daily show is so popular. . . . Polly has been married for twenty-four years to her college sweetheart, George Weedman, of whom she says affectionately, "He is my greatest admirer and severest critic." They have two children: Dick, who will soon be a junior at Macalester College in St. Paul; and George-Anne, who is a senior at the University of Arizona. . . . Polly's hobbies include playing the piano, listening to records and writing plays and scenarios. However, her favorite pastime is "riding horseback through the wooded trails of the beautiful Black Hills." . . . To sum up the philosophy of Polly Anne Weedman: She's practically the original "glad girl." She enjoys life and people; lives each moment to its fullest . . . and wouldn't trade places with anyone in the world.
What's New
(Continued from page 7)

On location in Honolulu for Follow The Sun—Gary Lockwood and Barry Coe.

spent $400,000 changing its decor to get ready for the Champagne Music Makers, and dozens of celebrities were on hand for the greatest first-night in the Palladium's twenty-one years. Welk has signed a "lifeline" contract with the nitery. . . . Bruce Yarnell, six-foot-five star of The Outlaws, can't understand why ceilings in most new buildings are lower than in the old days. "Don't architects bother to check statistics?" he asks. "If they did, they'd discover that people are growing taller—not shorter."

... Organ grinder Tony Cappasola, a familiar sight at Pacific Ocean Park in Santa Monica, with his monkey Mario, reports that he's one of a vanishing breed. There are less than fifteen full-time organ grinders left in the U.S., with eight of them working in California, says Tony.

Just The Facts, Ma'am: When Carol Lawrence, star of Broadway's "West Side Story," returned to New York after doing a G-E Theater show with Ronald Reagan, some girl friends met her at the airfield. "Oh, Carol, how was Hollywood? What happened?" Carol shrugged sadly, "Just about everything. In one scene, I was supposed to light candles—and my hair caught fire. Then I tripped on the carpet—and ruptured a blood vessel in my left leg. The smog affected me so much I could hardly breathe. And when I tried to beat it by driving to the shore, I got a flat tire—and lost my bag while it was being fixed." At this point, her friends broke in impatiently, "No, no, skip the details, Carol. Did you like Ronald Reagan . . . did you meet Cary Grant or Elvis Presley? What happened?"

A Man in a Million: Bachelor gal Barbara Nichols has complained
NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING

869—Crocheted hats are top fashion for fall and winter. Quick to make; cozy-warm for wintry blasts. These take only 4 ounces of fingering yarn; use three strands for fluffy loops. Directions to fit all head sizes. 25c

7209—Pretty bib-apron to trim with embroidery and ruffles or make perfectly plain. Jiffy-cut pattern is in one piece. Transfer. Medium size only. 25c

7155—Decorative basket in simple crochet; it is stiffened when finished. Holds fruits, flowers. Directions for a 9 x 15 x 4-inch basket. Quick to make. 25c

761—Cubby Bear and friends are fun to embroider onto separate blocks for a gay kiddie cover. Perfect for a gift. Transfer of 9 motifs 5 1/2 x 6 1/4 inches. 25c

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What's New
(Continued from page 82)

about the Hollywood male animal: "he's too conforming...I'd like to find something different in a man." The lively blonde has now got her wish. With the appearance of Mario Costello, rancher-turned-actor, she has found a man who, she says, is "completely different." Asked to explain, Babs cooed, "Well, on our first date, he called at my place and almost the first thing he said was: 'Look into my eyes.' That sounded kind of corny but romantic, so I did. And guess what? Mario was wearing contact-lens specials—one with an American flag painted on it. The other a Confederate banner!"

Call Me Speedy: In ABC-TV's new show Straightaway, Brian Kelly is a racing-car driver, but he may no longer do his own stunting. The first time the ex-Notre Dame athlete got behind the wheel for a big scene, he ploughed through the camera stand. Amid the uproar and confusion, Brian calmly picked himself out of the debris and announced, "The car had bad brakes." A few days later, he was to drive an expensive Italian job, rented for the scene. Just as he got in and stepped on the starter, an actress friend appeared on the set and Brian, always the gentleman, hopped out to say hello. The car shot off by itself and ended up against a concrete wall. But most embarrassing to Brian was his trip home last winter. Home is in Detroit, where the snows were fifteen feet high on some roads. His family kidded him about leaving the city of autos to go to Hollywood in search of greater opportunity as an actor, only to wind up on TV driving a car. To prove his skill as a racer, Brian jumped into his car, sped along the boulevard in front of the Kelly home, then put the machine into a skid-turn. The car turned, but Brian did not. He sailed into one snow bank, the car into another. After digging himself out, Brian found himself facing the stern humor of his father. "Young man," said Judge Harry Kelly, "are you hurt?" Brian smiled, "No, dad, wasn't even scratched." Judge Kelly nodded, "All right, Speedy...then I'll see you in my court tomorrow, and you'd better bring some of that Hollywood loot to bail yourself out."

Playing the Field: Bob Cummings, whose "How to Stay Young and Vital" hit the best-seller list, is almost finished with his second book. His first emphasized health and the importance of vitamins, but the new book will delve into his personal philosophy... Pat Buttram of CBS comes up with this bit of wisdom: "Those who say that radio is old-fashioned should remember that you still can't carry a TV set in your pocket."... The new season's Rifleman will have Joan Taylor's romance with Chuck Connors built up—but no marriage. Johnny Crawford won't be slighted in the love department either. Two scripts have him slated for "girl" trouble... Fabian admits he finally got his first Hollywood crush—on Nancy Kwan. Both stayed at the Chateau Marmont during recent Hollywood visits. The first time Fab saw her, he admits, he was speechless at the sight. "She smiled at me as if I were twelve years old," mourned the fabulous one, "but I couldn't move a muscle until she'd gone up to her room." Viva Ziva: We've all heard of the Venus of Milo. Well, Ziva Rodann is liable to become the Venus of Venüs, if explorer-scientist Herbert Haydon of London has his way. He's invited the stunning, dark Israeli actress to join him in a flight to the bright planet, and he's not joking. He says the journey will be made in a flying saucer and Ziva will be the first earth-woman to land on Venus. Said Ziva, "Only one word stopped me from saying yes. If he'd written, 'You'll be the first earth-woman to land safely on Venus,' I might have taken him up."

Look-Alikes: Robert Colbert, latest entry in Maverick, was brought in, Warner Bros. is frank to admit, because he is almost a dead ringer for James Garner. Popularity of the series has been on the decline since Jim departed eighteen months ago, and it's hoped Bob will revive an interest. Bob and Jim have several things in common: Both made their acting debuts in the play "Caine Mutiny Court-Martial"—Bob in a stock company, while serving as a G.I. in Okinawa, and Jim on Broadway. Both worked at one time as oil riggers; both are expert golfers; both are pals of Efrem Zimbalist Jr. But only Bob has been influenced by Ef's No. 1 hobbype—restoring old cars. When Bob took a drive in Ef's 1934 Packard Phaeton, he promptly asked his pal to line up an "oldie" for him. Ef located a 1930 Cadillac roadster for Bob, and the pair are spending lunch hours deep in sparkplugs and grease. "She'll be completely restored," Bob reports happily, "by Christmas." Meanwhile, a motor-scooter is his only transportation.

3 Philadelphians—Frankie Avalon, Joey Bishop, Fabian—meet in Calif.
Sew A Go-Everywhere Wardrobe

9068—Curvesome sheath; molded midriff accented by buttons on the double. Short or three-quarter sleeves. Ideal for casual cotton, glamorous faille. Printed Pattern in Misses’ Sizes 10-18. Size 16 requires 3 1/4 yards 45-inch fabric. 35c

9440—Hip-flattering skirt with sleek lines, smooth hip pockets. Note diagram—6-gore skirt with flaring lines also included in the Printed Pattern. Team both with blouse in Pattern 9028. Half Size waist measurements 29, 31, 33, 35, 37, 40 inches. Size 31 requires 1 1/4 yards 54-inch fabric. 35c


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STORIES OF THE STARS

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Cover Portrait of Mitch Miller by Don Hunstein of Columbia Records

Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., Executive, Advertising, and Editorial Offices of 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y., Editorial Branch Office, 434 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif. Irving S. Manheimer, Chairman of the Board; Gerald A. Bartell, President; Frederick A. Klein, Executive Vice-President—General Manager; Robert L. Young, Vice-President; S. N. Himmel, Vice-President; Lee Bartell, Secretary. Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco.

Manuscripts: All manuscripts will be carefully considered but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or damage. It is advisable to keep duplicate copy for your records. Only those manuscripts accompanied by stamped, self-addressed return envelopes with sufficient postage will be returned.


Re-entered as Second Class matter, June 28, 1954, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and other post offices. Authorized as Second Class matter by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada. © 1961 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Copyright under the Universal Copyright Convention and International Copyright Convention, copyright reserved under the Pan American Copyright Convention. Todos los derechos reservados segun la Convencion Panamericana de Propiedad Literaria y Artistica. Title trademark registered in U.S. Patent Office. Printed in U.S.A. by Art Color Printing Co.

Member of the Macfadden Women’s Group.

Subscription Rates: In the U.S., its Possessions, & Canada, one year, $3.00; two years, $5; three years, $7.50. All other countries, $5.50 per year.

Change of Address: 6 weeks’ notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil-impression address from a recent issue. Address changes can be made only if you send us your old as well as your new address. Write to TV RADIO MIRROR, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York.

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**Information Booth**

**SOME QUICKIES**

*Please tell me if Dorothy Collins is married and to whom.*

A.B.K., Bryan, Texas

Dorothy is married to bandleader Raymond Scott.

*Can you tell me where and when Tommy Kirk was born?*

B.W., Gardner, Kansas

He was born in Louisville, Kentucky, on December 10, 1941.

*Can you tell me if Gardner McKay and Anthony George are related?*

S.B., Maywood, California

They are not related.

*What is the hometown of Lawrence Welk?*

S.E., Hills, Iowa

Lawrence was born in Strasburg, North Dakota.

*What is the birthdate of Richard Eyer?*

J.M., Checkewaconga, New York

Richard was born on May 6, 1945.

**Calling All Fans**

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

- **Michael Landon Fan Club**, Geraldine Aucone, 612 Hu-sa St., Linden, N.J.
- **Van Williams Fan Club**, Audrey Cunningham, 316 W. Long St., Akron 1, O.
- **Brenda Lee Fan Club**, Anna Nielson and Bonnie Crawford, 5046 S. 4660 West, Kearns 18, Utah.
- **Bess Myerson Fan Club**, Bette Petkovich, 1110 T. Thornwood Drive, St. Louis 24, Missouri.
- **Tony Orlando Fan Club**, Diane Green, 614 10 Street, Union City, N.J.
- **Paul Pierrot Fan Club**, Jane Campanella, 301 E. 108 St., New York 29, N.Y.
- **Joanie Sommers Fan Club**, Darlene Spivey, Box 1198, Estevan, Saskatchewan, Canada.

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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By RUTH STONE

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**Can't Split**

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**Insist on Original**

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Ask for a Magicool pantie that CAN'T RIDE UP—EVER! only $9.95, and the matching Magicool Stretch Bra—the only bra that moves and breathes with you. In nylon lace, $5.00.

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M.M. Says Yes: NBC put $125,000 in the Marilyn Monroe vehicle "Rain" before it became a lost cause, but M.M. is narrating part of NBC's special "USO—Wherever They Go!", slated for TV showing October 29. The program will feature film clips of the acts and tours of Jack Benny, Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye, Joe E. Brown, Debbie Reynolds and others, including M.M. in that famous white dress while entertaining U.S. troops overseas. . . . Good possibility Bert Parks will return to TV with a quiz, Yours For A Song, via ABC-TV. . . . Lee Remick and George Maharis will do a feature film together. . . . CBS working hard to reunite Jackie Gleason and Art Carney in a new hour-long show featuring "The Honeymoners." . . . Nanette Fabray booking in the stork again.

TV Bits: Don't let anyone tell you television is in a slump. The networks' gross take for the new season expected to be 100-million over last year. . . . Jazz trumpeter Bobby Hackett joins ABC's musical staff. . . . October 24 marks the premiere of the new Westinghouse series. The first drama will be Saul Levitt's "The Dispossessed." . . . New York's funny gal Pat Carroll signed for six episodes on The Danny Thomas Show. She will play the wife of Danny's agent, a role filled by Sid Melton. . . . Sale of rock 'n' roll records 'way off. Disc companies feel it's time for a new musical fad and predict the discovery of new stars and new singing styles. . . . Guest stars for Wagon Train this season will include Ann Blyth, Joseph Cotten, Barbara Stanwyck, Jan Sterling and Bette Davis. . . . Ed Sullivan closed a big deal with Sid Caesar. Latter will do four shows for Ed and, on each, work two different spots. First appearance, October 8. Same night, Ed presents Joan Sutherland, the very famous Australian opera singer. . . . Paarsnip: Jack describes Charley Weaver as a "disaster area on legs."

Western Rumble: Van Heflin makes his TV debut this season on the hour-long new Dick Powell Show, in an episode titled "Ricochet." Peggy Lee also up to star in the series. . . . Criticism of TV violence affects the format of The Outlaws. Last season, the emphasis was on the bad guys but this year the lawmen will get equal exposure. . . .
Pretty Sandy Stewart, one of the featured singers on *Sing Along With Mitch*, engaged to songwriter Mark Charlap. . . . Sebastian Cabot, of *Checkmate*, paged by Red Skelton to come back this season and do another episode. . . . And now, “Son of Video Village” or Video Village, Jr. Edition. So popular with youngsters is the quiz show that a kiddie version makes the CBS-TV network Saturday mornings. . . . Bell Telephone Hour salutes autumn October 13, via NBC-TV, with Gordon and Sheila MacRae, Anita Bryant, Jan Peerce and lovely Met star Gianna d’Angelo. . . . Betsy Palmer taking singing lessons. Would love to do a musical. . . . The Tall Man’s Barry Sullivan brushed through N.Y.C. after making a movie in Italy with Anita Ekberg. . . . Lawman series threatening to revolutionize Westerns. The hint is out that the Marshal, John Russell, will marry his lady, Peggie Castle. Couldn’t be. . . . Henry Morgan says any husband who has to ask his wife’s opinion hasn’t been listening—but that’s out of a bachelor’s mouth.

**Oddball Gambit:** ABC-TV comes up with a big one October 19. Jane Powell, Hans Conried and Hugh O’Brian star in a musical comedy version of Nathaniel Hawthorne’s story, “Feathertop.” Hugh is cast as a scarecrow who captures the imagination of Miss Powell. . . . Diane McBain, of SurfSide 6, high up for the fem lead in movie version of “Camelot.” . . . Dorothy Collins will do a minimum of twenty shows with *Candid Camera*. . . . G-E Theater feeling brave about doing a musical, now that Dinah Shore is not the opposition. Trying to get Belafonte to star in an hour production of Kurt Weill’s “Down in the Valley.” . . . Worthwhile program at ABC-TV on Sunday afternoons, with Adlai Stevenson, U.S. Ambassador to the U.N., in bi-weekly discussions of world affairs. With the Ambassador will be Arnold Michaelis, who produced incisive “portraits” of Eleanor Roosevelt, Nehru, Richard Rodgers and others. Co-producer is Stanley Frankel, a long-time friend of Stevenson’s. . . . Bob Banner, producer of the Garry Moore and Allen Funt shows, explains the shortage of adult drama on TV: “To have a good rating, a show must draw both an adult and child audience—and children just aren’t interested in good drama.” . . . Mel Blanc, Barney Rubble’s voice on *The Flintstones*, recovering nicely from his near-fatal auto smash-up.

**Casting Ahead:** Everyone intrigued by the oddball casting of NBC-TV’s “The Battle of the Paper Bullets,” scheduled for October 15. The teleplay is a serious one about the Nazis trying to break the Allies’ economy by flooding the world market with counterfeit money. The cast includes comedian Jerry Lester as a Hungarian gypsy, romantic Cesar Romero as an Austrian Jew in a concentration camp, fighter Lou Nova as an S.S. guard—and another comic, Cliff Norton, as Hitler. Newcomer Enzo Sturini plays another prisoner in the basement and take a good look at this man. A singer in his early thirties, he has come from years of getting nowhere to a monthly appearance with Paar, an upcoming *Telephone Hour* show and is being considered for the title role in a TV tribute to Enrico Caruso. . . . Dave Nelson, a brand-new bridegroom, will show up in the *Ozzie And Harriet* episodes this . . .

(Continued on page 80)
A Slice of Life: Ann Doran, who is the mother on National Velvet, had just finished a baking scene. The producer of the series rushed over with words of praise. "That scene was so real I could almost smell the cake," he announced. Ann, with a wink at the grinning technicians, walked to the stove and drew forth a still-steaming cake. It seems that the crew, having heard of her prowess in the kitchen, had hopefully equipped the set with a real stove!

The Immovable Object: Raymond (Dr. Gillespie) Massey may not look the rugged type, but out at MGM, they're still talking about the day when he ambled off the set of his Dr. Kildare series and out to watch a segment of Rawhide being shot. It seems that some of the cattle became maddened and began to stampede toward camera and actors. Everyone, including he-men Clint Eastwood and Eric Fleming, scattered. All but Massey, that is. The veteran star sat fixed in his chair, staring straight into the eyes of the onrushing lead steer. The crowd waited in agonizing fear for this collision of irresistible force and immovable object. At the very last instant, the animal swerved, missing Massey by ten feet and the other cattle followed. The damage was considerable. Cameras were smashed and light equipment ruined. "Tell the truth," demanded Fleming and Eastwood. "You were too scared to move." "Well," chuckled Massey, "you see, I wrangled cattle as a boy and I knew that when they stampede it's usually toward one object and I could see that it was the sun shining on the reflectors that upset them. So I figured I was safe by a few feet at least. The fact is, I was too moved by the spectacle to scare."

High Style but Not by Design: Pigtailed Molly Bee has successfully made the jump from little-girl warbler to suave, chic chanteuse. Before her marriage, she was invited to Hollywood's social affair of the year, The Academy Awards. Naturally, Molly wanted to make a large entrance. Her greatest worry was her dress. For some reason, she felt sure the creation (light blue with a full skirt of 40 yards of tulle) would also be worn by another actress. Her couturier's assurances did not help. "I'm sure Diane McBain or some other starlet will turn up in the same thing," she wailed. The big night came. Molly and date arrived at the theater and put on the usual brave smiles as they stepped out of the car and slammed the door. To Molly's horror, the limousine rolled off—with at least 20 yards of tulle. But Molly, glancing down at the havoc, suddenly had a cheerful comment. "Now I feel sure nobody else will have a copy of my dress."

Playing the Field: Stony-faced Marshal Dan Troop may be in for his first kiss in his Rawhide series, which has gone for three seasons without his getting bussed. But John Russell, who plays the Marshal, balked at the idea when it was kicked around by producer Jules Schermer. "Troop is the Lancelot not the Lochnivar of Laramie," he argued, and is polling his fans clubs to get their opinions. . . Famed MGM beauty of yesteryear, Edna Skinner, has scammed back to the old haunts of Hollywood as co-star in the Mr. Ed series. . . Love Goes Round and Round and It Comes Out Where? Rick Marlow dates Valerie Allen who used to date Eld Byrnes who now dates Leslie Parrish who was once married to Rick Marlow. . . That tall, handsome young man on the set of Target: The Corruptors every day last summer wasn't an actor but Horace McNally Jr., who was working as pop Stephen's stand-in. Young McNally reported back to Loyola in September, plans to finish college before pursuing a writing career. He's the oldest of the eight McNally children. . .
Introduction of handsome Karl Held into the Perry Mason series may mean a "romantic" break, too. Held will portray David Gideon, an eager young law student hero-worshiper of Mason who helps out in the office from time to time. And there's no reason why the new character can't occasionally become romantically involved with a client—something Mason never does.

To Cap the Climate: A gent named Edward M. Meyers, of the National Cloth Hat Institute, has been having a rough time trying to clamp "the lid" on our male stars. He would like them to wear cloth hats on their shows and his prime target was Efrem Zimbalist Jr. Meyers was sure Ef could do as much for caps as "Kookie" Byrnes did for combs. The Warner execs, however, wary of any danger to their successful 77 Sunset Strip, wouldn't go for the idea. "Zimbalist's allure for women fans is partly based on his beautiful mop of hair," said the front office. "Putting a hat on it would be like putting Elizabeth Taylor in a muu-muu." Meyers got one break, from bearded Sebastian Cabot, who promised to continue wearing his hat as often as possible on Checkmate. Said Cabot, "It's not just that I feel hats are what vitamins are to food, a needed supplement to character...it's that soundstages are so terribly drafty."

It's Greek to Angela: Eight-year-old Angela Cartwright does a variation on the ancient Greek saying about "a healthy mind in a healthy body." She believes a clean body makes for a strong memory and learns her lines for The Danny Thomas Show while scrub-a-dubbing in the tub.

Thinking Ahead: Jack Kelly, this season's one-and-only Maverick, is busy with a new project—installing a bomb shelter in his home. Jack believes the survival of the country depends on the survival of its individual citizens.

The Range-Finder: It'll mark the fifth consecutive year that Donald O'Connor has been away from home during Christmas when he opens December 22 at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas. But, this year, he won't be opening his presents alone. Donald will charter two busses so he can have his relatives and friends brought up from Los Angeles to enjoy the Yule with him...Darryl Hickman just bought a twenty-unit apartment house in Beverly Hills. "Security for my old age," the thirty-year-old actor explained. Although his show, The Americans, was cancelled, Darryl isn't really worried. He just sold two more teleplays to Four Star Productions.

In Self-Defense: Because so many TV shows are featuring karate in scenes of struggle, it has become as important for actors to master this art of mayhem as it once was to learn fencing. With this in mind, Poncie Ponce has opened a karate school. His first two students were probably the best-looking pupils in town, Connie Stevens and Bob Conrad. Since Poncie's star instructor is John Leoni, who plays a policeman in the series, the Eye (Hawaiian as well as private) is in full control. The enrollment has been limited to 200, all carefully screened. "Business is booming," says Poncie with a grin, "but it gives me nightmares—what if one of my students proved to be a homicidal maniac?"

Stunting Is a Dog's Life: In Bend, Oregon, during a 90-degree hot spell, a segment of Have Gun, Will Travel was being shot. The scene called for a wolf dog to crouch on a huge (Continued on page 80)
With Groucho Marx at the wheel, in this month's speediest special

Later this month, on October 22, the talented Project 20 group at NBC will unveil a *Du Pont Show Of The Week* tracing the dramatic changes in automobiles from the day when Henry Ford rolled down the road in the first Model A. Describing the show, Donald B. Hyatt says, "Basically, this will be an entertainment show, not a sociological document on the car. The impact of the automobile on America has been far-reaching, and we'll portray some of the large-scale changes it has brought about. But our approach will be more from the pleasure it has given the American people—a personalized approach." The pictures shown here represent a portion of the special film shot for the show, with host Groucho Marx, plus other illustrative material. This lively hour TV show will include early film from Detroit, from early movies, from newsreel archives and other sources.

The transition from the horse to the sleek, *Merrily We Roll Along* is Oct. 22 feature of *The Du Pont Show Of The Week*, as seen on NBC-TV. Sun., from 10 to 11 P.M. EDT.

At first the horseless carriage inspired great hate. A farm journal of the period stated, "These noisy, smoky stinkwagons are designed to frighten to death anything they can't flatten out."
Few cars could go over forty. And anything over fifteen was considered death-defying and also illegal. Even as today, the traffic cop on wheels was a dread sight to the unwary motorist.

Woodrow Wilson, when he was Princeton prexy, said: "Nothing has spread Socialistic feeling more than the use of the automobile." But by the time he'd become President, he'd succumbed to Pierce-Arrow.

Taking a curve at high speed in the 1906 Vanderbilt Cup Race. Drivers were rich amateurs. The road race started at dawn, but drew 25,000 race fans when the first one was run in 1904.
Two all-time sports greats—Barney Oldfield, at the wheel of a Benz, and his close friend Ty Cobb, baseball hero. Oldfield was a gear-jammer who barnstormed the country's dirt roads, brake speed records, popularized racing.

Merrily We Roll Along

fast car of today represents one of America's longest-running love affairs, marred only by the mounting hazard of giant traffic jams! But it was a love affair that changed our way of life . . . and is still doing it. "Merrily We Roll Along" host Groucho Marx claims, "I was a Stutz-Bearcat man myself. That romance has left indelible scars on my arm, my elbow and my kneecap. Those were just a few of the spots where the crank hit me. But that was 1896. There were only about sixteen cars in the whole United States then, so they didn't really replace many horses. But they did come close to replacing the elephant, the giraffe, and the tattooed lady. In fact, in order to see one, you had to go to the circus, where they had a horseless carriage on display along with all the rest of the freaks."

In those early days, public reaction to the auto was often hostile. Horses reared when confronted with passing cars. "There ought to be a law," everyone said. And, indeed, one law read, "A man of mature age and judgment, mounted on horseback and carrying a red flag, must precede any self-motor machine . . . ."

In one state, the driver of a car which frightened a team into bolting could be fined up to a hundred dollars for every runaway mile! Such laws (Continued on page 63)

By 1912 there were over 100 makes of cars to choose from. "Go Electric," said the ads. "No fuss, no fumes, easier to push than a baby carriage." But the electric runabout went only 25 miles before batteries needed recharging.

Dedicated racing fans turned up at Indianapolis Speedway to watch Sudden Death. The first Five Hundred Race saw one dead, four injured. Racing became laboratory for testing new ideas far the auto industry as it moved toward mass production.
A cavalcade of motorists embark on a Sunday Drive. These provided a great excuse for leaving the dishes in the sink. "Let's go for a spin" meant that the driver wanted to see how many miles he could get on the speedometer.

Commenting on early roads, one farmer said, "They're so bad that, even in the dry season, they'd bog down anything that ain't web-footed. We consider roads real smooth around here if the tree stumps in 'em are below mud level."

Circa 1925. Groucho says, "Not only had the automobile replaced the horse, it went too far and started to replace the comedian. The kids painted jokes all over—so, no matter where the car hit you, it'd strike you funny."
Merrily We Roll Along

Two all-time sports greats—Barney Oldfield, at the wheel of a Benz, and his close friend Ty Cobb, baseball hero, Oldfield was a gear-jammer who barnstormed the country's dirt roads, broke speed records, popularized racing.

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When TV Radio Mirror asked me to evaluate the talent on Sing Along, my first reaction was to say “no.” It's my belief that you shouldn't blow your own horn. I believe in presenting the show and letting the public evaluate.

But then the request began to make sense. After all, no one would ask Ed Sullivan or Perry Como why they have a Rosemary Clooney or Tony Bennett on their shows. The Bennetts and Clooneys are stars. That's why they are there. But Sing Along is unique in that it has no stars.

We have twenty-five male voices, none of them nationally known as individuals . . . young female singers—possibly the equivalent of starlets in the movie business . . . (Continued on page 51)

Sing Along With Mitch is colorcast over NBC-TV, Thursday, from 10 to 11 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.
vocal experts whose magic way with a tune puts his Sing Along show into the top ratings
Make Mine Music

Mitch Miller sings the praises of the thirty

by MITCH MILLER

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Diana Trask is one of Mitch's girl singers ...
the CHAMP who took on the CHIMPS

Peggy Cass, an optimist with Paar training, deals with some scene-stealing antagonists. What if they bite? She'll scream!
For months, Peggy resisted appearing on The Jack Paar Show. Then guesting became a habit!


by MARTIN COHEN

A long-legged gal with blue eyes and strawberry hair, Peggy Cass is about to score a "first." It won't be as significant as man's first trip to the moon. But, in its own way, it is an unusual gambit. Peggy's co-stars in The Hathaways include one man—Jack Weston—and three chimpanzees.

Jack Weston, a gentlemanly actor, doesn't bite. But chimps have a notorious reputation for taking an occasional nip at ham—male or female, star or understudy, sponsored or unsponsored. Says Peggy, "Right now, I'm playing it cool. I slip the chimps a lot of jelly beans and they seem to love me. I hope I'm not kidding myself about this. I've got a scream that carries three city blocks, and if they ever bite me and I scream—those chimps will never be the same again."

This will be Peggy's first run in a situation comedy series, although she has become well-known to TV audiences, over the past (Continued on page 64)

The Hathaways, with Peggy Cass and Jack Weston co-starred in the title roles, is seen on ABC-TV, Fridays, at 8 P.M. EDT.
The genius who invented Sergeant Bilko—and is now building laughs into Car 54, Where Are You?—gives an insider's view of the writing game

"I shudder when I think of what's becoming of comedy," says ace comedy writer Nat Hiken. "The joke has disappeared. Humor today—as presented on television—depends on story situations. And that requires writers. Where are the comedy writers coming from? That's the big problem.

"Writing comedy is a craft. Under television's present setup, there is no place for a young writer to learn his craft. A handful of comedy writers came up through radio, but behind them is a void. It scares me when I think about it."

Hiken is one of the handful.

In 1936, fresh from the campus of the University of Wisconsin, he began writing a local radio program in Los Angeles for the magnificent sum of five dollars a week. In the years that followed, he developed into one of radio's most successful and highest-paid comedy writers, putting laughs in the mouths of such varied personalities as Fred Allen, Monty Woolley and Milton Berle, among others. When television arrived, Nat Hiken was ready for it. After a series of (Continued on page 73)
Writer Talks About His Craft

by

JAMES TAYLOR
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Boss-man Walt Disney, whose genius has enriched viewers young and old,
runs a shop where workers can also be happy. Let's take a look...

All good employers know the Golden Rule of Production: Give more and you will get more. But it took an exceptionally imaginative boss like Walt Disney to start putting it into practice, back in 1939, when the success of his animated cartoons—now full-length features, as well as short subjects—burst the seams of his old studio. Result: A daytime dreamland on fifty-some acres in Burbank, not far from Hollywood. The present complex of specially-designed buildings, set in a park-like atmosphere, has led more than one first-sighter to exclaim, "Why, it's like a country club!" Comparative newcomer William Thomas—who designed the clothes for such Disney films as "Babes in Toyland" and "Moon Pilot"—adds: "Another wonderful feature is the relationship between Mr. Disney and the personnel. There's none of that front-office protocol, where you never seem to get an answer. Any problem, any brainstorm, is given a quick decision by Walt himself." Perhaps animation supervisor Frank Thomas—no relation, but a Disneyite for twenty-six years—gives the key to it all: "The Disney operation is a hobby, not a business, to Walt. He enjoys every minute of it and that enthusiasm rubs off on the rest of us." The Animation Building is so designed that every office is an outside room, carpeted and draped. Like all the others, it has a special, completely draftless air-conditioning which never goes below 74 degrees or above 78, in San Fernando Valley's hottest summer. However, some buildings—such as Inking and Animation—have linoleum on floors, venetian blinds at windows, to insure a lint-free interior. The Camera Building is not only tightly sealed but has a "chamber" where twenty air-nozzles gently blast the outdoor dust and lint from everyone who enters. Employees of other departments are frequent visitors, for reasons of their own. "If I've got a date," says one, "I just go over there after work and, in two minutes, my suit looks like it just came from the cleaners!" There are many features specifically designed for employee comfort:
New TV hour is *Walt Disney's Wonderful World Of Color*. Above, "the boss" discusses backgrounds with John Hench (left) and Claude Coats. Animation Building is seen on opposite page.

Penthouse Club offers games and other facilities for a small membership fee—and men only.

Annette Funicello tries a pet pastime of employees in "De-dusting Chamber" of Camera Building!
Dreamland for daytime toilers

Boss-man Walt Disney, whose genius has enriched viewers young and old, runs a shop where workers can also be happy. Let's take a look...

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In the Penthouse Club, male members have not only a gymnasium and dining area, but a full-time barber. (Walt still recalls those lean days when he traded drawings for haircuts!) For all employees, there are games, bicycles, shower rooms—and a separate building where a large dining room can seat 400, cafeteria-style, and a smaller room offers table service for a leisurely meal or quiet conference. . . . Some prefer to bring their own lunches, eat picnic-style on the lovely grounds, visit the library to see the latest art exhibit—displayed by fellow workers and sold without commission—or to borrow a book from head librarian Koneta Roxby and her staff. Here are hundreds of periodicals from all over the world, plus hundreds of new reference works purchased each year. Walt hasn't forgotten his boyhood in Kansas City and the two books on animation he found at the library there: "They were an immense help to me in launching my career." Nothing could make him happier than for others to find fulfillment of their own dreams at his modern dreamland for daytime toilers!

*Walt Disney's Wonderful World Of Color* is seen over NBC-TV, Sun., from 7:30 to 8:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Eastman Kodak and the Radio Corporation of America.
Cards get their play in Penthouse Club atop Animation Building—which also has sun deck, steam and massage room, in addition to full gymnasium.

From display of Disney toys, Annette picks out the beloved character with whom it all began—Mickey Mouse!

Commissary operates at loss, to provide top food (yummy, says Annette) at low prices.
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I can never forget Kathy's radiant smile as she made her acting debut. TV's present-day "Kate," of The Real McCoys, was carried onto the stage of the last showboat on the Mississippi, by her mother, when she was only thirteen months old. She touched her toes to the floor fast, and ran about gaily in the role of a spunky year-old boy.

Her mother and I had met in a church dramatic group, after graduating from high school in different sections of Missouri. We started to act professionally as a pair in the little stock companies around St. Louis. Six months after Kathy was born there, we signed for the romantic leads in the plays aboard The Goldenrod. With it as our home, Kathy's earliest memories are of a unique childhood which she recalls with delight. Every day, the boat was a (Continued on page 68)
My Daring, Darling Daughter

by STEPHEN ELLSWORTH
as told to Tex Maddox

She's always "doing for others." Here it's hot coffee for her actor-and-author father.

Dad's fondest hope now is that Kathy will have a real-life marriage as happy as her TV one with Luke McCoy (played by Richard Crenna).

Playbills tell this family's history, from earliest days on a Mississippi showboat.

The Real McCoys is seen over ABC-TV, Thurs., 8:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Co.
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Two in title roles: Leon Ames as Father, Myrna Fahey as The Bride.

The Father Of The Bride may worry about Myrna Fahey, ultra-feminine lead in the new series. But Myrna’s headed for her first million—and not by marrying for money.

Handsome Burt Metcalfe is Myrna’s TV husband—but, off screen, her eyes and heart turn eagerly to Wall Street!

The Beauty On A Ticker-Tape Tangent

by MAURINE REMENIH

Ask practically any young Hollywood actress what the initials “D.J.” stand for, and you’ll get a fast “disc jockey, of course!” But not from lithe and luscious Myrna Fahey. She knows perfectly well that “D.J.” means “Dow Jones”—as in “stock market.” And she’ll go on to quote those stock-market averages for anyone who shows any interest whatsoever. This talent of Myrna’s for reading—and understanding—the ticker-taped reports from Wall Street may be hard to believe for those who (Continued on page 69)

Father Of The Bride is seen on CBS-TV, Fri., 9:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by General Mills and the Campbell Soup Company.
On 77 Sunset Strip, Kookie has laid away his comb for a career as a detective. Parking the cars at Dino's this season? A new fellow who's nutty about initials.

For example:

BY ROGER BECK

M. R. L. means "Meet Robert Logan"

Televisioners who vicariously visit Dino's Lodge with the cast of 77 Sunset Strip this season will immediately notice one major difference, the first time they pull up to the side entrance of the famed Hollywood bistro. No longer will they be greeted by a hip-talking, comb-wielding, handsome young parking-lot attendant. Now they will be met by a handsome young man who will not only park the car, but probably confuse them thoroughly with a radically new manner of speaking. The new auto jockey is a muscular athlete named Robert Logan. His gimmick? He talks in initials!

To be known simply as "J.R.," the young actor will be recognizable both by his penchant for abbreviating words into key letters and for the vast collection of sweaters which will be his costume trademark.

Fans of the tremendously popular detective series will be hearing sleuths Stuart Bailey and Jeff Spencer referred to simply as "Mr. B." and "Mr. S." by their new assistant—whose philosophy maintains that "life is too short to waste time with a lot of words." Of course, Bob's conversation will not consist of initials only. He will abbreviate just the better known and more frequently used expressions—such as "G.R.I." for "go right in," and "G.E." for "good evening." The producers naturally hope this will start a fad among
P. O.'s right at his doorstep in Malibu—Pacific Ocean, that is.

Indoors, Bob strums the initial notes of a ditty.

Collie pal rounds up our bachelor—who denies being either a lost sheep or one in wolf's clothing, proves it as he "dresses up" for a bout with the surfboard.

young people who are quick to pick up on something new and catchy. But, whether or not the fans latch onto this new initial-ese, they should take quite readily to the ruggedly handsome twenty-year-old who will be spouting the abbreviated jargon.

Warner Bros., a studio well known for its willingness to gamble on unknowns, seems especially excited about the future of their newest newcomer. Proof of their confidence lies in the fact that they handed him this choice plum of a role on the top-rated show despite the fact that, until a few months earlier, he had never seen the inside of a motion picture studio—and the only acting experience he acquired, between signing a contract and shooting his first episode for 77, was a small role in the film, "Claudelle Inglish," and another in a segment of TV's The Roaring 20's.

The rest of the 77 cast—Efrem Zimbalist Jr., Roger Smith, Edd Byrnes (promoted this season from the parking lot to a private-eye partnership), Louis Quinn and Jacqueline Beer—share the studio's enthusiasm and have labeled the young novice a modern day "Cinderfella." For it is (Continued on page 72)
New role means not only a home of his own, but scripts to study for '77.

He'd rather play ball with Miss Shelly Merrick, surf expert at Malibu.
young people who are quick to pick up on something new and catchy. But, whether or not the fans latch onto this new initial-ese, they should take quite readily to the ruggedly handsome twenty-year-old who will be spouting the abbreviated jargon.

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Mary Tyler Moore

Sexy "Sam"—TV detective Richard Diamond's unseen secretary—comes into full view on the Dick Van Dyke Show

by BILL KELSAW

San Fernando Valley son Ritchie is "for real"...

Dick Van Dyke is Mary's "husband" on TV only.

So is the remodeling, as plasterer helps!

Remember "Sam"? Sam on the Richard Diamond series, Sam of the shapely knees and the sexy voice? Well, Sam is now a thoroughly domesticated wife and mother on the new Dick Van Dyke Show. No more low-angle trick shots to show off only portions of her anatomy (and never her face). No more low-pitched, sultry, pear-shaped tones. Instead, "Sam" has become "Laura," a comely young housewife with a harried husband and a slightly precocious six-year-old son. . . . Which is not too different a situation from the real-life role of Mary Tyler Moore, who was "Sam" and is "Laura." She is married to Richard Meeker, a sales representative for CBS, and their (Continued on page 60)

The Dick Van Dyke Show is seen on CBS-TV, Tues., 8 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Procter & Gamble Co.
STEVE ALLEN’S Return to the Battle of the Big Eye

by KATHLEEN POST

When is a comedian not a comedian? ... When he’s also a composer, artist, poet, and “stormy petrel” of politics. When he can spout gags, pound a hot piano, and direct the shenanigans of a top TV variety show ... and, all the while, gaze thoughtfully on a troubled world through horn-rimmed spectacles ... In short, when he’s Steve Allen.

To his many fans, Steve is a symbol of superb showmanship, enthusiasm and high ideals. Naturally, there was great rejoicing when it got around that he was coming out of retirement to plunge again into the embattled arena of sponsors, “prime time” and ratings. It is a tribute to Steve that nobody—in television or out—had any doubt that his new ABC-TV production would live up to the old show’s quality in fun, taste, clever chatter and exciting music.

“It’s funny,” Steve muses. “Once I announced my comeback, the first question the fans asked was: ‘Will you bring back those three funny fellows?’ What’s funny is not that they want the old team back, but that they think of them as only three comics. Actually, there were seven—Don Knotts, Tom Poston, Louis Nye, Dayton Allen, Bill (’Jose Jimenez’) Dana, Pat Harrington Jr. and Gabe Dell—but we revolved their acts, usually three at each show, so the public began to think of them as only three.”

It might be pointed out here that this mistake has not blurred the individual image or career of any of these performers. Don Knotts grabbed off a permanent berth on The Andy Griffith Show. (Andy himself first won popular acclaim on TV by his appearance on the Allen show that also “discovered” another giant talent, Elvis Presley.) Louis Nye, Bill Dana and
Tom Poston have been seen regularly on panel and variety shows, and Pat Harrington Jr. has been featured the past season on The Danny Thomas Show. In fact, they have all been in demand since the demise of the earlier Allen company.

"While my big hope now, as in the past, is to put the spotlight on new talent, I mean to make every effort to get my old team back. I suppose some will only be available for guest shots, but I'll even try to borrow Don Knotts from a rival network, if at all possible," Steve carefully explains during a discussion of his blueprints for the new show. At the moment of speaking, he has already signed Bill Dana, Stan Burns—a writer long associated with Allen—and Leonard Stern, who has served for the past four years as his head comedy writer and stager of skits. Les Brown and his "Band of Renown" provide the musical background, a job they did for Allen in 1959 and 1960. Charles Andrews, who produced shows for Arthur Godfrey, does the same for Allen. And Dave Brown, who directed the Milton Berle series, serves Allen in a similar capacity. Of course, Steve himself—although he has always made a point of hiring "blue chip (Continued on page 76)
STEVE ALLEN'S
Return to the
Battle of the Big Eye

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Juvenile Delinquency vs. TV

Dr. Joyce Brothers, speaking as both psychologist and mother, sounds off on a topic vital to all parents.

How much does TV affect the behavior of teenagers? What is its influence on younger children? Is it contributing to juvenile delinquency? Most important of all, how can a mother utilize TV viewing as a positive and constructive force in the lives of her children? . . . These are some of the questions we recently asked psychologist Dr. Joyce Brothers. You may remember Dr. Brothers as the pretty, fragile-looking blonde who first won TV fame on two national quiz programs, shortly after obtaining her Ph. D. in psychology from Columbia University. Her preoccupation with psychology began, five years before she married, when she entered Cornell University in 1944 . . . and it continued after graduation, when she taught at Hunter College and, later, at Columbia. Six years of teaching psychology at the college level, and a trained understanding of why we humans act as we do, made her the (Continued on page 78)

Dr. Joyce Brothers is seen and heard in the New York area, on Station WNBC-TV, Monday through Friday, from 1 to 1:25 P.M. EDT. See local newspapers for listing of her programs in your area.

by FRANCES KISH
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by FRANCES KISH
Starch for the ears of Fletcher Rabbit!

Kukla and Oliver ("One Tooth") Dragon.
The ladies: Buelah Witch, Mme. Ooglepuss.

Stagehand Cecil Bill gets right into the act.

THE KUKLAPOLITANS RETURN

With Burr Tillstrom at the helm, a new generation of children meet Kukla, Oliver Dragon, Mme. Ooglepuss and all that crowd

by HELEN BOLSTAD

For the enjoyment of a whole new generation of children, and to the joy of their mothers, Burr Tillstrom’s Kukla and Ollie have returned to NBC-TV! ... How parents feel about this was expressed by one young mother who has the usual objections to the violent shows her children have viewed: “It’s wonderful to have something kind and good to amuse them.” She did not even remember that the program had won virtually every award as the best TV for children. She did recall sharply what it had meant to her: “I want my children to know Kuke and Ollie as I did. I never thought of them as puppets. They were as real to me as my other playmates. I’m glad they’re back.” ... As for Burr Tillstrom—creator and voice of the whole troupe of lively little cottonheads—he says, “It’s good to be back. Since our daily show ended in 1957, we’ve had lots of fun as guests on other people’s programs, but occasional appearances are not enough. Kukla and Ollie must live every day, to be at (Continued on page 70)

Burr Tillstrom’s Kukla And Ollie is seen on NBC-TV, 5 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Miles Laboratories, Inc.

Burr Tillstrom is best friend any "doll" or "dragon" ever had.
The ladies: Buelah Witch, Mme. Oogelputts.

Stagehand Cecil Bill gets right into the act.

Kukla and Oliver ("One Tooth") Dragon.

Starch for the ears of Fletcher Rabbit.

The Kuklapolitans return

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AMERICA'S NEWEST WAKER-UPPER
John Chancellor, new host of Today, awakens millions of sleepy people with his distinctive brand of news and entertainment

by HERBERT KAMM

At the end of his first week as permanent host of Today, John Chancellor collapsed into a chair in his NBC-TV office, wearily removed his glasses, pinched the bridge of his nose and uttered a one-word judgment about his new experience: "Wow!" It was a fitting testimonial to the stimulating experience of being vulcanized as a celebrity.

In the weeks that have passed since he slipped into the giant-sized brogans of the departed Dave Garroway, Chancellor has progressed from one-word reactions to mellifluous sentences about his exciting chore as a TV figure. But it still will be some time before he fully adjusts himself to the aura of glamour which envelops one when he becomes a daily fixture on the home screen—and, in addition, the man who helps millions of people get out of bed in the morning.

In short, John Chancellor, at 34, has become immersed in a new way of life—"show business." And he has learned that, as the old chestnut says, there's no business like it.

After eleven years as a dedicated television and radio newsman—hectic years in which he chased stories on land, on sea, in the air, at home and abroad—Chancellor took over the Today assignment on July 17 determined that the program, rather than the personality, would make the stronger impact on viewers.

Under his stewardship, Today has indeed become more of an information vehicle, less an entertainment attraction, than it was during the nine-years-plus the suave Garroway presided over it. Except for scattered taped segments, it is all "live." News stories, stories behind the news, stories that will make news, dominate. In fact, the program itself no longer is an independent entity but, for the first time, is under the control of the NBC News department.

But none of this has succeeded in suppressing the affection of TV audiences for people—rather than places or things—and John Chancellor, somewhat awed by it all, is the new darling of early-morning viewers in spite of himself.

"I will never consider myself anything other than a newsman," (Continued on page 75)
Mr. Ed: THE HORSE HUMAN

If a horse answers, don't hang up! Mr. Ed indignantly "nays" the idea that he doesn't need a phone in our un-stable world. How else could he keep track of his racier friends? Or a likely little filly?

A picture report on the equine

At last, a real horse opera: The seven-year-old Palomino who plays Mr. Ed may not be much of a singer but he certainly talks a mouthful! A lot of horse sense led to his runaway success on TV, yet loquacious Ed would be first to share credit with such bipeds as director Arthur Lubin—who put talking-mule "Francis" through his movie paces—and trainer Les Hilton, who taught Ed the method-acting which goes with human speech. And he's happy to be teamed with Alan Young, starring as the series' all-too-human hero, Wilbur Post. Alan himself—who won his TV spurs early and has two "Emmys" to prove he could get more than horse-laughs, even then—is proud to be the only person to whom Ed ever condescends to speak! (Where does the voice come from? "Straight from the horse's mouth," says Alan—straight-faced.)
Westerns, no! Mr. Ed tells Wilbur "the white horse's burden" is too sad to contemplate, with TV heroes so tall in the saddle. "I was really tuning in for the Philharmonic. Hope they don't play 'The Ride of the Valkyries.'"

Pure art, yes. Our pace-setter knows his oats in the field of painting. Wilbur's taste in models is strictly corn—Lady Godiva, and all that.

Chess is a cinch. Not that Ed's horseshoes bring him luck—his opponent plays like a pedestrian. Yet Ed says, "Wilbur, I enjoy these hours we spend together. I don't know what I'd do without you really!"

Wilbur locked the barn door too late to keep Ed from ordering extra conveniences. Well, anyway, wasn't it a horse who invented the "stall shower"?

Mr. Ed is seen on CBS-TV, Sunday, 6:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Studebaker-Packard Corporation and Dow Chemical Co.
Mr. Ed: THE HORSE HUMAN

A picture report on the equine comedian who puts his hoof in it every time!

At last, a real horse opera. The seven-year-old Palomino who plays Mr. Ed may not be much of a singer but he certainly talks a mouthful! A lot of horse sense led to his runaway success on TV, yet loquacious Ed would be first to share credit with such bipeds as director Arthur Lubin—who put talking-mule "Francis" through his movie paces—and trainer Les Hilton, who taught Ed the method-acting which goes with human speech. And he's happy to be teamed with Alan Young, starring as the series' all-too-human hero, Wilbur Post—Alan himself—who won his TV spurs early and has two "Emmys" to prove he could get more than horse-laughter even then—proud to be the only person to whom Ed ever condescends to speak! (Where does the voice come from? "Straight from the horse's mouth," says Alan—straight-faced.)

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Wilbur locked the barn door too late to keep Ed from ordering extra conveniences. Well, anyway, wasn't it a horse who invented the "shoe shower"?

Mr. Ed is seen on CBS-TV, Sunday, 6:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Studebaker-Packard Corporation and Dow Chemical Co.
Get set and go—with Sonny Fox, whose Saturday-morning program introduces the young viewers to a career world beyond imagination

by HELEN CAMBRIA

If a child piggy-banked a nickel each time he answered that old question, “What are you going to be when you grow up?”—he might accumulate a tidy endowment to finance his future! If he answers that question for Sonny Fox on TV’s new On Your Mark, he receives an even more valuable assist in his career—an actual preview of life in the field which, at the moment, catches his fancy.

Both the prize and the means of winning it are Sonny’s own idea. A children’s-show specialist since 1954, tall, rangy Sonny has strong opinions about programs for young people. The current offerings, he says, reflect the effect of the highly critical speech made by the new chairman of the Federal Communications Commission last spring. Sonny classifies these as “A.M. or P.M. shows—Ante-Minow or Post-Minow.” He calls On Your Mark a combination of both.

“It’s a fun show, but it has a serious purpose, too.” Sonny seeks to educate as he entertains the nine-to-twelve age group. “We select four youngsters of similar age and ambition. Take children who want to become airplane navigators: We analyze what abilities they need. The keys to a navigator’s talents are concentration and coordination. We then devise a contest to test these traits.”

Much sound, fury and fun result from these tests, but there is serious research behind them. “We try to pattern our games after actual testing techniques in a particular field. In the real Air Force test for navigators, a man must solve a plotting problem despite simulated storms, shellfire or mechanical crises.” Sonny translated this into a series of juvenile distractions. “Contestants get a complicated arithmetic problem which requires clear thinking. Then someone offers them ice-cream cones. A clown goes into his act. A popular song blasts loud. Maybe someone dances. It’s fun for the audience. But, while they laugh, our contestants work. If a kid can solve his problem quickly (Continued on page 55)
ON YOUR MARK

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On Your Mark is seen Sat., 11 A.M. EDT, over ABC-TV—in New York, over Stations WNEW-TV—as sponsored by Emenee Industries Inc., division of Audion Emenee Corp.

Sonny Fox is a past master at explaining the world’s “Wonderama” to children.
Fred MacMurray's

SECOND "SON"

Don Grady, the No. 2 boy of My Three Sons, explains some of the tribulations of being a successful actor instead of "just a plain boy"

by NANCY ANDERSON

Fred MacMurray took Don Grady's chin in his hand and judiciously tilted his head. "This won't take a minute," said the star of My Three Sons, as he began cutting the hair of the young actor who plays Robbie, "second" in his all-boy trio on TV. But the scene wasn't for the show. It was a backstage episode illustrating the warm off-camera relationship that exists between MacMurray and his TV "family." Don—who has just recently turned seventeen—hadn't had time to get his hair trimmed before shooting started, and the producer was frantically searching for the studio barber. "Don't worry," (Continued on page 66)
My Three Sons: MacMurray's amazed at changes wrought (temporarily) by Joan Tewksbury in his usually "womanless" household. Around table, from left—Tim Considine as eldest son Mike, William Frawley as grandfather "Bub," Don as middle son Robbie.

Don wants to be a doctor—because of his interest in "machines." He keeps his '56 model car in tiptop condition, with Lani's help (?).

He really relaxes in country shack Mother bought him as a holiday hideaway at Malibu Lake! One big room downstairs, dormitory (plenty of beds) upstairs.

*My Three Sons, ABC-TV, Thurs., 9 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Chevrolet Motor Div. of General Motors Corp.*
Lee Lawson of Love Of Life shows how proper makeup makes all eyes (particularly male) turn your way

by JUNE CLARK

When a girl has an eye for beauty, she knows the importance of accentuating the loveliness of eyes. Didn’t a poet once call them the “windows of the soul”? There are ways to “decorate” these windows—to give them greater depth and brilliance. Anyone can learn how, with the right makeup and a little practice, Lee Lawson believes. Lee plays the exciting role of nineteen-year-old Barbara Sterling Latimer in the CBS-TV daytime dramatic serial, Love Of Life. She herself is only a bit older than Barbara, red-haired, brown-eyed, nose tantalizingly tip-tilted, weight 100 pounds, height 5 feet and ¾ inch. (“Don’t leave out that ¾ inch—I’m proud of it.”) She used to wear glasses, five years ago changed to contact lenses. Her naturally super-long lashes rubbed mascara on the glasses, but now they are no problem. Lee thinks that the trick is to learn to make up so well that a girl just seems naturally to have eye-allure.

Lee applies skintone cover-up, in stick form, for under-eye shadows—then brushes her brows upward, straightens stray hairs with tiny comb.

Right: Brows are shaped with pencil, shadow in a new powder form is smoothed across the lid by finger. Lee uses skintone highlight between eye and brow—“invention” to make orbs seem larger.

She uses black liquid liner on upper lid, applies mascara to lashes. Her daytime eye make-up is lighter than for evening—method is the same.
From a fast start at five
in the morning, Jergen Nash
talks the language of the
people—until ten at night!

Jergen Nash is probably the most versatile man in Northwest radio. He does the first daytime newscast for WCCO Radio at 5 A.M. He does a morning music show with rural appeal right after that. At noon, he's on with Northwest livestock and general market reports. Then, at 5 P.M., Nash sends fifteen minutes of news. Come 9:30 P.M., it's a half-hour of pleasant music . . . light opera, show tunes, chamber music and some foreign popular music. Nash gets mail from all over the United States on this evening show which leads to a half-hour radio newscast at 10 P.M. All tired out? Not at all! . . . Nash is a most unconventional Scandinavian, who delights in rich-looking but different costumes. "Veddy British, he must be." But radio listeners in five states consider him one of them, probably the most down-to-earth man broadcasting from Minneapolis and St. Paul into Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, North Dakota. Jergen talks the language of the city folks with details of their schools, churches and freeway traffic problems. He knows thousands of farm families from personal visits to their homes, farm meetings and school graduations, at which he is a popular speaker. . . . Name the town, and Jergen has been there. Name the school, and he has spoken there. Name an old people's home, and he has exchanged fan letters with the residents. And pick out any birthday party of kids from four to twelve years old and Jergen is known because he's talked about their party on his children's program. . . . But folksy as he is, Nash has captured attention of the business executives driving from their plush offices to their swanky lake homes and the time-clock workers fighting the traffic. That's because you can hear Jergen Nash on WCCO Radio just about any time of day. He has the widest variety of programs and one of the most loyal followings ever developed in broadcasting. The Nashes' Siamese cat "Tango" has become somewhat of a Northwest celebrity, too. "We had a bit of a time at our house over the weekend," Nash told some 180,000 listeners. "Tango just up and quit eating. We love that Siamese and have been kind of down in the dumps with the bad news." WCCO listeners offered medical advice, get-well cards and catnip. One cat from 200 miles away wrote the Nashes' cat a get-well letter. (The cat recovered nicely in a week.) . . . When World War II came, Jergen was still an undergraduate at University of Minnesota when he was drafted into the Army. He was assigned to a Special Services unit as a master of ceremonies and impersonator. He met his wife, Mary Kathleen McMahon, in Stoneyburn, Scotland. And, by 1944, they were married. Their first child was born in England, and two more children arrived in this country. . . . When the war ended, Jergen went back to school for a year and a half to get his degree. Mary sold toys in a Minneapolis store, her British-Scots accent adding color to her sensible recommendations to customers. Both were successes—still are!
Out of nautical uniform, Glenn Ryle introduces 1961 polio foster-child on WKRC-TV.

Interviews are part of new Young People's World portion of Glenn's show. Above with Chuck Connors, below with Lee Patterson.

From the mythical ship River Queen, a beloved Skipper Ryle entertains Cincinnati youth.
At home with the Ryles: Glenn and his wife Jackie work jigsaw puzzle with Steve, 11, and Cheryl Ann, 7.

Out of Cincinnati onto the great Ohio River sails a mythical ship called “River Queen,” under the command of Glenn Ryle, who hosts WKRC-TV’s Skipper Ryle Show. This dream ship is the scene for many an adventure for the young of the Cincinnati area, and is the top-rated show for children. In appropriate bushy mustache and nautical attire, Glenn charms his audience from 5 to 6 P.M., every Monday through Friday, with such entertaining features as cartoons, interviews and adventure stories. On Saturdays, Skipper’s show runs from 10 to 11:30 A.M.; on Sundays, from 10 to 12:30 P.M. The format for Glenn’s weekend specials includes interviews with visiting celebrities, musical numbers by young local talent, cartoons, and tales of adventure in Skipper’s inimitable style. Last summer, Glenn incorporated a special five-minute news program for children called “Young People’s World” into his Monday-through-Friday shows—in which fact material overshadows the other, more whimsical facets of the rest of the program. Glenn Ryle, the young, good-looking chap who handles the show, is a veteran announcer on WKRC-TV, with a varied and complete background in radio and television. A college graduate with eight years of Marine Corps duty behind him, Glenn started as a radio announcer and disc jockey “because I was hungry and a friend advised me to try radio. I did, and made it—surprised!” Several years ago, he moved into TV as host for late-night movies, then became a writer-producer for a Midwest advertising agency. In late 1955, he joined WKRC-TV as staff announcer, went into newscasting, and then started his phenomenally successful Skipper Ryle Show. Glenn’s club now numbers 10,000 members. He also generously gives time for fund raising for polio, heart and cancer appeals. As a lark, he’s also taken courses and become a licensed riverboat pilot. His tight schedule keeps him from indulging his major hobby, skindiving, though he says, “I do my skin diving in the bathtub.” Glenn’s happily married, and has two children, Steve and Cheryl Ann.
Happy New WERE

Cleveland's WERE has something to celebrate—4 new deejays:

Jack Daniels, Mike March, Johnny McKinney, Arch Yancey

HAPPY New WERE! It was with this exuberant battle cry that a team of fresh air-talent, last spring, began a new year in Cleveland radio and a new era in the broadcast industry. The station, one of the originators of the music-news-sports concept of broadcasting, felt that the industry needed a different kind of disc jockey—one who did more than capitalize on a good voice and a working knowledge of pop music. The top brass at WERE set about to find a creative group of air personalities who would work as a team in the writing and production of the station's programming. Each man on this team, said WERE, would spend less than half of his time on the air, devoting the rest of his time to creating imaginative air activities, clever safety slogans, and a host of fun contests. . . . Of the four new men brought in, none wanted to be a disc jockey originally! Johnny McKinney, 33, wanted to study medicine. Arch Yancey, 25, got into radio on a lark—and claims he has been on one ever since—while both Mike March, 26, and Jack Daniels, 28, wanted to be singers. . . . It was after the slim, quick-smiling McKinney had been accepted in the U.S. Border Patrol School that he visited a friend at KNOG, Nogales, Arizona. The manager of the station heard them talking, hired Johnny on the spot, and Johnny quickly graduated to Phoenix radio and TV. It was in Phoenix that he met his wife Carol, whom he married in 1955. They now have two children—Johnny, 5, and Danny, 1. John is a 1950
graduate of Ohio State University, where he had a swimming scholarship. His hobbies now include skin diving and boating, and he is fluent in five languages, having lived in London, Paris, Wiesbaden and Guadalajara. . . . Massive Arch Yancey, who was four times on the Memphis High School all-star football team, laughed his way into radio after sitting on the bench (because of injuries) for the San Diego Spurs Navy football team. His radio career has been happy ever since. In Baton Rouge (WLCS), Arch commanded 55% of the audience from '56 to '58, and in Houston (KNUZ) in 1960, Arch won the deejay popularity contest. Arch married Barbara, his high-school sweetheart, and they now have two girls—and two "hellions," according to Yancey. . . . Mike March spent four years in the Pacific as a gunner on a B-36 bomber. Graduating from Pittsburgh's West View High School, Mike wanted to be a singer—or anything that would get him into show business—"no matter what!" Mike spent a year at WCNG in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, and another two years at WIZE in Springfield, Ohio, before coming to WERE. A bachelor, he collects records and is getting away from football and basketball as a hobby in favor of horseback riding. . . . Jack Daniels, whose freckles belie his suave appearance, got into radio by accident. In Jackson, Tennessee, where he was known for playing a ukulele, Jack received a hurry-up call from the manager of WPLI, asking Jack to fill in for a performer who did not show up for an hour-long, live "coffee time" show from a restaurant. Following the program, Jack was offered sportscasts and newscasts on the station. A graduate of Madison College Academy in Madison, Tennessee, Jack did a lot of singing with choirs and quartets. Now he likes to play the drums and trumpet, along with the ukulele—all at different times, of course. Jack and his wife Margie have been married for eight years. . . . Anchor man on the team is Jeff Baxter, 26, who greeted the newcomers to WERE. Baxter, on the air from midnight to 6 A.M., six days a week, knows all his all-night audience is an alert group of listeners because they make their comments and requests known to him. Jeff became the confidant of Cleveland night people in December of 1959 when he joined WERE, coming from WWIZ, in Lorain. He began his radio training with Armed Forces Radio Network in Alaska, while stationed there with the Air Force, later worked for WEOL in Elyria and WLEC, Sandusky. Baxter's unique and unusual programing features all-night spectaculars, such as "The Frank Sinatra Story"—which included not only the music which has been recorded by Sinatra but also his complete life story, with "pros" and "cons" from Sinatra friends and foes—and night-club jaunts spotlighting "in person" performances by noted vocalists and comedians. Off-mike, Jeff resides in Lorain, with his wife Denise and two youngsters.
TENTH HOUR COMMENTATOR

... is Jim Conway of WMAQ and WGN-TV—who keeps his Chicago public well informed, newswise and musically

One of the most active individuals in all radio and television is Jim Conway, blue-eyed, six-foot-two star of WGN-TV's 10th Hour News. Born in Chicago on February 21, 1921, Jim moved to Milwaukee in 1933, where he attended Marquette High School and Marquette University. It was during his second year of high school that he met his attractive wife, the former Audrey Wilson, at a dancing class. Jim says he violated protocol by skidding across the floor to always get the first dance. Conway was bitten by the show-business bug when he starred in a high-school presentation of "The Front Page." Having received training in language and philosophy which provided him with a simple, effective delivery, he decided to audition for Station WISN, Milwaukee, and was hired. Conway continued to announce for the station while he attended Marquette University. In 1939, Conway became the youngest announcer ever to do a commercial coast-to-coast network program. Subsequently, he was heard on such CBS shows as the Paul Whiteman Show, Marriage Club, Woman In White, Camel Caravan, Ben Bernie Show, Cloud Nine, Professor Quiz, The O'Neills and Hint Hunt. Conway feels that radio and television "beat working for a living," and is a firm believer in informality and the friendly and direct approach. The Conways have five children—James (Chip), 18; Victoria, 16; Michael, 13; Clancy, 8; Mary Elizabeth, 4. The boys are all interested in the entertainment business, while Victoria is a big help to her mother in the management of their Lake Forest colonial home. With Jim’s heavy schedule, trying to be a good father to five healthy youngsters presents problems. This is the big reason why Jim makes the family the number-one project on weekends, when he incorporates barbecues, trips and vacations. And, as if he didn’t have enough to keep him occupied, Jim holds the rank of lieutenant commander in the Naval Reserve and flies jets at Glenview Naval Air Station!

One weekend outing ahead for six Conways—left to right: Clancy, 8; Jim; wife Audrey; Victoria, 16; Jim Jr., 18; and Michael, 13.
On Your Mark

(Continued from page 44)

while such things go on, he deserves his prize. He also has a chance to be a successful navigator."

Sonny is outspoken on the subject of proper prizes. "I don't believe in giving bicycles, bonds or swimming pools. That competes with what a parent is able to do for a child. We've tried to award a prize which only this show can give. A boy or girl who wants to act is flown to Hollywood and appears as a movie extra. A would-be ballplayer visits spring training with his favorite team. A boy who wants to be a space scientist sees the inside of a rocket and witnesses a launching at Cape Canaveral. And a political hopeful will spend time in Washington with an important Government official. Besides earning a great treat, the winner gains lasting knowledge to help him plan his career."

Kids in the TV audience benefit, too. Sonny says, "On the serious side, they find out about many fields of work. On the entertainment side, we hope they don't stop with just enjoying the show. We'd like to see them get together with their friends, copy our contests and compete among themselves. They'll have fun while trying their future on for size."

Sonny himself knows the value of such a preview—his own plans changed while in college. He was born in Brooklyn thirty-five years ago, the son of Julius A. and Gertrude Fox. He was named Irwin. Having two sisters, he inevitably was called "Sonny" and the name stuck.

Of his mother, Sonny says, "She takes part in everything that's going on in the community. Today, she keeps busy running an agency which books theater parties." Of his father, he says, "Dad was in textiles and, because I've always thought him a great guy, I just took it for granted I would go into business with him. We decided I could get the best training at North Carolina State. I applied and was accepted."

Time and a hobby intervened. "I was graduated in February. So, rather than waste half a year, I enrolled at New York University. In high school, I had enjoyed dramatics and the radio club—I was a shy kid, and playing a role took me out of myself. While at N.Y.U., I found I liked them even more. I talked things over with Dad and I never did go to North Carolina. I majored in radio and took my degree in 1947."

His first job was with Allen Funt on Candid Microphone. He calls it "darned good training to think on my feet."

When the Korean War broke out, Sonny—who, during World War II, earned three battle stars and a Purple Heart and spent three months in a German prison camp—joined Voice of America.

New Medicated "Ice" Clears Oil-Clogged Pores Gives Close-Up Skin Beauty

Helps stop chief cause of blackheads, enlarging pores, breaking out—without costly treatments. Look for results in 15 days—or even less.

Now the greatest of all skin problems—oil-choked pores—may be controlled with Ice-O-Derm® the new pharmaceutical ice. Blackheads form when oil piles up and hardens in pores—pores are stretched, enlarged. Bacteria may enter and cause infection—"flare ups"—pimples.

Blackheads defy plain soap and ordinary cleansing creams. But Ice-O-Derm helps dissolve blackheads. It gets down into pores to clear out hardened masses—then a special astringent helps tighten pores.

Ice-O-Derm's invisible medication stays on skin to keep dirt out—holds natural moisture in. What's more, its stimulating action improves skin circulation for a healthier, younger look. Start your Ice-O-Derm complexion course today.

FOLLOW NEW 15-DAY COMPLEXION TIMETABLE
To Fresher, Clearer Skin Beauty!

1ST FIVE DAYS
"ICE" starts to rid pores of clogged oil, clear blackheads—medication helps prevent breaking out—special astringent tightens enlarged pores. Result: Clearer, smoother skin.

2ND FIVE DAYS
Ice-O-Derm's invisible shield holds in moisture—protects skin from sun, winds and drying effects of steam heat. Result: Softer, moister skin.

3RD FIVE DAYS
Continuous "ICE" treatments stimulate circulation and increase natural resistance to infection. See how skin's improving. Result: Fresher, healthier-looking skin.

His application precipitated a family truth session: "I knew I would have to face a stiff investigation by the F.B.I. I hadn't the slightest doubt of my mother's loyalty, but I realized she had a way of signing every petition in sight and was honorary president of every organization I'd ever heard of. I sat her down and said, 'Mom, for my sake, please make a list of everything you've ever belonged to.'" Both Gertrude and Sonny stood up under scrutiny and, in 1953, he was sent to Korea.

He covered the war, peace and armistice. He also sent for his fiancée, Gloria Benson, of Rochester, New York. She landed in Tokyo two days before the May Day riots. They were married during the upheaval. Sonny says, "At a Japanese Ward office, an interpreter helped us fill out the proper papers. We signed and an official signed. I turned to her and said, 'Honey, we're married.' It was about as romantic as getting a dog license. We made up for it by having a proper wedding at the Army chapel two days later."

When his tour of duty ended, Sonny and Gloria went around the world, then paused in New York to consider job openings. Sonny elected to become an associate producer at KETC, the newly opened educational-TV station at St. Louis. He says, "I never planned to be a performer, but we worked with a tight budget and the day came when
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I was on camera instead of back of controls. I found I liked it.”

The kids liked it, too. When Sonny left his program The Finder (it is still being shown on some ETV stations), the young fans formed a picket line to protest his move to New York and CBS-TV's award-winning Let's Take A Trip. Since the close of that program, he has headed WNEW-TV's weekend shows, Wonderama and Just For Fun.

The popularity of those programs brought a new influence to bear on Sonny's way of life. As the father of three children—Christopher, six; Meredith, four; and Dana, one—Sonny cherishes the time he can spend at his Westport, Connecticut home. He says, “Ours is an easy-going suburban community and, like my neighbors, I was likely to go to the supermarket wearing a sloppy shirt, paint-streaked shorts and beat up sneakers.”

Unfortunately, as soon as the first kid spotted him and yelled, “There's Sonny Fox,” they trailed him. If he wasn't dressed up, they were disappointed. He says, “If you're playing to adults, they understand you're entitled to some hours of private life. But, with a kids' show, you're always on stage.”

Recently, he had to have his phone un-listed. “I hated to do it, but it rang constantly and I practically had to do a private command performance for each kid who called. It wasn't fair to my family. My own children are entitled to as much attention as I can give them.” During working hours, however, his public foster family receives the same sort of concentrated attention. Sonny finds his audience of children—and their letters exciting.

“I never play down to the children. I have a great respect for them. They are honest and they are malleable. You give them information and you find out that an idea has taken root. For instance, after I had done a special show from Israel—to show how young people lived, what games they played, how they chose up sides—I had a letter from a young boy. He had heard his parents talk about Israeli affairs and was uninterested. But seeing what people his own age did whetted his curiosity. He now wanted to spend his next vacation in a kibbutz.”

Doing news shows for young people is one of Sonny's pet projects and he has incorporated them in his New York weekend sessions. “I tell the kids that tomorrow's history is in the papers today. I remind them that this is their life and they had better know what's happening.”

He sums up his objectives: “I want to stimulate, not tranquilize. I'm not content to be a mass baby sitter.” But he also expresses his own satisfaction: “Doing a good children's show on television is the most rewarding job in the world.”

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Make Mine Music

(Continued from page 12) and me—certainly not in a star in the theatrical or TV sense. So, in the beginning, you might say we were "Brand X." Everyone else had the name ingredients, the big claims and the magic formula. Paraphrasing a line from the popular song, "All we got was us."

We did have a formula or idea—call it what you like—but there was and is nothing magic about it. The idea was to present good music, dictated by taste, not by best-selling charts. Music so good that you shouldn’t even need a picture to hold the audience’s attention. Someone has to make music, and that’s where I separated company from other TV shows.

I decided against using stars. In the first place, they are over-exposed. Girl Star appears on Show A with an off-the-shoulder gown, singing her act... and then Girl Star appears on Show B in a different gown, singing her act. That’s all right for some shows, because Girl Star has a distinctive style. But, in our case, it’s the show that has the style. Every participant in our show, including me, is part of the whole mood. To adapt our style to that of an individual would shatter the format.

Our soloists are Diana Trask and Leslie Uggams, with Gloria Lambert, Louise O’Brien and Sandy Stewart. Leslie is the youngest of the five—she is eighteen—but none of the girls is over twenty-three. None was famous when we started, but that has never bothered me. I have faith in the audience. I believe people recognize great talent and enjoy being in on the discovery of a star... and when the audience takes part in this early recognition, they are more loyal than ever.

First, I chose these girls for their talent and, second, because they are very attractive females. Take Leslie, the youngest. She is as professional as any performer in the business. She is always fully prepared. She learns a song fast and quickly grasps the interpretation. Although she has been richly endowed with natural talent, she studies acting, dancing, and does very well in music classes at Juilliard. And to this she is a craftsman, takes suggestions, and is easy to work with.

Leslie is the beautiful teenager and Diana Trask is the lovely, sophisticated one. Yet either can sing a blue or sweet, a saucy or tragic song. Gloria Lambert, too, can get up and do a show tune—or, on the other hand, "Alouette." She bounces. She’s like a ball of energy at the end of a string. All of them, including Louise and Sandy, have the quality of great performing ability.

I have only one problem with the girls—and this is kind of a tale told out of school: Sometimes the kids get swinging and begin to phrase as if they were in a jazz night club. Any one of them can sing jazz, when they want to. But I insist that, if they leave the melody, they do so only in a comfortable way and then come back very soon. They may get a little angry with me, when I put my foot down... but, in the end, they are always pleased with the results—and further pleased because good jazz musicians like our show.

I’ve been asked why I have only female soloists. That’s easy to answer. I need the girl singers, as well as the eight-girl dancing chorus, to balance the male chorus—twenty-five tried and true. And it is a kind of story that is an interesting story in themselves. They usually surprise the person who sees our show for the first time, because this chorus is again a departure from other shows, in that our men are not sleek, Greek gods. Look at them: They could be the citizens of any town—a grocer, accountant, shoe salesman, doctor, dentist. They are faces off the street. And it startles some viewers that their ages range from that of Bob McGrath, 28, to Hubie Hendry, 59.

This aggregation of men is quite un-

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usual for TV, and we had some prospective sponsors tell us so. They suggested they would be interested in sponsoring the show if we got younger men in the chorus. I never gave their suggestion a moment's consideration, although it would have been easy to get a group of young, glamorous-looking men. Our men gave the exact effect I want. They are as ordinary in appearance as I am—but they are extraordinary singers.

The “grocer” and “dentist” you see on the show are in reality fine, professional vocalist. These guys could get up and sing Mozart or Bach or anything else. Every one of them is adept. Only one seems to be cast for a glamorous role, and that is Sam Carter. It’s got to be a joke on the show that Sam always gets the girl: Whenever there’s a need for a bridegroom or a handsome cowboy, Sam gets the job.

Nearly all of the men have worked with me since 1948, when I first assembled them for recordings I made at Columbia... and, of course, they were on our recording of “The Yellow Rose of Texas” in 1953. So, when the TV show came along, it was natural that I would use them. For most of them, TV was frightening. It took a lot of coaxing to get them to relax. Now, as the show goes along, they are standing out as different personalities.

I remember the first time Adrian Revere had to get up and say, in a minstrel sequence, “Gentlemen, be seated.” That was all he had to do, but I never saw a guy more nervous. Recently, Adrian did a tarantella with a girl and you wouldn’t believe it was the same guy!

And there is Ken Schoen, who has played Wagnerian roles at the Met. On our show, however, he has turned out to be a great humorous character and, with us, he sings “comic opera.” And there’s Hubie Hendry, who does great things with eccentric characters.

Finally, on camera there are the eight girl dancers. But they have more than dancing talent and beauty. They must take character parts at times, and they do very well. In one sequence, for example, they played dream girls of history—and again we were surprisingly pleased. As Cleopatra, Deirdre Ottewill exhibited a pixyish kind of humor that we previously had no hint of. Mary Lou Ryhal was irresistibly cute as Betsy Ross. And our choice of dancer Jeanie Hale, who played Helen of Troy on the same show, was confirmed by Warner Bros., who have signed her to a movie contract.

Of course, when it comes to talent evaluation, you have to look into Mitch Miller... or, as someone once asked me, “What do you do?” No question of it, I’m the curious one. Me, a performer? Let’s face it. Anyone who is dying to be in show business starts at the age of twelve, performing whenever two people get together, and I’m forty-nine and just starting.

In my early years, I was a musician and then a producer for Columbia Records. I didn’t look like a TV celebrity. It just happened. But, actually, my earlier careers and my other careers—as A & R head at Columbia, and as a recording artist—have been of great value since I stepped into TV.

I mentioned earlier that I turned down several prospective sponsors because they had “ideas” for the show. In truth, I found it easy to be idealistic, since I had some records going for me and I had a good job. When you can pay the grocer and butcher, it’s a lot easier to stick to your guns! I mention this because I don’t want to pose as a knight on a white charger. Once, in fact, I turned down the opportunity to do Name That Tune. I liked the show, but I thought that it would be good for me only as a “second show.” First, I wanted to do Sing Along and I continued to wait until I could do it just as I visualized it.

What I have done since? Certainly, I don’t do all the work on Sing Along! One of my blessed talents has been in finding the right people to share the chores, for a TV show is the best example of teamwork you will find in the entertainment business. So we got Bill Hobin as producer-director; Gordon Cotler as associate producer and writer; Jimmy Starbuck, who stages the musical numbers; Jimmy Carroll, who arranges all the music; and Jan Scott, who does the sets. For them, I have the music set the climate for each show and then give them as free a hand as possible.

Many times, they come up with better ideas than I thought of. They also have the freedom to make mistakes. It has always been my belief that creative people are entitled to make mistakes—but we weed them out, mine or theirs, before we begin taping! Each show gets lots of hard work. A rehearsal day may go from eight in the morning until three the next morning. This ability to work hard is a very important part of talent evaluation. When you see the show, it looks easy, relaxed, almost improvised, but the professional observer recognizes immediately the time and energy that has gone into it.

So, with good music, talented performers, craftsmanship and hard work, we are sitting there like a poker player with four aces. We never have a crisis, a desperate moment when the whole show falls apart. We have only minor crises: Something goes wrong with the costumes, or there is a technical failure.

For example, once we had the girls doing sitting-up exercises. They were costumed as the early-morning calligraphic girls are dressed on TV, covered from ankle to chin and right down to their wrists. But when we saw them through the camera’s eye, they looked almost lascivious—so we had to stop and get other costumes.

Then there was the night, after a long day of work, when we got through

Talented Leslie Uggams, a regular on Mitch's show.
a long segment on tape in what we thought was a perfect take—only to learn there had been a split-second power failure, so we had to pull ourselves together and do it over. These are minor crises, momentary let-downs, and there I don’t compare with the ex-hilaration of wrapping up a show just the way we want it to be. Actually, we enjoy it. We do have fun. This is the spirit of the show and, when the fun of it vanishes, I’ll quit.

But having fun is no compensation for the very, very hard work that goes into TV. For an adult, there has to be greater compensation than fun—and I am not thinking of money. For me, the real compensation is in reaching the emotions of the audience. An artist, musician or writer can’t live in a vacuum. A fine idea is no good unless you touch people with it.

I know that we are reaching the audience emotionally, and it is a broad audience—the sophisticated, as well as those with simple tastes. Recently, I went to San Francisco for three days. I thought I would be unnoticed. I figured my beard would not be conspicuous—certainly not in the city that spawned beatniks—and I wore dark glasses.

There was no publicity, no announcement in the papers that I was in town. Yet I couldn’t walk a block that I wasn’t stopped several times. It might be a housewife or a truck driver calling. “Hey, Mitch, baby—great work you’re doing.” Or a very elegant financier saying, “You have given me great enjoyment, young man.” And it made me feel wonderful.

This is the kick . . . knowing you’ve done something in people’s lives they will remember, that will leave them with a warm glow. In the final evaluation of a show and its performers, you must recognize the invisible but giant-size desire to ingratiate, entertain and create happiness in the lives of the audience. This is one characteristic that is shared by all of us who work on Sing Along.
Mary Tyler Moore

(Continued from page 31)
son Ritchie is five. Mary's not sure whether Ritchie should watch her on the Van Dyke show. Already, there has been confusion in his young mind because—coincidentally—her television son is also named Ritchie. "When my husband is cueing me on the script, and I have a line calling Ritchie, our Ritchie answers—and then doesn't understand why I called him, when I didn't call."

"It's very difficult to explain to a small child, because he can't grasp yet the difference between reality and make-believe on the television screen. Not long ago, he saw me in jail on a Lock-Up episode. He was very upset. He kept looking at me suspiciously and asking, 'When did you get out?'"

At twenty-three, Mary's life story would read like a young girl's dream. As she says herself, "I think I have a lucky star shining down on me, because I decide I want to do something—and, gosh, it happens! I think I was born wanting to be a part of show business. I've never wanted to be anything else, except a wife and mother—and here I am, all three."

"My family moved to California from Brooklyn when I was eight, and I started going to a dear, dear dancing teacher who took us on little trips to the veterans' hospitals and camps to perform. I graduated from high school when I was twelve, and, on my very first audition, I got the job. I was 'Happy Hotpoint,' the dancing pixie on the Ozzie And Harriet commercials."

Even now, six years later, Mary is a little awed at getting that first job so quickly. Perhaps now she is even more aware of how many young actresses and dancers try and try again and again before they get that first chance. Typically, Mary ascribes it to luck, and not to any dazzling talent. "That was in June of 1955," she continues. "In August, I was married. And, in July of 1956, my son was born. That was a pretty busy year."

Dick Meeker was the boy next door. "We lived in a house next to some apartments and, when he moved into one, my mother got acquainted and then introduced us. She told me, 'He's a fine young man. Why don't you two get together?' Of course, she didn't mean for me to marry him—I was only seventeen. When I told her we were going to get married, she was furious. But now she has an entirely different idea. A couple of weeks ago, she warned me: 'If you and Dick ever split up, it'll be your fault and you'd better have a darned good reason!'"

Not that there's any danger of that. Dick is even more delighted with his successes than Mary is. That's because Mary lists the most important things in her life as: (1) her husband, (2) her son, and (3) her career—in that order. She gets up at 7:30, bathes and dresses Ritchie, then feeds him and prepares breakfast for Dick. Her call is usually for ten or 10:30, so Dick takes Ritchie to nursery school on the way to the office. Mary is generally finished on the set by 4:30. She picks up Ritchie, takes him home—and we make like real people." Mary has had no need to be tense about her career, to worry about being seen in the right places, to insinuate her name into the gossip columns. Consequently, Mr. and Mrs. Meeker live very much like thousands of other young families, across the country, in which the wife also holds down a job.

The role of Sam on Richard Diamond was Mary's first big step up, because of the publicity—and the funny thing is, I've never before or since been cast as a sexpot. I've always been the horrible girl next door who has a wayward brother or an unfaithful husband. Warner Bros. kept me quite busy in their various series. I was always the one who calls Jeff Spencer and pleads, 'Please help him!'

"When they conceived the idea of a 'Sam' on the Richard Diamond show, they called my agent and asked for someone with a low sexy voice, and my agent sent me over to audition. Which was ridiculous, because this is the way I talk—in a high-pitched chat-

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549—Stunning spread; use varied tones for pansies and your color scheme will fit any bedroom. Transfer of 12 pansy motifs, charts, quilting directions. 25¢

910—Doily trio to use as dresser set or individually to spotlight knick-knacks. Directions for 9½-inch square doily, 8 x 12-inch oval; 10-in. round in No. 50 cotton. 35¢

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959—Choose vivid blues, greens, gold tones for this dramatic peacock panel. Embroidered in simple stitchery. Transfer 16 x 19½ inches; color chart, directions. 25¢

7424—Poinsettia serving apron. Make one for yourself, others for gifts. Largest flower forms pocket. Transfer 11½ x 19 inches; applique pattern pieces. 25¢

848—Polka-dot chickens with rick-rack trim. Embroider on towels, cloths, curtains. Add rick-rack. Transfer of four motifs 8 x 8½ inches; directions. 25¢

Send orders (in coin) to: TV Runo Minnon, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add 5¢ for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send 25¢ for Needlecraft Catalogue (as illustrated above).
Merrily We Roll Along

(Continued from page 10) pleased a lot of horses, but angered people. At the time, the New York Times said, "Americans will never learn to love the mechanical wagon, because they will never get used to speeding along the road behind nothing."

At the time, few cars were capable of forty miles an hour, and anything over fifteen was considered "furiously driving." In that era, communities had speed limit changes, changed them without notice and profited by enforcement at ambush toll stations known as "scorching traps."

Cars were denounced as "rich men's toys" or "devil wagons." But in spite of the outcry, people in increasing numbers bought cars and learned to drive. When women began to learn to drive, the Automobile Age had arrived!

By 1904, the rising fever for the joys of auto driving brought out 25,000 men and women at five in the morning for the first Vanderbilt Cup Race. A ninety-horsepower Panhard, a French car, won by doing the 300-mile course at an average of fifty-two breath-taking miles an hour.

Ormond Beach, Florida, was the proving ground for speed. And by 1906, Americans had seventy-five different makes of cars to choose from. One of these, a Stanley Steamer—the "Flying Teakettle"—ran the Ormond Beach course at a world's record 127 miles an hour! It took four years before that record was broken by a gasoline burning auto, driven by famed professional driver Barney Oldfield.

When Teddy Roosevelt, President of the United States, forsook the horse for a car, the fad was really on. And the final stamp of respectability was when the local doctor bought one.

Advertising and mass-production methods had put America into a position of world leadership in automobiles by 1912. Over a hundred makes of cars were on the market, driven by everything from compressed air to rubber bands. The internal combustion engine generated sixteen horsepower, but also the warmth of eternal affection. For, while Americans had flirted with the others, it was Lizzy, the Gas-Buggy, they finally fell for.

The Model T cost less than $300, F.O.B. Detroit. For that you got a car and a hobby. Every street was Gasoline Alley, and every owner became a backyard mechanic who polished and tinkered. Here was a car anyone could afford, and almost anyone could start. Air was free. So was water. And gas was 22¢ a gallon, including 2¢ tax.

Gasoline, which had once been thrown away as a waste product of oil refining, now supported a new major industry. With more cars on the road, more good roads were demanded and laid down. We didn't know where we were going. We only knew wherever it was, we were going by car.

And whether the car of the future will be nuclear-powered, radar controlled, gyro-steered and vitamin enriched . . . it'll have license plates front or back, headlights and a horn. And, once in a while, we'll still have to get out and give it a shove!

Editor's Note: The above text is excerpted from the actual TV script for Merrily We Roll Along on The Du Pont Show Of The Week.

Lure of pretty girl models started early in automobile advertising.
The Champ Who Took On The Chimps

(Continued from page 15)

three years, through frequent exposure
on the Jack Paar show. She is just what
she appears to be with Paar—only
more so. Peggy Cass is witty, senti-
mental, a hip professional actress, and
insecure. She recently went to a psy-
chiatrist to see if she required therapy.

"I took the Rorschach ink-blot tests
and a lot of others, including a block
test, which I flunked," she says. "I
haven't yet received an emergency call,
so I guess there's nothing to be alarmed
about. Frankly, I just felt frightened
about the move to California to do this
TV series. It meant packing all my bags
and leaving behind all my friends. This
kind of move is like stepping off a dock
into the water, when you don't know
whether it's going to be shallow and
warm or deep and icy."

She doesn't think any brain-probing
doctor will discover traumatic expe-
riences out of her early childhood. She
remembers with gusto her early years.
Her father, now deceased, was a pub-
llicity man and then matchmaker at
the Boston Garden. So a professional
fighter taught Peggy to jump rope and she
could do "salt, vinegar, mustard" faster
than any other child in the neighbor-
hood. She had free tickets to the circus
and hockey games, which made her
very popular.

"I was born in Boston," says Peggy,
"but that's because they couldn't bring
the hospital across the river to Cam-
bridge. We lived in a very nice neigh-
borhood among the Harvard students,
and that's where I got my marvellous
education—by osmosis."

She first became aware of a talent for
mimicry when she was seven. She
would join the attendants at a nearby
gasoline station and do imitations of
Gracie Allen. As compensation, the men
would allow her to turn the crank on
the gas tank. This thrilled her.

"And I loved to go to movies. That's
how I got run over by an ice truck," she
remembers. "I was rushing to re-
turn two empty milk bottles, for the
deposit, when the truck hit me. I was
bedridden a long time and I think it
turned out that it was the truckdriver's
fault. He was slightly alcoholic. A man
driving around with all that ice, I
guess you'd expect him to have the
mixings."

Actually, Peggy got very little en-
couragement to become an actress. She
first attended Cambridge Latin School.
"In eighth grade, we did the play
'Evangeline.' I wanted to be Evangeline
but they gave the part to Ruth Toomey
and it burned me up. All I did was the
preamble. High school wasn't much
better.

"I got into the dramatic club and felt
very proud," she recalls, "but I didn't
get into one play. Well, you know I
went back to my old high school two
years ago for pictures, and all that
jazz, and they said, 'Drama club stu-
dents, drama club students—Peggy
Cass, an ex-member of our club, is here
today and she's been very successful on
the stage.' And I wanted to grab them
and say they never let me do anything
there. Absolutely nothing."

Still half-serious and half-kidding,
Peggy continues, "It seems, most of the
time in high school, you just walk
around the halls, stop off at the water
cooler and give some other kid a
couple of punches. The high point of the
day is lunch. I used to hate the food at
the school and made up something
about having rheumatic fever so I could
go over to the luncheonette. For thirty-
five cents there, you could get a Coke,
tomato soup and peanut-butter crack-
ers. And then, the other kids smoked
and you felt like a big shot."

Out of high school, Peggy took a
secretarial course, then moved on down
to New York, working as a secretary
and using her lunch hour to make the
rounds of casting offices. Her father,
impressed by her continued zeal, fi-
nanced several months' training at New
York's Tamara Daykaharnova's School
for the Stage. After being tutored by
Uta Hagen and Myra Tostova, Peggy
got a part in the U.S.O. production of
'The Doughgirls.'

It was while she was in Brisbane,
Australia, with the troupe that Peggy
met her future husband, Carl Fisher,
then a supply sergeant and now a busi-
ness manager for top Broadway pro-
ductions. "Carl and I weren't married
for some four years," she says. "At the
end of the war, I joined the road com-
pany of 'Born Yesterday' as understudy
to Jan Sterling."

The following season, she was on the
stage when she toured with Bert Lahr
in 'Burlesque.' She made her Broad-
way debut in the revue "Touch and
Go" and her film debut with Judy Hol-
diday in "The Marrying Kind." She
has worked in many shows, including a
few turkeys, but her most memorable
performance for many was the part she
played of "the pregnant secretary"
in the Broadway and movie versions of
'Auntie Mame.'

None of it came easy. Between acting
jobs, Peggy worked as a model, secre-
tary, cashier, and once in a small Italian
restaurant. "I was kind of a call girl,"
she recalls. "I mean, I would call people
who were waiting for a table when
there was a place for them to sit down.
And then I had to direct traffic to the
rest room. There was only one rest
room and I had to pretend there were
two, one for each sex. It was like being
a traffic cop. But I didn't stay long on
the job. Dinner was part of my com-
pensation and it was always spaghetti,
and I was afraid I'd blow up."

There is no question in her mind that
the turning point in her career came
about with her appearance on The Jack
Paar Show. As she recalls, "I didn't
want to go on. I'm an actress, not a
comedienne or a performer. I've never
worked as a performer. But it was my
very dear friend Jean Kerr who sug-
gested to Paar that he get me on the
show.

"One day, a man named Tom O'Mal-
ley calls me up, says he represents
thirty-six different Midwest news-
papers, and would I meet him at Sardi's
to do an interview? Naturally, I am
charming, because I visualize my name
appearing all over the Midwest the next
day. But, at the end of two hours, Tom
says, 'I'm really from The Jack Paar
Show. I've been putting you on to see
how you talk. Will you come on the
show?' "

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Kathi Norris

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Peggy politely said no, got up and walked across Sardi's to another table where her husband was waiting for her. And, for five months, she continued to refuse—until she began to worry that she was making Tom O'Malley look lousy.

"I was really frightened to go on," she admits. "On the Paar show, you have to 'write' your own words as they come out of your head—and how did I know that I had editorial sense? I might get nervous and say something awful, or maybe just sit there frozen into silence."

But she went on, and returned, and returned, and has become a TV satellite in her own right. Peggy feels that the Paar exposure has been directly responsible for her getting the role in The Hathaways, as well as motion-picture interest. She recently played a part in the film, "Gidget Goes Hawaiian."

"Personally, it's wonderful to be recognized—and then it isn't," she says. "I had to get an unlisted number, for the first time in my life, after getting three A.M. calls from strangers inviting me to parties. And then it's embarrassing for a woman to go out to dinner with her husband or an old friend, and have the headwaiter ignore the man and fuss over the woman."

Peggy's pleasures are fairly simple: People, dinner out and lots of talk, or a good book with Sinatra records in the background. In her New York apartment, there is a vast collection of china cats and she is also proud of her collection of tinsel prints, authentic ones made in the nineteenth century. She likes to travel and, with her husband, has covered all points from Tangiers to Sweden. She loves the water, swimming and water-skiing.

"I can stay on a beach from eight A.M. until nightfall," she says. "I can't remember when I didn't swim. My father was from Gloucester and we were there every summer. I was in a bathing suit all the time except Sunday, when I put on a dress to go to mass."

Peggy has one sister who works for the State Department in Portugal and a brother who lives on Long Island. Her mother lives in Belmont, Massachusetts. ("We're in constant touch. She called me last night about a formula for her hair.") Peggy doesn't hold with the theory that a person can have only one close friend. She numbers several, including Jean Kerr, Alice Pearce, Joan Lorry, who works in her manager's office, and Jan Sterling. Peggy is the godmother of Jan's child, and Jan stood up for Peggy at her wedding.

Peggy expects a certain amount of respect for her serious side. "Actually, it's a drag when people expect you to be funny. When I find this happening, I turn on the frost. I'm not really a clown. My husband seldom laughs at me. Here and there, I can get a laugh—but that's just normal."

She speaks with great feeling about her husband Carl. She speaks of his kindness and generosity and notes that he's very bright. ("Don't mention that he has a Phi Beta Kappa Key, because it would just embarrass him."). They have been married more than twelve years. But, just prior to Peggy's moving to California, a few columnists reported that she and her husband had separated.

Peggy doesn't deny that, nor does she deny they have been undergoing marital problems. But her voice, as she speaks of her husband and her marriage, tends to express the hope that somehow the differences between her and her husband will be resolved for their mutual happiness.

In Hollywood, she has rented a house for seven months where she now lives alone. She has little time to be lonely, since she is up at five-forty in the morning and home after seven. The making of a TV series is strenuous and demanding, so Peggy has had to give up most of her social life.

"I should be kind of an authority on chimp's, though," she says, "and so far, they have been a ball—although there's one kind of crazy thing we go through: In the beginning, the trainer was shy or something, and, without knowing it, we began to call Charlie 'Enoch' and Enoch 'Charlie.' And now it is nutty, because we have to say, 'Enoch—not you, Enoch—you, Charlie!' The smallest of the chimps, Candy, is so smart and cute. But it's amazing to see all of them go through a whole routine without a mistake."

Peggy Cass has a twenty-six week contract for the series. She likes that.

"It means something you don't have in the theater. I mean, even if we get poor reviews in the beginning, we still have a chance to improve ourselves." And she tries not to think of the possibility of one of the chimps biting her. "Of course," she says, thoughtfully, "they might bite me somewhere where it wouldn't show. But, wherever it might be, I'd scream—and they'd be sorry!"

—Alida Valli

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Fred MacMurray’s “Second Son”

(Continued from page 46)

MacMurray had said, “I can do this. Sit right here, Don.” And, so saying, like any good father meeting a family crisis, he began cutting hair.

It’s no wonder that Don Grady looks up to MacMurray like an admiring son. “He’s the greatest. I’m learning from him all the time. I’d never played comedy parts before, but it’s not hard with Mr. MacMurray’s help. He’s teaching me timing, just by letting me watch him.”

MacMurray, for his part, brags about Don like a proud parent. “He’s a fine youngster, with a fine talent. He takes his career seriously and studies hard. He’s an A student in his academic studies, and I’d rate him an A on his acting ability. I tell you—he’s a real exceptional youngster.”

Don’s friends rate him as an exceptional type, too. But for a different reason: They think he may be a little nutty. Like what he said, last spring, when he was able to spend six full weeks attending regular classes as a junior at Burbank High School. Don had a real ball doing it—and said so.

“You’re plain nuts,” said the other boys incredulously. “Brother, for a TV actor to say he likes school sure sounds crazy!”

“But,” Don explained, “school is fun—if you don’t go often. You don’t know what it’s like to think about you fellows going out for sports and everything—and all the girls at school—and stuff. Why, to get to come to Burbank High this six weeks is like a vacation.”

Since said “vacation” consisted of taking a stiff college preparatory course, including second-year algebra and French, this statement called for considerable elaboration. “Sometimes,” said Don, then just sixteen, with all the normal interests and reactions of that age—and not one shred of vanity, despite a load of talent and an already successful career, “I feel empty. I’m missing the most precious years of my life: High school. "Sure, I’m alive, and I’m taking high-school subjects on the lot. But I’m missing the things most people like to remember always as some of the neatest things that ever happened to them. I’m grateful to be on the show. I enjoy acting and hope to make a movie pretty soon. But when the Burbank High School coach asked me to be on the swimming team, and I had to turn it down—well..." Don made a small, frustrated gesture, then added in an explosive rush, "Well, it would be just the neatest thing in the world to earn a high-school letter!"

Despite the shortness of his stay in regular classes, the student body accepted Don as one of its own. Nobody treated him like a celebrity, and nobody appeared to be jealous. Don, in turn, involved himself in school affairs as much as he possibly could. “I didn’t miss a football game or a basketball game or a track meet all year, and I only missed one dance. The boys and girls treated me just as they would if I were in school all the time. What I’d like,” he admitted with youthful candor, “is to know every girl in Burbank High School.”

One change Don made during those six fateful weeks affected his physical appearance. He got a crew cut. “I like to swim and surf, and short hair is so much more convenient. On television, the singers started the long-hair bit, but the boys I know wear short hair. I’m going to talk to the producer about it, and see if I can’t wear short hair on the show next fall.”

Don takes his studies so seriously because he’s considering a medical career, but he isn’t completely sure what his final choice of a future will be. “I think I’d like to be a doctor, because the human body is so much like an automobile—or a machine. I want to know all about all sorts of things. I’d like to be able to fix a television set. And I think I might like to be a director.

“I do know that I don’t want to be an actor all my life, because I’d rather not be recognized when I walk down the street.” When Don is out with a date and strangers recognize him and want to talk to him, he is flattered but says, “It must be rough on the girl to have her evening interrupted.”

One time, at a skating rink, Don got word that a group of boys were planning to start a fight when he went outdoors, just so they could say they had fought with an actor. “I was with a friend who is pretty big and muscular,” he recalls. “He and I went over and introduced ourselves to the boys. We talked a while, and there wasn’t any fight. Maybe they didn’t know before that I was with such a big muscular guy.”

More likely, the fight-happy group hadn’t had enough of a closeup before to notice that Don is a pretty muscular guy himself!

Despite the complimentary fan mail he receives from girls, Don is really a little bit awed by them. Even the fact that he has two sisters doesn’t give him complete confidence with the opposite sex. “As you get older,” he says, “you get so you can talk to girls. But, lots of times, a boy will like a girl and will be afraid to let her know it. It’s happened to me. In junior high.”

Don remembers a girl he particularly liked to whom he wouldn’t even speak—he thought she was so wonderful. They went to school together, and the girl always gave him a friendly greeting when they passed in the hall. But Don, fearful that he’d bare his heart if he opened his mouth, only looked at the floor and shuffled by.

Finally, a friend told him, “That girl likes you a lot, but she thinks you are stuck up, because you never speak to her. Why don’t you be more friendly?” Don considered the prospect and resolved that he would smile one day and ask if he could walk the girl home.

But he found that he simply couldn’t. Whenever he saw the girl, his greeting froze. “I never did speak to her,” he recalls ruefully. “She finally moved away. I guess she really does think I’m stuck up.”

Now, from the vantage point of his added years, Don can appraise his growing pains objectively. “I see the younger kids at parties, with all the
boys in one corner eating ice cream and all the girls in the other corner, and I know that's how it's got to be. It will always be that way, and I think it's pretty nice. It's nice to grow up gradually and learn to talk with girls. It's something to look forward to. 

"Sometimes my sister Marilou, who is thirteen, complains that the boys have been teasing her, but I tell her that's good. It means they notice her. I like to kid her around a little, too," he grins, in the patronizing manner of all older brothers. "It's good for her."

Don is devoted to his mother, a talented agent. "She lets me make my own decisions," he says, as partial explanation of his devotion. But, as he talks, it develops that his mother is a watchful and concerned parent who sees that he obeys the rules she has set for his welfare. "I'm supposed to be about midnight—and, if I'm not, I get docked. It doesn't do much good to try to sneak in, either."

"In the first place, my mother is awake when I come home. In the second place, my bed squeaks. I remember one night I thought I'd got in without awakening anyone—until I tried to lie down on that bed. What a noise! I had to ease down, first one way and then another, to keep everybody in the house from hearing me. It took me nearly an hour to lie down."

Don became a television star by way of dancing school. His mother enrolled him in dancing classes when he was only three years old. A scout tapped him for the Walt Disney "Mouseketeer" group on TV and, from that, he was graduated into the "Spin and Marty" series on the same show. He made his first dramatic appearance with John Payne in an episode of Restless Gun.

For one so young, Don has had surprisingly varied professional experience. Before he joined the Disney aggregation, he led an eight-piece band, "The Junior Sharps," which played for civic and fraternal events.

"A couple of years ago," he remembers, "when I wasn't appearing in a series and was just a plain boy"—Don uses this expression, "plain boy," wistfully—"I worked in a lumber camp one summer. It took some persuading to get my mother to let me go, but I had a neat time. I'd like to do that again."

Even earlier, Don was a newspaper man. For twenty-five cents a week, he leased a mimeograph machine and became a publisher. The paper was "The Lightning Gazette." Don and four reporters made up the entire staff, for advertising, as well as news. He was then in the sixth grade.

"By the time we'd been in business a few weeks," he says, "we had sixty-three subscribers, and our advertising rates went up from a penny to a nickel. When there was a big fire, the four star reporters and I jumped on our bicycles and went. We got more news than reporters from the real newspapers, because we knew the firemen better."

Currently, Don is a motion picture producer. With an eight-millimeter camera, he has made two pictures and is working on a third. His colleague is a youth who, at sixteen, has already sold a script to The Danny Thomas Show. All of Don's home-produced movies so far have a jail locale, because a jail is the only set he has built. The boys tape their sound effects from television programs and then synchronize them with their picture.

Don has great regard for the producer and the director of My Three Sons—who, he says, go all out to make the actor's job easier. "Like, sometimes, a script will have me saying, 'gee whiz.' Nobody ever says 'gee whiz' in real life. Or 'golly.' 'Golly' is pretty ancient, too. So I just change the line a little, and it's all right with the director."

Don is recognized in the industry as a composer, because he has a published tune. However, he scoffs at this and says the whole thing was an accident. An episode in My Three Sons called for Robbie, the son Don portrays, to play the piano. The producer had planned to club in music after Don "faked" at the piano. However, Don improvised such a catchy melody that his improvisation was recorded and used on the show. It has been published as "Robbie's Tune."

"That wasn't composing," Don insists modestly. "I just sat down and played something. When I do that, I couldn't play the same thing again if I tried."

Don—the actor, composer, journalist, athlete and prospective doctor—has the diverse talents and interests, the intelligence and modesty, of a teen-age Pat Boone. But he's not a copy of Boone or anyone else. The person he most nearly suggests is that mythical character, the All-American Boy.

Teasing his sister, timid with the girl he likes best, constantly curious about the world, and filled with an energy for learning, Don is like millions of American boys. As a result, so is Robbie. That's one reason both Robbie and Don have become favorites in households everywhere who recognize in this one teenager a brother, a best friend or a son.

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Kathy Nolan: My Daring, Darling Daughter

(Continued from page 22)

fairytale kingdom afloat. At night, it always was aglow, sparkling with the excitement of the crowds flocking aboard to the fun of our old-time melodramas. Kathy and her sister Nancy, four years her senior, shared the cozy adjoining stateroom on the top deck.

Everybody adored our girls. Their greatest larks came when they could dress up in fancy costumes for the call of “Curtain going up!” Dashing behind the footlights, they helped woo our audiences. Inevitably, there was more music as we sang and danced merrily in the after-show charades.

Since I insisted that the girls go to public schools for a normal youth, we eventually moved ashore to St. Louis. Then we were thrilled when the showboat tied up permanently on the river front and we could go back to it, nights, to act! Kathy's life was far from average, as she and Nancy grew up playing increasingly larger parts there. But we weren't "theatrical parents," never took a dime of their earnings.

I encouraged them when they wanted to try their wings, because self-reliance has always seemed an invaluable asset to me. Kathy enthusiastically learned to cook and sew before she was a teenager—she made all her own clothes, and most of Nancy's, from grammar grades on. She discovered a job in a drugstore, organized a baby-sitting group, and became a cute carhop at a drive-in restaurant after her regular classes. And, evenings, she was with us on the boat.

Being happily together in a real home was the most important thing. All her own friends were welcome. I was proud when she was voted high-school cheer leader three years in a row. When she went steady with a nice football hero, I didn't 'thunder.' I respected and trusted her.

Not that we didn't have a big fight when she was fifteen! A touring Broadway musical troupe dangled an offer for her to join its chorus. Kathy tearfully claimed I was holding her back from her career by not letting her accept a chance that loomed as fantastic to her. I caused such a catastrophe, with my determination that she finish high school, that she wouldn't speak to me for two weeks. Later, she said she wouldn't have missed her senior year for anything, and she's kept fondly in touch with the friends she grew up with.

She graduated and was playing leads on the showboat herself at sixteen. One day, she vowed to earn her tuition for dramatic courses at the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York. Once Kathy makes up her mind, she's a whirlwind of energy. That summer, she was at the boat weekend evenings and held down two other jobs, as well. She was an accountant at an electrical plant, then rushed to change into her uniform for her shift as a carhop once more. Finally, she climbed on the bus that fall, still sixteen, but blessed with the affection of everyone who knew her.

Kathy didn't just study in those big-city classes. She paid for her living expenses by ushering at the Palace Theatre on Broadway, for fifty-five cents an hour, the six months Judy Garland appeared there. After that, she sold peanuts in a Times Square shop. Nights, she sold tickets at a neighborhood movie—to have her days free when she was ready to make her rounds of TV casting offices.

Then, in a year, she was the leading lady in her first television series, Jamie. It led to her name up in lights on Broadway, as a stage star with Mary Martin in Peter Pan—two months after her twenty-first birthday, I remember.

Then Hollywood beckoned, but Kathy herself has never "gone Hollywood." In fact, she never has done anything against her principles, in order to progress. Of course, she's had her portion of disappointments, for she dreams and strives for a full life. But Kathy thinks properly and comes to good decisions.

Since I myself went further on the stage, and into TV and the movies, I've been near her and we've continued a great relationship, sharing problems and joys as a father and daughter can. I was proud that she asked me to be her escort to the Moulou Rouge when she was nominated for an "Emmy." And that I could be one of her bunch when she planned her first formal party to announce the engagement of two pals.

She hadn't had time to fix up the house she had bought from Carolyn Jones. Since Kathy cares so much about others, half-a-dozen of us who were working days—as she was—volunteered to meet her every night for a frantic week of painting and refurbishing her house with her selections. Later, I overheard her telling Cary Grant, who was one of the admiring guests, "Put together with loving hands!"

Kathy listens with her heart. But I'll admit mine shuddered when she jumped out of a plane, four thousand feet above the San Fernando Valley, because she couldn't resist trying a parachute drop with Jim Franciscus and Jody McCrea!

And my heart nearly broke, when she lay so helpless in a hospital bed for three dreadful months this year. (She had had a premonition that the horse she was ordered to ride bareback, for a TV scene, would be too dangerous.) Fortunately, though she was in agony a long while after she was thrown, and had to undergo a spinal operation, she is now wholly recovered.

At the time, as her fate unfolded so slowly, we all prayed she wouldn't be left crippled—and I saw Kathy at last learn patience. Now my only prayer is that she find the right person with whom to build the perfect marriage she wants. Kathy has been cautious about love, but that's just one more reason why she can be a wonderful wife and mother!
**The Beauty on a Ticker-Tape Tangent**

(Continued from page 24)

watch her in the new CBS-TV series, *Father Of The Bride.* Myrna looks so utterly, one-hundred-percent feminine. The fluffy, helpless, clinging-vine-type feminine.

Her glistening black hair is done in an artfully careless fashion, and her white-white skin seems all the more pale by contrast. The huge green eyes seem to stare, surprised, at a world not completely comprehensible to her. The fine bone structure, the slender shape with its infinitesimal waist . . . It all adds up to one of those “please protect me” types.

But don't you believe a bit of it! Behind all that guileless facade lies a mind built like a steel bear-trap, and a tenacity of purpose which verges on the eccentric—at least, for Hollywood. Because, in Hollywood, it's practically eccentric for an up-and-coming young star to live beneath her means rather than beyond them.

Yet Myrna, who could afford a house of her own in the chic “above the Strip” neighborhood, shares an apartment with her mother. And it's only a small apartment, in a modest building, in one of the less-swank sections of Beverly Hills. You get the clue, however, when Myrna grins: “I don't own the building, either—yet.”

Give her time—she will!

For Myrna is one of the prettiest customers ever to plunge, up to her shell-pink ears, in the stock market. She can quote you the opening and closing prices on the top stocks, and tell you just which ones have doubled their value in the past thirty days. She even has two brokers: One for solid, long-term investments, and another for speculative stocks.

Myrna's dabbling in the speculative market is no hit-or-miss operation, no blind process of sticking a hatpin into the financial pages to find which stocks to buy. She listens carefully to knowledgeable friends, does considerable investigation on her own—and goes the rest of the way by sheer feminine intuition.

And don't knock that intuition! One tiny little transaction last spring, in a highly speculative stock, netted her sufficient capital to finance a trip to Europe for five weeks, hitting the high spots—London, Paris, Madrid, Rome, and the Film Festival at Cannes. And she'd prefaced that trip by a long visit back East with those of her family still living there.

Myrna's talent for matters monetary isn't confined to the stock market, by any means. In an environment where foreign cars, mink coats, and extensive wardrobes are considered “but absolute necessities,” Myrna's way of living seems almost ludicrous. For one thing, she doesn't own a car. “I just don't like cars—they get obsolete so fast,” she explains, all seriousness.

“You tie up a terrific amount of cash in a car—and, after a couple of years, what have you got to show for it? Nothing!” So Myrna rides to and from work each day in a taxi. At first gasp, this may not sound like frugality. But—as she points out—it's all deductible, a perfectly legitimate business expense.

Furs and fancy clothes don't fascinate her, either. “Furs wear out,” she shrugs. “For what they cost, you can't possibly get your money's worth!” As for clothes, she loves pretty things and has plenty of them. But she is more apt to shop for same at an inexpensive chain store than at the big, posh Beverly Hills salons. She has a flair for the dramatic and, with her coloring, can do more for a $14.95 frock than most women can for a $200 custom-made job.

There's one area of feminine frill in which Myrna indulges, and with no attempt to conceal her enthusiasm. That's for jewelry—or, more precisely, jewels. “I bought a square-cut emerald last week,” she sighs ecstatically, “It is absolutely the most beautiful thing I have ever owned. And part of its beauty is the fact that I can wear it, and look at it, and enjoy it for years—and it will still be as valuable as the day I bought it, maybe even more so!”

Her canny way with her weekly pay-check may be a heritage Myrna received from her Irish forebears. More likely it is the result of her family's living once before Revolutionary days, in New England. She was born in South West Harbor, Maine—the daughter of a shipbuilder. So far as she knows, no

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one in her family ever earned their living on the stage ... clear back to Capt. Andrew Newcomb, an ancestor who came over on the Mayflower.

Back in Pemetic High School, Myrna dabbled briefly in dramatics, appearing in the senior class play. But this didn't thrill her nearly so much as the fact that she also captained the girls' basketball team. After graduation, Myrna accompanied her parents on a vacation trip to California ... and fell, fast and hard, for the beguiling climate.

Consequently, she was forced to come up, in a hurry, with some valid reason for staying on in southern California. Most any West Coast college she could have suggested would only have stimulated a counter-suggestion from her parents, who would have named an equally good eastern school. Happily, Myrna thought of Pasadena Playhouse ... there wasn't any equivalent to that, back East.

She must have been a pretty good actress, by instinct, because she was able to convince her parents that this was the one thing in life she really wanted. No matter that she'd never once mentioned an acting career before that very week! So the folks went back to Maine, and Myrna stayed on in Pasadena, having signed up for a year's course.

But, within months, she was spotted by photographer Paul Hesse, who talked her into becoming a "Miss Rheingold" contestant. As a finalist in the contest, her picture was seen by several Hollywood agents—and she was on her way. Her first professional job was with the late lamented Matinee Theater, and she so impressed the producers that she did seven more Matinees within a few months' time.

Since that auspicious beginning, Myrna has chalked up nearly a hundred television appearances, on everything from Perry Mason to Dobie Gillis, from Surfside 6 to Gunsmoke. (Since it is second nature for Myrna to be able to assume a look of sweet innocence, she has been cast for umpteen times as the wide-eyed ingenue in Westerns. One Hollywood columnist, writing about her, commented "eight out of every ten sheriff's daughters we see on TV are played by a wide-eyed actress whose name is Myrna Fahey.")

Myrna also has two feature movies on her credits—"The House of Usher" with Vincent Price, and "The Story on Page One.

After it was announced that she had been chosen for the Father Of The Bride series, there were a few inevitable comments about Myrna's "filling Elizabeth Taylor's shoes." Even so, there were many people who had to be reminded that it was Liz who played "the Bride" in the original MGM movie which inspired the series.

To all such remarks, Myrna tossed a couldn't-care-less shrug. "They didn't call Leslie Caron 'the new Audrey Hepburn,' when she did 'Gigi' after Audrey had done it on Broadway. I doubt if they call Rosalind Russell 'the new Gertrude Berg,' just because she made the movie version of 'A Majority of One,' which starred Miss Berg on the stage. It's just a part. And I figure it's about the only thing I have in common with Miss Taylor," says Miss Fahey—who obviously has been too busy, watching the Wall Street ticker tape, to look into a mirror lately.

The Kuklapolitians Return

(Continued from page 39) their best," he explains, with a warm smile.

Because they are meeting new friends this season, and because each member of the troupe has a lively and well-defined personality, re-introductions are in order: First, their "boss." Burr Tillstrom. Burr, a blond, wiry, gray-eyed bachelor, now lives in a Beekman Place apartment in New York. He is a thoughtful man who once planned to be a teacher, and now comments on life through the characters he has created. Kukla was the first hand puppet he created—as distinguished from marionettes operated by strings—and Burr admits, "Things I was then too young and ignorant to dare say for myself, Kukla said for me."

Kukla is still his spokesman, now that TV has provided Burr with a mass audience on an intimate level. Sometimes the comment is funny; sometimes profound. Always, it is made in terms a child can understand. It reflects today's world and what Burr thinks of it.

Burr was born in Chicago, some thirty years ago, second son of Dr. Bert and Mrs. Alice Tillstrom. He grew up there, and in Benton Harbor, Michigan, where the family spent its summers. Burr credits his father with originating Kukla's voice. "As soon as he came home for weekends, my brother and I demanded stories. We went for long walks. Every animal and every bird had a personality, and two personalities made a plot. Like Dad's little animal characters, Kukla's voice is sort of innocent and sweet."

Burr's mother played piano, and both parents were interested in the amateur theater. With his mother accompanying him, Burr soon had his teddy bear acting out songs on an orange-crate stage. A teacher helped him make his first puppet from scraps in Alice Tillstrom's ragbag. A neighbor, Mrs. Charlotte Polak—sister of the famed puppeteer, Tony Sarg—gave professional advice.

Among the very first of the present troupe to emerge was the enduring diva, Mme. Ophelia Oglespy. Says Burr, "My girlfriend had worked up a funny take-off on an opera singer, and I had to make a character to match."

Kukla was created during the time, in the 30's, when Burr worked with a Chicago Park District puppet project. He says, "Actually, he was to be a present for a friend, but I couldn't part with him. I sent another puppet instead."

Burr tried to give the creature away a second time when the famed ballerina, Toumanova, closed a Chicago engagement. Burr, in the throes of a schoolboy crush, had been a frequent visitor backstage. As a farewell gift, he brought her his deadliest possession. On seeing the serious-comic figure, Toumanova exclaimed, "Kukla!" She explained it was the Slavic word for "doll," or "any precious little thing."

Kukla had his name, and again, Burr found he could no more give him away than he could give away the right hand on which Kukla rested. As Burr characterizes Kukla, "Ollie is a dragon and Fletcher is a rabbit, but Kukla is everyone and no one. His home is the world."

Oliver J. Dragon made his debut at Marshall Field's department store. Five days a week, Burr was a sales clerk but, on Saturdays, his mother came in to play piano and they entertained in the store's children's theater. Says Burr, "Every puppet show had a dragon, but I wanted one so gentle he would not scare the most timid child. Hence Ollie has a red velvet mouth, a single tooth and eel eyes."

While working at the store, Burr discovered television. "No local station was yet on the air, but an RCA demonstration unit came through. I pestered them until they let me go on camera." Eventually, Burr and "the kids," as he calls them, became a part of such a unit at the New York World's Fair.

It was then that Ollie's personality really developed, as Burr made a major innovation in puppetry. For the first time, a real, live, pretty girl worked in front of the stage. He recalls, "Of course, Ollie flirted with her. He also did take-offs on famous visitors. In one performance, he would be an engineer; in another, a noted singer; and in another, a reporter who made a big shot in industry. That's when they found out he could do anything and be anybody."

Ollie also is an authority on Dragon lore. According to Ollie, an ancestor swam the Hellespont and forever
quenched the Dragon’s destructive breath of flame. During what Ollie refers to as “the late unpleasantness in Boston,” when it was not safe for either witches or dragons to be about, the family took off for the mountain fastness of Dragon Retreat, Vermont. There, his mother, Olivia Dragon, runs Dragon Inn. Occasionally, she visits the Kuklapolitsians. Ollie’s little cousin, Doloras, who is as stagestruck as Ollie, prefers being on the show to living in her ancestral home.

The other Kuklapolitsians were created, or developed in character, when *Kukla, Fran and Ollie* went on the air at WBKB, Chicago, on Burr’s birthday, October 13, 1947. Chicago then had 353 TV sets, and soon every house which sprouted a TV antenna became the target for small fry. When the network was built, K. F. & O. became one of the first national shows.

The Kuklapolitsians’ girl friend, lovely Fran Allison, who is also Aunt Fanny on Don McNeill’s *Breakfast Club*, has not been able to make the present move to New York with them, but she has taped the commercials for the present program and will visit occasionally.

Buelah Witch first made her appearance in “Hansel And Gretel,” during Burr’s Marshall Field days, but he wanted no such wicked witch on the air. Buelah reformed at Witch Normal and became an expert on all things electronic. She also flies a jet-propelled broom. Burr says, “And the way she’s zooming around these days, bedevilling Mme. Ooglepus, I think it’s time she went back to Witch Normal for a refresher course.”

The featured gentlemen in the cast are Colonel Crackie, Cecil Bill, and Fletcher Rabbit. The Colonel, object of Mme. Ooglepus’s affection, is long on Southern charm and short of cash. Cecil Bill, the stagehand, sometimes arouses Buelah’s errant yearnings for romance, but escapes them by talking “Tookie Talk,” a gobbledygook which only Kukla can interpret. Fletcher, the busy bunny, is the show’s chief fussbudget. His particular pal is Mrs. Buff-Orpington, a motherly type who assists at the Egg Plant at Easter tide.

Although the characters in *Kukla And Ollie* have remained constant, the show has changed. In the beginning, it was an hour long. Now it has five minutes. Says Burr, “That’s as much time as we could clear on the network at five o’clock. At first, I thought I could not develop a show in so brief a period, but I studied the comic strips and thought that, if a cartoonist could do it, I could, too. Most incidents are complete; a few stories are continued to the next day. I’m getting a kick out of it and I hope the young parents who grew up with us, and their children who see it now, will enjoy it as much as we do.”

The Kuklapolitsians’ dear good friend Fran Allison appears on commercials.
M. R. L. Means “Meet Robert Logan”

(Continued from page 28)

indeed true that the story of his discovery is as remarkable as any fairytale. Bob’s laugh-tongued voice still contains a note of disbelief as he recalls the chance encounter which launched his theatrical career. “I was sitting in a restaurant in Westwood, about two o’clock one morning,” he recounts. “I had dropped my girl off after a date and stopped in for a bite to eat.”

Breaking into a broad grin, he adds, “No, I won’t tell you who she is. A guy has to keep some secrets, doesn’t he?

“I was the only customer in the place,” he continues, “until another guy walked in and sat down next to me. Right away, he began staring at my face. I tried to ignore him and continue eating, but he kept staring at me until I go so squirmy that I picked up my hamburger and coffee and moved to the other end of the counter. I thought he was some kind of nut. When he picked up and followed me, I was sure of it—and decided to leave.

“As I started to get up, he asked me if I was an actor. I figured the best way to get rid of a kook was to answer him, so I said ‘No.’ Of course I didn’t believe him, when he said he was an agent and told me I had a great future in show business. But when he gave me his card and told me to call him, I took it because it gave me an excuse to get out of there.”

Bob’s encounter with his discoverer might have turned out to be no more than a funny story to share with his friends, if he hadn’t mentioned it to his mother the next day. Although he was sure the whole thing was a phony, she wasn’t quite so positive and she convinced him to phone the agent. He gave in, after several days urging.

“Next thing I knew, I had an appointment at the studio and was signing a contract,” Bob recalls in wonder. “The whole thing happened so fast, I couldn’t believe it. I told them they must be making a mistake. I kept saying I knew nothing about acting, but they didn’t seem worried.” His infectious laugh echoes through the room, as he adds, “I guess they know what they’re doing.”

Though his mother had a hand in the destiny which put him before the camera, Bob admits that his father is somewhat less pleased. The elder Logan, a bank executive, had hoped his son would study law.

But what the career switch actually interrupted was a potential future as a professional baseball player. Bob had won an athletic scholarship to the University of Arizona, and his proficiency had brought him to the attention of the major league scouts.

Indeed, athletics have always been Bob’s first love. A native of Brooklyn who moved to California at the age of eight, Bob has always excelled at sports. He was the star pitcher for his high-school team in Gardena, California, and also performed on the track and basketball teams. He learned to water-ski during the summers the Logan family spent at their summer home at Lake Arrowhead, in the nearby San Bernardino Mountains, and soon began giving lessons in the sport.

Recently, Bob moved into bachelor quarters at Malibu Beach and has discovered a new love—surfing. His idea of a perfect vacation now is to round up a few buddies, throw their sleeping bags and surfboards on top of his car, and head into Mexico for a few days of surfing. “Is it a dangerous sport?” he echoes. “Sure. I could get beamed with the board, if I fall off. But, so far, I’ve been lucky. I’ve just got a few scrapes from hitting the rocks.”

When he isn’t talking about sports, Bob dreams of the day he’ll have his own schooner. “I’m nuts about boating,” he admits. “As soon as I can afford it—maybe in a couple of years—I’m going to buy a forty-eight-foot sloop and live aboard. That’s really living!”

Studio officials, understandably, might not share Bob’s enthusiasm for these limb-risking endeavors. For not only does he spend every spare minute off the set participating, but he has everybody on the set talking sports. Where lunchtime at the commissary was once devoted to a shop talk about movies and TV, the showfolk at Warner Bros now talk only of surfing and boating when Bob is around. And he is responsible for a whole new crop of sore and strained muscles among the co-workers he lures into softball games between scenes.

Don’t be surprised, either, if the vigorous young athlete’s water sports creep into future scripts of the series. You may see the detective firm solve some of its capers near the water, where “J.R.” can display his skill as a surfer. And it wouldn’t amaze his friends if Bob convinces the director to have the suave Efrem Zimbalist chase his quarry from atop a surfboard.

Even though he is the gregarious type, Bob admits he found it difficult to make the transition into a strange new world. “I was quite mixed up at first,” he confesses. “I didn’t really like show business when I started, because some of the people I met weren’t like the friends I had known. I’d been used to being accepted for myself, then I met people who looked at me with distrust—actors saying to themselves, Here comes competition. It took me a while to realize how many nice people there are in the business and to make friends with some of the great guys I’ve met on the lot.

“I frequently got discouraged about the whole thing, and once was even ready to quit. If it hadn’t been for the persistence of my acting coach, Paton Price, I would have. But he encouraged me when I was the lowest—and believe me, I needed that encouragement. Now I feel much better about everything.”

If you should be passing Warner Bros. in Burbank and hear someone say “R.L.W.W.T.T.F.,” don’t think it’s a secret spy code. It will just be some-one picking up the vernacular of the studio’s brightest new ascending star—an effervescent, good-looking guy whose sparkling personality should make him fans as fast as he’s made friends. Translated, the letters mean: “Robert Logan Will Wow Them This Fall.”

A natural athlete, Robert Logan enjoys backyard golf practice.
A Top Comedy Writer Talks About His Craft

(Continued from page 16) successes with Jack Carson and Martha Raye, who played the "Sergeant Bilko" character which Phil Silvers played so successfully for four years, and which is still high in popularity as a re-run series.

Hiken's newest offering is the weekly NBC-TV comedy series called Car 54, Where Are You? Not only does Hiken serve as writer, but he is also producer, director and one hundred percent owner.

"Certainly, I have high hopes for its success," said chain-smoking Hiken shortly before the series' debut. "Otherwise, I'd be wasting my time. I'm putting all of my experience behind it. I've learned the hard way, so I'm trying to avoid the mistakes most new writers encounter.

"And that brings us back to the future, and why I'm discouraged about what it has to offer to television comedy. Let me explain: To begin with, there's nothing funny about writing comedy. It's a tough, tough job. Someone once said that all comedy is born from pain. I believe it. As you know, there's a thin dividing line between laughter and pathos.

"In the old days, radio stations in every town and city put on their own little shows. Someone would write them, perhaps for no pay, and some else would be the station's funny man. As they developed and gained experience, the more talented ones would move on to larger stations and the networks. They had a training ground, you see.

"That doesn't hold true in television. Today, a comedy writer has to go to the big leagues immediately. There aren't any minors. Local TV stations can't afford to produce their own programs, to be shown at the same time as a competing station's network show. Meanwhile, a network program can't afford to hire a new writer at union scale—say $750 a week. As a result, there just aren't any new writers. None. And, under these conditions, there won't be any.

"You can't tell a new writer what will work and what won't work. It's impossible. Even if you tried, he wouldn't believe you. All writers are egotists. They have to be. A comedy writer must believe that he's the best there is, otherwise he won't succeed. If you stop to say to yourself, How dare you put words in this man's mouth?—you'll fail. You must have the supreme confidence.

"All of which means that a new writer must learn his craft by failure, by suffering, by hearing an audience laugh at what he considers his best line. He learns by sitting there and watching his creation die. And there's no place to do that today. There's no place to fail.

"I'll tell you this from experience: When a writer sees one of his creations bomb, it's like having a cold-water hose trained on him, and I guarantee he won't make the same mistake again. The only way you can learn to write comedy is to write comedy. And when a flop thuds you in the stomach—well, that's the best experience you can get.

"What's the answer? I don't know. But I do believe I would be able to learn. And, in this era of commercialism, where are you going to find a local station willing to produce its own show in opposition to a big-money network program? Furthermore, who's going to watch the locally-produced show? Don't tell me. I don't want to hear."
alarming rate, and I really don’t know what can be done about it.

“I keep hearing that comedy is dying. Perhaps it is, I don’t know. But I do know that I can’t see an upsurge of comedy, as we used to know it. There’s no new material coming up. I’m speaking in terms of comedy writers. As for the comedians themselves, there is some sign of encouragement. The so-called ‘sick’ comics are only trying to approach the humor of Fred Allen and Will Rogers. This is healthy.

“The term ‘sick comic’ is over emphasized. Mort Sahl isn’t sick, never has been. He’s using topical material, that’s all. Bob Hope has never stopped using this type of material. That’s one big reason he’s remained a success throughout. I’m very pleased by the acceptance given the new Negro comic, Dick Gregory, who jokes about civil rights and such things. To me, this is a big break-through for humor.”

Hiken is violently opposed to canned laughter on TV comedy programs. “This push-button laughter is more of a detriment to comedy writers than it is to viewers. Writers don’t have to try and write funny anymore. Buttons are pushed, and up come belly laughs. Most writers are lazy, I know I am. With canned laughter, there’s a tendency to lie down a little. A writer says to himself, ‘Oh, well, if it isn’t funny, they’ll put a laugh in here, anyway.’

“Laughter is a wonderful thing. But only when it’s legitimate. Several years ago, Phil Silvers and I teamed up to produce an original musical-comedy special on CBS-TV. It was called ‘The Ballad of Louie the Louse’, and we both thought it was the best thing we’d ever done. It was a disaster.

“Why? Because it was presented without an audience. In the studio, I mean. And when it came over the TV screen, it looked dead. Yes, laughter is important. But only when it’s real. Canned laughter, or phony laughter, can easily be spotted. I believe the home viewer resents it.” (That, of course, is why Car 54, Where Are You? is being screened in front of a live audience whose laughter is recorded for the sound track.)

In 1936, when Hiken was graduated as a journalism major from the University of Wisconsin, he headed West because, as he explains it, “Hollywood was the biggest of all the news centers in those days.” He had an idea to write a column called “Wisconsin in Hollywood,” dealing with former residents active in the motion picture industry, to be syndicated to small-town newspapers throughout the state.

“The idea was good,” he recalls, “but it didn’t pay off. The Depression was just leveling off, and newspapers were trading subscriptions for eggs. The papers thought they were doing Holly-

wood a favor by printing the column and, at the time, Hollywood didn’t care about small-town America. I was caught in between, with no money coming in.”

Hiken took a job at fifteen dollars a week in a wholesale market warehouse (“My job consisted of telling people where the boss was”)—and teamed up with Jack Lescoulie for a daily program called The Grouch Club on a small Los Angeles radio station. “Jack and I each received five dollars a week for the show. I wrote it, and Jack was the air personality. It was a morning program. The competing shows were all of the ‘wake up and smile’ variety, so we offered something different, and it went over pretty well. Eventually it was even picked up by a network.”

Hiken joined Fred Allen as a comedy writer in 1940 and worked for him for seven years, aside from a two-year interruption for an Army stint during World War II. In 1948, he created a successful radio show for Milton Berle, and later repeated the process for Monty Woolley. “The Woolley program was developed in the early 1950s, when television was coming into its own, and radio was nothing. Even people who didn’t have TV sets weren’t listening to radio.”

When he made the big switch to TV, Hiken was employed for three years as a writer for series starring Jack Carson and Martha Raye. “I loved working with Martha—she’s a genius. Only one Martha Raye comes along in a century.” Then, in 1954, Hiken was hired by CBS-TV and told to “try and think of something for Phil Silvers.”

“My first idea,” he recalls, “was to cast Phil as a big-time operator in the Army, but nothing came of it right away. Phil and I met every day for three or four months to discuss possible formats. Finally, we took our ideas to the CBS brass and, after explaining them, we were told, ‘Do the Army thing.’ That’s how ‘Sergeant Bilko’ was born.

“Although we stopped filming the Bilko series two years ago, it’s still going great-guns on a re-run basis. Why, in England, it’s being telecast three times a week. I can’t explain the success of the ‘Bilko’ show, unless it’s because we gave it the ‘negative’ approach. Nothing like it had been done.

“If a writer follows the success pattern of other programs, he’s dead. Of course, with new ideas, you’ll come up with a blooper once in a while. You run the risk of a sponsor telling you, ‘I told you we should have had girls.’ But the challenge is worthwhile.

“We’re following a ‘negative’ approach in the new series. The fact that the two principals are cops is incidental. It’ll be about their relationship with their families and the other cops in
their precinct." The two squad-car men are portrayed by Joe E. Ross, gravel-voiced mess sergeant of the Bil-ko series, and Fred Gwynne, who also appeared from time to time on that program and has been a Broadway success in "Irma La Douce."

Hiken met his wife, Ambur, when she was a secretary to writers at the MGM studios in Hollywood. They live in New York City with their two daughters, Dana, 15, and Mia, 13. His hobbies include building boats—"I'd rather do that than anything"—playing golf, and "spectating" such sports as baseball.

He admits that, when he's busy with his own activities, he seldom watches television. "I don't see anything so surprising in that. I don't imagine that, when a plumber goes home at night, he sits around playing with pipes!"

America's Newest Waker-Upper

(Continued from page 41) Chancellor tells TV Radio Mirror, "but I have to admit I'm a bit overwhelmed and a little more than gratified by the response I've had from viewers. There has been so much fan mail, I haven't been able to count it, much less keep up with it. I come in every day and there it is, piled on my desk, and I find myself sitting and staring at it.

"Most of it is pretty intelligent and all of it is extra friendly," he continues. "The average letter says something like: 'Well, we're sorry Garroway had to go, but good luck to you, young man. We like you and the way you're doing things.' The truth is, we're not trying to run a cult of personality here for either Garroway or me. He didn't expect it or want it, I'm sure, and neither do I. But, in addition to all of the nice mail I get, I'm sure he has a whole warehouse full of letters from people telling him they're sorry he left.'"

Chancellor shakes his head in amaze-

ment, as he says, "You know, I'm still a freshman at this sort of thing—people writing letters, stopping you on the street, recognizing you as you walk by—
even asking for autographs. It's all pretty wonderful. It's a side of the business I've never known, and it's taking me time to adjust to it."

Chancellor's handsome face should not, of course, be strange to audiences. In the process of covering floods, fires, murders, racial clashes and political campaigns at home—in the course of chronicling major events of world poli-

tics in all the capitals of Europe, including a year in Moscow—he probably has been seen by more viewers than some of the established celebrities with weekly TV shows. But, in the realm of news, the viewer has a tendency to take the newscaster for granted—to see him and yet not see him.

As a result, when Chancellor filled in for Garroway on a sort of trial run for one week back in June, he hardly caused more than a ripple. However, once he officially took over the mantle, with appropriate fanfare by NBC, all that changed.

The secretaries at NBC give him a broader smile. The makeup men (he had never had need of one before) give him special attention. The technicians and the production people are more solicitous. When he goes out to a restaurant, there are nods and smiles of recognition.

As is the case with Garroway, Chan-

cellor is a product of Chicago, but there the similarity ends—unless you want to count the fact that both wear glasses. While Garroway won his television spurs in the show-business side of the medium, Chancellor started as a news-
man, progressed as a newsman, and plans to go back to hard news if and when his stint on Today runs its course.

But he cannot deny that the transition from straight news coverage to the host spot on Today presented more of a wrench than any of the dramatic and swift moves that were required of him when he was flitting from city to city in this country and jumping around from capital to capital in Eu-

rope, buttonholing presidents, premiers and dictators.

"Actually," he points out, "this is the first time I'm living in New York for more than a week. So, in addition to doing a new kind of show, I'm getting my first real taste of this city and all of the wonders that it contains. I've always considered jazz, baseball, contemporary art and animal study to be my hobbies. But, right now, there's but one hobby—and that's learning about New York."

During the early weeks of his new assignment, Chancellor and his fam-
ily—wife Barbara; Laura, who was born two-and-a-half years ago in Vienna; and year-old Barnaby, born in London—had to make do in a tempo-
rary apartment in Manhattan.

John had planned to go apartment-

hunting with his wife on the weekend following his first week on Today, but: "After that week, I begged off. What a week! I've long been used to working long hours and getting little sleep, but I've got to admit that that first week was one for the books. Up at around 3:30 in the morning and in the studio by five. The show, as you know, runs from seven to nine (Eastern time)—but it was late afternoon be-
fore I was able to get out of the office. "In addition, it was during that first

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Steve Allen’s Return

(Continued from page 34) talent,” including gag writers—is a fertile source of jokes and rib-tickling situations. He is never without a pencil and notebook into which he faithfully jots his impressions and ideas, not merely for the show, but for poems, songs and books. “You can pick ideas out of the air if you look for them,” he laughs.

“One day I was crossing the Sepulveda freeway. There had been an accident up ahead and, along with the other drivers, I was held up about twenty minutes. In Southern California, we have what is known as Radio Sigalert, whereby announcers cut into programs to give brief traffic bulletins. While waiting for them to clear the freeway, and listening to these bulletins on my car radio, I slapped together a seven-minute take-off on these traffic bulletins: ‘Traffic on Sepulveda is all fouled up, only moderately crowded ... traffic is back to normal, heavily congested...’"

I got another idea, watching a boisterous crowd of fans waiting for Marilyn Monroe to emerge from a hospital. This developed into a skit about an actress who is leaving a hospital and is forced back with a nervous breakdown after being manhandled by her frantic fans. After some study of the subject, I’ve come to the conclusion that most comedy is based on bad news. This includes tragic mishaps, as well as mother-in-law gags. The mind of the true comedian can conceive of turning anything, no matter how horrible, into a joke. It’s a trend that started ages ago. I guess the ability to laugh at trouble or danger is part of the equipment for human survival.”

Steve’s best-selling autobiography, “Mark It and Strike It”—a truly self-written, fascinating account of his family, upbringing and rise in show business—shows that he is a man with a tender social conscience and a keen awareness of great public issues of the day. “I have tried,” he says with a touch of plaintiveness, “to separate my humor and personal convictions. If it doesn’t always come out that way, it’s not because I want to mix up the two. I do happen to like satire, and social comment does enter into satiric comedy.

“But I’m not Mort Sahl and I don’t try to be. I can’t see why any comedian should waste his time copying others in the field. Out of three billion people on earth, there are only about fifty professional comedians. Certainly that leaves plenty of room for originality. In what other art is there that much elbow room for developing your own style, material and devices?”

While Steve defends the controversial “ratings system,” he claims no credit is
given for a job well done. "In TV, you've got to be top dog or you're out of the running." There are few performers who have braved the wrath of sponsors, agencies and pressure groups as often as Steve Allen. Somewhat ruefully, he says, "Any star takes a big risk when he airs an opinion or belief, especially when the public is divided on the subject. But I don't mind that risk. Performers are not second-class citizens. If the man on the street feels free to unburden himself of views on every subject from baseball to space travel, so should people of the theater.

"I love my country, I love my fellow man. When I see affairs taking a dangerous path, I can't help speaking out. That's not just my right. It's my moral obligation. When I joined SANE (National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy), some people called me a crank, an impractical dreamer, a fool. But like many others in show business—stars like Robert Ryan, Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine and my wife Jayne Meadows—I felt a moral duty to stand up and be counted among those who are for peace and the abolition of weapons that could destroy the world."

There is still another side to the world of Steve Allen: His family. During his recent absence from television, he was able to devote himself more fully to Jayne and the four children—Steve Jr., 17; Brian, 14; David, 11; and Billy, 4—with the result that he was inspired to do steady creative work. He produced the 432-page autobiography, a number of articles on public affairs, a respectable amount of poetry, songs and paintings.

Show business was not neglected, by any means. He did an engagement at The Flamingo in Las Vegas with Jayne and his mother. "I'm sure most everyone knows that my mother and dad were the grand old vaudevilleans, Belle Montrose and Billy Allen. Mother is one of the funniest women ever to grace the American stage. I expect to use her from time to time in my new TV show," Steve adds.

About his stunning bronze-haired wife, Steve grows rhapsodic. "I don't mean to give the impression that Jayne's just a safe refuge to which I creep when battered by a cruel world. She's far more than that to me. And, since there is no such thing as perfection in humans, it follows that she is not perfect. But, to me, she closely approaches it."

With characteristic candor, he goes on to point out that "Jayne should have been the wife of a brilliant writer or scientist, or even of a president. She has the authentic power of a superior woman to lift a man's sights, put fire in his veins and widen his horizons. If I should die, Jayne could make a far more important contribution to the world than being the wife of an ambitious comedian. Any man of talent who had the good luck to win Jayne's love would find his talents growing in her presence. He would feel compelled to give the best of himself."

In addition to the television show and bringing up the children, the Allen plan to stay in New York in February. They will then bring their night-club act, which features Steve's mother, to the boards. Jayne seems set to return to her panel shows and guest appearances on TV. She also is considering some film roles. "It's surprising how many people forget Jayne is an accomplished actress who made her mark in films before going on TV," Steve smiles.

No story about Steve Allen could find a better ending than the following few lines culled from his poems:

"And one point more remains to make; That, like the other faculties, the physical, the musical, the social, and the rest, Love swells in action.

Love's a magic force that knows no laws, a well without a bottom, a purse that's never empty. . . ."
Juvenile Delinquency vs. TV

(Continued from page 36)

perfect choice for WNBC-TV midday and late-night programs on which, for several years now, she has discussed varied psychological problems. (Starting this fall, Dr. Joyce Brothers' TV programs are being broadcast all over the country and will be seen by millions in more than a hundred cities.)

Because many adult problems have their beginnings in childhood—and because Dr. Brothers has an eight-year-old daughter of her own and, therefore, has more than an academic interest in the psychology of children—we went to her for the answers to questions many mothers are asking. Here are both questions and answers, beginning with the problems of teenagers:

Is there any evidence that television triggers teen-age crime?

"Because I am a parent—and because of the universal interest in the impact of television on young people—I have been studying much of the research and studies on the subject. Probably the most ambitious study was done by Himmelweis in England. But that study, too, was inconclusive. No one can make a definite statement at this time as to the actual effect of TV on youthful behavior. Anything that is said is purely a matter of personal opinion and has no scientific support, as yet."

"You would have to be able to hold a number of factors constant to evaluate TV—movies, comic books, newspapers, magazines, schools, parents, environment. The long-range effects of all of these would have to be weighed. My own network, NBC, has offered to join in underwriting the cost of an impartial research project which would require a period of three to five years. This unselfish gesture would be a tremendous step forward in enlightening us on a vital matter that now is hardly understood."

"From my own training and experience, I know that when children become teenagers, their habits are well-set. Their behavior is not easily changed. They have picked up ideas and impressions from their parents, early friends, teachers, and their associations in the community. Generally, boys and girls of teen age bring a tremendous amount to the TV set. If they have had years of proper training at home and know the difference between right and wrong, they won't be unduly influenced by a TV show designed merely to entertain. If they are already disturbed, they might be triggered by anything at all—a remark by a neighbor, or an actual crime story in a newspaper. We had juvenile crime long before TV. Countries without TV are plagued by it. We are not in a position to take any one influence and say, 'This is the cause.'"

"TV, by virtue of its availability, has now become a scapegoat. If a child doesn't study, it is easier for a mother to blame television than to admit it could be her fault—through failure to provide a quiet study corner—or because of family friction, or a breakdown in family discipline."

How can a mother form good TV viewing habits early in her children's lives?

"She can help by watching with them whenever possible, pointing out what is good and what is not and explaining why. I don't think 'total censorship' is the answer. Every child needs reasonable exposure to many things, and television is no exception. No child can be protected from everything adverse. Almost-immunizing doses that children take in their parent's presence, coupled with the parent's interpretation, keep the experience from being overwhelming. In this way, the parent is laying a good groundwork for young people to make their own judgments later on."

Do children work off some of their own violent moods by watching shows that portray violence?

"Many people are confused by the meaning of the word 'violence.' There is 'violence'—and 'action'—and 'competition.' All through the ages, people have been motivated by a certain amount of what we can classify as the competitive urge: The desire to triumph! Emotions and actions with which they can identify. Children need some means of acting out their own fantasies and their own fears. They feel small in relation to their parents. This is why a story like 'Jack, the Giant Killer' in which a small boy is able to stand up to a giant, is a favorite. Jack is symbolic of their own fantasies.

"It can be beneficial to youngsters, safe in their own homes with their own families, to see some of their fears and worries acted out on the television screen. But action that comes too close to home can be very disturbing. If a child sees a child like himself being mistreated, this can be extremely upsetting. The action in a Western does not affect him in the same way. There, generally, we have a simple story of good pitted against evil, and the child is taught that good will triumph over evil."

"Must a parent monitor everything children watch?"

"A mother should have an awareness of the kinds of programs her children watch. This does not mean that she has to drop her duties and sit in front of the set whenever a child does. But a parent's presence, and a little timely explanation, can keep TV viewing regulated and beneficial. A mother knows and understands her child. She knows
Children do not innately have good taste. Taste is something that is taught them. In the Himmelweiss study to which I referred earlier, it was found that, if a child had two channels to watch, he would go for the one with violence and crime. It is a parent's responsibility to monitor what children view and to see that they don't watch programs they shouldn't.

Must a mother restrict her own daytime viewing to what children should see?

"Children are not necessarily interested in the programs you think they are. For instance, my own shows have no meaning for youngsters. My small daughter does not watch them—there's no action. The mother who likes to watch daytime serials does not have to turn off the set if the children join her. There are situations that may be a very good springboard for questions and explanations. If the youngsters ask questions about what is going on in the story, this is the time to answer truthfully and try to make them understand, to the extent of their individual ability."

"I believe that adults are entitled to programs of adult interest and it's a mother's responsibility to see that the children are occupied otherwise at these times. I believe that TV is aware that good taste is also its responsibility. On my own show, if a question is in a sensitive area, I will re-write my answer seven or eight times before using it on the air."

Summing up: Is it your opinion that TV has an inverse influence on children? Does it contribute to juvenile delinquency?

"I don't know—nobody really knows, at this moment. Nobody has as yet made a definite study. NBC suggests, I feel that the answer may lie in the adult and sensible balance and control of TV viewing and in the time-slothing of programs. While TV is aware of its responsibilities, a mother cannot abdicate her responsibility of seeing that her children develop good taste and judgment so that, as they grow older, they automatically reject unsuitable programs.

"Neither can a mother permit Johnny and Judy, down the block, to establish what is good viewing for her children—anymore than she would abide by another family's rules concerning how much candy should be consumed, or what bedtime hour should prevail. When your child says, 'Johnny's allowed to watch that show, why can't I?'—one of the ways to stop him short is to spot-check. Call Johnny's mother and ask. You may find that Johnny is using the same argument on her. Youngsters tend to play one set of parents against another. The mothers in a neighborhood or community could get together and decide what all their offspring should be allowed to see."

Dr. Brothers' own little girl, Lisa, eight, last July—is in the fourth grade of a school for children who are advanced beyond their years. Her class was asked to write essays on famous people, each child making her own choice. Lisa chose Socrates, and her essay was a comment on the danger of giving advice. She wrote: 'Socrates was a very wise man. He gave advice to everyone. He was poisoned.'

However, Dr. Joyce Brothers seems to be in no danger herself, judging from the common-sense advice she gives on her TV programs as a registered psychologist. And, beginning this fall, what she calls "a capsule classroom in basic psychology" may be added to some of her shows. This would be a college-credit course—in itself, a brand-new idea in middle-of-the-day programming. More than not only may benefit from her words of wisdom printed here, but may learn the basic psychology that will help them in many of the problems of building their children into good citizens.
What’s New on the East Coast
(Continued from page 5)

season as a married man—and his wife will be played by June Blair, his real-life bride. . . . Bob Hope and Bing Crosby hope to make a TV special out of their best scenes from all of their “Road” movies.

By George: Route 66 co-star George Maharis raced through New York complaining about his private life. “No privacy. We were working in Youngstown, Ohio, and, since that’s where I was supposed to be, I drove down to Cleveland to relax for the weekend. I caught hell from a newspaper columnist when I insisted it wasn’t me and he discovered later that it was.” George further notes his very young fans keep him on edge with unusual gifts—pizzas, bongo drums, doughnuts, a stew cooked by a seven-year-old, and a package marked “From the Mad Bomber.” Also, he says, “I can’t date while I’m traveling. It’s dangerous, because you never know whether a strange girl is out to make trouble.” He still has a soft spot for actress Inger Stevens. “I see her whenever I can. She’s the kind who gives you the feeling that she really needs you.”

$88 & Horses: In Jack Lescoulie’s return to the video scene October 8, via NBC, on a children’s program, he plays uncle to a ten-year-old actor, Richard Thomas, in 1, 2, 3—Go!, a travel series for the small fry. . . . Garry Moore has already figured out a way to beat mid-winter doldrums. He has taped a half-dozen shows in advance, so the cast will be able to take a week’s vacation every month. . . . Maverick promises laughs in a new episode, “Three Brothers for Three Brides,” a parody on Bonanza. Jim Backus is fingered to draw the laughs as Joe “Wheelright.” . . . The new cartoon series, Top Cat, calls one of its episodes “The Unscratchables.” . . . Bob Cummings, now 51, takes off this month into the wild blue yonder, via CBS-TV, in his new show. Assisting him will be comedian Mervyn Vye and Luscious Lionel. Lionel is for real and a male, a former pro wrestler who plays Bob’s bodyguard. . . . Efrem Zimbalist Jr. turns up this season as a cowboy in Cheyenne—and Shelley Berman, yet, climbs a horse in Rawhide. . . . NBC at work on a personal hour-long study of Billy Graham for The World Of— series. . . . The everlasting talk about an impending divorce for Keely Smith and Louis Prima is at least good for business. They keep packing in audiences.

Home Stretch: John Ashley, co-star of the new ABC-TV series, Straightaway, made a call to say, “The series is mostly about auto racing, but I’ll be doing a lot of singing—which is great for me. Out of the first eleven shows, I sing in eight. I started as a rock ‘n’ roll singer for Dot, but now I’m going into rhythm-and-blues.” A bachelor, he lives alone but doesn’t live a lonely life. “I usually date Connie Stevens, Sherry Jackson and Dodie Stevens. Yeah, Dodie Stevens has grown up.” . . . Jack E. Leonard patiently waiting for Red Skelton to go ahead with his plans to star the “fat boy” in a comedy series. . . . Comedian Don Rickles feeding laugh lines to Kay Starr. . . . The financial success of producers Goodson and Todman (What’s My Line?, Price Is Right, etc.) is easily reckoned. They now own newspapers in Chester, Pennsylvania; Pawtucket, Rhode Island; and in Elizabeth and Trenton, New Jersey. Danny Thomas says this is absolutely his last season. Rod Serling has also had it. . . . Dwayne Hickman will give TV two more years. By that time, he will have banked an even million bucks. “I’m not a good actor,” he says modestly, “but I can’t resist the big paycheck.”

What’s New on the West Coast
(Continued from page 7)

boulder, and then quietly crawl toward the edge, keep watch on Dick Boone and Joan Elan as they passed on horseback, and then leap down at the girl. So well was this done that the animal got a round of applause from the crew and a biscuit from Dick as a reward. Trainer Jack Weatherwax used two dogs, both German shepherds darkened to resemble wolf dogs. While four-year-old “King” does the actual acting, director Andrew McLaglen decided his canine star needed a stunt-dog, so seven-year-old “Rocco” was mastered in to do the leaping. In the segment, Boone does an authentic Greek dance with Israeli star, Chana Eden. Boone, who studied ballet in New York before turning actor, pointed to the dog and snorted, “For him they hire a stunt-dog, but me they tell. Do it yourself, Dick. What do they mean it’s a dog’s life? It’s a dog’s world.”

The Who'sie & Whatsie: A producer friend asked Joanna Barnes, the "mantrap" in "The Parent Trap," what she thought of doing a musical version of "Medea." Joanna replied, "Great idea, but it's already been done... they called it 'Gypsy.' . . . June Blair caught the trapeze bug from hubby David Nelson, is currently spending an hour a day practicing aerial flying. . . . Frankie Laine knows an actor so vain that he took along his own make-up and lighting man when he went to have a passport picture taken. Frankie will be doing more and more TV guestings and less night-club work. "I want to stay home with Nan and our girls," he explains. "Besides, we've all taken up marlin fishing off Catalina and that's practically a full-time career!" . . . Aaron Spelling and wife Carolyn Jones are writing a novel based on the exploits of his 86-year-old Russian-born mother, who escaped during the Revolution. He plans to film biography, with Carolyn starring. . . . A "Batch" of Grub: Two of television's culinary artists are Bill "Bub" Frawley, of My Three Sons, and Paul "Wishbone" Brinner, of Rawhide. In real life, both of these "boys" are bachelors and do most of their home cooking by way of ye ole caen opener. Polled recently by a curious fan on their cooking secrets, both gave, oddly enough, the same answer in almost identical words. "My advice for a good meal is to eat out!" That's a recipe?

The Wheat and the Chaff: For some quirk of fortune, Bing Crosby has been one of the stars who seem to attract rumors like a cookout does flies. At least three times a year while he was under contract at Paramount, studio flacks were all routed out of their beds to check on rumors that Bing was dead, accidentally shot, lost in the high Sierras, etc. Of late it is Bob Denver, TV's Maynard, who has been running the rumor mill. In the space of three weeks, he was variously reported shot in New Orleans, electrocuted in St. Louis and critically hurt in a traffic pileup in Los Angeles. Each time, the publicity men dutifully checked him out only to find he was fast asleep in his own little beddy-by. When Mrs. Bob answered the phone at three one morning, the flacks knew that a fourth false rumor had been squelched—that his wife had left the Denver hearth and home. Grumbled the publicists, "We have more trouble with you than with a dozen other actors." Sighed Bob, "Gimme time, fellas . . . it took Mr. Crosby twenty years before they took the heat off of him!"
THE MUSIC BIZ IS WOOING YOU WITH ALL ITS MIGHT AND MONEY

ON THE RECORD
Don Mills
Music Editor

A GARLAND OF ROSES FOR JUDY AT CARNEGIE HALL

* A Review in Depth: Last April 23, Judy Garland sang twenty-six songs in a performance at Carnegie Hall for a packed house of 3,165 partisan Garland fans. That event, and the sixteen-city tour that followed, elicited glowing, thesaurus-researched phrases from countless reviewers which said, in effect, "one of the greatest moments in theatrical entertainment."

Capitol Records, with great acumen and foresight, employed some engineers to record the performance, and it's now available at your local record shop under the title "Judy at Carnegie Hall" (Capitol WBO 1569).

This reviewer has fond memories for the Judy of yore: As Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz" singing "Over the Rainbow," and as a teenager singing and dancing in a variety of frothy movie musicals, more often than not with Mickey Rooney. You see, Judy and I, along with millions of others, grew up together. But (Continued on page 80H)

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* The recorded music business, to paraphrase Perry Como's famous TV intro, is currently singing: "Records, we've got records . . ." Never before have there been so many records for a listening public. The number bought last year was staggering—over 250 million records, to be played on about 35 million turntables. And countless millions more were produced but not purchased by an eager public.

As Fortune Magazine has pointed out, America's musical tastes range from "Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka Dot Bikini" to "Chinese Classical Masterpieces for the Pipa and Chin." There are words and music to suit each mood and occasion. There are Americans who listen not only to operas, symphonies and popular tunes, but also to movie soundtracks and songs, plays and poetry, comedians and preachers, sports-car roars and train whistles.

TV Radio Mirror's On The Record section will bring you a comprehensive look at the popular entertainment offered on records, news and pictures of the recording stars who make them, and pace-setting appraisals.

On The Record brings you factual behind-the-scenes stories of the record business, the most popular records, in LP's and singles, we know you'll be enjoying and buying. On The Record is a guide to the popular music of our day from the latest smash rock 'n' roll single to the best of the Broad- way and Hollywood soundtracks, spoken records from Shakespeare to Shelley Berman, and the cream of the crop from classical to jazz. It is the serious intention of this new special section to guide you to the records most worthy of your attention. And it is our hope that on the pages of On The Record you'll find the most complete guide to popular words and music on record. Happy reading, and happy listening!

NOVEMBER 1961
JAZZ POLL WINNERS

Gerry Mulligan, MJO,
Bill Evans, Mel Torme,
Miles Davis Head List

- The Gerry Mulligan Concert Jazz Band won honors in the Billboard Music Week trade magazine's annual Jazz Critics' Poll. The band's LP, "Gerry Mulligan at the Village Vanguard" (Verve 8396) won the Best Band category.

- The Best Small Combo in the poll was the Modern Jazz Quartet with their two-record LP "European Concert" (Atlantic 2-603).

- Best Featured Instrumentalist was Miles Davis with the Gil Evans orchestra for his "Sketches of Spain" (Columbia 8271), while Bill Evans' "Explorations" (Riverside 351) was judged Best Piano.

- Vocal jazz honors were shared by two LP's, "Mel Torme Swings Shubert Alley" (Verve 2132) for Best Male Jazz Singer, and "Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross Sing Ellington" (Columbia 1510) for Best Vocal Group. But the sixteen jazz critics, all eminent in the field, couldn't agree on Best Female Jazz Singer. Among those named: Ella Fitzgerald, Helen Humes, Sarah Vaughan. (Continued on page 80H)

THE MOVIES: HEAR NOW, SEE LATER

- Movie music is better than ever. A movie musical used to produce a couple of hit tunes after the movie opened at downtown theaters, but now, not only is the music released on records months early, the movie isn't necessarily a musical. Number one record last year was the theme from "Exodus," with Pat Boone's vocal version and Eddie Harris' jazz interpretation, "Exodus to Jazz" (Vee Jay 3016), both finding additional favor. It seems as if every motion picture released nowadays has a recording of music from the film—sometimes of music that was played only during the beginning credits.

- The latest ironic development to this trend is the theme from "Fanny," starring Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Charles Boyer and Horst Buchholz. Nobody sang in the movie, except for two brief talk-a-long hum-a-long sequences, yet "Fanny" was originally a Broadway musical—and now the Morris Stoloff movie theme is a hit.

- Movie makers are fully aware of the softening-up value of a hit single in increasing the success of a picture. And record makers are just as aware that successful movie themes are sure-fire LP items. This fall you have a wide choice of music from the movies (and TV too, of course). United Artists has followed up previous success with "More Original Sound Tracks and Hit Music from Great Motion Picture Themes" (UAL 3158), ranging from "Gone with the Wind" to "God's Little Acre." Medallion has Vardi and the Medallion Strings doing "Maggi's Theme" (ML 7527) from "The Parent Trap" and others. Felix Slatkin has an adroitly titled LP "Many Splendored Themes" on Liberty (LMM13001), and from the same label comes Gene McDaniels singing "Movie Memories" (LRP 3204). RCA Victor's Stereo Action series "Goes Hollywood" (LSA 2381) with the Marty Gold orchestra, and a companion LP "Goes Broadway" (LSA 2382) via the Dick Schory orchestra. The Merrill Staton Voices combine the two meccas of music in "Sounds Hollywood! Sounds Great!" (Epic LN 3797).

- Some movies are getting the full treatment, an LP all to themselves. Henry Mancini has "Breakfast at Tiffany's" on RCA Victor (LSM 2362) and "Gone With the Wind" is done by MGM (E3954), Warner Bros. (W 1322), and RCA-Camden (CAL 625), with the latter most favored by buyers.

- With so many artists recording material from the movies and the allied arts of Broadway and TV—including many more not mentioned here—it's increasingly possible you'll be hearing people say: "No, I missed the movie—but I heard the music!"
THE LISTENING POST

Astaire's new venture: records.

Well, here we go, putting a needle to the groove for the first time. If that sounds like a pun, it's only partly true, 'cause mainly we'll be applying the needle to the record, in order to listen and report what we hear. As you probably know, there's a lot of noise in the record business, but what you will read in the following paragraphs is, as nearly as possible, sound.

Van Cliburn, one of the few American phenomena the Russians can rightly claim they discovered, has a new RCA Victor LP out this month, called "My Favorite Chopin" (LM 2497). Victor is proud to announce that it's his first solo album and that it features the well-known Chopin "encore" pieces immediately recognized even by pop music lovers . . . they predict huge sales and increased adulation for the young pianistic Texas genius.

If you can believe in surveys, Jensen, the phonograph-needle and what-not manufacturer, has polled the nation's teenagers and come up with the fact that 78 percent of those in their early 20s have turned from rock 'n' roll to music they shrugged off as "square" when they were "digging the real sounds." At the same time, a report from Philadelphia has it that over 500 middle-aged adults turned out for a "Twist" dance contest, and night-club band leaders have been forced to include the r & n novelty in their repertoire, sandwiched between "Tea for Two" and "Night and Day."

Bobby Rydell has been learning show business from no less a performer than George Burns. The long-time vaudeville entertainer and his apprentice did a soft-shoe routine at Las Vegas' Sahara Hotel that wowed 'em. Incidentally, a panel of disk jockeys was asked recently what teen favorite of today they thought would have the stature of Crosby or Sinatra by 1970. Two of the four picked Bobby.

Sam Cooke has a new LP out this month called "My Kind of Blues," for RCA Victor. Sam is gaining new fans every day, especially with his more mature style. If you'd like to catch him in person, fly down to San Juan for his opening October 25 at El San Juan. Chippies old blocks this month include Jim Mitchum (son of Bob), who's now recording for 20th-Fox, and Peter Duchin (son of the late pianist Eddy Duchin), who will be sitting at the 88 for Decca.

Fred Astaire, durable dancer-singer extraordinaire, has formed his own record company, and his first LP, just released, features the sound tracks of his three award-winning TV spectacles. Titled "Fred Astaire Medleys," it'll be released on the Chorreo label. Other artists signed by Astaire include Carol Lawrence, star of Broadway's "West Side Story," and a new singer, Bill Cunningham.

Stereo on FM radio is the talk of the record industry. With over 80 FM radio stations figured to be broadcasting in stereo by the end of the year, record men are looking hopefully, even jubilantly, to the new medium as their best salesman for stereo records. There's only one hitch: Even though you may have some fancy FM tuning gear, chances are you'll still have to buy an FM stereo adapter at a cost of roughly $50 to $100. But once the ball gets rolling, watch out—'cause stereo broadcasting is definitely here. And it sounds great!

Bobby Vee, seventeen-year-old Lib-erty singer whose "Take Good Care of My Baby" is "On the Record's" Pop Single of the Month, will be featured in an upcoming movie titled "Swingin' Along." The film originally was called "Double Trouble" and had no music, but the producers decided it needed turning up and that Bobby was just what the doctor ordered.

The Chipmunks—Alvin, Simon and Theodore—star in the new TV show which debuted October 4 on CBS-TV. Called The Alvin Show, the half-hour animated cartoon feature will bring to the home screen one of the most successful recording trios in history. Brain-child of David Seville (real name: Ross Bagdasarian), Alvin and his friends will be cutting more records for Liberty, and previous Chipmunk LPs will be re-packaged to reflect their new TV personality.

Well, if you're in this crazy music business long enough, you'll hear just about everything. The latest is a staggering announcement from Mercury records that they've signed a new artist with a $40,000 wardrobe and blue hair! His name is said to be Ali Baba and the wardrobe consists of thousands of rhinestones on silk and satin. Mercury execs are not yet sure whether he can sing . . . but they figure, with blue hair, how can he miss? My hair's turning white already.

Elvis, the Big E, hitting top again after two so-so-records.
VOCAL

★★★★ Judy At Carnegie Hall, Judy Garland (Capitol WBO 1569)—See review in depth on Page 80a. Judy is in top form, with a recorded-live performance providing all the electrifying magic of the theater.

★★★★ I Like It Swinging, Buddy Greco (Epic 3793)—Here's one of the finest vocal talents around. Sinatra says he's swinging on his two new LP's, but after hearing Buddy tear into "Around the World," "I Love Being Here With You," and "Once In Love with Amy," among others, Frankie had better watch out for his laurels. Top jazz men back up the sessions, arranged and conducted by Al Cohn.

★★★★ Sing To Me, Mr. C, Perry Como (RCA Victor LPM 2390)—Genial ol' Perry, comfortable as an old shoe, lounges through eighteen familiar ballads with warmth and ease. For Perry's fans who just can't get enough of him.

★★★★ Remember The Night, And The Girl, And The Song, various artists (Warner Bros. 1426)—This is a refreshing new entry, aimed at those who say "they don't write songs like they used to." Here are 12 hits from the pre-war and World War II years, in arrangements re-recorded by the original artists, fifteen to twenty-five years later, all sounding as spry as before. Included are such memory-provoking hits as Art Lund's "Blue Skies," Ronnie Kemper's "Cecilia," Hoagy Carmichael's "Hong Kong Blues," Martha Tilton's "And the Angels Sing" and "Tangerine" by Bob Eberly and Helen O'Connell.

★★★★ Sinatra Swings, Frank Sinatra (Reprise 1002)—The Leader gives his usual polished performance but seems to lack the old spark on some of the tracks. The best are on side one, including "Love Walked In," "Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone," and "Granada."

★★★★ Join Bing In a Gang Song Sing Along, Bing Crosby & His Friends (Warner Bros. 1422)—Der Bingle makes his second sing-along album a compelling adventure down Tin Pan Alley, with fifty old favorites for you to dust your tonsils by.

★★★★ Jump Up Calypso, Harry Belafonte (RCA Victor LPM 2388)—His first calypso album sold over a million. This is his second, released six years later. Most of the material has been reworked from authentic West Indian songs, which in their original form would most likely be unintelligible. A must item for Belafonte and calypso fans.

★★★★ Come Swing With Me!, Frank Sinatra (Capitol W 1594)—Here's Frank again, satisfying his followers with bright arrangements of such great tunes as "On the Sunny Side of the Street," "Lover," "That Old Black Magic" and "Almost Like Being in Love." The Billy May backing helps too.

★★★★ Get Happy, Ella Fitzgerald (Verve 4036)—When Ella sings a song, it seems as if the songwriter wrote it for her. She makes you hear trite-sounding songs like "Somebody Loves Me," "St. Louis Blues," and "Moonlight Becomes You" for the first time. "Consummate artistry" is the phrase for her.

MOOD MUSIC

★★★★ A Touch Of Elegance, Andre Previn (Columbia 1649)—This LP could be classified as jazz, but that scares some people away. Andre Previn playing the music of Duke Ellington is clue enough for the jazz buff. But the general listener, too, should have a chance to hear the way Andre strokes and fondles his piano with such loving care on tunes like "Perdido," "Solitude," and "I Got It Bad."

★★★★ Lover's Portfolio, Jackie Gleason (Capitol WBO 1619)—This two-record set is done up in fancy dress, complete with a brochure on when to serve what drink and how. The basic idea of this package, is the modus operandi for making love. The four sides are divided into the following moods: Music for sippin', music for
listenin’, music for dancin’, and music for lovin’. Gleason’s selections could be programmed by any amorous bent young man. But it’s awesom to think that young ladies all over the land may be wooed according to the plans put forth in “Lover’s Portfolio.”

★★★ Songs Of The Searing ’60s, Roger Williams (Kapp 1251)—Roger gives the piano treatment to hit tunes of the last year or so, including “Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka Dot Bikini” as you’ve never heard it before. When Roger is at the keyboard he keeps everything, including you, humming right along.

★★★ Somebody Loves Me, Ray Conniff Singers (Columbia 1642)—The success of the Conniff LP’s is that they stick to tried and true melodies delivered in a danceable businessman’s shuffle or bounce. On this one, instead of the chorus filling out the orchestra with “ba-ba’s” and “do-do’s” they actually sing the words!

★★★ The Madison Avenue Beat, Lester Lanin (Epix 3796)—Some of the most memorable and catchy tunes, even though they get maximum exposure, never reach pop charts. Which ones? Commercial jingles, of course—the last untapped melodic cornucopia of our cultural heritage. But now society band leader Lester Lanin has pulled out the first olive by arranging 58 TV and radio commercials for dancing, or parlor games, like “Name That Tune.”

CLASSICAL MUSIC

★★★★ Beethoven “Emperor” Concerto, Van Cliburn (RCA Victor LM 2562)—The name of this pianist is magic in the record store, and there’s no reason why a classical artist can’t also be good, which he is. Under Fritz Reiner’s baton with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Van Cliburn, as soloist, delivers an expert and vivid performance of Beethoven’s last piano concerto.

★★★★ West Side Story & On The Waterfront Symphonic Dances, Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic (Columbia 5651)—Versatile and prolific Leonard Bernstein has taken excerpts from music he composed for the violent themes of the movie about longshoremen’s strife and the musical play about New York street gangs and created a new listening experience. No longer mere elements of a theatrical production, these two suites, vigorous and tender by turn, gain a life of their own, understood in musical terms alone.

★★★★★ 60 Years Of Music America Loves Best, Vol. III, various artists (RCA Victor 2574)—This, one of Victor’s most popular series, can be thought of as the “top 40” of the classical world. Here you will find the great favorites of all time, such as Lily Pons singing “Caro Nome” from “Rigoletto,” Fritz Kreisler’s “Caprice Viennois,” and Marian Anderson’s “Go Down Moses.” A total of 12 collector’s items and, at $1.98, the price is right.

JAZZ

★★★★ The Genius After Hours, Ray Charles (Atlantic 1369)—Now best known as a singer of rock ‘n’ roll, blues and jazz, Ray Charles is also a superb instrumentalist and composer. As this LP proves. Heard here on piano, Ray leads an inspired group through five original tunes, plus groovy interpretations of “Ain’t Misbehavin,” “The Man I Love,” and “Music, Music, Music.” This is for all who dig blues piano and muted ensemble jazz.

FOLK MUSIC

★★★★ The Slightly Fabulous Limeliters (RCA Victor 2393)—Folk singers are much in demand these days, and the Limeliters head the list. The ingredient that gives them top priority is a sense of humor about their material. Here’s a thoroughly engaging performance by this talented trio.

TEEN MUSIC

★★★ Hurt!!, Timi Yuro (Liberty 3208)—Newcomer Timi, who hit big with her first single, the title song, has a big voice and a throbbing style that carry her neatly through 12 title soulful ballads, including “I’m Confessin’,” “Cry,” and “I Apologize.” Her full soulful sound is definitely the trend.
UP 'N' COMER

- Reflecting the current trend to more soul in popular music, Eugene B. McDaniels is the son of Rev. B. T. McDaniels of Kansas City, Mo. Gene's early musical contact was with a professional gospel-singing group which he joined at the age of 13. In high school he played sax in the school band, soon forming his own quartet and later other vocal groups. By the time he was 20 he was considered a leading exponent of gospel songs, and planned to become a chorale conductor. When the Fred Waring band appeared in Omaha, Nebraska, it was a great thrill of Gene's life when Waring selected him to appear as guest soloist. But about this time his musical horizon had broadened. While attending Omaha and Nebraska Universities and the Omaha Conservatory of Music, he found himself intrigued by the jazz sounds of Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis and Charlie Parker, and singers Billie Holliday and Sarah Vaughan. He decided to try Hollywood, and three days after his arrival won a job at the Jazz Cellar after an impromptu audition during a jam session. Liberty Records finally heard a tape submitted by his managers, Don Reardon and Arnold Mills. After a couple of fair-to-middling hits, he made it big with "A Hundred Pounds of Clay." He now has three albums to his credit, the latest "Movie Memories." And he appeals to both teens and adults, with hit records in the rocking up-tempo vein as well as smooth but swinging ballads such as those in his LP's. A versatile performer, Gene will be on the music scene for quite a while.

BEST SELLING NEW LP'S

Judy at Carnegie Hall, Judy Garland (Capitol WBO 1569)—Electrifying theater right in your own home.

Yellow Bird (Percussion Spectacular), Arthur Lyman (Life 1004)—Unique sounds with gourds and drums galore.

Dance Till a Quarter to Three, Gary (U.S.) Bonds (Legrand 3001)—Two smash singles in a row equal one smash LP.

Spanish Harlem, Ben E. King (Atco 113)—The Latin beat with soul pays off. Includes his hot single, "Amor."

Moody River, Pat Boone (Dot 3384)—Pat's stronger than ever.

More Greatest Hits, Connie Francis (MGM 3942)—Connie's got sure-fire international appeal.

Something for Everybody, Elvis Presley (RCA Victor LPM 2370)—The big E can't miss.

Come Swing With Me, Frank Sinatra (Capitol 1594)—A swingin' session from the Voice ... er, ah, Our Leader.

Carnival & Other Broadway Hits, Mantovani (London 3250)—Great lush sounds from the background music expert.

Ebb Tide, Earl Grant (Decca 4165)—National TV has helped Earl find his fans.

Portrait of Johnny, Johnny Mathis (Columbia 1644)—His liquid voice pours out more balm for the heart.

Four Preps on Campus (Capitol 1566)—The boys sing with bounce and humor.

Yellow Bird, Lawrence Welk (Dot 3389)—The maestro has uh-one, uh-two hits in a row.

The Highwaymen (United Artists 3125)—Their hit single "Michael" has broken the way for this folk-singing group of collegians.

The Bell Weevil Song & Other Great Hits, Brook Benton (Mercury 20641)—Another LP follow-up to a smash single pays off.

THE HOT SINGLES

Who Put the Bomp (In the Bomp, Bomp, Bomp), Barry Mann (ABC-Paramount 10237)—Great satire on the current bomp-bomp rama-lama ding-dong sound.

The Mountain's High, Dick and DeeDee (Liberty 55350)—A plaintive sound and catchy drum beat make this outstanding.

You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby, Bobby Darin (Atco 6206)—Bobby's in rare form as he rocks this old standard.

Amor, Ben E. King (Atco 6203)—He tears into this beautiful old tune with solid soul-searching.
**Hottest Single!** Take Good Care of My Baby, Bobby Vee (Liberty 55354)

Transistor Sister, Freddie Cannon (Swan 4078)—Delightful novelty done in swinging style.

Little Sister, Elvis Presley (RCA Victor 7908)—Elvis back in the groove after a couple of so-so hits.

The Way You Look Tonight, The Lettermen (Capitol 4586)—This lovely old standard is given appropriate modern styling.

I Love How You Love Me, Paris Sisters (Gregmark 6)—The girls have a haunting, delicate style that makes this very appealing.

Frankie & Johnny, Brook Benton (Mercury 71859)—This rip-snortin' folk ballad is well told in bright up-tempo fashion.

Sweets for My Sweet, The Drifters (Atlantic 2117)—A solid blues rhythm effort by these hit makers, now sounding softer without Ben E. King's lead voice.

Let Me Belong to You, Brian Hyland (ABC-Paramount 10236)—He's got a lot of voice on this ballad-rock.

Big Cold Wind, Pat Boone (Dot 16244)—A fine follow-up to "Moody River," this is sung with strength and conviction by Pat.

The Astronaut, Jose Jimenez (Kapp 409)—Bill Dana's pacing and inflection makes this riotous—and timely—selection from his LP listenable over and over again.

Stop Giving Your Man Away, Joyce Davis (United Artists 339)—An exciting new voice and percussion-styled arrangement lifts this rocking rhythm blues way out of the ordinary.

Hello Fool, Ralph Emery (Liberty 55352)—This answer record (to "Hello Walls") by Ralph, who's a Nashville disc jockey, has all the commercial ingredients.

Let's Get Together, Hayley Mills (Vista 385)—This talented young actress, whose father John is also an actor, has done a remarkable job of this tune from her starring movie, "The Parent Trap."

**HOT SINGLES CONTENDERS**

Does Your Chewing Gum Lose Its Flavor, Lonnie Donegan (Dot 15911).

I'll Never Smile Again, The Platters (Mercury 71847).

Cryin', Roy Orbison (Monument 447).

It's Gonna Work Out Fine, Ike & Tina Turner (Sue 749).

More Money For You and Me, The Four Preps (Capitol 4598).


Baby, You're So Fine, Mickey & Sylvia (Willow 23000).

One Track Mind, Bobby Lewis (Beltone 1012).

Packin' Up, Chris Kenner (Instant 3234).

Well I Ask Ya, Kay Starr (Capitol 4620).

My Blue Heaven, Dwayne Eddy (Jamie 1200).

It's Been A Long Long Time, Dottie Clark (Big Top 3081).

Memories of Those Oldies But Goodies, Little Caesar & Romans (Del-Fi 4166).

The In-Between Years, James MacArthur (Triodez 119).

Back-To-School Blues, Jack Larson (Fraternity 884).

If You Don't, Somebody Else Will, Connie Stevens (Warners 5232).

I Talk To The Trees, Bud Dashiel and the Kinsmen (Warners 5231).

Take Five, Dave Brubeck (Columbia 41479).

I Don't Like It Like That, The Bobettes, (Gone 5112).

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**A HIT IS A GAMBLE**

But it can be done—with $1,000 and luck

- So you'd like to be a hit recording star! Years ago you studied harmony and counterpoint in school, attended special school of music, worked under a famous tutor, or were born into a show business family where your career started at three with a cute soft shoe.

- All you need now is a guitar, a reasonable knowledge of how it works, claim the South as your birthplace, and have about $1000. Usually, although not necessarily, you should be able to carry a tune as well as the guitar.

- Here's how it can work!

Get a couple of tunes whipped into shape, preferable with a "bluesy" or "funky" sound to them, get a bus ticket to Nashville, Hollywood or New York, rent a recording studio for about $150, make a tape recording and have it edited for about $100. For another $12 you can get a master recording made. Another $100 will go for a label design and a thousand single records will cost 11¢ apiece.

Now that you've got your records, get the local deejay to play your record. Then it's simple to find a distributor to handle it in the area. Now all you do is wait for the public clamor for your record. If it's got it "in the grooves" you'll have your hit and might sell half a million at 98¢. You could come out with about $75,000—after taxes!

- Of course, of the 6,000 or more singles made each year, only about 300 are hits, and a scant 25 of those get past the half-million mark.

- You can see it's a pretty big gamble.

- And one more word of advice: Don't call us, we'll call you!
somehow, somewhere along the way, Judy, the star, lost some of her luster. But after listening to “Judy at Carnegie Hall,” I’m ready to admit that the new Judy now shines brighter than ever. Without a doubt, this LP is the definitive Judy Garland, a triumphant tour de force that should be on the record shelf of every follower of show business. Her dynamism, coupled with the contagion of the audience, makes this album a vibrant, never-to-be-forgotten experience. And speaking of nostalgia: If, after playing Side Four, you don’t have a lump in your throat, then you’ve never heard of Judy Garland. As she does a reprise of the songs identified with her—“You Made Me Love You,” “For Me and My Gal,” “The Trolley Song,” “Rock-A-Bye Your Baby,” and the big one, “Over the Rainbow”—and then is pulled back by an overwhelming ovation for three encores—you can’t help sharing in the excitement of the moment.

Next March 11, Judy can be seen as well as heard in an hour-long TV spectacular on CBS-TV. I don’t know about you, but I’ll be front row center.

Jazz Poll Winners
(Continued from page 80B)


It’s no wonder that the critics, who found no agreement on a female jazz singer, were not unanimous in their choices in other categories. With this in mind, the runners-up in the poll can in no way be considered “second best.”

The rest of the jazz LP’s mentioned:
Best Male Jazz Singer: “The Bill Broomy Story” (Verve 3000-5), and “Muddy Waters at Newport” (Chess 1449).
Best Vocal Group: “The Double Six of Paris” (Capitol 10259).

Don Mills, our new record editor, listens to the records he reviews in idyllic seclusion—on a houseboat in Sausalito on the San Francisco Bay. A former Navy electronics technician, Don has rigged up an intricate hi-fi system that uses a tape recorder as amplifier, with all component parts powered by a clock radio so he can wake up—or fall asleep—to the music of his choice. The commanding view of the Bay from his deck gives music an added dimension, he says, “even though high tide changes the acoustics a bit.”

Don started listening to and collecting records in high school at Laguna Beach, California—in fact, he was voted entertainment director, a job that involved taking care of the record player at school dances. “I was elected because I had the largest record collection,” he says.

In the years since, he has been active in many phases of publishing and show business. After graduation, in 1952, from the University of California at Berkeley, where he was an editor of the campus daily, Don worked for several Bay Area metropolitan newspapers, then became publicity and public relations director of KPIX-TV. After two years he moved on to the staff of TV Guide Magazine. He returned to his first love, music, three years later, handling public relations for a large group of record distributors. With this experience, he is now well qualified to offer objective evaluations of the continuous stream of new records released, combining an insider’s knowledge of how the business really works with a journalist’s practiced eye—and ear.

Now thirty-three years old, Don shares his rustic two-bedroom houseboat with his wife Peggy, twelve-year-old Robin—a willowy sub-teen who sometimes offers expert judgment on the newest rock ’n’ roll—and eighteen-month-old David Mercury (named after the U.S. astronauts), who loves to turn up the volume-control knobs on the hi-fi system.

Don is enthusiastic about TV Radio Mirror’s new “On the Record” section. “My aim,” he says, “is to cover the most significant of the new records, both LPs and singles in the popular field, and news of recording artists who have won popular approval or are most apt to. I’ll be trying to keep our readers informed about the new directions the record business takes, and I’m confident that, among readers of general magazines, they’ll be the first to know the latest about the fascinating world of music on record.”
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POST GRADUATE SCHOOL OF NURSING
ROOM 9R121 - 131 SOUTH WABASH • CHICAGO 3, ILL.
STORIES OF THE STARS

9 There's Something New on Radio (Richard Hayes) by Martin Cohen
10 The Daring Young Men on the Flying TV (data on this season's new "heroes") by Betty Etter
14 Who'll Get the Guy? (Connie Stevens, Dorothy Provine and Ralph Taeger) by Tony Wall
16 All About Jack Paar's Loaded Gun by Jim Morse
18 Ann-Margret: The Female Presley by William Tusher
20 Cut Out All That Jazz (kids talk about TV violence) by Jo Ranson
22 Telephone Talk Artist (Betty Walker) by Helen Bolstad
24 The Father Behind the Playboy (Dean Martin) by Kendis Rochlen
26 The New Champagne Lady (Norma Zimmer) by Maurine Renuhi
30 Born 5,000 Years Too Late (George Maharis) by Marilyn Beck
32 Surf/Side 6 Takes Over Miami Beach (on-the-spot picture story)
36 Window On Main Street (Robert Young) by Bill Kelsey
38 Hell Breaks Loose on Location (Bobby Darin, Steve McQueen, Nick Adams) by Beatrice Emmons
40 TV Toggetherness (June Dayton and Dean Havens) by Fredda Balling
42 The Animal World of TV (those four-footed stars)
46 The Lady with the Double-Talk Name (Billie Lou Watt) by Frances Kish

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54 Detroit's Favorite Bellboy (Jerry Gale of WXYZ-TV)

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Cover Portrait of Dorothy Provine, Courtesy of ABC-TV
$4200.00 IN CASH PRIZES

NOW ON DEPOSIT IN OUR SPECIAL PRIZE FUND ACCOUNT

TO BE AWARDED TO 100 WINNERS IN OUR ANNUAL PUZZLE CONTEST No. 8

Presented for Your Pleasure by TOWN & COUNTRY ASSOCIATION

You can sit down and solve this puzzle right now. Everything you need to print here. There is nothing to look up. No dictionary or any other book is needed. Get in this fascinating game by solving this puzzle now. It sharpens your wits and keeps your mind alert. And it costs so little (just the $2.00 entry fee). You get more than that value in fun and recreation. And you may win a cash prize—up to $2,000.00.

Here is a special feature in our contest. Every contestant will be notified of his standing within 30 days after we receive his entry. You will not have to wait and wonder for a long time as to how you stand. If (as expected) a tiebreaker will be required, you will be notified if you are tied with others.

RULES

1. Solve this puzzle as you would any other crossword puzzle except that the letters you supply are determined, not by definitions, but by letter values.
2. Fill in every empty square with a letter. When completed, every series of 2 or more letters must spell a word both across from left to right and down. Every word used in the solution must be taken from the accompanying "OFFICIAL WORD LIST" and must be spelled exactly as it is there. A word may be used more than once (no limit).
3. Black squares have no value. Using the letter values shown here, add the value of all letters in each word (both the letters already in the puzzle and those you supply) and place these line totals at the right of each puzzle line as indicated. Then add up these line totals and put your Total Score in the space indicated. Add your score carefully and notify us in writing if you may qualify in your entry. An entry once submitted cannot be changed. However, a contestant may send in more than one entry. See Rule 6.
4. The highest score wins first prize, the next highest score wins second prize and so on. (See Rule 7.) This is a contest of skill. There are no "luck" planners allowed.
5. Anyone over 18 years of age, from the U.S. or Canada (including military personnel abroad), may enter this contest except employees of the company and employees of the sponsors, their advertising agents and their immediate families. Each entry must be accompanied by the $2.00 entry fee. This fee is to cover costs and administrative expenses.
6. A contestant may send in more than one entry, but each entry must be accompanied by the $2.00 entry fee. So if you see a chance to improve on an entry you have already sent in, you may send another. Only one entry blank for each entry will be accepted. Whereas various members of a family may enter the contest not more than one prize may be won by one household.
7. Ties are expected, in which case a tiebreaker will be required. It will be sent only to those who may be tied for any of the prizes. The tiebreaker will be similar to this puzzle. It will be the same size, 18 squares each way, but will be more difficult, with fewer letters supplied and no empty squares. The Official Word List, with more words, will also be supplied. Five to seven days will be allowed for solving tiebreakers. Highest score wins highest prize for which there are ties, and so on. Each tiebreaker has its own rules and may have slight changes. If any ties still remain, additional tiebreakers up to 4 more may be sent to determine the winners. If any ties still remain after the 5 tiebreakers, then the full amount of the prize or prizes tied for will be divided equally among the awarded to each tied contestant. However, in our previous contests not more than 2 tiebreakers were required to determine all winners. There is never any additional fee for tiebreakers.
8. Contests shall not receive from, nor furnish to, anyone outside their household, all or any part of any solution in this contest.
9. Cut out the entry blank along the dotted lines, enclose your $2.00 fee and mail to Town and Country Ass'n, P. O. Box 1562, Tacoma 1, Wash. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight March 31, 1962, and received by April 11, 1962.
10. Prompts Prize = $500.00 cash. If you send your entry and $2.00 fee on or before the date shown on the Official Entry Blank, you will qualify for the $500.00 Prompts Prize. This Prompts Prize will be added to the first prize only.
11. When we receive your entry and $2.00 entry fee we will send you:
   a. Acknowledgment of your entry (let us know if not received in 30 days).
   b. Notification of your standing at this point in the contest.
   c. Our latest bulletin of news about our contests.
   d. We will send you the list of prize winners of this contest, and a copy of the highest scoring solution of the middle of June, 1962.
12. By entering this contest, you agree to accept the judges' decisions as final. The sponsors reserve the right to offer increased prizes. We cannot be responsible for entries lost or delayed in the mail. We have no liability for entries lost through either incoming or outgoing mail. This applies to entries received by the sponsors reserve the right to decide any entries that may arise concerning this contest. All entries become the property of the sponsors. This contest is subject to all Federal, State and Local regulations.

To help you get started, here is the correct solution for the first line: A-1 O X - T H

First Prize winners in our latest contests are:
   Contest No. 4 $1000.00 cash was won by Mrs. R. E. Schneider, 7015 - 12th Ave, S.W., Seattle 6, Wash.
   Contest No. 5 $1000.00 cash was won by Mr. W. D. Johnson, 909 Elmee Place, Metairie, La.
   Contest No. 6 $2000.00 cash was won by Mr. James E. Cahill, Box 63, Warmington, Pa.
   Contest No. 7 $500.00 cash was won by Mrs. Betty E. Lee, 11190 Renton Ave, Seattle 88, Wash.

In this Contest No. 8, will YOU be the winner of the $2000.00 cash prize?

OFFICIAL WORD LIST

AD CAR ER IF NO OX SOD
AL CASH ERA IT OATH PIN SOL
AM DEN ERE LAO OD PRIZE SOLVE
ART DOLLAR EWE LEG OF RAN TO
AT DRY PADED LEO OH RE TON
AWARD EEL HA LO ONE SAT WAS
AY EGO HE MANY OR SEAT WE
BE EM HO NEAT ORE SO WIN

THE ORIGINAL CROSSWORD-VALUE PUZZLE

LETTER
VALUES
A-1 - D 0
B-1 - E 1
C-1 - W 2
D-2 - A 3
E-1 - T 4
F-2 - H 5
G-3 - S 6
H-2 - U 7
I-1 - O 8
J-3 - E 9
K-2 - N 10
L-2 - L 11
M-2 - A 12
N-2 - E 13
O-1 - V 14
P-3 - T 15
Q-3 - Y 16
R-2 - T 17
S-2 - T 18
U-2 - E 19
V-3 - E 20
W-2 - T 21
X-3 - E 22
Y-2 - A 23
Z-3 - E 24

TOTAL SCORE

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

To qualify for Prompts Prize mail on or before MARCH 10, 1962

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Name: ____________________________
Address: __________________________
City: ____________________________ State: __________

Be sure you enclose your $2.00 Entry Fee
Cut out along dotted lines and mail to:
Town & Country Ass'n—P. O. Box 1562, Tacoma 1, Wash.

Copyright 1962 Town and Country Ass'n
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.)

Sally's BLUE

Sally's GAY WITH MIDOL

information booth

Anita Bryant

The Winningest Loser
I'd like to read about that fabulous, fascinating singer, Anita Bryant.
D.Y., Garf. Hts., Ohio

By losing the title of Miss America in 1959 and emerging second runner-up, Anita Bryant won: the title of the nation's "number one female recording artist" in 1960 and "best vocalist of the year 1960," as named by the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences. . . a recording contract which has made her albums and single discs among the most popular in the country. . . a regular slot on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club . . . a loving husband, Robert Green, whom she married in June, 1960! Born in Barnsdale, Oklahoma, Anita began singing in school operettas, appeared professionally on WKY-TV and on KOTV in Tulsa, and was an Arthur Godfrey talent winner. . . . For a year, she attended Northwestern University, majoring in drama, speech and piano. Then the Miss America Pageant and fame! . . . A 5'4" beauty, Anita has three gold records to her credit, plus several top albums. Today, she and her husband tour the country, playing night clubs, theaters, TV shows, and recording for Columbia. At home in Miami, Anita rides, swims, skin-dives.

Some Quickies
Are Don Hastings of As The World Turns and Bob Hastings of The Brighter Day any relation? H.B., Fairplay, Maryland
Bob and Don are brothers in real life.

Again, a set of brothers.

I would like to know when and where Bobby Rydell was born.
A Reader, Milan, Michigan
Bobby, 19, is a native of Philadelphia.

The two redheads are no relation.

Are Penney Parker and Sherry Jackson, who played Terry on The Danny Thomas Show, sisters? M.H.M., Bloomfield, NJ.
No, they're not.

Where was Carolyn Jones born and how old is she? E.L.J., Jacksonville, Fla.
Carolyn was born in Amarillo, Texas, on April 28, 1932.

Is it true that Maynard from Dobie Gillis—Bob Denver—died when a transistor fell in his bathtub? P.C., Riverton, N.J.
All you Maynard fans can relax! Bob Denver is very much alive, kicking, and pruning his beard. Just watch him this season on Dobie Gillis.

Are Rhys Reason and Rex Reason related?
Yes, they're brothers. J.M.I., New Haven, Conn.

I would like to know when and where Bobby Rydell was born.
A Reader, Milan, Michigan
Bobby, 19, is a native of Philadelphia.

Is Eddie Hodges Mickey Rooney's son?
Yes, they're not. V.M.P., Kila, Mich.
The two redheads are no relation.

Are Penney Parker and Sherry Jackson, who played Terry on The Danny Thomas Show, sisters?
No, they're not. M.H.M., Bloomfield, NJ.

Where was Carolyn Jones born and how old is she?
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P.C., Riverton, N.J.
No, that's not true.

All you Maynard fans can relax! Bob Denver is very much alive, kicking, and pruning his beard. Just watch him this season on Dobie Gillis.
Emcee Johnny C.

Please tell me about Johnny Carson, emcee on ABC’s Who Do You Trust?
I.M.S., Parkersburg, W. Va.

Born too late for vaudeville training, comedian Johnny Carson was hatched into the entertainment world through TV. A native of Corning, Iowa, he early became a mail-order magician and ventriloquist. Soon high-school-student “The Great Carsoni” was busy mystifying and delighting audiences. . . . After Navy duty aboard the U.S.S. Pennsylvania from 1943 to ’45, Johnny graduated from the University of Nebraska. He gained experience on WOW Radio and TV in Omaha before heading to Hollywood as an announcer on KNXT. Off-hours, he wrote and created a show, which got him a weekly showcase for his comedy, satire and ventriloquism. Writing monologues for Red Skelton led to his “big break” when he was called upon in the 1954-55 season to substitute for an injured Skelton. With ninety minutes’ notice, Johnny spent forty-five of them driving to the station. Three months later, he achieved his own network show and then came Who Do You Trust? . . . While emceeing this successful daytime quiz, Johnny replaced Tom Ewell on Broadway in “Tunnel of Love” and made several guest comedy and dramatic appearances on top TV variety shows. Johnny and his wife Jody, now separated, have three sons—Kit, 11; Ricky, 9; and Cory, 8.

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.

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 network and program involved. Sorry, no personal answers.
Enjoype Yourself Before The Rent Comes Due: For oh, so many years, Shelley Berman and wife Sarah dreamed of the glittering day when he would hit the big time and they would move into a truly plus apartment. Six months ago, Shelley decided that his bankroll and prestige as a comic were secure enough to take the leap. He went out and, as a surprise to his faithful partner in life, rented a $900-a-month apartment in an exclusive section of New York City. The Bermans moved in and, for two weeks, were deliciously happy. Then came business knocking at the door. "I've gotten so busy, I don't think I've spent four nights in the place since the first couple of weeks," moans Shelley. "It's good to make money, but I've been on the road constantly. Now I've gone into the stage show, 'Guys and Dolls,' in a part I love—but where is it? It's in Los Angeles! I suppose Confucius would have some profound comment to make on the irony of it all. But me—all I can say is, 'Why didn't I have such a beautiful place back when I was just an unemployed shnook?'... When the Bitten Bites, You're Liable To Get Bit: Talking about the problems of an actress, Lory Patrick, pretty addition to the new hour-long Wells Fargo series, told the following tale: "I'd never done much riding until I was signed for the series," she said. "And, the first day on location, I got on a horse that seemed perfectly safe and friendly. Unfortunately, there were a lot of flies around and the poor beast was trying to keep them off by snapping his jaws at them. Suddenly he reared, twisted around, and chomped at a big buzzer. He missed the fly and bit my knee instead. The next day, I showed up with an infection. My knee was swollen and my nose looked like a bright red bulge. The horse got a shot of penicillin and that cured him. But I had to be treated for weeks after. You can take my word—and this is no horseplay, either—when I mount a nag these days, I go prepared with a can of insect spray."

Helter-Skelter and Skiddoo: Hollywood has long been a prime target for crooks and con men, but one current racket has grim overtones and Eddie Albert is leading a crusade to fight it. It concerns the campaign by legit builders to interest the public in fallout shelters as a matter of national survival. Smoothies have moved in with scare ads, promising to build shelters for
$4,000 and up—but, after collecting large sums of money from actors and other citizens, the crooks skip town. The situation has become so serious that both Civil Defense and the Screen Actors Guild have issued warnings to investigate before investing in a shelter. Eddie, on his part, is waging a campaign for community shelters where people too far from home may find safety, in the event of a bombing. "Since national survival depends on individual survival, I'm for both private and public shelters," says Eddie. "And as for these fly-by-nighters who are cashing in on an emergency affecting the lives of their countrymen, I can only say they are the lowest of the low and should be dealt with to the maximum of the law."

Quicklies: The breakup of one of the most famous night-club and recording teams occurred in Las Vegas in early October, when singer Keely Smith divorced her bandleader husband Louis Prima. Their split was rumored for months, but Louis and Keely either denied the rumors or refused to comment when questioned by reporters. Then, the nine-year marriage ended after only 15 minutes in closed court. Keely was quick to comment, "The divorce doesn't mean I'll never work with him again." . . . Barbara Billingsley, driving along the Pacific Coast with husband Dr. William Mortensen, spied a sign which said: "Worms For All Uses." Even Dr. William couldn't answer when she demanded, "If you don't go fishing, what do you use a worm for?" . . . Gogi Grant and husband attorney Bob Rifkind expect their first addition in March . . . Pretty Cathy Crosby finally seems to have found happiness as the bride of Texas oil-man Eddie Gilbert. Her parents were at the wedding, papa Bob gave his daughter away in marriage, then he and wife June moved to Honolulu a week later. "From now on," said Bob, "I'll commute only when the kitty needs refilling. I wish we'd left Hollywood years ago. It's no place to find contentment." The Crosbys bought their Hawaii proper-

The talented pooch last menaced Richard Boone in a Have Gun—Will Travel segment, but, from now on, will accept no more "heavy" parts, says trainer Jack Weatherwax. Rocco will start next season in The Phantom, a TV series based on the comic strip of the same name. Roger Cread plays the title role, with Rocco as his faithful companion "Devil." . . . Alice Faye, making her movie comeback in 20th-Fox's "State Fair," was amazed at the number of autograph seekers who sought her out on the Dallas, Texas location. The tots and teenagers had seen her old pictures on TV, and their parents remembered the same films from theater "bank night" days. Alice kids about her first scene, alone in the Swine Pavilion of the Texas State Fair Grounds, with forty Hampshire and Duroc hogs. "After fifteen years," says she, "I made my re-debut with forty other hams!"

Learn The Part But Not So Good: Ralph Taeger is no mere play-actor. He strives for the real thing. When he was starred in Klondike he learned to ski and sled expertly. From this TV series, he went into Acapulco and adventures in a tropical paradise—for this, he had to learn almost every sort of water-sport, including skin-diving. More recently, Ralph was starred in the feature "X-15," in which he portrays a pilot. Told by the producer to familiarize himself with the instrument (Continued on page 55)
Nov. 30, Hallmark Hall Of Fame proudly presents "Victoria Regina"—with Julie Harris and James Donald!

by Peter Abbott

On Camera: Bobby Darin, always a rebel, threatens to start his own Rat Pack for younger-generation Sinatras. ... Nineteen-year-old Bobby Rydell still the hottest of the young performers. Desi Arnaz now preparing TV series, Teenage Millionaire, starring Bobby with Rocky Graziano as co-star. Rumors of his getting married are getting Bobby angry.

"Not the kind of subject you kid around about," he says. "Besides, those columnists have me engaged to girls I've never even met." ... Already under serious consideration for next season is the expanding of several Westerns from a full hour to ninety minutes. Rawhide is one shoot-em-up that may be expanded, though co-star Clint Eastwood is not happy about it. ... Season's first major event comes up November 30, via NBC-TV. Julie Harris, James Donald and Basil Rathbone star in "Victoria Regina," directed by Emmy Award winner George Schaeffer. ... Robert Stack's contract expires this coming April. Talk around that he won't renew, but the odds are that he'll be (Continued on page 56)
THERE'S SOMETHING NEW ON RADIO

Richard Hayes—teamed with Carol Burnett for music and fun on CBS Radio—talks about the special challenge of their show

Two ever-ready for laugh or lyric: Carol and Richard.

Four who are young in heart (but glad to be getting older): Richard and Monique, three-and-a-half-year-old son Jonathan, baby Jacqueline Michele.

by MARTIN COHEN

Richard Hayes, dark and handsome, doesn't seem to make sense at first. A youthful veteran of Broadway and night clubs, a recording star, a prominent deejay, he stuns you with his comment on CBS Radio's new Carol Burnett—Richard Hayes Show. He says, "This radio show is the biggest thing that could happen to me. I'm a real happy guy about it."

But he appreciates the incongruity of his statement. "Look, I'm not so foolish as to think it's the same thing as getting your own nighttime TV network show. Let me explain. As a kid, I listened to radio as people watch TV these days. I had programs I wouldn't miss. While other kids wanted to grow up and become movie stars, I daydreamed about being a radio star. I used to think it would be wonderful to be sitting on a bus and the man next to you wouldn't recognize you—"

(Continued on page 60)

The Carol Burnett—Richard Hayes Show, produced and directed by Bruno Zirato Jr., is on CBS Radio, M-F, from 7:10 to 7:30 P.M. EST.
The money is big.
The gamble is bigger.
In this season's new series, here are the masculine stars who're making a high-flying try for top TV ratings

Mark Richman: Ex-Navy and pro football—now hunting Cain's Hundred.

James Franciscus: For glory of Yale, new baby—and The Investigators.

by BETTY ETTER

- Every night this fall, at least one daring young man is gambling his career on TV. Some can feel reasonably sure of an escape hatch if their shows sink in the murky waters of low ratings. To others, it's a tremendous gamble, played for high stakes. They may make it big, as Jim Garner and Gardner McKay did. If they don't, it's back to the world of insecurity until another chance to ride the big rocket comes along. "Dean" of the plungers is sad-faced comic Joey Bishop, familiar to TV audiences from his
Brian Kelly: From auto-happy Detroit to sports-car racing in Straightaway. Right, John Ashley: From Oklahoma State to TV—and a record contract. (P.S. Both co-stars are single!)

John Derek: Once a teen-age idol—now starred in season's only new Western.

Adam West: Fame—and a regal bride—in Hawaii.

Joey Bishop: Keeping his old New Jersey home—"just in case"!

Continued
The money is big.
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Brian Kelly: From auto-happy Detroit to sports-car racing in Straightaway. Right, John Ashley: From Oklahoma State to TV—and a record contract. (P.S. Both co-stars are single!)
Vincent Edwards: Bachelor, farmer's son (from Brooklyn), swim champ—now Dr. Ben Casey.

Robert Lansing: Driving a pink school bus led to stardom as 87th Precinct detective.

guest appearances with Jack Paar, Dinah Shore and Ed Sullivan, and as panelist on *Keep Talking*. Obviously, a fellow who is in constant demand at top night clubs—who emceed last January's Inaugural Gala and the East Coast portion of the Emmy Awards—doesn't have to hustle for jobs. Yet Joey, at forty-three, has elected to take the plunge into series TV via a situation comedy in which he plays a harassed press agent. It's not his first crack at acting; he has made a few movies, latest of which is his pal Sinatra's "Soldiers 3." And he's not burning all his bridges behind him. Though he's rented a house in the Hollywood hills and his wife and teen-aged son Larry have joined him there, he's keeping the white brick homestead in Englewood, New Jersey—just in case.

Dick Van Dyke, who's also starring in his own situation-comedy series this season, hasn't had to worry recently about where his next job was coming from, either. In nine years on TV, the Danville, Illinois "boy-who-made-good" has had morning, afternoon and evening shows, and has "filled in" for many an emcee. And since last winter, when he made a big
personal hit in the Broadway musical, "Bye Bye Birdie," he's had his choice of jobs. What he chose was a series dreamed up by Carl Reiner in which he plays a TV comedy writer as wacky in his personal life as in his scripts. The thirty-five-year-old comic obviously has great faith in the new show. He's given up his house on Long Island, bought a place in the Beverly Hills area, and moved his family to the land of orange groves and Klieg lights. It was no small chore, for Dick and his wife Marjorie (married on Bride And Groom in 1948) have three children: Christian, 11; Barry, 10; and daughter Stacey, 6—plus a full quota of bicycles, musical instruments and pets.

The tall, dark and handsome chap who plays the title role in Ben Casey had a lot of experience going for him when he was buckled into the rocket-to-stardom. Vincent Edwards—born Vincent Zoino in Brooklyn—had made his way up from school plays via (Continued on page 64)
guest appearances with Jack Paar, Dinah Shore and Ed Sullivan, and as panelist on Keep Talking. Obviously, a fellow who is in constant demand at top night clubs—who emceed last January's Inaugural Gala and the East Coast portion of the Emmy Awards—doesn't have to hustle for jobs. Yet Joey, at forty-three, has elected to take the plunge into series TV via a situation comedy in which he plays a harassed press agent. It's not his first crack at acting; he has made a few movies, latest of which is his pal Sinatra's "Soldiers 3." And he's not burning all his bridges behind him. Though he's rented a house in the Hollywood hills and his wife and teenage son Larry have joined him there, he's keeping the white brick homestead in Englewood, New Jersey—just in case.

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Who'll get the guy?

In this corner: Connie Stevens—also known as "Cricket" in Hawaiian Eye.

by TONY WALL

Ralph Taeger twisted his mouth into a half-smile as he stared intently at his plate, then looked up at the beautiful girl across the table. She was staring intently at him. "Okay?" he asked.

"Okay," the girl said. "Very much okay. But what about you? I wouldn't say you are okay."

"Me? Oh, sure," Ralph said. But, down inside, he was taut as a drumhead. And not even the elegance and fine food of the posh restaurant in which he and the girl were dining could relax him.

The girl across from him was Dorothy Provine. The girl should have been Connie Stevens!

Dorothy was understanding and she was fun. Ralph regarded the classic beauty (Continued on page 67)
Dorothy Provine

Connie Stevens

In the middle: Ralph Taeger, exciting, eligible—and hard to hold.

On this side: Dorothy Provine of The Roaring 20's.
Who'll get the guy?

by TONY WALL

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America's midnight madcap has a way of landing like a pistol shot on Page One. Here's an informed guesstimate on where the next explosion will put him

by JIM MORSE

Jack Paar has done it again. . . . Aside from the death of a prominent star, an occasional wedding or divorce, or a scandal of top proportions, news about show-business personalities is generally relegated to the inside pages of the nation's newspapers. Not so with Jack Paar. It's Page One for him!

Paar's most recent headline-making caper, of course, involved the filming of his TV show on the East Berlin border. Congressmen heaped criticism on the NBC showman . . . the East German Communist regime warned the U. S. Army not to "play war games" for television cameras on the border in Berlin . . . and the Defense Department relieved one Army officer of his duties and admonished another (although these actions were later rescinded).

All of this projected Paar into the world's top news story. And, for him, East Berlin became another controversy in a series which has included the water closet, Fidel Castro and Ed Sullivan.

The direct result—as is always the case when Paar boils—was that his ratings zoomed. The indirect result was an additional shot of pressure on NBC's No. 1 problem: A decision on who will eventually succeed Paar on his late-at-night program.

As the millions of regular viewers of the Paar circus are well aware, the hero of the midnight air has for some time now been threatening to leave the grind of a daily program in favor of a more relaxed schedule.

In the past, these threats have usually been made when Paar was about to begin negotiations for a new contract or was seeking concessions from the NBC brass. His salary has been increased, and concessions have been made. For example, his shows were decreased from five a week to four, with the (Continued on page 65)

The Jack Paar Show is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 11:15 P.M. to 1 A.M. EST. See local papers for time in your area.
all about PAAR'S LOADED GUN

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Ann-Margret: The Female Presley

by WILLIAM TUSHER

In the Congo Room at Las Vegas' Sahara Hotel, George Burns announced the next act in his revue: "Ladies and gentlemen, I want you to meet a young lady who is going to sing her way into your hearts—one of those breaths of fresh air that now and then sweep over show business, a girl with the voice and face of an angel—direct from the campus of Northwestern University. I give you a wholesome and refreshing new personality, Ann-Margret!"

Ann-Margret chuckles when she recalls her big-time debut with George Burns—a performance which led to her contract as an RCA recording star, an appearance on a Jack Benny TV special, and her co-starring role with Pat Boone and Bobby Darin in "State Fair," her first picture in a seven-year dream pact with 20th Century-Fox.

"Here I was, direct from Northwestern and everything," says shapely Ann-Margret (115 pounds, five-feet-four-and-three-quarters), "and they expected to see me come on with a frilly dress and everything. I guess they were startled to see me running on with these (Continued on page 75)
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The Kids Sound Off on TV Violence:

CUT OUT ALL

by

JO RANSON
An inquiring reporter in search of TV program tastes among the moppets of the land recently emerged with reassuring findings: He encountered a ten-year-old redhead named Peter who was a confirmed Western-oater fan. Among Peter's favorites were Wyatt Earp and Gunsmoke. The family permitted him to watch these horse operas—provided he finished his homework and straightened his room. Time and again, Peter saw an endless procession of stage-line holdups and dishonest gambling goings-on.

These frontier-day shenanigans bothered his father. "Peter," he said sternly, "villains always get punished and they are nothing but bad men, and the women they go with are not nice. Just remember that!" But Peter, like many of (Continued on page 73)
The Kids Sound Off on TV Violence:

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Strawberry blonde Betty Walker's bright, two-minute spots on the big ABC Radio feature, Flair, are billed as fiction and comedy—but give listeners the feeling of eavesdropping on real life. The telephone is Betty's medium and her one-sided conversations with an imaginary husband, Warren, and her girl friends, Ceil and Birdie, are masterpieces of timing.

In an accent which is a blend of Bronx, Brooklyn, Lower East Side and New Jersey, she has remarked to Birdie: "The doctor finally found the cause of Ina's bursitis . . . her charm bracelets were too heavy." One bit with Ceil went, "Ceil, are you sitting down? . . . Are you near water? . . . I got something to tell you. . . . My sister-in-law is getting married. . . . She met him in group therapy. . . . What ails him? . . . Who cares what ails him, just so long as he never gets over it?"

Then there was the day that Warren, unbeknownst to her, had suffered a hot-foot—and was still suffering. Happily, she calls out: "Daddy's on the phone . . . come here, children, talk to Daddy." Abruptly, her tone changes: "You don't want to talk to the children? . . . Warren, why are you so hostile?" In shocked surprise, she echoes: "They lighted your shoe? . . . Oh." For a moment the silence is heavy, but she finds an explanation: "Warren, they were just saying, 'Daddy, we love you.'" An edge comes into her voice: "Warren, have you thought it could be your fault? . . . Maybe they wanted more attention. Maybe they thought a daddy with a sick foot wouldn't go bowling tonight . . . wouldn't go coach Little League . . . wouldn't go to Fire Department practice . . ." Her indignation mounts: "Warren, my children are orphans of your civic mind. . . ." Then the tables are turned. Her loud "Ouch!" is followed by a wail: "Children, why did you light Mommy's foot?"

A listener's feeling of eavesdropping is not coincidental. Betty herself is a champion eavesdropper. "You'd be surprised how many great lines you can pick up on a bus or subway." Her family is another source. "We have a brothers-and-sisters meeting every few months. By now, they recognize the look in my eye when I hear an interesting phrase. Someone is bound to say, 'I suppose you're going to use that.' I laugh—and reach for a scrap of paper."

Those scraps are duly deposited in a brightly decorated letter box on Betty's desk. She says, "I make notes on anything I can find—the back of a sales slip, an envelope, a bit of wrapping paper. As soon as I empty my purse, there's the material for my next radio bit. It's easy to be" (Continued on page 62)
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Telephone Talk Artist

“Hello” is the sweetest word in the English language to Betty Walker, whose hilarious talkathons in New Yorkese panic the customers over ABC Radio’s Flair

by HELEN BOLSTAD

Flair, ABC Radio’s big daytime feature, is heard M-F on local stations throughout the country; check newspapers for time in your area.
DEAN MARTIN

The Father Behind The Playboy

Mellow charm is the keynote of Dean's public image.

Is it true? Or is it instead—as his wife insists—a calculated build-up of "the Martin Myth"?

by KENDIS ROCHLEN

Dean Martin, the story goes, doesn't drink anymore. The story, of course, is Dean's. He's quite proud of it. In fact, he frequently recites it. "I don't drink anymore," he announces earnestly. He pauses maybe a whole second, then reaches for his glass and takes a generous swig. The straight face gives way to a roguish grin. "I don't drink any more... but I don't drink any less, either."

It's a good routine. It goes over great with Dean's night-club audiences, as do his numerous other quips about quaffing. Of course, when he's appearing on the more restrictive medium of television, Martin waters down the booze bit considerably. But, even if his material is strictly on the wagon, somehow the public image remains the same.

His boldfaced banter about the bottle has led many to believe that the mellow charm which marks every Martin performance, be it on the sound stage or the golf course, is something that's 100 proof. For some reason—which probably a high-priced psychiatrist could explain—Dean's reputation as a devotee of Bacchus has only served to further endear him to his fans. They laugh it up at the idea of Old Dino lapping it up.

It's all part of what Dean's wife Jeanne refers to as "the Martin Myth"—not without some concern and annoyance. "I wish he wouldn't act the alcoholic so often and so convincingly, particularly when he's on television," she says, making it clear she's had enough mythology. She feels it's time to separate facts from fiction. Her husband professes a lack of concern with either. He flashes that ingratiating smile and shrugs. But he doesn't expect anyone with a grain of intelligence to be completely taken in. As for those who do swallow the Martin Myth, hook, line and sinker, Dean takes the attitude that that's their problem.

According to Webster, a myth is "a legend, a traditional story, often founded on some fact of nature." And so it is in Dean's case. He's the first to admit that there was a time, some twelve years ago, when he might have been labeled as something of a tosspot. Today he exercises moderation. In a way, Dean is telling the truth with that joke about not drinking "any more." The fact is, he doesn't drink any more than the average sophisticated adult. And he drinks considerably less than any number of his Hollywood colleagues—or others around the country, for that matter.

There's little likelihood that Dino will ever switch to straight sarsaparilla. Nor is he about to pretend that he has. Dean may have only two or three drinks at a party—but, unlike many a star, he doesn't hide his glass the minute a photographer appears. And nobody can look as bleary-eyed in a candid shot as the smiling Mr. Martin. Dean himself once remarked that, when he looks at himself in the mirror in the morning, he'd swear he was drunk, if he didn't know he was cold sober.

One of Martin's close friends recently came up with an interesting observation. "When you (Continued on page 58)"

Blonde wife Jeanne says the elbow-bending gag gives a false picture of a devoted family man. She adds that the biggest beverage order in their household of seven children—Craig, 19; Claudia, 16; Gail, 15; Deno, 13; Dean Jr., 10; Ricci, 8; Gina, almost 5—is really 78 quarts of milk each week! But, characteristically, Dean himself can get a laughline out of that subject, too.
George Maharis, modern-day rebel, explains why he feels he was

BORN
5,000
YEARS
TOO LATE

by MARILYN BECK

George Maharis co-stars in Route 66, as seen on CBS-TV, Fri., from 8:30 to 9:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Chevrolet Motor Division of General Motors, Philip Morris, Inc. (Marlboro Cigarettes), and Glenbrook Laboratories.
Getting into the swim of things while on a location shooting stay in sun-drenched Florida—the fabulous five who star in SurfSide 6
SurfSide 6
TAKES OVER MIAMI BEACH

Even under ordinary circumstances, Miami Beach, Florida, boasts a flock of celebrities trying to spend money under the benign influence of the Southern sun. But last summer, for over a week, the town was in a tizzy. Not only the Miss Universe Beauty Pageant contestants but the five major cast members of SurfSide 6 were decorating the local scene! Troy Donahue, the handsome topliner of the TV show, was on hand to act as one of the judges of the beauty contest.

Opposite page (l. to r.): Lee Patterson, Diane McBain, Van Williams, Margarita Sierra and Troy Donahue. Below, with series' drama coach (at left). Plan was to use colorful setting of Miss Universe Beauty Pageant in Miami Beach on TV.

Troy Donahue was one of judges selecting Miss U.S.A. (at top). Above, Marlene Schmidt of Germany, new Miss Universe.
Diane McBain arrived cool and serene, despite her recent load of TV and movie assignments.

and, while he worked at this agreeable task, the rest of the SurfSide 6 crew did background film for this season's episodes, much to the delight of the local citizenry.

As all fans of SurfSide 6 know, the series opened its second successful season early in the fall—centering its action around a dashing trio of private detectives who have crime on their minds, but also women. And to add an extra dash of spice—for the boys—the show also stars blonde beauty Diane McBain and Latin bombshell Margarita Sierra. They're a cosmopolitan bunch: Troy Donahue, New Yorker; Van Williams, Texan; Lee Patterson, Canadian; Diane McBain, Californian; Margarita Sierra, Madrid-born, but discovered for the series while belting out songs in New York City.

So, if anyone hustles up to ask you what the formula for a successful TV series is, just say: "Put three handsome young men on a glamorous houseboat, mix with a goodly portion of lovely women, add a dash of adventure—and you have a hit show." Oh, yes, you might add: "Set the action in a fast-moving resort city like Miami Beach. You can't miss!"

SurfSide 6 is now being seen over ABC-TV on Mondays, from 9 to 10 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.

Crew members record familiar SurfSide backdrop—the Miami skyline—for future shows.
Greeting fans and giving with the autographs, Diane takes time out from shooting to enjoy the famed Florida sun.

All is not play for Surf Side "playboys." Learning lines is a serious business.

Just before cameras roll, Margarita Sierra gets final "A-OKay" from production.

Final hair-do checks are must for both Diane and Margarita before shooting.

Chance meeting with Troy results in a souvenir pic for three thrilled fans.
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Robert Young takes a look at a completely new character role from his vantage point behind a

Window on

Window On Main Street is seen over CBS-TV, Monday, 8:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Scott Paper Company and The Toni Company.

"Widower" novelist on TV (left). Bob's been happily wed to Betty (above) for 28 years.
It's kind of funny and it's fascinating to create a person who doesn't exist." Robert Young is plainly intrigued with Cameron Brooks, his new TV role in Window On Main Street. He's still getting acquainted with this new character, this novelist who has returned to his hometown to write a book about its people. After ten years, Bob is thoroughly familiar with Jim Anderson of Father Knows Best—to whom he now refers as "the other fellow"—but Cam Brooks is still a comparative stranger.

"You can make him any way you want," Bob says. "You can give him a tic, you can make him irresponsible. The other fellow had to have his feet on the ground. This fellow is more of a romanticist. We've deliberately made him a more complex character than the other one. He can blow hot and cold, he can be very excited and then become very depressed. You may even get a little impatient with him. But, if you do, it will engender more interest in him as a person."

Cameron Brooks and Window On Main Street are the result of three men "just sitting around" four months and talking. "I wish we had kept a record of (Continued on page 80)
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Window on Main Street

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by BEATRICE EMMONS

"A feud? They say it was a regular donnybrook! Steve McQueen and Bobby Darin trading snarls and dirty looks—maybe a couple of punches, too—then Nick Adams getting the rough side of the tongue from both parties. I tell you, I got it straight from one of the extras. Talk about bad blood among the movie stars! Sinatra-and-Duke-Wayne was pink tea compared with McQueen-and-Darin. It's the feud of the year."

The above is an actual quote, and it sums up one of the hottest rumors making the rounds of Hollywood. It has appeared in certain columns in various parts of the country. And, by now, it has been magnified and distorted to the point where a few simple facts have taken on the look of mayhem and attempted murder. What are the few grains of meat in this goulash of hearsay, guesswork and falsification? Checked out carefully, they boil down to this:

They were shooting a war picture, "Hell Is For Heroes," on the Price Ranch in Cottonwood, some twenty miles from Redding in northern California. It doesn't just get hot up there—the mercury hits 115 degrees. The scene was supposed to be near the Siegfried Line in Germany, December, 1944, and the special-effects department had gone all-out, with every gimmick in the book, to make it authentic... scorched earth, shell craters, trees black with smoke and flame... a stark, frightening fragment of war's horror. With the sun blazing
overhead, director Don Siegel calls for action. Steve McQueen, Bobby Darin, Nick Adams, Fess Parker and Bob Newhart get into place. The action starts, the cameras begin grinding—then everything halts.

Perspiration is streaming down each actor's face. The makeup men mop up. Siegel says, "Let's try again." The cameras roll, but it's the same story. They go at it four times before Siegel is satisfied and yells, "Cut and print!"

Immediately, McQueen—soaked to the bone—whirls and darts for his portable dressing room without a word to anyone. At almost the exact instant, Bobby Darin rushes for a shady spot where his wife, Sandra Dee, is waiting. The other actors, swabbing their faces and necks with kerchiefs, scatter for shade and a shower.

This much is true. These are the facts. The rest is built up of "maybes," "ifs" and "might haves." It is typical of the way such rumors get off the ground and blow up into cyclones of scandal and legend. For that reason, it's worth exploring the alleged feud between singing sensation Darin and Wanted—Dead Or Alive McQueen.

First of all, why do people jump to such conclusions on the basis of such meager evidence? In this instance, there were two jumping-off points. You can call them "character" and "external circumstances." The external circumstances are simply the heat that turned (Continued on page 70)
The Brighter Day: Blair Davies plays Rev. Richard Dennis; Dean Harens is Dr. Fuller; and June Dayton—Dean's wife—is Patsy.

Mr. and Mrs. at home—dogs are only two of the surprises Fate has handed Dean and June.

That romance shooting off sparks on The Brighter Day comes naturally. The two loving participants are really man and wife!

by FREDDA BALLING

• Millions have watched, on TV's The Brighter Day, as the electricity sparked between the story's biochemist, Dr. Charles Fuller, and his laboratory assistant, Patsy Hamilton. Many, perhaps, knew that Dr. Fuller was being played by Dean Harens, and that Patsy was given flesh and blood by June Dayton. But only a few viewers realized that Miss Dayton was also Mrs. Harens, in private life. This happy casting was accidental. When the writer decided to bring Patsy Hamilton back into the story, June—voted perfect for the role—was signed at once. Next problem: Choosing Dr. Fuller.

The casting director saw dozens of prospects, then announced to the program's director and producer: "The best bet is a handsome guy named Dean Harens." The brass—knowing that Dean was half of TV's version of (Continued on page 71)
"When I said I'd do anything for my owner, Rudd Weatherwax," says Lassie, "I really didn't think I'd end up playing a girl!" The show has undergone many cast changes, but Lassie just goes barking along.

Bushy, brown-haired "Coco" joins Donna Reed Show as they start their fourth season. He resembles a lion, but the cast insists he's gentle as a lamb.

Enoch, Candy and Charlie got their big break on a Jack Benny show—now they star in The Hathaways, with Peggy Cass and Jack Weston. It adds up to plenty of "monkey business."

"Pure Mongrel" Jasper II joined John Forsythe, Noreen Corcoran, and Sammee Tong in Bachelor Father when Jasper I (no kin) retired last year. The shaggy dog loves to regale his canine friends with "slick human" jokes.
by JUNE CLARK

- Maybe all you need to put you in a happy holiday mood is a new hair-do. Something to make you feel completely different. To bring out a New You—a more glamorous girl than you have been seeing in your mirror.

... It happened to Connie Francis. And it was almost as exciting as having those eight gold records. (There's a potential new one now—"Hollywood" with "Dreamboat" on the reverse side, plus two new albums: "Never On Sunday and Title Songs from Motion Pictures" and "Folk Song Favorites.") ... "I don't know why I waited so long to change my hair," Connie says. "The way I wore it wasn't significant or different. It was just a plain old hair-do. Too curly and too flat to my face." (See small picture below.) ... Her new arrangement gets its name, The Flip, because both sides can be flipped up. (As Connie wears it on the facing page.) Or presto! one side can be flipped up and back, and the other forward in one curling sweep toward the face.

"Mostly I wear it flipped up on both sides, but it's fun to change about." ... Her bangs are fun, too. Not cut in a sharp line, but cute and careless. On and off camera, the new hair-do makes Connie's face look slimmer, her brown hair smoother, her dark eyes more sparkly. It even makes her look taller than her five-foot-one. ... It was originally designed especially for her by a New York hair stylist, but Connie takes care of it herself when she is on the road doing night clubs and personal appearances. On home ground, she goes to the hairdresser every other day. "You walk out of a beauty salon feeling so pretty," she says. She has about three shampoos a week, a lanolin hair-conditioning treatment every two weeks. She sets her hair with beer. It helps if a girl learns how to take care of her own hair at least part of the time. But, if possible, it should be professionally styled. And a style like Connie's needs a soft permanent, either home or salon, for body. ... Teasing the hair is important, but Connie had her hairdresser show her the right way. All these short-cuts were a big help when she was vacationing in Europe this fall after her big September special on ABC-TV. She started some of the scenes in Paris for her new movie, a comedy in which she will sing several songs ... and, who knows?—maybe come up with another new Connie Francis hair-do as becoming as this!

It's called The Flip—and it's as gay and changeable as the name suggests.

And it proved to Connie Francis that every girl's face needs a special frame!
Billie Lou Watt, a regular on From These Roots, explains why she finds her life as actress-mother not only easy to take but easy to do

by FRANCES KISH

Unlike some actresses, Billie Lou Watt has never let her life become divided into compartments. There isn’t one compartment in which she is Maggie Weaver of TV’s From These Roots... another in which she is the wife of actor-producer Hal Studer... a third in which she is the busy mother of three. “Everything has always worked together,” she says. “Acting has just seemed to take its place in my life along with home and family.”

Billie Lou is her real name. “A good name when I was playing teen-age girls—but I was sure somebody would try to change it when I grew up into more glamorous roles! We’ve given our children plain, solid names that can’t confuse anyone,” John Watt Studer is fifteen; Michael, eleven; and Joan, nine.

They all live in an old colonial house on a tree-lined street on Long Island. “The house in which Maggie lives on the show is also an old house, furnished not too unlike the one I go to every night. So I feel at home both places.” There are evidences of children everywhere. In winter, sleds and skates. In summer, tennis rackets and baseballs.

“For the past six years, most of our summers have been spent with the Little League,” she says. “First with John, now with Mike. No matter how busy I’ve been professionally, I always manage somehow to get out to the field. Even Joan would be in Little League, if they would let her.” As it is, Joan studies dancing, and all three children take piano lessons.

Billie Lou herself began ballet classes early, in St. Louis, Missouri, where she was born.

When she was twelve, MGM was casting a screen version of “Tom Sawyer.” Talent scouts came to St. Louis, and Billie Lou was tested for the key role of Becky Thatcher.

“I didn’t get it. But, after that, I knew I wanted to be an actress. I went into the Little Theater and played all the little-girl parts.” She also began to do children’s roles for the Municipal Opera, and acting fitted smoothly into her school life.

When she went on to Northwestern University, in Illinois, she didn’t guess fate had ordained she would meet her future husband there. Hal was a fellow drama-and-speech student, and it seemed to be love at first sight for both—even though he laughed all through her first try at public speaking! “He told me afterward that he thought I was so cute. He liked the fact that I wasn’t too sure of myself.”

World War II cut into Hal’s college career and their dating. He went into the Army for three years, she continued in school, later left to play Corliss Archer in “Kiss and Tell,” her first big stage role. The show ran to record audiences in Chicago for nine months, then she toured for another three.

During the Chicago run, she and Hal became formally engaged. In Maryland, at the end of Billie Lou’s tour, Hal—due for discharge in a few months—came home on leave and they were married. Their first apartment was in New York’s Greenwich Village. “A fantastic apartment with a fantastically nice landlord. His wife gave me enough cooking utensils to get started, and passed along enough cooking lore.
Husband Hal Studer is a top actor, too—but Joan, Michael and John (left to right) are quite blasé about their parents' show-business status. The only time they were "impressed" was when they had the real, live star of a local children's TV show as guest in their own home.

Continued
the Lady with the Double-Talk Name

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so I could keep Hal well fed. I had to keep myself well fed, also—because, by now, I was four months’ pregnant and eating for two."

On the day John was born, Hal got his first contract role on NBC Radio. "Now we could afford the baby," she says. A little later, she got a part in a show called "The Legend of Lou." After it was all set, her agent said casually, "Of course, you play the piano. I told them you could." Billie Lou couldn’t! But she had to learn one piece, because the plot required her playing the piano.

"I left the baby with a sitter, so I could practice on a friend’s piano. By sheer concentration, I learned 'The Shelik of Araby.' They said my playing was okay, but they didn’t like that piece—could I play something else? So I spent two more weeks learning 'Deep Purple.'" After all that work, the minute I sat down at the piano, my mother in the play took over stage-center and began to do a sort of strip-tease. It wouldn’t have made much difference whether I hit wrong notes or not!"

Hal has had a dramatic club for children at their church, and at one time they both had a children’s theater. Both have done a great deal of work in radio and television. Hal did a stint on From These Roots as Ahmed, the Pakistani houseboy, and is currently involved in the production of an off-Broadway play. "In Wendy Warren," Billie Lou recalls, "I appeared with Rod Hendrickson, who later on played Ben Fraser in From These Roots."

Her present role as Maggie Weaver came unexpectedly. The casting director of an agency, for whom she was doing a commercial, said: "You have a little girl, haven’t you? Would you like to bring her in to audition?" The Struders had no idea of urging their children into acting, but decided to let Joan try out at least that once.

Back at the agency, Billie Lou ran into Don Wallace, then producer of From These Roots. (Eugene Burr is the present producer). "I should have thought of you right away," he said. "I think you are just right for one of the parts in the show."

"Joan didn’t get the commercial," she says. "She got to go to the circus instead and that was more thrilling. And I got the role of a woman toward whom I feel extremely sympathetic, in a story that is continuously interesting. Our mail is so exciting! It shows such appreciation for the way we present the story of 'adoptive' parents."

Billie Lou feels fortunate in having a lovely grandmother-sitter when she’s away from the house. "Living so far from their own grandparents, who are still in the Midwest, we like having a 'substitute grandma.'" Sometimes the combination-of-home-and-actress routine takes a little ingenuity. But Billie Lou manages it all and—thanks to luck, good will and good planning—"everything always works together!"
MORNING OUTLOOK

... on news, weather, and interesting people is provided by WAVE-TV's versatile Ryan Halloran

Each weekday morning, WAVE-TV in Louisville, Kentucky, invites viewers to stay fit and keep informed on the day's latest developments with The Morning Show. Handling the news, weather and interview portion of the show is a versatile native of Minnesota—Ryan Halloran. Besides his varied duties on The Morning Show, Ryan also does the 11:10 p.m. weather report on TV, and Mostly Music on WAVE Radio. Ryan's broadcasting career began when he won an announcing contest at KWNO, in Winona, Minnesota—and it almost ended a few weeks later! This is the way Ryan tells it: "A few weeks after I began my announcing job, I was told I would be fired because of lack of talent. Then, two other men at the station got other jobs, and suddenly my services became indispensable." There's no doubt that Ryan's services have become so since then, too. He is now an experienced newscaster, interviewer, weatherman, deejay and children's programs host. Ryan's only problem with his work is one shared by many—too much to do and too little time to do it in. Says he, "Due to my crowded schedule, I suppose I'm 25% asleep 75% of the time. Viewers seem to assume this semi-conscious state to be relaxation and informal ease, so everyone is happy." Among those Ryan keeps happy are his pretty wife Louise and five little Hallorans—Ryan, 15; Mike, 13; Louise, 10; Shannon, 8; and Paul, 2. They all live in a white brick colonial house frequently visited by (says Ryan) "police car, fire truck, or pediatrician"... since the five small Hallorans, with attendant pets, seem to have a penchant for "getting into and out of (or failing to get into or out of) various cages, closets, boxes, etc." "I like fishing, football and photography," says Ryan, "but my hobby seems to be finding time to enjoy them!" The poser is—where does Ryan find time to sleep and eat?
Singing Barb Becker of WITI-TV—loved by children and puppets alike.

When, about a year ago, Barbara Becker opened her 6 P.M. show with a song, weather fans may have been startled. It soon became apparent, however, that this was no ordinary gimmick—here was a gal who could really sing.... Since then, Barbara, who started out as a straight "Weather Gal" at WITI-TV in Milwaukee, has branched out even further. She still does the weather every day, at noon, and at 10:10 P.M. as part of The Late Show, but she has gained even more fans—and in a new age bracket—with her six-times-a-week appearance on Cartoon Alley, shown M-F at 5 P.M. and Saturdays at 9 A.M. . . . Barbara, the only human to appear on-camera on the Alley show, plays the role of secretary to "Albert the Alley Cat," a moocher and grifter who dominates his gang of animal friends. The animals, of course, are puppets . . . Barb's part in the show is to provide a human foil for Albert and the other characters . . . and she helps them with their problems, sings songs with and to them, and builds a tremendous following of kids. Mail pull on the show has run better than a thousand a week since it took to the air last March. . . . Actually, Barbara started as a weather girl almost by accident. She had been on the club circuit for a couple of years, touring as a vocalist with some of the name bands in the country. Milwaukee is "home," so she stopped on her way from Las Vegas to New York to visit her parents. She heard WITI-TV was looking for a weather girl, auditioned, and grabbed the job. . . . Born in Clinton, Iowa, Barbara moved to Milwaukee as a teenager. She started singing in high school, and did three local TV shows a week. She studied speech at Marycrest College in Davenport, then enrolled in the Pasadena Playhouse. Soon she was wrapped up in school work, TV shows, and singing with Les Brown's band at the Palladium. . . . On another "happenstance" visit to Milwaukee, she heard Wayne King was looking for a vocalist. He wanted a blonde soprano, and Barbara, whose hair is a fiery red, was neither. But, again, she auditioned for the job and got it. During the next four years, she toured the United States, Canada, and South America with the waltz king's orchestra. . . . When King went into semi-retirement, Barbara went on to become an NBC-TV "color girl." Her trail led to the club circuit and WITI-TV. . . . Bachelor Barb now lives with her parents in a rambling River Hills house complete with swimming pool, barbecue pit and five acres of grounds. The set-up is ideal for pursuing her four main interests—work, family, swimming and golf. . . . She also spends a good deal of time tracking down clowns and her collection of these—in forms of dolls, glassware and paintings—has reached 187. Doll Barbara seems to have found the perfect career for her tastes and talents.
It's A Young People's World

... as four Taft TV stations answer the "whys" on daily children's news programs

I t's children who are making the headlines these days! At least, on Taft television stations in four cities which recently launched a unique concept of reporting and interpreting news for the "younger set," from the beginning school years through the early teens. These Young People's World programs were initiated in Cincinnati and Columbus, Ohio; Birmingham, Alabama; and Lexington, Kentucky. Format of the show in each city follows a basic pattern—five minutes in early morning and/or evening time with a well-known children's personality presenting the news, accenting at least one important timely subject in the day's happenings. The presentations are purposely short, because the attention span of a child is limited and easily taxed. The show for youngsters—who had never before been exposed, on a mass basis, to news media geared especially for them—is psychologically planned in each city to take into consideration the emotional impact on children's minds and reactions. It deliberately skirts news stories of violence and, instead, proposes to explain the "why" of news happenings, create interest, imagination and conservative response on the part of children. The Taft philosophy: "We feel it is more important to explain the 'why' of an event than the 'who' or 'what." For example, every child knows that Commander Alan Shepard is our first Astronaut. Most of them know what an Astronaut is; a great many are equally familiar with how he gets wherever he is headed; but, relatively few, if any, know why he wants to go there. This is where our program comes in." At WKRC-TV, Cincinnati, "Skipper" Glenn Ryle presents Young People's World daily in a five-minute segment within his weekday 5 to 6 P.M. show. Ryle already has been presenting News For Youth within his regular Sunday Skipper Ryle program for more than a year. On WBRC-TV, in Birmingham, Pat Gray is the commentator for Young People's World, heard daily at 4:25 P.M. In Columbus, a newscast is presented twice daily on WTVN-TV: Every morning at 8:55, by Mrs. Pat Ritter, hostess of Janey's Jingles; and in the late afternoon, at 4:25, by Chuck Nuzum, whose puppet and cartoon show,
Casper's Capers, has been on the air for several years. ... Lexington, Kentucky’s Young People’s World is incorporated into the Windy And Popeye program at 5:45 P.M. on WKYT. ... Each of these TV personalities relies on visual means of explanation as the more important aspect of each presentation. The commentators draw from a vast supply of Encyclopaedia Britannica films on nature, personalities, the elements, history and geography to tell their stories graphically. ... Emphasis is also given to news of juvenile exploits and achievements, and to sidelights of hard news to reflect the juvenile aspect, such as the child refugees of Cuba and Berlin. Wherever possible, juveniles involved in news happenings may appear as guests on the programs, such as a child involved in a humanitarian incident or for achievements in youth activities. ... Adult interviews with personalities who can shed light on news stories are frequently used to lend change of pace and interest to the program format. At the Cincinnati station—to create active, responsive interest on the part of viewers—a prize of a 2500-page color-illustrated Webster’s Dictionary, plus Home Reference Library books, is offered to the child who sends in the best “question of the week” on a subject which he wants to see discussed on Young People’s World. ... Above all, the shows avoid any resemblance to school work or homework. They also all have one goal in mind: To excite the imagination and awaken the interest of children in the wide, wide world around them.
DETOUR'S
FAVORITE
BELLBOY

Meet Jerry Gale of WXYZ-TV—known to the younger set as funny, lovable Johnny Ginger

Jerry Gale has been working hard since he was young enough to be one of his own fans. He was six, in fact, when he first entertained professionally as a member of his family's vaudeville troupe. Now, as Johnny Ginger, the bemused bellboy, Jerry entertains other six-year-olds every day, from 7:30 to 8:30 A.M. and from 5 to 6:30 P.M., over WXYZ-TV in Detroit. Jerry toured with his parents and his brother Kenny until he was eleven. Then, because Kenny—who suffered a punctured lung in an auto accident—needed a stable, restful life, the Gales retired from the stage and settled in their home town, Toledo. There Jerry completed his high-school education. At the age of 15, however, Jerry teamed with a friend, Jimmy Nichols, and was back performing again, mainly in amateur shows around Toledo. When Jerry was 18, he and Jimmy began working professionally in theaters and burlesque as the "Pantomaniacs." By the age of 21, Jerry was on his own in the nightclub circuit, developing his singing, tap-dancing and slapstick-comedy act. He does essentially the same act these days, when he finds time to play a club in the Detroit area. However, because of his busy TV commitments, Jerry doesn't do much outside work anymore. He remembers that he was working a night spot in Windsor when he got that break which led him into television. Pete Strand, Program Director at WXYZ-TV, happened to catch Jerry's act one night and asked him to audition for the station. Jerry was one of forty hopefuls at the audition, but one of his rivals almost nipped Jerry's television career before it began. He remarked on Jerry's resemblance to Soupy Sales and said it was not likely the station would want two "Soupy's." This was enough to discourage Jerry and he was on his way home when another aspirant suggested he go in and look around the studios, anyway. When he went in for a "look," he sang a song, told a few jokes and that was it: Johnny Ginger was born. Jerry loves Johnny and he loves Johnny's fans. Obviously, he hopes to go on as he is for a long, long time. In a longer view, Jerry would like to try acting in Westerns on television and in the movies. He loves horses, has trained them and broken them, and rides whenever he can. Along with their mother, Patricia, his sons Rockland, Randall Lee, and Kevin regularly watch Johnny on TV. And, while they enjoy romping with their dad Jerry in their comfortable Garden City home, they think Johnny Ginger is a lot funnier.
What's New on the West Coast

(Continued from page 7)

panel of a plane, Ralph pushed on with his study and became a full-fledged licensed pilot. But now his agents are getting worried. He was offered an important role and they regretfully turned it down. Reason: He would have had to play a botanist slowly dying of plant poisoning. "We were afraid he'd get so realistic, he'd 'live the role' and we'd lose a client," they explain. Ralph grins: "I wonder what they'd say if they knew I've been approached about doing the part of a spaceman?"

The City Dump Is Where You Need A Fan: Van Hefflin recently remodeled his home and had to take a number of large trees, cut down from his Brentwood estate, to the Los Angeles city dump. While waiting for his crew of workmen to unload the trucks, Van was approached by an official bearing what looked like a book of regulations. The actor immediately became worried for fear he'd broken a law. "Mr. Hefflin," said the official, "would you be good enough to sign our city-dump guest book? We'd like to add your name to those of the other stars we've had here!"

Hollywood Go-Round: Dan Duryea's recent appearance on Laramie marked the actor's 100th "guest star" television appearance. ... Cliff Robertson has purchased screen rights to "The Two Weeks of Charlie Gordon," U.S. Steel Hour teleplay which won him an Emmy nomination. ... The kiddies' favorite comic, Soupy Sales, has formed his own TV company and will film a series with the quite natural title of In The Soup. ... Warner Bros. apparently learned a lesson from the James Garner walkout and court case and are giving all their TV stable a crack at feature films. Andrew Duggan and Ty Hardin have been assigned top roles in the studio's "Chapman Report." ... Larry Pennell, star of the new Ripcord series, says: "Some actors do movies so they can get into TV, and some do TV so they can make it big in movies. Me—I'm just working real hard so I can get my own radio show. It's my number—on ambition." ... Efrem Zimbalist explains why he no longer enjoys reading detective stories: "Before I started work in 77 Sunset Strip, I read mysteries voraciously, each time trying to guess who done it. Lately, when I read them, I find myself trying to guess what the network might object to, if it were a teleplay?"

Bob Ryan's "rotten" businessman but a "first-class" Irishman. While filming "Billy Budd" in London, he passed up a BBC TV "special" and spent his one week off from the film visiting distant relatives in Ireland. "Just had to get a look at the land of my forebears," says Bob, "even if it did cost me money." ... Molly Bee filed for divorce against TV cameraman John Kipp less than three months after she became a bride. Friends say she married on the rebound—is "orcharding" for an "unavailable" man. ... A surprise threesome cropping up often is Joan Fontaine and Glenn Ford. Joan's comment: "He's interesting, well-read, doesn't talk about the movie industry, and he orders a dinner beautifully." No logical-minded, Gary Lockwood, a current Tuesday admirer, has the same birthday, February 21, as Dick Beyer, Tuesday's ex-love.

Tribute to a True Gentleman: When the annual Santa Claus Parade debuts down Hollywood Boulevard this year, its usual leader will be missing. Leo Carrillo, "Man on Horseback," and a star on TV's Cisco Kid a few years back, is gone—and a symbol of California tradition will be sorely missed. The Whosie & Whatsie: Gary Vison, who plays the office boy in The Roaring 20's, took James Flavin, who plays the city editor, to the opening of "The Ice Follies." Says Gary: "I want to be upped to reporter—so I figured I'd better up the boss." ... Leonard Ackerman and John Burrows, the co-producers of Target: The Corruptors, are two serious young bachelors who insist that, while they are by no means "anti-romance," their show is no place for outside fun. Jack Lemmon wanted a walk-on role when girlfriend Felicia Farr was appearing in a recent segment, but the producers both said "nix—work and romance don't mix." Incidentally, Jack and Felicia, "steadies" for four years, seem to hold the Hollywood record in the "When will they ever marry?" department. Doug McClure and Barbara Luna, "engaged" for almost two years, seem to be the runners-up. The betting is 80-20 that neither wedding will ever come off—but then, the same odds were up before Debbie Reynolds and Harry Karl finally became "Mr. and Mrs."

Groucho, Chico and Harpo Marx will tread the TV-ways next season in a most unique way. They'll star in a new Screen Gems comedy series to be produced in "Triplevision." In this new animated art form, the threesome will be represented visually by life-like figures that will talk (except for Harpo—who will whistle), move, and act exactly like the Marx Brothers in their famous movies. All the brothers will have to do is provide the voices. "And that," says Groucho, "is the easiest way to earn a living I've ever heard of." Groucho has a G-E Theater coming up in which he does a straight dramatic role. The producer hoped that his daughter, Melinda, could portray his TV offspring. But, after testing, it was realized that fifteen-year-old Miss Marx wasn't old enough to play a girl about to be married. It turned out to be a family affair, anyway—with Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Hopper playing the young couple. Dennis and Brooke Hayward, daughter of producer Leland Hayward and the late Margaret Sullivan, were newlyweds of three weeks when signed to portray the teenagers in the TV segment.
back...Betsy Palmer expecting first blessed event in March—and, in her home there can be no doubt of the announcement. Her husband is Dr. Vincent Merendino, a pediatrician.

Spare the Bullets: Tall Man’s Barry Sullivan into N.Y.C. with several matters on his mind: “Some columnists kill me with innuendoes. I meet people who think I’ve been married five times. Fact is, I’ve been married only twice but newspaper guys insist on painting me as a Romeo. The other day, I took my daughter and her friend to the tennis courts for a workout. On the way back, we stopped for dinner—and, according to a columnist, I was out with a couple of cuties.”

Love & Lucre: Sophia Loren flirting with TV offers. But, with her recent successes, her price comes high...Eddie Fisher finally showing irritation over the comments about his seeming subservience to Liz. He’s looking for good TV spots...Tuesday Weld and

NBC has slated the TV version of famous movie “Intermezzo” for November 19. New Swedish star Ingrid Thulin—with director Fred Coe, Jean Pierre Aumont.

Gary Lockwood, very much involved twosome, play another TV love scene this month on Bus Stop, via ABC...Al Levy, David Susskind’s partner, predicts the return of live TV and early death of the series format. Notes that profit is going out of “series,” now more expensive to make than a live show, and he maintains that sponsors will eventually wise up to the fact that they are putting their names to “the cheapest sort of melodramas.” (P.S. Last year, out of 300 TV pilots, only fourteen were sold as series)...Joannie Sommers fast gaining stardom, has an ulcer to show for it...Jackie Gleason will not TV with Art Carney, but it’s nothing personal. Strictly business decision...Mighty Mouse, networks’ oldest cartoon series, is sparking the UNICEF campaign and it is nothing to laugh about. Last year, the kids of our nation collected $1,750,000 which aided 56 million mothers and children around the world.

Forever Bachelor: Suave John Forsythe begins, “This Thanksgiving, I will be sitting by the hearth being thankful for the success of Bachelor Father.” He explains he’s in no rush to get back to Broadway or films. “I own part of the TV show—which I enjoy making—and it all spells security enough to call my own shots in the future.” There is only one thing about the show that he finds perplexing. “I get letters from fans asking me why I don’t get married on the show. I can’t answer them. Look, if I got married, there would be no show!”

Quickies: Bob Horton found himself a book for a new musical he would like to bring to Broadway...Marlo, Danny Thomas’s daughter, gets $500 a
week for her part on the Joey Bishop series. High for a newcomer, but the producer happens to be Danny Thomas. . . . The new ingredient on Perry Mason, Karl Held, is no drugstore discovery. Raised in the back streets of Jersey City, he’s come up the hard way. A Phi Beta Kappa student with a master’s degree from Purdue, he is one of those serious dramatists. Happily, he is a bachelor but, unhappily, his chief interests are astronomy and contract bridge. Jan Murray’s dramatic role in the new Dr. Kildare series is not just one of those occasional whims. The comedian is studying dramatics and very hopeful he can change his career.

Manhattan Scene: Robert Young, looking handsome and contented, into N.Y.C. to talk about his new TV series. “It looks good and I’m keeping my fingers crossed,” he says, “but let me tell you this. A year without work didn’t scare me. Some people look fearfully toward retirement. Not me. My year of leisure was wonderful. In some ways, I’m sorry to be back at work.” . . . Also to the big city came Leon Ames, Father Of The Bride, noting, “Money is just a nuisance these days. I came all the way across the country without a dime.” He showed off an empty wallet and commented, “I don’t even have enough for cabfare across town.” . . . And on the town was Myrna Fahey, beautiful young “daughter” of the same show. Her escort was a young Italian she had met last summer in Rome. He had flown all the way over, just to date her.

Televitis: Gene Burr, the producer who shook up the video scene with his incongruous casting for “Paper Bullets,” is again going the wild way in Du Pont December drama, “Wings of Flame.” Dick Clark is cast as a pilot and Mahalia Jackson as an airline hostess . . . Several TV producers aware that handsome Roger Maris captured the imagination of a lot of women. Now Roger is being coaxed into trying some teledrama . . . Broadway insiders predict George Hamilton and Susan Kohner will square the knot during Easter holidays . . . Robbin Bain, new gal on Today show, is a beautiful kook. Her hobbies include palmistry, astrology and numerology. She is single and lives alone with two shaggy poodles. . . . Alice Frost, one of the first “first ladies” of daytime serials, now acting in Hollywood, is scheduled for a TV appearance in The Tall Man.

The Big Ones: Two special Thanksgiving shows scheduled this month. ABC-TV, on November 21, casts Charlton Heston, Betty Johnson, Richard Kiley and others in an hour of Currier & Ives musical vignettes . . . Over at NBC-TV, on November 23, they call it “Home for the Holidays,” another musical Thanksgiving with Gordon MacRae, Patrice Munsel, Carol Haney and Al Hirt. . . . Earlier in November, on the sixteenth, NBC-TV slots a new Purex Special For Women. Title, “The Glamour Trap”—all about gals spending so much on cosmetics . . . On November 19, NBC boasts the TV version of the famous movie “Intermezzo.” The cast stars Jean Pierre Aumont, Teresa Wright and Ingrid Thulin, the new Swedish star—in the same role that initially brought fame to another Swede, Ingrid Bergman. . . . Still earlier—the sixth—CBS airs a one-hour, one-man Danny Kaye Show. Featuring songs, dances, skits and special material, the inimitable Danny will have a large supporting cast. Musical director is David Rose, with Danny Daniels as choreographer.

Deadline Items: Barry Sullivan Italy-bound again. This time, to make a picture with Anita Ekberg. . . . Jennifer Jones has changed her mind about playing the part of Eva Peron in that ABC-TV production. . . . Johnny Mathis will make one of his rare TV appearances with Ed Sullivan on November 28. . . . And that’s the deadline!
Dean Martin: The Father Behind the Playboy

(Continued from page 24)

get right down to it, Dino never really tries to fool anybody—therefore he manages to fool everybody. Sure, he exaggerates and embroiders a little, as with the drunk pose. You might say he does it all up bigger than life. And he does it well, with the sure yet easy touch of an inmate clown. Dean is one of the greatest natural wits in the business and his sense of timing is superb.

"But, basically," the friend continued, "Dean never pretends to be something he isn't. More important, he never tries to fool or impress himself. Now, in a town where phonies are cheaper by the dozen, you'll have to admit that Old Dino is a rare one!"

However, this same friend is quick to add that, despite Martin's basic honesty, he still is not an easy man to understand and there are few who ever really get close to him. "Dino is a paradox. He's amiable, easy-going, unselfish and casual. At the same time, he's determined, hard-working, extremely intent and very well organized. He couldn't be the former if he weren't the latter. He's such a complex person. I think Dean is extremely sensitive, and he's not a man who can readily talk about his innermost feelings.

"But make no mistake about it," he concluded, "this fellow knows just what he's doing, where he's going, and how he wants to get there. In fact, there seems to be considerable evidence that he's already arrived."

Another friend points out that—while Dean appears warm, cordial and even out-going, with acquaintances and strangers—at the same time, he manages to hold something back. "Those meeting him for the first time never realize that Dean is actually restrained and aloof. In fact, I'm not so sure that he does. In the first two minutes with Dean, you get as close to him as you'll ever get."

Whether or not this is true, Martin is extremely popular with his colleagues and with members of the Hollywood press corps. Unlike his "Clan" chum Sinatra, Dean enjoys the unanimous respect of the scribes, who find him polite and usually available. Old Dino is a sure bet when it comes to bright, amusing comments. Even those who are aware that his easy-going manner serves as an effective barricade against their more searching personal questions, don't repair to their typewriters in a pout.

The Martin charm and the Martin wit usually add up to an interesting story. Like Bing Crosby, whom he admits he once copied, Dean has mastered the art of magnificent nonchalance and it serves him well when he's being interviewed. He makes it all seem casual and easy, maybe even a bit lackadaisical. But the sharp reporter quickly realizes that Dino is in control all the way and is saying no more than he intends to.

When dealing with a scribe he likes and trusts, Dean will lower the barricades a little. But he still throws in so many gag lines that you have to be on guard to catch the straight ones. These reveal him as a man possessed of common sense and an uncommon candor. Though not a braggart, Martin has at last developed confidence in his talent, a confidence which his friends say was definitely lacking at the time of his bitter break-up with Jerry Lewis. Dean's great success in every medium has not only brought him financial security, it has given him a new emotional security, as well.

His wife feels that he's finally found faith in himself as a person. And Dino candidly admits that he thoroughly enjoys his stardom and is deeply grateful for all it has brought him. "I know I'm riding the high time of my career," he says. "I only hope it continues. I'll do my best to see that it does. Of course, you realize I'm somewhat handicapped—after all, I'm lazy, lackadaisical, and always half-swacked!"

Growing serious again, Dean adds: "About my drinking—it's strictly a pose, for laughs. I don't drink as much as they say I do or as I say I do. Let's face it, I wouldn't last very long if I did. I know there are people who watch me, convinced that I'm really stoned. And they love it—they're waiting to see what happens next. What they don't know is that you have to be pretty sober to keep pulling those ad-libs out of the thin air. A performer has to be in control of the situation every minute. You can't do a good job if you're really fuzzy."

Songwriter Sammy Cahn, one of Dean's close pals, agrees that Martin talks a better bottle than he drinks. "Truthfully, Dino's not a great elbow-bender in private life," Sammy says. "He doesn't need to drink when he's among friends. When he's appearing in public, he'll take one to bolster his confidence. I think Dean is really rather shy underneath it all, and that glass in his hand helps him get up there and perform."

Of course, Dean no sooner refutes the grog gossip than he turns right around and makes with the 100-proof jokes again. "Why, every night I go straight to the refrigerator and get a bottle of milk," he assured me. "I give it to the cat, then I go back to my drinking."

Jeanne Martin wasn't present during this particular interview, but the next day she asked for equal time. "This is one subject on which Dean and I definitely disagree," the petite blonde explained. "I think it's in bad taste and that he should tone the whole thing down. After all, he's the father of seven children—and a very good father, too. But I'm sure there are many who would never picture him as a good family man. It's time we showed them the other side of the coin. Why, do you know we even get A.A. literature in the mail? And I receive well-meaning letters from women who sympathize with me over poor Dean's 'problem'!

Jeanne sadly admits that so far her

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PLAY EDITOR

MY FAVORITE STARS ARE:

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MY FAVORITE STORIES IN THIS ISSUE WERE:

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*Post this ballot on a postcard and send it to TV Radio Mirror, Box 2150, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y.*
This one point aside, Jeanne Martin thinks her famous husband is a very funny man. "Dean is as big a kick around the house as when he's performing before an auditorium full of people," she says. "There's one thing that's required if you're a member of the Martin family—a good sense of humor. You couldn't live in our house without it. In my opinion, it's a pretty nice way to live. With all the youngsters around, things do get a little frantic now and then. But, somehow, everyone manages to survive.

"People are always asking me about the children. Dean has four by his previous marriage and we've had their custody since 1957. Then we have our three youngest, which all adds up to a big, happy family. It usually flips people when I tell them we use seventy-eight quarts of milk a week and about fifty loaves of bread! Dean clowns around with the kids, but he doesn't let them get away with anything. He's strict when it's necessary, but he's never a tyrant. And you can be sure they respect him."

One day, a pal noted that Dean appeared to have lost a little weight. "I had to. I'm in training to keep up with my kids," Dino said cheerfully. "A while back, I noticed I was getting just a little flabby. When my kids punched me in the stomach, I could feel it. So I've been exercising like crazy. I've got all the gym equipment set up in our cellar—a medicine ball, bicycle, the whole ravioli. I'm in pretty good shape now. Go ahead, punch me," Dean urged.

Another friend thinks that Dean would rather have a good laugh from his children than wow the most sophisticated audience on earth: "I recall one day when Dean was sitting around with the youngsters and he happened to sneeze. Dean noticed that this familiarized the baby, so he sneezed again—and, from a sitting position, threw himself halfway across the room. Then he did some other funny bits of business, some pratt falls and a few rolls on the floor. All the time keeping up a steady stream of funny comments. The kids were wild with delight. No wonder they think their old man is the greatest!"

Jeanne Martin admits it took plenty of adjustments on both sides before she and Dean settled down to peaceful co-existence. "I had to learn not to let my feelings get hurt too easily. For instance, Dean used to be so forgetful, especially when working long, hard hours. During our first five years as husband and wife, he forgot my birthday three times. He still doesn't recall our anniversary unless I remind him. And, I swear, once he even forgot Christmas."

But Dino obviously loves his home. "I should," he quips, "it takes enough dough to run it." Actually, the Martins have two homes—one in Palm Springs, and the large, tastefully furnished place in Beverly Hills, complete with tennis court, swimming pool and all the other trimmings that Dean's success has made possible.

A studio acquaintance once asked Dino where he lived. "I live in the best, the most beautiful house in Beverly Hills," he replied. "Oh, yeah?" his questioner teased. "Tell me, just why is it the best and most beautiful?"

"Because it's mine," Dean answered simply.

Despite his casual, glib manner, Dean Martin really has a great sense of responsibility—to himself, as well as to others. He has gone through some bitter and unhappy periods in the past, but his wife feels that the man of those days is gone forever. As the ladies in The Clan might phrase it: From here on in, Old Dino should find it all "ring-a-ding-ding."

And you can bet he'll raise his glass to that.

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What a blessing to be able to trust in the wonderful germicidal protection Norforms can give you. Norforms have a highly perfected new formula that releases antiseptic and germicidal ingredients with long-lasting action. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that "guards" (but will not harm) the delicate tissues.

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City Zone State
There's Something New on Radio

(Continued from page 9)

but when you mentioned your name, his eyes would light up. That's the way I felt about radio. So, for this very personal reason, I'm happy to have a big-time radio show.

"On the other hand, I've been doing a lot of network radio in the past five years and I know how it could be. I have a theory that the radio audience is getting very, very tired of listening to the local deejay with his Top Forty records. Very often, they represent the tastes of the sub-teen audience. You see this in the popular voices. Frankie Avalon's voice, for example, high and very young. A young voice for the kids. But, no matter whose record, all you have is the record. The charm, the entertainer's personality, isn't there."

Richard—no one calls him Dick—is the first to admit that his attitude toward show business is a little unusual. But his career has been unusual, too. During the past couple of years, he has sung regularly on the Arthur Godfrey show and, at the same time, has emceed The Big Beat, a metropolitan TV rock 'n' roll show for a sub-teen audience.

"I was strictly a blob on the show, a kind of TV deejay," he says. "I never sang. Many of the kids in the audience don't know, until this day, that I'm a singer. Some of the youngsters, however, would come up to me and say, 'Richard, my mother tells me she used to listen to your records when she was a little girl.' Now, I'm sure those weren't the words of her mother—because, when her mother was a little girl, I was a little boy."

Actually, he looks younger than he is. He's thirty-one and, so far as he's concerned, the more people who know his true age, the better. "I've thought of taking ads to tell everyone my age. A couple of times, I was up for the emcee job on quiz shows. The producer would turn to me and say, 'Look, Richard, I like the way you work. The job would be yours, but you look like a kid and it just wouldn't set right to have you running a quiz show for adults."

The mixed blessing of youthful looks is something Richard shares with his wife Monique. Together, they look like brother and sister. Last year, he took Monique to Miami Beach on a three-day vacation. He recalls, "If we went into a club to dance or see a show, they asked for my wife's driver's license. She didn't have it with her and they refused to serve her."

Monique, a pretty brunette, is in her early twenties. She and Richard have been married since July 7, 1957, and have two children. Says Richard, "She's very warm and very honest. Actually, she was born in Belgium and came to the states with her parents when she was three. She majored in journalism at Syracuse University and was working as a continuity writer at WNEW when I first saw her. I called up immediately and made a date."

Curiously, Richard was then, in a sense, a "has-been." His career had begun with a bang at the age of eighteen. In 1947, he had his first million-seller record, "The Old Master Painter." He rode the crest for some six years, and another million-seller, "Our Lady of Fatima," was the first religious record to make the hit parade. In 1954, he went into the Army, served two years—and, when he returned, found that the recording business was dominated by rock 'n' roll. He refused to make the change.

"So Monique joined up with me in a new beginning," he says. "I was no longer the 'barefoot boy from Brooklyn,' but the business had changed and I had to start over again. I wasn't frantic. I'm a firm believer that anything can happen to you tomorrow, in show business, and that's the way it turned out."

He caught a guest shot on The Robert Q. Lewis Show, over CBS Radio. Robert Q. instantly signed him up as a regular performer, a contract which was renewed for four years. And Richard was signed to NBC Radio's Bandstand, emceed by Bert Parks. For a time, Richard was singing for NBC in the morning and CBS in the evening. He earned his own local show over Station WCBS in New York.

He was fired from that one—but, the next week, had a call from Arthur Godfrey. "I went up there to sing once, and Arthur asked me to stay on. This past year, Arthur came to me and said, 'Richard, I did something without asking your permission. I hope it's okay with you. I spoke to the network people and told them I'd like to have you pinch-hit for me while I'm on vacation.'

Mrs. Hoyes is luckier than most show-biz wives—with Richard not "on the road," he's not only home but serving breakfast! I was so thrilled, I didn't know what to say."

He sat in for Arthur two weeks and, when Arthur later took a month off, Richard again took over. The skill he demonstrated in handling the Godfrey show led directly to his getting the new show.

"So you see," he says, "Monique has been sharing all the ups and downs of the business. She has missed the worst side of it—by that, I mean the traveling. I haven't been on the road since I left the Army. And if I should have to go out again, she's going to find herself sitting alone with the children for weeks at a time. That's the worst part of show business for the wife of a performer."

As it is now, they live normally, no differently from businessmen who are their neighbors in their apartment building in Manhattan's Peter Cooper Village. He says, "Show people don't..."
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It's all,"

Making it happen,
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Jonathan saved
by explaining, 'The radio show
resting with The Big Beat.'"

Jonathan thinks all fathers are
on radio and television, but Richard
admits, "My wife and I aren't quite
so sophisticated in our attitude. I got very
excited about meeting a star. I don't
mean a rock 'n' roll star—but one


The Big Beat goes off for the summer.
Jonathan wants to know what happened
to Daddy's job. I explain, 'The show is
resting.'

"But when I lost the local WCBS
Radio show it became a problem. You
can't say to a three-year-old, 'They
didn't like your daddy!'
Actually, it
wasn't the real reason for the cancel-
lation, anyway, and you can't begin to
explain the politics of the business to a
very young child. Jonathan saved the
day by explaining, 'The radio show
resting with The Big Beat.'"

Many of Richard's enthusiasm for
radio entertainment has rubbed off
from Godfrey. He says, 'I've always
had this love for radio, but Arthur has
done more for the medium than any
other performer, and he has shown me
and all the others how to use a micro-
phone. Arthur's secret is in being your-
self and relaxing. Many times, I've seen
him call someone out of the control
booth or audience just to talk a bit
while he was on the air. There's never
a script. But before I sing, there may
be a couple of minutes of chitchat and
strictly ad-lib conversation.'

It's the same quality of ease and per-
sonal charm which Richard carries
into the new show. It sounds easy, but
requires very special talent—alertness,
wit, professional know-how, a sense of
fun, and the desire to entertain on a
very intimate level. Besides its stars,
the show employs the fine musicianship
of Norman Paris as musical director
and Bruno Zirato, one of the most experienced and successful radio producers, as director and producer.

“Our only competition,” says Richard, “are the independent deejay shows, and we have quite an edge on them. They have time checks to get in, and a lot of spot commercials, and they are limited to the same records every other deejay has. We, on the other hand, have a lively entertainment show with original, new material from one day to another. What we are doing is bringing back ‘big-time radio.’”

In the meantime, Richard Hayes has been taking a fresh look at himself. “What am I now—singer, deejay, or even actor? We didn’t talk about the Broadway musical I was in, because that was a turkey. Closed in a month. But the question reminds me that, when my second child was born, I was down in the lobby of the hospital, fretting with other fathers, and I asked myself—suddenly overwhelmed with responsibility—Richard, what do you want to be when you grow up? I think the answer is there. In this business, we are always young in heart and always in the process of growing.

“I’m still singing and I’ll have a new album out on Columbia Records shortly. Sure, I’d like a hit single. It would be wonderful for me, but only because it would mean increased exposure. Outside of that, a big record will do nothing much for me. I think I’m now more of a personality. That appears to be the way I’m developing. There’s talk now about my finally being old enough to head a new quiz show on television!”

Richard Hayes, however, keeps coming back to the new radio show. “Right now, I’m putting everything into it. The radio show comes first. I even gave up the rock ‘n’ roll TV show. I know Carol Burnett is already a star because of her exposure on The Garry Moore Show. What I want to see is whether this one can make a star of me, as radio has so often done for others.”

(Continued from page 22)

funny when other people do all the work for you.” The way Betty tells it, seated in the charming gold and blue living room of her garden apartment on New York’s West 57th Street, she makes it seem a simple formula for writing comedy and working up an act. She admits, however, that the habit of watching for the wry incidents in life reaches deep into her past. Challenged with the question, “What turned your career in this direction? A girl doesn’t suddenly become a comedienne at the age of ten?”—Betty replies, “Oddly enough, I did. I heard a joke at a funeral, then told it at a school Halloween party.”

She was born Edith Seeman, in Elizabeth, New Jersey, the youngest of eight. Her father died. “My oldest boys, four girls, and expected another boy, but I upset the count.” On another score, she fulfilled a hope. “My father and mother came from Riga, Latvia. There they had been expelled from their strict school because they took walk-on parts in an opera. But they loved the theater and, during each pregnancy, my mother would pray that this child would go on stage. I am the only one who did.”

Betty’s world changed when she was eight. Her father died. “My oldest brother, Dave, had just received his appointment to West Point, but he gave it up to try to support us.” In those Depression days, a teen-age boy’s earnings were slim, but their mother kept family morale high. Betty says, “She raised us on a full coffee pot and much laughter. Even when we were on relief, Mother could make everything a treat. Sundays, we window-shopped on Broad Street. We’d stare and debate. Then, suddenly, we’d find the one small thing we could buy that week. Mother would say, ‘Chaup A Rrine!’ which translates, ‘Grab it!’ No millionaire felt richer.”

As Betty remembers, she was in the fifth grade when duty required that she attend an Orthodox Jewish funeral. She says, “Mourning went on for two days, and the children didn’t know what to do with themselves. The little girls huddled in a corner and one told a joke. I made her tell it over and over until I learned it.” Betty, in turn, told it on a school Halloween program. It brought her her first taste of laughter, applause and attention.

With mature perspective, she reviews the occasion. “There’s always a sad reason why a child that age feels she must bring something extra into a group relationship. I didn’t have pretty clothes, I didn’t have a big house, so I brought a joke.” Soon she was also able to bring music. “With the last, the only, fifty dollars my mother had in the world, she bought me a violin.”

On finishing high school, Betty sold hats by day and played jazz by night. “It wasn’t very good jazz, but what could they expect for three dollars a night—Beethoven?”

She served a hard show-business apprenticeship. She sang with orchestras, tried out for parts on the legitimate stage, did an act at night clubs. “I’ve played every honky tonk you can name. For sixteen years, I made the rounds endlessly, never being hired for important things. But, eventually, the law of averages paid off. I believe if you do your best, each place you are, something is bound to happen.”

The key happening for Betty was finding a role on New York Station WOR, in a serial titled Secret World. “In those days, you had to ‘double’ and I had worked up twenty-seven characters.” Dreaming up the character of “Celia” gave Betty definition and brought recognition. “I wanted to work up a real act, but I had no partner and I couldn’t afford to buy material. So how could I do more than a ‘single,’ alone? The answer was a telephone—and writing the act myself.”

In addition to her ABC Radio appearances, Betty cuts records for Coral. With her telephone troupe, she also is in demand for hotel and convention appearances. The acting roles which she sought have now come her way. An important one was that of Sarah in “Exodus”—and Betty completely resigns her own personality for that of the character she portrays. “One day on the set of ‘Exodus,’ I forgot myself and made a funny. The director, Otto Preminger, seemed shocked. He said, ‘Why, Miss Walker, I didn’t know you had a sense of humor.’ I thought it one of the best compliments I’ve ever had as an actress.”

At the height of a season, Betty often puts in an eighteen-hour day, but she saves time to work for the Alfred Adler Mental Hygiene Clinic. Located at 83rd Street and Central Park West, it is headed by Drs. Kurt and Alexandra Adler, the son and daughter-in-law of the pioneering psychiatrist, Dr. Alfred Adler. The clinic was founded by Betty’s friend, Mrs. Donica Deutsch, once a student of Alfred Adler. Says Betty, “I call Mrs. Deutsch the Mother Superior. She is a great person and it is wonderful to do so much good in the world—to help people understand themselves better, to straighten out troubled lives.”

Betty is proud that the Women’s Division of which she is founder and president raised close to ten thousand dollars for the clinic during the first year of their organization and twenty-five thousand dollars for the coming year. “Our next big project is a Bazaarathon held at the Woodstock Hotel on November 13 and 14. Show-business stars have agreed to come, both to entertain and to auction the merchandise which is being donated.”

Evidence of Betty’s own pleasant adjustment to life is her statement, “I don’t need to be a star. It is enough that I do the work which I love and that I bring others some enjoyment.”
NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING

7306—Bulky look for the Santa Claus set. Sweater for boy or girl is jet-speed knitting; finish in time for Christmas. Make with collar or hood. Directions for sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 included. 35¢

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893—Dramatize your bedroom with the brilliant splendor of this colorful spread. Use blues, greens, bronze for the peacock design. Large motif, 15 x 18 inches; smaller, 3½ x 15 inches. 25¢

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893—Dramatize your bedroom with the brilliant splendor of this colorful spread. Use blues, greens, bronze for the peacock design. Large motif, 15 x 18 inches; smaller, 3½ x 15 inches. 25¢

7358—Need a number of tiny gifts? Potholders are perfect. Make of scraps; add gay embroidery. Directions, transfers for seven potholders. 25¢

Send orders (in coin) to: TV RADIO MIRROR, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add 5¢ for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send 25¢ for Needlecraft Catalogue (as illustrated above).
The Daring Young Men on the Flying TV

(Continued from page 13) summer stock, radio, and study at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, to movies and television. With more than a hundred TV appearances to give him confidence, the idea of doing an hour-long weekly series didn't even raise his blood pressure. Thirtyish and single, he lives alone in a Hollywood apartment where he can study his lines without interruption—but without help, either—and keep up his strength by a diet of health foods. A champion swimmer in college—Ohio State and the University of Hawaii—he limits his exercise to a spot of weight lifting, these busy days.

Having gone through a season in one series (the original version of Naked City), twenty-seven-year-old James Franciscus knew what he was getting into when he signed up for The Investigators. He knew all the work involved—and the rewards, if the series should become a big hit. A graduate of Yale, and some snappy prep schools before that, Jim has now made four movies and a good many TV appearances. He has the training and experience to be a successful actor now, and plans for producing, directing, and serious writing in the future. And at home, in a picturesque cottage in Laurel Canyon, he has the encouragement of Kitty Wellman, daughter of a well-known director, who became Mrs. Franciscus on May 28, 1960. They'll be three this winter.

Teenagers of ten years ago will remember John Derek, the romantically handsome young man who was a sensation in his very first movie, "Knock On Any Door," and went on from there to become an idol of the pony-tail set. John's been missing for some four or five years—producing and acting in movies abroad—but he's back now, and making his bid for a new group of fans in the only new Western series of the season, Frontier Circus. At thirty-five, the Hollywood-born actor (real name, Derek Harris) is as handsome as ever and confident enough of the future to have settled down once more in Hollywood with his wife, actress Ursule Andress. (As those earlier teenagers remember, he was previously married to Patti Behrs, mother of his two children—Russell, 11; daughter, Sean, 8.)

One of the most rugged assignments of the new season is that of Mark Richman, sole star of the new hour-long series, Cain's Hundred. Mark is a rugged character himself—played professional football for two years and did a tour of duty with the Navy before he ever dreamed of becoming an actor. Graduated from the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, too, and figures he can always go back to doling out vitamins if the going gets rough. But the Philadelphia-born actor has a solid background which includes four Broadway plays, several movies, and a batch of TV shows. Once his series had a sponsor, he moved with his wife, actress Teddi Landess, and their two children, Gard and Stacy, to the West Coast, and has settled down in a pleasant home in Pacific Palisades for what he hopes will be a long stay.

The name of Robert Lansing may not be familiar to TV audiences, though he's been acting professionally for ten years, but he hopes to change all that via 87th Precinct, the new mystery series in which he stars. Bob is thirty-three, was born Robert Howell Brown in San Diego, California, and made his professional debut on Broadway in "Stalg 17." Next came a series of one-night stands—"I drove a pink school bus 36,000 miles," he says—and a period of odd jobs before he got back on a real-for-sure stage. For the last few years, he has lived in the film capital with actress-wife Emily McLaughlin (she was once the feminine star of Young Doctor Malone) and their son Robert, 3. And if he has to sacrifice his hobbies—painting, scuba diving, and wood-working—for the big success a TV series can bring, it's okay with him. Obviously, it takes more hops to keep law and order for a week than it does for thirty minutes, so when Robert Taylor's Detectives was doubled in length for this season, someone new had to be added. Tapped for the role of Sgt. Steve Nelson was Adam West, as colorful an actor as ever chased a bad guy across a TV screen. Born in Walla Walla, Washington, Adam went to prep school in Seattle and to assorted colleges in the West, getting his degree from Whitman and doing graduate work at Stanford in journalism, radio and TV. Duty with the Army and a walking tour of Europe later, he turned up in Hawaii. Working as a producer and director on a TV station, Steve also starred in a local production of "Picnic," was seen by a Hollywood agent, and hustled back to the Mainland. Three days later, he was signed to a studio contract. He'd made one movie, "The Young Philadelphians," and appeared in assorted TV dramas before Sgt. Nelson began occupying him full-time. Adam's wife is Ngarua Frisbie, daughter of novelist Robert Dean Frisbie and Polynesian princess Ngatokoura-A-Mataa, and they now live in the San Fernando Valley.

Both young, handsome and single, Brian Kelly and John Ashley seem made to order for the two starring roles in Straightaway, the new series which deals with sports-car racing and its related thrills and adventures. Both are sports-car aficionados, too. But, by birth and upbringing, they couldn't be further removed from show business.

Brian, the Scott Ross of the series, is the son of a former Governor of Michigan who is now a justice of the Supreme Court of that state. He played football at Notre Dame, was a Marine officer in Korea, and has only a year to go for his law degree from the University of Michigan. He was doing local TV commercials for a little walking-around money when he was spotted by a talent scout and lured off to Hollywood. He co-starred in one TV pilot that didn't sell, and in another (21 Beacon Street) that did, but Straightaway gives him his biggest chance to date, may make him a hero even in his hometown, auto-happy Detroit.

While his partner-to-be was playing hide-and-seek in the Governor's mansion in Lansing, down in Tulsa, Oklahoma, young John Atchley (later changed to Ashley) wasn't being brought up to be an actor by Dr. and Mrs. R. Q. Atchley, who had adopted him as an infant. Dr. Atchley is a prominent gynecologist and, though he encouraged John's interest in sports, school dramatics, and music, he didn't have any of them in mind for his son's career. But between John's junior and senior years at Oklahoma State University, he visited Hollywood, saw a film being shot—and was hooked. He's worked his way up through bit parts in five movies and in some TV shows; at twenty-five, figures he's ready for the blast-off. He even has an extra gimmick going for him: A good enough singer to be signed to a recording contract, he gets a chance to do some vocalizing on the show.

Three daring young newcomers are making their pitch for fame and fortune in Follow The Sun, an hour-long adventure series master-minded by Marion Hargrove, who wrote many of the original stories for the Frontier Show. Twenty-seven this fall, has made a dozen movies since what he thought was a fraternity brother's gag turned out to be for real. (The stranger who approached him with the words, "You ought to be in pictures," was actually agent Dick Clayton.) Barry is majoring in business administration at U.S.C. at the time, and his only acting experience had been in a Los Alamos
high-school play. But his mother agreed to stake him for a year, he passed a screen test, was signed to a studio contract, and has been working fairly steadily ever since. Married on November 21, 1959, to Jorunn Kristiansen (Miss Norway of that year), Barry now has a year-old son, Barry Christian. Barry's hobby is inventing.

With Barry in Follow The Sun is twenty-nine-year-old Brett Halsey, tall, dark and handsome native Californian who was hauled out of a TV studio—he was ushering—by Jack Benny, nine years ago, and has been making his living as an actor ever since. (His latest movie is “Return to Peyton Place,” in which he played opposite his estranged wife, Italian actress Luciana Paluzzi.) A Navy veteran born in Charles Oliver Hands, he's been on the verge of stardom several times, has much to gain from a successful flight in a TV series rocket.

Newest of all the newcomers who are gambling on success via TV series is Gary Lockwood who, little more than a year ago, was working as a stunt man after being temporarily ousted from U.C.L.A. The rugged twenty-four-year-old—a football hero at William S. Hart High School in Newhall, California—has featured in three movies since then, appeared on Broadway with Jane Fonda in “There Was A Little Girl,” and got his part in Follow The Sun on the strength of his performance in the pilot of Bus Stop. The son of John Yurosek, a former onion farmer now turned motel and restaurant owner, Gary has been doing fine socially, too—for weeks, was the favorite date of that girl-about-town, Tuesday Weld. Of all the young men making the series flight on TV this fall, Gary has the least training and experience. He also has the most to gain.

But every one could be a winner!

All About Paar's Loaded Gun

(Continued from page 17)

Friday-night program consisting of taped clips of previous telecasts. And Paar has remained as television's most popular personality. Furthermore, his show is one of NBC's biggest money-makers, grossing upward of $20,000,000 annually.

This time, however, NBC is taking Paar seriously when he says he wants to sever connections with the nightly program and confine himself to specials and, perhaps, a weekly variety show. Although Jack's present contract runs until September of 1962, he has said that he is anxious to leave the program "as soon as possible" after the first of the New Year.

This leaves the network officials with two concerns: (1) To keep Jack Paar happy—he has become one of the biggest names in the television industry, and is a valuable asset to NBC. (2) To find a replacement for Paar as host of the late-night show who will be able to keep the cash registers ringing and the viewers tuned in to NBC instead of the late, late movies.

The first problem is relatively simple to solve: NBC can easily keep Jack smiling by permitting him an early exit from his present show contract.

The second problem is decidedly not so simple: It takes an unusual type of personality to keep the nation awake—eyes glued to TV sets.

Like him or not, Paar does possess an unusual personality. (That could well be the understatement of the year.) He has succeeded in a fashion far above others who held down NBC's late-at-night hours—Steve Allen and Ernie Kovacs, among them. He has built the old Tonight show into one of NBC's biggest money-makers.

The network, quite naturally, wants to protect this productive garden of greenbacks. But with whom? ... After many off-the-record (meaning, "I won't quote you") conversations with TV executives, performers, secretaries, Paar staff members and others in the entertainment world, it is safe to state at this writing that NBC itself doesn't know. The list of those under consideration is long. Those mentioned below are not necessarily ranked in order of "best bets." It may well be that a relatively unknown performer will get the coveted hot-seat now being kept hot by Paar. After all, Paar himself was not a national figure when he took over Tonight on what NBC admits was a trial basis.

A new list must be led off by Hugo Downs. Although Downs has been the No. 2 man on the Paar show since it began—and has frequently substituted for Paar when Jack has been on vacation or "taking a walk" for some unexplained reason—there are few who believe he will be asked to take over the program permanently. Perhaps this is because he has become so well known as a No. 2 man.

On the subject of Paar, Downs once told this reporter, "I have great respect for him. I'd be a fool if I didn't. In my many years of broadcasting, Jack's program has given me my biggest break. Let me explain it this way: It's his show. He doesn't need me. Yet he has allowed the spotlight to shine on me. For the first time, people recognize me wherever I go. And the pro-
gram has benefited me financially to a tremendous degree.

"I don't always agree with Jack's opinions. He doesn't expect me to. In fact, we've disagreed publicly—in front of the cameras. He's a champion of free speech, and anyone in that category is bound to come up with controversial or unpopular opinions from time to time." The very fact that Downs has been one of the few people willing to disagree with Paar on the air is a point in his favor as the Great Man's replacement. Downs is not afraid of controversy, and controversy is as important to Tonight as votes are to a politician.

"Don't discount Downs," a network official said. "When the others are weeded out in a process of elimination, Downs is likely to be the only one left. After all, the public already associates him with the show."

2. Joey Bishop. Of all the various Paar substitutes, Joey has made the biggest impact. Although he has been an entertainer for twenty-years-plus, it wasn't until fairly recently that he became a national headliner. "There are two reasons for this," he has said. "One is my exposure on the Jack Paar show, and the other is my association with Frank Sinatra."

Bishop has frequently been mentioned as the leading candidate to succeed Paar. However, he may have eliminated himself with the TV debut this fall of the weekly Joey Bishop Show. A weekly series, plus the demands of Tonight, is almost beyond human possibility.

3. Jack E. Leonard. Leonard's hair-trigger mind and reputation as one of the fastest—and best—ad-libbers in show business is his chief qualification. On the debit side is the belief that his humor after night... that his "hip" humor might wear out the viewers. Leonard is definitely not a "Paar type." But then, who is?

4. Hal March. Surprisingly, perhaps, Hal's name popped up frequently in the research for this article. "He's much like Paar," one NBC employee said. "His mind is quick, and, like Jack, he knows a little about a lot of things. He knows how to smile and he knows how to be emotional."

5. Johnny Carson. Best known as the host of ABC-TV's long-running Who Do You Trust? daytime comedy quiz, Carson is a natural humorist. He's a believer in freedom for a performer, which fits in with the Tonight show format. His personality is also considered "right" for nightly exposure.

6. Dave Garroway. He would be a top contender, if he wanted the job—which is unlikely. When he left NBC's morning show, Garroway said he wanted a less demanding schedule. If anything, Tonight would be even more demanding.

7. Merv Griffin. A good possibility. Already well established as a TV figure, his on-camera personality is a big factor in his favor.

8. Steve Allen. The first of the late-at-night hosts on NBC, Allen's situation is much like that of Joey Bishop: His new program on ABC-TV undoubtedly eliminates him from serious consideration.

9. Ernie Kovacs. Another veteran of the NBC midnight frolic, Kovacs is an unlikely choice because of his TV and movie commitments on the West Coast.

10. David Susskind. Susskind certainly has sufficient controversy value and the challenge of replacing Paar would undoubtedly appeal to him. However, Susskind is not the warm "thanks for letting me into your living room" type, and his popularity with top network officials—any network—is questionable. In the parlance of horse racing, he's a "long shot."

Others in the running include Dick Van Dyke (whose own series may be the eliminator), Jonathan Winters, Buddy Hackett, Herb Shriner, Bert Parks, Alexander King, Orson Bean, New York Herald Tribune columnist John Crosby, Chicago's Jack Eigen (the pioneer of radio interview shows), Tom Duggan (who has won popularity in California with a Paar-type telecast).

Paar thrives on being unpredictable. He takes pride in what he has managed, almost singlehandedly, to do with the Tonight program. There is no question that he enjoys a national platform on which to voice his varied and controversial opinions. And he readily admits that he was far from being a total success in his previous motion picture and television ventures.

It is entirely within the realm of possibility that Tonight will continue to be better known as The Jack Paar Show, with Jack perhaps appearing only two or three nights a week and Hugh Downs, or another personality, taking over the rest of the week.

This would give Paar sufficient time to host a weekly variety program, something he has often expressed the wish to do. This arrangement would apparently solve Paar's problem, and NBC's, too. In a manner of speaking, Paar would be able to eat his cake and retain a big chunk of it at the same time.
Who'll Get the Guy?

(Continued from page 14)

of Dorothy's features, the sweep of her well-groomed blonde hair, her flawless complexion and the high fashion of her dinner dress. All very sophisticated, he thought, until you saw the gentle warmth that came from Dorothy's eyes. Ralph appreciated the care with which Dorothy had prepared herself for their evening on the town. But it was in Dorothy's eyes that Ralph saw the woman he might like to care for.

Yet, try as he might, the memory of another woman lingered and gnawed at his mind. It was all so complicated, and that was the last thing in the world Taeger wanted—complications. But it wasn't going to be that easy. And now, suddenly, he knew it.

When a man dates a girl like Connie Stevens for three months, five and six nights a week, sees her off on a ten-day trip to Hawaii and then celebrates her return home by dating the actress that Connie had been feuding with for three years—well, thought Ralph, a guy just may be in a stew-pot full of complications.

Ralph was trying desperately to have a good time, to blot out the memory of that very afternoon. No more than three hours ago, he had walked out of Connie Stevens' home crashing the door so hard behind him that the noise still hurt his ears. He hadn't looked back. And he wasn't going to look back—if he could help it... .

As for Connie Stevens—was she looking back? Did she remember that, on the first night she was out with Ralph, she had experienced near-fear when they were alone? Without asking, and with a confidence Connie didn't feel Ralph had a right to, he pulled up the car quietly on a small knoll along the road at Malibu Beach, turned the key, put out the headlights and slumped back in the seat.

It has happened before, Connie thought, now it looks like it's going to happen again. A big, hard-muscled, handsome young man was going to throw all his charm and intelligence out the window just to see how far he could "get with a girl. He's probably trying to think of exactly the right words. Well, I've heard them all. She sat up straight, her skirt rustling loudly in the silence. And I'm ready for the Taeger line just in case I haven't heard it.

But, even in the darkness, the breadth of Ralph's shoulders, the large bulk of his arms and his great hands reminded her of that cool, determined look of his which said he wasn't accustomed to taking no for an answer from any girl. It was then that Connie felt the fear, for suddenly she guessed why Ralph probably didn't have "trouble" with his girls. A girl was afraid to say "No," to him. Well, if he thought—

"Stop worrying," Ralph said softly. "You don't have anything to be afraid of." He took her hand and held it in the massive palm of his own. "You won't be worried. Just a little," he asked.

Connie tried hard not to, but she blushed. "You're not supposed to know what a girl's thinking," she laughed, trying to conceal her relief.

"And it's a good thing you don't know what I'm thinking," Ralph grinned. And somehow, then, the tension was gone. "No," he said, with the ghost of a sigh, "I don't want to spoil it. For you—or myself."

That was the beginning. And it looked like love all the way to the end.

But Connie Stevens and Ralph Taeger were one of those rare Hollywood couples. They were afraid to call their feeling "love." They didn't want to "spoil it." They played their romance down, even though dating five and six nights a week. When asked about it, each was evasive, neither would talk about it as a serious affair.

They had met, as so often happens, at a publicity party, where there were pictures taken of them together. They'd never met before. It was "almost love" at first sight. Ralph's overwhelming ruggedness and masculinity may have appealed to Connie. Connie's looks and charm worked overtime on Ralph—but what really clinched it was her honesty. "She says what she thinks," Ralph says, even today.

They began dating immediately after the first meeting. Before there was any talk of romance, before they had completed their first date, they made a pact: This would be an honest relationship! If one of them began to feel tied down, be or she would discuss it—right away, so there would be no misunderstanding. Why ruin a good friendship by falling in and out of love?

Connie had dated many young men in Hollywood. She'd gone with Gary Clarke for almost two years. People expected them to marry almost immediately. Two things slowed up the Stevens-Clarke understanding. Careers—his and hers. Connie's career was obviously in high gear, Gary's was yet to get underway. He'd made a start, but nothing like what had been happening to Connie.

Movie leads in "Parrish" and "Susan Slade," as well as her continuing success in TV's "Hawaiian Eye," place Connie in the top five young actresses in Hollywood. Everything she does turns to success, and she never lets up. In show business since an early age, she knows it means hard work to stay on...
top. As she achieves more, she works harder.

So the gap between them, career-wise, seemed to be widening. Then, too, there was a personality clash. Like many young actresses, Connie has a driving temperament. You don’t get to be a star by sitting back and letting others do the work. If a song doesn’t sound right to you, you’ve got to be ready to sing it again and again. Even if everyone else thinks it’s great, you’ve got to fight for one more try. This means clashing with people—but you’ve got to be ready for this, if stardom means that much to you.

It does to Connie, and it takes a strong male to dominate her. Gary isn’t weak, but he lacked Connie’s drive. “Working tonight, Gary, see you tomorrow,” she’d say. And that would end it. “Okay, Connie,” he always answered. In any other field, Gary’s thoughtfulness would be appreciated. But, with Connie, a man had to be positive and forceful.

Then Connie ran smack up against hard-headed, dominant Taeger. Where he comes from, the girl does what she’s told. When there was a decision to be made, Ralph made it. No excuses, no amount of work, were enough to break a date with him. “I’ll be tired,” she’d say. “So will I,” he’d answer, “we’ll just talk.” And Connie would say meekly, “Yes, Ralph.”

The romance flourished.

Ralph and Connie decided they wouldn’t be photographed together. They didn’t want to jinx their romance. They didn’t want people talking about them as a twosome. They wanted to be sure. They’re both intent on one, and only one, “right” marriage.

Connie’s career was progressing at breakneck speed, but Ralph was “hot property.” In the limelight only a year-and-a-half, Ralph did two series in a row for NBC, Klondike and Acapulco. Both folded, but Ralph’s fan mail kept increasing. People wanted him for movies. He did “X-15” for Frank Sinatra’s company. Ziv, his TV studio, was so excited about him that they put him under weekly contract just to hold him, to forestall efforts by three other studios to grab him.

Ralph is ready for hard work, as Connie is. He is determined to succeed. Unlike Gary, the disparity in careers at this point didn’t bother Ralph at all. He had confidence in himself, and besides: If you can support a girl, that’s all that counts. And that was fine with Connie.

Yet it was hard to do things for Ralph, Connie found out. He wouldn’t stand still for much effort on a girl’s part. He never stayed in one place too long. There were things to be done, careerwise, and he was off and about them. She was never completely sure, till she saw him, when and if she would. Connie tried giving Ralph a surprise party for his birthday. It must have taken ten years off her life. “Let’s just get together for dinner,” she suggested tentatively, having already invited his friends in advance, bought the food, planned the party, rearranged her house.

“I’ve got a business meeting,” said Ralph.

“Business? On your birthday?”

“We’ll have dinner tomorrow night.”

“No, tonight.” Connie was so terrified that her plans would blow up that she almost bit her tongue.

With the help of a mutual friend, Ralph was persuaded to forget the business meeting. All afternoon, a quiet Sunday to the casual observer, Ralph bridled at everything. He didn’t like a girl, even the girl, making his plans for him. Meanwhile, Connie was in shreds from trying to keep the secret and still have her favorite man arrive at her house when he should. “He’s a mustang,” she said, “and he’s hard to train.”

When the party finally occurred, Ralph was really surprised—and more touched by the tender conspiracy than he ever imagined he would be. No one had ever gone to trouble like this to surprise him before.

It looked like love for sure now... but there had been one incident Ralph had never told Connie about... something that happened shortly after it began to get around that they were seeing each other steadily.

Ralph met a buddy he hadn’t seen in months. For a while, they talked shop. Both men were bachelors. Both had dated the same girls. Both were the same age. Finally, the buddy said to Ralph, “I hear you’ve been seeing a lot of Connie Stevens.”

“A lot,” Ralph replied happily. “She is one of the best... maybe she is the best as far as I’m concerned.”

“You mean,” his friend queried, “that you’re serious? Ralph, we’re good friends—I hope we always will be. But I’ve got to tell you something you may not like.”

“What do you mean?”

“You may not remember, but I once dated Connie, too. It’s a long time back, almost two years. I think I saw in Connie everything you do. And I agree with you. She is a wonderful girl. But you ought to know one thing about her: I don’t think she’s gotten over Gary Clarke.”

For an instant Ralph was tempted to anger. Then he shrugged. “That was a long time ago. Believe me, Gary’s a good guy, but it’s over between them. I know.”

Ralph’s friend nodded. “I thought I knew, too. But I was wrong. He was her first love. Remember that. You know how a woman is—”

“Look,” Ralph interrupted, “you’re way off base. If you weren’t a friend, I’d belt you and you know it!”

And so it proceeded for three months. Then Connie went off to Hawaii for two weeks. She wrote Ralph every day from Hawaii. She planned on stopping in Los Angeles on her way to Europe, where she would sing in England and Germany. Two days stolen from a hectic schedule, so that she could at least see her big, stubborn, casual, unbreakable, dominating Ralph.

The two days meant a great deal to Ralph. He wouldn’t admit, even to himself, he was that much in love.

A day before Connie’s arrival, she
called him from Hawaii. The first day of her two days in Los Angeles was Gary’s birthday. Could Ralph meet her, and they could be together, and then she could have dinner and a date with Gary? After all, it was his birthday. She’d gone with Gary a long time. She’d see Ralph all the next day. Please!

The conversation caught Ralph unaware, unprepared and vulnerable.

“No,” he said. He was talking from his apartment, holding the phone in his hand, he paced back and forth across the living room while he talked. He kicked the wall, he kicked the couch, finally kicked the table so hard he broke the leg on it.

They argued and argued.

Connie was nearly in tears at the other end of the wire. Ralph had to understand. “Let’s not talk about it,” she said finally. But this wasn’t Ralph’s way. It was never Ralph’s way. “We’ll talk about it,” he said hotly. “We’ll talk about it till we decide something.”

“There’s nothing to talk about,” Connie managed through the tightness in her heart. Why wouldn’t Ralph understand? But he was silent, staring at the phone as if he could not believe his ears. So Gary was still in Connie’s life. And, at this particular moment, more important to her than Ralph.

“All right,” he said. “Have dinner with him. I’ll see you when you come home, tomorrow.” But, in the next twenty-four hours, his resentment returned. And the following day, at Connie’s home, it happened.

From the moment he walked in the door, the argument started again.

“What are we playing?” Ralph demanded angrily. “Button, Button? What am I supposed to feel? You’ve got two days, one almost gone. Then I won’t see you for nearly five weeks. I don’t want to share it with Gary or any other man. How could you want me to?”

“But, Ralph, he is an old friend and it is his birthday.” Connie pleaded once more. “Don’t you understand?”

Ralph looked at her and nodded. “I understand. And I think I understand, for the first time, something someone told me. Okay, okay. Have dinner with Gary. Wait. Don’t just have dinner. Go see him now. Spend the whole day with him. It’s his birthday. Take two days. Tomorrow, too. And have a lot of laughs — on me.”

Taeger turned and walked out of Connie’s house. But a violent impulse seized him as he left. He slammed the door so hard behind him that it jammed shut and couldn’t be opened until carpenters repaired it the next morning.

What was it they said was the best way to forget one woman? See another? It was then he thought of Dorothy Provine. Ralph had met Dorothy at a party. He knew she was beautiful, talented, intelligent, and exciting. He called her. Yes, it was an open night. Yes, she’d love to go to dinner.

So it was that, only hours after he had broken with Connie, Ralph was dining with Dorothy. . .

The feud between Connie Stevens and Dorothy Provine was already legendary. They not only didn’t speak when they met, they wouldn’t stay in the same room. If there hadn’t been the matter of contracts, they probably wouldn’t have stayed at the same studio. No one knew for sure how it started, but everyone knew for very sure that it existed, existed bitterly.

“Dorothy Provine’s a pretty girl,” Ralph had once said, half-jesting. Connie had hit him with a plate.

 Didn’t Ralph know this when he called Dorothy? Sure, he did. He didn’t do it just for spite, but then he didn’t do it just not for spite, either. If you want to get a girl out of your mind, don’t go to her friends. Besides, Dorothy was a woman. Dorothy worked hard for a career, too, very hard. She had sex appeal. She was witty, frank, outspoken, volatile, unpredictable, a bombshell of woman for any man.

From the restaurant in Beverly Hills, they went to her house in Hollywood, where they talked until the small hours of the morning. They were both surprised at how well they got along. The next night saw them at another restaurant, and again a late night and another date. Ralph and Dorothy found they enjoyed each other’s company immensely.

On Dorothy’s part, perhaps, it started with a delightful feeling of female vengeance. On Ralph’s, perhaps, the urge to hurt someone he’d almost lost. Ralph doesn’t pretend to know the answer.

Neither does Connie.

Who was hurt the most? Or was anyone hurt at all? It wasn’t the first time, obviously, that Connie had come near to falling in love—hard. She is a remarkable young woman and with all the attributes and promise of a successful professional and personal future. But apparently, somewhere deep in her heart, she stores the memory of Gary. And only when she believes she is in love with someone else does that memory torment her so painfully that she cannot resist the urge to be with him. What it means to her love of the future, not even Connie can say. She wishes she could.

Ralph? He will survive, but not without memories. His hurt was great but not lasting. The rise of his temper is quick, but so is its decline. He, at least, has learned one thing for sure. That a man must be careful before he falls in love. Not suspicious nor distrustful. Just careful. . . .
Hell Breaks Loose on Location

(Continued from page 39)

even the mildest of the cast into a gooch. And the nature of the roles being played. Men under fire are apt to be loners, surly, silent, introspective and extremely touchy. Actors—playing such parts, simulating the actual conditions of war and battle—are also apt to assume the attitudes of real-life soldiers. They, too, become raspy and violent. Anywhere you touch them, you hit a nerve.

Let us examine the element of character. One well-known actor, who asked to remain anonymous, said at once about the rumor, "This one could very well be true. I've worked with both Darin and McQueen and, in my humble estimation, they're the hardest guys in the business to work with. They have egos a mile long, they want things done their own way, and they are complicated fellows who can't help bringing problems to any job. I'd say they were bound to clash."

Steve McQueen's reputation for being difficult—Hollywood's euphemism for a hard-headed temperamental attitude—goes back to his Wanted—Dead Or Alive days. The TV series had scarcely become popular before Steve was making threatening noises about quitting. His reason was blunt and fundamental. In a couple of segments, he felt the show had slided slightly from the line his own thoughts were taking. The moment he sensed it was not running parallel to his own idea of perfection, he began raising the roof. It was not until he was doing his first big movie, "Never So Few"—with Frank Sinatra, whom he admires sincerely—that he got a solid piece of advice from director John Sturges.

Steve had been discussing with Sturges his desire for an ou]t from his CBS-TV contract. Sturges promptly told him that all art, all entertainment values, were a compromise in the long view. Sturges counseled: "Fish or cut bait—do the shows as best you can under the existing conditions, or get into another line of work. You won't find it any different in the movies, on Broadway, or even in the little art theaters."

Days of soul-searching followed. Steve brooded, growled at everyone who crossed his path, and took the matter up again and again with his talented and exotic wife, Neile Adams. The decision, achieved the hard way, finally came. Steve would stick with his bounty-hunter role and do the best he could with it. But, to this day, he has retained the reputation of being a man with a great load of personal responsibility on his back. When he feels he is right about something, his first impulse is to blurt it out and fight for it, even though it goes contrary to the opinions of his producer, director and co-stars.

Another element in his character is the competitive drive. It has always been strong in Steve. He's always pushing hard for the top spot. "I don't want to be second—best," he points out. "Man, I'm not built that way. A runner-up is the most pathetic creature I know, because he came so close to being top dog."

On the other hand, it must be admitted that, when Steve comes into contact with greatness in another performer, he is just as anxious to be first with his orchids as he is with scallions for a bad job done. He got along beautifully with his fellow actors in "Never So Few," and his comment after a scene with Sinatra was an awed "He's perfect." But his relations with Yul Brynner, with whom he co-starred in "The Magnificent Seven," were about as hot-headed and sour as his feud with Darin is supposed to be.

Yul's frank credo is: For an actor, success depends not only on talent and technique, but on egoism and selfishness. When an actor steps on stage or before the cameras, says Yul, he must defend his ground from intrusion by other actors as though it were sacred. His feud with Steve began when he

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Steve got the notion that Steve was getting smart-alecky, trying to steal the picture. Steve got riled because he thought Yul was acting "the big star" on the set. Yul is like a rock, Steve, like a dashing wave. They still do not speak kindly of each other.

About Darin, Steve has this to say, "I've never hid my feelings before. If Bobby and I were on the outs, don't you think I'd come right out with it?"

Bobby's reputation for brashness and pugnacity dates from his first acting assignment in "Too Late Blues." Perhaps he was suffering from some of the personality problems underscored by McQueen in "The Magnificent Seven," when Steve was trying so hard to "prove himself" as a star. In any event, Bobby definitely did not endeavor himself to either the cast or crew of "Blues." Co-star Stella Stevens, though the film was completed months ago, still admits she'd rather not talk about Bobby. "He does have a very pretty and talented wife" is her somewhat double-edged comment. And certain members of the company were not speaking to Bobby "unless absolutely necessary" by the end of filming.

Bobby is like McQueen in many ways. He relentlessly pursues his star. He made up his mind to make his career in show business when he was eighteen. "I set out to become a star at twenty-one and the greatest star of all by twenty-five," he modestly allows. It is one of the statements that tend to act like dust in the eyes of his fellow performers. But, in his own way, Bobby is a dedicated showman. He is a conscious perfectionist and demands the same of all who work with him. "He doesn't mind stepping on toes, all in the name of improving a scene or an action," one technician ruefully points out.

This stepping-on-toes naturally resulted in a wave of rumors about a blow-up with Nick Adams, and then the big explosion with McQueen. But, aside from characters and reputations of the principals involved, the heat and demands of their roles, there seems to be no solid evidence of a feud, fist fights, or anything but the usual tangerine, that are an inevitable adjunct to a difficult show. "Fights? We were too busy dodging rattlesnakes," snorts Nick. "We killed seventeen rattlers while we were sweltering in that heat. Naturally, we were not exactly relaxed and cozy."

"I heard the rumors," Bobby chuckles with a twisted grin of derision. "The fact is, we all led the quietest kind of life. If we hadn't, we'd have passed out. Sandy was with me and Steve's wife Neile had us over for dinner and taught Sandy how to cook some Spanish dishes, and she gave us lots of tips that will come in handy for our baby. But, for seven weeks, we were living in something like war. Even getting up at four in the morning didn't help us with the heat. We began shooting at six and, by noon, we could have used another night's sleep. By the end of a day, we were so exhausted, we couldn't have argued with each other if we wanted. We were just too tired. I'm not saying nobody ever blew his stack. But, under the circumstances, we were a pretty tame lot. I'm personally not feuding with anybody."

So this is all that there is to "Hollywood's hottest feud." But the fact remains that, in the minds of many observers of the movieland scene, there lingers an attitude of "Where there's so much smoke, there's bound to be fire." The prevailing notion is that you can't bring together an all-male cast of strong personalities such as McQueen, Darin, Adams, Harry Guardino and James Coburn, under rugged overheated conditions, without having the furry fly. It may be taken for granted that—if all the denials are in, after investigation proves there is very little substance to the sound and fury—a small hard residue of sly gossip about "the feud" will continue to crop up.
TV Togetherness

(Continued from page 40)
The Lunts—bowled to fate. As for the happy Harenses, they crossed their fingers in deference to Lady Luck and told each other, “Here we go again!”

They had met, one bitterly cold January morning in 1947, under less than auspicious circumstances. June had just returned to New York after two years as Corliss Archer in the touring company of “Kiss and Tell.” It had been her first starring role and, when she learned that a play entitled “Tenting Tonight” was being cast, she shivered into the big, bony room in which several people were waiting to read for various parts.

At some distance from the other hopefuls sat a young actor who looked both warm and prosperous—admirable traits, in the opinion of a job-hunting newcomer fresh from the provinces. He was wearing a handsome camel’s-hair trench coat, a white scarf, a snap-brim Borsalino, a dark suit and handmade shoes.

Easing up to this vision, June smiled her most disarming smile and asked, “Are you reading for a part in this play, too?”

Dean Harens arose courteously. “No, I’m not,” he said.

“Oh . . . well . . . er . . . excuse me . . .” June said—thinking, as she backed away, that he might be the show’s angel, or possibly a camel’s-haircoat tycoon.

Not until she had won the ingenuous role did she discover that the laconic type was Dean Harens, star of the show. He had just come from Hollywood, where he had worked with Deanna Durbin and Gene Kelly in “Christmas Holiday,” with Charles Laughton in “The Suspect” and with Pat O’Brien in “Crack-Up.”

We'll see about this, June told herself.

On the fifth day of rehearsal for “Tenting Tonight,” the company reached the love scenes. June’s lines required her to propose to Dean. His lines required him to refuse. It was mere dialogue in a play, but there was a snap, crackle and pop in the way the words were delivered. The delighted director was convinced he had a hit in the making.

Unfortunately, the play lasted a fast seven weeks. On closing night, Dean Harens entertained a miserable thought: June was almost sure to go out on tour; he was going to stay in New York for TV work. They might never get together again. Using June’s lines from the show, he asked her to marry him.

June used Dean’s lines to tell him “no.” A girl is obliged to preserve her pride. Besides, she had already signed to go into “Ivy Green” another Broadway show—so she knew she would be seeing Dean around town!

She did. He worked in television day, strolled around “Ivy Green” in the evening. Whenever he felt lucky, he proposed again. And so they were married in June, 1947, in New York’s St. Boniface Church. When Dean proposed a toast to his bride he said, “May we live an eventful life.”

First event: The round-trip train tickets for their California honeymoon disappeared. After the wedding party had suffered a composite nervous breakdown, the best man found the tickets in Dean’s luggage, and boosted the newlyweds onto the train as it was storming out of Grand Central Station.

After the honeymoon, there were more Broadway plays and television work. The eventful life took hold again in 1951, when they signed for a six-month tour of Australia in “The Moon Is Blue.” It took twenty-four hours to fly from Honolulu to the interior of Australia—where they had no intention of going. Melbourne was socked in, however, and stayed that way for another twenty-four hours. Finally, they took advantage of a rainstorm to land at three in the morning . . . only to discover that their “de luxe” hotel was equipped with something-less-than-modern exterior plumbing.

“Well . . . at least, we aren’t bored,” said Dean.

“To the eventful life,” said June, emptying rain from her slipper.

Six months later, on a flight from Beirut to Rome, they catalogued the eventful experience of watching static electricity collect on airplane wings and explode in baskets of fire. En route from Rome to New York, Dean (who is spokesman for Bel Air cigarettes and is recognized everywhere) was approached by a smoke-hungry Yankee who asked wistfully, “Buddy, could you let me have a carton or two of your Bel Airs? I’ve been out of American cigarettes for a month.”

On all flights, Dean is the self-appointed assistant co-pilot. June usually subsides into the sleep of the trusting. When a jet flight landed in California with enough thud to jar most of the galley equipment onto the deck and send handbags flying through the cabin, June opened her eyes to study Dean’s ashen face with surprise and to observe mildly, “Wouldn’t you think they could find some way to lock their cupboard doors and avoid all that racket?”

Currently, the Harenses are traveling little, having bought a home in the San Fernando Valley. A California ranch house it is situated on a hillside surveying a 270-degree view.

Home ownership, like travel, points up the temperamental differences between Dean and June. He is a do-it-
now expert, efficient, quick-thinking, but a little impatient. He spent one weekend refinishing an antique lamp table. The task completed, he was impelled to view the final effect, so set the proper lamp in place on the gleaming table. The next morning, lamp and table were one, joined by hardened varnish. The lamp had to be pried off, the table sanded and re-refinished.

June moves more deliberately. She has to study a situation before acting. Last Christmas, a tall candle on the fireplace mantel tipped over, setting fire to a display of greetings. She was gently blowing on the blaze to extinguish it, when Dean arrived with a pitcher of water.

Dean and June own two dogs, and the manner of their acquisition tells much about the Harens marriage. "Mata Harens" (Dean is apologetic over the atrocious pun) is the result of a long line of spontaneous enthusiasms, but mainly her blood line appears to be cocker-beagle-dachshund. A California matron won her as a door prize at a charity event, took one look, and decided that charity has its limits. She turned the pooch over to the pound.

Hearing the story, Dean announced that the dog had been cheated out of the home intended for her by fate. He felt obliged to act, so he rescued Mata. The Harens had never intended to own a dog. "But Mata is different," they agreed.

Another night, they were called to the home of friends whose registered Labrador retriever was having puppies. The four human beings stayed up all night with the canine mother, and left her only after her litter had been washed and fed and she had gone to sleep. The following afternoon, June said thoughtfully, "I guess we should take the little one, the runt. I mean ... not everyone would want her."

"Having two dogs in this house would be like opening Pandora's Box," warned Dean. "That would be a good name for her, Pandora," said June. And "Pandora" she is—but without causing trouble.

Summing up their marriage, Dean says, "A lot that goes on around this house would make good material for a domestic comedy series...I mean, we spend a lot of time laughing..."

It's no wonder that the warmth of the Harenses' laughing, loving, eventful partnership is sensed and heartily applauded by the viewers of The Brighter Day.

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Send orders (in coin) to: TV Radio Mirror, Pattern Department, P. O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N.Y. Add 10¢ for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send 35¢ for color catalogue of Printed Patterns (see cover above).
Cut Out All That Jazz

(Continued from page 21)

his pals on the block, knew more about Western lore than his father and quickly set out to correct him. "Say, Dad, you're all wrong—look at those diamonds on the lady who runs the dancehall, look at the big roll of bills on those bad men! Oh, Dad, why don't you cut out all that jazz?"

In another household was David, also a junior TV viewer and the possessor of the most splendid collection of toy pistols East of the Pecos—his parents have spent close to seventy dollars on make-believe guns and holsters since David began watching Westerns. David and his pals went around the block like a posse of vigilantes from Bonanza.

On one occasion, David's father decided to call a halt to his son's gun-shooting expeditions on the quiet streets of Scarsdale. "David, do you know that cowboys who live by guns die in their boots at Thataway Gulch—they don't even get decent burials?" David looked at his father undismayed and reached for the current word of derision: "Dad, you're all wet and I think it's a lot of jazz what you are saying. Where did you get that malarkey, pardner, that they don't bury them? I've seen piles of Westerns where the marshal buries the bad man!"

Jimmy, a lad from Westport, Connecticut, is nuts about magic. He scans the program logs of his favorite newspaper in hopes of stumbling on any program featuring legendarian, no matter how insignificant. Jimmy wouldn't give a hoot for Westerns but any program that mystifies and mesmerizes is bound to get his attention. His father has purchased several hundred dollars' worth of tricks for Jimmy's benefit.

You can imagine what happened to Jimmy when he raced up and down the small-type listings in his local newspaper and discovered that Mike Wallace was going to interview Milbourne Christopher, the polished magician, on PM East! The only drawback was the hour: It was slated for eleven o'clock, and Jimmy's usual bedtime was ninety-three.

At the dinner table, Jimmy nonchalantly announced that he was planning to stay up for the magic show. "Have you done your homework?" his father asked. "And you know you should be in bed much earlier."

Jimmy began to scowl. "Okay, okay," his father capitulated, "you can watch the program, but tomorrow you must be in bed at eight-thirty."

Jimmy had an exhausting time staying awake until Christopher appeared on the screen. But, the moment the program began, his energy was completely restored. And when Christopher told Mike that he was going to cut a lady in half—nay, in threes—Jimmy's eyes practically went into orbit. Christopher, however, never carried out his promise to saw the lady into three parts because time was running out. The magician proposed to perform the illusion on another occasion.

Since then, Jimmy has been frantically searching the TV listings for Christopher's return—meanwhile reassuring his father that Christopher won't really harm the lady. "You know, Dad, it's a fake. It's done with one of two ladies, depending on the magician, and with a razor blade hidden in the hand of the lady tied up in the box."

Youngsters of all ages are infatuated with the production of The Flintstones, each episode of which costs $65,000 to produce. Surveys have shown that children will watch cartoons over and over again, each time with glassy-eyed receptivity. This, however, is not true of The Flintstones—this reporter's survey reveals that it is greeted with the enthusiasm children usually reserve only for a super-duper royal banana split.

Joe Barbera, who is responsible for the creative end of The Flintstones, remarked recently: "Cartoons have changed. They've grown up. It is very difficult now to write just for kids. The kids today are too smart. We use updated dialogue, updated situations. Right from the start, we steered away from the icky, juvenile stuff of the past."

As a result, The Flintstones has a following from six to sixty.

Opined one tousele-haired ten-year-old from Levittown, Long Island: "Yummy, yummy, yumm! The Flintstones! They're cute! They live in the Rock Age! They are cavemen! They are like cartoons! It's a Suburban Rock Age! It's a half-hour program! It's on at eight-thirty! It's keen! It's yummy! That's all!" This is the manner in which most of the youngsters generation appears to express itself about television programming today.

Sonny Fox's Wonderama on Station WNEW-TV appears to be the favorite of many children in the New York area. Youngsters grab pen and pencil when they sit down to watch Massa Fox's goings-on. They jot down the jokes heard on this program, then try them on their parents at dinner time. It is not unusual to have Mother and Dad turn to their progeny and say with resignation: "All right, Joanie—or Janey—or Johnny—you have the joke and then eat your hot pot pie."

Social scientists agree that many children use television programs "as a convenient kind of tranquilizer to help soothe their stress and strains." And mothers also consider TV an invaluable aid in keeping their children occupied.

Recently, when her TV set was "roll-
“I like it,” he said. “It has cowboys and good Indians and wagons and prairies and bad cowboys and robber cowboys. They have good cowgirls, too; bad cowgirls, good girl Indians and bad girl Indians. And I like The Long Ranger’ (The Lone Ranger). He’s a good man. He’s the sheriff’s friend. He has a black mask around his eyes so people don’t know who he is. The most fighting is in The Long Ranger. They fight with bare hands and guns. They also fight with knives. Mostly with bare hands and bows and arrows. The Long Ranger’s friend is Tonto. He’s a nice fellow. Shari Lewis is not my favorite. My favorite one is baseball games. Shari Lewis doesn’t have good things for me. Not in my way. I have other favorites. The Three Stooges with Moe, Larry and Curly. Well, they are funny people. When Curly and Larry do something, Moe smacks him. Very funny! Say, mister, do you want to play checkers?”

We discovered that many children are as cynical as Madison Avenue hucksters when it comes to believing television commercials, particularly the toy commercials. “Who would want to buy that?” a disillusioned six-year-old remarked after looking at one. “It’ll fall apart after one hour!”

Said a young lady, eight years old, “I like some commercials. Especially the Dr. Pepper one—you know the one I mean: ‘Dr. Pepper takes good, like a cigarette should . . .’ I sing it to my little brother before he goes to sleep. My friends and I also sing the Doublemint Gum commercial. Oh yes, I love the Sun Kissed Frozen Juice Bar commercial and the Beech-Nut Fruit Striped gum commercial. That’s a keen one, you know. Real neat.”

Dennis The Menace also rakes up an impressive score among the young fry of today. Said a fledgling: “It’s funny. He’s got into all kinds of trouble. I wouldn’t like to have Dennis for my brother. He cuts off a doll’s hair. There’s a boy on our block called Dennis and my mother calls him Dennis, the Menace. He’s a stinker, Dennis on my block.”

Significant was the fact that The Un-touchables was not on the preferred list of teenagers interviewed by this reporter. Said a young lady of the ponytail platoon: “My favorite is American Bandstand with Dick Clark.” Five other teenagers, standing by, swooned in ecstasy: “Dick Clark is upmost. Real upmost.”

Teen-agers also watch wrestling, Lassie, Father Knows Best, 77 Sunset Strip, Rescue 8 and a fair sprinkling of Westerns. Several young feminine viewers said they knew wrestling matches were phony but, nonetheless, enjoyed watching them.

Evidently, there is program monitoring on the part of many parents who do not want their children to encounter too much “violence” and “rough talk.” In many instances, the law is laid down emphatically by parents: Children can watch certain programs, or certain types of programs, and there is no deviation from this ukase in these particular households.

Parents, it appears, agree with Marya Mannes, The Reporter staffer who recently did a piece of Orwellian “fact-seeing” writing in which she told what transpired in “1965” when the F.C.C. was completely reorganized and new rulings were promulgated doing away with crime and violence programs. What brought about the change was “the discovery of trigger mortis in a number of American children born in widely separated areas. In this malformation, the index finger is permanently hooked, forcing partial contraction of the whole hand in the position required for grasping a revolver. The gun,” said a distinguished anthropologist, “has become an extension of the American arm,” Miss Mannes wrote.

Trigger mortis, shnigger mortis, most kids (we discovered) were inclined to pooh-pooh their elders who blamed television for the upsurge in juvenile delinquency. Today’s breed of youngster, on the whole, wonders what all the fuss is about.

Meanwhile, the networks are slicing the violence quota violently in the upcoming fall and winter program structure. Said Dorothy Brown, director of continuity acceptance, Western Division, ABC-TV: “Writers have gotten into stories of emotional and mental violence, rather than physical.” Said William Tankersley, director of program practices, Hollywood, CBS-TV: “Enough people are concerned so that the message has soaked in. Our work is being done for us.”

Similar views were expressed recently by Robert Wood, manager of broadcast standards, NBC-TV, Hollywood: “TV didn’t do any plays about planes being hijacked,” he said. “The most recent hijackers read about the first such incident in the newspapers. Why don’t they say—with the same logic—that the newspapers are inciting people to steal planes?”

The question of violence on television was put to a Brooklyn Huckleberry Finn. Said he, as he hurriedly placed two cowboy pistols into the bulging midriff of this reporter: “Bang! Bang! You’re dead! May I have fifteen cents for a Good Humorette?”

If this be errant youth bent on mischief, make the most of it. The truth is that today’s youth, in the main, will most likely grow up to be eminent dons—Oxford or Amher—despite what the pecksniffs, moralists and other brick-throwers are saying about the picture content on the home screen.
Ann-Margret: The Female Presley

(Continued from page 18)
tight pants and a sweater!" Dark hair flying, green eyes flashing, Ann-Margret sang and danced with an erotic abandon which taxed the credulity to realize that, off-stage, this same girl was a demure, soft-spoken young coed who majored in nothing more esoteric than speech and cheerleading.

Her clinging, elasticized capris emphasized the sinuous movements of her graceful legs, and her form-carrying orange sweater projected a fiery blur of uninhibited showmanship as her guilelessly sensuous style electrified the audience. "By heavens," cried a mesmerized man at ringside, "she's a female Elvis Presley!"

Her performance was the talk of the Sahara. Before the eleven-day engagement was over, "the college-bred female Elvis Presley" launched by George Burns" was the talk of the Las Vegas Strip. "For the most part," Ann-Margret says candidly, "it was a terrific reaction, but some women—it's always women—would object and say my singing was a little raw. They don't like the way I move in tight pants, but it doesn't matter to me."

Ann-Margret has unveiled a style which makes women feel threatened and men feel renewed. It is a style which moved one studio biographer to describe the twenty-year-old beauty from Winnetka, Illinois, as "a maidly mirage whose graceful, daring movements entice and excite . . . in person, she is the clean-cut, all-American girl next door . . . in front of an audience or a camera—a temptress, tantalizing and tempestuous."

The parallels between Ann-Margret and her provocative male forerunner are striking, both on and off stage. Basically, what they have in common is that both are natural phenomena as performers and as people. Ann-Margret is an uninhibited Swedish night- ingale. (She was five when she migrated to the United States from her native Stockholm.) But off-stage—like Elvis—she speaks so softly that one has to cock an ear to hear her. She is unaffectedly deferential to her elders: George Burns is Mr. Burns; Frank Capra, her director in "Pocketful of Miracles," is Mr. Capra; Bette Davis, her benefactor on the set and her mother in the script of "Pocketful," is Miss Davis.

Nor are those the only particulars in which she is an authentic Presley replica. Like Elvis, she's an only child of a moderate-income family and has for her parents, Gustav and Anna Olson, the same devotion Elvis always had for his. She shrews off her critics with the same philosophical indifference. She is, in short, a natural, politely outspoken, unspoiled, God-fearing, people-liking, friend-cherishing young lady.

Although so many of their mannerisms and qualities are uncannlly alike, Ann-Margret—her long tresses now strawberry blonde for her part in "State Fair"—never strove to be a female counterpart of Elvis and is only amused at the comparison. "I don't see where people get the idea," she laughs modestly. "I've never seen him perform, in person or on the screen, never. I've always wanted to, but I've never even seen him."

"It's funny, too, because we're both with RCA. In fact, when I was at Paramount for 'Pocketful of Miracles,' he was there doing 'Blue Hawaii.' But I was afraid. I was afraid to go there and watch him. I was too nervous to be introduced to him, and I could have been introduced to him."

She finds only one solace in the comparisons, odious or otherwise. "They never compare me to a girl—which is good. Very good. People used to tell me I was like Bobby Darin. Now they insist I'm like Elvis Presley. At least, in one way, I'm a natural 'opposite.' Well, I mean I'm a girl. I've heard him sing on records, and I love him. But, as I say, I've never seen him perform."

This happy and surprising circumstance, of course, gives Ann-Margret built-in immunity from any dark suspicion that she may have set out, by conscious imitation, to become a female Presley. Interestingly—and again like Elvis himself—she is unable to explain what happens when she cuts loose on stage. As in the case of Elvis, her reserve falls away and her performance is explosive. "I don't know," she ponders. "I just move when I sing. I do what I feel like doing. I just let go. I'm very free. I just don't think of what I'm doing. I sing the lyrics, and whatever I feel inside comes out in my movements. I don't think it's good to analyze. You become self-conscious that way. You lose the freshness of it."

The one place where Ann-Margret and Elvis part company is that Ann-Margret (thanks to the sacrifices of her parents) had years of formal training in singing, dancing and playing the piano. Fortunately, her natural style was not smothered by all the technique, but how her flamboyant convolutions evolved is an abiding mystery to her—aside from her acknowledge-ment that it is a release of something that must be boiling inside me." However, there are interesting clues.

Although Ann-Margret didn't sing professionally until she was seventeen, and didn't begin lessons until she was thirteen, she did her first singing at the age of four—and movement was distinctly a part of it. "My uncle would
play the accordion, and my mom would teach me little Swedish songs. She would move around and I would imagine her and move around, too."

When, at thirteen, she began her five years of study with voice teacher Mildred Davis in Chicago, Miss Davis nursed the youthful fire instead of quenching it. “She made my voice a lot stronger,” Ann-Margret says gratefully, “but she never, never restrained me with my style. We would always have about a half-hour of vocalizing. Everything would be very strict, and then she would say, ‘Let go. Don’t you dare think about our exercises when you perform.’ She’s great—great.”

But Ann-Margret was not yet another Elvis. During the summer vacation from New Trier High School in Wilmette, she got her first professional opportunity. She filled in, on a few hours’ notice, for an absentee vocalist with Danny Ferguson’s band in Kansas City, Missouri, some nine hundred miles from her home. Her reception was warm, but there was no hint of a budding female Presley. “I wore frilly dresses, and I just stood up at the mike. I couldn’t move. The dresses wouldn’t let me. Then there was only this little platform, and I had to stay in one spot.”

It remained for one of those happy accidents of show business for George Burns to recognize Ann-Margret’s possibilities as an undulating showstopper in the Presley tradition.

During summer vacation from Northwestern, she had invaded California as the vocalist with the Subtle Tones, a campus combo consisting of Scott Smith, a pianist, a bass player and a drummer. The group had indifferent luck with a smattering of engagements in Long Beach, Reno and Elko. When fall came, the bass player and drummer deflected back to Northwestern. Ann-Margret and Smith, less easily discouraged, remained.

Ann-Margret’s confidence and enthusiasm generated their own good fortune. On an intended interview for “West Side Story,” she was sent to the wrong address and ended up at Pierre Coissette Enterprises. Captivated Bobby Roberts, vice-president of the agency, auditioned Ann-Margret with Coissette. They flipped and undertook her management.

When Roberts arranged an audition for George Burns, who was about to open his revue at the Sahara, Ann-Margret showed up in what she has come to regard as her “good luck” outfit. It was the same five-dollar orange sweater she had been wearing when Roberts discovered her. She wore it now primarily for comfort. However, the effect on Burns was powerful. He decreed that she be similarly adorned when she opened with him at the Sahara, and she has been hailed as a female Elvis Presley ever since.

“They didn’t have a piano in the office,” Ann-Margret recalls the historic audition at General Service Studios in Hollywood, “so we went to this old warehouse on the lot. They have this piano there, and we had to take bird cages off it, dust it and everything. Scott Smith was with me, and he started playing. Mr. Burns and his brother, Willie, sat on a crate, watching me. While I was singing, all the janitors and people who worked there were running around, looking.”

While it is clear that any similarity between Ann-Margret and Elvis Presley is purely coincidental, she consciously identifies with him in many ways, and makes no secret of her feeling of affinity. “I admire him, I really do,” she avers. One of the chief reasons is the unashamed love Elvis always has shown for his mother, now dead, and his father, since remarried. This is something she understands because of her affection for her own parents, who have stinted and struggled without complaint, ever since they came to this country, in order to permit her to try to make her dreams of show business success come true.

Like Elvis, Ann-Margret thinks of making good, now that it is at hand, mostly in terms of how it will enable her to care for her parents—who presently share her one-bedroom Beverly Hills apartment. “I’ve always wanted to help them,” she says earnestly, “because they’ve never had anything. Lord willing, I want to buy a home for my parents because they have never had one.”

Ann-Margret is at an age that entitles her to freedom and independence. She is old enough and solvent enough to set her folks up in one apartment and to live by herself in another. But she refuses to consider moving out on them. “I don’t want it that way,” she says feelingly. “We have too short a time on earth, anyway, and too short a time to be with our parents. You should treasure the moments you have now, and live with them.”

Nor is this merely a passing philosophical fancy. “We had quite a scare recently,” she reveals, a telltale catch in her voice. “My daddy had a stroke a month ago, when I was here and he was in Chicago. That’s when we found out it wasn’t worth it to live apart. So Daddy quit the electrician’s job he’s had all these years, and he moved out here. He can’t work until December. It was a very harsh warning that we should all be together, and take the time now because we might not have it later.”

A flickering of tears awash in her suddenly unsteady voice, Ann-Margret expresses, Presley-like, her gratitude that the crisis found her in a position to take care of her father and to be with him. “I’m a very firm believer in what God has to say. If He wants me to help my parents, if He wants to give me the money to help, it’s fine. If something else happens, you know, I could go to work doing something else. And Mom could go to work. Whatever we can do, we will do.”

It’s not alone because of his filial devotion that Ann-Margret respects Elvis. “That’s just one of the reasons. He’s very humble, from what I’ve read about him, and what I’ve been told by people in RCA who know him very well. They say he’s very kind, very considerate of other people. He doesn’t drink or smoke, either.”

The same virtues of kindness and abstinence are ascribed by those who know her to Ann-Margret. But, like Elvis, she does not sanctimoniously
Born 5,000 Years Too Late

(Continued from page 31)

interfered. She wanted security for her daughter and I told her I couldn't promise her this. The girl got what she wanted. She married a doctor.

"The second girl I was serious with lost herself in me. She wanted so much to do everything I wanted that, after a while, she had no identity of her own. She'd say to me, 'What do you want me to do? How do you want me to act?"'

"This is one of the most difficult parts of my personality—I'm too strong. People seem to want me to lead them, to tell them how to cope with life. They follow me like some Pied Piper. In New York, there are seven or eight men and women who just follow me around. Soon they lose their own identities in me and I have to chase them away. I have to turn to them and say, 'Beat it—solve your own problems.' That's how I lost girl number two.

"The third girl, I loved," George's voice softens as he becomes lost in a special memory. "She was tiny and sickly. I loved her and wanted to take care of her, but she couldn't leave her religion and I couldn't join her faith. I would have been living a lie." He pauses for a moment and a ghost of a smile plays at his lips. "She got married a while back, but she didn't invite me to the wedding."

George's opinions of women and how they should be treated make it understandable that he has yet to find a girl to share his life. His views also explain why he believes himself to be a reincarnation of a caveman. "I don't believe in emancipation of women," he emphasizes. "A woman should be treated as a woman. She belongs in the home, not out trying to compete with men."

"The reason there are so many unhappy women around today is that men don't understand them. They don't realize they're unhappy because, that they want their mates to stomp them and then they subconsciously want to get away. A woman will get away as much as she is allowed. She's testing him. And the more a man puts up with, the more a woman will test—and the more unhappy and neurotic she'll become."

The more he expounds, the more obvious it becomes why George hasn't found many female followers who agree with his old-fashioned view.

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point on the relationship between the sexes. "I see women around who try to impress with their intellect and their strength, but they can't fool me. Their eyes give them away. They seem to be begging to be treated as women once again. Why can't men understand this? Why don't they have the guts to straighten their woman out, when she gets out of hand? Why are they afraid to be truthful to what, underneath, they really think is best for what's supposed to be the weaker sex?"

The word "truth" occurs frequently in George's conversation and it becomes evident that this is a word he lives by. It encompasses his relationship with men, his relationship with women and his relationship with love. "Love must be a truthful thing," he exhales. "Love shouldn't be all sunshine and roses. Sometimes it has to rain or grow thorns."

"It might hurt to probe and find the true meaning of the relationship, but love can't survive without it. It's almost like building a boat. You can't be afraid to put it in the water for fear it will sink! If it does spring a leak, you must patch it—and often you'll find it then becomes stronger than it was at first."

George's travels, too, are a search for basic truth. He has roamed over most of the continent, hitchhiking as far as Cuba and Canada—wherever he can be alone and feel free. His dislike of cities is another subject he is not hesitant to talk about. "I feel cooped up, unimportant, crowded. There are millions of people around, but you don't know—really know—anyone. When I'm on the road, I get to know people, to see how they live and what makes them different. And I feel independent and free."

Why freedom and independence always have been so important to him is something George can't explain. "From the time I was a kid, I've felt like this. I'd never join a gang, even if it meant fighting the gangs to be left alone. I could never be part of anyone else, and I couldn't even ask for help. I remember, once when I was a kid, I went swimming and got caught in a whirlpool. I felt myself going under but I kept saying to myself, 'Don't call for help. Do it yourself. Don't let anyone help you.' Finally the water tossed me around and threw me up on the shore."

"Another time, I was playing football for my school team. I got a blood clot in my leg and, as I sat on the bench, the pain began to kill me. But I couldn't tell anyone about it. I don't know why. I waited until after everyone had left the field and it was dark, before I literally crawled to the dressing room by myself."

George recalls other times when something inside him made him fight for his independence. When he was ten, he broke his arm and was taken to the clinic to have it set. He couldn't tolerate what he felt was the patronizing attitude of the doctors and nurses. When they told him they couldn't give him an anesthetic without his parents' permission, he refused to give their names—and had the doctor set the break without anything to ease the pain.

A week later, when his father gave him fifty cents to take the streetcar back to the hospital to have his arm bandaged, he took the money, went to a drugstore, bought the necessary supplies and bandaged it himself. "I couldn't and wouldn't ask them for any more help."

Why George feels he must fight to exist is another compelling drive he can't explain. In truth, he does bring to mind someone from ages past who must eternally prove and re-prove his courage and strength in constant battle with his enemies. While this modern-day caveman's foes might be only imaginary, he does see in society, as a whole, an adversary against whom he must carry his banner, set his lance and charge, crying: "I must be free, I must be a whole man."

Since his charger on these crusades for independence takes the form of a shiny new automobile instead of a horse, George will admit that he isn't enough of a nonconformist to travel around the country on a galloping white steed.

Even George Maharis, 20th-century caveman, has to make some compromises.

The New Champagne Lady

(Continued from page 28)

only lightly over some of the other worlds which also fascinate boys. To her, at that time, the world of science meant only assignments in biology or physics classes, things to be committed to memory just long enough for tests to be passed . . . not things that were of any real interest.

She's found out differently, through her boys. Particularly with No. 2 son, Mark, who is the Mr. Inventor of the family. "Name something scientific, and Mark has a passion for it," Norma declares with no little awe. "It was Mark who really opened the world of the microscope to me. It had all been a mysterious mumbo-jumbo before. But we bought Mark a good microscope, and he showed me how to study the slides. Now I find myself hunting up unusual specimens for him to make slides with—or series of prepared slides which will intrigue him."

"He's even taught me to overcome my innate feminine horror of specimens pickled in formaldehyde. When the hobby shops came out with plastic bags filled with long-dead fish, frogs and starfish, all floating in formaldehyde, I blithely bought every one I could find. Years ago, I would have run in the opposite direction—and probably lost my lunch, as well. Which just proves, I guess, that, to be the mother of boys, you've got to develop a strong stomach!"

"Mark has also stimulated a strong interest in all of us for geology and rock-hunting. To me—up to the time Mark got interested—a rock was just some bothersome thing we had to move to clear a patch of ground for a flowerbed. Now I find myself inspecting any strange-looking rock, and trying to figure out if it's sedimentary, or metamorphic—whether it contains metallic minerals, or possibly gem minerals. All that would have been Greek to me, back when I was Mark's age."

"And, to paraphrase that famous advertising slogan, I've also learned never to underestimate the resources of the young! Mark has come up with some of the most fantastic thingamajigs and whichamabobs you could ever imagine. No one says to him, 'Go and invent something that does thus—and-so.' He just gets an idea and off he goes . . . and, first thing you know, he brings you this machine, maybe built of rubber bands and paper clips. He's getting interested in electricity and electronics, and is fast moving out of the paper-clip and rubber-band stage of his inventions. I do believe his idea of heaven would be to be turned loose in an electronics 'surplus' store, with a ten-dollar bill all his own!"

Norma believes that watching budding enthusiasms like those of her sons can teach any woman a lesson. "I've watched so many women cleaning house and blithely tossing into the garbage heap all the things which seem to them to be 'junk.' They view everything only through their own eyes. I did, myself, once upon a time. But now, before I toss anything out, I find myself asking, 'Could Ronny or Mark find a use for this?' And the folks who live in the trailers in our court are getting in that habit, too. If a clock seems worn out beyond repair, they don't give it the heave-ho. They save it for Ronny or Mark, so they can salvage some of the parts."

"It may sound crazy, but I think it really adds up to a genuine interest in other people, and a respect for the desires and ambitions of others. And I
earnestly believe that a youngster with a curious mind can get as much benefit from putting around with an old clockwork or the discarded motor from a lawn mower, as he could from expensive equipment! If that isn’t a lesson learned in basic values, it will do something better comes along. It’s lucky that Norma has always enjoyed active sports and has always been good at them. Because now, as a mother, she has discovered a delight denied more sedentary parents. She has learned the fun of keeping young with her children through spirited competition in sports.

“I can still win, when the boys challenge me to a foot race,” she chuckles. “But I have a feeling it won’t be so for long. Ronny, at thirteen, is already as tall as I am—and growing rapidly! Those legs of his are stretching out, and it won’t be long before he can outdistance me. The boys are already pushing me hard in the swimming department, too. I may have been quite the athlete, for a girl, back in my teens. But the boys are working like Trojans to see that I get shoved into my rightful, feminine place on the family—last place! ’

“Of course, my husband Randy is magnificent on skis. We all head for the snow every opportunity we get. So far, I can keep up with the boys, if not with Randy. But that won’t be for long, either. I’ll be trailing them all, in a couple of years.

“It’s a spot I’ll slide into gracefully and gratefully, believe me! I sometimes wonder if there’s any joy a woman has, as complete as watching her sons mature into husky young men, mentally alert and physically healthy. Something like that makes a woman really count her blessings.”

Probably the biggest lesson Norma has learned from her two offspring concerns the wonderful resilience of youth: Their awesome ability to adjust and adapt to circumstances, and their ability to be happy with only the basic necessities.

“When we lived in Flintridge, the boys had a room which might have been taken right from the pages of a decorating magazine,” she recalls. “Our house was big, our grounds were big—though I don’t mean it to sound boastful, the whole setup was what you might call ‘luxurious’. Then we sold that, and sold Randy’s business, put every cent we had into our trailer court here at La Habra . . . and borrowed more to make the improvements on the court.

“For a while, we lived in a ramshackle old farmhouse which remained in the orange grove we were using for the trailer-court grounds. I think the boys were happier in the big old bedroom in that farmhouse than they ever were in that fine house in Flintridge. The walls in their farmhouse room were of plywood, and they could pin up posters and souvenirs wherever they pleased.

“Then we moved into the trailer. We enthusiastically endorse trailer living—but for couples only! Trailers are much too cramped quarters for raising a family, especially active young boys.

“Next move: A sort of penthouse apartment, built over the recreation building at the court. This means a private place of their own, for the boys’ studying and their hobbies. But we’ve learned our lesson—no more fancy decorating, with our tastes imposed on the boys.

“On the surface, I suppose it seems that our two boys have put up with a number of hardships. There are no children living in our trailer court, for instance—so any pails must be chauffered back and forth from town, several miles away. You might think this would make for lonesome little boys. Instead, it’s made Ronny and Mark much more self-sufficient. They’ve found ways of entertaining themselves . . . so it’s turned into a benefit.

“Randy and I have never hired any help to do the landscaping or maintenance work at the court. Now that the boys are older and stronger, they pitch in and help—and I’m convinced that they are a help. And I’m confident that they are getting an instemtable benefit, finding out what satisfaction there is, in pulling together to achieve a mutual goal.

“Because we’ve sunk all our funds into the court, and want to get it paid off as soon as possible, there’s never much extra cash floating around our household. The boys, therefore, have never been on allowances. If there’s something they really need, of course we get it for them, somehow. But they have matured sufficiently to understand the why . . . and that we aren’t being stingy or hard-hearted when we fail to dole out nickels and dimes indiscriminately. And the little luxuries we do manage are just that much more appreciated.

“In other words, I’ve learned a lesson denied many parents, I think. I’ve learned that often the over-privileged child is, in reality, under-privileged. By their so-called ‘privileges’ which is really only over-indulgence—many parents destroy the most valuable asset a child can develop: Self-reliance. It’s a lesson I’ve learned through necessity, and not from any great brilliance and forethought on my part. But it’s the most valuable lesson of them all.”
Window On Main Street

(Continued from page 37) the variety of circumstances and situations and locations and characters I proceeded through before we got to this guy,” Bob says. This is not to mention the crew cut, the mustache, and even the Van Dyke beard he experimented with before settling on the bow tie and pipe as trademarks of the new character. “Rodney almost fainted when he saw the Van Dyke,” Bob reports with a laugh.

Rodney is Eugene Rodney, Bob’s producer and partner in Cavalier Productions. The third man is Roswell Rogers, head writer and story editor on both the old show and the new one. These three had been given carte blanche on a new show. Despite the fact that Father was in the top ten, Bob and Rodney had decided to drop it: It was becoming more and more difficult for the writers to find new and fresh involvements for the family and, with the children growing up, the whole image of the family was changing.

CBS bought a show which didn’t exist and, by the time they sold it to Scott Paper and Toni, they had only a format—no pilot, no scripts, no cast. By the end of April, Rogers had eight scripts ready and they expected to go into production by the first of June. But, by the middle of July, not one frame had been rolled. As Gene Rodney said, “We’re in good shape. We have an organization, we have the sets, we have the scripts. Unfortunately, there’s one ingredient missing: We have no actors.”

“We were looking for a particular kind of a girl and a particular kind of a man for supporting roles,” Bob explains. “We interviewed some fine actors and excellent actresses, but, unfortunately, they didn’t coincide with our preconceived ideas. I don’t know any better than anyone else what makes a successful show, except that there is one quality which is extraordinarily difficult to define: Identification. It begins with the writing. Some writers are a little more perceptive. They catch these intangible qualities and dimensions beyond the stereotyped characters. People watching the show can’t tell you what it is; there’s just something about the characters they like, something they recognize so they are able to accept them as being real persons.

“After the writer brings in a script, it’s the producer’s turn to be perceptive. The successful producer is the one who says, ‘I want it worked on a little more. It needs a little more finesse.’ Rodeny often says, ‘I think we make these things wrong. I put in fourteen or fifteen hours a day, seven days a week. I meet fellows in the business who get their work finished in a normal day and go to Palm Springs every weekend!’

Bob himself knows from long years of experience how much hard work, how much attention to detail, how much of a team effort, are required to produce a successful show—or, for that matter, an unsuccessful show. Father Knew Best was canceled after its first year on TV, but then was brought back and grew into one of the most popular on the air.

“This is one of the faults of television,” he says. “I don’t say that critically, because it is a fault which would be difficult to correct. After all, a sponsor spends five million dollars on a show, and he has to have something to justify this expenditure to his board of directors. Very few shows have the initial impact, that sock right out of the bag, to get enough viewers quickly enough to make the sponsor’s investment worthwhile.

“This is a fantastically expensive thing, and it is one of the real tragedies that many shows could get over their

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NOW EVEN BETTER

*************** rough spots in maybe six months and become big. But who is going to pay the bills for those six months? Who’s going to gamble several million dollars that any given show might make it?”

Bob talks easily and liberally in an interview. In their twenty-eight married years, Betty has presented him with four daughters, now ranging in age from twenty-seven to fifteen. “If anyone accuses me of talking too much, I excuse myself by saying, ‘In a houseful of women, what chance do I have?’ But Betty has only to say the word ‘tape’ and I shut up.

“One time, we were doing a taped interview at home—actually, it was supposed to be Betty’s interview. How does it feel to be a movie star’s wife, that sort of thing. On every question, Betty would start out with a ‘Well, I—’ and then ‘I’d come in for two or three minutes. For the whole quarter-hour, I think Betty got out about five broken sentences. So now, when I start out with the ‘what chance do I have’ line, she adds ‘except on tape’—and you know, I shut up. I’m silent for fifteen or twenty seconds at a stretch.’

If Bob can laugh at himself, he can also look at our life and times realistically. When he was eight years old, he was already contributing to his family’s income, working as a helper on a horse-drawn grocery cart. As a teenager, he was a soda jerk, a grease monkey and a helper in the press room of the Los Angeles Times. He could certainly be excused for a jaundiced view of today’s teenagers who “gripe when they haven’t anything to do.”

“I have a lot of sympathy and compassion for kids today,” Bob says. “They’re living in a tormented world, and I think they would be tormented, anyway, just by the natural process of growing up. Parents try to help and be a comfort, but we, too, are caught up in our own problems and worries. Parents can be neglectful. They can be constantly in the company of their children, and still be neglectful.

“You have to find some area of communication without being overly sympathetic. Sometimes, though, I think too much emphasis is placed on the parental-neglect angle. It gives the teenagers another out, another excuse for not accepting the truth that each is responsible for his own conduct regardless of heredity or environment. This is a hard lesson to learn.

“And it is a kind of goofed-up world they’re growing up in. There’s a lot of talk these days about tensions and strains and stresses. It’s not to be suggested these are not true. When your youngster asks you, ‘Pop, what happens if they drop that big bomb?’—you can’t laugh it off.

“But my wife said something, one night when we were all watching TV, that makes a lot of sense, that brings it into perspective. The program was concerned with settlers crossing the continent in a wagon train. It’s dark. They’re camped for the night. The viewer knew there were Indians out there and the people were asleep. The camera panned across the wagons to one sleeper who suddenly awakens, cocking his head, listening anxiously for the slightest sound. It was deathly still in the den. We were all caught up in the suspense. Then Betty said, ‘You see now, there were no tensions in those days.’

There is one inviolable rule in the Young household. “We have one sit-down dinner together each week. We try to have more, but other nights there is apt to be homework, I’m late for the set or there’s a meeting to attend. But Friday night, everybody is there. It’s a date. We all sit at the table and have dinner together. Everybody talks at once. I don’t think it’s what you could call conversation. This is me and five women all talking at the same time. I think it might be more accurately called ‘bedlam.’

What it really is, of course, is that abiding interest in people which distinguishes such men as Robert Young, “the other fellow” — and the new novelist-hero of Window on Main Street.
Today's Pop Music Is Here to Stay

- For some years now, observers of the music scene have been predicting the death of the current pop music fad, rock 'n' roll. This whistling in the dark from some of the nation's noted tunesmiths—most of them disgruntled because their own tunes aren't getting a hearing—has been going on since 1953 when the first rock 'n' roll record started boxing the music business about the ears. Though, admittedly, some of the singles have been, and are, horrible examples of misdirected or no-talent producers and performers, the majority of single records that have sold substantially are in tune with the times. And, more important, they have popular appeal. Teenagers and young adults have accepted rock 'n' roll as "their" music, and there's much evidence that a large number of older adults dig the new sounds. Radio, with "Top 40" programing has shown high audience ratings during daytime hours—when supposedly the only fans of rock 'n' roll are in school.

In other words, we have to accept the fact that rock 'n' roll—as well as some country and western, rhythm and blues and the hybrid "soul" sounds—are the new popular music. These are the folk tunes of modern America. Irving Berlin once told Variety that, "Any song the public accepts is a good song." The fact that most of today's hit tunes are dressed in upbeat garb and delivered with "soul," or strong emotional impact, doesn't mean they haven't honest and basic musical value. The fundamental purpose of music should not be overlooked: To produce a certain mood or response. If a great number of listeners are moved enough by a piece of music toward their neighborhood record shop to buy it, then that music can be called a "moving performance"—and a good song.

- Ray Charles, who started into his teens as a blind Negro orphan boy—certainly the proverbial "three strikes" against him—is now one of the hottest artists in several musical fields. Currently his single, "Hit the Road, Jack," is still close to the number one spot, and eight of his LPs are selling well enough to be on best-seller lists.

More importantly, Ray has brought to the popular music field a new sound, a new feeling. For lack of a more descriptive term it is called "soul," a recently overworked expression in both popular and jazz circles. To say that Ray originated soul in today's music would be to deny the many great Negro artists of the blues—including Big Bill Broonzy, Ma Rainey, Joe Turner, Bessie Smith, Jimmy Rushing—all a part of Ray's musical heritage. But it is fair to say that Ray's blues style has touched the emotions of more people than anyone before him...in other words, he has popularized "soul."

A magnificent example of the unique talent of Ray Charles is now available in his most recent album, entitled "The Genius (Continued on 80H)"

ON THE RECORD
Don Mills
Music Editor

RAY CHARLES: THE GENIUS WITH SOUL

ON FOLLOWING PAGES:
Recorded vs. Live Jazz . . . . 80B
Listening Post . . . . . . . . 80C
On Record Guide . . . . . . . 80D
Up 'n' Comers . . . . . . . . . 80F-G
Top Records of the Month. . . 80F
Most New Artists Should
Stay Single . . . . . . . . . . 80H
Some say that nuances of musical expression as well as the full power of jazz can be best experienced in your own living room, listening to the hi-fi set. Others maintain that to get the real feeling of jazz, you've got to go to the clubs, the jazz hangouts, the jazz festivals. It's true that jazz musicians, and all musicians for that matter, try to put their best efforts on record. But at the same time, the uninhibited feeling of working in a club, playing the way he feels, often produces better jazz from a musician than a studio session.

Many recent LP's attempt to bridge the gap between live and recorded jazz by presenting jazz groups recorded on location.

In Columbia's two-LP set, "Miles Davis at the Blackhawk, San Francisco, Vols. I & II, Friday and Saturday Nights" (Columbia 1669 and 1770), pure jazz comes through in spite of the surroundings. Although the trade magazine Cashbox declared "the conviviality of the Blackhawk guaranteed a relaxed session," the club is still a smokey, cramped outpost on San Francisco's Turk Street, and for the average night-clubber, not convivial. Nonetheless, on the LP the excitement of a hip crowd transmitted to trumpeter Miles Davis has produced some particularly fine jazz moments, as if he were trying to outdo himself for his dual club and home audience.

In "Ahmad Jamal's Alhambra" (Argo 685), there's a feeling of perfect harmony between musicians and their surroundings, and not surprisingly, because on this LP we can hear the fulfillment of a dream. Ahmad Jamal sits down at his own piano in his own club (the new Alhambra in Chicago) to play some of the most relaxed and satisfying music, both for himself and for his listeners, since his first success. But purists will still cry: You've got to hear the original sound, as it's created. To a degree, this is true. At the recent Monterey Jazz Festival it was worth braving traffic jams, hot sweaty afternoons and hordes of people to hear such acknowledged jazz greats as J.J.
Johnson, Dizzy Gillespie, and Duke Ellington offer their musical creations to an appreciative audience. However, for those not venturesome enough to hear new jazz hot out of the horn, as it were, there's ample representation of these artists on record. Duke Ellington's "Sat-in Doll," for example, which seemingly was played every fifteen minutes, since The Duke was master of ceremonies, can be heard on a new collection of vintage Ellingtonia. "The Best of Duke Ellington" (Capitol 1602). John Lewis, who serves as musical director of the Monterey Festival, is represented by two new LP's, one featuring his compositions called "The Jazztet and John Lewis" (Argo 684) and another, a swinging session with John at the piano, titled "John Lewis: The Wonderful World of Jazz" (Atlantic 1375).

A special new package has Ellington paired with Louis Armstrong (both were at the previous year's Monterey Festival) for the first time on record (Roulette 52074). John Coltrane, who essayed his classic "My Favorite Things" (Atlantic 1361), is one of the few musicians to have a working fan club (based in San Francisco), and Dave Brubeck is still selling his LP "Time Out" (Columbia 1397) in car-load lots.

The real difference between recorded and live jazz seems to be similar to that of seeing a famous painting, say a Picasso, in a museum, and having a faithfully reproduced print of it in your home to enjoy every day. In listening to live jazz you are searching for those moving, exciting—and occasionally great—moments, whereas in buying recorded jazz you are picking and choosing those great moments for possession and posterity.

**THE LISTENING POST**

- **Steve Allen** has returned to television, and three of Steverino's past sidekicks have recorded comedy LP's—all just released by United Artists, Pat Harrington, Jr. figures that "Some Like It Hip," Louis Nye offers the toast. "Here's Nye In Your Eye," and Don Knotts (who's now Andy Grif...)

   Steve Allen

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**John Coltrane**

fifth's wonderful little deputy) humbly suggests "An Evening With Me."

Premier of **Bob Newhart**'s new Wednesday night TV show on NBC coincided with release of his new Warner Bros. LP "Behind the Button Down Mind," which had an advance order of 200,000. Bob is the first comedian in show business to become a star-type personality through records, without first appearing in a club or on the vaudeville circuit, such as every other known comedian has done. It's increasingly apparent that the record business has become the spawning ground of new personalities that will later be seen on TV and the theater screen.

**Leonard Bernstein** will continue his Young People's concerts this season, on the CBS-TV network. The dates: December 24, December 31, March 25 and April 8. And, of course, recording sessions continue for Columbia—not that he needs the work, with huge royalties piling up from his score of "West Side Story" which is getting the LP treatment from all sides: The movie soundtrack (Columbia 5670) looks like a huge bestseller, and **Stan Kenton**, the maverick of the jazz world, has turned out a superb jazz version of it for Kenton fans and the hip Afro-Cuban jazz cult (Capitol 1609).

It's said there are more potential song writers in the world than there are songs. Capitol Records has come up with a unique answer to the sing-a-long. Theirs is called a "write-a-long" in the new LP "Songs Without Words" (Capitol 1601), in which they've gathered together a group of topnotch tunesmiths to write melodies designed to set creative fires burning. It's a contest in which you can win a $500 advance against royalties and the chance to have your song recorded by Capitol.

**Elvis Presley** sings 14 new songs in his new LP "Blue Hawaii," which is the soundtrack of his new movie... RCA Victor has an LP out by Ray Ellis that could well be called "Those Newies But Goodies." A collection of top 20 tunes, it's as up-to-the-minute as your TV-Radio Mirror On the Record, including versions—almost like the original—of such recent favorites as "Michael," "Hurt," "Take Good Care of My Baby," "School Is Out"... you get the idea.
POPULAR

★★★★Here I Go Again, Eileen Farrell (Columbia 1653)—The show biz truism that comedians want to play Shakespearean tragedy and opera singers want to sing popular jazz is proven again with Miss Farrell's second excur-

sion to the other side of the tracks, where instead of giving the impression she's slumming, as such an effort conceivably could, she comes across with a spirit and joie de vivre that might well be emulated by many to today's ultra hip and emotionally detached female singers. In fact, Miss Farrell's performance should make many of them wonder "what am I doin' here?" Every track (excepting the over-worked "My Funny Valentine") strikes the spark of discovery with Miss Farrell combining her obvious talent with the bright and exceedingly complementary arrangements of the Luther Henderson orchestra, particularly on "Solitaire," and "The Second Time Around."

★★★★September In The Rain, Dinah Washington (Mercury 20638)—Dinah weaves a magic spell when she sings, broken only when it's time to turn the record over. Admittedly she has great material to work with, including "I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm," "This Heart of Mine," and "I Can't Believe That You're In Love With Me." The title tune is a hot single.

★★★Breakfast At Tiffany's, Henry Mancini (RCA Victor 2362)—This is a major motion picture with the score composed and conducted by Henry Mancini who, from the sale of previous LP's, can have all his meals at Tiffany's. Like many records of movie scores, this one will be helped by the visual imagery that comes from seeing the movie. After the movie is released, sales of this slickly conceived, brightly scored package are sure to soar.

★★★Guitar Lament, Al Viola (World Pacific 1408)—The guitar gains full expression when in the hands of an artist like Viola, who brings together classical, flamenco and jazz influences on such standards as "Black Coffee," "Lover Man" and ten others.

★★★The New Andre Kostelanetz "Wonderland of Sound" (Columbia 1657)—You used to be able to depend on good ol' Andre to supply smooth lush orchestrations of semi-classicals, operettas, and standard melodies. But no more. This LP is proof enough that today's music is not yesterday's music, when a conservative maestro like Kostelanetz decides not only to get percussive but to tackle such tunes of recent vintage as "Are You Lonesome Tonight?" and "It's Not For Me To Say." The whole thing sounds as if he didn't quite have his heart in his work, but withal, it's a very commercial package.

★★★Connie Francis Sings "Never On Sunday" & Others (MGM 3965)—Connie is also going to the movies more for her material, all solid movie hits, such as "Tammy," "Moonglow," "Love Me Tender," as well as the title tune, which she sang at the Academy Awards. Connie's fans won't want to miss this one.

★★★Rydell At The Copa, Bobby Rydell (Cameo 1011)—In this, his "transition" record, Bobby shows a great flair for showmanship, putting over "Old Man River" as well as some well-wrought special material. It will take a little while, however, for parents to get hip to the fact that this isn't the same Rydell they've been hearing on their kids' record player, but a new adult, show-wise Rydell.
JAZZ

★★★Al (He's The King) Hirt And His Band (RCA Victor 2354)—Self-titled “king” Hirt has had a large segment of the Dinah Shore TV audience rooting for him and his rooty-foo Dixieland capers, a fact that does not necessarily diminish his musicianship, but rather emphasizes his great showmanship. He and Jonah Jones have done more in recent years for popular acceptance of the jazzy (as distinct from jazz) trumpet than anyone else in the field. Here’s a jumping LP for the new-style Dixiel fan.

★★★★Miles Davis In Person At The Blackhawk, San Francisco (Vol. 1, Friday Night, Columbia 1669; Vol. 2, Saturday Night, Col. 1770)—See story on Page 80B.

★★★★Feelin’ Good, The Three Sounds (Blue Note 4072)—Here is some happy, yet for the most part, low pressure cookin’ by this young trio. With subdued but driving force, the piano-bass-drums combo delivers some close ensemble work on alternating fragile blues and bright up-tempo tunes. Bill Dowdy’s drums are too apparent on a couple of solo flights, but generally pianoman Gene Harris and bassman Andrew Simpkins are to the fore, providing an exciting session.

★★★★Ahmad Jamal’s Alhambra (Argo 685)—The famous Negro artist, who was converted to Mohammedanism a couple of years ago, has had a booming career ever since. Now owner of his own Chicago nightclub, Jamal recorded this album there. It is a must item for Jamal fans. See story on Page 80B.

FOLK

★★★★A Treasure Chest Of American Folk Song, Ed McCurdy (Electra 205)—Such popularizers of the folk song as the Weavers, the Kingston Trio and the Limeliters—in the order of their acceptance and pre-eminence—have given folk music new status. This double-LP set (for the price of one) should serve as excellent introduction to the listener who would like to explore some of the roots of our American folk culture. Included among the 34 tunes are old chestnuts like “Roving Gambler,” “John Brown’s Body,” and “Down In The Valley,” as well as more obscure, regional tunes. Comprehensive but succinct liner notes give additional meaning to Ed McCurdy’s faithful recreations, aided by Erik Darling’s inspired banjo. Here is a chance to hear the original version of such recent pop tunes as “Boll Weevil,” and “Beneath The Willow” and “Jesse James,” which the new Kingston trio sing in their latest album.

★★★★The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem (Columbia 1648)—When a quartet of Irishmen get together to sing the traditional songs of Ireland there’s nothin’ to do but set yourself down for a listen. It’s enough to warm the cockles of your heart, it ’tis. Let’s join the patriots in the first row. shall we?
These three talented girls are not one-shot flash-in-the-pan performers by any means. In fact, they started their show business career as a dance group, touring with U.S.O. camp shows when they were 13, 11 and 9-year-olds. This valuable experience, and the acclaim they received for their occasional singing, led them to concentrate on perfecting a cohesive vocal style.

In 1952, while performing a series of engagements in their home town, San Francisco, they came to the attention of the Andrews Sisters, who invited the Paris girls to join them on stage. They went over so well with the audience as kind of a junior Andrews Sisters act, that a new niter act was born then and there, which went on to appear throughout the country and on TV.

After a successful niter run with the Andrews Sisters, the Paris Sisters returned to local San Francisco Bay Area engagements and their studies. A year ago, they were brought to the attention of Lester Sill, of Gregmark Records, who gave them a recording contract. The girls’ first release was “Be My Boy,” which became a moderate hit, although a smash in a few areas, including their home town.

But with their second release for the Gregmark label, the trio managed to gain acceptance in all areas, and “I Love How You Love Me,” is now one of the top records in the country.

The girls are now trying to live down the "junior Andrews Sisters" tag and establish an identity of their own.

**Hottest LP!** Stereo 35/mm, Enoch Light & His Orch. (Command RS 826 SD)—Some of the most brilliant sound ever recorded, even if you’re listening with only one ear. (Mono.—RS 33-826).

**BEST SELLING NEW LP'S**

Portrait of Johnny, Johnny Mathis (Columbia 1644)—That simulated painting is sure-fire merchandising and, of course, Johnny’s in good voice.

Jump Up Calypso, Harry Belafonte (RCA Victor 2388)—An accomplished musician serves up almost authentic West Indian song and rhythm.

Oldies But Goodies, Vol. III, Various artists (Original Sound 5004) —Listen dear, they’re playing our song.

All The Way, Brenda Lee (Decca 4716)—A big voice and another big seller for the diminutive thrush.

The Genius After Hours, Ray Charles (Atlantic 1369)—They laugh and cry when soulful Ray sits down to play (See Review In Depth, page 80A).

Sixty Years of Music America Loves Best, Vol. III, Various popular artists (RCA Victor LOP 1509)—The great million sellers from Victor’s catalogue of hits.

Sixty Years of Music America Loves Best, Vol. III. Various classical artists (RCA Victor LM 2574)—Oldies but goodies from the classical world, the golden voices and instrumental favorites of yesteryear.

Ebb Tide, Earl Grant (Decca 4165)—TV exposure plus talent equal a best seller.

Limelillers (Electra 180)—Presenting popular folk music with wit and sophistication.

Basin Street East Proudly Presents Miss Peggy Lee (Capitol 1520)—Miss Lee has a superb way with a song, and the niter has a splendid way of getting a plug.

Somebody Loves Me, Ray Conniff Singers (Columbia 1642)—They certainly do, the way they’re buying.

Ain’t That Weird, Brother Dave Gardner (RCA Victor 2335)—Comedy from south of the Mason-Dixon line captures the country.

Yellow Bird, Roger Williams (Kapp 1244)—Roger joins Arthur Lyman and Lawrence Welk on the best seller list with the magic title tune.

Rodgers: Victory at Sea, Vol. III, RCA Victor Symphony Orch. (RCA Victor 2523)—Stirring and melodic reminiscences of a time when, it now seems, wars were fought with water pistols.

Pete Fountain’s French Quarter New Orleans (Coral 57559)—Now unfettered by Larry Welk’s uh-one, uh-two beat, he’s free to swing straight two beat.

Hurt, Timi Yuro (Liberty 3208)—A big, mature style shoots this newcomer right onto the best-seller list. She’s got nothing more to cry about.

Your Request Sing Along With Mitch, Mitch Miller (Columbia 1671)—And the gang’s all here, watchin’ that TV show and buyin’ those records and shakin’ the rafters with song.
THE HOT SINGLES

Hit the Road, Jack, Ray Charles (ABC 10244)—Another driving vehicle for the Charles juggernaut.
A Wonder Like You, Ricky Nelson (Imperial 5770)—A good, but not great, followup to his “Travelin’ Man.”
Fool No. 1, Brenda Lee (Decca 31309)—Little Brenda does it again, clicking on the other side. “Anybody But Me,” too.
Big Bad John, Jimmy Dean (Columbia 4-42175)—A moving folk ballad forcefully handled by Jimmy, with stirring support.
I Love How You Love Me, the Paris Sisters (Gregmark 6)—An appealing vocal effort by this talented threesome.
Sad Movies (Make Me Cry), Sue Thompson (Hickory 1153)—Sue is believable in this real-life drama gimmick.
(He’s My) Dreamboat, Connie Francis (MGM 13039)—Her TV show gave her new fans who’ll be saying she’s their dreamboat.
Tower of Strength, Gene McDaniels (Liberty 55371)—Gene turns in a strong performance, with great trombone backing.
What a Party, Fats Domino (Imperial 5779)—Fats has his driving rhythm section and an exciting U.S. sound on this one.
This Time, Troy Shondell (Liberty 55353)—Troy’s record was a smash in his home-town of Chicago before the rest of the country finally listened to his unusual sound.
Magic Is the Night, Kathy Young (Indigo 125)—Kathy’s plaintive cry seems to attract record buyers.
So Long, Baby, Del Shannon (Big Top 3083)—His third hit in a row, but won’t match his “Runaway.”
The Fly, Chubby Checker (Parkway 830)—Another bright teen sound from a master.

HOT SINGLES CONTENDERS

Sha-ta, Dick St. John (Pom Pom).
Ya Ya, Lee Dorsey (Fury 1053).
Bristol Stomp, The Dowells (Parkway 827).
Foot Stompin’, The Flares (Felsted 8624).
Heartaches, The Marpels (Colpix 610).
Look in My Eyes, Chanteles (Carlton 555).
For God, Country and My Baby, Johnny Burnette (Liberty).
It Will Stand, The Showmen (Minit 632).
Don’t Blame Me, Everly Bros. (Warner Bros. 5501).
Run to Him, Bobby Vee (Liberty).
Just Like Mine, The Renaults (Wand 114).
Rock-a-Bye My Baby, Aretha Franklin (Columbia 42157).
Feel It, Sam Cooke (RCA Victor 7924).
Don’t Get Around Much Anymore, Belmonts (Sparina 501).
Wanted, One Girl, Jan & Dean (Challenger).
September in the Rain, Dinah Washington (Mercury 71876).

UP ’N’ COMER:

Hayley Mills

This versatile 15-year-old English girl will probably never become well-known as a singer, even though her Viva recording of “Let’s Get Together” is now high in popularity. The truth is, Hayley Mills is an extremely talented actress with a father who is an extremely talented actor. So it’s quite logical for us to expect big things from her, but not necessarily in the music field.

When she was seven, she entered the Elmhurst Ballet School, studying dramatics and ballet in addition to regular subjects. Five years later, at 12, producer J. Lee-Thompson invited her to star in a motion picture—certainly a less tedious procedure than for most aspiring actresses. The film was “Tiger Bay,” an excellently realized story of a little girl’s love for a murderer, which gained great international acclaim but was poorly distributed and thus hardly seen in the United States. Most American moviegoers first became aware of Hayley in Walt Disney’s “Pollyanna,” her second film.

Then followed Disney’s “The Parent Trap,” in which Hayley played twin sisters bent on getting their parents together again. And of course the scene in which Hayley and her “twin” sing “Let’s Get Together” produced the hit recording.

Her father, John Mills, is undoubtedly keeping a close eye on her career, and when she’s not engaged in film work, she spends her time on the family’s 450-acre farm in Sussex, England, occasionally riding her pony Annabelle.
RAY CHARLES: The Genius With Soul

Continued from page 80A)

Sings the Blues" (Atlantic 8052). Here is a music man that feels it, feels every word, every groan and shout torn from his throat. And what he does to the country blues tune, "I'm Movin' On," is somethin' else!

Or try another kind of Ray Charles in "The Genius After Hours" (Atlantic 1369). Here he is at the piano, with his small group of loyal sidemen, including tenorman David "Fathead" Newman, playing nothing but jazz—as the title suggests, in a bluesy, "after hours" mood.

Still another Ray Charles emerges from "Ray Charles and Betty Carter" (ABC 385), which he recorded for his new label, ABC Paramount. On this LP he is more controlled, more polite, because there's a lady present... and a fine singing lady she is. They do a repertoire of twosome tunes, such as "Baby, It's Cold Outside," which throb with the pulse of life, that special life between man and woman.

Ray says that before he can sing it, he's got to feel it. It's obvious that what Ray feels, countless others feel too, because a total of eight Ray Charles LP's are currently on the Billboard list of top LP's. The five not mentioned above are "Genius Plus Soul Equals Jazz" (Impulse A-2), "Dedicated to You" (ABC 355), "What'd I Say" (Atlantic 8029), "The Genius of Ray Charles," (Atlantic 1312), and "Genius Hits the Road" (ABC 335). And, of course, his single "Hit the Road, Jack" has been the number one record throughout the land.

Just as Ray has reached across the barriers of his youth, he has reached across the musical barriers between rock and roll, rhythm and blues and jazz. His appeal is universal, because his art is the soulful, plaintive cry of man against the human condition. His is a voice in the dark—both figuratively and literally—which speaks for us all, now with anguish, now with hope that there will be light and understanding.

It is said that Ray's music is strongly gospel-flavored due to his early training, but Ray once told a Downbeat magazine reviewer that in the early days he was thinking only about "how to get hold of a couple of bucks." This candid honesty gives his music part of its quality, the rest coming from the divergent strains of Negro blues, country blues, rock 'n' roll, and jazz, which Ray has synthesized and made his own.

SINGLES SALES LAG

New Artists Should Stay Single 'Til They're Ready

- The young artists nowadays are so eager for status in the music world that they're getting hitched to a star before they're ready.

The hitch we're talking about is the one with their record producer, who, to a man, has high hopes of turning his one-shot hot-singles artist into a best-selling LP performer. Because that's where the money is these days, with LP's selling almost as fast as singles, at four or five times the price.

In recent weeks dozens of singers, vocal groups or combos, most with only one hit to their credit, have come out with LP's.

Joe Dowell, who hit the first time out with the German folk tune "Wooden Heart," now has an LP by the same title (Smash 27000). The English comedian Lonnie Donegan, little known to American listeners, has come out with the LP sequel to "Does Your Chewing Gum Lose Its Flavor (On the Bedpost Overnight)?" (Dot 3394). And Ann-Margret, RCA-Victor's choice for the overnight build-up treatment, is out with an LP (RCA Victor LPM 2399). Ann-Margret, who's a knockout, is evidently wowing 'em across the footlights in her nightclub act, but she hasn't securely crossed the LP sound barrier.

On the other hand, The Highwaymen cut a nice simple LP of folk tunes for United Artists a few months back with inauspicious results—until a small station in the Dakotas started wailing on one of the songs, "Michael," prompting UA to release it as a single. The tune hit number one in a few short weeks, and now the boys are on the high road to hitville, with their LP re-released and on its way. (United Artists 3125.)

U. S. Bonds, who first hit with "New Orleans," then followed up with "A Quarter to Three," has a press agent who at last admits that U. S. was born with the more prosaic name of Gary Anderson. When Gary's second single hit, his managers invested in an LP for him with the same title (Legrand 3001). In the liner notes Dick Clark, the TV Bandstander, said:

"In this day and age it's true, I'm afraid, that some of the new singers get one hit single record and immediately rush out with an album. Unfortunately, the album doesn't always measure up to the quality, the style, or the sound of the single. Fortunately, that's not the case with U. S. Bonds." And so saying, Mr. Clark rushed to the studio and threw a cut from the LP on the ABC air. It was "School Is Out," which immediately broke wide open.

Timi Yuro, a little Italian girl who walked into the offices of Liberty Records a few months ago with a reel of tape under her arm and walked out with a contract, hit with her first single, "Hurt," and while the record was still climbing the charts, followed through with the inevitable LP (Liberty 3208, reviewed last issue). Nothing helped her other than sheer talent oozing up from the grooves. Her LP jumped right onto the best-seller charts.

It is still true, though, that most artists need seasoning before taking the LP step. It is a rare artist, or set of circumstances, that can produce a hit LP on such short notice.
Imagine! The curl's still there...even after you trim your hair!

New! Fashion 'Quick' gives you a soft wave that's guaranteed to last through trim after trim— for 4 months!

Fashion 'Quick' waves deeper down from ends to crown— in just 20 minutes! Its unique formula acts to give your hair more body! That's why you can trim a Fashion 'Quick' permanent—and trim it again! There's never been a soft wave before with such a will to mould and hold! And new Fashion 'Quick' is easy to use. There's no shampooing, no mixing the neutralizer. With half the work, in half the time, you've a deep-down wave that lasts for four months—even with a short hair-do! Richard Hudnut guarantees it or your money back!

Regular—for normal hair. Gentle—for bleached hair. Super—for hard-to-wave hair. Also, two new Fashion 'Quick' formulas for gray hair and children's hair.

Fashion 'Quick' BY RICHARD HUDNUT
FIRST HOME PERMANENT WITH PRE-MIXED NEUTRALIZER AND BUILT-IN SHAMPOO
Skin so fresh will fill you with wonder, too, when it’s yours!

Your complexion grows radiantly clear with Ivory Soap mildness—gentle enough for a baby’s skin. 99.44% pure

...it floats. Just use mild Ivory daily. More doctors recommend it for babies’ skin, and your own complexion, than any other soap.