

★ TV RADIO MIRROR

DIO MIRROR'S N. Y., N. J., Conn. Edition

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NEW!
PERCY FAITH
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CHARITA BAUER'S
GUIDING LIGHT
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ARTHUR GODFREY



GISELE MacKENZIE



TERRY O'SULLIVAN

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and no tooth paste kills germs like
Listerine . . . instantly, by millions**

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. . . the most widely used antiseptic in the world



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JANUARY, 1956

TV RADIO MIRROR

N.Y., N.J., Conn. Edition

VOL. 45, NO. 2

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Cover Portrait of Bob and Cathy Crosby
by Marshutz from Sid Avery Studio

buy your February copy early • on sale January 5

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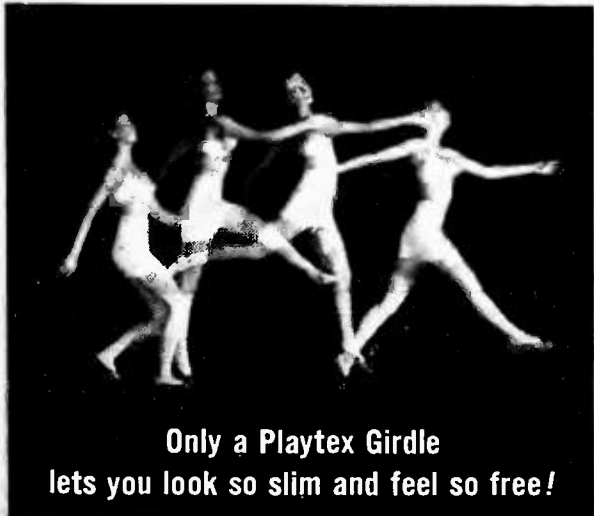
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T
V
R

By JILL WARREN



Pet talk: Mishel Piastro's Amber attends all *Symphonette* CBS broadcasts . . . J. Fred Muggs welcomes Lee Meriwether to NBC-TV's *Today* . . . Lassie confers with CBS-TV confrere, Pokey.

WHAT'S NEW FROM



Check-up for Sid Caesar as *Medic's* Richard Boone gags up a backstage visit to *Caesar's Hour*. Anxious Nanette Fabray holds the patient's hand.

THE NETWORKS continue to vie with each other in presenting television spectacles, super-dupers, one-shot specials—or call them what you will. The holiday season is no exception and there are many big shows on the schedule.

NBC leads off their December doings on the fourth with a Sunday night spectacular co-starring those two talented Frenchmen, Maurice Chevalier and Marcel Marceau, the Parisian pantomime artist. Jeannie Carson is featured.

A week later, December 11, on *Hallmark Hall Of Fame*, Maurice Evans will present "Dream Girl," starring Vivian Blaine. This will be adapted from the stage play which Betty Field did on Broadway and Betty Hutton did in the movies. The late James Dean had been signed for this date for "The Corn Is Green," but following his tragic death it was necessary to substitute "Dream Girl." "Corn Is Green" is now slated to be produced some time in January, with a male star still to be chosen.

Producers' Showcase is offering a special production featuring *The*



Emcee Mike Stokey of *Pantomime Quiz* said "I do" to Spring Mitchell. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale officiated.



Mothers on-camera and off, Peggy Wood of *Mama* and Spring Byington of *December Bride*, compare notes.

COAST TO COAST

Sadlers Wells Ballet Company in "Sleeping Beauty," on Monday Night, December 12. The popular stars of this company, Margot Fonteyn and Michael Soames, will dance the leads, and the show will also be shown in color. The ballet will be done in its entirety, with only minor cuts being made in order to bring the production within the hour and a half limit of the program.

NBC has also scheduled another ballet production, "Nutcracker Suite" with the New York City Center Ballet company, for some time during the holiday week.

As a special Christmas present to us all, Loretta Young will be back on her NBC-TV show on Sunday night, December 25. Her first story since her near-fatal illness will be "Christmas Stopover."

And, once again, this year Gian-Carlo Menotti's opera, "Amahl and the Night Visitors," will be produced by the NBC Opera Theater on Christmas night. The same cast that has played the musical fable since it was first introduced in 1949 is expected to perform again this year:

Rosemary Kuhlman as the mother, Andrew McKinley, Leon Lishner and David Aiken as the three kings and Francis Monachino as the servant. Amahl will be played again by Bill McIver, if his voice has not changed by rehearsal time. The role was originated by Chet Allen, who did it twice before his voice changed.

On CBS's television schedule for December, there will be some interesting Christmas shows. *The Twentieth Century-Fox Hour* has made a special film of "Miracle on Thirty-Fourth Street" for their December 14 program, which will star Thomas Mitchell, Teresa Wright and Macdonald Carey. This will be a television version of Twentieth's movie hit of a few years ago.

"A Christmas Carol" will be presented on *Shower Of Stars* on Thursday night, December 15, in both color and black and white. This is a filmed production and a repeat showing from last year, with Basil Rathbone as Marley, Fredric March as Scrooge, Bob Sweeney as Mr. Cratchit and Ray Middleton as "Christmas Present." Incidentally, there will be

another film of "Christmas Carol" on the *M-G-M Parade*, Wednesday night, December 21, over ABC-TV, but it will be a shorter adaptation of the Charles Dickens classic. This one will star Gene Lockhart, Kathleen Lockhart, Reginald Owen and Terry Kilburn.

Studio One's Yule contribution this year is an original Christmas play, "Birthday for Bruce," written by two of television's outstanding playwrights, Kathleen Howard and Robert Howard Lindsay. It's set for Monday night, December 19, on CBS-TV.

On the same night Arthur Godfrey is cooking up a special Noel production on his *Talent Scouts* program. Maybe Santa Claus will be the winner.

Amos 'n' Andy will do their version of The Lord's Prayer on the *Music Hall* show on CBS Radio some time during Christmas week, the exact date to be announced. This is the sixteenth consecutive year the popular team have done this vignette on their program, in which Amos interprets The (Continued on page 6)

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

(Continued from page 5)

Lord's Prayer for his daughter, Arbadella. "The Old Dirt Dobber," Sam Caldwell, has planned an interesting program for his *Garden Gate*, on CBS Radio, on the Saturday before Christmas. He will tell listeners exactly how to care for holiday plants and blossoms.

NBC has finally set a definite date for the long awaited repeat television performance of "Peter Pan." It's Monday night, January 9. The two-hour production stars Mary Martin and Cyril Ritchard.

This 'n' That:

CBS has some interesting plans in the works for a television series based on the Broadway hit, "Arsenic and Old Lace," to star the sisters, Lillian and Dorothy Gish. However, they plan to re-title the play and call it *Larceny And Old Lace* and, instead of having the leading old ladies poisoning old men, it is hoped to have them involved in some less fatal pastime.

Songstress Joanie O'Brien, of the Tennessee Ernie shows, and her husband, Billy Strange, guitarist and singer on the same programs, have welcomed their first baby, a boy, Russell Glenn, born in Hollywood. The couple first met when they both were hired by Ernie, and Joanie plans to return to her career in a few weeks.

Leo Durocher has signed a contract with NBC, in an executive capacity, and at a reported \$50,000 a year salary. The former manager of the New York Giants Baseball Club will have duties mainly in the field of talent relations, including helping to find new talent for the network, but it is also expected that he will make guest appearances on several NBC shows.

Bishop Fulton J. Sheen has become a songwriter and has written the lyrics to "Your Whole Heart," to a melody by Fritz Kreisler. The song is being used as a theme for Bishop Sheen's *Life Is Worth Living* show on A&C-TV and Radio.

Frankie Laine and CBS-TV have signed a one-year exclusive deal, as a follow-up to the singer's success as Arthur Godfrey's

Wednesday-night replacement this past summer. For the time being he will only do guest appearances on various CBS shows, such as his recent one on *Shower Of Stars*, but the web is hoping to clear time for a regular Laine program in the near future.

Susan Douglas, who plays the part of Margie Dawson on *Young Doctor Malone*, is expecting a baby in February. Susan, who is Mrs. Jan Rubes in private life, will continue on the program for the time being.

Also on the expectant list for February are TV baritone Bill Hayes and his wife. This will make number five for Bill.

Joyce Randolph, who does such a good job playing the part of a wife, "Trixie Norton," on Jackie Gleason's *The Honeymooners*, became a real-life bride a few weeks ago in Freeport, Long Island, and now answers to the legal name of Mrs. Richard L. Charles.

Our record-page man, Steve Allen, has just signed a long-term contract with NBC, which grants the network exclusive rights to Steve's services as a performer on both radio and television. His *Tonight* TV show recently celebrated its first birthday and, from the way it's going, it looks like Allen will be spending his work "day" in the middle of the night for a long time to come. By the way, Steve, who is always thought of in terms of laughs, has come up with his first serious literary work, a collection of interesting short stories called *Fourteen for Tonight*, published by Henry Holt. It was given excellent reviews by the tough New York book critics. So congratulations to our boy!

Mulling The Mail:

Mrs. E. A., Quincy, Indiana: Lorne Lynne is the teen-age singer on the Pinky Lee show, and Pinky calls her "Cindy Sue." She formerly was a child actress in New York, working mostly in daytime dramas. . . . Mr. D. W., Moose Lake, Minnesota: *I Looked and I Listened* is a book by Ben Gross, the TV-Radio editor of the *New York Daily News*, and should be available at your local bookstore. . . . Miss B. M., Wilmington, North Carolina: The addresses you wish of the major recording companies could be obtained from a New York City phone book, which you can find in your local telephone company offices. . . . Mrs. H. G., Mt. Pleasant, Texas: Randy Merriman and Bess Myerson of *The Big Payoff* are no relation whatsoever. . . . Miss P. C., Mill Valley, California: Hal March, the \$64,000 emcee, was at one time part of the comedy team of Sweeney and March, which you mention. They had a radio show over CBS several years ago. . . . Mr. T. H., East Orange, New Jersey: The disc jockey show you refer to is *Old Gold Time With Jill Corey*, and is heard only over closed circuit networks of twenty colleges throughout the country. . . . Miss Z. A., Ottawa, Canada: TV actor Paul Newman is married and has three children. . . . To all those who wrote asking about Minetta Ellen, of the *One Man's Family* program: Eighty-year-old Miss Ellen, who played Mother Barbour on the program since its inception more than twenty-three years ago, has retired. No replacement has been announced as of this writing. Her withdrawal from the show, coupled with the recent retirement of Michael Raffetto, who portrayed the role of Paul, leaves only three members of the original cast—J. Anthony Smythe (Father Barbour), Page



Dennis and Micki James celebrate his first year with *On Your Account*.

Gilman (Jack), and Bernice Berwin (Hazel) . . . Mrs. S. J. M., Kansas City, Missouri: Imogene Coca's contract with NBC was dissolved at her request, and she and the network parted company on very friendly terms. At the moment Imogene is happily concentrating on her new nightclub act, which she'll premiere at Las Vegas and then play at other big cities around the country. . . . Mrs. R. H., Tulsa, Oklahoma: Mary Jane Higby has played the role of Joan Davis in *When A Girl Marries* for fifteen years. And incidentally, there's a new script policy on this program. Each episode will be completed in a week or ten days, rather than continuing the story line indefinitely.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Bob Eberly, baritone, who originally became known through his singing with the old Jimmy Dorsey band, and later sang on several radio shows? For the past few years Bob has done mostly nightclub work, though he has made television appearances from time to time. He was just signed as a permanent member of the cast of the George Skinner show, seen over WCBS-TV in New York.

Freddie Bartholomew, the former child star of the movies, who appeared on some of the dramatic shows in the early days of television? Freddie became a TV director and for the past few seasons has concentrated on this new career.

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York, and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately, we don't have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities about whom I receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers, so kindly do not enclose stamped envelopes or postage, as they cannot be returned.



Popular Loretta Young primps for her Christmas return to television.

Welcome to a Star

Announcing the lucky first-prize winner
—and one hundred runners-up—
of our Win a Visit with a Star Contest

ANNOUNCING the winners! Our October 1955 issue invited TV RADIO MIRROR readers to Win a Visit with a Star. With as many good reasons as there are stars—in Hollywood, New York or the blue skies over both—readers told why they would like to visit Bert Parks in New York or Lawrence Welk in Hollywood. They also answered ten questions chosen by Bert Parks and Lawrence Welk from *Break The Bank* categories. The first-prize winner chose to visit Lawrence Welk for a fabulous Hollywood weekend as the maestro's guest. Runners-up have won themselves fifty second-prizes of a "Break The Bank" game and fifty third-prizes of a Lawrence Welk album.

The Lawrence Welk Show is seen on ABC-TV, Sat., 9 P.M. EST. Bert Parks emcees *Break The Bank*, on ABC-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M. EST. Both programs sponsored by Dodge Dealers of America.



Lucky first-prize winner will fly to Hollywood via United Air Lines to be the guest of Lawrence Welk.

FIRST PRIZE

Mrs. James Wyss, Chippewa Falls, Wis.



SECOND PRIZE

Miss Joney Abernethy, Iowa Park, Tex.
Grace Akerly, Chicago 26, Ill.
Miss Marieta Arrasmith, Spokane, Wash.
Mrs. Durward W. Balduf, Batavia, N. Y.
Helen C. Barker, Los Angeles 5, Cal.
Mrs. Ann K. Bohanan, Richmond 27, Va.
Mrs. Ethelyn Brown, Detroit 19, Mich.
Mrs. Charles Burris, East Alton, Ill.
Mrs. Lois Carleman, Omaha, Neb.
Mrs. Betty Clark, Albany 5, N. Y.
Mrs. Mary Coughlin, New York, N. Y.
Mrs. John J. Cudahy, Auburn, N. Y.
Mrs. Ada Davis, Waco, Tex.
Mrs. Thomas J. Deaton, Anderson, Ind.
Mrs. Pete Dinger, Oxnard, Cal.
Mrs. Robert L. Dorcy, Columbus, Ohio
Mrs. Ruby E. Evans, Glendale, Cal.
R. H. Fowler, Claremore, Okla.
Mrs. William Gillan, Detroit 14, Mich.
Mrs. George R. Green, Seattle 7, Wash.
Leila W. Henderson, Wilmington, N. C.
Mrs. Richard L. Heyl, Orlando, Fla.
Helen Horrigan, Chicago 11, Ill.
Mrs. John G. Hubbard, Indianapolis, Ind.
Mrs. Frank J. Inglin, Petaluma, Cal.
Mrs. Olga Jason, New Bedford, Mass.
Miss Sue Jeffrey, Wichita, Kan.
Mrs. B. M. Jenkins, Jacksonville, Fla.
Mrs. Lewis H. Johnson, Greenlee, Va.
Mrs. Beatrice M. Keller, Tonawanda, N. Y.
Mrs. M. J. Kelly, Batavia, N. Y.
Mrs. Grace Kurko, Hartford, Conn.
Miss Mary Lawrence, Memphis 4, Tenn.
T. D. Lavender, Memphis 4, Tenn.

Mr. Albert B. Manski, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Eugene McCluney, Fort Worth, Tex.
Mr. Michael Merlin, New York, N. Y.
Mr. Marcum N. Nance, Jr., Poquonock Bridge, Conn.
Mrs. Eva C. Oldscheeler, Detroit 6, Mich.
Dorcus Reeves, Cranston 5, R. I.
Miss B. Schwind, Milwaukee 8, Wis.
Mrs. Donald Schull, Chapman, Neb.
Mrs. C. Sinclair, Seattle 4, Wash.
Miss Rickey Staats, Richardson Park 4, Del.
Mrs. John Stanko, Pittsburgh 12, Pa.
Mrs. Wesley M. Tucker, Topeka, Kan.
Mrs. Michael von Klein, Venice, Cal.
Mrs. Ozette Waldrop, Nashville, Ark.
Mrs. Charles J. Wildzunas, Albany 6, N. Y.
Mrs. Marcia Bierman Wright, Atlanta 6, Ga.

THIRD PRIZE

Henrietta G. Anderson, Minneapolis 6, Minn.
Helen Wills Asplind, Columbus 2, Ohio
Miss Clare Athey, Coshocton, Ohio
Frances M. Bailey, Belfast, Me.
Wesley Sanford Bird, Dayton 6, Ohio
Lillian Bonnem, Chicago 18, Ill.
Mrs. Jennie A. Burch, Fort Worth 4, Tex.
Florence Dawson, Newark N. J.
Mrs. Clifford Dirmeyer, Upper Sandusky, Ohio
M. Drake, Passaic, N. J.
Carole L. Economy, Washington 20, D. C.
Mrs. Tom Edwards, Indianapolis, Ind.
Mrs. Percy W. Elmer, Baltimore 16, Md.
Mary Ann Frey, Cleveland 18, Ohio
Mr. James L. Gatlin, Sr., Madison, Ga.

Mr. Harvey Hall, Kansas City 13, Mo.
Miss Annie Lou Hawkins, Corsicana, Tex.
Audrey V. Haworth, Noblesville, Ind.
Miss Mary E. Hope, Burlington, N. C.
Mrs. John G. Hubbard, Indianapolis 1, Ind.
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Peggy E. Powers, Covington, Ky.
Mr. Charles E. Price, El Paso, Tex.
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Jenn G. Wagner, Bethlehem, Pa.
Miss Margaret Walsh, Appleton, Wis.
Mrs. Ruth Waltemath, Milwaukee 6, Wis.
Miss Ruth L. Wasser, Toledo 9, Ohio
Mrs. Gwennyth B. Weaver, Tacoma 2, Wash.
Vivian Weil, Brooklyn 29, N. Y.
Mrs. Kay Whitman, Avon, Conn.
Miss Jane L. Whyte, Bethlehem, Pa.
Mrs. V. F. Wilkerson, Danville, Va.

Capital Hillbilly



Jimmy lost his heart to a Washington gal, Sue. But nursery rhymes for young Connie and Garry have a Texas twang.



City folk love country music by Jimmy and The Texas Wildcats: Herbie Jones on guitar, Buck Ryan on fiddle, guitarist Marv Carroll, Bob Elliott on bass.

Lanky, likable Jimmy Dean wows Washington with his Western ways and music on WMAL-TV

THE ITCHING FEET of a young Texas lad have led to much toe-tapping in the nation's capital. Jimmy Dean, the boy from Plainview, Texas, now makes his home in Arlington, Virginia, and commutes to work at Washington's Station WMAL-TV, where he stars on *Town And Country Time*, weekdays at 6 P.M., and is an emcee of *Town And Country Jamboree*, telecast from Turner's Arena on Saturdays from 10 to 1 A.M. The daily hoedown is also seen in a filmed version over 40 stations from coast to coast. . . . Born and raised on a ranch, Jimmy learned to play the piano when he was ten, then switched to the accordion because it was more portable. When the wanderlust hit him at sixteen, Jimmy joined the Merchant Marine. At 18, he joined the Air Force at Bolling Field, just across the Potomac from Washington. Jimmy took his accordion with him and soon recruited his barracks-mates into a Western band which he dubbed The Texas Wildcats. By the time he was discharged, he'd decided he liked Washington so much he'd stay on. He formed a civilian version of his band and was soon booked into a popular night spot. . . . At this point, Jimmy met the two people who changed the course of his life. The first was blonde Sue Wittauer, whose five-foot-nine nicely matched Jimmy's six-foot-three. They met in January of 1950, were married in July of the same year. . . . The second meeting was with Connie B. Gay, whose rural music radio program had expanded into "live" touring productions. Jimmy was hired to tour Army installations in the Caribbean and, in 1953, in Europe as well, all under the banner of Connie B. Gay's *Town and Country Time*. Next Jimmy won a radio show, then his present TV chores and a recording contract with Mercury. . . . The much-traveled hillbilly and his belle now have two children: Gary, 4, and Connie, almost 2. Jimmy often hangs a "gone fishin'" sign on the door of his ranch-style home—or else goes riding on the sorrel horse he bought last fall. Happy at home and work, easygoing Jimmy Dean is a galloping success with city folk in and around Washington, D. C.



New Time ... New Network ... New Show!

**“STAND BY!
WITH
BOB AND RAY”**

Hatched lovingly in Boston ... a ball in New York ...

and now a riot across the country!

Every weekday listen to Bob & Ray

on your local Mutual station

5:00 to 5:50 PM Local Time
Monday through Friday
MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM





STEVE ALLEN'S TURNTABLE

WELL, holiday time is here, and I'm sure you're all up to your Christmas stockings with Yuletide chores and shopping lists. But, before you take off, Santa Allen has a few gift suggestions for you—record gifts, of course. The platter companies have done it up bright this year with a wonderful variety of Noel releases—everything from hymns to hoorahs, so you're sure to find just what you want.

Let's start with St. Nick himself, with the label on this one simply reading, "Santa Claus and His Helpers." "Santa" sings new lyrics to the old tune, "The Happy Wanderer," and he gives the "ho-ho-ho, ha-ha-ha" treatment to "Santa's Laughing Song." The fellow has a deep basso voice and really sounds like the man with the beard is supposed to. The kids should like this one. (Columbia)

M-G-M is re-issuing "A Christmas Carol," with the late, beloved Lionel Barrymore as "Scrooge." This is the original recording of the world-famous Charles Dickens story, which Barrymore did several years ago. However, it has been re-packaged into a long-playing album, with the addition of "Beloved Christmas Hymns and Carols," sung by The Canterbury Choir.

Pinky Lee, the TV delight of the small-fry population, has done three records for his little fans, each in a separate gift envelope. The first combines his theme, "Yoo Hoo—It's Me," "I Like To Sing with My Friends" and "Ticky Ticky Tembo." The second is "The Silly Song" and "Zap-A-Zoo," and the third, "The Little Doggie With the Big Woof-Woof" coupled with "Lost a Scotty Named Skippy." Music is by organist Gaylord Carter, guitarist Tony Mottola and a children's vocal chorus. (Decca)

Another TV favorite with the youngsters, Paul Winchell, has also waxed something special for his juvenile charges. Winchell, with the vocal "help" of his popular dummy, Jerry Mahoney, sings "TV Club Songs," "Friends, Friends, Friends" and "Hooray-Hoorah—It's Winchell-Mahoney Time." (Decca)

The Voices of Walter Schumann have made a new Victor album, appropriately titled "Voices of Christmas," which includes twenty selections—everything from "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen" to "Frosty, The Snow Man." Incidentally, Capitol is also re-issuing another Schumann set, recorded a few years ago, called "Christmas in the Air."

From across the sea comes an interesting record by baritone Dickie Valentine,

the crooner favorite of the English teenagers. Dickie sings a new ballad, "Christmas Island," with a Hawaiian musical background, and a cute rhythm novelty, "Christmas Alphabet." (London)

The Three Suns offer an all instrumental album called "The Sounds of Christmas." The boys play some twenty songs, many of them familiar Yuletide favorites, and some which aren't heard too often, such as "The Monastery Bells," "Greensleeves" and "Carol of the Birds." (Victor)

If you'd like Crosby for Christmas, Bing has an album called "Merry Christmas." There are twelve numbers in all, including "White Christmas," of course, "Adeste Fideles," "Silent Night," and other Crosby Christmas favorites of the past. (Decca)

"On the Twelfth Day" is an original sound-track recording from the semi-religious film of the same title, which is being released at holiday time this year. Muir Mathieson directs the orchestra and chorus as they perform the interesting Doreen Carwithen score. Incidentally, George K. Arthur, who produced "On the Twelfth Day," is the former movie comedian who co-starred in silent pictures with Karl Dane. (M-G-M)

If Yule time means travel time to you, then you'll like Decca's new Holiday Series. There are nine albums, each one devoted to the music of a different vacation locale. They are called "Your Musical Holiday in . . ." and you can choose Paris, Rio, The West Indies, Vienna, Hawaii, The Alps, Havana, South America or Italy. The whole series has a wonderful "let's get away from it all" feeling, and the music has been beautifully arranged so as to capture the mood of each country.

Nat King Cole's record of "The Christmas Song" and "All I Want for Christmas Is My Two Front Teeth" is available again. Nat recorded this originally back in 1947, but every year since Capitol has re-issued it, and it has never failed to add a few shekels to the Cole coffers.

Another perennial Yule favorite is Gene Autry's "Rudolph, The Red-Nosed Reindeer." This year Columbia has included the record in an album called "Merry Christmas with Gene Autry," in which the singing cowboy also does "When Santa Claus Gets Your Letter," "If It Doesn't Snow on Christmas," "Here Comes Santa Claus," "An Old Fashioned Tree" and "Frosty, The Snow Man." The little buckaroos oughta like this set, Ma'am. (Columbia)

And here's one for grownups and youngsters alike, or for just everybody, for that

matter, whatever age. It's "Merry Christmas from Kukla, Fran and Ollie." On one side there's a musical adaptation of "Many Moons," the James Thurber tale with Burr Tillstrom speaking all the parts in the eight-character story of a young princess who yearns to have the moon as her own. On the backing, the Kuklapolitans present a medley of holiday songs, with delightful interpretations by leading lady Fran Allison, Dolores Dragon, Fletcher Rabbit, Beulah Witch, Kukla and Ollie. (Decca)

"Christmas Music from Around the World" is a most unique album by Einar Hansen and his 18th-Century Glass Instrument. Hansen produces the most amazing musical sounds by rubbing his dampened fingertips over the rims of properly-pitched crystal glasses. In this album he "plays" Christmas hymns and carols from thirty-seven countries, many of which lend themselves beautifully to his unusual tone, which at times almost has a vocal quality. If you're looking for something different in Noel music, this is certainly it. (M-G-M)

"Nuttin' For Christmas" is a novelty tune for the children, and is effectively sung by eleven-year-old Ricky Zahnd, who is a choir boy at the Little Church Around The Corner in New York City. Ricky tells the story of the lad who was so naughty (and what things he does!) that he doesn't get any Christmas goodies. There's another cute tune on the reverse side, "Something Barked on Christmas Morning," and you can guess what that's about. Tony Mottola's orchestra handles the music, and for vocal assistance Ricky has a junior quartet—two girls and two boys called The Blue Jeaners. (Columbia)

And last but not least is a charming album called "Happy Holiday," by Jo Stafford, her husband, conductor Paul Weston, and his orchestra, and their little son, Timothy, aged three. Jo sings all Yule standards and explains vocally to Timmy all about snow, which he has never seen, via such favorites as "Winter Weather," "Let It Snow" and "Winter Wonderland." There's also a version of "Night Before Christmas," and you'll hear tiny Tim's voice as he recites the last word of several lines of the classic poem. The Starlighters help out in the background, but it's really a Weston family affair, and a delightful one. (Columbia)

My space is up, so I'll just say Merry Jingle Bells to you and I hope you all have a Happy Christmas Time. See you next year—and, oh, yes, Happy New 1956, too!

information booth

Tonight He Sings

I would like to know something about Andy Williams, the singer on Steve Allen's NBC-TV show, Tonight.

L. G., Atlantic Highlands, N. J.

If the Presbyterian Church in Wall Lake, Iowa, hadn't needed a choir—and if the J. E. Williams family hadn't decided to convert themselves into a musical group—young Andy Williams might still be in Iowa, instead of pleasing audiences on Steve Allen's NBC-TV *Tonight* show. . . . Andy's Dad played twelve instruments and, with five children who could sing, making music was the grandest thing any of the Williams family could think of. . . . Pretty soon, Bob, Dick, Don and Andy Williams developed into a nice little quartet and their father decided to write a letter to WHO in Des Moines. Soon, this "stage father" looked toward Chicago, lining up a job for his youngsters with WLS. Then WLW, Cincinnati, beckoned. . . . After a short time, the boys decided to try their luck in Hollywood. Radio jobs began to materialize in California and an M-G-M contract to do musicals was almost the crowning touch, but not quite. For the Williams' boys, one by one, entered the Army. . . . When they returned from World War II, Kay Thompson, former head of the vocal department at M-G-M, asked the boys to join her in a night-club act. For two years, Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers toured the United States, London and Paris. By 1953, the act broke up and Andy, with recording contract in hand, began a city-to-city tour to plug his latest releases. . . . In New York, he called on his friend, Bill Harbach, who had just been chosen to produce Steve Allen's *Tonight* show. Harbach greeted Andy with a hasty urging to get down to the Hudson Theater. Within a week, Andy Williams was singing coast to coast.



Andy Williams



Betty Johnson

Homespun To Satin

I would like to have some information on Betty Johnson, the singer on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club on ABC-Radio.

R. R., Lexington, N. C.

The new singing sweetheart of *Don McNeill's Breakfast Club* has a success story which lifted her from singing for her supper at country crossroads to a top singing role on radio. And even now, when she's right up there, she isn't just coasting in her Cinderella coach. Between programs, she's enrolled in added college courses at Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois. . . . She was born in Cat Square, North Carolina, grew up on a farm near Possum Walk Road in the foothills of the Great Smokies, and later attended high school at Paw Creek. With her father, mother, and older brother Ken, Betty started singing at church functions when she was five. . . . In the closing years of the Depression in 1938, Papa Johnson built a house trailer, hooked it to a broken-down jalopy and set off on a family singing safari. On the road, they would put on a "sing"—then pass the hat. It paid for meals and gas. In 1940, when they stopped in Charlotte, the family got a job singing on Station WBT. . . . The family then settled down on a farm and Betty paid her way at Queens and Davidson Colleges in Charlotte by working as a switchboard operator, a sleep-in governess, and as a singer on two radio programs. . . . In 1952, Betty appeared on *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* on TV and won a six-week engagement at the Copacabana. She was chosen to be the "Borden Girl," then won singing roles on *There's Music In The Air*, *On A Sunday Afternoon* and the Galen Drake show. . . . This bright-eyed miss is now seen on the *Eddy Arnold Show*, on which she plays and sings for

the "Tennessee plowboy." And she starts everybody's radio day with a song on *Breakfast Club*. . . . Betty's success means the farm is just about paid for, Daddy has seventeen Redbone coon dogs on the place, and brother Kenneth is at Duke University. As for Betty, life is pleasant and promising.

Boone Is Booming

Would you please tell me something about Pat Boone, radio, TV and recording star?

P. C., Toledo, Ohio.

He's young, he's handsome, he's Texan, with a sparkling personality and rich baritone voice. That's Pat Boone, born 20 years ago in Jacksonville, Florida, reared in Nashville, Tennessee, whole-heartedly adopted by Denton, Texas. At the age of 10, Pat knew he wanted to be a singer and performed at church socials, picnics, school assemblies, anywhere and everywhere. At 17, he had his own radio show on WSM, an NBC affiliate. This was such a hit that Pat soon had his own television show seen on WSIX-TV in Nashville. . . . During this time, Pat was matriculating at David Lipscomb High School and later enrolled at David Lipscomb College in Nashville. After a year, he transferred to North Texas State College where he majored in speech and dramatics. . . . During his summer vacation, Pat made a trip to New York where he auditioned and was eventually chosen a three-time winner on the *Ted Mack Amateur Hour*. Then Pat took one of his recordings to WBAP in Fort Worth and the station manager, thinking he was a hillbilly singer, signed him for their local barn-dance show. Pat was chosen to be host on this show and for two years he had his own radio show for teenagers. . . . Next rung on his ladder to

(Continued on page 13)



Pat Boone

A GUY AND A GAG

Quiet, please—the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Hush-Puppies is on the air—Murray Kaufman, WMCA deejay, presiding



Top stars have recorded the songs Murray and Claire write as a hobby. Below, they join sons Jeff and Keith and housekeeper Jane in making hush-puppies.



A CARPETBAGGER is a Northerner who made himself unwelcome down South. But what do you call a Virginian who travels North to make himself so welcome that some 108,000 Yankees join fan clubs for him—and even the huge Palisades Amusement Park breaks all its attendance records and still must turn away 50,000 of his boosters? . . . Until a revised dictionary comes out, just call such a person Murray Kaufman. He's the smooth-talking comedy-deejay on *The Murray Kaufman Show*, heard on New York's Station WMCA, Monday through Saturday from 11 to midnight. He's also the fellow who parlayed a casual gag about an old Southern dish into 200 chapters of *The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Hush-Puppies*. The recipe for hush-puppies is distributed to all his fans, and Murray has traced the delicacy's name back to old plantation days when the women threw them to the dogs barking outside the kitchen and cautioned, "Hush, puppy." . . . Murray is frequently joined on his show by his wife Claire, a beautiful ex-musical comedy singer who takes advantage of her Hungarian ancestry to do take-offs in the name of "Eva Grabor." Another feature is the Record Review Board, run entirely by teenagers. . . . Born in Richmond, Murray attended Peekskill Military Academy, then majored in advertising at UCLA. After deejay stints at Pasadera and KFI, he joined the Air

Force. . . . Back in mufti, Murray remembers that he became a leading radio personality "by accident"—a chance meeting with an old friend, a radio producer, which led to *Full Speed Ahead*, a variety show on the Mutual network. Next he presided over *Wishbone Party*, a WHN program for amateur songwriters, in whose ranks both Murray and Claire may be included. Murray co-emceed the Laraine Day show on WMGM, then did likewise for the Eva Gabor and Virginia Graham shows on the ABC network. He has also found time to manage some twenty ballplayers on personal appearances, co-author *How to Hit* with Johnny Mize, go into the music-publishing business, and also make recordings as "Ludwig Von Kaufman." . . . The Kaufmans met when Murray spotted a pretty girl in a Broadway musical and asked for an introduction. He was introduced to the wrong girl but, after one look at Claire, he never asked to have the mistake corrected. Both Claire and Murray are "midnight movie owls," but Claire admits she usually falls asleep. Murray's favorite relaxation is baseball at the park with his sons Jeffrey, 11½, and Keith, 5. . . . Murray, who may soon add TV to his many activities, advises: "Worry about something tomorrow, so you can live through today." But who's worried, except that sometimes you can't hear the music for your own laughter on *The Murray Kaufman Show*.

information booth

(Continued from page 11)

fame was an appearance on *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* which he won easily. Shortly thereafter Pat recorded his famed "Two Hearts" for Dot Records. . . . Pat is a six-footer, weighs 182 pounds, has brown eyes and hair. His real name is Charles Eugene Boone. An enthusiastic sports fan, he likes to play as well as watch. He's got a younger brother and two younger sisters. Pat plays the uke for his own enjoyment. He's the great-great-great-grandson of Daniel Boone. He's great.

Calling All Fans

The following clubs invite new members. If you are interested in joining, write to the address given and *not* to TV RADIO MIRROR.

Dick Contino Fan Club, c/o Miss Maggie Rose, 7655 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, Calif.

Oop Shoopers (The Crew Cuts), c/o Judy Duda, 3357 Newland, Chicago 34, Ill.

John Cassavetes Fan Club, c/o Mary Ann Ehle, 792 President St., Brooklyn 15, N. Y.

Nation's History Teacher

Would you please give me some information about Walter Cronkite, the CBS-TV news analyst? E. B., Chicago, Ill.


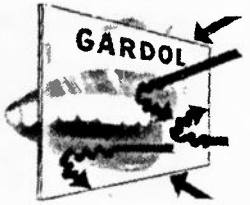
The popular and profound award-winning news analyst seen on CBS-TV's *You Are There*, *The Sunday News Special*, and now the *Morning Show*, came into his own during the 1952 elections when he worked as "anchor man" for the network. Now his expert job on the *You Are There* show has earned him the title of "History Teacher to the Nation." . . . Walter hails from St. Joseph, Missouri, where his father, Dr. Walter L. Cronkite, Sr., still practices medicine. Born on November 4, 1916, Walter attended the University of Texas, studying social science and economics. He was also campus correspondent for the *Houston Post*, and a radio sports announcer. His first job was with the *Houston Press*. . . . For a year he was a sports announcer in Kansas City, Missouri, and, for eleven years, he was a war correspondent for United Press. . . . Mrs. Cronkite is the former Mary Elizabeth Maxwell of Kansas City. They were married on March 30, 1940. They have two children, Nancy Elizabeth and Mary Kathleen. Always a newsman, Cronkite says of Nancy, "She was born on the day of the Inchon landing!"

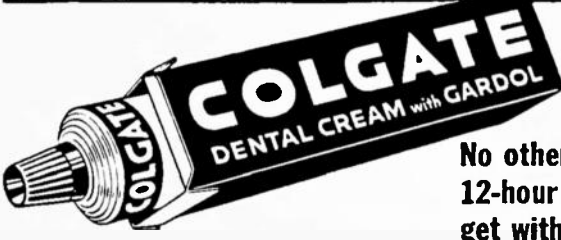
FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this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

What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's MISSING-MISSING-MISSING in every other leading toothpaste?

It's GARDOL—To Give Up To 7 Times Longer Protection Against Tooth Decay ... With Just One Brushing!

GARDOL Makes This Amazing Difference!

<p>MINUTES AFTER BRUSHING WITH ANY TOOTHPASTE</p>  <p>DECAY-CAUSING BACTERIA RETURN TO ATTACK YOUR TEETH!</p>	<p>12 HOURS AFTER ONE COLGATE BRUSHING GARDOL IS</p>  <p>STILL FIGHTING THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE DECAY!</p>
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No other leading toothpaste can give the 12-hour protection against tooth decay you get with Colgate's with just one brushing!

Any toothpaste can destroy decay- and odor-causing bacteria. But new bacteria return in minutes, to form the acids that cause tooth decay. Colgate Dental Cream, unlike any other leading toothpaste,* keeps on fighting decay for 12 hours or more! So, morning brushings with Colgate Dental Cream help protect all day; evening

brushings all night. Gardol in Colgate Dental Cream forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that lasts for 12 hours with just one brushing. Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And at all times, get Gardol protection in Colgate Dental Cream!

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S

Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth

T
V
R

• By ELLEN TAUSSIG

Everything about dynamic Bill Randle is unusual—except the great success and popularity he now enjoys



Singing stars such as Lu Ann Simms respect Bill for his keen knowledge and strong influence on musical trends.

HE'S ONE IN A



Bill has a scientific method for making his musical selections, based on figures culled from 3000 "listening posts."

SUCCESS and popularity are the most sought-after will-o'-the-wisp partners in show business. Seldom are they easily attained and never, in the up-and-down entertainment world, do they provide any guarantee of durability. One young man who has lived and learned this is Bill Randle, popular disc jockey of Station WCBS, New York, and Station WERE, Cleveland.

Currently, Bill pursues a marathon weekly schedule which includes close to forty hours of broadcasting. On Station WERE, *The Bill Randle Show* is heard daily from 2 to 7 P.M., Saturday from 10 P.M. to 2 A.M., and Sunday from 1 to 7 P.M. On WCBS, *The Bill Randle Disc Jockey Show* is heard Saturday, from 1:30 to 5:45 P.M. Since all his shows are "live," Bill has to fly to New York each Saturday morn, then wing his way back to Cleveland Saturday evening.

Although his programs feature hits and upcoming hits of the day, they cannot be classed as "just another deejay show," for Bill, as one of radio's most esteemed prophets of songs and performers, adds a touch of excitement, as well as a strong measure of authority. "Cry," "Melody of Love" and "Yellow Rose of Texas" were a few of his hit predictions. Johnnie Ray, the Crew Cuts and Bill Haley are some of the top performers he helped "discover."

A man of many interests. Bill has done a lot of living in his thirty-one years. He was born in Detroit and, after high school, studied at Wayne University one year, then decided to visit Mexico. "I went for a couple of weeks," he says, "and stayed a year." During that time, he lived with a Mexican family and studied at the University of Mexico.

Returning to Detroit, Bill re-entered Wayne University, then looked for a part-time job to pay his way. Someone had once told him he had a good voice for radio, so he decided to give it a try. When an announcer left Station WJLB, Bill was asked to step in. Totally inexperienced, Bill says, "I really was a panic. My first ten minutes on the air, I made every mistake possible." Bill continued as an announcer until 1943, when he was given his own show, featuring jazz only.

In 1946, Bill transferred to WXYZ, Detroit, where—for the first time—"I ran across having writers, directors and other people telling me what to do." It didn't take long for him to realize that ad-libbing was his forte. "I couldn't read copy," he says, "and still can't."



Appearing at numerous teen-age gatherings, Bill is often asked to sign records he rightly said would become hits.



Bill and Anna Lee met in 1949, after she left her glasses at a jazz concert. Now, with Patricia Lee, they are three.

MILLION

Consequently, he recalls, his show was "a real bomb."

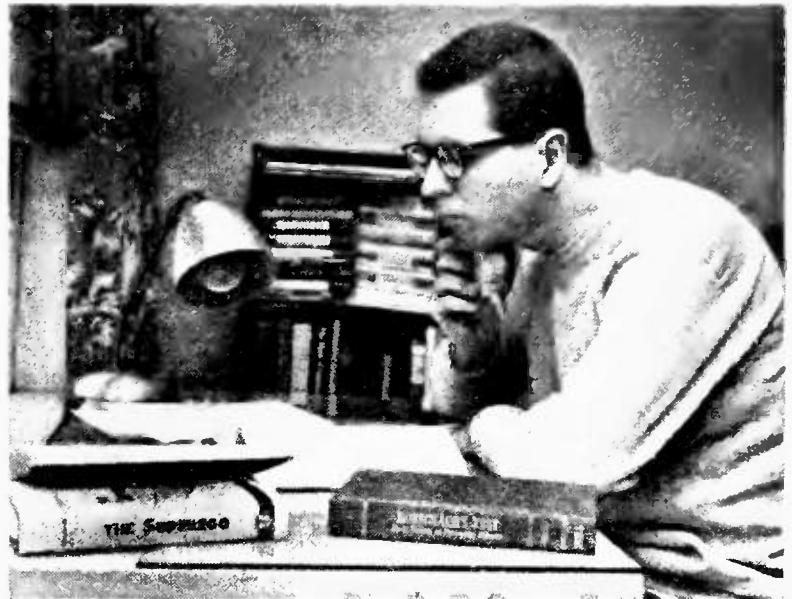
After doing some free-lance announcing, Bill resumed his jazz show at WJLB. Even though his listeners began requesting pop tunes, Bill insisted upon playing jazz only. "I really had an ego," he grins. So, in 1949—"the station fired me, and I went from obscurity into oblivion."

Bill then decided to take a year off from radio and find out what listeners really wanted in a music show. He went to work for a chain of movie theaters which had a system for judging what its patrons wanted to see. Bill studied the system and from it devised his own method for radio-listener use. In 1950, he joined newly-opened WERE in Cleveland and put his system to work. "I knew," Bill says, "that if I hit at all I'd hit right away." Then he adds modestly, "I got lucky. I got a good audience."

Paralleling Bill's extraordinary radio schedule are his off-the-air activities, public and private. He has staged hundreds of teen-age shows—"about one a day during the winter"—helped numerous charity drives, and originated a scholarship fund for nurses. His personal interests include his wife Anna Lee and their nine-month-old daughter Patricia Lee, plus tennis, sport-car racing, and judo. The Randles live in a lake-shore apartment which features "lots of bookcases, record cabinets and more cabinets." Bill's record collection of mostly jazz and modern classics totals 20,000. In addition to earning his B.A. at Wayne, he studied at the University of Chicago, Western Reserve and Western Reserve Graduate School. Last year, he entered Western Reserve Law School, but had to quit when he began commuting to New York.

Last winter, while competing in a midget auto race in Cleveland, Bill was coming around a curve at 65 miles an hour, when a front wheel tore off his car. The car lurched into the air, throwing Bill on the track, then came bounding down on top of him. "I was lucky I wasn't knocked out," he says, "but I was sore for a month." Actually, he suffered three cracked ribs.

Bill's reaction to this terrifying incident, though unusual, is typical. For he has always met every obstacle head-on. Come what may, Bill will be ready. And, if past and present performances are a means of judging the future, continued success and popularity seem assured for Bill Randle, man in a million.



"Relaxing" at home, Bill continues to study psychology and sociology. He hopes to teach at a university before long.



Poised in an MG, one of his five racing cars, Bill gets set for the Zanesville, Ohio, race, in which he placed first.



Daytime Diary

All programs are heard Monday through Friday; consult local papers for time and station.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Mary Noble has thrown off the crushing despair she knew when her matinee idol husband, Larry, asked for a divorce, and is fighting back to save her marriage. When actress Elise Shephard was her only enemy, Mary felt on safer ground. But with the new, strange influence of the fortune-teller, Madame Moleska, operating against her, she is uncertain how to proceed. Why is Moleska Mary's bitter adversary? CBS Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Max Canfield, victim of one unhappy marriage, bitterly faces the wreck of his romance with Lydia Harrick, not realizing that her devotion to her brother-in-law is the result of a carefully-planned trap in which Donald Harrick is determined to keep Lydia enslaved for his own comfort. What will happen when she learns that Donald is not really a cripple, as he pretends? Will she turn to Reverend Dennis for help? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE Every doctor—and Dr. Dan Palmer is no exception—dreams of one day giving up the demands of general practice for the kind of medical work that will mean no more midnight calls, more regular hours, a chance to take vacations. But when Dan's big chance comes along, with Dr. Sanders to back him as head of Stanton General Hospital, Julie has a few misgivings about Dan's enthusiasm. Is there such a thing as a general practitioner's soul? NBC Radio.

FIRST LOVE How effective can a very little girl be if she wants to stop her father from remarrying? Laurie's friend Amy is finding out, though it seems impossible that a child as young as Jenny can be so determined to keep her father to herself. Can Amy win Jenny over? And what about Laurie's precarious pregnancy? Wanting a baby as much as she does, can she possibly arm herself against tragic disappointment? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Reinstated in his career as a brilliant plastic surgeon, Dr. Dick Grant refuses to examine the true character of his feeling for the young artist, Marie Wallace, beyond calling himself her friend. Marie also denies any romantic attachment to Dick—but if the fear for her eyesight is removed will she be more inclined to admit what she knows in her heart to be true? And if she dares to hope, will she face heartbreak? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE Paul Raven's effort to find a career in Barrowsville is made more difficult when he and Vanessa decide to keep the child, Carol, despite all the trouble her warped emotional condition has already caused. Will their affection and Dr. Stark's advice really help her regain her speech? Or is she in more psychological difficulty than they suspect? How will Van's sister Meg affect the outcome? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS Despite the anguish the Marshes have caused her loved ones, Ma now understands the tragic need that drove them to kidnap baby Janey. The desperate confusion of a woman who thought she could never have a child enlists all Ma's deepest sympathy, and with the marriage of Gladys and Joe no longer in danger, Ma can turn whole-heartedly to Mrs. Marsh, adding another human problem to the hundreds she has helped solve. CBS Radio.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY Standards that have served Father Barbour so well for all his years are a bit too inflexible for the younger Barbours to adhere to all the time, as Father realizes when the question of divorce comes up. Is he being too dogmatic when he insists that divorce is never an answer to a marital problem? Will he find he must give way to something he cannot believe in? Or will his standards prove right in the end? NBC Radio.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Though Sunday's marriage to Lord Henry Brinthrope has been threatened in the past, she faces the most serious threat of all as Leonora Dawson re-enters Henry's life. This attractive woman, to whom Henry was engaged long before he met Sunday, has the support of Henry's aunt, Mrs Sarah Thornton, in her effort to break up the Brinthrope marriage. Can Sunday's love and faith withstand such enemies? CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY The long months of Peggy's ordeal as she and her family desperately searched for her missing husband, Carter, take their toll in more ways than at first appear. Carter's own confused efforts to spare Peggy by setting up a new life for himself in New York are bound to affect the future, no matter what the future may hold. Will either of them be quite the same after the long separation? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON Eve Merriweather, pos-

ing as Sam Merriweather's daughter, is a key figure in Ed Bailey's plan to gain control of Merriweather's interests. But she does not realize how completely she is also Bailey's tool. As the neurotic Eve begins to crack, will Bailey dispose of her before Perry Mason learns all the facts he needs to prove that Lois Monahan is Sam's real daughter—and to forestall Bailey's vicious scheme? CBS Radio.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Carolyn Nelson's refusal to use for her own benefit the money she has inherited has created a grave problem with her resentful young son Skip, who cannot understand Carolyn's reasons for withholding luxuries they might now so easily afford. Meanwhile, other eyes have turned toward Carolyn's money—covetous, scheming, unscrupulous eyes belonging to a young man who may deceive Carolyn into trusting him. NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE When Sibyl Overton Fuller's careful plotting resulted in his wife Jocelyn's deportation, Dr. Jim Brent was willing to work slowly and carefully to gain Sibyl's confidence, hoping for a complete admission of her treachery. But the knowledge that Jocelyn is soon to have a baby wipes out his caution. Will his passionate determination that the child must be born in the United States force a tragic climax? CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT With Gil Whitney's wife Cynthia actually planning divorce, Helen and Gil dare to look forward to a future together. But Helen is certain that, until the threat offered by Fay Granville is disposed of, there can be no happiness for her and Gil. Will Gil's jealousy get in the way of Helen's discovering the devastating truth about Fay Granville—the truth that could forever destroy her influence over Gil? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Joanne and Arthur Tate are stunned as they watch the near-disintegration of a marriage that never before showed the faintest sign of strain. Can an ambitious Southern girl and her scheming mother really separate Stu and Marge Bergman, as devoted a couple as any in Henderson? Will Stu realize in time how he is being maneuvered—or will Jo, unable to see her friend suffer, take a decisive step? CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON While

Stan Burton's wealthy, autocratic mother was busy changing her mind about whether she would or wouldn't marry Buck Halliday, he solved the problem by marrying someone else—leaving Stan and his wife, and his sister Marcia and her husband, with the more trying problem of helping Mother Burton reestablish her shattered social position in Dickston. Will they be better off if a new romance enters her life? CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM Although Peter Ames' sister-in-law, Pauline Harris, has sincerely repented her efforts to ruin his life, she cannot escape retribution for some of the other vicious, selfish acts she committed in the past. As the rift between Peter and Jane widens because of Jane's stern refusal to involve him in her unsettled affairs, will Pauline strengthen her hold on Peter through her need of his protection? CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS Although Stella's long fight to save her daughter's marriage has apparently ended in failure, Stella refuses to recognize the finality of Dick Grosvenor's Mexican divorce from Laurel. If Dick marries Janice Bennett, or if Laurel succumbs to Stanley Warrick's attentions, Stella will be forced to bow to the inevitable. But is there anything she can do to keep Laurel from what she feels will be a tragic error? NBC Radio.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE David Brown's mental collapse is made worse, rather than better, when his dim suspicions are confirmed by his foster-mother's revelation that his true parents have been recently released after serving a long term for murder. Will the truth help Nora to lead David back to mental health, or will his sister Lorraine triumph as she tries to convince him neither of them can lead normal lives? CBS Radio.

VALIANT LADY Helen Emerson's personal crisis is intensified as she frantically searches for her daughter Diane, whose disappearance from New York is complicated by many false trails. Helen's fears are justified by her knowledge of Diane's headstrong stubbornness, but not even she

can imagine the peculiar danger into which Diane has actually fallen. Will the reporter, Elliott, prove to be Helen's most valuable friend through this ordeal? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS Through the growing friendship between Wendy and Linda, wife of Dr. Peter Dalton, Wendy knows that, whatever secrets are hidden in Linda's past, she now wants only to be what Peter believes her to be—a loyal and sincere wife. But are Linda's involvements the kind that can be shaken off so easily? How far-reaching is the plot in which she was once so ready to take a leading role? CBS Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE Sandy Carter has always lived with a certain dash and recklessness, and even her marriage to Mike doesn't seem to have sobered her too much. But the extreme oddness of her activities lately has puzzled even her mother, who knows her pretty well. And her father is on the verge of laying down the law, though he knows that in Sandy's case this would be a mistake. Just what is Sandy up to—and what about Mike? NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Since the death of her mother, Jill Malone's closeness to her father has been marred only by her own unexpected development as a rather selfish and frivolous-minded youngster. But, with Jerry's marriage to Tracey, a new and more serious strain sets in. Defending Jerry against Jill's selfish demands, Tracey risks her own hard-won friendship with the girl. Will Jerry's adopted son, David, provide the way to understanding? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Although Millicent Loring's death releases Dr. Anthony Loring from his loveless marriage, he and Ellen cannot take up their broken romance where Millicent's scheme interrupted it so long ago. For, instead of clearing the way for their happiness, her murder may mean the end to any possible hope as both Anthony and Ellen stand in danger of being accused of a crime they never dreamed of committing. NBC Radio.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) Of TV RADIO MIRROR, published Monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1955.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, Ann Higginbotham, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Ann Mosher, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.; Secretary-Treasurer, Meyer Dworkin, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) MEYER DWORKIN, Secretary-Treasurer

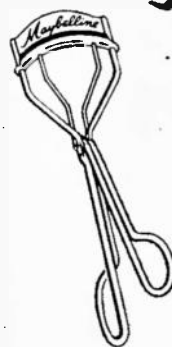
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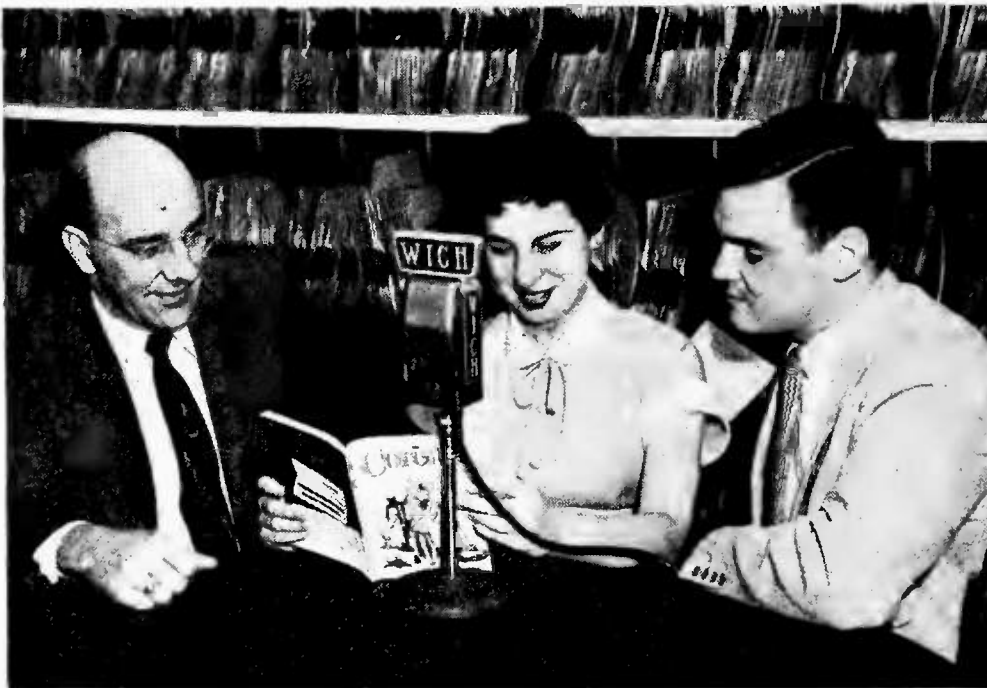
FEBRUARY TV RADIO MIRROR ON SALE JAN. 5

SHE'S A JOY!

True to her name, Joy Somerville adds fun to life as she passes along news and homemaking tips to WICH listeners



Beaming Joy is the gal with the "kind of voice that makes you know there is a friendly personality behind it," as her faithful fans exclaim.



Guests come from far, and from many fields, to visit Joy. Jim Trimm is in the publishing business, Jack Porter is a waiter in New London.

IF you've got something on your mind that needs talking out, Joy Somerville is the gal to call. You will find her in between 12:30 and 12:45 P.M. on *Homemakers Exchange*, Station WICH in Norwich, Connecticut, and she'll lend a wise and sympathetic ear. Joy chats with her at-home audience over the telephone about the everyday problems they encounter. And, when you want to be informed about the world around you, she's got more welcome pointers on *Joy's Country Studio*, which, heard at 9:15 A.M., features fashion notes, women's news, and interviews with interesting celebrities. Recalling her most enjoyable talk, with Victor Jory, she says, "He looked me straight in the eye all the time we were talking and seemed genuinely interested in the things we were discussing." . . . At 25, attractive Joy is secretive about any plans for matrimony. Carving out her niche in radio is, for now, uppermost in her mind. It all started when she graduated from the Katherine Gibbs School in Boston with a wish to get "some kind of job." That turned out to be bookkeeping for WICH. Her first air appearance was on the show, *After Breakfast With Ann And Jack* (Mr. and Mrs. Purrington), on which local events were discussed. Joy gave a plug to a meeting of her sorority and that got the ball rolling. She soon had her own fifteen-minute show, "a sort of a filler, but at least it was a start." Within a year, Joy attracted such a following that the management gave her the two shows she now has. . . . Actually, Joy, a native of Norwich, has come a long way in two years, even though her debut as a radio personality was unexpected. Gaining recognition was the result of a happy combination of charm, perseverance and indubitable talent, certainly not because of ye olde family tradition. In fact, Joy's background is far from show business. Her folks are in the shoe business. An only child, Joy lives with her parents and enjoys "frilly" home cooking. . . . It's not all work for Joy—even though work be such fun. Her interests are limitless. Dancing, dating, bowling, painting and sculpture rate high on her leisure list. Traveling also intrigues her. A most memorable trip was to Mexico. The grace of the toreador in the one bullfight she saw particularly impressed her. . . . Joy's future, like her personality, is bright. She's now toying with the idea of television. After that, she may get around to putting into actual practice the many household hints she's picked up as Connecticut's popular homemaker of the air.

NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING



696—Transfer of 16 embroidery motifs—ballerinas from 3 to 11 inches tall—three different sizes for dramatic arrangements on towels, cloths, napkins, curtains. 25¢

7121—Jiffy-knit this flattering jacket—it's so-o-o simple! Stockinette stitch; crochet trim. Misses' Sizes 32-34; 36-38. Use knitting worsted, large needles. 25¢



652—For school or parties—this young dress is prettiest! She'll love the dainty embroidery, eyelet trim, "heart" pocket. Child's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Tissue pattern, transfers, directions. *State size.* 25¢

7210—Sew this gay "girl" apron, 16 inches long, to keep you neat and pretty! Fun to make. Use scraps. Embroidery and applique transfers, easy directions for this cute apron. 25¢

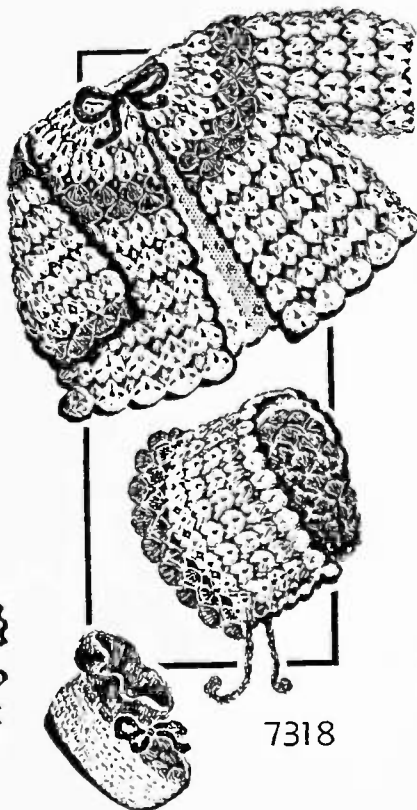
7394—Three little doilies in *one* pattern. These crocheted dainties are so useful, so easy to make! Fast, easy-to-follow crochet directions are included. 25¢

7318—You'll have baby's new booties, bonnet, jacket finished in a jiffy. Made in open and closed shell-stitch, 3-ply baby yarn. Crochet directions included. 25¢

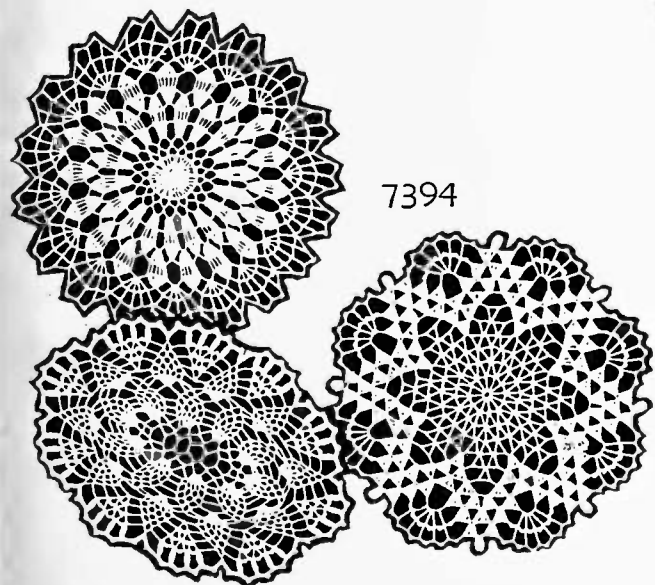
7265—Crochet roses in color. They stand up in lifelike form on this beautiful TV cover. Use No. 30 mercerized cotton for 26-inch; No. 50 for smaller. 25¢



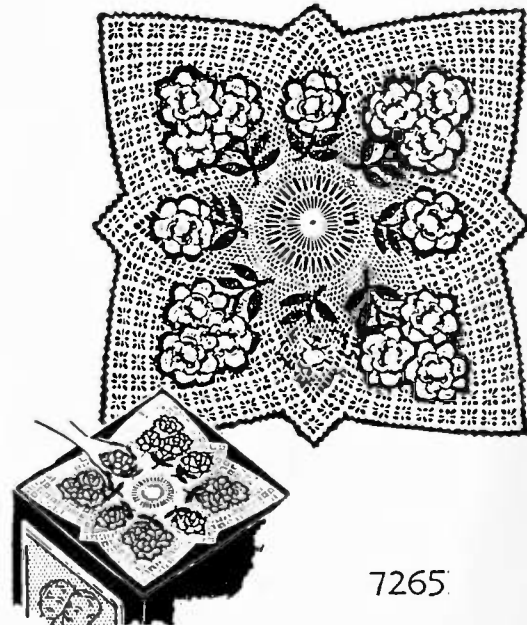
652
SIZES
2-10



7318



7394



7265

Send *twenty-five cents* (in coins) for each pattern to: TV RADIO MIRROR, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add *five cents* for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25¢ for Needlework Catalog.

Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Standard Time.

Monday through Friday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30 8:45		Local Program	John MacVane	
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45		Robert Hurleigh Easy Ooes It News, Cecil Brown 9:35 Easy Ooes It (con.)	Breakfast Club	News Of America
10:00	Mary Margaret McBride 10:05 Norman Vincent Peale Weekday	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Arthur Godfrey Time
10:15 10:30		Guest Time* News 10:35 Johnny Olsen Show	10:25 Whispering Streets	
10:45			When A Girl Marries	
11:00	Weekday	Story Time	Companion— Or. Mace	Arthur Godfrey (con.)
11:15 11:30		11:25 Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Paging The New News, Les Griffith 11:35 Albert Warner Your Neighbor's Voice	Make Up Your Mind Howard Miller Show
11:45	Fibber McGee & Molly	*Wed., Faith In Our Time		

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Weekday	Noon News 12:05 Here's Hollywood	Valentino Frank Farrell	Wendy Warren & The News Backstage Wife Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Weekday	News, Cedric Foster Luncheon At Sardi's Letter To Lee Graham	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Or. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15	Weekday	News, Sam Hayes 2:05 Luncheon With Lopez America's Front Door	Martin Block	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45				This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Weekday	Ruby Mercer Show	Martin Block (con.)	Linkletter's House Party Fred Robbins Show
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45		Bruce & Dan	Broadway Matinee	Treasury Band- stand
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Woman In My House Claude Rains Lone Ranger 5:55 Dan'l Boone	Bob And Ray 5:55 Cecil Brown	Musical Express Bobby Hammack Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez	

Monday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News
7:00 7:15	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date	Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter Les Paul & Mary Ford	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe	Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Henry Taylor Boston Symphony Orchestra	True Detective	New Sounds For You	My Son, Jeep Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00	Telephone Hour	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History Spotlight Story Reporters' Roundup	8:25 News Voice Of Firestone	News 9:05 Jack Carson
9:15 9:30 9:45	Band Of America		9:25 News Offbeat	Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Virgil Pinkley	News, Edward P. Morgan	Oance Orchestra
10:15	News 10:20 Heart Of The News	Orchestra	How To Fix It	
10:30	Stars In Action	Distinguished Artists	Martha Lou Harp	

Tuesday

Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Events Of The Day	Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30	People Are Funny Oragnet	Treasury Agent	New Sounds For You 8:25 News Bishop Sheen	My Son, Jeep Johnny Dollar Suspense
9:00	News 9:05 Your Radio Theater—Herbert Marshall*	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes To History Spotlight Story Army Hour	Sound Mirror	News 9:05 Jack Carson
9:15 9:30 9:45			9:25 News Offbeat 9:55 News	Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Virgil Pinkley	News, Edward P. Morgan	\$64,000 Question
10:15	News 10:20 J. C. Harsh Treasury Of Stars *Dec. 27, Biography	Men's Corner	How To Fix It	
10:30		Oance Music In Sound—Or. Albert Schweitzer	Take Thirty	

Wednesday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe	Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter Les Paul & Mary Ford	Events Of The Day	
8:00 8:15 8:30	College Variety College Quiz Bowl 8:55 News	Gangbusters Public Prosecutor	New Sounds For You 8:25 News Your Better Tomorrow	My Son, Jeep Johnny Dollar FBI In Peace And War
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	You Bet Your Life —Groucho Marx Truth Or Consequences 9:55 Travel Bureau	News, Lyle Van Success Story Family Theater	Sound Mirror 9:25 News Offbeat	News 9:05 Jack Carson Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Virgil Pinkley	News, Edward P. Morgan	Newsmakers
10:15	News 10:20 This Is Moscow		How To Fix It	Presidential Report
10:30	Citizens In Action	Sounding Board	Relaxin' Time	

Thursday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Behind The Iron Curtain	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe	Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Events Of The Day	
8:00	News 8:05 Great Gildersleeve	Official Detective	New Sounds For You	My Son, Jeep
8:15 8:30	The Goon Show	Crime Fighter	8:25 News Your Better Tomorrow 8:55 News, Griffith	Johnny Dollar Godfrey Digest
9:00	News 9:05 X Minus One	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History Spotlight Story State Of The Nation	Sound Mirror	News 9:05 Jack Carson
9:15 9:30 9:45	Conversation		9:25 News Offbeat 9:55 News	Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Virgil Pinkley	News, Edward P. Morgan	Oance Orchestra
10:15	News 10:20 Heart Of The News	Book Hunter	How To Fix It	
10:30	Jane Pickens Show	Henry Jerome Orch.	Platterbrains	

Friday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Joseph C. Harsh Three Star Extra	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe	Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter Les Paul & Mary Ford	Events Of The Day	
8:00 8:15 8:30	News 8:05 National Radio Fan Club	Counter-Spy City Editor	New Sounds For You 8:25 News Your Better Tomorrow	My Son, Jeep Johnny Dollar Godfrey Digest
9:00	News 9:05 Radio Fan Club (con.)	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Football From Orange Bowl	Sound Mirror	News 9:05 Jack Carson Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall
9:15 9:30 9:45	9:55 News		Listen	
10:00 10:15 10:30	Cavalcade Of Sports Sports Digest	Virgil Pinkley Forbes Report London Studios	News, Morgan How To Fix It Vincent Lopez	Oance Orchestra

Inside Radio

Saturday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Program	Van Voorhis, News 8:35 Ooug Browning Show	News
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Farming Business Monitor		No School Today	News Of America Farm News Garden Gate
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Monitor	American Travel Guide	No School Today (con.) Moppets & Melody 10:55 News	News 10:05 Galen Drake Show
11:00 11:15 11:30	Monitor	Lucky Pierre Johnny Desmond Show 11:55 Les Paul & Mary Ford	News 11:05 Inner Circle Van Voorhis, News 11:35 All League Clubhouse	News 11:05 Robert Q. Lewis Show
11:45				

Afternoon Programs

12:00	National Farm & Home Hour	Tex Fletcher Wagon Show	News 12:05 How To Fix It 101 Ranch Boys Van Voorhis, News 12:35 American Farmer	Noon News 12:05 Romance Gunsmoke
12:15 12:30 12:45	Monitor			
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Monitor		Van Voorhis, News	City Hospital 1:25 News Kathy Godfrey
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Monitor		Metropolitan Opera	News
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Monitor		Opera (con.)	News
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Monitor		Opera (con.)	
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Monitor	Teenagers, U.S.A. 5:55 Les Paul & Mary Ford	Opera (con.)	

Evening Programs

6:00	Monitor	John T. Flynn	News 6:05 Pan-American Union Sports Kaleidoscope	News 6:05 Make Way For Youth Young Ideas
6:15 6:30 6:45		World Traveler Report From Washington Basil Heatter	Bob Edge, Sports Afield	
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Monitor The Big Surprise	Pop The Question Magic Of Music, Ooris Day	News 7:05 At Ease Labor-Management Series	News 7:05 Juke Box Jury
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Monitor	Quaker City Capers	News 8:05 Oance Party Van Voorhis, News 8:35 Oance Party (con.)	News 8:05 Country Style 8:55 Sports
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Monitor	I Ask You Lombardo Land	News 9:05 Oance Party (con.) Van Voorhis, News 9:35 Dance Party. (con.)	News 9:05 Philadelphia Orchestra
10:00 10:15 10:30	Monitor Grand Ole Opry	Oklahoma City Symphony	News 10:05 Hotel Edison Van Voorhis, News 10:35 Lawrence Welk	News 10:05 Basin Street Jazz Orchestra

Sunday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30 8:45	Monitor		Light And Life Hour	Renfro Valley 8:55 Galen Drake
9:00 9:15	Monitor	Wings Of Healing	News 9:05 Great Moments Of Great Composers 9:25 Van Voorhis, News Voice Of Prophecy	World News Roundup The Music Room Church Of The Air
9:30 9:45	Art Of Living	Back To God		
10:00 10:15	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	News 10:05 Message Of Israel News 10:35 College Choir	News 10:05 Invitation To Learning The Leading Question
10:30 10:45	Monitor	Voice Of Prophecy		
11:00	Monitor	Frank And Ernest	Van Voorhis, News 11:05 Sunday Melodies Marines On Review News 11:35 Christian In Action	News 11:05 E. Power Biggs UN Report Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir
11:15		Christian Science Monitor Northwestern Reviewing Stand		
11:30	New World			
11:45				

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Monitor	Marine Band		News, Robert Trout 12:05 Washington Week World Affairs Les Elzart Orch.
12:15 12:30	The Eternal Light	News, Bill Cunningham Merry Mailman	Van Voorhis, News 12:35 Front & Center	
12:45				
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Monitor	Les Paul & Mary Ford Christian Science Lutheran Hour	Herald Of Truth News 1:35 Pilgrimage	Woolworth Hour—Percy Faith, Donald WJods
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	The Catholic Hour	Professional Football	Dr. Oral Roberts Wings Of Healing	Symphonette New York Philharmonic-Symphony
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Monitor	Professional Football (con.)	News 3:05 Pan American Union Van Voorhis, News 3:35 Billy Graham	Symphony (con.)
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Monitor	Salute To The Nation Nick Carter 4:55 Lorne Greene	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	News 4:05 On A Sunday Afternoon
5:00 5:15	Monitor 5:05 Your Radio Theater	Adventures of Rin Tin Tin	News 5:05 Church In The Home 5:25 Van Voorhis, News Greatest Story Ever Told	News 5:05 On A Sunday Afternoon News 5:35 On A Sunday Afternoon
5:30 5:45		Wild Bill Hickok 5:55 Tomorrow's World		

Evening Programs

6:00	Meet The Press	Walter Winchell	Monday Morning Headlines Lifetime Living	News 6:05 Make Way For Youth Gunsmoke Tremendous Trifles
6:15 6:30 6:45	Monitor	Tomorrow's Headlines On The Line, Bob Considine Les Paul & Mary Ford	News 6:35 Evening Comes	
7:00	Monitor	Richard Hayes Show	News 7:05 Showtime Revue Van Voorhis, News 7:35 Valentino Travel Talk	News Analysis 7:05 Bergen-McCarthy Show
7:15 7:30 7:45				
8:00 8:15	Monitor	West Point Band	American Town Meeting	News 8:05 Our Miss Brooks Two For The Money
8:30 8:45		Enchanted Hour		
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Monitor	John Randolph Hearst Success Story Manion Forum Keep Healthy	News, Paul Harvey News, E. O. Canham Van Voorhis, News 9:35 Sammy Kaye 9:55 News	News 9:05 Music Hall, Mitch Miller 9:55 John Oerr, Sports
10:00 10:15 10:30	Monitor American Forum	Billy Graham Global Frontiers	Overseas Assignment It's Time Revival Time	News 10:05 Face The Nation Church Of The Air

See Next Page →

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN, CHANNEL 8, DECEMBER 8—JANUARY 11

Monday through Friday

- 7:00 ④ **Today**—Gargle with Garroway
 8:00 ② **Captain Kongaroo**—Keeps kids quiet
 8:55 ② **George Skinner Show**—Relaxin'
 9:00 ④ **Herb Sheldon**—Plus Jo McCarthy
 ⑦ **Bonanza Party**—For mom & kids
 9:30 ⑦ **Todd Russell Corner**—Todd glows
 10:00 ② **Gorry Moore**—Blues-chasin' show
 ④ ⑧ **Ding Dong School**—TV nursery
 10:30 ② **Godfrey Time**—King Arthur
 ④ ⑧ **Search For Beauty**—Ern Westmore
 ⑦ **Claire Monn**—On being pretty
 11:00 ④ **Home**—With Arlene Francis
 ⑤ **Janet Deon, R.N.**—Stars Ella Raines
 ⑦ **Romper Room**—TV Kindergarten
 11:15 ⑤ **Life With Elizabeth**—Cute Betty White
 11:30 ② ⑧ **Strike It Rich**—Hill-hearted quiz
 ⑤ **Beuloh**—Comedy stars Louise Beavers
 11:45 ⑤ **Mr. & Mrs. North**—Giggles & crime
 12:00 ② **Valiant Lady**—Daytime serial
 ④ **Tennessee Ernie**—The joint jumps
 ⑤ **Johnny Olsen's Fun House**
 12:15 ② ⑧ **Love Of Life**—Daily story
 12:30 ② ⑧ **Search For Tomorrow**—Serial
 ④ **Feather Your Nest**—Bud Collyer
 12:45 ② ⑧ **Guiding Light**—Serial
 1:00 ② **Jock Poor Show**—Jack's sly & slick
 ④ **One Is For Sheldon**—Easy-goin'
 ⑤ **Virginia Graham**—Unpredictable gal
 1:30 ② **Love Story**—Jack Smith
 ④ **Sky's The Limit**—Quiz game
 2:00 ② **Robert Q. Lewis Show**—Variety
 ④ **Richard Willis**—Beauty tricks
 2:30 ② ⑧ **Linkletter's House Party**
 ④ **Jinx Falkenburg**—Interviews
 ⑤ **Maggi McNellis**—Gal talk
 ⑪ **Florion ZoBoch**—Fiddle-faddle
 3:00 ② ⑧ **Big Payoff**—Randy Merriman
 ④ **Matinee Theater**—John Conte, host
 ⑨ **Ted Steele Show**—Tunes & talk
 ⑪ **Dione Lucos**—Way to man's heart
 3:30 ② **Bob Crosby Show**—Goes bobcatting
 ⑪ **Candid Camera**—Fun's fun
 4:00 ② ⑧ **Brighter Day**—Serialized Story
 ④ **Date With Life**—Dramatic stories
 ⑤ **Wendy Borrie**—Weep no more
 4:15 ② ⑧ **Secret Storm**—Always brewin'
 ④ **First Love**—Pat Barry stars
 4:30 ② **On Your Account**—\$\$\$ Quiz
 ④ **Mr. Sweeney**—Chuckles Ruggles

EARLY EVENING

- 5:00 ④ **Pinky Lee Circus Show**—For kids
 ⑦ ⑧ **Mickey Mouse Club**—For kids
 5:30 ④ **Howdy Doody**—More for kids
 6:00 ② **News & Weather**—For adults
 6:15 ② **Early Show**—Feature films
 6:30 ④ **Patti Page**—Tues. & Thurs. only
 7:15 ② **Doug Edwards & The News**
 ⑤ **Tex McCrary**—Man about Manhattan
 ⑦ **John Daly, News**—Prize-winner
 7:30 ④ ⑧ **Songs**—Tony Martin, Mon.; Dinah Shore, Tues., Thurs.; Eddie Fisher, Wed., Fri.
 ⑨ **Million Dollar Movies**—Until Dec. 11
 "The Man Between," James Mason, Hildegarde Neff; Dec. 12-18, "The Intruder."

LATE NIGHT

- 10:00 ⑨ **Million Dollar Movies**—Repeat of 7:30 P.M. schedule
 11:00 ② ④ ⑤ **News & Weather**
 ⑪ **Liberace**—Tickles the ivory
 11:15 ② **Late Show**—Feature films
 ④ **Steve Allen**—Half music, half wit

Monday P.M.

- 7:30 ② **Robin Hood**—Bow-and-arrow tales
 ④ **Peter Pan**—Jan. 9, 7:30-9:30 starring Mary Martin in spectacular colorcast.

- 8:00 ⑤ **The Lone Wolf**—Louis Hayward howls
 ② **Burns & Allen**—Coupled comedy
 ④ **Caesar's Hour**—Except Dec. 12, "Sleeping Beauty," Sadlers Wells Ballet, 8-9:30
 ⑦ ⑧ **Digest Drama**—Digestible drama
 8:30 ② **Godfrey's Talent Scouts**—Variety
 ⑦ ⑧ **Voice Of Firestone**—For longhairs
 9:00 ② **I Love Lucy**—Desi has a Ball
 ④ **The Medic**—Vividramas about Docs
 ⑦ **Dotty Mock Show**—Musicmimics
 9:30 ② **December Bride**—It's always Spring
 ④ **Robert Montgomery Presents**
 ⑦ ⑧ **Medical Horizons**—Absorbing
 10:00 ② ⑧ **Studio One**—Hour-long dramas
 ⑤ **Boxing From St. Nicholas Arena**
 ⑦ **Eddie Contor**—Laugh-letting
 10:30 ⑦ **Boris Korloff**—Mysteries

Tuesday

- 7:30 ② **Name That Tune**—Musical quiz
 ⑤ **Waterfront**—Preston Foster on tugboat
 ⑦ ⑧ **Warner Bros. Presents**—Films
 8:00 ② **Navy Log**—Stirring documentaries
 ④ **Berle-Roye-Hope Show**
 8:30 ② **The Phil Silvers Show**—GI riot
 ⑦ ⑧ **Wyatt Earp**—Western tales
 9:00 ② **Meet Millie**—Elena Verdugo stars
 ④ **Jone Wyman's Fireside Theater**
 ⑦ ⑧ **Moke Room For Daddy**—Comedy
 9:30 ② **Red Skelton Show**—Fast & funny
 ④ **Playwrights '56**—Circle Theater
 Hour-long dramas alternate
 ⑤ **City Assignment**—Newspaper stories
 ⑦ ⑧ **DuPont Covalcode Theater**
 10:00 ② ⑧ **\$64,000 Question**—Hal March
 10:30 ② **My Favorite Husband**—Comedy
 ④ **Big Town**—Mark Stevens stars
 ⑦ **Where Were You?**—Ken Murray

Wednesday

- 7:30 ② **Brave Eagle**—Stirring stories
 ⑤ **The Big Fight**—Historical bouts
 ⑦ ⑧ **Disneyland**—Fun & fantasy
 8:00 ② **Godfrey & Friends**—Arthur's variety
 ④ **Screen Directors' Playhouse**
 8:30 ④ ⑧ (at 9:30) **Father Knows Best**
 ⑦ ⑧ **M-G-M Parade**—Half-hour films
 ⑪ **Badge 714**—Jack Webb reruns
 9:00 ② **The Millionaire**—\$torie\$
 ④ **Kroft Theater**—Fine, live teleplays
 ⑦ ⑧ **Masquerade Party**—Guess who
 ⑪ **Confidential File**—Sensational
 9:30 ② **I've Got A Secret**—Moore's mum
 ⑤ **What's The Story?**—Panel quiz
 ⑦ **Break The Bank**—Bert Parks' quiz
 10:00 ② ⑧ **U. S. Steel Hour**—alternates with 20th Century-Fox Hour
 ④ **This Is Your Life**—Surprise bios
 10:30 ④ **Doug Fairbanks Presents**—Stories

Thursday

- 7:30 ② **Sgt. Preston Of The Yukon**
 ⑤ **The Goldbergs**—Molly's misadventures
 8:00 ② **Bob Cummings Show**—Pure farce
 ④ ⑧ **Groucho Marx**—Wit's end
 ⑦ **Bishop Fulton J. Sheen**—Inspirational
 8:30 ② **Climax**—Melodrama; Dec. 22, "Christmas Carol," Fredric March, Basil Rathbone
 ④ **People's Choice**—Cooper comedy
 ⑦ **Stop The Music**—Bert Parks plays Santa
 9:00 ④ **Drognet**—Jack spins a Webb
 ⑤ **Wrestling**—Live from studio
 ⑦ ⑧ **Star Tonight**—Filmed dramas
 9:30 ② **Four Star Playhouse**—Stories
 ④ ⑧ (at 10:30) **Ford Theater**—Fine
 ⑦ ⑧ **Down You Go**—Panel game
 10:00 ② **Johnny Carson**—Howlariou\$
 ④ ⑧ **Lux Video Theater**—Hour long

- 10:30 ② **"Wanted"**—Manhunt for real
 ⑦ **Racket Squad**—Reed Hadley stars

Friday

- 7:30 ② **Champion**—About a horse
 ⑦ ⑧ **Rin Tin Tin**—About a dog
 8:00 ② **Mama**—Peggy Wood charms
 ④ **Truth Or Consequences**—Delightful
 ⑤ **Sherlock Holmes**—Slick sleuthin'
 ⑦ ⑧ **Ozzie & Harriet**—Great
 8:30 ② **Our Miss Brooks**—Brooksie's cookin'
 ④ **Life Of Riley**—Bill Bendix stars
 ⑦ ⑧ **Crossroads**—About clergymen
 9:00 ② **The Crusader**—Melting the iron curtain
 ④ **Big Story**—Real newsmen in action
 ⑦ ⑧ **Dollar A Second**—Jan Murray
 9:30 ② **Playhouse Of Stars**—Filmed drama
 ④ **Star Stage**—Filmed stories
 ⑦ **The Vise**—Suspense from Britain
 ⑪ **Duffy's Tavern**—Gardner's guffaws
 10:00 ② **The Line-Up**—Documentary-style
 ④ **Boxing**—Plot without words
 ⑦ **Ethel & Albert**—Domestic comedy
 10:30 ② **Person To Person**—Ed Murrow

Saturday

- 6:30 ② **The Lucy Show**—Reruns
 7:00 ④ **Henry Fonda Presents**—Stories
 ⑦ **Step This Way**—Ballroom dancing
 7:30 ② **Beat The Clock**—Stunts for prizes
 ④ **The Big Surprise**—\$100,000 quiz
 8:00 ② ⑧ **Stage Show**—Dorsey Brothers Band, June Taylor Dancers, big-name guests
 ④ **Perry Como Show**—Songs & sketches
 ⑦ **Grand Ole Opry**—Hour of variety
 8:30 ② ⑧ **The Honeymooners**—J. Gleason!
 9:00 ② **Two For The Money**—\$hriner-quiz
 ④ **People Are Funny**—Art Linkletter except Dec. 24, "Babes in Toyland," 9-10:30, stars Jeannie Carson.
 ⑦ ⑧ **Lawrence Welk**—Bubbling
 9:30 ② **It's Always Jan**—Janis Paige comedy
 ④ **Durante-O'Connor Show**—Comedy
 10:00 ② **Gunsmoke**—Shoot'em-ups
 ④ **George Gobel**—Gobs of fun
 10:30 ② **Donon Runyon Theater**—Stories
 ④ ⑧ **Your Hit Parade**—Top songs

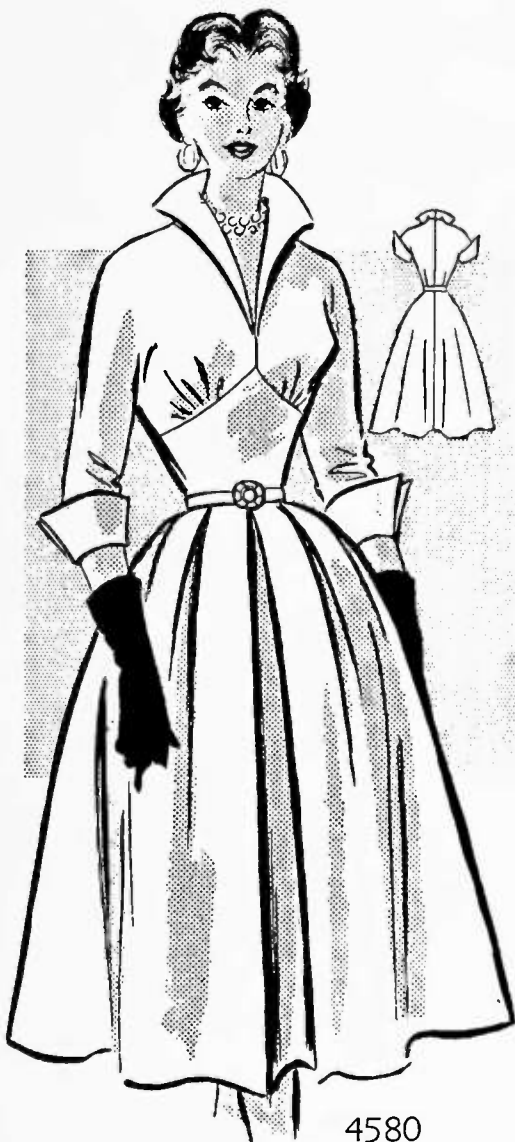
Sunday

- 4:00 ④ **Mourice Evans Presents**—Dec. 11, "Corn Is Green." **Wide Wide World**, Dec. 18, Jan. 1—Travel.
 ⑨ **Chino Smith**—Dan Duryea adventure
 5:00 ② **Omnibus**—90 minutes of excellence
 ⑦ **Super Circus**—Sawdust variety
 6:30 ② ⑧ **You Are There**—History alive
 ⑪ **Life With Father**—Leon Ames comedy
 7:00 ② **Lassie**—Popular four-legged drama
 ④ **It's A Great Life**—Dunn's fun
 ⑦ ⑧ **You Asked For It**—Art Baker
 7:30 ② ⑧ **Jock Benny**, Dec. 17, 31, Jan. 7; **Private Secretary**, Dec. 10, 24.
 ④ **Frontier**—Taut Westerns; Dec. 11, "Dream Girl," 90 minutes with Vivian Blaine
 ⑦ **Famous Film Festival**—Great movies
 8:00 ② ⑧ **Ed Sullivan Show**—The best
 ④ **Colgate Variety Hour**—Stars galore
 9:00 ② **G-E Theater**—Ronald Reagan, host
 ④ **The A-G Hour**—Hour teleplays; Dec. 25, "Amahl and the Night Visitors."
 ⑦ ⑧ **Chance Of A Lifetime**—Variety
 9:30 ② **Alfred Hitchcock Presents**—Drama
 ⑦ ⑧ **Ted Mack**—Original Amateur Hour
 10:00 ② **The \$64,000 Question**
 ④ **Loretta Young Show**—Stories
 ⑦ **Life Begins at 80**—Goes like 60
 10:30 ② ⑧ **What's My Line?**—Job game
 ④ **Justice**—Crime & its cure
 ⑦ **Adventures Of The Falcon**

New Patterns for You



4799
SIZES
14½-24½



4580
SIZES
12-20; 40



9252
SIZES
S-14-16
M-18-20



100-lb. feedbag

4799—Look slimmer, trimmer, taller! This smart princess style is cut especially for the half-sizer. Note the clever button detail. Half Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 4 yards 35-inch fabric. 35¢

4580—Sew this shapely dress with dashing details. Choose faille, taffeta, or wool. Misses' Sizes 12-20; 40. Size 16 takes 5¼ yards 39-inch fabric. 35¢

9252—Sew-simple apron with nonslip straps, plenty of cover-up! Misses' Sizes Small (14, 16); Medium (18, 20). All sizes take 1¼ yards 39-inch fabric. 35¢

Send thirty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV RADIO MIRROR, Pattern Department, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Be sure to specify pattern number and size.

the **Kisses**
and **Clinches**
that **Scorched**

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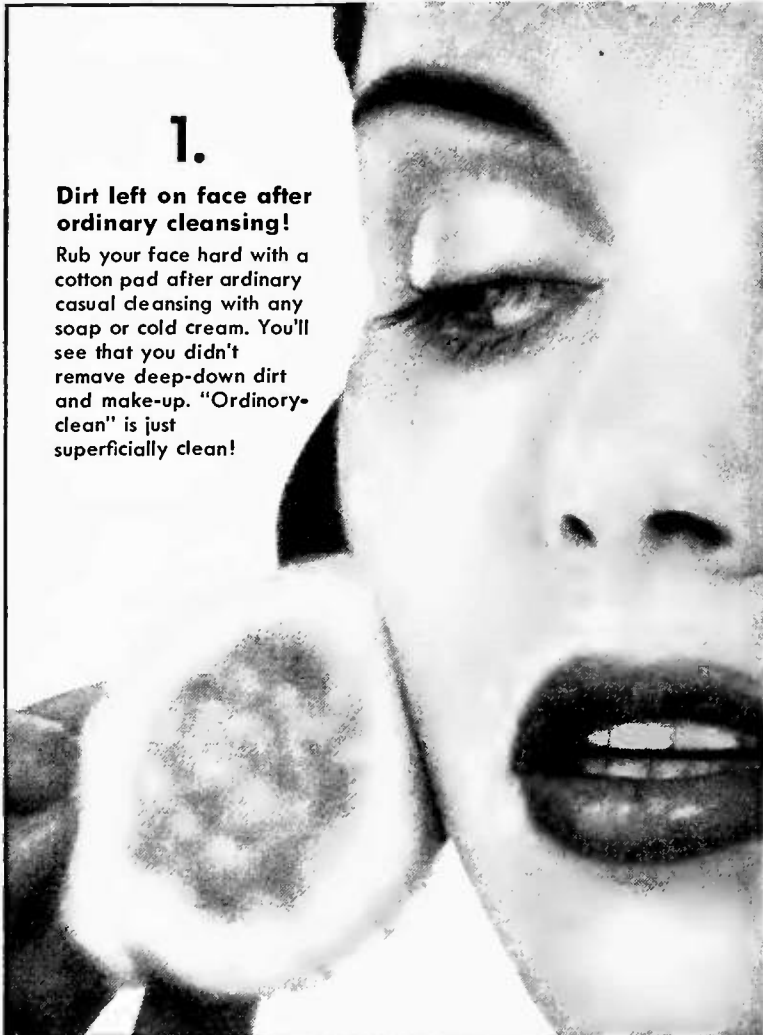
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DOCTORS PROVE A ONE-MINUTE MASSAGE WITH

PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A
Cleaner, Fresher Complexion... Today!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!



Mild and Gentle



Only a Soap This Mild CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY! PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE CLEANS CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER, WITHOUT IRRITATION!

No matter what your age or type of skin, doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care *can* give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin *deep-down* clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method:

Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. And Palmolive's mildness lets you massage a full minute *without irritation*.

Try mild Palmolive Soap today. In just 60 seconds, you'll be on your way toward new complexion beauty!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!



Little Junie Malia isn't so shy about facing the cameras, when she's backed up by her entire family—father Bob, mother June, sister Cathy, and brothers Chris, Bob, Jr., and Steve.

Continued ▶

The Fabulous CROSBYS

(Continued)



The littlest Crosby "warms up" for her appearance on TV, as Mama June and Daddy Bob see to it that Junie Malia gets a nourishing bowl of soup in the studio commissary.



Eyes up, as Daddy shows her a ring and tries to keep her mind off the forthcoming debut. But eyes down, when Junie Malia actually gets out on that stage with sister Cathy!

keen for business from the time he could first sing. And while he was always willing to sing for charity—if pressed—he was even more enthusiastic about singing when he knew he was being paid. If there was any loot to divide, if anyone else was getting paid, he wanted to be sure he got his share.

His constant solicitude finally cost Bing his job in the music store. He had been hanging around the store in the afternoons, sticking close by the piano-player and picking up all the new tunes for free. The customers began to listen, and finally the owner of the store offered him a job plugging songs after school. Bing was real happy about it, but he became concerned when the days passed and nobody mentioned what he would be paid.

"Say, what am I gonna get?" Bing would say. Night after night he kept saying it, until the owner said, "For what?"—and fired him without paying him at all.

Bing's older brother, Larry, who worked on the local newspaper, was furious. So, when Bing returned to Spokane for the first time since his "success," Larry booked him into the Liberty—and made them pay through the nose for him.

That night all of Sharp Street turned out. "All but me," Bob Crosby recalls now, "and the neighbor who was sitting with me. I was too young. I had to stay home—and I cried all night."

The family filed through the theater door ignoring the cat-calls of other kids around them. "Ya-ya—some singer, your brother. Bet he falls on his face." The family grew pretty tense out front, waiting for Bing to come on. Too tense for Pop Crosby, who adored Bing—and who took a powder just before Bing came on. Nobody could find Pop anywhere. But finally he came back. "I didn't think they would do too well," he explained, (Continued on page 72)





Bing's son Gary upholds the masculine tradition in the second generation, of singing Crosbys. Currently featured on *The Edgar Bergen Show*, he has starred as his own dad's summer replacement on radio, sung with Uncle Bob and Cousin Cathy on TV.

The Bob Crosby Show, with daughter Cathy, is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, from 3:30 to 4 P.M. *The Bing Crosby Show* is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, from 7:30 to 7:45 P.M. Gary Crosby sings on *The Edgar Bergen Show*, CBS Radio, Sun., 7:05 to 8 P.M. (All EST, under multiple sponsorship.)

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(Continued)



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Warren Hull gives Ralph greetings of the season—plus congratulations on the Pauls' wedding anniversary.



Great

By
GREGORY MERWIN

LET'S PUT it this way. Let's say I'm a semi-fatalist," announces Ralph Paul. "I do as much as I can and then stop worrying. Maybe it's hereditary. Maybe it's because I'm opposed to the do-it-yourself movement. I can stop a leak in a pipe or pound in a nail. But, frankly I'd rather let a specialist do the work—and that goes for worrying, too."

Ralph Paul started out as a grade-school "actor" in Denver, Colorado, then—by way of El Paso, Baltimore, Burma, India, Brooklyn and Staten Island—wound up in Manhattan as host-announcer on video's *Strike It Rich* and the *Goodyear Playhouse*. Today, he commutes into Manhattan from Greenwich, Connecticut, which is also the home of such stars as Bert Parks and Bud Collyer. However, none of these other celebrities, it may be said of respectfully, has had anywhere near the adventures of (Continued on page 74)

Ralph Paul is seen on *Strike It Rich*, over CBS-TV, M-F, 11:30 A.M. EST, sponsored by the Colgate-Palmolive Company.

Ralph and son Marty get the ice skates ready for the outdoor sport they most enjoy in the wintertime.



Wife Bettie and daughter Susie admire one of their "doll" collections—precious Dresden figurines.



Time to sing carols—though, for Bettie and Ralph, Christmas chimes are an echo of wedding bells, too.



Day Coming

The Ralph Pauls took time—and love and faith—

to "strike it rich," and now know the best is yet to be



Holidays are always big occasions in the Pauls' Connecticut home. But Yuletide is biggest of all, with its double significance for two college sweethearts who were wed in wartime.



Great day for the youngsters—and for "Frisky"! But Ralph and Bettie have their special gifts for each other, and memories which are all their own.

and so they were Married!

By ALICE FRANCIS

ONE GIRL who was invited to the wedding last September of Eddie (Edwin J.) Fisher and Debbie (Mary Frances) Reynolds came home looking almost as starry-eyed as the bride. "It was such a lovely wedding," she recalled. "Just like a sister's. I mean there was that kind of *feeling* about it. A nice, young wedding that warmed your heart. Debbie looked like an angel in a white lace, ballerina-length gown. Her bridesmaid was Jeanette Johnson, a childhood friend having no connection with show business, who came on from California to be in the wedding party. Eddie looked so serious and so (Continued on page 65)

Coke Time Starring Eddie Fisher, NBC-TV, Wed., Fri., 7:30 P.M. EST
—Mutual, Tues., Thurs., 7:45 P.M. EST—for The Coca-Cola Company.



Album candid: Debbie and Eddie cut their cake . . . Eddie's mother wishes her new daughter-in-law all the best . . . and "among those present" —Milton Blackstone, Debbie, Willard Higgins, Eddie, Mrs. Jennie Grossinger and Joey Forman.



But true love had to find a way, before Eddie Fisher



could say happily: "Debbie and I are going to be together all our lives"

HEART OF A CHILD



On their 23rd anniversary, Pinky and BeBe moved to their first real home. Patty, Morgan, even "Domino" celebrated—especially when Morgan saw the room planned for him.

By **BUD GOODE**

THE DAY Pinky Lee's schoolteacher asked her class to discuss the Statue of Liberty, Pinky, as usual, was one of the first to raise his hand. Pinky was always a good student; what he didn't know about the Statue of Liberty wasn't written in his history book. But, when the teacher called on him, the class's laughter was even greater than usual. The kids always laughed at Pinky: First, because of his size—he was tiny for his age; second, because of his lisp—and "Statue of Liberty" was a tongue-twister.

But, to ten-year-old Pinky, the kids' laughter was a heart-twister. After class, he disconsolately shuffled down the aisle of desks to his teacher. The hint of tears in his eyes almost made a fool of his attempt at bravery as he said, "I love my (Continued on page 82)





**From troubled boyhood to TV success,
Pinky Lee has kept one of the
most precious things in the world**



Pinky shows BeBe the mailbox with his famed dinky hat perched atop it, then leads Patty to the built-in TV.



BeBe was speechless at the kitchen with built-in barbecue and doubles of everything. But her hug said it all.



Patty couldn't stop talking about her wonderful new bedroom as Pinky explained its features and BeBe beamed.

The Pinky Lee Show is on NBC-TV—M-F, 5 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship—Sat., 10 A.M., for Tootsie Candy Products.

IT'S FUN

But, oh, the things that happen to Gisele MacKenzie shouldn't happen to any singer on Your Hit Parade!



Gisele's costume at Las Vegas misbehaved for unexpected laughs. But back home in New York, where she answers mail, loves to cook, she put the event on the ledger's credit side.



TO BE FAMOUS



Her vacation was far from a carefree Mexican hayride, but when Gisele returned to the *Hit Parade*, she laughed, then regaled the cast with all of the "hair-raising" details.

By ELIZABETH BALL

So you want to be a star? Well, before you soar off into the rarefied atmosphere of these celestial beings, lend an ear to one of the most dazzling of all luminaries, Gisele MacKenzie. Gisele is tall, dark and chic, and she is glamorous and celestial almost by instinct. Recently she came down to earth long enough to make an accounting of the debits and credits of singing fame.

On the credit side is the excitement and fun of singing the top songs in the land on *Your Hit Parade* on NBC-TV. Put down a plus also for the pure pleasure of working with the wonderful people who make up the program's cast and crew. "Audiences," Gisele adds gratefully, "certainly belong on the credit side of the ledger. Whether you pull a rabbit out of a hat, or pull a boo-boo, they are so *with* you. As good friends always are. When you have as many good friends as a singing career seems to bring, you're almost ashamed to so much as mention a debit side of the ledger." (Continued on page 76)

Gisele MacKenzie sings on *Your Hit Parade*, on NBC-TV, Saturday, 10:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by American Tobacco Co. (Lucky Strike Cigarettes) and Richard Hudnut (Quick Home Permanent).



The von Bagels, Brunhilde and Wolfgang, guard against further mishaps as Gisele studies a scare. They'll keep her from being lonely until that "tree-like man" appears.



Anyone can see Arthur's easygoing humor and cool-headedness on the air, but his warmheartedness is less well known—because Godfrey himself wants it that way.

**Here is the Arthur
you've never met in the
headlines, the
man behind and beyond
all the publicity**



The other side of GODFREY

By GEORGE MARTINSON

THERE have been so many questions about Arthur Godfrey. And so many conflicting answers. The way people discuss this strictly fabulous redhead, you'd think he was the key character in a mystery novel. Did Godfrey do it? Or didn't he? Just one thing seems sure: The man makes headlines—not only as a spectacularly successful showman, but as a person. And it's only human nature to wonder why one man, more than another, should become internationally famous and—let's face it—internationally controversial.

Arthur himself would be the first to say there is no "Godfrey mystery." No one in show business has shared more of himself with his public. By now, we should know him as well as we know our own family. Obviously, however, we don't. There is more to the man than meets the eye or ear. For all his impulsive speech on the air, for all his outgoing friendliness, there is more to Arthur Godfrey than has ever appeared in the headlines.

Arthur is a very smart man. No one can be around him very long without realizing that here is a superior motor which is always in high gear, and usually about fifty miles ahead of anything else in the race. He's creative—not that he's written great poetry or composed any symphonies, but he's got new ideas and he builds things in his head. Yet he's (Continued on page 78)



The McGuire Sisters can testify that being a "little Godfrey" means free lessons in everything from ballet to voice to skating.

Arthur Godfrey Time is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 10 A.M., seen on CBS-TV, M-Th, 10:30 A.M., and *Arthur Godfrey's Digest* is heard on CBS Radio, Thurs., 8:30 P.M., under multiple sponsorship. *Arthur Godfrey And His Friends* is seen on CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., for The Toni Co., CBS-Columbia, Pillsbury Mills, Kellogg Co. *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts*, CBS-TV and CBS Radio, 8:30 P.M., for Thomas J. Lipton, Inc. and Toni. (All times EST)



MOTHER BURTON'S

Gifts

Ethel Owen,
talented actress and
beloved grandma,
has reason to believe
in Santa Claus this year

By GLADYS HALL



This Christmas, Ethel and her husband, John Almy, hold open house for her daughters—Pamela Britton Steel, Mary Routh, Virginia Lee Look—and grandchildren Kathy Steel, Heidi and Diana Lee Look (all left to right).



Two delights: Ethel's cooking—and her joy when her husband meets her on returning home.

THIS is to be *the* Christmas in her life, says Ethel Owen, for this Christmas she will have her three children and her three grandchildren with her—the first time they have all been together in the same place! “The children are with us quite often,” Ethel adds, “especially Virginia, who lives in Port Chester, New York, and Mary, my oldest, who lives in Dobbs Ferry. Both places are near enough to our home in Westport, Connecticut, for them to make frequent visits. Pamela stays with us whenever she comes on from Hollywood. As for the grandchildren,” says their chic, fair-haired and exceedingly handsome grandmama, Ethel Owen (*Continued on page 80*)

Ethel is Mother Burton in *The Second Mrs. Burton*, on CBS Radio, M-F, 2 P.M. EST, for Hazel Bishop “Once-A-Day” Cosmetics and other sponsors.

Most of the gifts for which Ethel gives thanks aren't material things, but the “home of her own” is a very real blessing.





Ozzie, Ricky and David make a joint project of buying records—something the whole family enjoys.



David's pride-and-joy is his MG. Ricky may earn one someday by proving himself a good driver, too.



Close as a family can be

Life is a wonderful adventure for Ozzie and Harriet, David and Ricky—and all the Nelsons

By FREDDA BALLING

THE POPULAR PROGRAM known as *The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet* is legitimately a family affair.

David and Ricky of the script are the David and Eric whose birth certificates designate them as authentic Nelsons, a fact unique in radio or TV domestic drama. The children on other shows seldom belong to the program's parents, and the parents themselves seldom belong to each other.

But that is not the end to the family participation of the Nelson clan. Ozzie's brother, Don, is one of the writers on the show, and Don's wife (whom he met at the studio when the program was being done on radio) is Barbara Eiler, an actress often seen sharing the Nelson adventures. Last Christmas, Don's and Barbara's two small daughters turned in fine performances as Nelson relatives, and may become more involved in the show as David and Ricky are claimed by such outside commitments as military service.

After the show every Friday night, the Hollywood Nelson clan gathers around the telephone to call the New Jersey Nelson clan. Ozzie's older brother, Alfred, is a dentist by profession and successful practice, but he is also a part-time script writer. He has supplied several scripts for the show, plus a weekly spatter of ideas, many of which have hit the spot.

Even Ozzie's mother gets into the spirit of the thing. When she heard that Aunt Jemima Pancake Mixes were to co-sponsor the Nelson show this season, along



In the Nelsons' TV adventures, it's usually Ozzie who is "the potsy." In real life, they all take their turn of it.

Continued →



Ozzie swears Harriet is even prettier than when they were married twenty years ago. (She's a better cook, too.) As for the boys, they think nobody can top either Ozzie or Harriet.



Phone calls are important in the Nelson home—and not just when David's making dates! They keep in touch with the folks back East in long-distance chats. That's one time when the hi-fi is turned down and even Ricky has to desert his drums.



The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet, on ABC-TV, Fri., 8 P.M. EST, is sponsored by The Hotpoint Co., Aunt Jemima Division of Quaker Oats, and Telechron Division of General Electric.

Close as a family can be

(Continued)

with Hotpoint electric appliances, she cracked: "I hope the pancakes sell like Hotpoints!"

As for Harriet's mother, she has been written into frequent Nelson scripts, but must be consulted about the actress who is to portray her. So far, her favorite is Lurene Tuttle. Much of Mrs. Hilliard's characteristic dialogue and plot surprises are supplied by Don Nelson, who lived at Mrs. Hilliard's home while he was a student at the University of Southern California. A typical incident—precious grist for a writer—took place after Don had married and moved away. He telephoned one day to learn whether his Navy check had arrived. Mrs. Hilliard said, "No—but I hear the postman now. Hold the wire and I'll see what he has for us."

Don held . . . and held . . . and held. Three minutes, five minutes, seven minutes. . . . It occurred to him that Mrs. Hilliard might have suffered a fall, that the person at the door had not been the postman but some thug! He jumped into his car and scorching to the Hilliard home. And here, standing amid her roses while engaged in a fascinating conversation with her neighbor, was Mrs. Hilliard.

She broke into a surprised and delighted smile when she spotted Don, waved and called, "Hi!"

Don's instant relief was displaced by affectionate exasperation. "Can you tell me," he asked smoothly, "whether, by any chance, your telephone is off the hook?"

"I don't think so. I was just talking to . . . oh, heavens!"

New acquaintances frequently ask Ozzie and Harriet: "Is your show pretty much of a reflection of your daily family life?" Ozzie's standard answer has always been, "No, not really. It's fictionized drama, as most situation-comedy shows have to be."

Recently, some combination of circumstances pushed Ozzie a notch too far and he had to let off steam. He announced, (Continued on page 68)

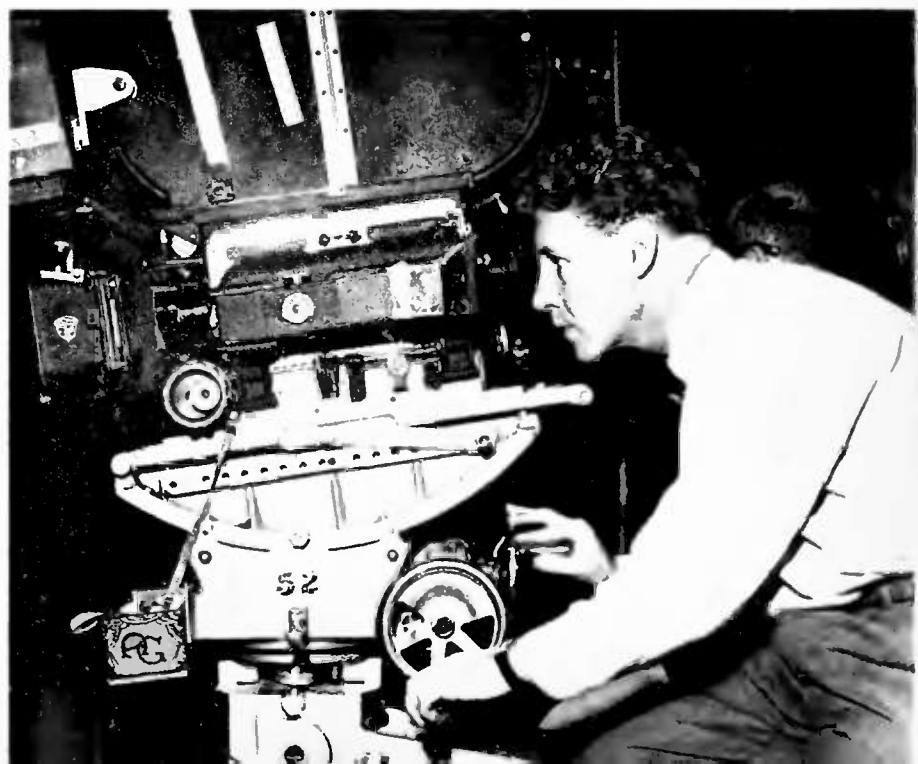
Pretty as Diane Jergens is, Ricky's at the age where he's more interested in teaching her tennis than dancing.





David's dates are still rather informal, too. Below, at a recital with Susan Whitney, who—like Diane—is sometimes seen on *The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet*.

Ozzie and Harriet realize that one day the family will be more than a close-knit foursome clustered around the pool. In fact, Ozzie's put these growing-up ideas into the show.





The Rogers' ranch house is a warm, "together" kind of place, where Bible readings and songfests are all part of daily living—where Dodie's Choctaw background and Marion Fleming's Scottish ancestry are equally at home.

Seated on the couch above, left to right: Dodie (the children's nickname for Mary Little Doe), Dale, Marion, Roy, Linda. Riding "on top of the stagecoach" are Sandy and Dusty (whose more formal name is Roy Rogers, Jr.).



They Count Their Blessings

Roy Rogers and Dale Evans thank God for each new year—and for the children in their hearts and home



Home care is Dale's department, and she gives the girls—in this case, Marion and Linda—lessons in cooking with that fine old-fashioned flavor from her home state, Texas!



Roy takes over in the field of animals and outdoor life. Here he shows Dusty and Marion the care and feeding of a baby chipmunk he'd found abandoned "on location."

By MARY TEMPLE

IN THE LITTLE TOWN of Chatsworth, California, there is a rambling Spanish ranch house where the coming of the New Year is celebrated prayerfully and joyously, in true family spirit. December 31st, in addition to being the wedding anniversary of Daddy and Mom—who are Roy Rogers and Dale Evans to the rest of the world—is a wonderfully happy and meaningful time for the children.

Some of the five Rogers children are adopted, chosen lovingly from temporary homes in other sections of the country. A sixth child is a foster-daughter, here as an exchange student from her native Scotland. At holiday time, a little crippled friend of the family, Nancy Hamilton, and her mother usually join the family circle, and often the neighbors' kids can be counted in. So there will be laughter and shouting echoing through the roomy house, and much excitement over the old year rushing out and the new one rushing in to take its place. There

will also be some soul-searching and some brave new resolutions, and many heartfelt prayers of thanks.

"If I were to try to sum up the things that Roy and I are most grateful for this year," Dale says, thinking back over months which have seemed to roll by so rapidly, "it's that the children and Roy and I are now a unit. A real family group. All the former differences in the backgrounds from which the individual children came are now merged into one democratic American family. It's one of the finest things that could have happened to us. This, and the fact that we approach the New Year under God's guidance, with the hope that His purpose for each individual life, and for our family life, will be fulfilled."

The kids, even small Dodie, already have a pretty good idea of what it means to take one's place in a close-knit group that feels strongly about putting God first, their fellow man second, and themselves (*Continued on page 83*)

Roy and Dale star in *The Roy Rogers Show*, NBC-TV, Sun., 6:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by the Post Cereals Division of General Foods Corp.



Home, for Jan and Terry, means the sunlit peace of their farm in New Hampshire—which takes on special meaning when Terry's girls join them during vacation.

Terry's proud of the strikingly talented and lovely females in his family! Below, Jan's mother paints a portrait of Molly, Colleen and Kathleen O'Sullivan.



Happy days ahead



Bringing in the crop of hay—with Molly on the tractor and Kathleen and Colleen helping—Terry and Jan harvest the joys of exciting changes in their city life, the constancy of the country.

Terry O'Sullivan and Jan Miner travel an exciting road on TV, toward the steady lights of home

By FRANCES KISH

TERRY O'SULLIVAN was saying: "Change is stimulating; it means growth. I welcome it."
"I feel the same way Terry does," added Jan Miner, who is Mrs. Terry O'Sullivan in private life. "Except that I want to say—for us both—we are grateful and happy that the usual peace and satisfactions of life on the farm have remained the same while our lives, career-wise, have been changing. It's a fine thing to know that Morrow Farm, in Meredith, New Hampshire, is waiting for us, the same as always—and that, if it's at all



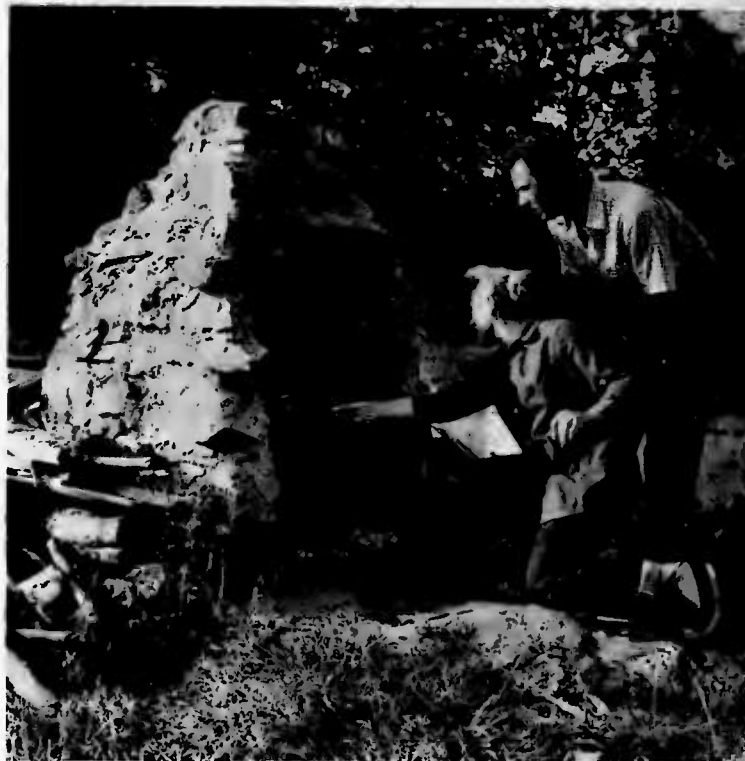
See Next Page ▶

Happy days ahead

(Continued)



Eager young hands help Jan and Terry launch their rowboat in Lake Winnepesaukee. Morrow Farm nestles near by, encircled by woodlands, hills and neat New Hampshire towns.



In the city, Jan serves her meals on a glass-topped, wrought-iron dining table. But, whenever they can, she and Terry head for the farm and outdoor-barbecue fun.

possible, the family will be gathering there for the holidays. My parents live close by, two of my brothers and their families are there, and the others not too far away.

"It's wonderful to know that, next summer—while there will be the usual struggle against Nature and her many moods—the old farmhouse will welcome us back, and Terry's three lovely daughters will be coming again from California to spend the summer with us. There will be the farm chores, as always, and the gardening and haying, and Terry will have to tend the orchard he planted last summer (never dreaming how much work he was starting for himself!). But there will also be the fun of cooking and eating outdoors, of sitting around and just talking and visiting after the work is done, and the joy of living out under the sun and stars."

Terry picked up the conversation: "The changes have come into our lives in the city, in all the new things Jan and I have been doing. In September, for instance, I became Elliott Norris, the newspaper reporter in the daytime dramatic serial, *Valiant Lady*. Norris has humor and intelligence—it's an interesting part—and a great many other new things have come into being, this year, one of them a *Big Story* film, shot for television in South Bend, Indiana, the scene of the true story it depicts. In August, I played the role of Adam in the Bible story of Cain, on the *Frontiers Of Faith* program. A number of TV commercials have been added to the roster this year. And a motion picture, 'The Court-Martial of Billy Mitchell,' starring Gary Cooper. Of course, if you turn

to your companion in the theater, you may miss seeing me at all—my part is very short."

"Terry opens the picture," Jan broke in. "He's the major who serves the court-martial papers on Mitchell. You can't possibly miss him!"

"The big change in Jan's work," Terry said then, "is her new role as Terry Burton on *The Second Mrs. Burton*. It's a perfect part for Jan, both as wife and as actress—though I'm sure many listeners still remember her as Julie, in *Hilltop House*, and Anne, in *Casey, Crime Photographer*. Her radio work speaks for itself, and she's been doing more and more TV. The last two summers, she was a member of the Robert Montgomery TV company, doing a different role every week, and she has a running part, Glenda, on the TV dramatic serial *First Love*. She goes out to Hollywood to do the TV commercials for *Spry*, on the *Lux Video Theater*—and that has certainly made a change in our lives, what with my traveling to various location scenes occasionally, too! She has been doing the Alka-Seltzer commercials on the John Daly news telecasts. And she gets constant calls from dramatic shows on TV."

"I like the turn my life has been taking," Jan said. "I like the change of pace. I even enjoy the tremendous discipline which television imposes on an actor, far more than radio ever did. Every performance is an 'opening night.' This is it, you know each time—and there won't be any more chances to correct mistakes.

"I miss Julie Paterno, after (Continued on page 84)

Terry O'Sullivan is Elliott Norris in *Valiant Lady*, CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon EST, as sponsored by General Mills, The Toni Company, and Wesson Oil. Jan Miner is Terry Burton in *The Second Mrs. Burton*, CBS Radio, M-F, 2 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.

NEVER GET RICH



Sgt. Bilko (Phil) flanked by his best buddies—Cpl. Barbella (Harvey Lembeck) and Cpl. Henshaw (Allan Melvin).

HARVEY LEMBECK, as Cpl. Barbella, needs no coaching in GI life, for he has lived it before—"in the flesh," on the stage and in movies. Born and raised in Brooklyn, Harvey won a scholarship to the University of Alabama. His studies there were interrupted by World War II and he enlisted in the Army, then transferred to the Marines, and finally wound up in the Navy. Once again a civilian, Harvey finished his studies at New York University, then launched his show-business career as half of The Dancing Carrolls, who played night clubs and vaudeville. (The other half of the team, Caroline Dubs, is now Harvey's better-half and mother of the Lembecks' two children.) Harvey made his Broadway debut in Ben Hecht's "The Terrorist," and followed this with roles in such hits as "Mister Roberts," "Stalag 17," and "Wedding Breakfast." He has also appeared in many films, including "The Frogmen" and "Willie and Joe Back Up Front." TV-wise, Harvey, in 1947, organized the first repertory group for a network and has appeared in numerous TV shows since then. Last year, he won two Laurel Awards, one as the most likely candidate for stardom, the other as one of the best screen comics.

ALLAN MELVIN—who plays Cpl. Henshaw, possessor of a keen, dry sense of humor—was born to be a comedian, although he tried first to become a journalist. Born in Kansas City, Missouri, Allan received his high school education in New York, then enrolled at Columbia University to major in journalism. But, being a naturally funny fellow, everything he did—from talking to walking—provoked more laughter than good grades. After two years, Allan's college days came to an end when he was cast in a Greek tragedy. He just couldn't shake off his comic nature and, finally, his professor ruefully suggested that Allan had better stick to comedy. Allan took the advice, quit college and started his own night-club act, which featured impressions and imitations. Then one day he heard that Jose Ferrer was auditioning actors for the part of Reed in "Stalag 17." Allan didn't even get to finish his routine for, halfway through, Ferrer stopped him and told him he was hired. Allan went on to play the role for a year. No newcomer to TV, Allan appears frequently on many top dramatic shows. He's fond of basset hounds and is preparing a film series on the "adventures" of the sad-eyed dogs.



Sgt. Bilko's pranks alternately please and provoke Col. Hall (Paul Ford).

PAUL FORD, as Col. T. J. Hall, Sgt. Bilko's stuffy but likable commanding officer, enjoys the distinction of portraying two Army colonels at the same time—in *You'll Never Get Rich*, and in the Broadway hit, "The Teahouse of the August Moon." A veteran stage, screen and TV actor, the soft-spoken Mr. Ford hails from Baltimore, Maryland. After graduation from Dartmouth College, he went right into show business, getting his early training with stock companies at such famous spots as the Provincetown Playhouse. Next came Broadway and, since 1944, he has appeared in numerous plays, including "Another Part of the Forest," "Command Decision," "The Brass Ring" and, of course, "Teahouse." In between, Paul has also appeared in movies such as "Naked City" and "All the King's Men." Television has claimed him for many leading programs, among them, *Studio One*, *Suspense* and *Danger*, as well as two fondly remembered daytime dramas, *The Egg And I* and *The First Hundred Years*.



Cpl. Fender (Herbie Faye) "suits" Sgt. Bilko.

HERBIE FAYE, a 40-year veteran of show business, has known and worked with Phil Silvers for some 25 years. Starting with a small vaudeville act in 1915, Herbie toured the country, then settled down on Broadway. He spent eight years with the USO—five of them overseas—then, in 1949, turned to TV and appeared subsequently with such stars as Jack Carter, Martha Raye and Red Buttons. Most recently on Broadway, Herbie has played in "Top Banana" and "The Shrike." Now, once again with Silvers, Herb, in addition to acting, helps coach the cast.

LOUISE GOLDEN, only 21, counts her role as WAC Cpl. Hogan as the luckiest of many breaks she has had. In 1952, after graduation from Van Nuys High School in California, Louise headed for Broadway and, within a few weeks, was one of the Gae Foster dancing girls at the Roxy Theater. Next came TV appearances, followed by a dancing assignment in "Guys and Dolls." When she heard about *You'll Never Get Rich*, Louise mistakenly applied for a dancing role. Nevertheless, the pretty, young redhead was hired and her bit part was expanded to fit her varied talents.



Who's who on **YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH**

(Continued)



The fun begins as Sgt. Bilko briefs Sgt. Grover (Jimmy Little), Sgt. Sowici (Harry Clark) and Sgt. Pendleton (Ned Glass).

JIMMY LITTLE, looking every bit like the hard-boiled sergeant he plays, owes his fine physique to his extensive swimming experience. After attending St. John's University, Jimmy became a lifeguard and, on the side, furthered his ambition to become a singer. From singing for local gatherings in Brooklyn, he progressed to Manhattan night clubs, then into vaudeville, co-starring with comedian Joe Besser. After touring the country, Jimmy and Joe developed an Army skit which, in 1938, became part of Olsen and Johnson's famed "Hellzapoppin'" revue. Next they played for four years in "Sons O' Fun." In between, Jimmy appeared in movies such as "Hey, Rookie!", "Black Widow" and "Ma and Pa Kettle." For the past five years—except for his Broadway role in "Lunatics and Lovers"—Jimmy has devoted his talents to TV, having appeared in some 300 shows, which ranged from comedy to drama.

HARRY CLARK, another typical-looking topkick, went from New York University—where he starred as a hammer-thrower and taught physical education—into summer stock, playing throughout the East, from 1939 to 1942. Then came Broadway and "The Skin of Our Teeth," followed by "One Touch of Venus." After time out in the Army, Harry continued his record of appearing only in big hits with "Kiss Me, Kate," "Call Me Mister" and "Wish You, Were Here." Last year, he toured in the national company of "Pal Joey," then took leave of the stage to try his hand in television. He has appeared on many top shows, including *Toast Of The Town*, *Philco Playhouse*, *Danger* and *Justice*, and was particularly outstanding this year as star of "No Time for Sergeants" on the *U.S. Steel Hour*. In private life, Harry lives with his wife Tobey and their 16-year-old daughter Irene in Jamaica, on New York's Long Island.

NED GLASS, after graduation from City College in New York, in 1928, became a grade-school science teacher in Brooklyn. He soon found, however, that teaching was not his lot and, when a friend suggested he try acting, Ned took the advice. Although totally inexperienced, Ned sent a card to producer Elmer Rice and, amazingly enough, was given an audition. Not only did he win a good role in the Broadway hit, "Street Scene," but he was made understudy to the star. Ned played in two more Broadway shows, then decided to get more "basic" acting experience via summer stock and vaudeville. Then, several years later, he journeyed to Hollywood to appear in more than 100 movies, such as "The Bad and the Beautiful," "The Clown" and "Julius Caesar." Upon returning to New York, he met up with Phil Silvers and was immediately signed to play the part of Sgt. Pendleton in *You'll Never Get Rich*.

Charita's GUIDING LIGHT



At home—as on the airwaves—



Music is Charita's own favorite relaxation.

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

NOT LONG AGO, the young wife named Bertha Bauer in *The Guiding Light* spent fifteen minutes before the cameras arguing with her husband—and, later, a school principal—over whether or not her son Mike should skip a grade in school. It was a well-written, well-acted bit in which Bertha was intensely opposed to Mike's being shifted out of his age-group, but changed her mind completely before the end of her session with the principal.

Having finished her stint for that day, she left the studio and caught a cab for home. Her name was still Bauer, although the "Bertha" of *The Guiding Light* automatically became the "Charita" of real life. And, as she rode along, she reflected that she really had learned a lot from that day's script, especially since she had a nine-year-old boy of her own—also named Mike.

Oh, not that she was likely to run into such a difficulty with her own Mike, at least not right away. Mike was getting along fine in St. Ann's Academy for Boys, a private school in which Charita believed implicitly. But, if the time ever came, she'd be better

Charita Bauer embraces two "Mikes"—her real son (in white shirt) and Glenn Walken, who plays her son in *The Guiding Light*—as party guests watch.

it's son Michael, just nine years old



Mike's big hobby is his stamp collection.



"Home" is a living dream come true . . . a place where Michael can play and invite friends to share his birthday cake . . . a real family residence for Charita and her parents (who did so much for her) and her boy (for whom she hopes to do as much).

equipped to cope with the school situation. She could actually relax for a few hours. She could take a deep breath, and think about the vacation she had planned—the first real vacation she'd ever had. This one was going to be It, with a capital letter. England, France, Italy. A chance to get away and think, a chance to forget the busy hum of the studios and to lead a strictly private life. At home, in the East Seventies, she found her mother and her son, Michael, in the kitchen. He was bolting an after-school snack, so he could "go and play with Pete." She looked at him with pride in her eyes. She had done well here, so (Continued on page 79)



Charita recently fulfilled another great wish, too—a trip to Europe with one of her very best friends, actress Elaine Rost (at far left).

Charita is Bertha Bauer in *The Guiding Light*, Mon. thru Fri., seen on CBS-TV at 12:45 P.M. EST—heard on CBS Radio at 1:45 P.M. EST—sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Ivory, Duz, Cheer.



When a Girl Marries

Joan Davis finds a new career—but helping others is really nothing new to her

Joan Davis, as played by Mary Jane Higby, helps untangle the lives of the people whose stories her magazine tells.

ACCORDING to the menfolk, true friendships between women are rare. But Joan Davis and Mary Jane Higby are two women who could have been really great friends—if it weren't for the fact that they have been one and the same person for the past fifteen years. Mary Jane stars as Joan Davis in *When A Girl Marries*, and she thinks Joan is a wonderful person. "And one of the best things about playing Joan," she smiles, "is that she hasn't stood still like some comic-book character. She married, raised three children. She's always growing."

Blonde, petite and blue-eyed, Mary Jane looks more like Joan Davis, wife and homemaker, than the actress she has been since the age of three months. She and Joan have much in common. Both are warm-hearted, sincere, loyal women and both rely on that very special woman's sense, intuition. Both are happily married—and this is the most important thing in life to both. Mrs. Joan Davis is Mrs. Guy Sorel, in private life, and, rather than talk about her own career—starting as "Baby Mary Jane" in the movies and leading to Joan Davis on radio—she would rather tell you about how her French husband played a cowboy in a filmed television drama.

"I've always had a career," Mary Jane says. "And, now that *When A Girl Marries* has been 'modernized,' Joan too has a career—and we have become more alike. I love the idea behind the changing of the program. It will bring Joan more up-to-date, allow me more scope and bring more variety to the program—a new story each week."

Joan's career grows out of the sort of person she has always been—a woman eager to help with the problems of her neighbors and friends in Stanwood. And so, when Catherine Kane, who heads Kane Industries, for which Harry Davis is legal counsel, needs an editorial consultant for her new magazine, *Hometown*, Joan is her logical and ideal choice. The magazine is to be based on actual incidents that have happened to the people of Stanwood, and Joan is asked to draw on her own background and

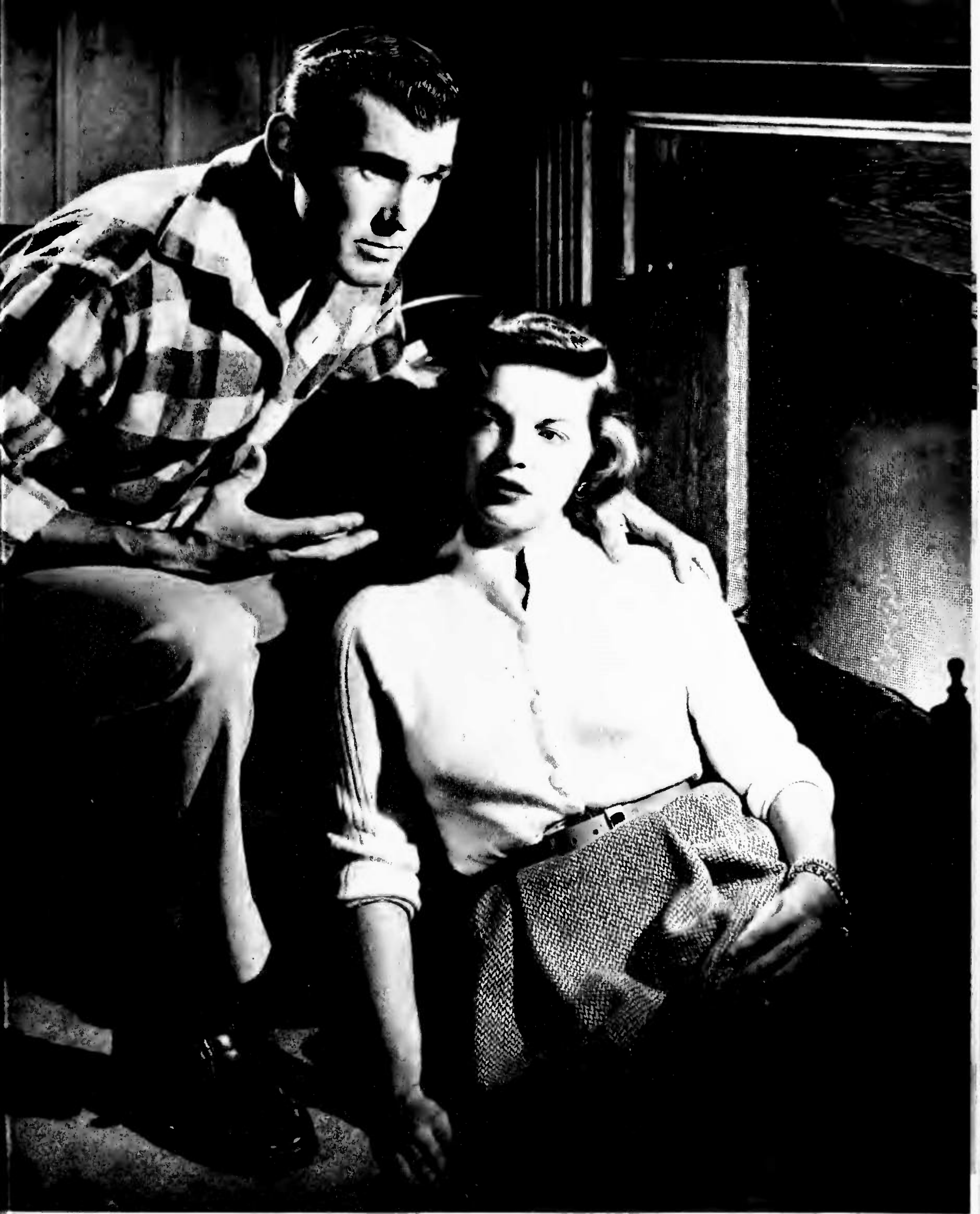
experience to help the people whose stories it will tell. "In many of these situations," Mary Jane smiles, "Joan will need all the wisdom she can muster. Take the story of Anita and Ginny Harrison, for example, when jealousy and suspicion threatened Ginny's young marriage and Anita's new-found love."

When this story passes across Joan Davis' desk at the magazine office—she learns that Ginny, the younger sister, has married Tom Brent against Anita's advice. All three live together in the huge Harrison family mansion which the girls had inherited jointly. Since Ginny is still not of age, her money is held in trust and, when Tom needs money for a land venture on which he hopes to base his and Ginny's future, he asks Anita to help. But, although Anita has already come into her inheritance, she refuses the money.

Unwilling to let the land opportunity pass, Tom plays up to Anita. But his attentions to her only serve to bring the sisters in conflict as Ginny accuses Anita of trying to steal her husband. Then, unable to win Anita over by himself, Tom introduces her to Tony Ford, his partner in the land venture. Tony begins to pay court to Anita. At first, Tony's interest is only to persuade Anita to help them, but he soon finds that he has fallen in love with her. Anita, too, feels the first stirrings of love for Tony, but she hesitates to trust this emotion. Aware that Tony was first interested only in her money, Anita cannot bring herself to believe him when he declares his love.

At present, matters seem at a standstill, but soon they will have to change. Will Tony find a way to prove his love for Anita—or will her doubts continue to keep them apart? And what about Ginny and Tom, whose young marriage is floundering on the jealousy Ginny still feels over the attentions Tom paid to Anita? As Joan Davis steps into their lives, will she be able to draw from her own experiences and help these four troubled people to the happiness she knows lies ahead—when a girl marries?

When A Girl Marries, starring Mary Jane Higby, is heard over ABC Radio, M-F, 10:45 A.M. EST, as sponsored by The Dromedary Company, Stokely-Van Camp, Inc., and Carter Products. Popular air performers Elaine Rost and James Monks are pictured here as Anita and Tony.



Doubts continue to trouble Anita Harrison as she remembers that, although Tony Ford now insists he is in love with her, it was her money that first attracted him.

So in Love...



By
HELEN
BOLSTAD

*... not only with life, but each other . . . that's
the good news about Carl Betz and his wife Lois*



What's the latest "gossip" about the actor who plays Collie Jordan in *Love Of Life*? Only that Carl and Lois enjoy domestic bliss, leisurely walks, and friendly visits.



Carl created this miniature English village to surprise Lois on their first Christmas together. They've both worked on it, adding new structures, every year since.



THEY LIVED in Hollywood, that first year of their marriage . . . and, as Christmas approached, Carl Betz began amassing a private hoard of apparently useless objects—laundry cartons, shirt cardboards, oatmeal boxes, wax-paper rollers and assorted other scraps and discards. . . . With growing amazement, Lois Betz watched it accumulate. "Why in the world," she finally asked, "do you want all this junk?"

Carl, who now plays the role of sophisticated Collie Jordan in *Love Of Life*, looked more boyish than worldly as he replied, "It's a secret." Then (Continued on page 66)

Carl Betz is Collie Jordan in *Love Of Life*, CBS-TV, M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, for Whitehall Pharmacal Co., Boyle-Midway, Inc., Chef Boyardee.



Their artistic skill found full-scale scope when the Betzes moved to a New York apartment. Carl painted the walls, matching the colors to the drapes Lois had found.

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Percy's calm in a stormy business is well-known. But even he gets excited when granddaughter Lisa Beth comes to call. Sharing Percy's delight are his son-in-law Alan, wife Dolly, son Peter and daughter Marilyn Faith Gleitsman.

When Percy and Dolly first met, they were in their teens and dated secretly. Then they grew up, married, and Perc's music sang his love for all to hear. Today they share walks and such domestic chores as mending Dolly's fine chinaware.



Percy Faith's music on *The Woolworth Hour* echoes the melody of a full, rich life



Host Donald Woods and Percy check on details for a future *Woolworth Hour* in teamwork smooth as Perc's music.



Perc found the Faiths' home, but its Colonial exterior and Norwegian pine interior were all Dolly had dreamed of.

Perfect Harmony

By MARTIN COHEN

OF ALL THE ARTS meant to give man pleasure, none is quite so personal as music—and the music of Percy Faith is as intimate as your own fireside. This music gets into your heart and into your dreams. It can bring an old memory to life or remind you to take flowers home to your wife. It is music full of lights—the lights of stars and carnival bulbs, of sunsets and Christmas candles, of love and hope. But, no matter what the charm or passion, it is music noted for great beauty, simplicity and dignity.

Percy Faith is a composer-conductor—which means that the music is in his head, first of all. He puts it to paper and the paper goes to a group of forty-five musicians and choristers, then Percy rehearses them. The end performance is the single voice of a single man.



Little Lisa Beth muses over the piano. She'll need this early start to beat grandfather Percy's composing record.

Perfect Harmony

(Continued)



Away from his podium, Percy likes tooling along the back roads in his convertible—or tinkering with his miniature railroad in the basement of the Faiths' Long Island home.



Percy Faith is conductor of *The Woolworth Hour*, heard over CBS Radio, Sunday, from 1 to 2 P.M. EST, as sponsored by The F. W. Woolworth Co.

For those who like their Faith tall, dark and handsome, Percy qualifies. For those who lean to a Marlon Brando type, a T-shirted, unshaven male in paint-stained pants, Percy fills the bill—on weekends, or when he's fishing in Canada. If you would want your Faith civilized and charming, that is Percy all of the time. If, however, you like a touch of glamour, Perc has a speedboat for tearing around Long Island Sound and a sport car for tooling down back roads.

But if it's a musician with temper you prefer—a conductor on the podium who fairly shakes thunder out of the sky with his baton, whose voice whips musicians into a musical frenzy—it ain't Faith. No, sir. Says a musician: "Picture a sunny day on the beach. Picture a man half-dozing in the sun, listening to the surf, indifferent to everything about him. That's what Perc looks like when he's conducting."

This is the actual picture: He perches on top of a tall stool, one knee crossed over the other, the music spread over a horizontal stand. His baton is a short yellow pencil. (He conducts equally well with red or green.) His makeshift baton never stirs more than six inches in any direction. In a polite, casual voice he tells the brass to remove the dot from a quarter note or turn a seventh into a ninth. And then they go on. Of the hundred people or so in the studio—including several dozen musicians, a dozen singers, four or five soloists, technicians, agency representatives, producer and assistants—Percy Faith is the least hurried, the most amiable and the most relaxed. ("Up there he looks exactly as if he didn't give a darn, and he is one of the most gifted conductors in the country.")

Perc is unquestionably the favorite conductor of musicians, for he refuses to be anything less than reasonable and courteous. He does not ruffle, anger or madden. When he first came to the states from Canada to take over the famous *Carnation Contented Hour*, the orchestra paid him a tribute which is unprecedented in the business. As a body, they sent a telegram to the sponsor saying simply: "This is our boy."

Percy Faith's contribution to American music is fabulous. He has recorded fifty albums, and nearly all are steady sellers. At any (Continued on page 70)

And So They Were Married

(Continued from page 32)

handsome. Their respective parents were there, of course, and Eddie's four sisters and two brothers, and Debbie's only brother.

"Even the setting was homelike. Mrs. Jennie Grossinger's daughter has a lovely but not a pretentious house on the grounds of Grossinger's, the famous Catskill resort, and that's where the ceremony took place. The house has big double living rooms, a large dining room, a roomy family kitchen—the kind of home to make a gracious background. Debbie carried her grandfather's Bible, brought from California by her mother.

"No one got very excited when the wedding had to be delayed because Eddie's mother was delayed in traffic on her way up to Grossinger's. Instead of an eight o'clock ceremony, it was nearer nine when Eddie and Debbie made their vows. Afterwards, there was a private party, and then the young couple went to a charming small house near by, lent by a friend for this first night of their honeymoon."

And so they were married, after months of postponement, millions of words of speculation, and thousands of columns of type, much of it inspired by the fact that the scheduled wedding date of June 17 had come and gone minus wedding bells or any specific explanation for the delay.

Eddie had been very unhappy about a lot of the stuff that was printed during those months prior to the marriage. "Because most of it didn't have a grain of truth in it," one of his pals told me. "That's what got him down." When an old friend who hadn't seen him for a while dropped by to congratulate him on his marriage and mentioned how much more mature and serious he had grown, Eddie just shook his head and said, "It's this last year that did it."

Talking further about it, Eddie said, "Our wedding was never called off. We just thought we would wait a little longer. And that sort of thing is a personal matter. We two had to figure out when we could be together as much as possible, and it didn't look at that time as if we could be together very much at all. When you're married, it's natural to want to be together, isn't it?"

There was a collision of careers, where Eddie's show would be located, when Debbie would make pictures—all of which got talked out and worked out during those months of delay. The day after the wedding, when Eddie had to be in Washington, D. C., for his sponsor, Coca-Cola, Debbie was right there with him. A few days later, his Wednesday-night TV show came from Notre Dame University, at South Bend, Indiana, and Debbie was there, too. When, the following week, he went to Kansas City to do the show, Debbie went along, and they managed to take off for California for four or five days of honeymooning before going back to New York. When Eddie does a few shows from Florida this winter, Debbie will be with him. And when she has to report back to the M-G-M studios in January for her next picture, it is all settled that Eddie will start a thirteen-week period of shows from Hollywood.

"It's working out great," Eddie said, when he was thinking back to the way each had been able to fit into the other's schedule of work and geography. "My show will probably alternate between thirteen weeks from California and thirteen weeks from New York, and whenever there is something special we will broadcast from places in between, any place in the country. This is what Debbie and

I have always looked forward to. We're gypsies, love to go from place to place."

This is why they have been living in Eddie's hotel apartment in New York, instead of finding a new apartment of Debbie's choosing. And why they didn't settle upon buying a house in California before the wedding, as permanent headquarters, as once they thought they would. "We'll rent a place this time for the thirteen weeks' stay on the West Coast, unless something comes along which is exactly what we want. Otherwise, we don't want to decide quite yet about our home. Debbie and I are going to be together all our lives and there will be plenty of time for everything. In the meantime, we'll be having fun thinking about it."

On his days at home, Eddie has always liked to sit around in a robe and not dress or shave until he goes out. He and Debbie sometimes look at the old kinescopes of his shows (he runs his own projector) and if he doesn't like a performance he won't rewind the film. "I don't want to see that one again," he will say. "Let's just forget it." When he listens to one of his own records he is always trying to figure out how he might have done it better. So far as Debbie's work is concerned, Eddie describes himself as "a big, big fan, ever since I first saw her in her picture, 'Singin' in the Rain,' when I was

"It's tough for this boy," the friend had said. "He can never say to a girl that on a certain date he will take her to a certain party, no matter how important it is to her. There are too many unexpected demands on his time, too many benefits and personal appearances besides his regular schedule of rehearsals and shows and recordings, too many places where he has to be, one right after the other. Naturally this is hard on a girl. She wants to know: Is she going to have a date or isn't she? But even more, it has been hard on Eddie, because he couldn't plan his own time. Nobody can in this business, and he never felt sorry for himself, but it was just a fact he had to face."

Because both Eddie and Debbie have a liking for people in general, and love to meet new people outside their own profession as well as inside it, this has proved to be a great bond between them. "Debbie is so natural with everybody," Eddie says of her. (It's what everybody has always said about Eddie, too—that he has never lost his boyish, natural manner.) "Debbie has charm, sincerity, so much warmth. She impresses everyone that way. She's a career girl, but she's a home girl, too. I couldn't begin to tell you all the things about her—they're just there. We both love movies, and parties where we meet people, and opening nights, and practically every sport. We love doing these things together."

That word "together" keeps working its way now into any conversation with Eddie. If you ask about plans for a show later on with Debbie, or perhaps a movie, he says there is always a chance, being in the same business, that some day they will do some of these things together. "In order to be happy, you have to share your life, and this can apply to everything. It means sharing all the experiences you can. Working together just becomes one of the things we can look forward to, not all the time, but some of the time. We do work together well. I know that. We go together like words and music, you might say."

For a long time he has been interested in doing a musical motion picture and has read many, many scripts, but he wants to be very sure that he chooses the right one for him. "It would be pretty silly just to sing a few songs in something that wasn't really right for me," is the way he expresses it. A musical version of "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" has interested him greatly, because he loves the character and thinks the story would lend itself well to a musical. Whether this becomes his first movie or not was still undecided, at this writing. Of course, his first love is television and radio and he hopes to go on with these shows for many years.

"But if I am fortunate enough to make a movie," he will say—you find him using the phrase, *if I am fortunate enough*, about many things, and always using it humbly and thankfully—"if I am fortunate enough, I would want it to be the kind of picture that people would love. I believe that, since television, movies are really better than ever and there are some really great pictures and great stories still to be filmed. A good picture is something I want very much."

He thinks of himself as a very lucky fellow. He still says, "It's fantastic," as if he can't believe it—meaning the turn his life has taken, his career, his meeting Debbie and his good fortune in having her for his wife. They have both been quoted as saying that they hope to have a big family. That, in the opinion of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin J. Fisher, would be just the greatest luck of all!

Watch for . . .

the lovely full-color portrait of

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TV RADIO MIRROR

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an Army private in Korea, long before I dreamed I would be the lucky man she would marry."

When Eddie gets really excited about anything, especially about some song brought to him to try out, he will take off his shoes, jump on the nearest chair and belt it out to the four walls—and to Debbie's delight. But, a good deal of the time, he's a quiet fellow around the house, and deeply serious about his job. Marriage will probably give him a chance to spend more of his leisure time with other young people, with couples in their twenties, as he and Debbie are. (She's 23, he's 27.) In his business, most people he meets are older, and they are the ones he looks to for advice and guidance. But he has missed being with fellows and girls his own age, except for a few favorite pals and for the not too many girls he dated regularly before Debbie.

Before Eddie fell in love with Debbie, his schedule of work was always getting into the way of any long-term friendships with the girls he was constantly meeting and being thrown with professionally. If he thought himself in love once or twice, it didn't stand the test of separation and he concluded it couldn't be the real thing. "It may sound a little corny," he told me once, "but until I met Debbie I began to think I would never meet a girl I wanted to marry."

In the pre-Debbie days, I had discussed with a friend of Eddie's how difficult it was for a young man in his position to take girls out without publicity and often without disarrangement of their plans.

So in Love . . .

(Continued from page 61)

he offered an explanation which was no explanation at all: "It's your Christmas present . . ." What Lois thought at that point is not a matter of record. What she did was to try to stay out of the kitchen when Carl appropriated the table as a workbench.

There he labored for hours with ruler, pencil, razor blades, rubber cement and paints. . . "I couldn't keep it entirely secret," Carl confesses today. "The work took too long and covered too much space. But, by staying up until four o'clock Christmas morning, I was able to surprise Lois with the total scene . . ."

The "total scene" was a Christmas card nearly come to life. Under the tree, Carl had set up an old English village, with each building and figure constructed to scale. The wax-paper rollers became the turrets of a castle which was complete with moat and drawbridge. The cardboard had been shaped into timbered, thatched-roofed houses. Along the snowy street, a coach and pair drove toward the village church, where high in the steeple a clock marked five minutes before midnight.

The clock still marks five minutes before midnight, but the village grows each year, for it has become a family hobby.

While the exquisite workmanship of the village wins the admiration of any observer, it is the reason that led to its construction which makes it important both to Lois and Carl. "I wanted her to know what our Christmas was like back home in Pittsburgh when I was a boy," Carl explains.

Wanting to share with each other the delights of the past, as well as the happiness of the present, is one of the pleasant evidences of the love which Carl and Lois Betz hold. Emotionally, they react almost as though they were but one individual. In appearance, however, they are an example of the old belief that, "opposites attract." Carl is tall, slender, wiry, wavy-haired and blond. Lois has straight dark hair, dark eyes and is daintily petite.

Speaking further of his childhood, Carl goes on to say, "My brother Bill and I always made quite a thing of our Christmas scene. It started very simply by buying commercially-made figures to copy the creche we saw in church. Next, we made our own stable and manger. Year by year,

we thought of more things to make, until it filled all the space in a big bay window. Because it reached far beyond the branches of our own tree, we'd go out to the neighbors, the day after Christmas, and pick up the trees they were ready to discard. Soon we had a regular forest."

Constructing that Christmas scene may even have influenced the ultimate careers of both the Betz boys. Says Carl, "My father is a chemist, and most of the men in the family are chemists. However, Bill decided he wanted to study art and I always knew I wanted to be an actor."

Carl's way to the professional stage led from a community theater (which he helped organize) to Carnegie Tech. "They have a good course in drama," he observes. He played summer stock at Lake Pleasant, New York, then set out to storm Broadway.

Lois, born Lois Herman in Rochester, New York, was following a parallel path. She went to the Midwest to attend Northwestern University (her brother was a script writer at WBBM in Chicago), then came to New York as a model.

"One of my first jobs," she recalls, "was to pose for some scenes to illustrate a violent story in a somewhat lurid magazine. I was scared to death to think what would happen when that magazine reached Rochester."

Her parents took it in stride. Even her grandmother restricted her comment to: "My, doesn't Lois look old in those pictures?" But the family's maid went into a tizzy. With tears in her eyes, she pleaded, "Mrs. Herman, can't you bring Lois back home or give her an allowance or something? She's getting into terrible trouble in that wicked city."

Contrary to the maid's fears, Lois actually was making progress. Fashion modeling soon put her pretty face and petite figure onto the elegant pages of quality magazines—and also paid the tuition to drama school. In 1952, as "Lois Harmon," she became an understudy in Walter Abel's play, "The Long Watch."

With that, the merging of Lois' and Carl's careers began—for he, too, had a role in the play. There were five weeks of out-of-town tryouts. At New Haven, they started having coffee together after rehearsal. When they reached Boston, they were holding hands. In Philadelphia,

it became a courtship. In New York, they consoled each other, since the play's opening and closing were almost simultaneous.

Carl thinks he proposed in a most unromantic fashion. "We were walking up Broadway. It was the middle of a bright, sunny afternoon in April. We were about at Fifty-fifth Street when I said, 'Let's get married.' Now I ask you, can you think of a worse place and worse time to propose to a girl? I couldn't even kiss her."

Lois had a different opinion. Her dark eyes sparkle as she says, "It was the right place, the right time for us. Of course, we didn't know what we'd get married on. Neither of us had a job."

Carl's prospects, it turned out, were better than he thought at that moment. Soon he went on tour in "Voice of the Turtle," in a company headed by Veronica Lake. This led to a screen test and contract with 20th Century-Fox.

Lois followed him to Hollywood and they were married in the courthouse at Beverly Hills on June 20, 1952. "But," says Carl, "I was cast in 'Powder River' and—what with that picture and those horses—I wasn't quite sure whether I'd have a bride or a Reno-bound ex-wife at the end of our honeymoon."

In theory, they were to have a weekend together at Bel Air hotel before Carl reported for work on location on Monday morning. "Only," says Carl, "I had to ride a horse in the picture. Ride Western style over some pretty rugged country—and all I'd ever done was have some old nag carry me around a park."

Bronco-busting being something quite different, Carl had a riding lesson scheduled for Saturday morning. With a giggle, Lois remembers, "There had been wedding pictures in the Los Angeles newspapers and, when we came out to the pool, people recognized us. You should have seen their eyebrows go up when, after an hour, Carl left me, returned in riding clothes, kissed me goodbye and vanished for the rest of the day. When I spent most of the next two weeks alone, they were really feeling sorry for me!"

Fortunately, the picture's director also sympathized. To make up for interrupting their honeymoon, he lent them his cottage on Malibu Beach. "So we got two honeymoons instead of one," says Lois, happily.

A friend, returning to the New York stage, provided them with their first pleasant apartment. "And what a welcome California itself gave us!" says Carl.

The apartment house, built into the side of a steep hill, had a view, a terrace and a climb of fifty-two steps to the doorway. "We spent the whole afternoon carrying our things up that hill," says Lois. "When I went to bed, I announced that I was so tired the roof could fall in and it wouldn't wake me."

Soon after they fell asleep a thundering noise snapped them awake. Carl went to the window. "This is funny," he said, "there must be a storm, but there's no lightning and it isn't raining." Shortly after, the floor started to rock and roll.

"Then we knew what it was," says Lois, "but no one had remembered to tell us about earthquakes."

It proved only a scare, far less serious than the occupational hazards which followed, in Carl's career. After "Powder River," Carl had roles in "The President's Lady," "Vicki," "The Inferno," "City of Badmen," and "My Pal Gus." As Carl comments, "If, anywhere in any one of those pictures, anyone could think of an excuse to introduce a horse—believe me, I was the guy who was on it."

Lois hasn't forgotten the result. "He got

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so carried away by his fondness for horses that, one day, he went down the line in the stable petting each one—until he came to the outlaw which wanted no part of such affection. The horse more than nipped him. It tore the whole sleeve out of his coat. And Carl couldn't have been too observant when he sat down on the grass to recuperate. He came back from location that time, suffering from both horse-bite and poison ivy."

Being able to see the humor in such momentary travail has strengthened the partnership which Carl and Lois Betz have made of their marriage. It also amuses them that the very steadiness of their love became the despair of the studio's press department. One press agent, making his weekly telephone call in search of items for the gossip columnists, was totally uninterested in hearing about the ceramic bowls which they had made and painted. "Don't you ever do anything?" he wailed.

Lois replied, "Well, neither of us is running around with anyone else. We haven't quarreled. I'm not bound for Reno and I'm not pregnant, either. I guess we just don't make news."

A more appreciative view of the Betz domestic bliss comes from outspoken Walter Slezak, comedian in innumerable movies and now a star in the hit Broadway musical, "Fanny." When Slezak toured in his previous hit, "My Three Angels," Carl played the Third Angel, and Lois went along on the trip, too.

Twisting words in his typical breathless fashion, Slezak recalled: "She was in his dressing room always, combing his hair, taking care of his make-up, rubbing oil on his chest so that he'd look as sweaty and hard-working as he was supposed to be in the play. Then, at the stage door, when people came around for autographs, and

Carl was a big hit with the ladies—more ladies wanted Carl's autograph than anyone else's—Lois would stand there in her little mink and she'd be oh, so gracious. It was all right for all those ladies to make such a fuss about Carl, because she was the one who was going home with him after the show."

Slezak also offers a more serious professional evaluation of Carl Betz: "He's one of the most attractive juveniles I know. I hope he soon gets that big Broadway part he deserves. I'm one hundred percent like Ivory Soap for him."

Carl's chance to land that "big Broadway part" every actor hopes to find are enhanced by his current role in *Love Of Life*. The daytime drama provides him with a showcase where a talent-hunting stage producer needs only to tune in to observe his work. It also gives him the security of being able to be choosy about such offers as are made to him.

Beyond that, Carl likes the role of Collie Jordan—thanks, he says, "to the way our writer, John Hess, described him to me before I ever went into rehearsal. Collie's more than a rich man's son who became an attorney. As Paul's law partner, he has a chance to turn the quick-witted phrase and he has plenty of worldly wisdom, but the way he's always trying to help Paul keep his sister out of trouble shows he also has understanding and compassion."

Having this regular role in a popular serial has meant much to Carl and Lois. With it, they can count on being able to stay in New York. For the first time since they were married, they have an apartment which is truly their own. "Not mine, not Carl's, not borrowed or sub-leased, but *ours*," says Lois.

Located close to the theater section and near a number of television studios, the

place is in an apartment old enough to be spacious and new enough to be convenient. There's a large living room, a pleasant bedroom, a dressing-room-sized bath, a compact kitchen and lots of closets.

The same artistic skill which was manifest when Carl constructed the Christmas village is now being employed on a full-scale project. Accomplishing all the things he has in mind will take several months of doing and shopping. But, just as a starter, he painted the place himself. Clad in skin-tight Levis left over from a cowboy picture and with an old skivvy shirt wrapped around his head pirate-style to keep the paint out of his hair, he shinned up a ladder, paint brush in hand. He painted three walls and the ceiling of the living room a warm ivory and the other wall a soft yellow.

The bedroom is a shade of aqua which Carl had mixed to his own specifications. "I wanted just the right tone to go with the drapes and bedspreads Lois found."

Lois, who has forsaken the stage to become registrar at the Barbizon Studio of Fashion Modeling, is equally busy finding new furniture to go with the cherished pieces they already have. She also is responsible for those little things which contribute so importantly to a harmonious whole. It is difficult to say where one's work begins and the other's ends, for—as usual—theirs is a partnership project.

"And," says Lois, "that's about all there is to it. We're still not making news. We haven't quarrelled. Neither has found a new love. And I am not heading for Reno."

"I guess we never will make that kind of news," says sentimental Carl, who still brings home sentimental wedding anniversary cards on the twentieth of each month. "We're just too happy—together."



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Cuticura

Close As a Family Can Be

(Continued from page 44)

"The truth is that most of the things that go on in the Nelson house couldn't be used on our show. Why? Because nobody would believe them, that's why."

Take, for instance, *l'affaire* David and his transportation. David's first traffic terror was a 1940 Ford, purchased in the fall of 1952 when David became sixteen. (He is now nineteen, a sophomore at the University of Southern California, and a member of Kappa Sigma.) It is true that this Ford boasted a Mercury engine, twin pipes, flutter hubs, and an inspired carburetor—but, according to Harriet, "It was a heap. Do you know the meaning of that word 'heap'? It's used best with the prepositional phrase 'of money.' And that's what it cost."

Harriet had taught David to drive, using the technique learned from the Greyhound bus driver who had been Harriet's instructor. Since David had been herding some sort of vehicle on wheels since the age of three (tricycle, bicycle, roller skates, scooter combined with roller skates, and finally a motor scooter), he proved to be highly reliable behind the wheel. So, the night David made his first foray in his own car, Harriet did not worry about his ability, or the traffic, or the time, even when the clock began to count the large hours before midnight.

It was just past eleven when the telephone rang, ejecting Harriet from her chair in accepted bailing-out practice. (Ozzie was attending a business conference.)

"He . . . llll . . . ooooo?" she quavered. "Yep," was the cheerful reply, in David's familiar voice.

"Oh, no!"

"Something's busted."

"Well, where are you?"

David explained, and Harriet set forth in the night, like pioneer women of long ago, collecting the stray from her flock.

It was assumed that this was merely a "shakedown cruise" emergency, and that eventually, fed a golden flood, The Heap would fatten into mature reliability. No such luck. As its age advanced, it became surly, stubborn, full of low tricks, and noisier than a calliope with its throttle stuck.

For Christmas in 1954, Ozzie and Harriet gave David a firehouse-red MG ("A present to ourselves, if you want the truth") satisfying a pent-up desire that David had not precisely kept a secret from his family over a two-year period.

David made certain changes in the nature of the MG in order to give it that verve which marks the transportation of a male American of blithe spirit. The motor was overhauled, the gear ratio was improved, and the muffler was eradicated. Also, while on the desert in the early spring, David spotted a rattlesnake. Killing it with a handy rock, David skinned the four-rattle reptile, and pulled the skin, like a stocking, onto the radio antenna.

Inevitably there came a day when the car required major adjustment, but David was involved with a full schedule at college. "Will you ferry my car to the garage, Mom?" he wanted to know, his tone casual. "I'll have to take *your* station wagon today, I guess."

"You'll lose face," muttered Harriet. "Imagine showing up on campus in a car with a muffler, a conservative paint job, and no rattlesnake."

Harriet telephoned a reliable girl friend and outlined her suspicion of the MG. "So would you mind following me to the garage, just as insurance?"

"At a distance," the friend agreed, being acquainted with the general performance of the MG, from having watched David on take-off and landing.

According to the friend, Harriet and the MG caused a spate of local excitement. Heads angled cautiously around doorways as she started the car with a mighty roar. Women and children fled and strong men took cover as the dragon wagon moved along the streets.

At a stoplight, Harriet pulled up in the lane to the left of an oil truck and trailer—a rig not easily panicked. The grizzled driver leaned down to study this new secret weapon. It was clear that years of coping with traffic had almost robbed him of the power of astonishment. Almost, but not quite.

Looking miles upward, Harriet concluded that she owed the giant an explanation to relieve his shock. "It's my son's car," she shouted above the general pandemonium.

The truck driver did not smile. Instead, he nodded vigorously and, making a circle with thumb and forefinger, expressed the compassion due one parent from another.

Although Harriet reached the garage without further incident, her dignity wore a cast for weeks.

On the TV program, it is usually Ozzie who is the figure of fun, but in actuality each member of the family seems to take his turn as "patsy."

Ricky's problem is noise. He loves it. Now fifteen and a junior in high school, he is interested in percussion and plays pretty righteous drums. In regard to the riot, Harriet talked to the Nelsons' neighbors to the north, the authentic Thornberry family which served as original inspiration for the Ozzie-and-Harriet TV neighbors.

"You've been so patient," Harriet conceded. "I don't know how you've stood our noise all these years, what with radios, television, motor scooters, David's cars and Ricky's drums. We've had Ricky's room sound-proofed, but he's a fresh-air fiend, so the sound-proofing doesn't mean much when the windows are open."

Mrs. Thornberry, admitting that occasionally the din *did* shiver tumblers on the shelf, wondered if it wouldn't be possible to install removable sound-proof boards in the windows during practice sessions. Harriet had the window inserts manufactured at once and instructed Ricky to use them.

"But how about some light and air!" moaned Ricky. Ozzie explained that professional musicians seldom saw daylight while occupying a place on the bandstand, and that they were lucky if an occasional draft of *Arpege* was wafted their way. "Just pretend you've made the big time and that you're sitting against the black velvet curtain at Birdland," advised Ozzie.

At fifteen, however—with no paycheck whispering low: "Thou must"—the youth was not inclined to say, "I can." Harriet came home late one summer afternoon to find the hi-fi blasting in one room, the TV set in the living room and that in the den shouting to empty chairs, the radio at the pool blaring above gleeful young voices, and Ricky upstairs detonating his drums.

No pair of mortal lungs could have provided voice enough to rise above the bedlam, demanding quiet, so Harriet turned her energies to the next best occupation. She put the rooms to rights.

This involved picking up an absurd number of T-shirts, socks and some un-

derpinnings, and dropping them down the laundry chute. There were sweaters to be folded and stowed, jackets to be hung up, and tennis shoes to be set at parade-rest in the sports equipment closet. As any woman having three men in her household will tell you, this sort of thing becomes automatic, and is done without analysis. The point is not to figure out what belongs to whom, but simply to return order to a disheveled scene.

Harriet, her task finished, was in the kitchen talking to the cook about dinner when anguished cries arose from the living room. The gist ran something like, "Police! We've been robbed." Seems that David and his gang had paused at the Nelson house long enough to have a swim. Arriving clad in slacks, T-shirts and such, with swim trunks underneath, they had abandoned their outer clothing at random.

It took nearly an hour for all items to be retrieved, but a new spirit of orderliness was thereafter to be observed at the Nelson splash parties. Or, at least the disorder was created around the swimming pool, where an energetic woman could be restrained before creating total confusion.

Keeping a normal American family together long enough to make a few reels of home movies on a holiday is problem enough these days, so friends are constantly astonished that, week after week, the Nelsons can actually turn out a TV film which includes the presence and cooperation of their sons.

It was complicated enough when David was a football star at Hollywood High; that accomplishment took the entire family away from the studio on Saturdays during the fall school term, causing all sorts of fancy scheduling during the week. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief when the final game was played around Thanksgiving time. Whereupon Ricky got into the act by becoming a tennis star and pretty well taking up the season where David left off.

Ricky is still too young to know whether he wants to make show business a career, but David has never had any doubts. As his dad did before him, David plans to earn a law degree before going into TV on a full-time basis. Ozzie, an alumnus of Rutgers University and the Rutgers Law School, has always discussed the financial problems of the entertainment field with his boys so that both have a sensible attitude toward the difference between the money that *seems* to be coming in, and the actual cash that is available.

In reviewing his income-tax return several years ago, Ricky performed a few calculations and then said thoughtfully, "I've always gone halvers with David when we were supposed to share with one another, and that's okay. But for a tax collector to take more than half . . . well, that's just plain grabby."

Both boys will, of course, serve their standard two years in the armed forces, after they have completed their college work. At least that seems to be the way it is working out for David, and Ricky is also an excellent student.

A reporter on the Nelson set one day asked David what branch of service he had in mind. "Paratroopers," he answered without hesitation. Harriet said nothing, but one of the workmen—noting her pallor—brought her a glass of water.

Fortunately for the comfort of all, David has now decided to try for the Air Force rather than the "Geronimo!" group.

One of the fall *Adventures of Ozzie*

And Harriet dealt with David's becoming engaged. This was a TV show idea only, and any resemblance to any of David's current romances is purely coincidental. Aside from providing a springboard for a tiptop episode, however, the prospect of his family's growing up, becoming engaged, marrying, and having children, set Ozzie to thinking.

At the time celebration overwhelmed him, Ozzie was perched upon a high stool just out of camera range waiting for a "light change" to be made. Enormous tufts of cotton waved from each ear, a bit of costuming intended to convey a plot angle in the sequence about to be filmed. Naturally, he could hear the normal crash and clatter of the sound stage only as a distant hum which supplied a pleasant background for contemplation.

After some moments, Ozzie became conscious of Harriet's steady stare from the top of her own private perch. Ozzie removed the cotton from his ears and said, "Well . . . I just hope they're actresses."

Harriet, having become reconciled to this sort of thing, waited.

"I mean," amplified Ozzie, "that I was thinking about the boys, and our family . . . and all . . . it's very much a family affair. . . ."

Harriet closed her eyes slowly and opened them again, very wide.

Just the shade of a scowl darkened Ozzie's forehead as he realized that his wife was not digging him. He outlined his idea with infinite patience: "I was thinking that I hope, when the boys marry, they choose actresses as wives. I'd like to keep our program a family affair."

"If you don't mind," said Harriet, "I'd just as soon not discuss the boys' getting married. Not just yet, and definitely not today."

"Oh . . . oh, yes," agreed Ozzie, remembering. He added tenderly, "You look beautiful, even prettier than you did when we were married."

"Twenty years ago. Maybe I'm getting sensitive."

"Don't think about it," suggested Ozzie.

This is what had happened. The day before, Harriet had been shopping on Wilshire Boulevard in Beverly Hills when a pony-tailed teenster stopped her to ask for an autograph—because "I recognized you right away. You're Ricky Nelson's mother."

In reporting the experience to Ozzie, Harriet said, "I underwent what are known as mixed emotions. As a mother, I was proud. As an actress, I suffered a distinct chill."

"Your problem was only emotional," said Ozzie. "Mine was worse—financial." Seems that Ozzie had promised to give David a fifty dollar bill, to use as he wished, when David became as tall as his father.

That finally happened when David was eighteen. For a year, he had been within a quarter of an inch of the goal but couldn't quite make it. Repeatedly he complained that he couldn't understand why he had stopped growing, why—in a matter of weeks—he hadn't overtaken his dad.

Ricky had an instant explanation. "You choked up," he said.

It is now Ricky who is training for that fifty, hoping not only to equal his father's height, but to surpass him and David, too. "Because," he said one day, grinning, "I like tall girls."

"Well, just so she's an actress," said Ozzie, only half kidding. "Let's keep the family together."

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Perfect Harmony

(Continued from page 64)

time, he has fifty different single-play records out, including music backing up any one of the country's favorite singers—Sinatra, Clooney, Peggy King and others. His version of "Moulin Rouge" sold over a million copies and so did his own song, "My Heart Cried for You." He has composed serious music which is in the regular repertoire of several symphonic organizations. His current CBS Radio program, *The Woolworth Hour*, has consistently held the top Sunday rating.

Perc was born in Toronto, the eldest of eight children. From the ages of seven to ten, he studied violin, then switched to piano (the piano was in the home of an aunt). In a year's time, he learned the instrument well enough to play at Saturday matinees in a silent-movie theater. For this, he got three dollars and carfare. He was studying at the Toronto Conservatory, practicing six to eight hours a day.

His father was a tailor, a trade not notably tuned to the economy of raising a large family. At sixteen, Perc quit school to help provide for the family. He made forty to sixty dollars a week playing in pit bands, and continued taking lessons at the Conservatory. His second goal—to work in a studio band—he achieved at nineteen. Responsibilities had made him an adult youth, but so had two unexpected events.

He was eighteen when he heard his six-year-old sister screaming in the bathroom. She had been playing with matches. When Perc saw her, she was running down the stairs, her dress blazing. He caught her and ripped off her clothes. She was hospitalized for two years. And Percy's hands were so badly burned that he couldn't play piano for six months. During that period he began to study theory and composition. He began to write arrangements, as well as his first original music.

The other major event in his teen years was meeting Maria Carmen Carlotta Palange (and how could a musician keep from falling in love with such beautiful sounds?). Maria Carmen Carlotta—or Dolly, as she has been called by everyone except her grandmother—first saw Perc when she was fifteen. He was sixteen and playing piano at the neighborhood theater. Dolly and her girl-friends sat in the first row with one eye on the screen and the other on Perc. As she remembers, he looked much the same as he does now, except that he wore his hair closer to his forehead. They were introduced and their attraction was instant and mutual.

"We had our problems," Dolly Faith recalls. "My father was very strict and thought I was too young to date. On Sunday afternoons I'd meet Perc on the q.t. My mother would cover up for me and give the impression I was out with girl-friends. There was a lake in the park nearby, where we skated."

When he was twenty-one, they married. "Perc was always optimistic," Dolly recalls. "In those days, in Canada, a musician worked eight out of twelve months and saved for the four lean ones."

They knew hard times. One was brought on by a musicians' strike which lasted nine months. Perc, although he had a wife and child to support, stuck to his principles and his beliefs. Their situation got desperate, so he raised money for passage to London, where he hoped to sell his arrangements.

He was less than a couple hours from Canadian shores when he suffered an acute attack of loneliness. When he reached London, he sold enough of his music to buy a return ticket and back he came. By then, the strike was over.

"In the beginning," Perc says, "music

was a selfish thing. I loved the piano. I liked making arrangements and composing. And, whether it was the piano or writing, I made music that pleased me. Then came the dawn. I realized music belonged to other people—those who listened, as well as those who made it. From that time on, my approach was different and the results gave me more pleasure."

At the age of twenty-three, Perc was broadcasting his own music with a small string group. Three years later, he was staff arranger and conductor for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and was leading an orchestra of thirty-five men. Between 1937 and 1940, *Music By Faith* was the most popular program in Canada. In 1938 Mutual began to carry his broadcast in the states. Offers came in from south of the border. He rejected all, along with a couple from Paul Whiteman and Tommy Dorsey. And Perc, no businessman, nearly muffed his first king-size break.

The biggest musical show in the states at the time was *The Contented Hour*. Josef Pasternak, the conductor, had died suddenly and a new conductor was needed. Percy's name was suggested and the call was put in from New York to Toronto, but Perc wouldn't answer his phone.

The night before, he and Oscar Levant had given Canada its first jazz concert and it had been so successful that they had spent the rest of the night celebrating. So Mr. Faith was in bed when the phone began ringing the next morning and he kept hanging up on a man named Ed Fitzgerald. Finally, Perc's agent got through.

"What kind of insanity is this?" the agent demanded. "They want you on *The Contented Hour*. Why won't you talk to Fitzgerald?"

Percy said, "I thought he was just another song-plugger."

So that ruffled them a bit in New York.

Then Dolly and Perc drove down to meet the various important people in Manhattan. They allowed themselves plenty of time for the drive but got lost in the Bronx, so Perc was several hours late for his first meeting.

That angered them a bit more.

Perc finally walked in, cool and poised and very young.

That really confounded them. But, in turn they came back at Perc with everything but a musical-aptitude test—and they couldn't do that, for none of the nine men who met as a board each week was a musician. Perc was the only musician at the meeting, but they told him what to play and how to play it.

Percy was boiling—but, as noted before, no one ever sees the steam. At the third weekly meeting, however, something happened to his secret steam-consuming mechanism and he blew his top. It happened after the top man had gone around the conference table compiling the music to be played on the show. As he passed the list on to Perc, he asked, "Mr. Faith, what do you think of these numbers?"

Mr. Faith, almost always civilized, said, "I think they stink." The tone of his voice was in keeping with the message, and no one interrupted. He continued, "You brought me down from Canada because of the kind of music I played. Now you won't let me play it. So you don't need me. If I stay, I play Percy Faith music."

He stayed out for a couple of choruses while they mulled over his ultimatum. And they turned the show over to him.

The Contented Hour starred Percy from 1940 until 1947. Then it was *Coke Time* for Percy, until 1949. And then came television. Perc has turned down offers to

play for the biggest shows on video. "It doesn't interest me to write background music for comedy or variety or a dance team," he explains. "I'll wait until the TV audience is ready for a musical program."

When *Coke Time* went off in 1949, Perc was out of work for a year and a half. During this period he turned down TV offers that would have paid him more than a thousand a week. While he was sticking by his principles, he had one great break: His song, "My Heart Cried for You," became the country's number-one hit.

"That song," Dolly comments, "paid for our daughter's wedding and our son's confirmation."

Mitch Miller, in 1950, persuaded Perc to come to Columbia Records as a director. Mitch knew of Perc's genius for making sound. The man is fabulous. All of the wonderful music in his vast number of albums and records, Perc has arranged or composed himself. He is the most prolific and fastest writer in the business. For example, last summer—two and a half weeks before Percy was to start his vacation—Mitch Miller came to him with three albums to do: One for Peggy King ("Girl Meets Boy"), an oboe album with Mitch himself, and a third for Perc's own orchestra ("Music for Her"). In two and a half weeks, Perc scored thirty-six different numbers, rehearsed and cut the albums.

He prefers to do most of his writing at home and will, for a week or month at a time, work from eight in the morning until two the next morning. Lunch is brought on a tray. But he works the way everyone says you shouldn't.

Dolly describes a typical scene, "Last Sunday he was at the piano working and at his elbow sat a friend chatting. The television was tuned to a ball game. The rest of us were in the room and got out the Scrabble set. Perc called over, 'Count me in.' We had to call him from the piano whenever it was his turn to play."

The Faiths live in a handsome Colonial-style brick house in Great Neck, Long Island. It is the only house they've lived in which Perc picked out alone. When the *Contented Hour* changed from Chicago to New York studios, Perc went ahead to find a place for Dolly and the two children, Marilyn and Peter. Dolly still remembers his telephone report on the house.

"The kitchen is big and has beautiful tile walls," he said. He wanted Dolly to be happy with the kitchen for he is crazy about her cooking and baking.

"The bathroom has a sunken bath and two enclosed showers." He was half-right—one of the enclosures was not a shower. "The living room is gorgeous. It's paneled in pine."

"How morbid," she said.

But Perc was right. It is Norwegian pine-paneled, beautifully toned and grained, as handsome as their traditional furniture and English china.

The Faiths have two children. The older, Marilyn, is twenty-three and married to Alan Gleitsman. She has a nine-month-old daughter, which makes Perc one of the youngest grandfathers in the country. His son, Peter, is eighteen and entered Boston University this year to major in business administration. Perc is very proud of both.

Perc exposed them to music—all phases of it, for he personally enjoys good music whether it is jazz or folk, popular or symphonic. Marilyn had what seemed to be a natural talent for music and ballet, but her energies are now completely devoted to marriage. Peter, although he plays piano and drums, had a kind of tussle with music.

"It became a serious thing," Perc re-

calls. "Peter thought he had to be a fine musician. He thought he had to compete with me. He didn't really want it. By the age of fourteen, you can tell whether a child is going to be a professional—and Peter was still fumbling. He was so self-conscious that he couldn't practice when I was in the house. I had to convince him that it wasn't important to me that he be a professional musician. It took a few years, but it was a serious thing. He had to learn that music was something for him to enjoy. That's the important thing parents can give children: Music appreciation."

Percy is a great homebody and still suffers acutely when he is separated from the family. Last year, when he went to Hollywood for eight weeks to score and conduct the music for the Doris Day picture, "Love Me or Leave Me," his daughter Marilyn was in her final months of pregnancy. So Dolly stayed in New York.

"Dad phoned Mom every night," Marilyn recalls, "and, finally, after a week of it, we decided that he needed her more than I did, so she went out to California."

Perc likes the outdoors. Once last winter, and again in the spring, he got to Key West for deep-sea fishing. The family's summer vacation has been spent for many years at a camp in northern Ontario.

Perc is, by nature, shy. He doesn't like commotion or large parties. But when he relaxes, he has wonderful stories to tell and enjoys telling them. He refuses to play just piano for listening, but will play five hours at a time for dancing and singing. Fishing remains his first enthusiasm and Dolly joins him, so long as it doesn't mean getting into a boat. She has had what amounts to pretty much of a traumatic experience with boats.

Once, on a lake, she transferred from one motorboat to another. It was an unusual thing to do, for at the time both were in motion. She got one foot into the second boat but left the other foot behind. Together, the boats made for shore with Dolly serving as a single prow. She wasn't hurt, but to this day Dolly Faith has never felt that boats really like her. She and Perc celebrated their twenty-fifth anniversary last year with a two-month trip abroad. As she walked up the gangplank onto the *Queen Elizabeth*, she was heard to say, "I wonder if this boat is likely to turn over?"

Christmas of every year, the Faiths go up to Toronto, where Percy visits with his parents and brothers and sisters and cousins and nephews by the dozen. (One of Percy's sisters has ten children.) In general, though, the Faiths observe the holiday season quietly. They exchange gifts, but not in truckloads. ("Perc uses every excuse to come home with gifts all year around," Dolly says. "If he's gone for a weekend, he comes back with packages for everyone.") The Faiths will not be in Toronto for the holiday this year, because Christmas falls on Sunday and that is the day of *The Woolworth Hour*. Percy is planning a musical narration for this year's program. He has a feeling for the season's music—his Christmas album is one of the most beautiful and original interpretations of hymns and carols available.

Musicians and Percy's family agree that they can see him in his music. Milton Lomask, a concert master, talks of Percy's clarity, his taste, his balance and charm.

One of the country's top clarinetists, Jimmy Abato, says, "Perc is full of confidence and beauty. It's in the music."

"No matter whatever happened," Dolly recalls. "Perc always took the stand that everything would turn out well. It is his nature to see the good in circumstances and in people." And this may account for the singular quality of dignity in his music.



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The Fabulous Crosbys

(Continued from page 28)

"so I waited outside until I heard the applause."

But Bing and Al Rinker did real well. They killed them. And they stopped the show with their duet rendition—Al on the piano and Bing on the cymbals—of "Paddlin' Madeline Home."

The Crosbys walked out of the theater with their heads held high. Unfortunately, however, what with all the excitement going on backstage and with all the home-folks congratulating him, Bing got so excited he lost his wallet—and wound up working for the same folks for nothing, anyway.

Back home, George Robert felt left out of the whole show. "I remember when they got home from the theater I could hear them all downstairs. They were having a big celebration, and I wanted to go down and join them. I could hear them talking about Bing losing his wallet."

About this, however, Bing's baby brother wasn't too concerned. He felt his brother would get by. He had already shown some business acumen. . . .

"Bing was baby-sitting with me one day," Bob recalls, "when I found a five-dollar bill on the lawn.

"What have you got?" he said.

"A five dollar bill," I said.

"Well, half of it's mine," he decided.

"Of course, I was pretty young," Bob continues, "but even then I couldn't quite see how you could divide a five dollar bill in half—without just tearing it in two. But Bing was pretty confident. 'Give it to me,' he said, 'and I'll bring back the change.' He went to the corner drugstore and, when he came back, he handed me two dollars and he kept three—and I grew up overnight," grins Bob.

But, that famous night, Bob felt cheated out of all the family fun and the big victory celebration. "I wanted to go downstairs and join them. I went down part-way, but Pop sent me back to bed. And I really cried."

The Crosbys couldn't know then just how much they would have to celebrate. Nor did the maestro of the music store know how slim were the chances of discouraging the Irish when they really start to roll.

You might say Pop Crosby gave the downbeat for all that was to come. He loved music—any kind of music. And the kind of music Pop made personally—the happy music—you can't buy and you seldom ever find. He had a twinkle that warmed you all the way through. He played a mild mandolin and guitar, and he was early determined to encourage any musical inclinations his family had. But nobody was more surprised than Pop at the ultimate pay-off.

Pop worked as a bookkeeper for a brewery in Spokane, and he had to borrow the money to buy the precious gift—but one day he came home with a phonograph and all the cylinder records he could manage. Bing would crank away on the machine, bending low over the big horn to catch the lyrics.

They had some jolly Crosby clambakes and they initiated their own "Sunday-night sings," with Pop alternating on his instruments, with son Larry on the harmonica and daughter Catherine at the upright. With Irish Kate Crosby leading off with her clear soprano, Harry, Sr. and their brood would harmonize on "Memories" and on hot pop tunes like "Margie" and "Melancholy Baby."

"I missed all those good times," Bob Crosby says regretfully. During his time, they were flailing out the Charleston to

the rhythm of "Five Foot Two." "I came along in the modern age, the 'age of modern inconveniences,' as my mother calls it. The radio and the victrola Bing gave us, after he got going, provided the musical background."

Bing was early inclined to entertain. An active mischievous kid, he inspired a flood of correspondence between his teachers and his parents, the tenor of which was usually, "Harry keeps trying to entertain the students while we're trying to teach them." He had a great beat—except when it came to chopping wood—and he never could quite get with this. "You really should speak to Bing," Kate Crosby would say. But Pop always ducked the "speaking-to's" whenever he could. "We'll just throw him out," he would say firmly—while reaching for his mandolin. In later years, Bing's mother was to laugh, "I'd like to have a dime for every time you threatened to throw Bing out."

Besides filling the wood-box, Bing's chief chore was baby-sitting with brother Bob. "Our sister, Mary Rose, helped a little," says Bob, "but she didn't take care of me as much as Bing did. She had household chores to do." Bing was early dedicated to fostering his younger brother's independence. "He threw me in the lake—that's how I learned to swim," Bob laughs now. Which, figuratively speaking, turned out later to be just the way he learned to sing. His brother Bing threw his name in the entertainment ring—and Bob had to climb in after it.

The Crosbys have always had a fine Irish family spirit, evidenced many times through the years. Their youngest sister, Mary Rose Poole, well recalls how Bing sprang to her defense as a kid "when I came in crying one day about a little boy calling me 'Fatty.' Bing went tearing out of the house to settle with him. The boy didn't mean anything, actually—and later he asked me to go to a party with him—but Bing took the whole affair as seriously as I did."

Bing's sister remembers, too, "Bing's fine sense of rhythm. The way he could drum a teaspoon and fork beating it out. He was always tapping things for rhythm. I loaned him the money to buy his first drums—which has, of course, been more than repaid. . . ."

Bing put the drums to practical use in a small aggregation Al Rinker organized, "The Musicaladers," who played for school parties and small affairs, often making as much as five dollars apiece in one evening.

And nobody along Sharp Street will forget that historical afternoon when Bing (with drums) and Al Rinker headed their jalopy down the coast to explore Hollywood. For some eight dollars, they'd bought out the band's interest in the jalopy, a T-model Ford with no top—and not much of anything else.

"Bing took me for a ride in it before they left. What a car. It had nothing on the dashboard at all," laughs Mary Rose. Bob adds, "He couldn't drive at night—no lights. And I remember Mother going to the teacup for the money. The jalopy had a lot of things written on it—typical schoolboy shockers—and Mother wouldn't give him the money from the teacup until Bing removed them from the car."

Blazing the way at 30 miles an hour in a jalopy held together by hope and almost no horsepower, Bing pioneered the road to fame and planted the family flag in Hollywood. In so doing he made musical history and set a mark so beloved that he was to prove both the inspiration and the despair of all the Crosbys to come. . . .

"I was thrown into show business," Bob Crosby says, reminiscently. "I never

thought I wanted to be in it." He sang a little and toyed with the drums, and he was his brother's devoted audience through records and radio shows. "I entered a walkathon—that was the best I could do." Along with a couple of singing pals he organized the "Delta Trio." As he puts it, "We were great on luncheons. We'd sing at the drop of a muffin." He was augmenting his income by picking cucumbers and string beans for canning—"at twenty-five cents an hour" when a surprised Bob got a wire from Anson Weeks about singing with his band.

As Bob interpreted this, both then and now: "Bing was going great, appearing with Gus Arnheim at the Coconut Grove. Anson Weeks wanted Bing, but Arnheim had him tied up, and I'm sure Anson must have said, 'Are there any more at home like you?'—and that Bing told him, 'My brother Bob. He sings like a bird.'"

"I was fifteen and I was picking cucumbers at the time, but Anson took Bing seriously. They fixed up a sort of audition for me to sing on a local radio station with a pick-up in San Francisco, where Anson's band was playing at the time. The way I sang, I can't believe he really heard me. If he'd heard me, he wouldn't have hired me. The static must have cut my voice clear out. I joined the band, but I couldn't sing—and I lost my job.

"I went back home and started singing with bands whether they paid me or not. I sang anywhere just for the experience. Six months later, I was driving cars down the coast for dealers. I drove a car down to Los Angeles and I stopped in San Francisco, on the way back, to see Anson Weeks. . . ."

"I want my job back," Bob told him. "I think I can sing this time."

But Bob had to carry more than a tune during those first struggling years. Brother Bing's crooning and his casual delivery were making him immortal in the annals of musical America. He was a tough act for any fellow to follow, and particularly a younger-brother Crosby.

Rumbling into Wilson, North Carolina, in an old beat-up bus, for his first booking fronting an orchestra, Bob came face to face with one situation that was both to haunt him and inspire him to personal fame in the years to come. Stretched across the tobacco warehouse where the dance was being held was a big banner: "Bob (Bing's Brother) Crosby and His Orchestra."

He'd gotten the job after serving a stretch as vocalist with Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, an experience which wasn't too happy for any of them. In New York, his path had crossed with that of Gil Rodin (producer of Bob's CBS television show today), who was looking for a fellow to front a band the Rockwell O'Keefe agency had. The Crosby name, Bob's baritone voice and his personality got him the job. It was probably the first time in history that a band broke in a leader. They rehearsed late at night in the Roseland Ballroom in New York, teaching Bob to beat it out. "Go ahead, I'm with you," he told them. "I'll give you two beats and you fix the tempo to suit yourselves."

The sign on the warehouse was removed, but the identification remained for years to come. Bing realized the struggle ahead for Bob and he had his own way of helping, as highly effective as it was often inconspicuous.

"I wired him for money once," Bob says laughingly now, "and I got back a wire saying, 'You can't reach me.' Bing was teaching me to be independent. It took me a long time to realize it, but later,

when I got going, I appreciated it.

"We're a typical Irish family. There's very little support shown until the chips are down. But, when the chips are down, we all pitch in and fight like Notre Dame. Bing had enough intelligence to realize that, if he gave me visual assistance, I would feel I had a crutch to fall back on for the rest of my professional life. When I asked for it, he didn't give it to me. But the way Bing works, he would help when you wouldn't know it—and without saying anything about it."

When Bob was booked into the old Palomar in Los Angeles, he and Bing met again for the first time since Bob had begun fronting a band. Nobody knew better than Bing that his home territory was tough booking for his younger brother. When they flew into Los Angeles, Bob Crosby and Gil Rodin, his manager, were pleasantly surprised when Bob's parents met them at the airport and informed, "Bing wants you to stay at his home while you're here." Bing also made two appearances at the Palomar with the band. The first night they were mobbed, and he and Bob organized another evening as a benefit for their hometown Gonzaga University band. There was a radio show coast-to-coast, and Bing appeared in a tuxedo—which further marked it as an unusual occasion. "It was the first time I'd ever seen Bing in a tux," Gil Rodin recalls now.

During this engagement, another Crosby auditioned for his Uncle Bob at his dad's request. At the dinner table one night Bing had his oldest son perform. "Gary—do your imitation of 'Apple for the Teacher,'" he said. Gary, 5, did a hilarious imitation of his father's rendition in his current Paramount picture.

None there could know that as Fate—and the Irish—often will it, some years hence his Uncle Bob would be giving an assist to Gary in his all-out struggle to build his own name in show business. As Bob says, when the chips are down, the Crosbys are usually there. . . .

When Bob and his Bobcats were booked into New York's Paramount Theater, an assist from Bing behind the scenes saved them from an \$8000 law suit. They were served with a subpoena by an attorney who doubled as vice-president of the agency who handled their band. Bob and the band were leaving the agency and going with MCA, and the agency exec was suing for \$8000 for alleged attorney fees. The same attorney represented Bing in New York and Bob's manager called him long-distance giving him all the details. "I'll straighten it out," Bing told him—and the suit was withdrawn.

Later on, when Bob and his band were cast in "Holiday Inn" at Paramount, Bob's manager's phone rang. "Terms satisfactory? Getting enough loot?" Bing asked him. "Well—they made us a pretty good deal—but we could use more," he was told. The next call was from the studio—"wanting to pay us more money."

But there were lean bookings in-between. . . .

Such as when another star Crosby was born. The audience at the window of the hospital nursery gave promise even then of the public that some day would be hers.

Cathy Crosby made her entrance into the world's stage ahead of schedule. Those were tough days for the Bob Crosbys. They were "skimping along" in a little apartment in Chicago and Bob had taken a fast booking in Detroit, and couldn't even be there the midnight June was rushed unexpectedly to the hospital. His mother-in-law called him and he planed in glassy-eyed at seven A.M., unaware that he was already a father. That is,

until he was faced with a roomful of assorted relatives downstairs who were wearing "you-father-you" expressions. Feeling like a scene out of a movie, he was forced to ask, "What do I have—boy or girl?" Rushing up to his wife's room, his first anxious ad lib, looking at his beautiful little girl, was: "Did you count all her fingers and toes?"

Nothing was missing. Nothing at all. As a nation's television audiences were to concede some years later, Bob's daughter, Cathy Crosby, had everything.

Which was also the growing decision then of the nation's collegiates about Bob Crosby's Dixieland Band. They were beginning to swing out on "The Big Apple" and the "Lindy Hop"—cats and alligators really let loose. Fan clubs built up overnight, with Bob Crosby as the Chief Cat. "Big Noise from Winnetka" and his record of "South Rampart Street" were big ones. Radio shows began bidding for him, and Bob Crosby's star was soon on the ascent in Hollywood, too.

By now, the Crosby family was well represented in Hollywood, with their own building on the Sunset Strip housing the Crosby Enterprises. Brother Everett officiated as agent, Larry Crosby was in charge of public relations, and Pop Crosby was keeping books for his boy Bing and finding it tougher than the whole brewer's set of books back in Spokane. Pop used to describe himself as "sort of a clerk—office manager, I guess you'd call me—I sign all the checks." He made no bones of the fact that Bing's check-book was kept as informally as he wore his shirts, and that his son was by far a better business man in his tender teen years. Pop's proud duty, too, was escorting visitors from back home over to Bob's radio shows or to the Paramount sound stages to say "Hello" to Bing.

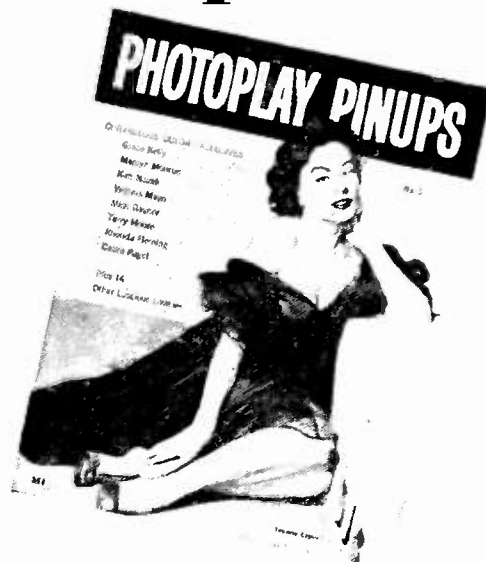
There have been tragic times, as well as gay, shared by the Crosby family since they caravanned to Hollywood to make so much happy music for the world. And, since those earlier days, they've gathered at a red brick bungalow in North Hollywood to say farewell to Pop Crosby. But his twinkle will never die in the hearts of any who knew "Happy Harry"—as Bob affectionately calls him. It was Pop who put the whole Crosby show on the road to its amazing success in the world, and Pop was really proud of the way his "Sunday-night sings" branched out.

His porch was always first stop for Bing and his four sons when they made the Christmas Day tour, singing Yuletide carols. But there's one other stop they made which nobody in the family will ever forget. "That was the Christmas the college kids were putting on their own version of 'Trick or Treat,'" laughs Bob, "and you couldn't give them candy. It had to be a round dollar, or else—or else they painted your windows. Bing and the boys went by Everett's place in Bel Air that year, to serenade them with Christmas carols. Bing rang the doorbell, then went back and hid in the bushes with the boys."

Brother Everett came out, shaking a stick. "Get off my property!" he said, muttering something about how the cops were going to have to put a stop to this racket. Then Bing and the four kids stood up!

At least one of the "four kids" who went caroling with Bing is now standing up on his own, in show business. And Bob's daughter, Cathy, is establishing a feminine branch in the second generation of Crosby stars. For their story—and more about all the Crosbys and what makes them fabulous—be sure to read the concluding installment in the February issue of TV RADIO MIRROR, on sale January 5.

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T
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Great Day Coming

(Continued from page 30)

Ralph Paul. And none has as many porches as Ralph Paul.

"First thing I do after I brush my teeth is go out and count the porches, all eight of them," he says, then adds: "That's not for publication. My neighbors might think I don't trust them."

Ralph lives in a fifty-one-year-old house at the top of a hill. It is a two-story house built of stone (Connecticut's finest) and topped with brown shingles. It has eleven rooms, seven fireplaces, five bathrooms—and, as this publication went to press, all eight porches. The house is impressive and wonderful, and so are the good-humored people who live in it. That would be—along with Ralph—his wife Bettie and his children, Susie and Marty.

Ralph, as you probably know from television, is tall—just a notch under six feet. He's brown-haired and -eyed, and on the husky side. Bettie is a striking brunette with dancing blue eyes. In dungarees, she passes for a bobby-soxer. And, in years, she isn't too far removed from that age group. She and Ralph are crazy about dancing, each other, and their children. Susie (Eileen Susan) is twelve and a good cook—trained by her mother. Marty (Martin Eugene) is ten, worships the Dodgers and is a pretty good carpenter—taught by his father. There is a fifth "member of the family," for that is how the Pauls think of Frisky, a West Highland terrier who acts and looks exactly like a refugee from an "Our Gang" comedy film.

The Pauls are a kind of happy-go-lucky family who make most-days into holidays and make most holidays into carnivals. On birthdays, they sing their greetings while parading single-file through the house. On Christmas, they have all the trimmings.

Ralph Paul, although a reasonably young thirty-five, has at last settled down to a way of life that, while it still includes work, at least contains a few of the fruits of honest labor. The most turbulent years seem to have passed but, to find him in an honest-to-goodness contemplative mood, you've got to start back in Denver.

"I think I should have become an introvert and I don't know why I didn't," he says. "Through grade school, I played mostly by myself, reading or building things in the back yard."

Ralph was an only child. His father was a fireman. Being the son of a fireman wasn't only exciting. At times it was frightening: "I remember Dad came home one evening with a little hunk of rubber about the size of your thumb. He had been shooting a stream of water into a burning building when the wind suddenly reversed and the fire blasted right back at him. He was wearing his heavy rain coat and it just melted away. He managed to duck his head in time. But that was all that was left of the whole coat."

Ralph was eight years old when his father fell three floors in a warehouse fire. He was lucky to live, but was so badly injured that he could no longer serve on active duty. It was then that he became an educator in fire-fighting techniques.

Ralph recalls his mother as being steeled to the hazards of fire-fighting. She was less outgoing than Ralph, Sr., but every bit as warmhearted. "Dad was a fine salesman and well-liked," Ralph says proudly. "When it came to selling tickets to the firemen's ball, he outsold everyone else. Maybe that's where I got the knack for talking."

His father taught Ralph about fishing, to tie a fly, to cast: "We always had a lot of

laughs together—once we went trout fishing in sun helmets. They were cheap imitations, although they were white and kept the sun off us. Then it rained. Well, the hats, especially the brims, kind of went limp and folded over our faces. And the white paint—well, we came home looking as if we had been white-washed."

Ralph was a fine student and, like his father, athletic. He earned a letter in track but his sports ambitions were cut short when he collapsed on the tennis court fighting for his breath. It was a simple but serious case of asthma.

Ralph was popular in school and frequently president of his class. He liked amateur dramatics, and played his first stage role at the age of six, but he really made his mark at public speaking.

He credits an early voice change with some of his success. He was a full-fledged, guaranteed-not-to-squeak baritone at the age of twelve. Once his mother got over her initial fright, he let his voice boom out all over. In high school he was a sensation with the "lend me your ears" routine. He also proved he had a head as good as his voice, since speeches were made extemporaneously, in Denver competition. A contestant might draw any one of a hundred subjects.

Ralph was one of the most remarkable speakers in the city, and once he literally knocked the audience cold.

"I sure remember that speech. Not one person clapped and I was pretty much disheartened. I walked all the way back to my chair, feeling miserable. And, just as I sat down, they began to applaud so hard it was as though a storm had hit the building. I've never had such a thrill again. It's something I'll never forget."

He was graduated from high school with honors, and won a scholarship to Denver University. He worked part-time at Station KVOD in Denver, while in college, and his grades were so high that he was honored with a Phi Beta Kappa key. It was in those days that he began the winning of Bettie Jane Payne, who lived on the other side of Denver in the town of Englewood. They were both majoring in speech and dramatics, although Ralph was a couple of years ahead of Bettie.

"I met Bettie when I was running around with a kind of pseudo-sophisticated bunch," says Ralph. "Not that it was a permanent thing with them, but Bettie was just so real and clear-headed about things that I fell in love with her."

"She was very pretty, too," he smiles. "I wanted to get married, and so did Bettie, but we decided to make no promises and no commitments. I was going into the Army and pleaded that I didn't know where I would wind up."

Before he finished his last year at Denver, he was drafted into the communication section of an anti-aircraft unit. When he got to El Paso, he not only lost his asthma but—because of a "ham" license earned in high school—was doubly lucky: He was assigned to teach radio.

"Soon as I learned that I would be stationed there for a while I took a month's pay and converted it into a stack of quarters," he recalls. "I got in a phone booth and put in a long-distance call to Bettie. I intended to propose and to go on talking until she said yes."

He didn't expect it to be an easy matter, for Bettie was still in her junior year at college, but Ralph was quite a talker. He remembers that he had at least five inches of quarters left when she said yes. They were married Christmas Day of that year at Fort Bliss. Ralph got a three-day pass and they honeymooned at Juarez, Mexico.

Ralph was in El Paso about two years. Susie, their first born, is a Texan by birth. Ralph announced at El Paso's KTSM on weekends. When the Army moved him to Baltimore, he did some off-duty work for Station WITH.

The short stay in Baltimore wasn't too pleasant for Bettie, since she knew that Ralph was there to be prepared for shipment overseas. They acclimated him to the Atlantic Ocean, told him how to sip English tea, what to do if he were captured by the Germans, loaded his duffel bag with more winter clothing—then shipped him back to California for assignment to Burma.

"Bettie was 'expecting' again when I left," Ralph recalls. "Our mail was so slow that I really 'sweated out' Marty's birth. It was weeks after he was born, before I heard about it. Actually, I figure I had sympathetic labor pains a month longer than Bettie!"

That wasn't the only important happening which had a kind of delayed action. Because—since Ralph was drafted before he was graduated from college—he finished off a couple of courses by mail:

"I was shipped overseas in one of those built-in-a-moment troop carriers, and I wasn't too happy about it—just a week earlier, one of them had snapped apart. So I was lying in my upper berth in the lower hold, hoping our ship would stay welded together, when it suddenly occurred to me that it was June—and graduation day, back in Denver, Colorado. 'Fellows,' I announced, 'I'm graduating. Today I'm a B.A.' No one wise-cracked and, as a matter of fact, a couple of the boys got out some Hershey bars and we had a celebration."

At war's end, Ralph had a job waiting for him at his old stamping grounds, KVOD in Denver. But he had also written WITH in Baltimore, since he naturally wanted to get close to New York and the big-time. He got home and went to work at KVOD. The first week, he had a letter from WITH telling him to come on, so he gave KVOD two weeks' notice. He went on to Baltimore and, at the end of the first week, had a job offer from WOR in New York—so he gave two weeks' notice at WITH. He then went to the phone and told Bettie to trade in her Baltimore tickets for New York transportation.

The first thing Ralph did, after reporting to work on staff at WOR, was to buy a *New York Times* and look in the classified-ad section for a place to live.

Moderately priced apartments were impossible to find. The best and least expensive thing he saw was a tiny hotel apartment at fourteen dollars a day—and he was making sixty dollars a week. It didn't figure, but Bettie and kids were on the way.

"I had five dollars in my pocket, and I had to give three of them to a bellboy to talk him into getting a hot-plate for us." He smiles reminiscently: "I had a hunch Bettie would bring some money, and she did—ten dollars."

The next few years were tight going. They didn't get far enough ahead to buy furniture and ate off packing crates. "But you won't find any tooth marks in the crates," he says. "Things never got that bad."

The job didn't pay enough, but he picked up additional money at agencies, transcribing commercials: "I remember one instance. I reported to an agency to transcribe some commercials at seven dollars apiece. I was figuring on maybe fourteen or twenty-one dollars, and I was

handed this thick sheaf of papers. Thirty-six commercials! I near passed out."

The big problem was housing. The Pauls lived in all of New York's five boroughs except the Bronx. For better than a year, they lived on Staten Island. The only connection between Staten and Manhattan is by water. To get to work, you either take the ferry boat or swim—and hardly anyone ever swims it any more.

"Ralph worked late those days," Bettie tells you. "He did a lot of 'remote' broadcasts from night clubs that kept him in Manhattan until early in the morning."

Usually he got aboard the ferry at two. Since the trip took a half-hour, he would settle down for a nap. When he woke, it was usually three o'clock—and he was back in Manhattan again. "If it happened once, it happened a hundred times," Bettie says.

To escape the ferry, they finally moved to a house in White Plains. That was a temporary move, for what they really had in mind was a place in Connecticut: "My requirements were quite definite," Ralph says. "It had to be on top of a hill. We wanted the house to be ample but not too huge; quiet but not remote; old but not decrepit. And we wanted a good school for the kids."

Their present home fitted the requirements, first time they looked, but they couldn't afford it. They left their name, and a year later the owner called them again and the price was right.

Their home, set on more than two acres, is a showplace. It has all the refinements of a mansion, without feeling like a barn. It's the kind of house where you could, without feeling insufficient, entertain the President or Princess Margaret. The rooms are all tremendous, and one of the five bathrooms is large enough in itself to house the Notre Dame football squad. This particular bathroom has a shower with so many gadgets that Ralph made a thorough study of it and then, individually, "checked out" Bettie and the children. Ralph is especially pleased with his bed. It is seven by eight feet. When he wants a constitutional, he takes a walk around the bed.

Of the eight porches, two are attached to the upstairs. The house itself is furnished pretty much in French provincial. It's livable furniture, curvaceous but not ornate. The front hall features two large cabinets: one contains a collection of Hummel porcelain dolls; the other, Dresden figurines.

Their grounds boast apple and pear trees; blue spruce and copper beech, pink and white dogwood; birch, chestnut, pine, a hundred-year-old oak and beautiful Japanese maples. Winter times, when snow is on the ground, the family adds snowmen to the landscape. "The snowmen usually have a general resemblance to Ralph," Bettie says, "and this effect is enhanced when they are crowned with Ralph's hats." Parents and children engage in snowball fights. After they dry off, they may go ice skating. They play together quite often.

"That's why I'm a lousy golfer," Ralph says. "I like the game but don't get much chance to play." He goes on, seriously, "When I was a child, there were only three of us, but there was no hard distinction between parents and son. We all belonged. We naturally did things together. That's the way I hope and think my family gets along."

After thirteen years of marriage, Ralph is still infatuated with Bettie's fried chicken and her spare-ribs with baked beans. He says she is most efficient and thorough in whatever she does. She puts her heart and soul into every undertaking. She is always active on civic organizations, besides running the house, raising the kids,

and now, in her spare time, writing fiction. Every once in a while, she and Ralph get away from it all, however, with quickie vacations: "We'll go overnight to places like Boston or Philadelphia. We check into a hotel, get into a sightseeing bus, look in store windows, look for an unusual place to eat, maybe go dancing in the evening—in general, just carry on like a couple of tourists."

It seems they become most fatigued on Christmas Day every year—certainly by nightfall. Christmas is a big day, since it also happens to be their anniversary.

"I think I remember why I chose Christmas to be married—or, rather, suggested it," Ralph says. "Army chapels weren't very bright, nor was the Army gay during wartime. I thought that being married on Christmas Day would warm up the whole thing, and it did."

Now they find it is quite a lot of work celebrating Christmas and their anniversary on the same day. "The anniversary has sort of gotten to be a P.S.," Ralph says.

They put their anniversary gifts in separate piles with special anniversary cards and non-Christmas wrappings. For their first Christmas as man and wife, Ralph gave Bettie a portable radio; she gave him a prayer book. Now they go in for a lot of "fun" things, as well as nice gifts. Ralph has had a dog biscuit from Frisky and a paper clip from Marty. The day is pretty much turned over to the kids.

"We start out as a family group upstairs," Bettie says, "and hike downstairs together. Last year, we gave the kids a bicycle Christmas and managed to make it a surprise." They succeeded in sneaking the bikes into the house and keeping them hidden for three full days.

"On Christmas morning, we put the bikes in another room from the tree. We didn't do it to tease them. We wanted them to pay some attention to their other gifts first. Well, of course, they figured there were no bikes, and yet they were so nice and appreciative about the things they got. It was a real pleasure to lead them to the bicycles. They flipped."

Although Ralph is good-natured and cheerful, he is deadly serious about this work. Bettie watches him in action and is one of his best critics: "She'll catch the things I might be doing unconsciously, such as shifting my shoulders or taking an audible breath at the wrong time."

Ralph has been on the *Strike It Rich* show for seven years as host-announcer and has also subbed for Warren Hull as emcee on the show. On the *Goodyear Television Playhouse*, he has a different kind of role.

"It's a new kind of job in television," Ralph explains. "You are more than an announcer. You are the company's representative. You greet the audience and try to make them comfortable and welcome as their host. You discuss the merits of the product, and so you are a salesman. Now I find that my friends take the job as seriously as I do. They stop me on the street to ask a question about tires. They expect a detailed answer. The Goodyear Company will have me visit their offices and plants to see the operation. This being a 'company salesman' is one of the most exciting things that has happened to me."

Ralph, in a short time, has become one of the very successful young men in television. And, in spite of rough going, he's had a good time at it. It all goes back, he believes, to being the son of a fireman. In those days he learned, with his father and mother, to take things in stride, to be what he calls "a semi-fatalist."

"You do your best," he concludes, "and then let it happen to you." And Ralph can tell you what happens is just great.

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It's Fun to Be Famous

(Continued from page 37)

Another big "plus" is Gisele's new apartment on New York's Central Park South. And her two long-haired dachshunds, Brunhilde and Wolfgang von Bagel, definitely clamber over to the credit side of the ledger. The von Bagels—"so named," Gisele laughs, "because they look like straightened-out bagels"—are Gisele's constant companions and often even accompany her to *Hit Parade* rehearsals.

Down the list on the credit side are the perfumes and jewels and furs that Gisele can buy for herself.

And then there are the vacations. . . .

But here Gisele shakes her lovely dark head and proceeds to write vacations down in red ink. "Let me tell you about my vacation," she says, letting her voice drop a few octaves to the hollow tones of melodrama. "You won't believe it, but it is the awful truth."

And she launches into her tale of what shouldn't happen to a star.

"Last summer, not having had a vacation for three years, I wanted to go to Hawaii. But my friends said no. 'Oh, you'll be bored to death there,' they told me. Then they suggested, 'Why not go to Mexico, so rich in color and adventure?'"

Gisele, convinced by the travel-poster build-up, headed for Mexico City, accompanied by her manager, Bob Shuttleworth. But the first day there, she heard that a very good friend had just died. "That was a cloud," she says, "a dark one."

"The next day, the vaccination for smallpox that I'd been obliged to have began to 'take.' My arm was leprous. My temperature was I don't know what! It really took! I had a primary infection and was sick as a dog, unable to eat a thing. When I was able to hobble, I made it—not without qualms—to the dining room. Managing to hold my own, so to speak, at table, encouraged Bob to suggest that we 'take a look around. Let's see some of the historic sights,' he said, 'pyramids, churches, art galleries.'"

Gisele dutifully went along, and returned to the hotel with an acute case of museum feet and a yen to pack up her old kit bag. Instead she smiled, remembering more of the ecstatic drum-beating her friends had done about Mexico.

"So we drove to Acapulco—and it rained cats and dogs for three days. On the fourth day, the sun shone. Let's go out in a boat, we said. On the boat, I wore a swim suit with bare midriff. Never having exposed my mid-section to the elements before, I got back from the boat trip scarred, maybe for life. It looked like a steam burn, all white, and still does. I learned later it was a second-degree burn. And my face peeled completely. I was a real mess of misery."

Gisele strikes a pose that would do justice to the leading lady in "East Lynne." Then she laughs. "But," she says, "it wasn't funny then. The next morning I woke up, just white and sick. I was so ill, so miserable, 'I've just got to go back,' I said. 'Something is wrong here!'"

"Let's go," Bob agreed. I went to my room to pack and—my coats were gone. My minks," Gisele says mournfully, "two mink jackets, one of them brand-new. It even smelled new, that beautiful new fur smell. Nothing else was touched. A cloth coat was hanging where I'd left it. The few pieces of jewelry I had with me, nothing invaluable, a few pretty rings and so on, intact. Only the two minks missing. Only!

"The police came over. Then they virtually accused me of inventing the whole story and stealing my own furs. They asked questions. 'Did you see two mink

jackets,' they demanded of the floor-maid who took care of my room. 'No,' she said, 'I didn't see a thing.' The eyebrows of the police lifted to the hairline and disappeared."

Gisele's own eyebrows lift as she recounts the vagaries of the police. "My room had a balcony," I pointed out. "A balcony makes access easy."

"The police shrugged. After three hours of filling out papers, in the boiling heat, we finally left, were 'permitted' to leave. By way of consoling myself for my loss, I remembered that at least both the coats were insured. Only I found out later that, due to a mistake on the part of the insurance company, the policy on one of them—the new one!—had been cancelled. I was out \$1500."

Gisele smiles quizzically. Once before, a theft—of a precious violin—had led her to a singing career. But the bandit brigade was really expecting too much if they thought she would welcome them forever!

"On the way back to Mexico City," Gisele pursues her tale of woe, "thinking it would take my mind off my misery, mink and otherwise, I did the driving. Going through a pass in the mountains, I saw a little tiny puppy on the road. As I approached him, he was slinking off to the right. Then he changed his mind and—I ran right over him. I'd broken both his legs. He was dying. Mercifully, in a few minutes, he did die."

As I stood there, crying and being sick at the same time, a girl, driving seventy miles an hour, much too fast, rounded a sharp curve. She tried to pass us, missed and—vroom!—right into our car she went. Our car had only minor damages but she broke her radiator and the darned thing began leaking all over the road. Out of nowhere, suddenly, natives appeared. Presently, also out of nowhere, the police arrived on the scene. Out of the jabber that ensued emerged the fact that they wanted to keep me there for two days.

"I didn't run into her," I pointed out to them, 'she ran into me.'

"The girl, a decent sort, bore me out and, after another half-hour or so, again in the boiling heat, again filling out papers, we were again 'permitted' to go on."

"At this point of what appeared to be no return from trouble, I could with equal indifference have stayed or left. Or, preferably, I could have given up the ghost. The pain of my sunburn was sickening. And, mind you, I had just killed a dog!"

Feeling about dogs as Gisele does, loving and respecting them as she does—whether they be her own von Bagels or someone else's best friend—killing a little dog, even by unavoidable accident, couldn't have happened to a more vulnerable person.

"That night, back in Mexico City, I cried and cried and cried," Gisele relates. "I can truthfully say I cried all over Mexico!"

"The next morning I appeared at breakfast, eyes swollen, sniffing, woebegone. 'This is enough of this,' Bob said. By mid-morning, I was on a plane for Los Angeles. There, right away, I saw my doctor, who treated me for second-degree burns which may, although only time can tell, he said, scar me for life."

"That weekend, some friends took me to Catalina on their boat. But I must say," Gisele laughs, "they saw very little of me, covered as I was with pedal pushers down to here, a couple of long-sleeved shirts and a great big hat. Not a ray of sun, the human eye, or even radium, I dare say, could have penetrated."

"The next day, on to Las Vegas," Gisele

sighs, happy to be north of the border. But then she lets her voice creak like the door to a haunted house as she shares the goose-flesh of the next episode.

"In addition to the Chamber of Horrors outline I've just given you, I had a pursuer—a madman who pursued me all summer. What did he look like? No Gregory Peck, I assure you. More the glandular type, I'd say, of Caspar Milquetoast. Which made him all the more frightening."

"You may wonder why I blame my career for what happened to me on my vacation. Well, I took the vacation because I'd worked terribly hard and—especially since I did the Jack Benny show last January—was terribly tired. Since scary things, accidents and such, happen, I believe, to tired people, the demands of my career and the resultant exhaustion were responsible—or so I've worked it out in my mind—for the mishaps and miseries in Mexico. It is also a real hair-raiser of a story," Gisele grins broadly, "and I wanted to tell it."

"Granting, however, that I rather stretch the point when I blame my vacation blues on my career, the madman is definitely attributable to my career. A fan, he began writing me letters to the *Hit Parade*. He was in love with me, he wrote, wanted to marry me. The first one or two of these effusions I answered very politely, as I answer all my fan mail. But that wasn't enough for him."

"He arrived on the scene, then New York, but I had gone to Dallas where I played Nelly Forbush in 'South Pacific' and where," Gisele smiles happily, "we broke the record. He followed me to Dallas, but I'd left there for Denver. He followed me to Denver, missed me again, but caught up with me in Las Vegas. I was playing blackjack one night at The Flamingo, where I was appearing, when, over my left shoulder, a voice said, 'I'm here.'"

"He was the kind that hides behind palm trees. He used to phone me at all hours of the day and night. He'd write me mash notes, catch me unaware and force them on me. Every time he took a plane, he made out the insurance policy in my name. One night he tried to bribe a maid to lock him in my dressing room at The Flamingo. Happily, she was not bribable—he might have killed me. He'd been married four times. 'The marrying kind,' he said."

At Las Vegas, the deputy sheriffs told him he was making me absolutely miserable and, furthermore, was invading my privacy. To which his answer was that I had invaded his privacy by coming into his apartment, on the TV screen, while he was in his pajamas.

"He was quite insane. But since all he was doing, actually, was following me and there is, it appears, no law against 'following,' no legal action could be taken."

"Then he followed me home to Winnipeg," Gisele pauses dramatically, relishing a good story now that the very real danger no longer exists. "He found out where my parents live and phoned. Mother answered and, having been forewarned, said, 'Very sorry, she's left for Vancouver with some relatives.' He didn't believe it. Immediately, he jumped into his car—he'd made the phone call from his home in the states and drove thirty-six hours to reach Winnipeg, Manitoba."

"When he arrived at the house, my dad, who happened to open the door, took him for a fan wanting my autograph and didn't realize what was happening until he asked the name. 'I just want to see her,' he told my dad, 'talk to her. I won't hurt her.'"

"I don't want you to see or talk to her,"

Dad said. 'You are a stranger. Just go away and don't bother her again.' And the door closed. And locked.

"But every hour thereafter, on the hour and for hours, he circled the house in his car, kept circling and circling. Once, in passing, he threw a bundle tied with string and labeled 'Love Letters' onto the porch. Enough reading matter, of a particularly lurid variety," Gisele says with a wink, "for three weeks!

"This, at my own front door, my dad said, was definitely 'invasion of privacy,' about which the authorities of Manitoba could and would do something. Then Dad called the police. And then," Gisele laughs, "it was *Dragnet*. Plainclothes men watched me day and night. They watched for him, caught up with him and told him to get out of town. They escorted him to the border, saw him across, and told him to stay on the other side.

"The last thing he did before his compulsory departure was to bring a big bunch of red roses to the house. 'Give them to her,' he told the maid who answered the bell, 'with my love.' The last thing he said to the police was 'I won't contact her any more. She knows where to find me when she wants me.'" Gisele's voice shows the compassion she felt for this man, when she didn't feel genuine fear. "As of today, I haven't seen him or heard from him again. I can only hope and pray I never will.

"But, since the pros and cons of any situation, or career, usually intermingle, my Las Vegas experience—the madman notwithstanding—was definitely one of the pros of my career," Gisele remembers happily. "Largely due to Jack Benny, who came to my opening at The Flamingo. He offered to come, that was the best of it. And when the rumor got around that Benny was in Las Vegas just for MacKenzie's opening, that was a big boost up!

"Jack not only came to my opening, he took part in it. We played a comedy violin duet, as we did on Jack's show last January. We sang 'Getting To Know You.' We clowned around, wise-cracked, laughed it up. At the end of our duet, Jack said, in that sort of meditative tone of voice he uses when the dollar sign is showing in his eyes, 'I belong to Actors Equity and you should be paying me sixty dollars a week.'

"In the wings, by pre-arrangement, stood the boss, holding a tray laden with sixty silver dollars. On cue, I relieved him of the tray, presented it to Jack, who promptly shoved the silver, all of it, into his pockets," Gisele laughs, still delighted with the joke. "After the show, Jack gambled his 'take,' won, and split with the boss!

"Another experience on opening night took place after Jack had left the stage and taken a seat in the audience. For the finale, I had a number to do in a three-part costume. The idea was for me to take off this beautiful full-length white satin coat and reveal some pantalettes such as grandma used to wear; then take off the pantalettes and reveal a short leotard, with white fox fur around the bottom. It was a little strip, in other words," she explains, her eyes lit with a twinkle, "but very lady-like."

"So what happened? The costume just fell apart, not one part after the other, but all at once! Unable to cope with the intricate snaps and zippers, I realized I hadn't practiced enough. The whole thing was revealed in three seconds and there I was, in the leotard. Trying to save face—since nothing else, anatomically speaking, was possible—I kept saying things like 'Oh, these snaps! Do you think I'm keeping something from you? A strip in time . . . and so on. Well, the audience was, to a man, convulsed. Jack Benny was just belting his knee and screaming.

"Audiences, as I have said, certainly belong on the credit side of the ledger. Also on the credit side of such a career as mine are the friends you make. Such special, all-out-for-you, great-hearted friends as can only be found, I suspect, on mike, on camera, on stage.

"I'm a little independent," Gisele admits frankly, "and I like to be able to afford things myself. I love furs, jewels, perfumes. And so, when I want to buy a fur or a string of pearls, the fact that I don't have to ask a husband's permission is one of the pros of being a career girl. Although, on the other, the con side, I have a business manager and business accountant who fall down my neck at the drop of a mink stole!

"Well, it's your money," they say. 'If you're penniless, don't blame us.'

"If I'm going to be penniless,' I tell them, 'I'll be well-dressed while getting there.' Meanwhile, I don't have to hanker after some bit of goods, like a Dior dress.

Not that it's fun to live alone," Gisele adds quickly, "even though I do have the comfort and companionship of the von Bagels and my new apartment, which I love. I love to cook and, when I have time, to invent all kinds of little dishes.

"I'd like to marry. Of course, I would. That I haven't is certainly no fault of my family and friends," she says, making a comic face. "They give me the business every time I go home, shake their heads, purse their lips. 'Well, Gisele,' they say, 'you're getting to be an old maid.'

"Or I go to a wedding, catch the bridal bouquet—I always catch the bridal bouquet—and, with something between rapture and relief, the members of the wedding squeal, 'Now it's your turn!' Or else they tell me, 'Oh, Gisele, there's a wonderful chap here in Winnipeg and he likes music and he doesn't care a bit, he as good as said so, if you make an occasional record!'

"Recently, I was told that because I like trees and trees are a symbol of security, a tall, quiet, strong-minded, tree-like man will be the type with whom I'll fall in love. Could be," she smiles. "Sounds fine.

"I'm not, however, overly choosy," Gisele says. "As the daughter of a doctor who worked too hard all his life, a dedicated life, but not normal, I would prefer not to marry a doctor. If there's any preference at all, it is, I think, for a man in my own profession. Otherwise, a 'tree-man,' in any art or craft, would do nicely.

"I am normally susceptible, I think. I fell in love, at the age of six, with the milkman. I've been seriously in love," Gisele adds seriously, "twice. It didn't work out either time. One wanted me to give up everything. The other . . ." she shrugs. "Rather than to marry just in order to say I'm married, and get in trouble later, no. So, if I don't, well, that's just too bad."

But there's a note of wistfulness as Gisele says, "Only thing is, I love kids, always have . . .

"I also love my work. It's satisfying. I felt so good when my record of 'Hard to Get,' which I sang for the first time on NBC-TV's dramatic show, *Justice*, last winter, played all summer long on NBC Radio's *Hit Parade*.

"That I love my work, and the people I work with—Dorothy Collins, Raymond Scott, Snooky Lanson, the whole gang, not to mention the people in the audiences, 'live' and in their homes—this is the big item on the credit side. So big," Gisele smiles happily, "that it cancels out all the items, such as jinxed vacations and madmen, on the debit side." Then, for emphasis, she repeats, "All of them!"

Yes, for Gisele MacKenzie, the books more than balance. It's fun to be famous!

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The Other Side of Godfrey

(Continued from page 39)

not a dreamer. He's a doer, who has confidence in himself and inspires confidence in others. He's loaded with brains, personality, administrative ability. If he were shaped a little differently, he would probably be the first space-ship to reach the moon.

But just what makes him a great entertainer—well, that's a little harder to figure out. Arthur isn't a dancer, or a singer, or a comedian. He has no "act." On the air, all he has to be is Arthur Godfrey. And he's on the air about a dozen hours a week. He *lives* on the air. He ad-libs with his audiences as easily and naturally as a housewife discussing a new recipe with her neighbor. He holds nothing back—his impish glee, his sudden indignation, his most mischievous thoughts, his most deeply felt principles. His audience is his closest friend, and he is theirs, in the most honest way he knows how to be.

Arthur Godfrey himself puts it very simply: "Every morning, before I go into the studio, I say a prayer. I say it every day. The same one. 'Lord, keep me from making a mistake.' I pray that I will say the right thing."

And he continues, "I think of all those people who will be listening and of all the people in the studio who got up, hours early, to come in from New Jersey and Connecticut and even Pennsylvania, and I don't want to let them down. I want them to go away happy, feeling a little better for the visit. That's why I pray in the morning. Because, when you do this job day after day, year on end, you've got to be careful—especially when you're thinking as you're talking, with nothing planned. With so many thousands of broadcasts, the mistake could happen, but it never has. I guess I'm getting good response to my prayers."

For all the headlines about Godfrey's hiring and firings, Arthur has just as deep a concern for the feelings of his cast. He's not the kind of boss who can say grimly, just before a broadcast, "Do the job right—or get off the show." With all his heart, he wants his performers to look and sound to their own best advantage. He tries to highlight their most attractive points. He tries to cover up for them when his instinct for showmanship tells him they're not at their best.

And he tries to explain his theories to others: "Maybe a gal's got a great voice, but that's not enough on our show. I want her to appear charming and friendly, to boot. Or maybe one of the kids has a grouch in his voice, so I ignore him. He thinks I'm being unfair. Maybe I know he would sound silly on the subject under discussion, and I want to save him, so I cut him off. He's mad at me." Arthur grins, as he goes on, "No one's got a worse voice than I have, when it comes to singing, so what I'm saying has nothing to do with me. But sometimes one of the kids has a bad arrangement, or the song's wrong. So I just keep talking until there isn't time for the song—and someone thinks he got crossed up."

Godfrey never forgets that the chief purpose of his shows is to entertain. That's why he has told his cast, many times, "There is only one thing you're honor-bound to do, and that is to give a good performance."

No one can deny that Arthur's Little Godfreys learned to give a good performance. With the exceptions of Janette Davis and Frank Parker, Arthur found every one of them in relative obscurity. Most of them knew next to nothing about show business. Few had earned as much in six months as he paid them in their

first week on his programs. They won themselves a scholarship-with-pay to the Godfrey College, with courses in ballet and ballroom dancing, skating, riding, singing, speech, and even good grooming.

As Godfrey Graduates, they left with fame—their names and talents known from coast to coast; with fortunes—not a million in cash, but with the kind of money few of us see in a lifetime; with recording contracts and important friends and business know-how; with poise and experience and, sometimes, better looks—though Godfrey is the last to claim to be a beautician.

The reasons for their leaving were as many and varied as their talents and personalities—though not as many and varied as the "explanations" which have screamed from the headlines. And sometimes the stories which have been printed in the columns, or whispered around, just didn't take place at all. Perhaps you yourself were listening, when this conversation took place between Godfrey and Frank Parker on a program:

"Frank," Arthur asked curiously, "how many times do you think you ought to warn a man that, if he's drunk on the job, you'll fire him?"

Frank thought a moment, then replied, "A couple of times."

"Seven times I took it," Arthur said.

"Seven times, and I told him every time,

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January 5

'Once more and that's the end.' Yesterday I fired him. The one thing I'll not tolerate on this program is drunkenness on the job."

The conversation took place, that much is true. You may have heard it, or you heard about it. But did you hear that the firing never took place, after all? Someone who knew the man intimately walked into Godfrey's office and gave a more complete explanation. The "drinker" was a good man and a conscientious one, but beset by many problems which, temporarily at least, had seemed too burdensome to face. Arthur revoked the firing. It was another proof that Arthur is more soft-hearted than hard-headed.

In reality, Arthur is easily touched. A great show in himself, he has an uncanny sense of what is good entertainment when provided by others, too. He personally and positively enjoys the performances of people on his programs, and his taste is hard to argue with. And there's another thing hard to argue about—his generosity, which should be proverbial but isn't, for good and sufficient reasons of his own.

The generosity doesn't extend only to performers but includes his staff, from receptionist to office manager. The girls get shooed home on hot days or when a hurricane threatens or when snow begins to snarl traffic. One winter, he took the whole cast and staff—fifty-five people—to Miami for shows. And he arranged it so that they got two completely work-free weekends there. The cost was \$43,000 over the budget, and he paid for it out of his own pocket. This past fall, when Arthur postponed his return from the farm for a week, everyone shared. He phoned the office and gave everyone else the whole week off.

Cast members have always found his door

open for advice on personal or business matters. As he himself has stated, he feels like a "father" toward most of them. New to the business and to fame and business problems, they have needed help. Arthur has always been ready to advise them but—contrary to the headlines and gossip columns—he has never advised them against marriage. In fact, he has said, "The more they are married, the happier I am about it—because I happen to be happily married. I know it's a nice thing to be."

Many a newspaper columnist blamed Arthur when Lu Ann Simms delayed her wedding date. They intimated that Godfrey had been "laying down the law." It was only later that they learned the real reason was that Lu Ann's mother was very ill. Despite later events, the true story at that time is that he called a special meeting of the cast and said: "Now let's talk about Lu. Let's see what there is we can do for Lu to help her, to take her mind off some of her worries."

Arthur has given specific instructions to his press representative that, when it comes to publicity, "forget about Godfrey." When newspapers and magazines want to do stories about his shows, they are to be directed to others who are featured on the programs—not Arthur. Ninety percent of all requests to do articles on Arthur are turned down.

There is another specific rule, and that is about looking the other way when Arthur indulges in one of his many secret charities. Arthur has made many cash gifts to hospitals and other worthy organizations, but always with the request that these donations be kept anonymous. One woman, who works for the Henry Street Settlement, got furious when she read some of the headlines about Godfrey. She called his office and said, "If it's all right with you, I'm going to give out a story about all the help you've given us here." Arthur was deeply grateful, but begged her not to do so.

He has paid doctor and hospital bills for friends and strangers, usually anonymously, other times under a pledge of secrecy. He may read in a newspaper or in his mail of some suffering youngster—or he may read of an act of heroism. Through his private secretary, out goes a gift or a remembrance. No one else on his staff knows about it. Perhaps the recipient talks and a local newspaper hears of it and prints the story. A clipping service sends it on, and that's the first time anyone else in New York knows of it. The clippings are then routed, by order, to Arthur's desk—where they disappear.

Honest sentiment plays a large part in Arthur's personality. Almost anyone who has ever worked with Godfrey has seen him weep unashamedly, with joy as well as with sorrow. Once, the Wednesday-night cast had a particularly difficult production number to do. They worked hard and long to get it right. Arthur was watching from the control booth when the number went off as smoothly as a seagull's flight. He cried without self-consciousness, the way he does, and said, "I'm proud of them. I love those kids."

As he is easily touched to tears, he can also be touched to anger. Arthur freely admits that he can—and does—lose his temper occasionally: "Look, in the excitement and tension of rehearsal, maybe I'll bawl someone out. Just that. But that's for the big wheels. Never the little kids. Never the little ones. That's for sure."

Not such a "mystery man," after all, this Arthur Godfrey. A star among stars, yes. A master showman, surely. But, behind the mikes and cameras, very much a human being.

Charita's Guiding Light

(Continued from page 57)

far. And she needn't worry about Michael for the rest of the afternoon. He would be off the streets, playing with Peter Gabel, Arlene Francis's boy, and his other little friends in his cellar workshop.

Since she was in the kitchen, anyway, she might as well fix herself a snack. A few moments later, she was curled up on a sofa, munching a sandwich, poring over the travel folders which were her favorite literature, at the moment, and thinking that life could be very good indeed.

If Charita gives a convincing performance each day in *The Guiding Light*, that absorbing story of human frailties and emotional development, it is because she is not unacquainted with such problems.

The feeling you get after an hour or two of talking with Charita is that you have just encountered a jeep with a jet motor—a little woman with enormous drive. But you do not feel worried about her. Her hands are strong and capable and steady. She shifts from chair to table-edge to window sill as lightly as a bird—effortlessly, hardly seeming to move at all. Her pleasant voice commands attention. She is completely without self-consciousness, a young woman with a mission—to make a success of her job, to raise her child properly, to strive for the best in life.

Even as a little girl, growing up in her parents' apartment in Jackson Heights, on New York's Long Island, she'd had a mind of her own. One evening when she was five, she packed a suitcase with a comb and brush and her ballet shoes, and determinedly stalked out of the apartment, the big suitcase banging against her short legs. She didn't feel like going to bed early—and if her mother insisted upon it, why, she would just leave!

She returned a little later, remarking that she had forgotten her toothbrush—and then allowed herself to be cajoled into staying. But she did not go to bed early that night. However, the next time she found herself in disagreement with her parents' policies, she thought twice before attempting to avoid her little problems by running away from them.

Charita can't remember when she didn't love to sing and dance, or when she didn't have a burning ambition to be an actress. Her father, an engineer, could afford to send her to special classes. Her mother believed in encouraging the girl. In fact, Charita was an only child and there wasn't much that she wanted that wasn't given to her—even if they did expect her to go to bed early and face up to her problems.

The first time she ever knew the thrill of being the center of attention and applause was during a fashion show at Bamberger's department store in Newark, New Jersey. She was still a small child, but that taste was enough. The Brownie Scouts, of which she had been a member for three weeks, would have to go on without her—a professional photographer had asked her to pose for him, and her folks had consented.

She was a professional model for a time—until, one day when she was fourteen, a call came in asking her to model some long winter underwear. She drew the line at that. She was now a young lady. She had attended school at P.S. 12 in Woodside, Long Island, until she was nine, and, since then, had been going to the Professional Children's School in New York, where the curriculum is so arranged that if a youngster is away on tour—or has to skip classes because of professional commitments—he can do the work at other times or have his lessons sent to him. Charita did a great many of her lessons by correspondence, because it was appar-

ent from the beginning that she was a natural for show business.

The list of the Broadway shows, the summer stock and the radio hits in which she played will give some small idea. She was in "Thunder on the Left," "Remember the Day," "The Women," "Madame Capet," "The Life of Riley," and "Good Morning, Corporal." And she played stock at Skowhegan, Millbrook, the Lake-wood Playhouse, Maplewood, Locust Valley, Bronxville, and dozens of other well-known summer playhouses. By that time, she was well established in radio, too. She has appeared in *The Lady Next Door*, *March Of Time*, *Cavalcade Of America*, *Lux Radio Theater*, *Second Husband*, *Maudie's Diary*, *The Aldrich Family*, *City Hospital*, *Mr. Keen*, *My True Story*, *FBI In Peace And War* and now—both on television and radio—*The Guiding Light*.

There wasn't much time for romance. But, during the emotional war years, Charita got married. The marriage was not destined to last long, but it did bring young Michael into her life, and for this she is deeply grateful.

From the first, Charita was resolved that Michael should have the best of everything, as she had had. To provide this, she had to work. But she'd have done that, anyway. Charita can't help working and trying to make a good job of it.

But there had to be a home for Mike, too. A real home. Some place where Mike could play—with someone to fix him a snack when he returned from school while Charita was away at work.

She made up her mind. The next day, she made the suggestion to her parents. And, the day following, Charita was hunting for a house. She found one in the East Eighties, a tiny brownstone four stories tall. Many things were wrong with it—the paint and plaster, plumbing, electrical wiring, floors and woodwork were indescribable. But it was a sturdy house, with charm, and her engineer father confirmed her belief that it could be made into a real home.

"I don't know how long it took us," Charita said. "We're still working on it. We designed all the changes ourselves. And when I walk in and see the mahogany banisters, the finely carved mantels—all the treasures which had been hidden under layers of paint—well, there's a reward in that."

And now Charita has had her cherished vacation at last. With her money saved and her tickets bought, with a new wardrobe, and a free heart, she took off with Elaine Rost, another actress and dear friend, for Europe. And they had themselves a ball. "I didn't get much out of Paris," she admits. "I don't know why. But Venice—I'd relaxed by then, I suppose, and besides it was so beautiful. I did everything there was to do, went everywhere. I rode along the Grand Canal, soaking it all up like a sponge. And then, on the last day, I stepped out of a gondola onto a landing and a lady waiting there said, in a fine Midwestern accent, 'Why, Bertha Bauer, whatever are you doing way over here?' It gave me a wonderful feeling, being recognized like that. It was time to go home."

And "home" was there waiting for her, even more wonderful than she'd remembered it. There was the familiar hum of the studios, the work she knew and loved. There was the house, and her beloved parents, and her son Mike. Above all, there was Mike, the boy Charita Bauer wouldn't trade for any other boy in the world—not even Bertha Bauer's boy, of the same name, on *The Guiding Light!*

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Mother Burton's Gifts

(Continued from page 40)

(Mrs. John Almy), "Pam's Kathy comes East with her mother, and Virginia's two little girls—Heide and Diana Lee—are with us, off and on, through the year. But, always before, it's been one of the children, two of the grandchildren. This Christmas, for the first time, they'll all be here—the whole bouquet of them!

"And in our own home, too—John's and mine—which makes it extra-special to me. For this actually is the first time that I have had a home, properly speaking, in my adult life. I've lived in apartments (mostly furnished apartments) and in hotels. Now, under my own roof-tree, here in Westport, we'll have all our family, the tree to trim, the children's stockings to hang by the chimney—our own chimney—and the carols to sing. And the turkey dinner, with all the trimmings, which I will cook myself. (I may not be a good actress, but I really can put a dinner on, if I do say so myself!) And the fun of unwrapping gifts, all of us together. And children's toys, doll-babies and drums and scooters, making a merry clutter. This is Christmas.

"This," Ethel glows, "is riches. . . . And that makes me think of the many riches with which my life is filled, of the many gifts I've been given—not all of them at Christmas time. . . .

"The housecoat, for instance," Ethel laughs, "the housecoat Jack gave me. Not for Christmas but—thoughtful as he always is, and not needing to be reminded by Christmas to give me a gift—several weeks before Christmas. A gorgeous housecoat, yellow velvet studded with rhinestones, so beautiful you could eat it! I opened the box, shook out the lovely thing—and it was a size 12.

"When I asked Jack, 'What made you think, dear, that I, who wear a size 20, could possibly wear a size 12?'—his answer was even more beautiful than the gift he gave: 'I told the saleswoman,' he said, 'what you look like.'

"Jack loves to hear me on radio, seldom misses CBS Radio's *The Second Mrs. Burton*, in which I have the featured role of Mother Burton. He enjoys seeing me on television, too—providing that he can be in the studio audience. He gets nervous if he watches me on TV at home! He has

gone all the way to Brooklyn to watch me when I did the Betty Hutton NBC-TV spectacular there. He's always been in the audience when I've been on *The Jackie Gleason Show*. But he doesn't like his 'picture' of me disturbed, which is proven by the fact that he does not like to see me do gun molls, or rough or shabby women of any kind. On *Treasury Men In Action*, not long ago, I played what I considered one of the best and most challenging roles I've ever had. But Jack found it rather disturbing to see me in such a villainous role. He insists upon seeing me as 'the perfect lady.' This is another of the 'gifts' he's given me. And I treasure it.

"Speaking of radio and television, work—the ability to work—is a real gift, too. I think work is the most important thing in the world. To be a part of the working world is wonderful. You get such a feeling of inner satisfaction. You get so much more respect from everyone, from your husband on down. . . .

"The children are extremely proud of me—and that's a gift, your children's pride in you—and so are the grandchildren. They're very proud of me. They spot me, sometimes unexpectedly, on a TV show and they shout, 'There's Grandma! There's Grandma!' When I played Betsey Trotwood in Robert Montgomery's two-part version of 'David Copperfield' last year, all three of them were permitted to sit up and 'see Grandma as Betsey Trotwood.'

"Occasionally," Ethel laughs, "their pride goeth before a fall"—as when Kathy told some of her little playmates in Hollywood, 'My grandmother is on *The Jackie Gleason Show*.' One of the group jibed, 'Oh, she is not—they don't have old ladies on *The Jackie Gleason Show*!'

"But I was," Ethel laughed again, "and they do. I've been on the Gleason show many times, as a matter of fact, and have played many characters—Aunt Ethel, for one, and, in other *Honeymooners* sketches, I wear a red wig and play Audrey Meadows' mother. And I love every minute of it. I've worked with most of the comedians in the business, I think, and one of my fondest memories is my first appearance with Gleason—when he put me on my mettle in a 'Rudy the Repairman' sketch. Because of the 'destructible' nature of the props, it was impossible to fit the action

to the words in rehearsal. So the surprise elements of the show were as great to me as they were to the audience. Beyond speaking my lines, all I had done was to follow instructions: 'You're a trouper,' Jackie had said. 'Just get in my way as much as possible. Good luck—and away we go!' And so we did, to a photo finish.

"I love the business, the people in the business, and being one of them is certainly another gift given me which I hope will never be taken away from me.

"Another gift, this one intangible—not, that is, wrapped in tissue paper and tied with ribbons—is my sense of humor, which has carried me through life when life was not, for me, the way it is today. . . . over a very rough period, for instance, when I was left a young widow with three small girls. (The oldest, Mary, was then a mere seven years old.)

After studying many possibilities, I decided to capitalize on the family hobby—raising Doberman Pinschers—as a means of livelihood. I had modest kennels and proceeded to enlarge upon them by adding eighty more. I hired a veterinarian and established the project as a full-fledged animal hospital. We opened with six 'patients'—my own dogs—but soon had any number of other dogs, cats, monkeys, and even lions! Within five years, I had liquidated some of the mortgage and most of my fears.

"I faced the fact that not only the entire inheritance of my children but a substantial amount of borrowed funds were represented in this challenging, but highly problematic, project. During the first years, by grim necessity, I drew on every talent I possessed and on many I never knew I had. Under the tutelage of the able veterinarian I employed, I learned to give the anesthetics, also became the hospital dietitian for our clientele (including the lions and the bears).

"It was during these years that I first appreciated the laughs and what they can do for you. . . .

"One day a woman, a stranger to me, phoned. 'Mrs. Owen,' she said, 'you have a reputation for being very kind and—well, I am so fond of my little dog, so fond that no one will take the responsibility for him. Now, I am going away overnight and if I may leave him with you. . . .'

"'Bring him along,' I said, 'and his own pillow. Helps when they're homesick.'

"'Oh, but you don't understand,' his owner said, 'I want him to sleep in your bed!'

"Needless to say, we couldn't accommodate the dog.

"Another woman, a regular client, went to Europe and left her two pets—not pure-breds, just dogs—with me. She wrote them cards every day, one to each of them, from Europe. The first few weeks we had them, they wouldn't eat or sleep, lost weight.

"Now this woman had a peculiarly pitched voice, and one day, playing a hunch, I picked up the cards and read what she had written to her dogs in her tone of voice. Well, they nearly went crazy with joy, tore the place down, ate, slept, were just fine and didn't seem to care when the owner returned.

"Understanding now how to relieve the homesickness of the pets in my care, I began to improve upon my just-discovered gift of mimicry. The pampered Pomeranian of a doting old lady was cajoled into eating, the local organ-grinder's monkey dried his tears, even a lion relaxed.

"Another gift given me, as a result of this experience, was gratitude—the gratitude of the animals whose pain or fear or

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homesickness I helped relieve. Animals are so grateful—more so, I suspect, than many human beings.

"Another gilt-edged bonus given me as a result of the animal hospital work was, actually, the work I am doing now. For, when one of the local newspapers signed me to write a daily column of advice on pets, its success brought me an offer from a local radio station to broadcast a daily program, not only on pet problems but on household problems, as well. Since I'd always loved the theater and, before I married, had enjoyed some stage success, I promptly accepted the offer, took to the air like a bird—and here I am!

"The laughs, I am happy to say, I always have with me, in strange circumstances and, at times, in somewhat inappropriate places. In church, for instance, the Episcopal Church in Pelham, New York, where—three weeks after our first meeting—I walked down the aisle to exchange the marriage vows with John Almy. It was the first time I ever had stage fright, by the way. I was petrified. Walking down the aisle, my knees shook. In repeating the vows, my voice shook. Mary was my matron of honor. The elder of John's two sons was his best man.

"Photographers were among those present and, as we were greeting our guests in the church vestibule immediately after the service, I—in my conservative blue suit and hat—was elbowed aside by one of them with a breathless: 'Will you step out of the way for just a minute, please. We are here to get pictures of the bride.' Whereupon he wheeled about and trained his lens on my daughter Mary!

"Fortified by my hat (which, while conservative, was a fabulous Laddie Northridge), by the orchids ornamenting my shoulder and by the sense of happiness that was mounting in me, full tide, I said, 'But I am the bride.'

"This was six years ago and I have providentially forgotten," Ethel laughs her full-throated laugh, "the expression the young man's face must have worn.

"Six years ago. But I have not forgotten, and never will, that this day put a period to the lonely years, twenty of them. . . .

Without the children, those years would have been unbearably lonely. Even with the children—who had, as children must have, their own lives—they were extremely lonely. For, when you are alone, you are always—no matter how many social activities you may have—the fifth wheel on the wagon. The 'odd'un.'

"Mother,' the children used often to say, 'you ought to go out more.' Many times I'd get all dressed up, tell them gaily, 'I'm going out!' Then, after they were in bed, I'd take my glad-rags off, satisfied that they'd gone to sleep happily believing I was having 'a good time.'

"Even the lonely hours had a gift to give, however, for it was during that time I became a good cook. Many a night, when I was supposed to have 'gone out,' I was out in the kitchen poring over cook-books (of which I now have a collection of fifty), experimenting with recipes, learning about herbs, developing a food sense.

"Not until after I met Jack, and married him, did I actually realize how dreadful it is to be alone, just *dreadful!* Now, when Jack drives me to the station in the morning, as he always does—and, best of all, when I see him there waiting for me at night—that's something! That's pretty much *everything.* It's the cared-about feeling, as when he realizes, without my saying so, that I'm tired, and he says, 'Let's eat out tonight. It will be more relaxing for you.'

"If I really want to eat dinner out," laughs Ethel, who is 100% feminine, "I

can get that feeling-tired look very quickly! I'm as good an actress at home as on mike," she laughs again, "probably better!

"But it's wonderful. He's just wonderful! He's toned me down considerably, without knowing it. He hasn't meant to. Just, you might say, automatically. He isn't geared to the pitch I'm geared to. An executive of The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company for forty six years (now retired), he is a dignified man. And that's the way I like it.

"The companionship is wonderful. We have fun together. At night, just picking up after dinner—fun! Dinner guests (we like to entertain) and talking over the evening after the guests have gone—fun! Discussing any changes for our home and its furnishings—although he leaves the decorating entirely to me, and he approves the Williamsburg-green shade I chose for our living-room walls, the green-and-white striped French Provincial furniture, the pale blue and sort of lilac and magenta of our bedroom.

"We adapt so well, one to the other. I don't have any hobbies, other than trying out new recipes. I cook, love to cook. In our home I am *the* cook. The decorating of our home was another 'best thing' to me. And the rose garden we started last spring—we planned it ourselves too—this, to me, who never had any growing things before, was a thrill. We have five bloomings, too! Giant American Beauty roses in vases, the summer long.

"But food and homes and gardens are not hobbies, they're *basics.* When I say I have no hobbies, I mean that I don't play bridge or Scrabble. I'm not a collector of anything. I'm not an outdoor type, I don't play golf. I don't play tennis. I don't like to travel. I don't like *exercise.* I don't even like to walk. If I get thin—thin enough to wear that size 12!—it's going to be pounded off me! I'm not very clothes-conscious. I should be, but I'm not. I'm a big woman and so I am obliged to buy good clothes—the best—and I do. But I can bring them out year after year—and do.

"Jack, on the other hand, is a man of many hobbies. He hunts and he fishes and he plays golf. He was, at one time, All-American quarterback at the University of Southern California. That he has so many interests—this, too, is fortunate, for, it means that when I am working, his time is fully occupied, too.

"It is all so fortunate, for you can really make a great mistake," Ethel says, not laughing, "when you get to be a woman of my age. A lonely woman of my age. You're liable to be gullible. But this seemed, from the moment we met, to be so right. It is so right. . . .

"And don't ever let anyone tell you, by the way, that finding romance after you become a grandmother is less romantic than when you were young. It is far *more* romantic. For when you marry at this age, you know that you really want this man. And that he wants you.

"So, on this Christmas day, I count my gifts . . . those under the tree . . . those in my heart. John. Our home. Our happiness. My children and my pride in them. The thrill of watching these little children grow up—my grandchildren. The ability you have, as a grandmother, to sit back and—with less responsibility than you ever have as a mother—drool over them. My work. And my love of it. The laughs. And the gift of awareness—which encompasses all the other gifts—that this, for me, is the way it is, the lovely way, the abundant way.

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Heart of a Child

(Continued from page 34)

school work." And the choke in his voice didn't help the lisp on his tongue, as he added, "But, every time I open my mouth, the kids laugh. What can I do?"

Pinky's teachers were usually sympathetic, and they tried talking to the other children in the class. But, within a few days, the teachers' admonitions were forgotten. Soon, Pinky stopped volunteering.

There are, in this country, millions of parents whose children are different. Some youngsters have a speech defect like Pinky's, some an odd birthmark which makes them self-conscious. Others have more tragic physical handicaps. But all parents with a "different" child face a similar problem: How to help their child to develop into a happy, self-confident adult.

Today, thirty-odd years later, Pinky Lee has turned his disadvantages into advantages. His lisp has taken him into the hearts of some 15,000,000 American children between the ages of three and thirteen, and his short stature has made him a giant in the entertainment industry.

About five-foot-nothing in his stocking feet—his trademark, a checkered coat, covering him like the dust cloth on a magic lamp—Pinky has become something of a twentieth-century genie. His black eyes flash like marbles in the sun, under the brim of his famed dinky hat, and the kids follow him like the Pied Piper.

Made doubly sensitive to the needs of children by the memories of his own childhood, Pinky has become their special confidant and friend. His audience, spread out across 3000 miles, write him five to six thousand letters a week, detailing their problems. A half-million other children in Southern California have all, at one time or another, made the trip to that magic place—the NBC Burbank Studio.

Pinky's heart goes out most to the children who, like himself, have problems of feeling different. Out of his experiences with youngsters, with his own background of troubled childhood—and with his subsequent success to point to—Pinky thinks he can help the children and the parents.

"Treat them naturally," he says. "That's the first thing to remember. Sure, if your child is too short, or if he lisps or has some other defect, it naturally upsets parents. But, if the parents show they're upset, the child can only reflect it.

"You have to ask yourself this question: Does any defect, no matter how serious, make a child unhappy? I would say that answer is no. But, if the parents, from the very beginning, keep the child separated from others his own age, if they overprotect him, then he can't help but grow up with a feeling of being different.

"But if his parents let him travel with children of his age group, let him mingle, and ignore his little difference as though it's not of great importance, then the youngster will accept the idea that he's a regular fellow."

Pinky's parents, for example, recognized Pinky's lisp early in his infancy. It was hereditary. There was nothing they could do about it, so they ignored it. Pinky later grew up to ignore it, too. "I'm not conscious of the lisp," he says today, "except when other people point it out."

However, in his childhood the lisp was more prominent and Pinky was constantly teased about it. His parents knew this would happen. They fought this childish cruelty with greater love and understanding at home. But they knew, according to Pinky, that the best thing for him was to send him out as early as possible to be with the other children. If he were shut up every day after school for protection,

then the days he had to go out would make the remarks ten times worse. If he learned to take the jibes every day, he would soon get used to them. He did.

But much of his childhood was painful for Pinky. In addition to his small size and lisp, his family was poor. His father was the orchestra leader at the Garrick Theater in St. Paul, Minnesota, and later a sales manager for the Royal Lemon Washing Powder Company. When Pinky was thirteen, he went to a high school prom. Since he didn't have money for a new suit, he was forced to wear the fancy tux which was intended for stage appearances. At that time, Pinky was little more than four feet tall. "My girl," he says, "was at least five-foot-ten. And my full-dress costume made me as different from the others as night from day."

However, Pinky feels that some pain is necessary. The child who is different cannot forever be tied to his mother's apron strings. He must get out and mingle.

Every child with a defect will be happier if treated without pity. This is Pinky's second bit of advice to parents. "I remember a boy in the neighborhood," he recalls, "with a pronounced birthmark on one side of his face. His mother had three other children who did all the chores around the house—the boy did nothing. He was pampered. As a result, he soon learned he could get away with anything. He was mean to his sisters, snippy with his mother, enjoyed a chip-on-the-shoulder 'popularity' with the other children.

"I can understand how parents can become over-easy with such a child, feel too sorry for him for the child's own good, expect too little from him. But pity is a drug. Though kids resent it, they can easily come to rely on it."

Pinky received no pity from his own parents. Love and understanding, yes. But pity, no. For example, late one afternoon, on his way home from the theater where he performed as a child, Pinky fell into an ambush of young thugs on a street corner in St. Paul. For days, the gang had been riding him about his fancy show costume. That, together with his lisp, was reason enough for them to jump on the "sissy." Pinky says the battle lasted three hours before the gang gave up. When he finally arrived home, his mother clucked over him for a few minutes. But his father, seeing no permanent damage, only wanted to be reassured that his son had won. Pinky had expected a little pity, he was surprised when he didn't get it—then grateful that he hadn't.

Love each child for himself. That's Pinky's final bit of advice to parents with different children. "I knew a twelve-year-old boy in the East," says Pinky, "who was tiny, just as I was as a child. He had a ten-year-old sister who already was taller than he. His parents felt this was a major tragedy. They kept urging him to eat, saying, 'Eat! Sister is already twice your size.' The poor kid—he was reminded at the dinner table how short he was! How could he have an appetite?"

"What children need is confident reassurance. A child may wear glasses, be short for his age, have any of a thousand things wrong. Every once in a while, he needs to be told that it's not important."

His own parents, says Pinky, were everything a boy could expect. They were loving, kind, understanding. His orchestra-leader father encouraged his early interest in music. His father considered Pinky a prodigy, with his God-given voice.

Pinky sang his first song, "When You Wore a Tulip"—lisp and all—at the age of three. At five, he made his first amateur appearance at the Blue Mountain Theater

in St. Paul. He then traveled with kiddie shows, dancing and singing such songs as "Hurray, Hurray, It's a Ray, Ray, Rainy Day" and "Pretty Baby." Everybody loved Pinky, and he was a great success in the kiddie circuit. But, on his thirteenth birthday, his voice changed and he woke up out of work.

Pinky talked his part of the act until his voice finally settled down. In the meantime, he added to his dance routines. That was in 1927 and Pinky invited all the hungry performers to his home for dinner on the promise that they would teach him their dance steps.

After thirteen, Pinky went into St. Paul's Mechanic Arts High School. He taught himself to play the drums and learned to read music. At that time, he longed to become an attorney, but the jokes of his school chums changed his mind. He found he could easily make them laugh, so he turned to comedy. But Pinky's mother wanted him to be anything excepting "a hungry actor."

Pinky found that, whenever he talked seriously on a subject, his lisp got laughs. It was not such a long step from that into musical comedy stock, and later into vaudeville. Then, for a short period, he followed his mother's wishes. When his father became sales manager for the Royal Lemon Washing Powder Company, Pinky joined him on the road.

He bought his first car, a 1931 Studebaker, and visited all the "hard-sell" stores in three Eastern states. Pinky thought his lisp might be a deterrent to successful selling, but he decided to live above it. His success proves that the attitude is more important than the defect.

Then came a reunion with Gus Edwards, impresario of Pinky's childhood act. Gus wanted Pinky for vaudeville, and the smell of grease paint soon washed soap-selling out of Pinky's system. After his contract with Edwards was up, Pinky went into "Rice Pudding" as a song-and-dance man, with Felix Rice at the piano and singer Bobbie Arnst. There were times—after the talkies came in and vaudeville suffered—when Pinky got by on two or three dollars a week, stayed in the New York YMCA, lived on bread and water.

Then came a lucky break at the Fox Theater in Detroit, where he was held over for eight weeks. He joined Al Jolson in "The Singin' Fool," in Chicago. And, from there, he went to the Academy Theater in New York.

Pinky met his wife BeBe in 1932 while playing at the Academy on the Fanchon and Marco Circuit. On the bill were twelve songwriters playing six pianos, singing their own songs. Al Sherman, one of the twelve, and his wife were kind to Pinky. Pinky said he wished Al's wife had a sister. The next Sunday, he did, indeed, meet sister BeBe. They were married in a judge's chambers, spent their honeymoon on a trip to St. Paul, and then bought a Chevrolet touring sedan—for \$75.00—and went back on the Fanchon and Marco circuit. In the winters, they stuffed newspapers under the floorboards of their Chevrolet to keep out the cold.

After thirty years of hard knocks in show business, and the insecure years of his own troubled childhood, Pinky has found the place where he really belongs—in the hearts of 15,000,000 children.

Pinky says it was his destiny that God blessed him with a small frame and a lisp—so that these same children, who watch him daily, would more readily accept him as one of their own, making it easier for him to come into their hearts, bringing all the happiness they deserve.

They Count Their Blessings

(Continued from page 47)

last. They are also learning that, in addition to the laws of God and of country, there is also the law of the family. The family in which each has his own special place that no one else could possibly fill, and where no one therefore must attempt to usurp the rights of any of the others.

All this took a little doing in the beginning, especially among the younger children. Sandy, now eight, came from Kentucky to join the Rogers household about two years ago and, at first, Dusty—just a year older than Sandy and usually the most lovable and generous-hearted little boy—rather resented this newcomer playing with his favorite toys. Roy tells how Dusty began to hide his toys under the bed. "We understood how he felt when one day he asked, 'How long is he going to be around here?' But soon he wanted to share everything he had with his new brother, and to help make a place for him in the family circle."

Dale tells how, when they brought Dodie home, the children noted her big black button eyes and the straight black Indian hair. Dale and Roy explained that Dodie was part Choctaw—the same strain of which there is a little in Roy. Dusty was the one who piped up. "Mom, when she grows up she's going to be an Indian!" This was their chance to impress upon all the children, as they had many times before, that their Heavenly Father loves every race and color equally and that all are really one under God. They pointed out, too, how strange they themselves must sometimes seem to people of other races and countries. It was a practical lesson but they hardly needed it, because Dodie so quickly smiled her way into all their hearts.

This is not to say that all is sweetness and light all the time in the Rogers house. Apologies must be made by the kids from time to time for unkind things said and done during childish quarrels, for belongings "borrowed" without permission, for rights trampled upon. On New Year's Eve, however, each child resolves to try to overcome the shortcomings that might spoil the peace and harmony of the family, as well as to work and pray for those things he wants to come to pass in his own life.

Ever since Roy and Dale have been riding in the Pasadena Rose Parade on New Year's Day, they have had to be in Pasadena the night before, leaving the children at home, where they can watch the parade next day on television, in common with millions of kids all over the country. Before their parents leave, the children declare their resolutions—"So we can all help by reminding, when they are tempted to break them."

Cheryl Rogers, who is fifteen, and the Scottish foster-child, Marion Fleming, just fifteen in December, are the oldest. They are classmates, and both are musical and have marked aptitudes for show business. What they will do about it remains to be seen, but Cheryl seems more inclined to think that marriage and a family of her own will take first place in her life when she finishes her schooling. This is good, her parents agree.

Marion can make her own choice about remaining with the Rogers when she finishes high school, or she can go back to Scotland. There seems little doubt that she will remain and become a United States citizen. Dale and Roy met Marion in Glasgow at the children's home where she lived, when they toured the British Isles in the winter of 1954. The little girl, then thirteen, sang in the entertainment the

children put on for the guests, and she captured their hearts. This will be her second Christmas with her new family.

Linda—sometimes more formally addressed by her full name of Linda Lou—is a sensitive, lovely little girl who, at twelve, is a fine potential comedienne. She is also a born homemaker, sweet and understanding with younger children. Her parents think Linda may become a teacher, or a nurse, if she doesn't follow some branch of show business.

Nine-year-old Dusty is like his dad, in appearance and manner and disposition, and he bears his daddy's name. But no one would ever address this shy, lovable little boy by the imposing name of Roy Rogers, Jr. Just like Roy, he's a fellow who doesn't do a lot of talking, but thinks things out for himself. "Dusty has a nice voice, but it's too early to predict what he will do," his daddy says. "He did just fine in a small part in one of our TV pictures, but he has some other ideas for the time when he gets all grown up."

Sandy is the extrovert among the males of Rancho Rogers. He is Dusty's direct opposite, a talkative little fellow who bubbles over with mischief and fun. Dale has an idea that Sandy might go into the ministry, something they would be very happy about. The family thinks that Sandy would attract folks to church through the sheer joy in living that he radiates.

Dodie—as the children immediately named the youngest of the Rogers when their parents brought her home from Texas—is really Mary Little Doe, as winning a bit of girl-child as anyone could wish for. She is extremely bright—"a pretty little fireball," Roy calls her. Dodie, now three years old, was adopted shortly after the death of their own two-year-old Robin in August, 1952, about whom Dale wrote the book, *Angel Unaware*, which has comforted many other parents of retarded children. (The proceeds from its sale go to help a fund for such children.)

"No one could take Robin's place, and Dodie was not intended to," Dale says of her youngest daughter. "We needed Dodie, and she needed us, and our home. It's wonderful the way adopted children walk into your heart, until they become your very own. We think they do more for the parents than the parents could possibly do for them."

Sometimes, as Dale and Roy sit and listen to their brood talking and laughing together, they themselves begin to laugh at the differences which still show up in manner and speech. There is Marion's Scottish dialect. And her courtesy, which has impressed her more rough-and-ready young American brothers and sisters. There is Sandy, with his soft Kentucky speech, and Cheryl's very proper, careful diction—as befits a young lady of fifteen—which, however, sometimes lapses into typical teen-age slang. And Linda and Dusty, with their matter-of-fact Western way of expression, and Dodie chiming in with her peculiar, emphatic babyish talk. All blended into one voice, the voice of children who are well-loved, secure, happy.

There is no wish to trade on the TV and radio and movie popularity of their parents, and little opportunity to do so if they wanted to. The children go to public schools, are required to be punctual and studious, and are helped in every way to lead the normal lives of children their own age. To them, Roy Rogers and Dale Evans are merely Daddy and Mom. While they sometimes go on location and on the sets where Roy and Dale are making pictures, and occasionally participate in some

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small way, they know this is all in fun. Their real business right now, they understand, is to grow up into stable, responsible manhood and womanhood.

The family loves the comfortable old house, to which additions have been made without spoiling any of its charm. There are six bedrooms, a living room, dining room, kitchen, study—and Roy's huge Western den, filled with trophies and with mementoes of the Old West. There are two huge fireplaces, one of them made of petrified wood. When the family gathers around the dining table in the lovely wood-paneled room, they always say grace. At dinner, it's the custom for each to pray individually before the Bible readings.

The house is approached by a winding road, up the knoll on which it stands in the shadow of a huge oak tree. There's a white

fence and, near by, there's a lovely lake. To the back, there are meadows and woods, and enormous rock formations which are beautiful to see, and an olive grove. There are always a few head of cattle, sheep, a cow and maybe a pig or two, chickens and rabbits—and, of course, dogs. The children have two pet squirrels at the moment, bottle-raised, named Squeaky and Bobo; a Persian cat named Smoky, and two rather questionable kittens, Punkin' and Puddin'.

There are chores and various small duties by which allowances are earned. There is "roamin' room" for small boys and girls, trees to climb and fences to vault, far fields to explore on the 130 acres of property. Roy, who hasn't forgotten at all what it feels like inside to be a kid, takes the boys on camping trips and on fishing expeditions—where Dusty is always on the

look-out for new specimens for his various collections, including butterflies and insects. The girls are learning housewifely arts, along with participating in a lot of the outdoor fun of the family. Altogether, it's a wonderful way of life for a bunch of kids and a couple of young-at-heart parents, and the Rogers are very much aware of all their blessings.

"Roy and I always say a silent prayer at the stroke of midnight on New Year's Eve, regardless of where we are or with whom we are," Dale says. "This year, as always, we have much for which to thank God, for His innumerable blessings. It has been a year rich in giving and receiving. We approach the New Year with humble and hopeful hearts, with prayers that we will not fail to appropriate the coming gifts of golden opportunities for love and service."

Happy Days Ahead

(Continued from page 50)

so many years of being close to her. But Terry Burton is also a wonderful woman, and playing her is a real challenge. So are many of the roles I get on TV, too—all sorts of women—women with warmth and humor and kindness, and women who are bitter and jealous and unhappy. It all adds up to an exciting life for me."

Terry, too, identifies himself wholeheartedly with the roles he portrays. For a long time, he played the male lead on the daytime drama, *Search For Tomorrow*, but, now that he is reporter Elliott Norris, his viewers have come to feel that he actually is this newspaper man. As far afield as Jamaica, British West Indies—where he recently vacationed with Jan—he was recognized by people who hailed him as "Elliott." And in a restaurant in South Bend, during the filming of *Big Story*, in which he played a state trooper, he was approached by a man who couldn't seem to believe his own eyes. "You can't be Elliott Norris, out here in South Bend as a trooper," the man said, "but you must be his brother. I didn't know one of our troopers had a brother in television." Terry laughed, explained the uniform was borrowed from real trooper Art Hampshire, whose measurements closely approximated his own—and also explained that he was really actor Terry O'Sullivan, as well as *Valiant Lady's* Elliott Norris.

These new directions in the careers of both Terry and Jan are exciting, but they are sometimes disconcerting when the O'Sullivans want to run up to the farm for a few days. TV requires much more rehearsal time. So, when the telephone starts ringing close to the time when they want to leave, it becomes what Terry calls a "threat." Even the most tempting part seems less tempting when the peace and quiet of the farm is weighed against it.

Up in Meredith, they will find Jan's dad, Walter Miner, a retired orthodontist, more interested in television now than in anything else—and ready to report his opinions of all the programs, especially those of Terry and Jan, which the home folks never miss. Jan's mother, Ethel, an artist of considerable talent who has been painting since girlhood, may be in the middle of a portrait of some member of the family or taking time out to decorate a tray or to do some other decorative work. Sometimes Jan's three brothers, Sheldon, Donald and Lindsey, will all be there with their wives and children. Very occasionally, Terry's dad and his mother can come on from Kansas City, Missouri, where Ted O'Sullivan is still active in the grain business.

In summer, when Terry's daughters are on vacation, there's a three-girl addition

to the family gatherings. Colleen, seventeen, is a blue-eyed brunette, Molly, thirteen, is sparkling and dark-haired and brown-eyed. Kathleen, sixteen, is the blonde, with lovely amber eyes. "Like Terry's," Jan says. "Only I call his 'agate eyes,' because they look like the aggies I used to play marbles with."

Kathleen and Molly think they would like to be actresses—or they did until they were East last summer and spent some time in New York, as well as up on the farm. "When they saw Jan and me studying lines almost every night for our television shows, the whole idea didn't seem quite so glamorous as it had from a distance. But by this time it may again," Terry commented, as Jan went on to tell how Colleen shows an aptitude for clothes design. "She has such good taste," Jan said. "Already she shows great creative ability in her own wardrobe and in suggestions to her sisters, her mother and me."

Colleen must get some of her eye for line and color from her father, says Jan, because, "Terry is responsible for the simplicity and uncluttered look, and the color harmony of our New York apartment—in contrast to the farm, where I have shipped a lot of pieces I used to live with before I married Terry!" Sometimes, when she walks into the apartment, Jan is inclined to think, "Where is the furniture?" But, to Terry, furniture is functional and there should be just enough of it to fill the needs of the people who use it. He likes some "open spaces" in the rooms, and Jan has come to believe that he is right. "It's a restful atmosphere for people like us, who are so busy every minute and have so little time to relax," she admits. "I indulge my New England love of collecting by sending everything else up to the farm. Even the gifts from fans, most of them lovely handmade things, and some of my mother's old china, and the things that belonged to my grandmother. Up at the farm, they all seem to fit in perfectly."

Some gifts from fans have fitted right into the city apartment, notably a coral-colored chafing dish sent as a wedding present by Ruby Parrott, of Lynn, Mass. "How do you suppose she ever happened to choose the exact color that was right for our black and white kitchen, with its coral-striped paper?" Mrs. Chaffee, another faithful fan, sent handmade aprons in coral and black and white without having known these were just the right colors.

The color scheme of the whole apartment follows this same pattern. In the living room, the black lacquered furniture is set off by white walls and the coral is used in fabrics and accessories, with taupe tones to off-set it. In the dining room, the furniture is white wrought-iron, with

glass-top table and accessories of taupe and black, all set off by coral walls. The bedroom is in tones of the same taupe, with the black and white and coral in the accessories. This basic color scheme that runs throughout the apartment makes for a feeling of variety as you step from room to room, but with no sense of clashing color schemes. Only the den—although it, too, follows the color pattern—has that look of cheerful clutter that shows Jan's mark has been put upon it, a clutter necessitated by all the books and papers and magazines and scripts and the desks and the radio and TV set which form the background of two busy lives. "Even Terry's impeccable taste can't surmount the fact that there just isn't enough space in the den for all the paraphernalia of our profession," Jan explained.

Although they have not yet appeared on television together, requests keep coming. Terry has a theory that, because he and Jan are so thoroughly happy in their home life, there isn't much point in perhaps jeopardizing that happiness by working together professionally. "Unless we are too tempted by a too-tempting offer someday," Jan adds. "We go to Don Richardson's acting class together, to keep on perfecting our work, and we have found we work very differently, but harmoniously. There has never been the slightest feeling of competition between us, and we both think that would be rather silly. We give each other asked-for advice about our roles, but each leaves the other free to make his own decisions."

These two were playing husband and wife on a radio show at their first meeting, but each was romantically interested in someone else at the time. They kept bumping into each other in the corridors of the studio, after that, and this led to a few dates. Then they began to discover that other people mattered less and less to them. Afterward, they were married.

The Christmas following their marriage was spent at the farm, and the tree they decorated then is planted just outside the farmhouse door. Each year it has been decorated, although they have sometimes been unable to get there for the actual day.

They both try to make a sort of Christmas out of the family get-togethers in summer, usually in August, and they try not to mind what the calendar says. Then, when the real December 25th comes, it's an "extra dividend" when they can join the family at the farm. In particular, the O'Sullivans feel they have received many extra dividends this year in the stability and happiness of life at the farm, plus the stimulating changes in their careers.

As Terry said in the beginning, "Change means growth, and growth is welcome."

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Beautiful Hair

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THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS. You will enjoy using a Breck Shampoo because it cleans thoroughly, yet is gentle enough in action to be used on little children. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. The next time you buy a shampoo, select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair clean, shining and naturally beautiful.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores and wherever cosmetics are sold.

JOHN H. BRECK, INC. MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS
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