TV RADIO MIRROR

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

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The Truth About
THIS IS YOUR LIFE

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Packaged Dynamite

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ROBERT Q. LEWIS

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VALIANT LADY

TONY MARVIN

PEGGY KING

Steve Allen
nd Jayne Meadows

LAWRENCE WELK

BETTY ANN GROVE

25¢

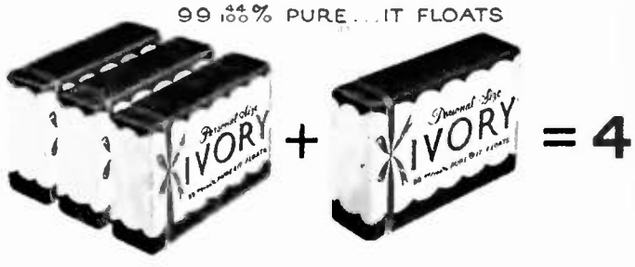
THAT IVORY LOOK

YOUNG AMERICA HAS IT...
YOU CAN HAVE IT IN 7 DAYS!

Fresher-than-Springtime . . . That Ivory Look *is* freshness itself! This enchanting young one has it . . . don't you want it too? Then, just remember: the *milder* your beauty soap, the *prettier* your skin! Moreover, more doctors advise pure, mild Ivory for baby's skin and yours than *any* other soap.

Fairer-than-Springtime . . . That Ivory Look is so fair and clear! And *so* easy for you to have. Simply change to *regular* care with pure, mild Ivory Soap. In 7 days your skin perks up so prettily! You'll love its clear, radiant freshness. You'll have *That Ivory Look!*

99 44/100% PURE . . . IT FLOATS



It's like getting one FREE! 4 cakes of Personal Size Ivory cost about the same as 3 cakes of other leading toilet soaps. *It all adds up . . .*

PERSONAL SIZE IVORY IS YOUR BEST BEAUTY BUY!

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD AVEDON

NEW MUM® CREAM

The doctor's deodorant discovery that now safely stops odor 24 hours a day

Underarm comparison tests made by doctors proved a deodorant *without* M-3 stopped odor only a few hours—while New Mum *with* M-3 stopped odor a full 24 hours!

You're serene. You're sure of yourself. You're bandbox perfect from the skin out. And you stay that way night and day with New Mum Cream.
Because New Mum now contains M-3 (hexachlorophene) which clings to your skin—keeps on stopping perspiration odor 24 hours a day.
So safe you can use it daily—won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LAUNDERING CERTIFIED

KIND TO YOUR SKIN AND CLOTHES

T
V
R

TV RADIO MIRROR

MARCH, 1956 • N.Y., N.J., CONN. EDITION • VOL. 45, NO. 4

PEOPLE ON THE AIR

FEATURES IN FULL COLOR

YOUR LOCAL STATION

YOUR SPECIAL SERVICES

Cover portrait of Steve Allen and Jayne Meadows by David Workman

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Member of the TRUE STORY Women's Group

Often a bridesmaid . . .

never a bride!

Most of the girls of her set were married . . . but not Eleanor. It was beginning to look, too, as if she never would be. True, men were attracted to her, but their interest quickly turned to indifference. Poor girl! She hadn't the remotest idea why they dropped her so quickly . . . and even her best friend wouldn't tell her.

No tooth paste kills germs like this . . . instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills germs, by millions—stops bad breath (halitosis) instantly, and usually for hours on end.

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is germs. You see, germs cause fermentation of proteins, which are always present in the mouth. *And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.*

Tooth paste with the aid of a tooth brush is an effective method of oral hygiene. But no tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine Antiseptic method—banishing bad breath with super-efficient germ-killing action.

Listerine Antiseptic clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? Every night . . . before every date, make it a habit to use Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH

...4 TIMES BETTER THAN ANY TOOTH PASTE

Twins Jennafer and Jeffrey bring the Joneses—Dick, alias *Buffalo Bill, Jr.;* Ricky; Betty; Melody—to a half-dozen.

Lucy loves them, but she can't tell Mike and Joe Mayer apart. The twins alternate as Lucille Ball's TV son.

WHAT'S NEW FROM

By JILL WARREN

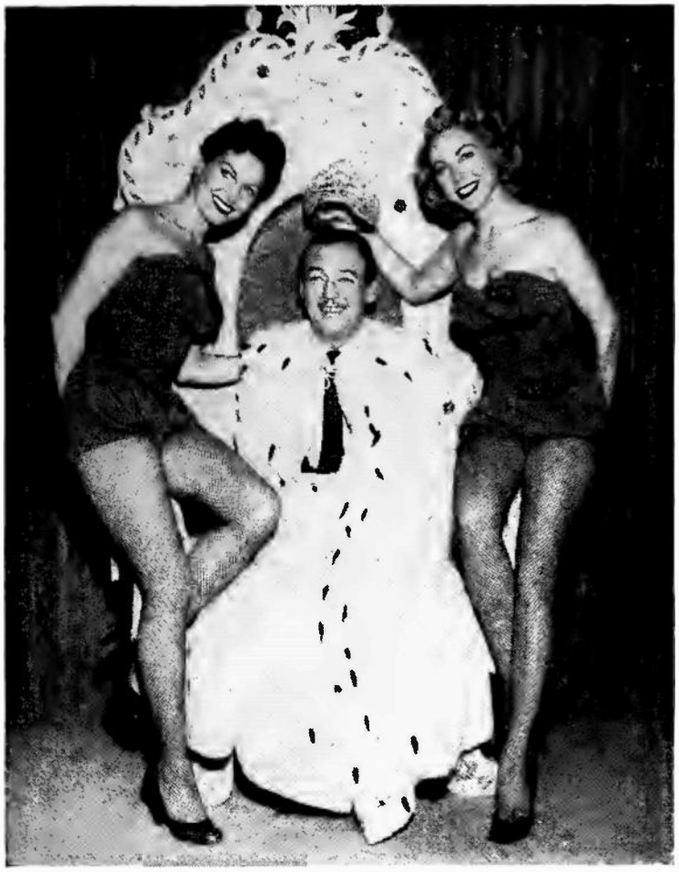
Frontiers change. Fess Parker, who fights bears and Indians as Davy Crockett, flew to New York to help fight muscular dystrophy.

HONEST ABE will come in for a well-deserved share of TV salutes.

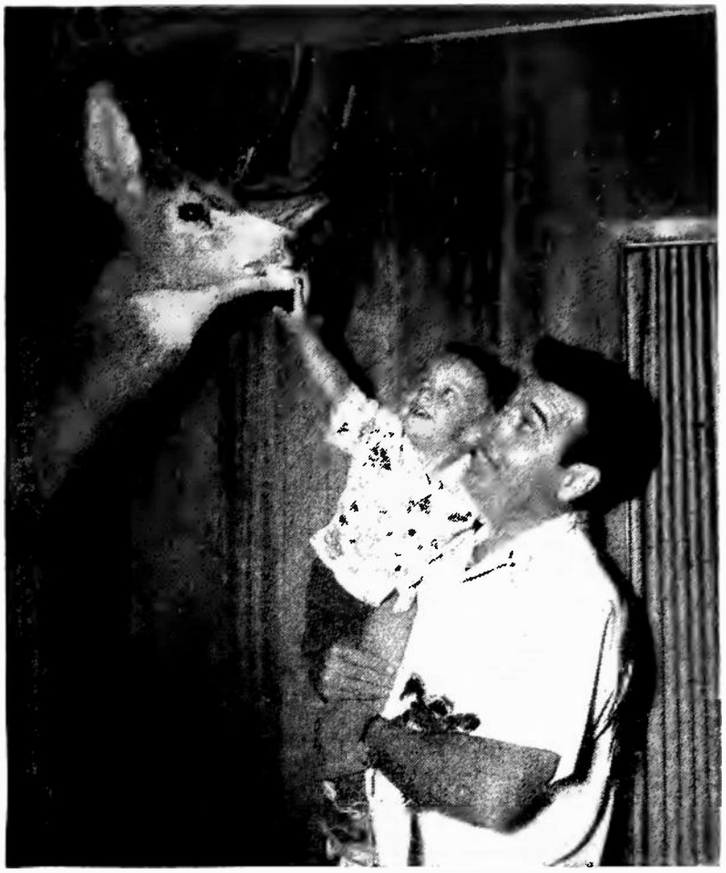
Ford Star Jubilee will present a special Paul Gregory Theater production of "The Day Lincoln Was Shot" on Saturday night, February 11, over CBS-TV. The hour-and-a-half presentation is an adaptation of the **Jim Bishop** best-selling book of the same name.

Wide, Wide World is also doing a special Lincoln's Birthday tribute on the Sunday afternoon, February 12 telecast on NBC. And, in addition, the cameras will switch around the country to show actual "live" scenes of the current carnivals and winter festivals, including the famous Mardi Gras from New Orleans.

Curt Massey has taken over the radio time formerly occupied by **Tennessee Ernie Ford,** who is giving up his CBS air show. Ernie asked for, and was granted, a suspension of his contract with CBS Radio, and from now on will probably be seen much more on television than he has been in the past. Since his record of "Sixteen Tons," which sold well over a million, the "pea-pickin' " Mr. Ford is very much in demand. As for Curt Massey, he



Host Jack Bailey of *Queen For A Day,* radio favorite now on NBC-TV, is crowned by Misses Coats and Burtis.



Slightly lighter than "Sixteen Tons," Brion gets a lift from father Tennessee Ernie Ford for a look at a trophy.

COAST TO COAST

is very glad to return to the airwaves from his semi-retirement and, for the time being, at least, will retain most of Tennessee's talent lineup.

Saturday night, February 18, is the date for the Oscar Nominations from Hollywood, and NBC-TV will carry the preliminaries on the yearly Academy Award contenders. NBC also will telecast the actual Award ceremonies in March, as they did last year, with the date to be announced later.

Imogene Coca is back, and **Max Liebman** has got her, at least for one show, Sunday night, February 26. The pert comedienne and her former mentor from *Show Of Shows* will reunite their talents to do an hour-and-a-half program on NBC-TV. The team will do a satire on the entire television industry, complete with music, production and the works.

Edgar Bergen is back on TV with a new quiz-type program, *Do You Trust Your Wife?* It is seen Tuesday nights, on CBS, immediately following *The $64,000 Question.* The contestants on the show are husband-and-wife teams and Bergen's not-so-dumb dummies, **Charlie McCarthy** and **Mortimer Snerd,** assist the ventriloquist-comic in asking the questions.

Biography In Sound, the NBC Tuesday-night radio show, is doing an interesting program on February 21. The subject will be **Anne Morrow Lindbergh,** the authoress and wife of the aviation ace. This is one of the finest programs on the air, and is always filled with true-life anecdotes and factual happenings about the world's famous personalities.

Filming has been completed in Hollywood on the musical adaptation of "High Tor," from the famous **Maxwell Anderson** play, and it will be seen as a *Ford Star Jubilee* show on March 10, over CBS. The production was shot in twelve days at a cost of about $400,000. **Bing Crosby,** who stars, winds up as owner of the film after two showings on the network. Eventually Crosby intends to release it as a movie feature to theaters outside the United States. Bing held out so long on doing any television, but when he finally did—wow, what a deal he made.

Judy Garland has herself a nice television deal also. She has just signed with CBS on a three-year exclusive contract. Judy is supposed to do one show a year, the first one to be in the fall of this year, and they say the deal totals up to $300,000 as Miss G.'s salary. Who said Judy was "washed up"?

Long-time listeners to *Aunt Jenny* will be happy that the program is back on the CBS Radio daytime schedule. **Agnes Young** is once again portraying "Jenny" and **Peter Thomas** has resumed as the announcer. When the program went off the air in March of 1955, CBS and the sponsor, Lever Brothers, received literally thousands of letters of protest.

Not such good news to daytime radio listeners is that *Perry Mason* has gone off the air, after several years of continuous broadcasting. *Stella Dallas* and *First Love* are also out of the daytime lineup.

This 'n' That:

TV and film actor **Jerome Courtland** took himself a new bride recently in Newark, New Jersey. She is **Janet Gumprecht,** daughter of the head man of the Nettie Rosenstein fashion enterprises. Jerome was formerly (*Continued on page* 15)

TOP OF THE MORNING

From dawn to noon, Peter Roberts offers news and then music as WINS's man about the morning

Peter fills the morning hours with news and music. Off-hours are filled with his new home, Tarralong Rough Diamond and Glory Hill Girl—and golf.

HATE TO GET UP? Suffer from mid-morning slump? Want something to perk up your appetite when it gets near lunchtime? The cure for what ails you may very well be a two-word prescription—Peter Roberts—who is by no means hard to take. . . . Peter is on hand from dawn to noontime on New York's Station WINS. Starting at 6:45 A.M., he interrupts the *Bob And Ray* show every half-hour on the quarter-hour to present *Peter Roberts And The News.* To retaliate, Bob and Ray do their best to "break up" Peter during his five-minute news reports. . . . Peter is stoic about these shenanigans and delivers the news informatively, authoritatively and informally. Theoretically, this should be the end of his day. Peter came to WINS somewhat over a year ago as Director of News and Special Events. But it didn't take the upper echelons long to recognize that this is a man of many talents. So now Peter's day stretches to include *The Peter Roberts Show,* a ten-to-noon program of recorded music, news oddities and good will. . . . Born in Montreal, Peter studied at London University for two years, tripping about Europe on holidays and spending his tutoring money on a Budapest spree that is still "memorable." He returned to Canada to graduate from McGill University, still planning to become a lawyer. But about this time someone told Peter he had a nice voice. Peter mulled this over and decided to try broadcasting in the United States. He went to work at WHAM in Rochester and then, in 1942, moved to KYW in Philadelphia. From there he went to the NBC network, doing both radio and TV announcing. Peter is also well-known for his narrations on the movie newsreel, "News of the Day," and the syndicated "TV Review of the Week." . . . While at NBC, he also met his wife Joann, who was then head of the make-up department. When the regular man was out, Jo came down to make-up Peter for a TV show. It happened again a few months later and Peter found his beautifier really beautiful. They started dating and have been married now for two years. . . . The Roberts' recently moved to "a funny little house" in Rutherford, New Jersey. English Tudor in style, it also houses a championship pug dog, Tarralong Rough Diamond, and a black cocker spaniel, Glory Hill Girl. Peter and Jo have furnished their home in colonial style, with a couple of good antiques, Jo's collection of Lodestock and early American glass. Peter's hobby is railroads, "not models but full-size." He treasures his collection of railroad memorabilia, but New Yorkers need only a radio timetable to get on Peter Roberts' track. Aboard!

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!

1. Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!
Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!

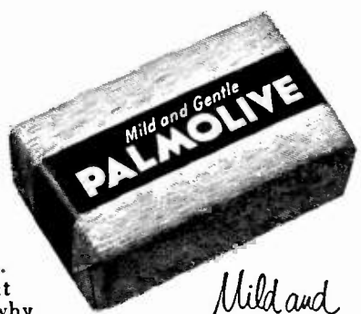
2. Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!
Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is deep-down clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.

Only a Soap This Mild

CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY! PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE CLEANS CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER, WITHOUT IRRITATION!

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. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!



Mild and Gentle

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

Steve Allen's TURNTABLE

GREETINGS, good people, and welcome to our monthly turn around the turntable. We're here for the usual reason, of course, to give a listen to the newest record releases. So shall we?

This seems to be the era for hi-fi, so let's lead off with "The Hi-Fi Nightingale," a new album by Caterina Valente. She is the multi-lingual European girl who became an overnight success with her first American release of "Malaguena" last year. In her new album, which was recorded in Germany, Caterina gives full vent to her fabulous vocal range on such standard songs as "Breeze and I," "Begin the Beguine," "Siboney," "Temptation." (Decca)

Gordon Jenkins, with his orchestra and chorus, can always be counted on for top musical quality on record. His newest couples two ballads, "You're Not Alone," with a Bob London vocal, and "How Do I Love You?" with Stuart Foster asking the romantic question. ("X")

The big musical movie, "Carousel," is being released any time now all over the country, and about the same time Capitol is bringing out a special sound-track album of the great Rodgers and Hammerstein score. The film cast is all present and accounted for — Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, Cameron Mitchell, Barbara Ruick, Clara Mae Turner and Robert Rounseville. Of course you know the songs, which by now have become practically standards—"If I Loved You," "June Is Bustin' Out All Over," "What's the Use of Wonderin'?" "Soliloquy," etc. The album music is done by Alfred Newman, Ken Darby and the 20th Century-Fox Studio orchestra.

Cadence Records nabbed Kay Thompson, the talented night-club commedienne-singer, and now author, for a wax version of "Eloise," her amusing "child's book for adults." Kay's tale about the little girl who lives in the Plaza Hotel in New York makes for very humorous listening.

The Mariners harmonize on a new album of spirituals for Cadence.

Urbie Green, the fine trombonist, and his musical group have done up a good jazz album for the new ABC-Paramount label. It's called "Blues and Other Shades of Green," an unusual title if I ever heard one. Urbie and the lads play mostly standards, such as "It's Too Late Now," "Paradise," "Am I Blue," "Thou Swell" and "You Are Too Beautiful." They give these tunes the soft, mellow jazz treatment, with melody always prominent. By the way, at the recording session the powers-that-be were so impressed with the talent of Urbie's pianist, Dave McKenna, that they signed him as a solo.

Coral released a Steve Allen effort a few weeks back called "What Is a Wife?" And what happens? The "wife," otherwise known as Jayne Meadows, answered back with "What Is a Husband?" and Coral put the two sides back to back. (Please, Mrs. Allen, let us not argue about royalties, hmmmm?)

"Here Come the Girls" is a new album of old records, each one done by a different feminine singer, and each song closely identified with the vocal career of each gal. Martha Raye sings "Once in A While." Irene Dunne sopranos "Lovely To Look At" and Gertrude Niesen does "Where Are You?" Ethel Merman's "I Get a Kick Out of You"; "Tonight We Love," by Jane Froman; Connee Boswell's "I Cover the Waterfront"; Mary Martin singing "My Heart Belongs to Daddy"; "Wake Up and Live," sung by Alice Faye; Ella Logan's "Something I Dreamed Last Night"; and Bebe Daniels' "Dream Shadows" are all in the album. Also included are two sides by the late Helen Morgan and Grace Moore. The immortal Morgan style is heard on "Sand in My Shoes," and Miss Moore's great voice is still alive with her famous "One Night of Love." (Epic)

Decca is very excited about the Conley Graves Trio, whom they have just signed to a contract. This new group, consisting of piano, bass and drums, plays everything from classical stuff to jazz, and they do just that on their first release, an album called "Genius at Work." They have chosen interesting musical material, such as "Love for Sale," "St. Louis Blues," "Laura," "The Man I Love," "Humoresque" and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."

February is Benny Goodman's big month, what with the release of the Universal-International movie, "The Benny Goodman Story," and all the platter companies saluting the great clarinetist by releasing many of the records he has made during the last two decades or so. Whether you like Benny swinging with his fabulous band, or playing it soft and sweet with his trio, or even singing a vocal chorus, you're bound to find it in this month's releases.

Victor has an album called "The Benny Goodman Story," which includes the original recordings of "Down South Camp Meetin'," "Sing, Sing, Sing," "King Porter's Stomp," "One O'Clock Jump," "And the Angels Sing," "Don't Be That Way," and others.

On the Columbia label you'll find three volumes of Benny's famous 1938 Carnegie Hall Jazz Concert: "The King of Swing," "The Vintage Goodman" and "The Benny Goodman Story." Columbia is also issuing a new set, recently waxed, titled "A Date With The King," and on this album Benny has the vocal assistance of Rosemary Clooney, who does three songs: "Memories of You," the Goodman theme, "Goodbye," and a novelty duet with B.G., "It's Bad for Me."

Decca has the actual sound track from the movie, and it, too, is called "The Benny Goodman Story," natch. You'll hear the Goodman clarinet, Lionel Hampton, Gene Krupa, and others of the featured musical performers who did the actual movie music.

On Coral there's "Let's Dance," with Steve Allen and his Orchestra, an album of eleven sides of some of my favorite Goodman tunes—and I hope some of yours —including "Sometimes I'm Happy," "Memories of You" and "Moonglow."

And, lastly, there's a real collectors' nugget on the Brunswick label—"B.G.—1927 to 1934." In this set are some of Benny's earliest commercial recordings—"Blue," "Muskrat Ramble," "That's A-Plenty," "Indiana," "Farewell Blues," and others. The soloists include such all-time greats as Red Nichols, Eddie Lang and Joe Venuti.

The pretty singing lass from the *Hit Parade* TV show, Gisele MacKenzie, is becoming more important in the record sweepstakes with each new release, and her latest should give her stock an extra boost. Gisele sings a slow ballad, "Reserved," and "The Little Child," accompanied by Sid Bass' orchestra. The latter side is a touching question-and-answer song, adapted from an old French tune, with 10-year-old Billy Quinn doing the asking. This is the little boy who often appears on *Your Hit Parade*. ("X")

"The Mariners Sing Spirituals" is a fine album by The Mariners Quartet on the Cadence label. There are sixteen selections in all, including the familiar "Get on Board," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Nobody Knows the Trouble I Seen," and "Ezekiel Saw the Wheel."

Marion Marlowe, also on Cadence, sings a pretty coupling of "Ave Maria" and "The Lord's Prayer," with Archie Bleyer's orchestra. Marion chose these two sides, rather than a pair of pop tunes, because these were the two songs she had the most requests for during her years with Godfrey.

Oops, there goes my space again, and I have to get off the page. But I'll be meeting you back around here next month. So long for now.

Hip Hip Hooray!

PLAYTEX PRESENTS FABRICON† ... A NEW MIRACLE MATERIAL FOR NEW MIRACLE CONTROL

All New and Beautiful!

Playtex® Magic* Controller

Made of figure-slimming FABRICON...
a miracle blend of downy-soft cotton and latex

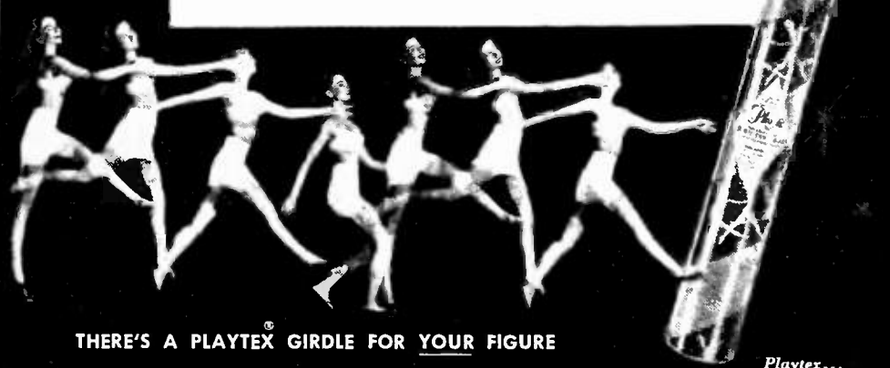
holds you in beautifully ...in wonderful comfort!

New Magic "Fingers"! Hidden "fingers" firm and support like magic . . . keep you firm, flat and flattered! And Fabricon molds you sleekly and surely into new slimness *. . . no matter what your size!*

New Comfort! "Open-pore" Fabricon lets your body *breathe.* It's a pleasure to wear soft, cool *Fabricon* with its give-and-take stretch. And the *non-roll* top really stays up!

New Freedom! Fabricon is f-l-e-x-i-b-l-e . . . easy-on and easy-off! Not a seam, stitch or bone in it! New Playtex Magic-Controller has *detachable,* adjustable garters . . . washes, dries in a wink. At your favorite department store or specialty shop. Only $7.95. Extra Large, $8.95.

P.S. The girl is wearing the New Playtex Living®Bra ™ "custom-contoured" of elastic and nylon, $3.95*



THERE'S A PLAYTEX® GIRDLE FOR YOUR FIGURE

For *wonderful* control, Playtex Light-Weight Girdle **$4.95**
For *more* control, Playtex High Style Girdle with new non-roll top . . **$5.95**
For *most* control, Playtex Magic-Controller†† with "finger" panels . . **$7.95**

†*All Playtex Girdles are made of split-resistant Fabricon*

Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.

Beeline to a Byline

Ed interviews Ethel V. McWilliams, who was recently elected to the City Council.

Colleagues say Ed "can practically smell news," is on the scene at the first whiff of excitement.

News is where you find it—
and that's just where you'll
find Ed Leonard of WICH

THREE YEARS AGO, Station WICH gathered its news via a teletype machine and a not-too-frequent check with the local fire and police departments. There was one part-time newsman on duty. . . . Then a young man named Ed Leonard rolled up his sleeves and went to work to give news a definite emphasis and importance at the Norwich, Connecticut station. With Ed as News Editor, the department has grown to three full-time newsmen, plus a staff of other nimble employees who have suddenly become news conscious. Phone calls from listeners light up the WICH switchboard at the first howl of a police or fire siren—or at the faintest whisper of anything that might prove newsworthy. . . . On the scene, tape-recorded reports of accidents, fires and special events; recorded phone conversations with people who make the news; the human side of the story —all these features are now incorporated in WICH newscasts. . . . Ed directs eighteen newscasts a day. Aside from special events, he's on himself with a daily fifteen-minute newscast at 1 P.M.; a daily editorial program, *Byline WICH,* at 6:30 P.M.; and an interview program, *Here's The Story,* Wednesday at 6:15 P.M. . . . "We have both the right and obligation to present at least one editorial show nightly," Ed says. On his editorial report, he has had the courage and conviction to call attention to current issues in city government, to openly criticize and praise, and to honestly review entertainment. . . . Born in Northfield, Vermont, Ed first started sniffing after the news when he was a sportswriter for the school paper at Fitch High School in Groton. Then he went on to take a B.A. at the University of Connecticut. "They had a student station where we used to hang around and eat our lunch every day. It looked so easy," Ed recalls, "I decided to try it and got the Norwich job after graduation." . . . Ed, now 25, courted his lovely wife Norma at civic and sporting events. "Some girls were wooed with plain passes," she laughs, "I was wooed with press passes." As we go to press, the stork is racing a deadline on his visit to the Leonards. "Our special interest as of this moment," Ed says, "is trying to pick a name for our first offspring. At the rate we're going, he'll probably grow up with a number instead of a name." . . . The Leonards' home life is closely bound up with Ed's working life. A telephone call may interrupt them at their apartment or at any social event they are attending. The ring means that Ed Leonard is once again off to report the news —as it happens—for WICH listeners in Connecticut.

You can't see what's happening underneath your make-up!

But you can be sure invisible skin bacteria won't spoil your complexion—if you wash with Dial Soap!

Ordinary good soaps wash away dirt and make-up. But they leave thousands of skin bacteria. You can't see or feel them. But when you put on fresh make-up, these bacteria are free to spread surface blemishes underneath.

But daily washing with Dial Soap not only removes dirt and make-up–but clears away up to 95% of blemish-spreading bacteria! Then Dial *keeps on working*—underneath your make-up! So your complexion is protected all day!

What's Dial's secret? It's AT-7—the most effective bacteria remover known! So before you make-up—wash up with mild, gentle Dial Soap.

Dial Soap protects your complexion—even under make-up!

P.S. Dial Shampoo gives you that diamond sparkle look!

T
V
R

Limelight a la Mode

Opera star Patrice Munsel, a talented morsel, joins Ray, a "high baritone," for a luncheon-interview at famed Sardi's.

Jazzman Duke Ellington reminds Ray of his own career as a bandleader in the nation's plushest hotels and clubs.

Actor Fredric March joins Ray at a premiere in the heart of Times Square, where marquees often featured Ray's name.

REALLY, it all adds up. From billing as the "Ipana Troubadour" to singing in Broadway musicals to bandleading—it figured that Ray Heatherton would then go on to the multiple activities of *Luncheon At Sardi's, Supper At Sardi's, Ray Heatherton Theater* and *Merry Mailman*. . . . Vincent Lopez, bandleader and numerologist, foresaw it all. "Within the next few years," he told Ray, "you're going to make a complete turnabout in your career, and you'll be more popular than you've ever dreamed." Ray's own explanation is more succinct. "It all just happened," he says. . . . But his schedule equals undivided enjoyment for New Yorkers of all ages. Weekdays at 12:45, he presides over *Luncheon At Sardi's,* on Station WOR. Wednesday and Friday at 9:30 P.M., he offers second helpings on *Supper At Sardi's.* Then, having been one of Broadway's "Babes in Arms," and being the father of two, Ray enchants the younger set on *Merry Mailman Cartoon Theater,* weekdays at noon on WOR-TV, and *Merry Mailman,* heard Sunday at 1:15 P.M. on Mutual Radio. And he's just added *The Ray Heatherton Theater,* weekdays at 6 P.M. on WOR-TV. . . . The limelight brigade interviewed by Ray at Sardi's needs must shine brightly to out-glitter their host's many-faceted career. Born in Jersey City, Ray grew up in Floral Park, Long Island, and, while at Hempstead High, began singing with Father Finn's Paulist Choristers. His discoverer, Paul Whiteman, heard Ray sing at a junior prom and hired him for an engagement. . . . One touch of the spotlight's glare

Himself a star, many times over,
Ray Heatherton serves
New Yorkers a firmament of fun

Ray may lunch and sup at Sardi's, but breakfast means get-togethers with Richard, wife Davenie and Davy Jo.

Singing was the first note in Ray's varied career and, even with radio, TV, appearances and benefits, he still records.

was enough. After high school, when Ray went to work for the telephone company, he continued to dream of show business. He haunted the NBC studio during lunch hours, hoping for an audition. Finally, he met James Melton in an elevator and, through him, won an audition and a contract. . . . Ray became a regular, singing on all the top network shows. His voice was also heard in such Broadway hits as "Garrick Gaieties," "The Desert Song," and "The Chocolate Soldier." . . . Ray had studied for years for his singing success, but his career as a bandleader was impromptu. The manager of the chic Rainbow Room offered Ray an engagement as a singer, together with his band. What the manager didn't know was that Ray had no band. Overnight, Ray gathered together sixteen musicians to form a dance band that shattered all previous records at the Rainbow Room—and elsewhere. . . . Ray met his wife, the former Davenie Watson, when both were playing in "Babes in Arms." They've fostered two "babes" of their own, Richard, 12, and Davenie Joanna, 11 and better known as Davy Jo. . . . Ray is back on Long Island, in a Rockville Centre home where his hobbies are antique collecting, golf, tennis and "riding to hounds." Davy Jo is "a good hoofer," Ray smiles. Richard is interested in the technical end of show business and turns every box that comes into the house into a camera. The focus of his attention is Ray Heatherton, who lives a glamorous life with understatement, warmth and simplicity—and turns out to be an exciting attention-getter.

Puppets such as Mr. Humperdink and The King are part of the enchantment Ray spins as *The Merry Mailman.*

Two For Fun

Cal and Larry run a dance and disc party six days a week. They often have such show-business guests as Mindy Carson.

Records mean music at home as well as on-the-air for Larry, with Alma and Gary programming the concert.

Cal, the low-pressure member of the firm, enjoys dawdling over breakfast with wife Jean and four-year-old daughter Pat.

Larry Brown and Cal Milner prance through a daily WPEN party of discs, dance and dialogue

LIKE TOPSY, the *950 Club* just growed and growed. Twenty years ago, music and news programs were a sometime thing. Station WPEN decided to set sail on new and uncharted radio waters and launched a one-hour daily record show. . . . One day, a bright young lad had a suggestion: Why not invite the audience into the studio? When older heads urged caution, the adventurers at the station countered with a suggestion to invite the studio audience to dance while the records twirl. The original radio studio dancing party was born and, feeding on top ratings, the *950 Club* grew to its present 1 to 7 P.M. size. . . . Presiding over the Monday through Saturday festivities of pop records, dancing, interviews, refreshments and fun for all are Larry Brown and Cal Milner. This team finds it an easy task to keep the show's ratings frolicking on high. "Just work, work and then more of the same," they chorus. But it's work both these young men love and they supplement it with almost daily appearances telling stories, making speeches and emceeing benefits at schools, churches, synagogues and civic gatherings. . . . The boys complement each other. Larry Brown is the rambunctious, dynamic, "bopster" partner, while Cal Milner plays the easygoing, low-pressure, chuckling member of the firm. . . . Cal hails from Spencer, Nebraska, but moved to California to major in music at Long Beach State College. He inherits a love of sports from his uncle, Frank Leahy, the famed former Notre Dame football coach. Cal is 27, has a lovely wife Jean, and is the proud father of four-year-old Pat. . . . A native New Yorker, Larry attended Columbia University and first came to Philadelphia and WPEN in 1946. Later, he returned to New York to work as a network actor and announcer. But he liked Philadelphia, fell in love with a local lass named Alma and returned to team up with Cal. Larry tips the calendar at 32, and his son Gary is the same age as Cal's Pat. . . . Cal and Larry like to point out that, though the show has a natural appeal for the younger set, research has shown that more than 65 percent of the listening audience are adults. They like to think of the show as one for the truly "young in heart," regardless of age. "Cal and I feel like crown princes of radio as co-hosts of the *950 Club,*" Larry sums up. "We hope to stay for a long, long time—if the fans want us." No "ifs" about it, say applauding Philadelphians.

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

(*Continued from page 5*)

married to songstress **Polly Bergen.**

Don McNeill, the *Breakfast Club* maestro, has started a nation-wide talent hunt for emcees through the ABC affiliated radio stations throughout the country. Don plans to give the newcomers a chance to appear on his show this coming summer.

Actor **Gene Raymond** has taken over the host-narrator post on the TV *Reader's Digest* show.

The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet, the popular ABC-TV show, has received the First Annual Della Robbia Wreath Award for Television, from the Boys Republic of California, one of the nation's outstanding youth rehabilitation centers. The award recognizes notable contributions toward a better understanding of juvenile delinquency and teen problems.

Pretty **Dorothy McGuire,** of the singing sisters, and her husband, **Sgt. John H. Brown,** decided to permanently end it all, their recent reconciliation having blown up. Dorothy and the sergeant each filed countersuits for divorce in Bunnell, Florida, both charging cruelty. **Julius La Rosa,** whose name was once romantically linked with Dorothy's, has a new object for his matrimonial intentions in **Rory Meyer,** secretary to **Perry Como.** Julie and Rory became engaged on New Year's Eve.

Andy Williams, the singer on **Steve Allen's** *Tonight* TV show, has signed a contract to record for Cadence.

TV actress **Joanne Jordan,** one of the prettiest gals doing the cosmetic commercials, is romancing off camera with **Milton Rackmill,** Decca Records president.

Also hand-holding these days are **Nanette Fabray,** of *Caesar's Hour,* and **Bill Tishman,** young New York real-estate man.

Frank Parker is about set to make personal appearances and do some night-club dates, as some of the other Godfrey-ites have been doing. He is penciled in to play Las Vegas around the middle of this month, for a three-week date, and at one of those whopping salaries.

Mulling The Mail:

Mrs. J.F.K., Crown Point, Ind.: **Arlene Francis** has no children from her first marriage, but she and her husband, **Martin Gabel,** have a son, Peter, who is nine years old. . . . Miss L.R., Detroit, Mich.: **Constance Ford** is the name of the actress who recently joined the cast of *Search For Tomorrow.* She is well known on the Broadway stage. . . . Miss J.M.F., Arlington, Va.: At the present time there are no plans to bring *The Railroad Hour* back to radio, though I agree with you it was a wonderful musical program. . . . Mrs. K.S., Muncie, Ind.: The book you ask about is called "The Life Story of Jackie Gleason," by **Jim Bishop,** and it is being published late next month, though parts of it may appear in some magazines before then. . . . Mrs. R.J., Chicago, Ill., and others who wrote about **Jeff Donnell:** When Jeff returned to the **George Gobel** show to play his wife, "Alice," she was guaranteed she would appear on a minimum of fourteen shows this season. She was added to the cast after Gobel fans set up a howl and bombarded NBC with letters demanding "Alice" be put back in the format. . . . Miss H.D., Dallas, Tex.: The *Miss Pepperdine* shows, which **Marie Wilson** was to have done on television this season, never came off, though she remained under contract to CBS. Meanwhile, tired of sitting around, she will do some night-club work

(*Continued on page 21*)

information

Everybody's Gramps

I am interested in knowing something about George Cleveland, who plays Gramps on CBS-TV's Lassie. *W. D., Agincourt, Ont.*

George Cleveland is a performer extraordinary, not only by virtue of 56 years in show business but because his range of abilities is so very great. The long career began as a juvenile actor in 1899. "But nothing in those years can approach the thrill I have received since my role in the *Lassie* series. At every personal appearance in the United States and Canada, I'm greeted with 'Hi, Gramps,' and it's a most wonderful treat for these tired old ears." . . . George Cleveland was born 69 years ago in Sydney, Nova Scotia. By 1904, he was living in Vancouver, British Columbia, but left that city for a round-the-world tour with a repertory company. He returned in 1906, in time to experience the great fire of San Francisco. He has toured with stock companies from the Gulf of Mexico throughout the entire United States to Montreal, Canada. With the Louis L. James group, he visited the major metropolitan cities with a repertoire of seven Shakespearean productions. . . . Motion pictures attracted him in 1936 and he's been in 400 of them. . . . Among the countless stage hits in which he took part are "Lilly Sue," "The Hypocrites," and "Honor Be Damned." As a stage director he worked with such stars as May Robson. In 1942, George became a free-lance actor. His leisure time is spent at his home in Mission Bay, San Diego, where he indulges in his chief hobby, preparing Chinese food. An ardent devotee of the sport of kings, George follows the horses' records from track to track. "Bet only once, though," he remarks. "Lost, too, when a Hanover trotter failed me in the Hambletonian." . . . But it's a sure bet that there are few performers who can boast the experience of George "Gramps" Cleveland.

Billy Gray

Actor By Accident

I would like to know a little about Billy Gray, who portrays Bud, on Father Knows Best. *on NBC-TV. C. W., Cleveland, Ohio.*

Here's one actor who doesn't mind admitting that he wasn't wild about the idea. Billy Gray sort of drifted into acting when he went to see his brother performing in a play. An agent saw Billy and asked if he'd like to work in the movies. He said, sure, he wouldn't mind. Billy promptly went to work in a film called "Odd Car Out" and made such a favorable impression in his small role that he was put to work in a bigger one in "On Moonlight Bay." This work wasn't bad, Billy thought, so, without much ado, he proceeded to do important parts in "The Man Who Came Back," "The Girl Next Door," "By the Light of the Silvery Moon" and his more recent "All I Desire." . . . Billy was born of Irish stock in Los Angeles, on January 13, 1938, and attended a variety of schools there, including Brendon's Parish School, Emerson Junior High, Fox Studio School and Universal High. . . . Like most of the other actors on *Father Knows Best*, Billy's home life provides him with first-hand experience in family relations. His TV older sister is Betty. His real-life older sister is Gloria, a model. On TV, he has a younger sister. Off camera, he has a younger brother, Freddy, who is an actor. And for good measure, just so Billy won't get confused on and off camera, he really has an older brother, Frank, who is an artist. . . . When he isn't studying or acting, Billy likes to overhaul bicycles, go deep-sea fishing, swimming and water skiing. . . . And, by the way, Billy's passivity about acting has passed!

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.

Pat Boone Fan Club, c/o Barbara Breeding. 658 S. 17th Ave., Buffalo 25, N. Y.

Robin Hood Fan Club, c/o Carol Massarelli, 39 Waltham St., Maynard, Mass.

Johnny Desmond Fan Club, c/o Diane Konopasek. 2512 Euclid Ave., Berwyn, Ill.

Distinguished Target

Would you publish some information about George Fenneman, the announcer on You Bet Your Life, *over NBC Radio and NBC-TV?*

A. M., Houston, Tex.

Groucho Marx's man Friday, who helps him on Wednesdays (on radio) and Thursdays (on TV), manages to get himself into the bull's eye when Groucho starts aiming well-placed darts. The serious mien of Fenneman is thrown completely off kilter with a leer from the sardonic Groucho.

booth

George Fenneman

George always carefully manages to get thoroughly mussed at his boss's quips, verbally, at least. . . . George Fenneman began his radio career in 1942 in San Francisco. His first assignment was in the role of the early California bandit. Joaquin Murrieta, in *Golden Days*. Two years later he was announcer on the *Parade Of Spotlight Bands*. Subsequent acting and announcing roles led to winning an audition on Groucho's program. He also handled announcing chores on *Dragnet* on radio and TV. as well as on the Martin and Lewis show. . . . George was born in Peking. China, on November 19. 1919. His parents brought him to the United States when he was an infant. He received his early education in San Francisco and was graduated from San Francisco State College. . . . At the ripe age of eight. he produced and starred in his own drama before a distinguished audience of neighborhood youngsters, in the basement of his home. . . . Now George lives on a ranch in Sherman Oaks, outside of Hollywood. with his wife Peggy and their three children. His hobbies are numerous—oil painting. gardening. photography. and music. . . . Though Fenneman's handsome appearance, perfect diction and dignified personality place him in the straight-man role. *You Bet Your Life* it provides rib-tickling results.

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.*

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daytime

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

BACKSTAGE WIFE For years Mary Noble has known the heartache of being married to a man so attractive that other women were a constant threat to her happiness. Has she taken the right step to protect herself? Will her determination to build her own screen career under Malcolm Devereux' guidance be the salvation of her marriage—or its ruin? And how will wealthy Hilda St. Clair, the new backer of Larry's play, affect things? CBS Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Nobody knows better than Reverend Richard Dennis how difficult it is to persuade a frightened person to be honest. But once again he has the satisfaction of seeing love overcome fear as Lydia Harrick and Max Canfield face and understand the reasons for the psychological twist that has darkened her life since her husband's death. And her brother-in-law Don's confession is Lydia's final key to happiness. CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE If Julie Palmer had to fill out a questionnaire, she would have to answer "housewife" to the query about her occupation. But Julie might question, with justice, whether the wife of a small-town doctor is not actually a non-professional assistant in his career. Dan would be the first to admit that, without Julie's alert interest in everything around her, he might be a different man—and a different doctor. NBC Radio.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Staggered by Joe Roberts' sudden death, Meta's family is thankful for the fortitude with which she faces widowhood. For her brother Bill needs all his emotional resources to fight a battle of his own—the near-fatal effect on his home life of his mother-in-law. And Meta's step-daughter, Kathy, reaches a new maturity as she and her ex-husband, Dick Grant, finally realize what they really mean to each other. CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE When the mute child Carol finally regains her speech, Van and Paul Raven are more than ever determined to adopt her despite the attack they know this will provoke. For Carol is the child of Judith Lodge, Paul's vicious ex-wife, and Judith has not only hatred of Paul but a powerful financial motive for blocking the adoption. How far will she go—and with whose help? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS Ever since Tom's career got on its feet, Fay has been proud and content to be the wife of a successful, highly-regarded writer, with never a thought that success might have its darker side. But how would she feel—Fay Perkins of Rushville Center—as the wife of a Hollywood writer, coping with the pressure and pace of movietown life? Particularly if she is, as her sister Evey would say, in an interesting condition? CBS Radio.

OUR GAL SUNDAY When the Brinthropes first meet Marilyn Bennett, neither Sunday nor Lord Henry suspects what their sympathy for the attractive, mysterious girl is going to do to their future together. But young Dr. Keith Palmer is one friend of Sunday's who is not taken in by Marilyn's story or her charm. What is it that Keith hopes to prove about Marilyn—and how is the strange man named Gordon Steele involved? CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Pepper, ex-Mayor of Elmdale, finds himself with a surplus of time and energy until he suddenly becomes involved in the oil business. As Pepper plunges into the world of big money and exciting possibilities, does his eagerness blind him to certain dangers of which Father Young is only too conscious? Will Pepper surmount the difficulties, or are Father Young's warnings more than justified? NBC Radio.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Money—the money Carolyn didn't want and refuses to use for herself—may cause even more trouble than she anticipated. For indirectly it has involved her son Skip in a youthful crisis he doesn't know how to handle. And it may make him a tool in the hands of his mother's enemies—the conspirators who have every intention of seeing to it that Carolyn is soon separated from the wealth she finds so distasteful. NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE A new baby always means a new, bright view of the future, and the Brent family is no exception. As Jim, Jocelyn and young Janey rearrange their lives to include the delightful newcomer, Aunt Reggie—as is her habit—makes a few plans of her own which may cause trouble. And Hugh Overton tries to protect his sister Sibyl from the shock of the reality he knows she must face—the shattering of the dream world she has built around Jim. CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Hurt and puzzled as Gil Whitney delays arrangements for their forthcoming marriage, Helen is grateful for the new interest provided by Julia and Morgan Clark, who have recently become her neighbors. Why is the fascinating Morgan so jealously guarded by his sister? Is Julia really protecting Helen against Morgan's dreadful secret—or protecting herself against his desire for another life? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Joanne Tate seldom fails with basically decent people, but she has cause to wonder if Melanie's revolting behavior is really the result of her mother's plotting, as the confused but stubborn girl suddenly refuses to withdraw the lie which will wreck the Bergmans' marriage. Will Joanne's insistence that Melanie is also a victim cost her Marge Bergman's friendship? CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Terry Burton and her husband Stan were delighted when Stan's sister Marcia married wealthy Lew Archer, for Lew's vague social background makes the marriage a victory for all of them against the artificial standards that the head of the clan, Mother Burton, seeks to enforce. But what happens when one of Lew's financial transactions involves him with a highly unsavory character in the public light of a courtroom? CBS Radio.

diary

THE SECRET STORM When Ellen Ames was killed in an accident, her sister Pauline fully expected to step into her place, for Pauline had never stopped loving Peter Ames or plotting to win him. When he turned to Jane Edwards, he signed his own passport to months of distress, for Pauline does not know how to stop trying to get what she wants, no matter how. Will Jane's first husband, Bruce, be Pauline's tool—or Nemesis? CBS-TV.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE As Nora and David Brown delve deeper into the thirty-year-old mystery of the murder for which David's parents went to prison, they become increasingly certain that the true killer was never brought to trial. Why is David's sister Lorraine so hysterically unwilling to believe her parents might have been innocent? How is Alan Miller connected with the past? CBS Radio.

VALIANT LADY Helen Emerson realizes that her town holds critics eager to find fault with her household, her children, her way of life and even her undeniable attractiveness. With the help of a sympathetic lawyer and a very new, very good friend, she has weathered the crisis that might have driven her from her home. But has her daughter Diane upset Helen's hard-won security once again? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS Her experiment with a small-town paper behind her, Wendy returns to her old job and anticipates a future she knows must leave no time or room for grieving over Mark. But she is hardly prepared for the speed with which new emotions sweep into her life, or for the impact of an ambitious, attractive rival, a neurotic young writer, and a change in her managing editor, Don Smith. CBS Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE A new problem agitates the Carter family circle—a problem involving one of the more self-sufficient junior members. Will James and Jessie Carter find that their old, unconscious recipe still works—the method by which James sets down his verdict in no uncertain terms and Jessie manages to modify it so that it doesn't seem quite so stiff-necked? NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE When Jerry adopted young David, he fully realized the boy's fine qualities, but he was far from suspecting how vital a role David was going to take in Jerry's own future. For, as Jill's adolescent bitterness turns her from her father and her stepmother, David is there to fill not only a half-brother's role but a friend's and confidant's as well. Will it be David who guards the Malone family's happiness? CBS Radio.

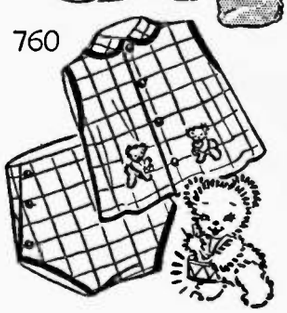
YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Fate deals Ellen Brown an ironical blow as it offers her the greatest dread she has known together with perhaps the greatest happiness. For, as Anthony Loring stands indicted for the murder of his wife, he and Ellen at last reach the complete understanding that could make their future so wonderful—if they are ever permitted to have one. Will clever criminologist Jason Randall see to it that they never do? NBC Radio.

T V R

New Designs for Living

7133—Charming scenes of an old-fashioned kitchen—captured in embroidery on this decorative panel! Easy cross-stitch. Embroidery transfer, directions for panel, 16 x 19 inches. 25¢

760



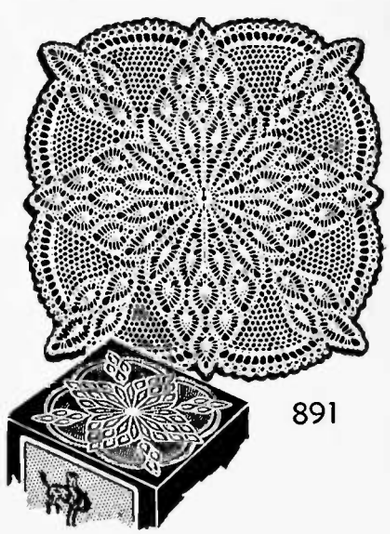
7133

760—Perfect for play! Flower embroidery for girls; teddy bears for boys. To fit 6-month, 1-year, 18-month babies. Tissue pattern, transfers of embroidery motifs, directions included. *State size.* 25¢

7086

7086—A full-blooming flower is this beautiful apron—fashioned from remnants in two different colors! Embroidery transfers, directions for apron, 16-inches long. 25¢

891—It's easy to crochet this lovely cover for any size TV set—in pineapple design! Directions for TV cover, 25-inches in No. 30 cotton; smaller in No. 50; larger in mercerized bedspread cotton. Four make a 50-inch cloth. 25¢



891

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, N. Y. Add *five cents* for *each* pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25¢ for Needlecraft catalog.

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

(*Continued from page 15*)

Chic on a schoolteacher's budget, Eve Arden has Rhea Schmitt's help.

and is teaming in an act with her old boss, **Ken Murray.** They'll debut their stint in Las Vegas any minute. . . . Mr. D.W., Peoria, Ill.: The girl you mean is **Julie London,** and her record of "Cry Me a River" caused a big stir in the music business. She has been appearing in clubs in and around Hollywood, and has done a little television. Julie is the ex-wife of **Jack Webb** of *Dragnet.* . . . Miss F. P., Atlanta, Ga.: **Mel Allen** didn't get married, but his brother, Larry, did, and Mel was the best man. The popular sportscaster is still regarded as one of the most eligible bachelors in the broadcasting world.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Lanny Ross, who was one of the most popular singers in network radio a few years ago? Lanny is not heard on any regular network air show at the present time, but does do a Monday-through-Friday local broadcast over WCBS Radio in New York, as a disc jockey-singer.

B. A. Rolfe, the veteran bandleader who conducted the *Hit Parade* on radio for many years? Rolfe hasn't been active at all lately, as he has been ill. He recently underwent a series of operations in Walpole, Massachusetts, and is now recovering.

Kate Smith, whose friends have been clamoring for her return to work? Public demand has coaxed Kate from the quiet life at her home in the East. She's signed for five appearances on the *Ed Sullivan Show* and may eventually also take part in several CBS spectaculars.

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.*

Ed Sullivan, "toast of the town" on his TV show.

Bud Collyer emcees *Beat The Clock* and *Feather Your Nest.*

Dennis James: *Chance Of A Lifetime, On Your Account.*

Eddie Fisher sings for his supper on TV's *Coke Time.*

The Ten Best Dressed Men on TV

Thousands of readers—

our prize winner among them

—voted to name these stars

as video's best dressed ten

HERE THEY ARE! You, the viewers, cast your ballots by the thousands in TV RADIO MIRROR's poll to name the ten best dressed men in television. And when the votes were tallied, you had elected the ten stars pictured here—each to receive the Eagle Award for the well dressed figure he cuts before the cameras.

We launched this contest this year because we think it's important for every man to be well dressed—

Liberace showcases piano music on his own TV show.

Warren Hull looks like a hit on *Strike It Rich.*

Tony Marvin is the fashion plate on the Godfrey shows.

Steve Allen dresses up to take it easy on *Tonight.*

Art Linkletter hosts *People Are Funny, House Party.*

whichever side of the television screen he's on. You agreed with us in the very good reasons with which you completed our contest sentence: *I think a man should be well dressed because.* . . . The exciting prize—a suit, topcoat, sports coat and slacks, all hand-tailored by Eagle Clothes, Inc., long-time leaders in men's fashions—goes to Mrs. J. E. Fisher of New Cumberland, West Virginia, for the best dressed man in her life.

Randy Merriman makes *The Big Payoff* in mink.

I dreamed I was
an International Figure in my **maidenform bra**

I've whirled 'round the world, and caused a sensation in every nation! When I pass by, ex-kings and sultans sigh over my fabulous Maidenform lines! Yes, wherever I happen to be—there's international agreement about me! The dream of a bra: *New* Maidenform *Intermezzo**—the bra that's designed to round out your lines! Look! It's a lovely, lacy, luxurious confection of a bra—with the appearance of the costliest lingerie. Look again! It's made of silky-fine, sturdy-firm cotton broadcloth panels...just where you need them most... for disciplined control! White cotton broadcloth and nylon lace, A, B and C cups...2.50, D cup...3.00

T
V
R

Together IS THE KEY WORD

By BETTY FREEDMAN

As EVERY TV viewer will guess at first sight, this is a Steve Allen story—and a Jayne Meadows story. But it wouldn't be too surprising, at this particular point in time, if millions of movie-goers also confuse it slightly with "The Benny Goodman Story." On film screens throughout the world, Steve's now being seen as Benny, in the Universal-International saga of a vivid chapter in modern musical history.

That Steve Allen, *Tonight's* star on NBC-TV, should be portraying Benny Goodman, music's ever-beloved King of Swing, is more than a coincidence of the moment. Benny became leader of a musical trend that took the nation by storm, and he did it very simply with a clarinet and a band. He never did any dancing, never clowned. Benny was the quietest creator of some of the most exciting music ever played.

It's true that Steve was chosen for the current motion picture primarily because a New York columnist suggested to the producers, in one of her articles, that he resembled Goodman physically. But Steve resembles Benny in more than the fact that he, too, wears glasses and has similar features and dark hair. He's also taken the nation by storm, in his own unorthodox way—quietly, simply, as he has done everything in a rather spectacularly successful career. Through TV, Steve Allen has accustomed 4,000,000 normal people to going to bed at one o'clock in the morning, five nights a week! And he does it

Solo stardom is no novelty to Steve Allen and Jayne Meadows, but marriage has brought new challenges—and achievements

See Next Page

Starring in "The Benny Goodman Story," Steve Allen got instructions from Benny himself. Result: Steve not only looked just like Goodman, but looked as though he could swing a clarinet in the same superlative style.

Together
IS THE KEY WORD

(Continued)

Back in New York, Steve and Skitch Henderson, *Tonight's* bearded bandmaster, play hockey with the Kips Bay Boys' Club. (Skitch is a mighty goalkeeper, seated or on skates!)

without fire alarms, baggy pants, or million-dollar giveaways.

Steve was sixteen when Benny Goodman was at the height of his reign as King of Swing. And, at sixteen, he was a Goodman admirer along with all the rest of his generation. But the last thing in the world Steve Allen was thinking about, just then, was being in a movie of any kind. He had to find out a lot of things before that—things about himself—and about the world.

Up to that time, his world had consisted of the Donohue family—aunts and uncles—and Belle Montrose, Steve's vaudevillian mother. It also had consisted of Chicago, which he roamed freely, and nine or ten schools, where Steve did well in composition. The Donohues were an erratic tribe, and Steve was in the unenviable position of being rather quiet and on the sensible side. Not that the Donohues weren't canny, in their way, but they were often prey to whims and temper and temperament.

When he was sixteen, the aunts and uncles thought that Steve would make a good bookkeeper. "I wanted to be a book*writer*," Steve remembers. When he won a journalism scholarship, his writing career seemed assured. It was—but not until fifteen years later. Before his first book was published, Steve had worked on radio stations as an announcer and disc jockey, had become a television personality—and had even (*Continued on page* 88)

Jayne Meadows is proud of the two books husband Steve has already published (above), gives him hot coffee and warm words of cheer as he writes (below).

Home's a happy place to be, she thinks, as she admires their lovely apartment and the many gifts fans send them. But there are career plans, too—together.

Steve Allen stars in *Tonight*, NBC-TV, M-F, 11:30 P.M. EST. *The Steve Allen Show* is seen over WRCA-TV (New York), M-F, 11:20 P.M. Jayne Meadows is a panelist on *I've Got A Secret*, CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco for Winston Cigarettes.

$25,000 smiles: Winners Estella Juenemann and partner Louis Brugnolotti beam, as quizmaster George de Witt (left) and Gus Juenemann (right) rejoice with them.

a Song of Faith

Paying her debt to God, Estella Juenemann could "Name That Tune"—and repay a devoted husband, too

By MARY TEMPLE

This is the Juenemann family, for whom the cash prize on *Name That Tune* meant so much: Gus and Estella, true partners in life; eldest daughter Margie, 14, a talented organist; eldest son Jimmy, 12; Jackie, 11; Roy August, Jr. ("Shorty"), 8; and Mary ("Putsy"), 4, and Gerard ("Jerry"), 3.

It was one of those things which the cynics said could never happen. But it did. Though—that evening in New York when Mrs. August Juenemann of Rexford, Kansas, told quizmaster George de Witt of *Name That Tune* that she couldn't continue on the program the following week, to keep trying for a possible half-share in $25,000 of prize money—you could almost hear the amazed gasps from TV viewers all over the country! . . . There she was, right on their screens, looking a little troubled but being very definite about her obligation to the Sacred Heart Church at Selden, Kansas, her home (*Continued on page* 95)

Name That Tune, seen on CBS-TV, Tues., 7:30 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway, Inc.

Gus came with her on the second trip, and they phoned the children.

They saw all the New York sights and worshipped at St. Patrick's Cathedral.

They were surprised by the subway—and by strangers who recognized them!

In the Liberty Music Shop, John F. Parks showed them TV sets—the "one big luxury" they bought with her winnings.

Back in their hotel, they listened to tape recordings of their family's voices on a machine lent by Mrs. Harry Salter.

They went window shopping, too, of course. Here, they're admiring Siamese treasures displayed by Vibul Phanich Co.

Toys were what they sought at F.A.O. Schwarz, where Muriel Di Gennaro helped them fulfill the young Juenemanns' dreams.

LUCKY LAWRENCE WELK

Fate smiled on him so often—though it took more than charm and "champagne music" to win the lady of his dreams

Today, heaven on earth: Lawrence has plenty of time—and space—to share projects with son Larry and daughter Donna.

Lawrence's success story began with the accordion his father cherished. He'll never forget the thrill of the first one he owned, back on the farm.

Everybody helps, when Dad gets ready to leave for work. And everybody's happy, for they know Lawrence will be coming home the same day—unlike earlier times, when he toured the country.

Settled "happily ever after," Fern and the children can raise any pets they choose—and vie with each other in pampering a very fortunate father.

By ERNST JACOBI

THE OTHER DAY in a Hollywood restaurant, a lady stopped at Lawrence Welk's table to tell him how much she enjoyed his television program. "As a matter of fact," she added, "we feel that you're really an old friend. You see, my husband proposed to me while you were playing at a dance in Ames, Iowa, seventeen years ago." She mused for a moment. "Now we have eight children, and a ninth on the way. . . . I can't help wondering what would have happened if I'd stayed away from the dance that night!"

In one form or another, this sort of encounter is an almost daily occurrence with Lawrence Welk. Next to Cupid himself, he's probably been responsible for more romances and marriages than any other man in America. Rarely a day goes by that Lawrence isn't approached by people telling him about budding affections which his "champagne music" helped bring to full bloom, and nostalgically requesting old tunes—"their" songs, over which they fell in love. Considering the melting pot of residents and visitors in the Los Angeles area—where Welk has been playing a continuous engagement for the past four years at the Aragon Ballroom on Santa Monica's Lick Pier— (*Continued on page* 82)

The Lawrence Welk Show, with its "Champagne Music," seen on ABC-TV, Sat., 9 to 10 P.M. EST, is sponsored by the Dodge Dealers of America.

Cinderella Story

Once a wallflower, Bonnie Bartlett blooms in Love Of Life—and has found her own Prince Charming, too

Bonnie's TV "prince" is Richard Coogan, who plays Paul Raven to her Vanessa Raven, in *Love Of Life.*

Bonnie Bartlett is Vanessa Raven in *Love Of Life,* as seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, sponsored by the Whitehall Pharmacal Company, Boyle-Midway, Inc., and Chef BoyArDee.

By LILLA ANDERSON

JUST LIKE a storybook princess, at sixteen, Bonnie Bartlett had a drift of golden curls, deep blue eyes framed by a dramatic sweep of dark lashes and a delicate skin as fair as ermine. But, on that dismal day in 1946, she also had a fervent wish that some storybook magic might whisk her right off the face of the earth. As she opened the door of her parents' comfortable, square white house on Forest Hill Court in Moline, Illinois, she heard a neighbor, the mother of a classmate, saying to Bonnie's mother, "Honestly, Carrie, it's a shame Bonnie's not going to the junior prom. I should have insisted that Bud take her."

Mrs. Bartlett's pride-saving protest was quick. "Nonsense. You know Bonnie doesn't care about boys."

The neighbor was a worrier. "I've a good mind to make him break his date. I can't understand, anyway, why he asked that girl from Davenport."

That, for Bonnie, was the absolute end. She turtled her head down into her coat, fled to the secure loneliness of her own book-lined room and glared at herself in the mirror. Bonnie knew very well why (*Continued on page* 77)

In her own life, Bonnie finds the happy-ever-after ending with Bill Daniels, her college sweetheart. An "ugly duckling" in her teens, Bonnie has gained increasing confidence as she and Bill achieved success in both marriage and acting careers.

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VALIANT LADY

I Tuning her violin for a duet with Joey Gordon, widowed Helen Emerson forgets false rumors—and false friends. Her son Mickey, daughters Diane and little Kim cluster happily 'round Joey at the piano. But, as usual, Elliott Norris has eyes only for Helen.

Helen Emerson must summon up all the courage and understanding at her command, as she faces challenges that threaten the lives of her family

2 Is it love—or only gratitude for Joey's devotion at a time when so many have deserted the Emersons? Diane can't be sure. Yet she accepts his proposal of marriage.

SOMETIMES, it seems to Helen Emerson that those years had never been—those happy, sheltered days when her husband was still alive and their three children were so small that a stubbed toe was the greatest tragedy they knew. Now, they are learning there are heartaches which even Mother can't "kiss and make well." And Mother is learning, too, under the pressures and anxieties of widowhood. . . . Helen smiled a little, at the thought, for she has never believed in self-pity. She has too much of both gallantry and humor, for that. But—added to all the rumors and suspicions which seem inevitably to surround an attractive, still youthful widow—any sensible courageous woman would find legitimate cause for worry in the complex situation which now confronts the Emersons. . . . It wasn't, she mused, that she hadn't always known it would be a gigantic task, being both father and mother to Mickey, Diane and Kim. She realized how necessary it is for girls—as well as boys—to have a man in the house "to lean on," when they face first love or a budding career. And, for them, the gap in their lives had been broadened by financial need. Helen hoped with all her heart that at least the problem of making a living would be solved by the new dress shop she's just opened. In order to keep a roof over their heads, Helen had once had to take in a boarder. . . . It was this pretty "paying guest" who had brought heartbreak to Mickey Emerson. He loved Bonnie Withers, despite her unfortunate marriage to a man who had been sentenced to prison, and was desolate when she died so suddenly. Deeply touched when Bonnie's "last will and testament" gave her baby into his keeping, Mickey had faced up to his responsibilities well, Helen thought proudly. But—what will

3 Joey beams as Diane mothers the baby so tragically left in her brother's care. But Helen can't encourage his love for Diane—and has reason to fear for the baby's fate, too.

See Next Page——→

VALIANT LADY

(Continued)

4 Joey has proved he can take some sensational pictures and Elliott Norris—himself a star reporter on the local newspaper—helps him to get a job as photographer there.

5 Bound by their own close ties as mother and son, Helen and Mickey share their full hearts in caring for the little daughter of gentle Bonnie Withers, after Bonnie's death.

Pictured here, as seen on television, are:

Helen Emerson.....**Flora Campbell**
Diane Emerson.....**Marion Randall**
Mickey Emerson.....**James Kirkwood, Jr.**
Elliott Norris.....**Terry O'Sullivan**
Joey Gordon.....**Martin Balsam**
Kim Emerson.....**Bonnie Sawyer**

Valiant Lady, on CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon EST, is sponsored by General Mills, The Toni Company, Wesson Oil, Scott Paper Co.

Mickey do when Roy Withers is released from prison and sets up a clamor about his child—as such a man is sure to do? . . . Helen is also proud of the way her daughter Diane is trying to live down the teen-age marriage which had to be annulled. Diane is a lovable girl, and there's no doubt that Joey Gordon—who has taken a job on the same newspaper with Elliott Norris, so he can keep in close touch with the Emersons—loves her very much indeed. But Helen's own heart tells her that Diane doesn't really love Joey. In becoming engaged to him, is she about to make an even more tragic mistake? . . . Even Kim—who was just old enough to know her father, and just young enough to miss him most—has found her faith in the world shaken as false friends, little and big, deserted the family. Will Helen, alone, be able to give Kim all the warm security she needs? . . . In her concern for her young ones, Helen spares scarcely a thought for herself. She knows she can depend on Lawyer Wilcox, her late husband's good friend, for counsel and guidance. She feels sure of Elliott Norris's friendship . . . or is it more than friendship? She's grateful to Martin Cook, who lent her money she desperately needed—but how far can she trust this brilliant, unpredictable man? And there is Bill Fraser, family friend, so helpless since his accident—so dependent upon the kindness of such valiant women as Helen Emerson. . . . There are more men in Helen's life than she realizes. And one, at least, may come to mean more to her than she dreams. Then Helen Emerson may need all her courage and charm to meet what fate has in store for her—as well as for her children.

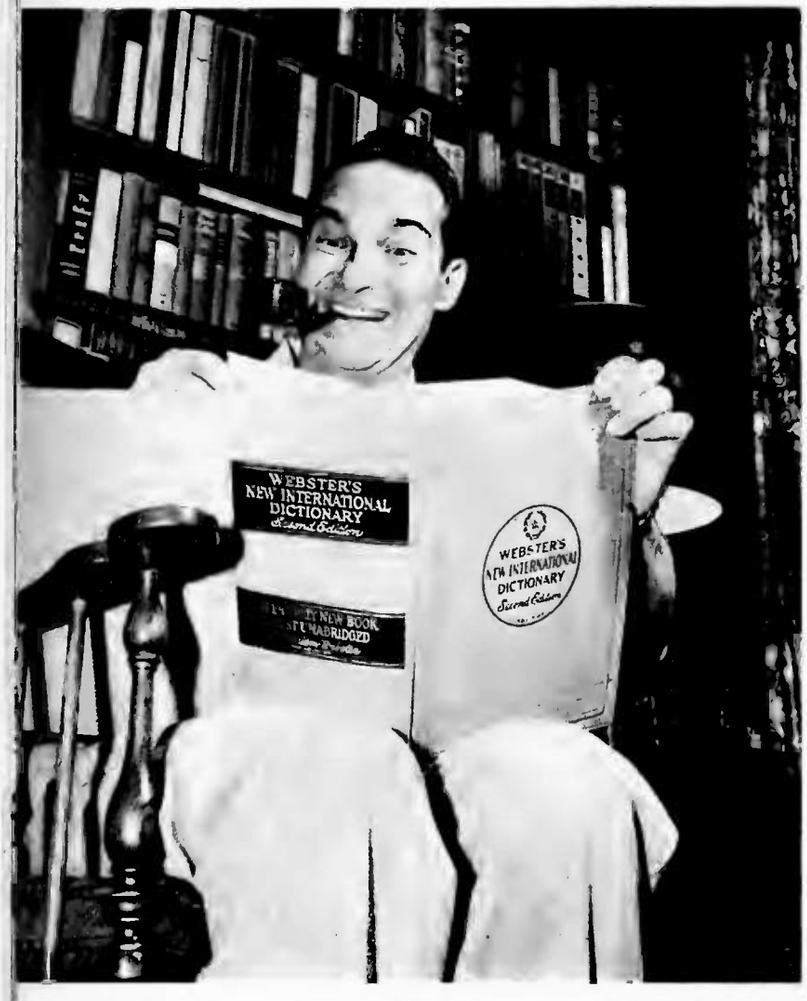
6 However, they both know that a threat hangs over the baby. Bonnie's husband, a vicious criminal, is due for release from prison soon—and may try to claim his child.

7 Keenly aware of the problems which beset her children—for Kim faces a little-girl emotional crisis, too—Helen hasn't much time for her own dreams. She is grateful for Elliott's obvious affection, but will it be a bulwark against troubles as yet unknown?

Tony Marvin at Home

To Arthur Godfrey, he's a fountain of knowledge . . . to Dot and Lynda, a well-spring of infinite love and understanding

By MARTIN COHEN



Tony's noted as a well-read man—and a best-dressed one, too! So Arthur Godfrey gets a special kick out of seeing him arrayed in outlandish costumes (near right), along with gaily garbed Frank Parker and Janette Davis.

ON A CLEAR DAY, from Tony Marvin's house you can see Long Island Sound, six maples, a wild cherry tree, and Perry Como. Add Mrs. Como and Mrs. Marvin to the landscape and you've got something very much worth looking at. . . . Mrs. Como is a petite, pretty blonde—but this isn't her story. Mrs. Marvin is a pretty, brown-eyed brunette, about five-six—and this is her story, as much as it is Tony's . . . for Dorothea Marvin is one of those gals devoted to her guy, her family and her home. She's outgoing, charming, and constantly on the move. She is accurately described by friends as, "There goes Dot Marvin." ("I'm trying to slow down," she says. "And I'm trying to improve on my worrying. I am trying to worry only about those things I can do something about.")

Since Dot doesn't believe in mixing into Tony's business, there's no chance of her "dropping" into the studio and holding hands with Tony in front of a camera. But she does like to hold hands with Tony. And, after nineteen years of marriage (come this June), she still gets a whole galaxy of stars in her eyes when she talks about him. "Tony's clever and good-natured," she says. "He's a regular guy, with consideration-*plus*."

Arthur Godfrey seems to have a high opinion of Tony, too—although, with all that ribbing among Tony

Continued ▶

His wife Dot may be saying: "Rise and shine!" Those daily morning shows mean getting up bright—and early.

Tony—that "good-natured" man, according to Dot—is all smiles and rarin' to go, when it's time to leave.

Off to the studios, from the Marvin home out at Sands Point, Long Island—just "forty-five minutes from Broadway."

Daughter and Dad have similar tastes, so there's no argument when Lynda helps Tony pick out his wardrobe.

Tea for Mrs. Perry Como, their neighbor from across the way. (Perry and Tony worked together, years ago.)

Tony Marvin is heard regularly on *Arthur Godfrey Time*, CBS Radio, M-F, at 10 A.M., and CBS-TV, M-Th, at 10:30 A.M., and *Arthur Godfrey's Digest*, Thurs., 8:30 P.M.—all under multiple sponsorship. He's also seen on *Arthur Godfrey And His Friends*, CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., for The Toni Company, CBS-Columbia, Pillsbury Mills, and the Kellogg Company—and *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts*, CBS-TV and CBS Radio, Mon., 8:30 P.M., for Thomas J. Lipton, Inc., and Toni. (EST)

Tony Marvin at Home

(*Continued*)

and Arthur and Frank Parker, you're never quite sure. When the boys get to buzzing each other, you can't see the trees for the bees. And not one of the lads is an amateur at teasing.

"How do you like Tony's jacket?" says Arthur. "It looks like a bottle of catsup."

"I'd say chili," notes Mr. Parker.

"It's raspberry red," says Tony, "and it's magnificent."

Tony plays the role of a man who has a colossal gall. When Arthur kids him about being so handsome, Tony returns with: "Well, I'll tell you, Arthur, you either have it or you don't."

There's no one else in show business, outside of Bing Crosby, who dresses as vividly as Tony, but that's a small part of his role. He is also a walking encyclopedia. When Arthur wants someone to explain the fifth dimension, he turns to Tony.

But when the boss gets to talking about Tony—and Tony isn't around to interrupt—there is no kidding. Couple of years back, the Marvins were taking a thirteen-day cruise to South America. To catch the boat, Tony had to leave in the middle of the show. When he was well out of the studio, Arthur turned to the audience and said, "You know, I think the world of Tony. He's a great guy. I don't see how we're going to get along without him."

The respect, admiration and affection is mutual, for Tony does not give his loyalty by halves. He is Arthur's friend all the way. Of that, there is no question. And he's a good man to have on your side, for he's as strong as a middle-sized ox.

"Just for a gag," says his wife Dot, "I've seen him pick up the front end of a car. Once, in a camp, he got his arms under the forelegs of a full-sized horse and lifted the horse right off the ground."

"Haven't done it lately," Tony says. "They just don't make horses the way they used to."

Perhaps being around Mr. Godfrey has been a civilizing influence, for Tony has switched from horse wrestling to golf. But he's still in exceptionally fine physical condition. Regardless (*Continued on page* 93)

Dot says Tony doesn't have much time for gardening but he's a whiz at "vacuuming" the swimming pool, in season!

Tony has everything he wants—gracious home, lovely wife, lively daughter—all life-size and in full color, too!

Peggy's in the pink

There have been gray skies for "the little King" of George Gobel's show, but now everything's rosy

George Gobel and Peggy King

By FREDDA BALLING

PRETTY, PERKY Peggy King is a pink pixie. (If you can say that without faltering, probably you can also say, "George Gobel picked a peck of pickled peppers," but you won't get as much out of it!) . . . Peggy's hair is tangerine-pink, her cheeks are apple-blossom-pink, her lips are carnation-pink. And if she isn't wearing a pink dress—or a pink blouse, or a pink sweater—there has been a momentary mixup in her laundry arrangements. . . . She lives in a sky-hung apartment in which there is an enormous rose-pink sofa. On the walls are several Huldah prints in which the accent color is pink, and the exquisite Noritake tea set with which she serves visitors is decorated with pink roses.

The tea set has a history. Peggy had emerged from the hotel where she was staying with the rest of the Johnny Grant troupe in Tokyo in December, 1952, when she spied four disconsolate soldiers. They were gazing up and down the winter-chilled street, exchanging fragments of melancholy conversation. Peggy read their shoulder patches and realized that they were freshly in from Korea on "R & R" leave. ("Rest and Relaxation," in case you've already forgotten the lingo of Korean war days.)

Perky Peggy's eyes were pink-rimmed from lack of sleep—who wants to sleep when there are shows to be given for homesick soldiers, and who *can* sleep on the bucket seats in the military planes which transport entertainment troupes from one sector to another?—and her nose was pink from cold, but she put aside worries about

Continued

Two homes has Peggy: California (above, in her apartment)—and Ravenna, Ohio, where she recently visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd King (below, left).

Reunion in Ravenna: Peggy unpacked, ran to the old tree where she'd played as a child—then hung clothes out to air, before discussing a new wardrobe with her mother.

Calling up old friends was a pleasant "must," when Peggy revisited Ravenna.

Rising early, she greeted the bakery man who'd had the King route for years.

Ravenna has backyard barbecues, too —hot dogs tasted as good as ever.

Peggy's in the pink

(Continued)

Breakfast time with father and mother was best of all—or was it the long, cosy chats in the evening?

personal appearance and trundled up to the bewildered quartet. "Hi, boys," she said.

Funny how suddenly spring comes to northern latitudes. The boys looked as if they had just been bombarded with roses in bloom. "An American girl!" they yelled. "Gosh all hemlock, where did you fall from?" They crowded around all one-hundred-pounds and five-feet of this miracle, and feasted their eyes upon her.

Peggy gave them the details of her arrival along with that of Johnny Grant, Debbie Reynolds, Walter Pidgeon and many other such luminaries, and added that she had an Army car at her disposal and was going shopping. Would they like to come along? She would help them select some gifts to send home to their folks, if they thought it was a good idea.

It is likely that they would have followed her to Siberia if she had suggested it. They quizzed her about football standings, popular songs, dance bands, recordings, and home towns—in the course of band touring, Peggy had visited practically every medium-to-large city in the country for which the boys yearned. Between conversation and commerce, the happy quintet spent most of an afternoon at the Takashimhya Department Store.

Peggy enjoyed every moment and she felt that the boys had themselves a ball. As she and the troupe were leaving the hotel the next day, Peggy was given a hint as to how precious her companionship had seemed to the boys. They had pooled their resources and selected three gifts for her "to remember us by."

In one carton were six Noritake cups and saucers, a matching teapot, sugar bowl and cream pitcher. (Noritake china is the Japanese equivalent of American Lenox or English Spode.) On each piece of china there appeared a pink rosebud—in recognition of Peggy's confessed fondness for pink. In a second carton there was a linen luncheon cloth and four napkins, and in a third carton there was a monkey made of fur. When wound, the monkey solemnly clashed a pair of brass cymbals. *(Continued on page 68)*

Peggy King sings on *The George Gobel Show*, as seen over NBC-TV, three Saturdays out of four, 10 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Armour and Co. (for Dial Soap) and Pet Milk Co. (all products).

It was like old times when Peggy greeted Dad, coming home from work.

Sandy Lake was lovely—but changed since Peggy sang there as a youngster.

Peggy filled in at a counter in the five-and-ten, where she once worked.

Always, she has the simplicity of early days—plus the glamour which comes with talent and fame.

Every time Bob goes to Europe, he brings back more Venetian glass figurines for his "clown collection."

Portrait of Robert Q.—as a clown—was presented to Bob by Ray Bloch, orchestra leader on his programs.

Robert Q. Lewis's terrace apartment has a view of New York's East River—and ample room for his many "trophies," including the Indian headdress pictured below. It has a kitchen, too, but Bob admits that steak—and eggs—are the only things he can cook.

ROBERT Q.'S HIDEAWAY

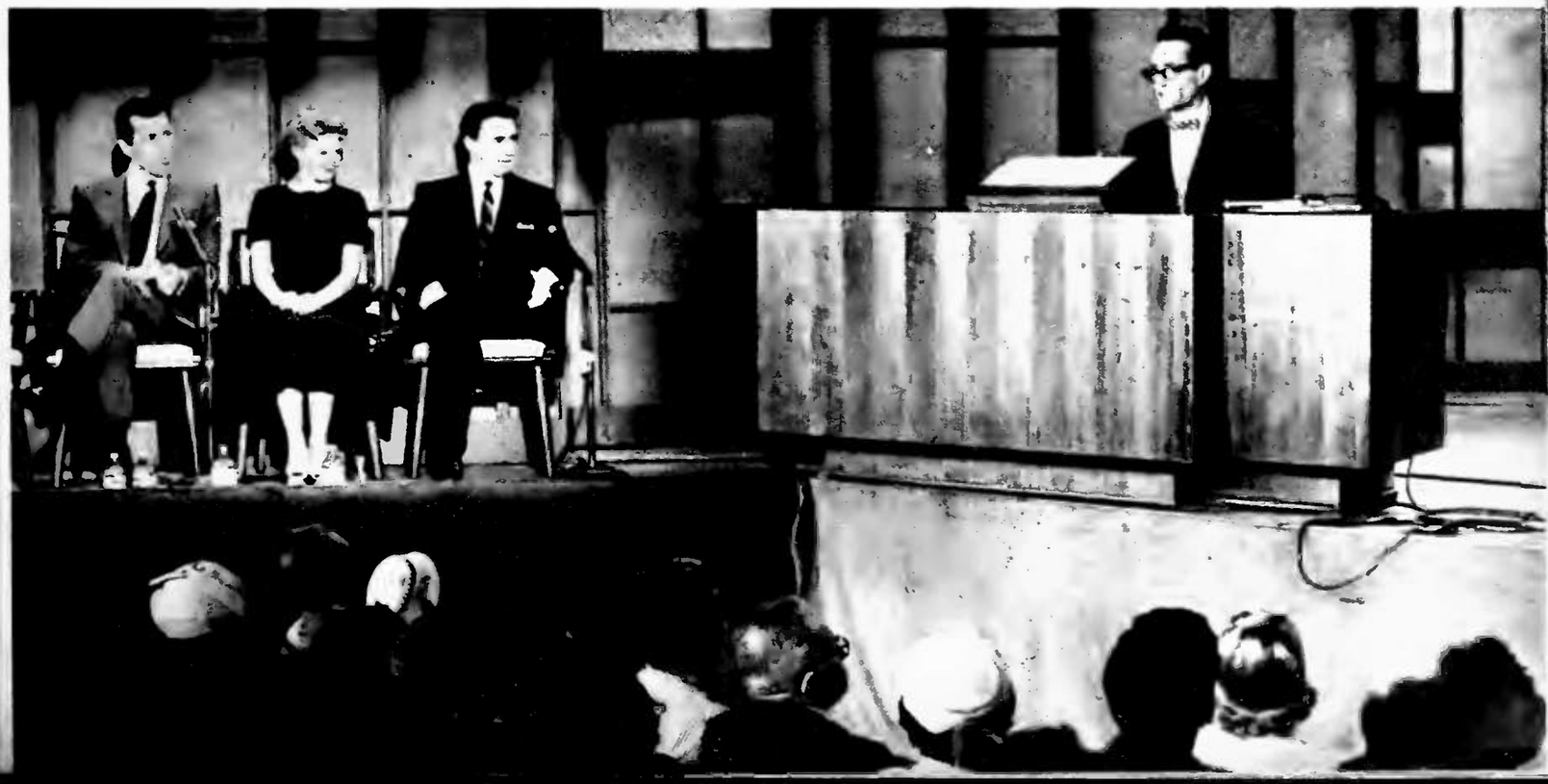
Lewis's home is his castle, where he lives and breathes show business every hour he isn't at the studio

By GREGORY MERWIN

ONE THING about Mr. Robert Q. Lewis of CBS-TV and Radio—he never does anything halfway. When Mr. Q. sets out to have a home, he has a home. Not just "rooms," or a place to hang his hat. Mr. Q.'s castle is a beautiful duplex apartment, stocked with almost (but not *quite*) everything which can make life pleasant for a man who's given his heart to show business. It has a piano, a deep-freeze, two television receivers (including one for color), plenty of blankets and soap, records and books, a typewriter, lots of chairs to sit on, (*Continued on page* 70)

The Robert Q. Lewis Show, CBS-TV, M-F, 2 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Lanolin Plus, Inc., Ralston Purina Company, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp. (for Viceroy Cigarettes), and others. *The Robert Q. Lewis Show*, on CBS Radio, Sat., 11:05 A.M. EST, is sponsored by Milner Products Co. (Pine-Sol and Perma-Starch) and others.

At home, Bob still entertains—or is entertained, for no one has greater appreciation of other people's talents.



Main show now going on! And, on stage, Lee Vines, Judy Johnson and Merv Griffin await their cue from Robert Q.

The Carsons outgrew other houses, but their new one's large enough to hold them now. It's in San Fernando Valley. Says Johnny: "Jody and I wanted the boys to have the same chance to run about that we had when we were kids."

At five, Christopher (known as "Kit" Carson, of course) is the oldest son. Richard (Ricky) is three and a half, and Cory just past two.

All for the Family

Johnny Carson finds love and laughter for everyone, in his life with Jody and their three boys

By HELEN BOLSTAD

FOR JOHNNY CARSON it had been the kind of day which every hard-working television performer needs to enjoy once in a while. He had slept as late as a father can sleep, with three small boys in the house. He had helped his pretty wife Jody with those tasks which they always saved up for his day off. And, finally, he had gone out to the garage to work on the equipment for a new magic trick. He hadn't shaved, the jeans he wore had become a walking sampler of every shade of paint he had ever brushed on a wall, and his T-shirt, too, had reached that nothing-more-can-happen-to-it stage.

In this happy domesticity, the pressure of the CBS Hollywood studios seemed a million miles away. What was more, he refused even to think about television until it was time to switch on his friend Red Skelton's show. Besides doing his own local comedy program on Station KNXT, Johnny had been writing some material for Red and wanted to see whether that gag which had seemed so funny on paper would come out equally funny in performance.

His lazy mood was broken by a sharp summons. From the doors of the house Jody called, "Johnny—telephone!" As he came in, she added, "It's Cecil Baker and he sounds upset."

For Baker to get excited was most unusual—as executive producer of *The Red Skelton Show,* he had kept his head through every commotion TV could throw at him. Johnny loped to the phone and inquired, "Hi, what can I do for you?"

"Do?" sputtered Baker. "You can do Red's show for him, that's what."

"Red's show?" said the astonished Johnny. "How come?"

Baker gave him the news. "Just now, in rehearsal, a break-away door failed to break. It fell on him, instead. Red's got a concussion and he wants you to take over for him."

Johnny's eyes sought the clock. "But, Sees," he protested, "there's only ninety minutes until air time and it takes me forty-five minutes to drive in."

"What are you waiting for?" said Baker. "Move, guy, move."

See Next Page ▶

So casual, on comera—but Johnny got his big chance on CBS-TV because his wits really work at supersonic speed.

All for the Family

(Continued)

Johnny and Jody mix paints—Cory mixes himself in the blend.

With tape-recorder and trusty wife as his aids, Johnny goes over weekly show scripts.

Cory keeps a sharp lookout for bugs, as Johnny gardens.

Breakfast for four hungry but happy "property owners": Ricky, at left; Johnny and Kit; Cory, in the high chair.

It was, Johnny realized as he rushed to the studio, a regular "Rover Boys to the Rescue" situation, the kind of crisis and challenge every aspiring young performer dreams about—at the age of thirteen. Carried into Johnny's considerably more realistic late twenties, however, it took on the more tormenting elements of a horror nightmare.

"I'll never know," he says, "exactly how I got dressed, booted the car through traffic and stumbled out in front of the cameras. I couldn't use Red's script because I didn't have time to read it. I had to make up my own material as I went along. Even after we were on the air, I was scribbling stuff on little pieces of paper and sending them around so that we'd all know what to do next."

Ensuing events had an even greater Horatio Alger quality. Johnny not only saved the day, but he so effectively impressed the network officials that they offered him his own program. *The Johnny Carson Show* became the fresh, new comedy which CBS-TV introduced as a summer replacement and then retained in its regular Thursday-night schedule.

As befits a comedian, Johnny expressed his thanks to Red in an upside-down fashion. "I sent him a 'stay-sick' card. Now it has turned into a running gag between us."

Like most reputed overnight successes, John Carson's show-business career was a long time building. His preparation for it actually began when he sent away for his first magic kit. That kit was then most impor-

Johnny sometimes feels he has four sons—counting "Eddy." Cory's sure he has three brothers! Ricky and Kit love to play with Eddy but are beginning to wonder why he "lives in a suitcase."

tant in Johnny's life—for, just as adolescence set in, he also had to cope with a new town. His father, Kit Carson ("Dad would scalp me if I said his real name is Homer"), is operations manager for a public utility company which covers the central western states. Johnny was born in Corning, Iowa, went to grade school in Norfolk, Nebraska—and, just about the time he entered high school, his father was transferred again.

Johnny's sister Catherine, who is two years older, had all the excitement of being the new pretty girl in the school. His brother Dick, who was four years younger, was still content to play cops-and-robbers and got his biggest kick out of the days their father took the two boys out hunting. But Johnny had begun to realize that life held items of interest beyond the fun of kicking up a good covey of pheasants deep in a draw. At the most bashful age of all, Johnny was a stranger in town—and just discovering (*Continued on page* 86)

The Johnny Carson Show is seen and heard over CBS-TV, Thursdays, at 10 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Jell-O.

All for the Family

(Continued)

Johnny and Jady mix paints—Cary mixes himself in the blend.

With tape-recarder and trusty wife as his aids, Johnny gaes aver weekly shaw scripts.

Cory keeps a sharp lookout for bugs, as Johnny gordens.

Breakfast far four hungry but happy "praperty owners": Ricky, at left; Jahnny and Kit; Cary, in the high chair.

It was, Johnny realized as he rushed to the studio, a regular "Rover Boys to the Rescue" situation, the kind of crisis and challenge every aspiring young performer dreams about—at the age of thirteen. Carried into Johnny's considerably more realistic late twenties, however, it took on the more tormenting elements of a horror nightmare.

"I'll never know," he says, "exactly how I got dressed, booted the car through traffic and stumbled out in front of the cameras. I couldn't use Red's script because I didn't have time to read it. I had to make up my own material as I went along. Even after we were on the air, I was scribbling stuff on little pieces of paper and sending them around so that we'd all know what to do next."

Ensuing events had an even greater Horatio Alger quality. Johnny not only saved the day, but he so effectively impressed the network officials that they offered him his own program. *The Johnny Carson Show* became the fresh, new comedy which CBS-TV introduced as a summer replacement and then retained in its regular Thursday-night schedule.

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The Johnny Carson Show is seen and heard over CBS-TV, Thursdays, at 10 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Jell-O.

Betty Ann Grove discovered that falling in love can be the happiest accident in any woman's world

Marriage is THE BIG PAYOFF

Bride and groom cut their cake (left)—and "cut a rug" (below).

The new Mrs. Ed Brown admires the oh-so-new bridal monogram.

Gifts already in place, Betty Ann starts measuring for needed drapes.

Her music and other mementoes of a busy TV life must find space, too.

By FRANCES KISH

THERE's an impish, reddish-haired vocalist on *The Big Payoff* by the name of Betty Ann Grove, who has a winning way with all sorts of songs—comedy numbers, rhythm and blues, romantic ballads. Especially with the love songs. Especially lately. Because Betty Ann herself is in love, a bride of a few months, and certain that she's the happiest girl ever to get a chance to sing about it.

Betty Ann's own love story began winter before last, when she was vacationing at Nassau. It wasn't the first time, however, that she and Edward Brown, Jr. had met. Ed is with the agency which represents the sponsor of Betty's show, and they had been introduced during rehearsal backstage.

"The first thing I noticed about Ed was the twinkle in his eyes," she says. "And the way they slanted up just a little at the corners. He seemed nice, too. But I was too busy to notice him much."

"The first thing I noticed about Betty Ann was her sparkle," Ed says. "I was busy doing my job, too. Whenever we met on the set, we would say hello and maybe talk a minute or two, and that was all. I still liked that sparkle, and I thought I had never seen a girl so alive."

That's the way it was until, in February of 1954, Betty Ann went off for a postponed vacation (postponed because she substituted on one of Jane Froman's television programs when (*Continued on page* 72)

Betty Ann Grove is seen and heard on *The Big Payoff*, CBS-TV, M-F, 3 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive Company.

Ed and Betty Ann have big ideas for that first home of their own.

She can't help being surprised when dinner turns out "as ordered."

Similar tastes, dissimilar jobs—sure-happiness recipe (serves two).

What makes a Person

Love those letters telling me that viewers find our subjects on *This Is Your Life* as interesting as we thought when we chose 'em!

That's the fascinating question we face on This Is Your Life. And we've found the answers even more fascinating—and very, very human!

By RALPH EDWARDS

A FEW WEEKS AGO, a middle-aged woman from Steubenville, Ohio—on a visit to Hollywood—approached me while I was having lunch at the Brown Derby.

"What are your criteria for selecting people for *This Is Your Life?*" she asked me.

"Primarily because they are interesting," I told her.

She paused for a couple of seconds to think over my reply. I should have expected her follow-up question. "And just what makes one person more interesting than another?"

It was a difficult query to answer, because the elements couldn't be outlined like the rules for a contest. It is a combination of attitudes, and a way of life.

Of course, in applying this question to my show it is impossible to give a completely unbiased opinion, for in each instance I have to ask myself: "What makes the subject interesting as a person?" and "What makes him interesting for the show?" Luckily, the two criteria go hand in hand most of the time—but not always.

Take our first televised *This Is Your Life* subject—a sixty-eight-year-old farm woman by the name of Laura Stone Marr. As I went through the records of her life, she appeared to be a "natural" for us. She had crossed the country in a covered wagon, fought Indians, run out of food—almost anything that could happen to a person had

Interesting?

Close to my own family, I feel close to all other families, too. This is my wife Barbara—and our children Christine, Lauren, Gary.

"Little" or "big," interesting people always have personality. We chose Joan Caulfield for her bubbling enthusiasm, rather than the fact that she's famous.

Before stardom—and after—Bill Bendix has the basic honesty which is essential.

occurred to her. On top of it, she was very humble, a quality which is appreciated highly by any audience.

Yet, after her early experiences and all she'd been through since then, it was impossible to get her particularly excited about anything any more. It came as sort of an anti-climax.

Consequently, when we brought on stage some of her relatives whom she hadn't seen for more than two decades, her reaction was almost stoically calm. Certainly, she was glad to see them. But she didn't show the type of emotion the audience had anticipated. They were disappointed because they didn't think she was appreciating what we had done for her—which she did. What's more, I felt we had done her a disfavor, too. From then on, we were doubly careful to select people who were interesting because of their reactions, as well as their experiences.

For that matter, a sudden, unbounded enthusiasm will help tremendously in making a person interesting. We selected Joan Caulfield, for instance, not simply because she is a star, nor because we found any extreme highs or lows in her life. But she has the type of (*Continued on page* 80)

Ralph Edwards' *This Is Your Life*, NBC-TV, Wed., 10 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Hazel Bishop "Once-A-Day" Cosmetics and by Prell Shampoo (Procter & Gamble).

the Turning Point

Picture on desk shows Alice with her husband, Bill Tuttle. Picture below shows "Marcia" with her radio mate—Larry Haines as "Lew"—in *The Second Mrs. Burton.*

There were so many obstacles ahead, until Alice Frost realized that she couldn't change the world, but—

By FRANCESCA WILLIAMS

IF YOU were to ask Alice Frost the best advice she ever got, she would probably quote the drama teacher who helped her get started as an actress. He had said: *Always remember that you cannot change the world, you can only change yourself. Keep working to make yourself better, and your world will keep changing for the better. Start with yourself.*

The man who gave Alice this advice, John Seaman Garns, has since become a minister, with a church in New York. But Alice knew him then as her instructor in dramatics in her home city of Minneapolis, and as a man whose ideas on many subjects she respected.

"His words have been of great (*Continued on page* 91)

Real-life pets are a cocker spaniel called Chris's Boy Laddie and a parakeet named Kate—for Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" heroine—whom only Alice can tame!

Alice in Wonderland almost literally comes true in her library, decorated with characters and scenes from Lewis Carroll's book. It all started with the map pictured above.

Colorful figures of her little fictional namesake—and her Wonderland friends, from White Rabbit to Ugly Duchess—are dear to today's very much alive and lovely Alice.

Alice Frost found it hard to choose between acting and singing as a career. Now, as an actress, she has won fame on Broadway, as well as her regular roles on radio and TV.

Alice Frost is Marcia Archer in *The Second Mrs. Burton,* CBS Radio, M-F, 2 P.M. EST.

the Man on MEDIC

Medicine is the true hero as Richard Boone stars in an authentic portrayal of doctors at work

More rugged than romantic, Dick's at ease with the realism of *Medic*.

With Mae Clarke as patient, he models Dr. Styner after his family physician.

Actual case histories filmed in authentic locales make for drama.

THE DOCTOR in your house on Monday nights—Dr. Konrad Styner on NBC-TV's *Medic*—is a former college boxing champion, an ex-oil field roustabout and a seventh-generation nephew of Daniel Boone. A craggy-faced, husky six-foot-two, Richard Boone has studied art and acting—and shrewdly observed the bedside manner of his family physician, who lives and practices in Pasadena. He knows more about patching up things about the house than about patching up broken bodies, but Richard Boone's stern portrayal of Dr. Styner is as real as a heartbeat. . . . "There's a different pace involved in working around actual doctors and nurses," Boone says of the real-life case histories filmed at hospitals and clinics. "The perspiration is honest—not glycerine." . . . In the pilot film of the series, Boone portrayed a doctor performing a Caesarean section. At exactly the same time, his wife was in St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, giving birth to their first child—by Caesarean section. "We always strive for realism on *Medic*," he grins, "but I thought that was carrying things a bit far." . . . The "rusty nail realism" of his current role comes easily to Richard Boone. Born in Los Angeles, he was educated at the Army and Navy Academy in San Diego and at Stanford University, where he studied drama. Summer vacations working on a fishing boat or in the oil fields built the muscles that won him the college light-heavyweight boxing championship for two years . . . . After graduation, he went to work as an oil-field roustabout and studied art at night. Then came four years in the Navy and a decision that he definitely wanted to be an actor. . . . He enrolled at New York's Neighborhood Playhouse, understudied John Gielgud in "Medea" on Broadway and toured as "Yank" in "The Hasty Heart." In 1948, he turned to the comparatively new medium of television and starred in nearly 100 TV dramas in the next two years. He continued to study, working with Elia Kazan at the famed Actor's Studio. . . . Through Kazan, Dick was chosen to play a scene with an actress who was being screen-tested. Only the back of Dick's head was visible but Darryl Zanuck was so intrigued by the actor's voice that he signed him to a contract . . . . Beneath Dick Boone's stethoscope, there beats a home-loving heart. He and his wife Claire bought a big, old house in Pacific Palisades, within shouting

Dick played a real-life hospital drama when he and Peter visited Claire after an attack of appendicitis.

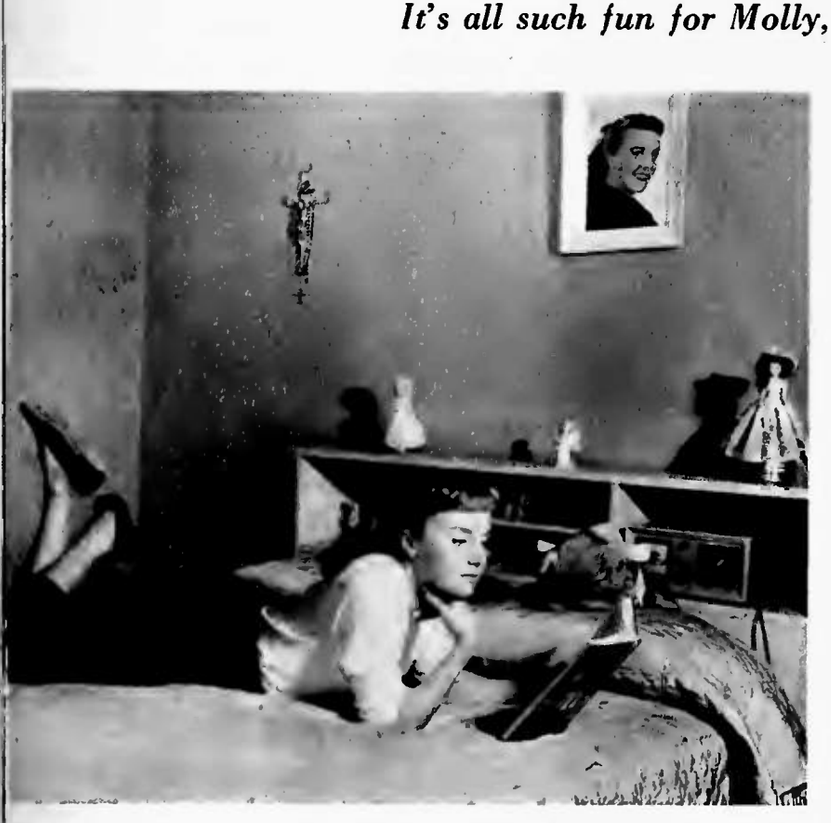
distance of the ocean, renovated the seven existing rooms and built on four new ones. There's usually a roaring wood fire going next to the built-in barbecue, over which Dick presides. Last year, the Boones introduced three couples around their hearth and all three ended up around the altar . . . . Dick is an accomplished bullwhip-handler, an art he learned while filming "Kangaroo" in Australia, and is also a master of the gentle art of bull fighting. He owns a string of race horses, but his fondest hobby is photography. He has more than a thousand pictures of Claire and his son Peter, age 2½. . . . Dick still likes to go to the fights. But he remembers a riot he himself nearly caused last season. One night, the referee announced there would be a delay because the physician hadn't arrived. Then the fight fans spotted Richard Boone. The referee's protests that Boone was not an actual M.D. were drowned by the crowd chanting: "The *Medic's* here!" As usual, Dick Boone was the main event.

Richard Boone stars in *Medic*, seen on NBC-TV, Monday at 9 P.M. EST, for The Dow Chemical Co. and General Electric Company.

He-man Boone tackles a script. Dick likes to take time between "takes" to play ball with youngsters.

LITTLE SINGING BEE

It's all such fun for Molly, at 16, being on Tennessee Ernie's TV show, havin



Molly, who goes to Hollywood Professional School, gets off the phone long enough to catch up on her homework.

There's only space for "snacks" in their little dining room, since Mother gave Molly a piano for her birthday.

Cliffie Stone, who discovered both Molly and Tennessee Ernie, has watched Molly literally "growing up on TV."

Childhood traditions linger in the stuffed toys Mother gives her when Molly's ill. Wee skunk is "Jose Aroma."

Molly Bee sings on *The Tennessee Ernie Ford Show,* over NBC-TV, M-F, 12 noon EST, as sponsored by Dreft, Tide, and others.

ates—and always making music

By BUD GOODE

AT ABOUT 8:30 one summer's evening in 1948, in the dressing room of Tucson's largest banquet hall, pigtailed Molly Bee—just nine years old—sat tapping one ballet-slippered foot, humming along, ear up to her portable radio. In 1948, Molly was one of the West's biggest little dancing stars, but it was a singer she wanted to be and not a dancer. Molly glanced at her reflection in the dressing-room mirror, imagining herself in front of a microphone singing to the millions in America's radio audience. At the touch of a magic wand, her dancing costume changed into a sequined evening gown . . .

Then the door opened and her mother entered, saying, "Why, Molly, are you still here? If you don't hurry, you'll miss your dance cue."

"Oh, Mother," Molly said, "I don't want to go out there tonight. . . . I don't want to be a dancer."

Her mother was silent for a moment as she examined this sudden unhappiness in her daughter's eyes. "All right, Molly, honey—but I thought you enjoyed dancing."

Molly struggled briefly with the words, as she said, "I know . . . but I really don't. I know you like dancing, Mother . . . and I wanted to make you happy. But I don't (*Continued on page* 65)

Molly Bee and Tennessee Ernie

Bedtime's early, after a busy day, but Molly gets warm milk for a restful sleep.

LITTLE SINGING BEE

It's all such fun for Molly, at 16, being on Tennessee Ernie's TV show, having dates—and always making music

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Molly Bee and Tennessee Ernie

Married to Charles Underhill, mothering little Nancy—and living in the country—Julie has found a fulfillment beyond girlhood dreams. She has even "discovered that cooking is a creative thing." (She adds: "I want Nancy to learn, as she grows up.")

TRUE HAPPINESS FOR *Helen Trent*

Away from her beloved career, away from the busy city, Julie Stevens finds the greatest joy of living

By ALICE FRANCIS

LOVELY Julie Stevens—who is Helen Trent on CBS Radio—sat in the living room of her own little house in the country, talking about the way her life had changed during the past couple of years. She had just come indoors and was still dressed in slightly mud-spattered blue jeans and a warm blouse and old sweater, a colorful scarf tied loosely around light gold hair. Her cheeks were rouged by the nipping breezes, her blue-green eyes bright with excitement. She and Charles and little Nancy—who is going to be five next June—had been riding the jeep around their eighteen acres of meadow, ponds and virgin woods, deciding what work had to be done at once, what could wait until the ground thawed out and the weather (*Continued on page* 89)

The Romance Of Helen Trent is on CBS Radio, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST.

Nancy has all a child's heart could desire. And, this spring, she'll watch daffodils grow from bulbs which she herself helped to plant!

Julie has everything she wants, too—from a house so compact "I could take care of it myself"—to the role she loves, as Helen Trent.

Home is a house they planned themselves, in loving detail. There is a spring-fed pond for swimming, and part of a larger lake where they go boating—and Nancy has her very own island.

STEVE ALLEN
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and on NBC-TV's
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Little Singing Bee

(*Continued from page* 61)

want to dance. I really want to *sing.*"

Today, at sixteen, Molly Bee is one of television's brightest young songbirds. Every weekday, on the NBC-TV *Tennessee Ernie Ford Show,* Molly bounces with energy. Her blue eyes snap and her long blonde pony-tail vibrates with rhythm. Molly is singing with happiness.

Molly was born in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, in 1939. When she was four, the family moved to Tucson, where Molly began studying dancing under Gertrude Schwab. She was an excellent pupil and soon was called on to dance in all the children's shows, in church and school, and was in demand for all of Tucson's important banquets and functions. At all times, she was completely at home on the stage. Though her mother didn't realize it, Molly's interests lay in singing and not dancing, even then.

When Molly was nine, she and her ten-year-old brother, Bobby, loved to spend part of their afternoons singing along with the cowboy records spun by Rex Allen, Tucson's radio disc jockey. Their mother recalled: "They made a fair trio—Molly, Bobby, and the record. Their singing wasn't so good. But, when Molly yodeled, it was just grand."

Shortly after she was ten, Rex Allen heard Molly sing "Lovesick Blues" in a school play. He invited her to be on his radio show, where, a few days later, she sang it again. Molly's been a busy little songbird ever since.

Not long after her radio debut, the Beachboard family (Molly shortened the name to Bee) moved to Temple City, a Los Angeles suburb—and, the first chance she had, Molly tried out on an amateur TV show called *Hollywood Opportunities.* Again singing "Lovesick Blues," she was the first week's winner. When she came back for the semi-finals, she didn't win. But, with her heart set on singing, Molly just knew that another Hollywood opportunity would come along.

Fate almost made Molly miss that next opportunity. By chance, Cliffie Stone, the Western recording artist and Hollywood TV star, had seen her on the amateur program. As he now recalls, "I didn't catch Molly's name, so I called the station and tried to get some information. I finally had to call two advertising agencies before I was able to get Molly's telephone number, so I could ask her to guest on my show, *Hometown Jamboree.*"

When Molly came on the stage for her first appearance on *Jamboree,* she was so small she couldn't reach the microphone. Cliffie found an apple box, and Molly sang "Lovesick Blues" standing on its top. Cute, pigtailed Molly, singing on the big box-top, was immediately accepted by the *Jamboree* gang and taken into the hearts of the Greater Los Angeles radio and TV audience—and, as a sentimental memento, Cliffie Stone still has that box.

Molly—featured nationally for the past year on Tennessee Ernie's NBC-TV show, which is also produced by Cliffie Stone—has now been on *Hometown Jamboree* with Cliffie for six years. "Molly has grown up on TV," says the jolly, robust producer. "In fact, at the age of twelve, Molly already wanted to be 'grown-up.' She felt the long blonde braids falling five feet down her back made her look 'young.' A week before her thirteenth birthday, we promised Molly that, when she turned the teen-age corner, she could cut off her braids.

"Molly was so excited at the news," he recalls, "that, for the first time she dropped a line in her song, 'Over the Rainbow.' Standing on a bridge in the middle of the set, her usually perfect memory failed her and she sang 'When all the world is a . . . *mess!*' Molly had to stop, walk over the bridge to the piano, and look at the lyrics."

Cliffie added: "Most young performers outgrow the cute period. But, with her hair sheared, Molly made the transition without even shifting gears. She never went through an awkward stage. As soon as Molly's braids were cut, she was a grown-up little lady." (Cliffie says he still has the pigtails, honey-colored and thick, and he's going to put them in a special Molly Bee Hall of Fame, along with the apple box.)

Just as it was for Cliffie Stone's other find, Tennessee Ernie Ford himself, *Hometown Jamboree* was an excellent training ground and showcase for Molly Bee. Appearing before a live audience helped her smooth out the rough spots in her delivery, increased her poise on stage and her own self-confidence in singing solos and duets.

Describing Molly's personality, Cliffie says, "She gets along with everybody. She's never upset by constructive criticism. She never gets mad. No temperament—Molly will sing solos, duets or in a quartet. 'Billing' doesn't make any difference to her.

"Molly never does anything halfway," continues Cliffie. "She's one of the fastest studies in show business, learning as many as ten songs a week for the *Tennessee Ernie Ford Show* and four songs a week for *Jamboree.* She never uses cue cards on our show and seldom uses them on the Ernie show. If you gave a twenty-year-experienced professional this much work, he'd freeze up at the prospect. But not Molly. She just doesn't know it's tough."

Molly's day begins at five in the morning, when she's up for rehearsal on the *Tennessee Ernie Ford Show,* which is seen from 9 to 9:30 A.M., Pacific time. Preparation for the next day begins immediately after the show and runs until noon. Molly then goes to the Hollywood Professional School from 12:45 to 4 P.M. She gets good grades.

After school, Molly returns to the new Hollywood Hills home she shares with her mother (now Mrs. Lou Adams), and her little brother, Butch. (Molly's father is dead, and her older brother Bobby still goes to high school in Temple City.) Their house is always filled with friends. Molly acts on her friends like a chemical catalyst. When she comes in from school, things begin to bubble. After dinner, she studies—between constant phone calls from beaux. At 8 P.M., calls are restricted by her mother, and Molly is in bed by eight-thirty.

Molly frequently rehearses at home with the *Jamboree* gang, in preparation for the once-a-week Saturday night show. Half of Saturday is devoted to rehearsals for *Jamboree,* which originates from Anaheim and is seen in Los Angeles over Channel 5.

Parents and teenagers alike flock to the *Jamboree* show. As Cliffie says, "Parents look at Molly and say, 'My teenager is just like her.' Teenagers look at Molly and say, 'Gee, she's just like me.' " Cliffie attributes to Molly much of *Jamboree's* continued successful family following, because of the personal identification the audience feels for her.

Molly and her mother have always been very close. "We're good friends," Molly says. "We're the real 'together' kids—together, I think, more than most mothers and daughters, because mother accompanies me to the shows and drives me back and forth to work. This gives us plenty of talking time."

Mrs. Adams and Molly share a joint bank account. They never disagree over funds . . . "At least," says Mrs. Adams, "very seldom. Molly tends to be overgenerous. She loves to give—with any opportunity, she'll spend hours picking out just the right gift—though I have had occasions to suspect her motives!"

Mrs. Adams is referring to the new car Molly wanted to buy for her as a Mother's Day gift. "The expense was justified," says Mrs. Adams, "because the family did need a new auto, and I thought a conservative blue would do fine. But, when Molly and I got to the show room, her eye was caught by a fire-engine red convertible. The way she walked right up to it, I had a hunch she knew it was there all along.

"She said, 'Mother, isn't this convertible just the dreamiest . . .'

" 'Don't you think blue would be more practical?' I replied.

" 'But it's my gift to you,' Molly said. 'I think I should pick out the color!' "

Now—two years later—Mrs. Adams says, "To keep from attracting attention, I still hide behind trucks and busses while driving. It's like trying to hide in a spotlight on center stage."

Molly's mother reports that, at sixteen, Molly is a good driver. She thinks children should be taught to drive as early as possible. "Lately," she observes, "Molly's been spending more time behind the wheel of the red Ford than I have. She sings as she drives. I don't feel too badly about it. I'm sure this is what Molly had in mind when she picked out 'my' new red Mother's Day gift." With Molly at the wheel, Mrs. Adams has developed an "I'm just a passenger in this car—it doesn't belong to me at all" expression which she puts on when they drive in to work.

Lately, Molly has been hinting for a new Thunderbird of her own. Her mother says *no.* "In fact," says Mrs. Adams, "I suddenly go deaf when it's mentioned."

"Yes," smiles Molly, "it's the only thing we've ever disagreed on. Oh, look! There goes a Thunderbird now. Isn't it just gorgeous?"

"What were you saying?" says Mrs. Adams, still making a valiant effort. Molly is described by her mother as a great family gal. "She loves her two brothers, Butch and Bobby, madly. They return the favor. I'll tell you how much she loves those boys: Last month, Molly and I took a trip to New York. Molly got so homesick for her brothers that she started writing them letters before we got out of town! I thought she would die before we got home again."

Describing her younger brother, Butch, Molly says: "He's a riot! Exuberant's the word. He really comes on. He isn't pretty, but he's cute. When he sees me practice, then he wants to play guitar, too. But

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4584—Two dresses—or a dress and coat! These are the prettiest fashions your little girl could own! Girls' Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 10 dress, 2¾ yards 35-inch; coat, 3¼ yards. *State size.* 35¢

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

he thinks it's sissy. Someday, he's going to get some brains, though, and I think he'll be a good musician."

Molly's brother Bobby, now seventeen, still lives in Temple City near his high school. When he comes in on Saturdays, the family takes frequent weekend trips together. The "Bees" are quite athletic—though Molly refers to herself as "left-handed awkward"—and they like Palm Springs, because they can ride and swim there.

Last trip out, Molly caught a cold and the family rushed home to put her to bed. Then Mrs. Adams went out and bought her a fuzzy toy skunk which she gave to her daughter with a note reading: "You're a skunk for being sick." (The gag gifts are a holdover from Molly's childhood, when her mother gave her an assortment of fuzzy little toys to cheer her whenever she was ill. Molly named the skunk, "Jose Aroma.")

At sixteen, Molly's reached the age where she has discovered boys. "In fact," says Mrs. Adams, "boys are the biggest problem in the house. But I'm sure it's a common teen-age phenomenon. From four to eight P.M., the phone goes as automatically as Molly's record-player."

Mrs. Adams enjoys having the house filled with kids, and encourages Molly to bring her friends to the house, where they dance and play table tennis in the rumpus room. The family doesn't have many big parties—"Just sort of a continuous small carnival," says Molly's mother.

Friday, and sometimes Sunday, are Molly's nights for dates. Most of her beaux are school acquaintances or come from the ranks of her brother's friends. "For more reasons than one," she remarks, "an older brother is handy to have around." Molly likes fellows who can talk music, and she loves to dance. "I have this one friend," she says all in one breath, "whom I've known for years and he's such a *great* dancer and every time I get a chance I twist his arm and make him go dancing with me!"

At present, Molly is going out with a young man who does the lighting on the *Jamboree* show. He's nice looking, has a pleasant personality, and is tall. Molly likes her beaux tall. (She thinks she's too tall herself—five-foot-four—and sighs, "Oh, I hope I stop growing soon!") Molly is also interested in sports cars. The new beau owns an Austin-Healey that takes them out for ice skating and dancing. Around the house, he's referred to as the "Austin-Healey Kid."

Molly also has a crush on Tab Hunter, the young Hollywood actor. Knowing this, Tennessee Ernie had Molly sing a love song to a life-size picture of Tab one morning on the show—and, on the last note, Tab stepped out from behind the picture. Was Molly surprised? "I nearly died!" she says.

The one thing that Mrs. Adams is strict about is Molly's coming in on time when she goes out dating. Mrs. Adams feels that midnight is a reasonable hour for any sixteen-year-old. But one night Molly didn't get home until three! She'd gone to a "very special party" which hadn't started until midnight, and there was no way she could phone. "I thought Mom would blow her top or the roof would explode," says Molly. But Mrs. Adams listened to Molly's explanation, saying merely, "Of course, I understand. Sometimes these things just happen. However, it would be nice next time if you could make sure your parties are near phones."

At sixteen, Molly is not interested in going steady. "I enjoy meeting lots of people," she says. "It's half the fun of growing up." Molly thinks she'd like to be at least twenty-one before marrying, and again adds, "He'll have to be some-

body you can talk to—good looks aren't enough. And he'll have to like music."

Around home Molly picks up in her own room. Otherwise, she doesn't do any household chores, because she's too busy concentrating on her singing. But Molly does like to cook. "I don't mind her in the kitchen," says Mrs. Adams. "But, when Molly cooks, she uses all the pots and pans within reach—then suddenly she's tired and you-know-who cleans up.

"Molly really is a good cook," she continues. "Though last year she made a batch of brownies that didn't turn out so well. She guarded them with her life when they came out of the oven, so her brothers wouldn't gobble them down. When they cooled off, she put them in a box and took them over to the Tennessee Ernie Ford gang. Generally, they are all drawn to Molly when she first comes in. But, when they saw those hard, burned cookies, suddenly everybody was on a diet, and they all went back to their music."

Molly is careful of her own diet. She never raids the ice box, is proud of her twenty-two-inch waist, and collects wide belts which show it off. She loves clothes. Smart plain things without frills are her favorites, although she has half a wardrobe full of wide skirts and petticoats, too. She adores toreador pants, sweaters, and shoes. She has a closetful of high heels, in all colors, though her mother doesn't allow her to wear them too often. Molly says, "Just let Mother say the word —I've got heels to match any outfit!"

During the year Molly was on the *Pinky Lee Show,* her clothes were supplied by Junior House. She was given three new dresses each week, and she was in seventh heaven. "That was the problem," she says now. "The dresses were size *seven*—and now I'm size nine!"

Molly and her mother and younger brother Butch live in a modern two-story house above Barham Boulevard in the Hollywood Hills. Molly's mother spent six months searching before she finally found a place she thought the family would like. When Mrs. Adams found their present house, Molly and Tennessee Ernie went back with her after the show. Molly liked it at once. But Ernie, who has a protective attitude toward his sixteen-year-old singer, tried his best Tennessee horse-trading on the owner to bring the price down. After the first compromise, Molly sang out with a bright, "Golly, we'll take it!" Later, Ernie told Molly, "Honey, that song cost you a thousand spankin' good dollars!"

The family has been in the house three months and already has exchanged the Early American furniture for modern. In doing so, the small dining room was left bare. Mrs. Adams had promised Molly a piano when the family purse could afford it and, on her 16th birthday, Molly came home from school to find a grand piano filling the dining room. It was a super-duper surprise. The first thing Molly does now, when she comes in from school, is head straight for the piano—it's her pride and joy. She says, "Now we all eat our meals in the kitchen. We'll sacrifice *anything* around this house for music!"

Molly says the piano has been a great help with her singing. Though she actually doesn't play yet, because of her many years on the guitar, she has already learned to do chords on the piano. "Also," says Molly, "it's a lifesaver at parties. When the conversation gets dull, the kids gather 'round the piano and sing."

But, with Molly Bee, it doesn't matter if it's with the kids around the dining-room piano . . . before the microphone on the *Tennessee Ernie Ford Show* . . . or on Cliffie Stone's *Hometown Jamboree* . . . Molly Bee's happiest when she's singing.

Peggy's in the Pink

(*Continued from page 44*)

Peggy was inclined to sit down and have a good cry. She was restrained from collapsing just in time to spare the life of a cuckoo clock she had bought at the Takashimhya—a clock she was destined to cart home over six thousand miles of ocean and a stopover in Honolulu, only to have it put away in storage after a year of usage.

"That clock got me tossed out of three different apartment buildings," she says now. "Nobody seemed to mind it during the day, but at night—that was something else again. Even so, I don't think there would have been much trouble if it hadn't been for the cuckoo's nasty habit of hamming it up—at four A.M., if you please. One night it cuckooed seventeen times. That did it. When I moved into *this* apartment—which I love madly—I realized that, if I hoped to stay, the cuckoo had to go. He went."

Among other delights, the new apartment boasts two sumptuous bathrooms, one decorated predominantly in black, gray and white, and the other in a symphony of—what else?—pink. "For a girl who has sung with bands in towns where the plumbing was strictly carved-new-moon-on-the-door variety," she likes to announce with a pixie grin, "having two bathrooms is an almost unendurable luxury."

Peggy was born in South Greensburg, Pennsylvania, but when she was ten her parents moved to Ravenna, Ohio, where Peggy's father became (and still is) an inspector in a rubber-goods factory. (In case you don't read trade magazines, Ravenna, Ohio, is the Baby-Rubber-Goods Capital of the World—everything from nipples to panties—both considered vital in junior circles.)

Peggy graduated from Ravenna Township High School with top grades in her business course, and quickly found a job as legal secretary. She held this position for two years, working at stenography during the day, and spending weekends and evenings trying to get a break in show business. As she remembers it now, "I was a has-been at seventeen."

All of Peggy's life has been marked by odd coincidences, and the geographical location of Ravenna was one of the first: It is about halfway between Cleveland and Akron, both of which have excellent radio stations and an active dancing life requiring name bands and perky band singers.

Peggy was convinced that if she could just get a radio job, all else would open up. So, every time there were tryouts announced, she would try out. Inevitably, she became a finalist in a Cleveland competition. But, also inevitably, that final audition was scheduled for the night of a Kent State Teachers' College formal, where Peggy had a beau. Luckily, he was understanding. He agreed to take Peggy to Cleveland for the tryouts, then return to the prom.

The emcee that night was Henry Pildner, and one of the celebrity judges was Lex Barker, who listened while Peggy sang about eight bars of a song, and announced that there was a definite place for her in show business. A week later, she was offered a network job at fifty dollars a week, which seemed positively princely.

However, when Peggy heard that George Sterney, playing at the Bronze Room of the Cleveland Hotel, was auditioning vocalists, Peggy tried out for that job, too, singing some of the hit tunes from "Kiss Me, Kate" and "South Pacific" and juggling maracas for the first time in her life.

She was fairly certain that nothing much would come of the audition. But, being a courteous type, she telephoned the next day to thank Mr. Sterney for his time and patience. She was almost blown off her feet by the telephonic blast from Mr. Sterney who explained that his male star had just broken a leg. Could Peggy go on that night?

Peggy could and did, which meant that she owned and operated two jobs. She sang with the band from nine until two each evening and morning, and she reported to the radio station at 8:15 A.M. for an eight-hour shift—somewhat pink-eyed, to match her favorite dresses. This went on for nearly ten months, until budgets were cut at the radio station and at the hotel simultaneously. Peggy fell back to Ravenna to regroup and get some sleep.

George Sterney had made extensive improvements in his singer: He had placed Peggy in the hands of a makeup expert. Her hair was cut in the very short, boyish fashion she has continued to use; her eyebrows were shaped into slender half-moons; a bright pink lipstick was recommended. She was equipped with her first French-heeled slippers, and she soon acquired poise and sophistication enough to enhance the gentle charm native to her.

And so, after meeting his new daughter at the door and hugging her soundly, Mr. King held Peggy at arm's length, studied her, then shouted toward the kitchen to Peggy's mother, "Margaret! Come here and see what this kid has done."

Peggy wasn't much interested in what she "had done." She was fascinated by the dilemma of her future. What should be her next move? Network show? Band singer? Actress? She didn't care, just as long as she could remain in show business.

After a false start or two, she landed the vocalist job with Charlie Spivak and started on the old band routine—touring the one-night stands. It was fun, and it was murder. Peggy has always been inclined toward car sickness, a malady never intended by fate to be coupled with professional touring. Somehow she managed to retain enough health to sing every night, but those towns in which the band remained for more than one night still stand out, glisteningly, in Peggy's geography. Especially memorable (in reverse English) is Meadowbrook, New York, where Peggy collapsed. She was rushed to the hospital, her appendix was extracted, and eight days later she was back on the road.

It was in New York, during the engagement at the Capitol Theater, that Peggy was noticed by scouts from 20th Century-Fox and invited to take a screen test. "It's every girl's ambition to be a big, gorgeous, important movie star if she can," says Peggy, "so I agreed to the test. When Charlie heard about it, he fired me."

For four terrible months after that, she worked the "little clubs"—gin mills where smoke hung like veiling to the floor, where the giddy conversation was so loud that Gargantua's roar would have been lost as a sigh on the opaque air, and where one hundred pounds of soprano could only do her best and pray fate would rescue her.

On New Year's Eve, Ralph Flanagan called from Akron to ask if Peggy could join the band in Wichita, Kansas, on January 7, 1951. The band, he said, was bound for California and a month's playing date at the Palladium. (This would be the logical point at which to announce that Peggy was spotted on the Palladium stage by a major studio—for the second time—was signed to a long-term contract, won the lead in a major musical when the star was drowned in a high C. However, it should be plain by now that Peggy never does things the easy way. Nothing happened during the Palladium engagement.)

A year later, Peggy was singing in New York's The Blue Angel when she was seen by an executive at M-G-M, who arranged a long-term contract . . . with annual options. Peggy went to work at the Culver City studio on February 2, 1952, and ceased to work there on February 1, 1953—after having sung just one song in one picture: "Don't Blame Me," in "The Bad and the Beautiful."

Peggy shed a few tears but no blood over her withered film career. Nowadays she says, "My year at Metro was the best thing in the world for me. I had always been a pop-off, and my experience there taught me to hold my tongue. I had always been a driver, and that year taught me patience. Also, I learned to discipline myself in study: I took every course of training they would give me: Voice, diction, acting, pantomime, dancing, fencing—name it, I studied it. That instruction has been of permanent value. But, most precious experience of all, during that year I made the trip to Korea to entertain troops, and I acquired one of my dearest friends—Debbie Reynolds."

To go back into history a bit, during Peggy's Ralph Flanagan days, she met a trumpeter named Norbert (Nobby) Lee and fell deeply in love. He was a fine musician and a gay, wonderful companion and, as soon as it seemed sensible, Peggy married him. The date was February 2, 1953—the day after Peggy had been notified that M-G-M was allowing her contract to lapse—and the place was the Little Brown Church in the Valley. Peggy

wore a ballerina-length, pale blue nylon gown and a matching blue veil, and Debbie Reynolds was an exquisite bridesmaid in pink. Harry Prame was best man and the church was filled with the musicians and young actors whom Peggy and Nobby had come to know amid the confusion that is "Hollywood" to those who struggle.

Looking back on it now, Peggy says, "1953 was a lost year." She cooked and kept house in a series of small apartments, and Nobby worked "on his union card," which is to say he took jobs as they came in to the union hiring hall—a scant living.

And then Fate stepped in. Les Paul and Mary Ford were set to record the now-celebrated Hunt's Tomato Sauce jingle, but were delayed outside of California by an automobile accident. Peggy was asked to substitute—and became famous. Because of the coverage—the jingle, like the sauce, was used everywhere—Peggy was named *Billboard* singer of the year. She went to work on a late show at KRCA, won a recording contract with Columbia, turned in an unforgettable guest spot on the *Saturday Night Revue,* and—historic date—on October 2, 1954, appeared for the first time on the George Gobel show.

Nobby, also, hit pay dirt: He was signed by Liberace.

The Lees' Christmas in 1954 was everything Charles Dickens would wish for Tiny Tim. Peggy and Nobby set up a ten-foot tree in their living room, and Peggy sent her parents airline tickets for a two weeks' vacation in California. Nobby gave Peggy a gold bracelet from which hung a gold angel medallion clasping a pearl.

"We've managed to live through the rough spots," she thought jubilantly. "From now on—a cinch!"

A year has passed since perky Peggy made that statement, but—as is usual in life—things have not been too "cinchy." True, her career has expanded so that her pretty, piquant face is known wherever audiences tune in *The George Gobel Show* on Saturday night, and her voice is known wherever there are juke boxes.

But she and Nobby are living apart, separated by the same problems which confront so many people in show business: Long hours, odd hours, separations necessitated by professional demands, energies channeled to satisfy career demands (an unavoidable condition well demonstrated by the fact that, during the past four months, Peggy has done ninety shows), and finally, adjustments that have to be made in the all-too-public aquarium of Hollywood.

Even so, it is a fascinating life and one for which Peggy was obviously destined. Now junior queen of television—or, as Mr. Gobel once observed, "the little King"—she is set for a long and exciting career. Her goals are many, but one in particular should be achieved soon. Peggy's grandmother had never thought much of her granddaughter working in show business. In mentioning this tepid attitude one day, she said the profession was fine for men—just look at Bing Crosby, think of all the happiness he brought to people, think of all the good he had done—but things were "not quite the same for a girl."

Came the wonderful day when Peggy appeared on the same show with Bing and told Mr. Crosby of the admiration of his Ravenna fan. Bing sent a tape recording of the show to Peggy's grandmother.

"So now she thinks that I've arrived—just a little bit," Peggy beams. "Of course, I have a long way to go, but Grandmother believes I may be on my way to worthwhile accomplishment."

Note to Peggy's grandmother: Pretty, perky Peggy King is in the pink . . . in every sense of the word.

Robert Q.'s Hideaway

(*Continued from page 47*)

matches and ash trays, knives and forks, art collections—and just about every other kind of collection, too. . . . As we said, almost everything. But not quite. For example, Bob plays a fast game of tennis, but tennis courts are not allowed in the building. Missing, too, are towels and wash cloths marked *Hers*. Not that a woman can't wash her face at Bob's sink. But, as everyone knows, Bob is a bachelor.

Career-wise, however, he's a very happy man. Speaking of his shows—Monday through Friday on TV, Saturday on radio—he says: "This is such a wonderful thing I have, to be doing exactly what I want to do. There's not a moment in the day when I could say, 'I wish I were doing something else.' I'm very happy. Matter of fact, I know few people who are as happy as I am."

In a very real sense, Bob is married to show business. It's impossible to separate his private life from the professional, just as it's impossible to draw comparisons between Mr. Q. and any other big names in radio-TV. The particular model named Robert Q. Lewis is an individualized, custom-made job. From the headlights of his spectacles to the lithe leanness of his five-foot-eleven chassis, this is a classy sports car with a supercharged motor.

Like many other funny men, Mr. Q. is very serious. As a person, he is very human. "Aside from social niceties, which he abides by," says Nancy Robinson, his long-time secretary, "he is a gentleman. He has time for other people's happiness and problems. I remember when my father was ill and I had to go away to see him—well, Bob made me feel *comfortable* about taking time off."

Our Mr. Q. can lose his heart to great talent, and he can lose his temper over stupidity. His tolerance has genuine two-way stretch, but he doesn't pretend to be a simpleton about what he knows and wants.

"Bob isn't easy to work with—he's a perfectionist," says orchestra leader Ray Bloch, and he adds: "He knows exactly what he wants and we go over and over it until we get it. But he's got good taste and he's very imaginative, so it's worth it. And I'll tell you—fifteen minutes after he's blown his top, he's back to apologize publicly."

Mr. Q. has ideas and opinions. Anything he touches has the unmistakable stamp of Robert Q. Lewis, and his home is perhaps the best example of his thoughtfulness and his tastes, his interests and his work.

"A home for me has got to be everything," says Bob. "It's my ivory tower, and it's also my place to work. I entertain here—or I use it to just get away from everything and rest. It's like a museum of my life, with many of my closest possessions." He gives his hand that characteristic flick and continues, "You know, they'll never get me into the country. I love the city. What could I do with a tree, if I had one? You can't read it or talk to it."

Robert's Retreat is a man-made mountain that sets on the edge of Manhattan's East River. It is a mountain of steel and blond bricks that shelters a lot of other people—including Bill Cullen, Joni James and Harvey Stone. Mr. Q.'s de-luxe, double-decker cave is some hundred feet above ground level.

As a whole, his home is comfortable, sumptuous and warm. From the living-room terrace, there is a magnificent view of the river. Tugboats, tramp freighters, tankers move along. Sea gulls arc the sky. But, if you are no bird, you enter the apartment by way of the foyer and are instantly aware of its magnificence. There is no let-down. There is even an "authentic Irving Noodleman" in the foyer. An Irving Noodleman is a small-type statue of a Venetian gondolier holding a light in one hand and an oar in the other while standing on a miniature gondola. It stands about four feet high and when the Venetian boy is turned on there is a light in the hall. Bob discovered the Irving Noodleman himself.

"I was in a cab, and driving by an antique store, when I spotted this Venetian boy in the window," he says, "and I asked the cab driver to cut back—so, at great peril to life and limb, he swung around in traffic. I rushed into the store and discovered the figure hadn't been asked for. I considered myself lucky to get it. . . . The driver's name was Irving Noodleman."

An L-shaped living room is right off the foyer. It has been furnished in browns, tans and beige.

"Basically, the place is furnished in 'contemporary.'" Bob explains, "with accessories—such as lamps and tables—which are French Regency and Italian Empire and French Empire. That part of it—the antiques—I'll eliminate the next time I move."

Actually, the conflict in decor, if any, is subtle, for Bob's modern furniture is so simple that it could co-exist with about anything. The coffee table and end tables are marble-topped. In one corner there is a table with chess pieces poised for action. (Bob is a bridge and a chess enthusiast.)

On another wall there are two large, oval frames. Instead of holding pictures, they contain miniature busts imprisoned in crystal. They are called "sulfurs," and Bob gathered them over a period of years.

"Maybe you know I'm a collector," he tells you. "It's been going on since I was a kid, starting with marbles and political buttons. I still have those campaign buttons. I've collected dozens of things."

He has a library of old sheet music that includes such rarities as music from "The Golddiggers of 1933" and the original publishing of "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain," with Kate Smith's picture and autograph. He has a collection of cameras, nineteenth-century bathing beauties (pictures only), and French revue posters. He has an assortment of early playbills, totem poles and old records. For the past few years, he has been on a clown kick. He has ceramic clowns smuggled in from Yugoslavia. He has dozens of figurines of clowns and about twenty-five oil canvases on the same subject. In one of the paintings, a gift from Ray Bloch, the clown is Bob himself.

A number of these paintings are in the dining room, which is a distinctive cube. The walls are covered with gold Oriental grass cloth. The floor is of white tile scattered with small black squares. In one corner is a splendid set of silver service which Bob's parents brought him from England. On a black cabinet is an assortment of Venetian glass clowns which Bob brought back, a couple at a time, from Italy. The dining table is a circular hunk of marble, and the chairs are gold with unusual carvings.

One of Bob's television receivers is in the dining room so that, like everyone else he can watch a program while he's eating. Bob watches a lot of television.

"I don't think there's any program I haven't seen a half-dozen times," he says. "My favorites? Jack Benny—he's tops. And so is Gleason. They're not just great comedians, but great actors, too."

The other television receiver is upstairs in his office. This room is jammed. There is a wall-and-a-half full of books and records. There is a phonograph and short-wave radio, a chair and a convertible sofa. Here is his collection of totem poles, his awards—framed and hung—and a beautiful Indian headdress under glass. The room is predominantly green. Cheerful checked curtains hang from the window over his desk, and it is here that Bob does much of his typing.

"I haven't done much writing for the show in years," he says. "My writers, Ray Allen and Bob Cone, have been with me for eight years. They understand me and I understand them. I give them an idea—not that they don't have plenty of their own—but, when I give them one, they can take it home and write it just about the way I would myself."

Mr. Q.'s bedroom is right across from the office and the first thing you see, as you walk in, is a Dali sketch which the famous artist made when he visited the show. The room has been furnished in gray and yellow. Again, French and Italian styles predominate in the choice of bed and chests. There is another outdoor terrace, which Bob avoids in the winter but uses like an old-fashioned porch in the summer. Just inside the door there is another cabinet filled with "sulfurs."

"Next time I move I intend to give the whole batch to a museum," he notes. "You know what I'd like to have next time I move? A small kind of gymnasium. A place where I could get a little work-out and practice dancing or rehearse the cast."

Bob is back on topic number-one again. The furniture and the collections are all incidental to show business. Even eating and sleeping are incidental. He gets along on one meal and six hours sleep a day, and his days are full. He takes dance, vocal and dramatic lessons.

He shows up at the TV studio five mornings a week about eleven o'clock, but he has already put in a couple of hours with a coach or a teacher. Besides this, he devotes two nights a week to a dramatic workshop and spends a few more hours on Saturday with a dramatic coach. Usually, another night goes to a benefit and he reserves Friday for the theater or opera. He spends one evening at dinner with his folks, who live twenty blocks to the south of Bob.

"You'll never hear me complain for lack of time," Bob says. "I don't hold with that attitude. There's time for everything—lessons, rehearsals, meetings, planning,

promotion. There's time to be nice to people, and time to pick out a birthday gift yourself."

Bob does most of his entertaining and work and studying at home. Teachers come to his apartment. Rather than go out to a club, he prefers to have friends in.

Mr. Q. has many friends, for he is generous and genial and has an earnest interest in people. Yet he manages (with skills and techniques he has personally invented) to stay high on each year's list of eligible bachelors.

"I prefer tall girls, about five-eight and brunette," he says. "I also prefer short girls and blondes and redheads." He swallows a smile and continues, "All kidding aside, I like a date who's got something in her head. She doesn't have to be a beauty, but I do like a girl who's put together well. . . . It's embarrassing to walk down the street with a girl who isn't put together well—you lose a hand here, an ear there. Pretty soon you're walking with a bracelet."

The only real cooking ever accomplished at the apartment is done by a date, for Bob isn't much good at anything except steaks and scrambled eggs. However, food is of little consequence to him. For breakfast, he has a couple of vitamin pellets and a quart of coffee.

"Lunch?" he says. "Lunch is a soft-boiled egg mushed into a piece of bread and served in a paper cup. Lunch?"

He eats one full-size meal in the evening, and then forgets about food for another twenty-four hours. Once in a while, he takes a day off and forgets about everything. "I just lock myself in and relax completely," he says. "I read, watch TV and don't answer the phone." There is a deep-freeze in the kitchen packed with prepared foods. "It's like a grab bag. I put in my hand and, if I come up with a frankfurter, a bagel and a pizza, that's dinner."

Mr. Q. was born on April 5, 1921, which makes him thirty-four. He's been in show business ever since he learned he could turn his father's garage into a theater. He sang professionally when he was eight and was a member of the Horn & Hardart gang. His father, an attorney, loved the theater and took Bob to matinees every Saturday, but they weren't pushing him. "I just learned a few years ago that, when I was eight, I had a Hollywood contract offered to me. My parents turned it down. For twenty years, they were afraid to tell me."

Bob lives and breathes his business and every aspect of it. Next summer he may make his first movie. In fifteen years, he may retire from television and handle talent—that appeals to him. In the meantime, there are rehearsals, the show goes on, there are daily lessons.

"Don't say I haven't got time for marriage, though," he warns. "That's ridiculous. I got time for a wife and kids, too. Look, I think you can do anything if you put your time to it." He takes a breath and swallows another smile. "Kids. Sure, you got to have a wife first. I told you the kind of woman I'd like—she's got to be tall or short or medium. But she would have to be in show business. After all, they say marriage is a fifty-fifty proposition—and I wouldn't want to spend my fifty per cent of it explaining what I was doing. . . . And kids wouldn't be a problem. Both parents can keep careers and raise kids, too. How many kids? I don't know. But, of course, the kids would have to be able to dance or sing—or at least applaud."

Meanwhile, Robert Q. has his hideaway . . . not hiding away from show business, but filled with it—as anything must be, which is connected with this avid showman.

Marriage Is The Big Payoff

(*Continued from page* 53)

Jane had to be out). When she finally got away, the hotel she wanted to stay at was filled up, and she had to settle for another one. It just happened that Ed was scouting for a place to spend a week in the sun and, after discarding several ideas for other trips, decided on Nassau. He found himself at the same hotel with Betty Ann—although he, too, had asked for reservations at one of the others. Someone connected with the show had told him she was down there, and he had said he would give her a call some time after he arrived. He would ask her to dinner one night, he thought.

Betty Ann got there on a Friday, ran right into her friend Audrey Meadows in a restaurant next day. Audrey had a beau who was escorting her around. When Ed came down on Sunday, they made a foursome for dinner, and it got to be a habit. They chartered a boat and went deep-sea fishing, they water-skiied and swam, and sat for hours on the golden beaches and talked and laughed. At night, they sat around the table in leisurely companionship, and danced, and laughed and talked some more. And that sparkle of Betty Ann's which Ed remembered got to be a pretty dazzling thing—in spite of the fact that she thought she looked simply awful, with her hair hanging rather lank in the sea air, and no amount of coaxing and curling helping it much, and her nose burned bright red.

Ed wasn't at his best, either. He had gone motor-biking one day and came to meet her, late and apologetic, all patched up, with cuts and bruises, after a bad spill. For days, he begged everyone not to make him laugh because his side hurt—as well it might, considering that he had a broken rib which wasn't discovered until he had been back in New York a week.

Before the vacation was over, Betty Ann knew she was falling in love. They were on the same flight back to New York, where both had to get right back on their jobs. "It was marvelous all the way," she glows. "The trip home, the week in Nassau, learning to know Ed better and to realize how he was always the same, always kind, always a lot of fun. With a terrific sense of humor. When he continued to call up after we got back, I was pretty happy that the whole thing hadn't been just a vacation interlude."

Definitely, it hadn't. They were married one year and seven months later—last September 17—at the Carlyle Hotel in New York. It was a small and perfect wedding, and, if the brilliance of the bride's sparkle was more apparent than ever, that was the most natural thing in the world. They left next day for twelve days in Bermuda, where they had rented a honeymoon cottage. (This year they would like to go back to Nassau, to celebrate their anniversary of falling in love.)

Betty Ann had been sharing an apartment with her mother, who now had gone back to Boston to live with Betty's grandmother. The young couple found a three-room apartment on Park Avenue, in the center of all the noise and confusion that is midtown New York, but they didn't mind. It's tucked away on an upper floor of a big building where noises are muted and there's comparative quiet, and they find the location perfect because of its nearness to their work, to theaters, to stores, to all the places they want to reach.

Young Mrs. Brown had some very definite ideas about what she wanted in this first home of her own. Stark white walls and ceilings. Palest mauve carpeting. White drapes. Traditional furniture. The white and gold pieces that her mother had antiqued "while I did the heavy looking on," as Betty Ann says. "But now," she adds, "*I'm* the one who will be working, antiquing some of the bedroom pieces. I always told myself that someday, when I got married, I would take time to do all the things that make a place attractive, as my mother had done."

The whole project is proceeding more slowly than it might for two reasons: First, she and Ed are both such busy people; second, Betty Ann has a way of succumbing to nostalgia as she unpacks each box she brought from home. Take her old music scores, for instance. She had intended to dump them out, sight unseen, until she began to dig into a carton and realized there were scores from the days when she began her career, at seventeen, singing with bands. Arrangements from her first night-club work. Wonderful things she wants to keep. And it's the same with their books.

Ed, being an up and coming young account executive on his own, prefers to stay completely in the background of his wife's professional life. But, in their private life, he's a handy man around the house, fixing up extension lights expertly, putting up things like extra towel-racks, planning labor-saving devices for the kitchen—and bursting with pride at Betty Ann's housewifely skills.

He still grows lyrical about the first meal she cooked for him. Not having had much experience, she decided she might just as well try a favorite menu. If she were going to fail, she reasoned, it might just as well be in a big way. The roast beef she served that night turned out just right, and so did all the trimmings. "I thought, 'Oh, I'll never be able to do this again,'" she says. And Ed says, "I wished we had invited everyone we knew to share my pride—and that good dinner."

Betty Ann often cooks one of her specialties, tomatoes Italian style, spiced with oregano and other herbs, topped with crushed soda crackers and grated cheddar cheese. Sometimes she adds lima beans to the tomatoes, all scalloped together in a big casserole. The two of them sit at their little dining table, each promising to take "just one more spoonful," until there's nothing left.

Betty Ann was living in Cambridge, Massachusetts, when she started to sing with Ruby Newman's Society Band. Until then, she had sung and entertained at many civic affairs and events of that sort, but not for money, so she never thought of herself as a professional. She had been studying dancing since she was four, had taken ballet lessons, and was about equally interested in both dancing and singing, for a long time.

"My first job," she recalls, "was at the Somerset Hotel in Boston, one of the nicest, in the Balinese Room. I opened the floor show, with the band. I loved it and was learning a lot. One night, I was at the Fox and Hounds, a very good club, where they were having a Celebrity Night to honor the cast of 'Finian's Rainbow,' which was then playing in Boston. Some people who had heard me at the Somerset told the emcee I was in the room, and he asked me to come up and do a number. I picked a song from 'Finian's Rainbow,' not realizing that *they'd* like to do the tunes from their own show. They gave me a wonderful hand, but I would know better than to do a thing like that now."

At that time, Ed Sullivan's show was one of the few top shows on television, but already a very important one. Someone who worked with Ed heard Betty Ann sing, and she was asked to come to New York to appear on the show. When she got there, she found that previous bookings made it necessary to postpone her appearance a couple of weeks, so she decided to audition for a couple of stage musicals that were being cast. "I got only, 'Thank you, we'll call you if we need you.' But I did television auditions and immediately got bookings, one of them a regular spot on Bob Smith's *Gulf Road Show*, besides appearing on Ed Sullivan's program."

She was staying at a hotel for women, in New York, and whenever she had to rehearse she would get some of the girls there to listen to her lines. "I would have perhaps ten lines to speak, but I was so excited I thought it was a whole book. On one program, I had to say to Johnny Desmond, 'Johnny, I brought you some honeybuns,' and I rehearsed it a dozen different ways, finally deciding to stress 'some honeybuns.' On the night of the show, I picked up the tray and started to bring it on, and then did a double-take. A stagehand had forgotten the honeybuns and there was only a glass of milk! I amended my speech just in time: 'Johnny, I brought you a glass of milk.' The girls, watching back at the hotel, wondered what happened to all that rehearsing."

Meticulous as she was about her work, Betty Ann almost refused a final audition as vocalist on *Stop The Music*. "I had done about ten auditions, and I couldn't understand why there had to be so many. I was tired of doing them. I know now that it had to be, because there were several owners, and producers and sponsors, and each had to know what I could do. But I almost ran out on that show." Since it was the one that gave her career its first big push upward, this really would have been too bad.

Being on *Stop The Music* made Betty Ann's face familiar to many, many people. They began to recognize her in the street, and in stores and restaurants. But her pride took quite a fall—literally—after she did one show called "Bowl for Charity." As a high-school student she had done some bowling, so she was willing to go on, although she had never been a crack player. On the second play, she went right along with the ball down the alley, and found herself sitting in the middle of the floor, laughing and feeling like a fool. The people on the show thought it was great, so she didn't really mind too much—until a few days later, when she got into a cab and the driver asked, "Haven't I seen you some place?"

"On TV?" Betty Ann suggested. "Sure," he said, smiling delightedly (and she was sure he was going to say something nice about her singing on *Stop The Music*). "You bowled on television the other night, and you fell."

During the time she was on *Stop The Music*, she took Lisa Kirk's role in the stage musical, "Kiss Me, Kate," playing

it for six months. Her television program went on at 8:00 P.M., Eastern time. The curtain rose at the theater at 8:40. On her television night, they held the curtain an extra ten minutes just for Betty Ann, while she grabbed her waiting cab and rushed over and into her costume. One night, the jackpot broke on *Stop The Music*. Her last number was delayed. She bolted for the cab after it was over and got to the theater—just in time to see her understudy go on.

There was another problem in connection with her dual career. She was used to television and to microphones, and she had to learn to "project" in the theater, so that audiences in the very farthest back seats could hear her. Consequently, it got so that, whenever she started to rehearse on *Stop The Music*, they'd have to keep shushing her. "We can hear you without the boom," they'd say. After a while, she remembered.

She loved working with Bert Parks, who, as she says, is quick with his praise, when he thinks it is deserved. "He would not only tell me when I did a good job," Betty Ann says, "but he would tell the producers of the show. He would protect my numbers if the show ran too long. 'Take it from somewhere else,' he'd say. 'That's too good to cut out.' He was just wonderful.

So is Randy Merriman, emcee of *The Big Payoff*. Just great. A perfect host, whether you're appearing as a contestant, or whether you're working with him on the show. Just naturally kind and interested in everybody. He is happy when someone wins, or when someone who performs does an extra-special job. It's not a pose, but the real thing. Working with Randy and Bess Myerson is wonderful."

Ed helps her rehearse her songs at home, but—as previously noted—prefers to remain in the background, otherwise ducking out of interviews whenever he can and not wanting to pose for pictures. (He did pose for a couple illustrating this story, as a special favor, but he was breaking one of his rules.) He shares her love for music, although he doesn't sing or play, and he loves jazz—but not bop. They both like opera and go whenever they can. Besides being an excellent photographer, Ed's consuming interest, outside his home and job, is the Army, especially the artillery. He saw active service in Europe, was wounded slightly in the Battle of the Bulge, is now a captain in the Army Reserve.

They both feel that being in allied businesses makes things interesting. "Ed sees our business from the advertising-agency side," Betty Ann points out. "I see it from the performer's viewpoint. We argue about it, but each has learned from the other."

Right now, Betty Ann is too busy to ponder much about what's ahead. "I just want to learn as much as I can and be ready for everything good that may come. And to stay right where I am, on *The Big Payoff*, for a long time. When the show is over for the day, I go home now and begin to think about dinner and what has to be started early. During the years in show business, when I was unmarried, I ate out so much that now I love having meals at home, even the cooking and doing the dishes myself—although I must say that Ed has the perfect excuse for not helping, because our kitchen is long and narrow and there just isn't room for two people to pass each other. I should have thought of that when we took the apartment!"

But that's the littlest "payoff" Betty Ann has found in marriage. The rest of it has been giant-size—the kind of "jackpot" about which every woman dreams.

Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Standard Time.

Monday through Friday

Morning Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45		Local Program		
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45		Robert Hurleigh Easy Does It	Breakfast Club	News Of America
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Weekday	Cecil Brown Guest Time* News 10:35 Johnny Olsen	My True Story When A Girl Marries Whispering Streets	Arthur Godfrey Time
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Weekday Fibber McGee & Molly	News 11:05 Story Time Queen For A Oay *Wed., Faith In Our Time	Walt Oisney's Magic Kingdom News, Les Griffith Family Circle	Arthur Godfrey (con.) Make Up Your Mind Howard Miller Show

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Weekday	Noon News 12:05 Here's Hollywood 12:10 Jean Shepperd Show	Noon News Frank Farrell 12:55 Oon Gardiner, News	Wendy Warren & The News Backstage Wife Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Weekday	News, Cedric Foster Footnotes To History Luncheon With Lopez	Paul Harvey, News Arthur Van Horn	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Or. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Weekday	News, Sam Hayes 2:05 Letter To Lee Graham America's Front Ooor	Martin Block	Second Mrs. Burton Brighter Oay This Is Nora Drake Aunt Jenny
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Weekday Hotel For Pets Ooctor's Wife	News 3:05 Ruby Mercer Show	Martin Block (con.)	Linkletter's House Party Fred Robbins Show
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Right To Happiness Young Widder Brown Pepper Young's Family Woman In My House	News 4:05 Bruce & Oan Musical Feature	Broadway Matinee Treasury Band-stand	
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Claude Rains Or. Norman Vincent Peale Lone Ranger 5:55 Production Five	Bob And Ray 5:50 Wismer, Sports 5:55 Cecil Brown	Musical Express Bobby Hammack Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez	

Monday Evening Programs

6:00 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. America's Business 7:20 Oinner Oate Gabriel Heatter Les Paul & Mary Ford	Morgan, News Quincy Howe 7:25 Wall Street Final Events Of The Oay	News Analysis, LeSeuer 7:05 Curt Massey Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Henry Taylor Boston Symphony Orchestra	True Oetective John Steele, Adventurer	The World And You 8:25 News Voice Of Firestone	My Son, Jeep Yours Truly, Johnny Oollar Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour	News, Lyle Van 9:05 World Of Sports Behind The Iron Curtain Reporters' Roundup	News 9:05 Sound Mirror 9:25 News Offbeat 9:55 News Personality	News, Collingwood 9:05 Jack Carson Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News, Trout
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly News 10:20 Heart Of The News Stars In Action	Virgil Pinkley Orchestra Oistinguished Artists	Vandercook, News 10:05 Three Suns George Hamilton Combs	Oance Orchestra

Tuesday Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The New Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis. Ir America's Business 7:20 Oinner Oate Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Morgan, News Quincy Howe 7:25 Wall Street Final Events Of The Oay	News Analysis LeSeuer 7:05 Curt Masse Bing Crosby Edward R. Murro
8:00 8:15 8:30	People Are Funny Oragnet	Treasury Agent Squad Room	The World And You 8:25 News Bishop Sheen 8:55 News	My Son, Jeep Johnny Oollar Suspense
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	News 9:05 Your Radio Theater—Herbert Marshall*	News, Lyle Van 9:05 World Of Sports This Is Civil Oefense Army Hour	Sound Mirror 9:25 News Offbeat 9:55 News Personality	News, Herman 9:05 Jack Carson Amos 'n' Andy Mi Hall
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly 10:20 J. C. Harsch Night Life With Nadine	Virgil Pinkley Men's Corner Oance Music	Vandercook, News 10:05 Three Suns Take Thirty	Oance Band

*Feb. 21, Biography In Sound of Anne Morrow Lindbergh

Wednesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The N Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. America's Business 7:20 Oinner Date Gabriel Heatter Les Paul & Mary Ford	Morgan News Quincy Howe 7:25 Wall Street Final Events Of The Oay	News, LeSeuer 7:05 Curt Mass Bing Crosby Edward R. Murr
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Truth Or Consequences College Quiz Bowl News	Gangbusters Public Prosecutor	The World And You 8:25 News Your BetterTomorrow	My Son, Jeep Johnny Oollar FBI In Peace A War
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	You Bet Your Life —Groucho Marx X Minus One 9:55 Travel Bureau	News, Lyle Van 9:05 World Of Sports Front Page Exclusive Family Theater	Sound Mirror 9:25 News Offbeat 9:55 News Personality	News, Herman 9:05 Jack Carso Amos 'n' Andy M Hall 9:55 News, Tro
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly 10:20 This Is Moscow Keys To The Capitol	Virgil Pinkley Success Story, U.S.A. Sounding Board	Vandercook, News 10:05 Pabst Fights	Newsmakers Presidential Rep

Thursday Evening Programs

6:00 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	Bill Stern. Sports	Jackson & The Ne Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis. Ir America's Business 7:20 Oinner Oate Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Morgan, News Quincy Howe 7:25 Wall Street Final Events Of The Oay	News Analysis, LeSeuer 7:05 Curt Mass Bing Crosby Edward R. Mur
8:00 8:15 8:30	Great Gildersleeve The Goon Show	Official Oetective Crime Fighter	The World And You 8:25 News Your BetterTomorrow	My Son, Jeep Johnny Oollar Godfrey Oigest
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	News 9:05 American Adventure Conversation	News, Lyle Van 9:05 World Of Sports Book Hunter State Of The Nation	Sound Mirror 9:25 News Offbeat 9:55 News Personality	News, Herman 9:05 Jack Carso Amos 'n' Andy M Hall
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly 10:20 Carling Conservation Club Jane Pickens Show	Virgil Pinkley Here's Hayes Music For You	Vandercook, News 10:05 Three Suns Platterbrains	Oance Orchestr

Friday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:45	Joseph C. Harsch Three Star Extra	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. America's Business 7:20 Oinner Oate Gabriel Heatter Les Paul & Mary Ford	Morgan, News Quincy Howe 7:25 WallStreetFinal Events Of The Oay	News Analysis, LeSeuer 7:05 Curt Mass Bing Crosby Edward R. Murr
8:00 8:15 8:30	News 8:05 National Radio Fan Club	Counter-Spy City Editor	The World And You 8:25 News Your BetterTomorrow	My Son, Jeep Johnny Oollar 21st Precinct
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	NBC Ink Clinic 9:05 Radio Fan Club (con.) 9:55 News	News, Lyle Van 9:05 World Of Sports Oouble Oate	Sound Mirror Listen 9:55 News Personality	News, Collingw 9:05 Jack Carso Amos 'n' Andy M Hall
10:00 10:15 10:30	Cavalcade Of Sports 10:25 Sports Oigest Fibber McGee & Molly	Virgil Pinkley Forbes Report London Studios Melody	Vandercook, News 10:05 Three Suns Vincent Lopez	Oance Orchestr

TVR

Inside Radio

Saturday

Morning Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
:30 :45	World News Roundup	Local Program	Van Voorhis, News 8:35 Doug Browning Show	News
:00 :15 :30 :45	This Farming Business Monitor		No School Today	News Of America Farm News Garden Gate
:00 :15 :30 :45	Monitor	Good News	No School Today (con.) Moppets & Melody 10:55 News	News, Jackson 10:05 Galen Orake Show
:00 :15 :30 :45	Monitor	Lucky Pierre Johnny Oesmond Show 11:55 Les Paul & Mary Ford	News 11:05 Inner Circle Van Voorhis, News 11:35 All League Clubhouse	News, Calmer 11:05 Robert Q. Lewis Show

Afternoon Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
:00 :15 :30 :45	National Farm & Home Hour Monitor	Tex Fletcher Wagon Show Fifth Army Band	News 12:05 World Tourist 101 Ranch Boys Van Voorhis, News 12:35 American Farmer	News, Jackson 12:05 Romance Gunsmoke 12:55 Surprise Theater
:00 :15 :30 :45	Monitor	Musical Wheel Of Chance Magic Of Music, Doris Day	News 1:05 Navy Hour It's Time 1:35 Shake The Maracas	News, Jackson 1:05 City Hospital Kathy Godfrey
:00 :15 :30 :45	Monitor	Musical Caravan	Metropolitan Opera	News, Townsend 2:05 Adventures in Science Antonini's Serenade Orchestra
:00 :15 :30 :45	Monitor	Country Jamboree	Opera (con.)	News, Bancroft 3:05 Orchestra
:00 :15 :30 :45	Monitor	Wismer, World Of Sports	Opera (con.)	News, Church 4:05 Orchestra Make Way For Youth
:00 :15 :30 :45	Monitor	Wismer, World Of Sports (con.) 5:55 Les Paul & Mary Ford	Opera (con.)	News, Cochran 5:05 Orchestra Saturday At The Chase

Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
:00 :15 :30 :45	Monitor	John T. Flynn Les Paul & Mary Ford Report From Washington Les Paul & Mary Ford	News 6:05 Pan-American Union 6:25 It's Time Sports Kaleidoscope Bob Edge, Sports Afield	News, Cioffi 6:05 New Orleans Jazz Band Ball Young Ideas
:00 :15 :30 :45	Monitor The Big Surprise	Pop The Question Inspiration Please	News 7:05 At Ease 7:25 It's Time Labor-Management Series	News. LeSeuer 7:05 Juke Box Jury
:00 :15 :30 :45	Monitor	True or False Quaker City Capers	News 8:05 Dance Party Van Voorhis, News 8:35 Dance Party (con.)	News, Jackson 8:05 Country Style 8:55 News
:00 :15 :30 :45	Monitor Grand Ole Opry	I Ask You Lombardoland, U.S.A.	News 9:05 Dance Party (con.) Van Voorhis, News 9:35 Dance Party (con.)	News, Collingwood 9:05 Philadelphia Orchestra
:00 :15 :30	Monitor	Oklahoma City Symphony	News 10:05 Hotel Edison Orch. Van Voorhis, News 10:35 Lawrence Welk	News 10:05 Basin Street Jazz Orchestra

Sunday

Morning Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Monitor		Sunday Melodies	Renfro Valley 8:55 Galen Orake
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Monitor Art Of Living	Wings Of Healing Back To God	Bible Study 9:25 Voice Of Prophecy	World News Roundup The Music Room Church Of The Air
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	National Radio Pulpit Monitor	Radio Bible Class Volce Of Prophecy	News 10:05 Message Of Israel News 10:35 College Choir	News 10:05 Invitation To Learning The Leading Question
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Monitor 11:35 New World	Frank And Ernest Christian Science Monitor Northwestern Reviewing Stand	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

Afternoon Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Monitor The Eternal Light	As I See It News, Bill Cunningham Christian Science	Herald Of Truth	News, Robert Trout 12:05 Washington Week World Affairs Guy Lombardo Time
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Monitor	Les Paul & Mary Ford 1:05 Basil Heatter Merry Mailman Lutheran Hour	Dr. Wm. Ward Ayer News 1:35 Pilgrimage	Woolworth Hour—Percy Faith, Oonald Woods
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	The Catholic Hour Monitor	Complete Opera	Dr. Oral Roberts Wings Of Healing	Symphonette New York Philharmonic-Symphony
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Monitor	Complete Opera (con.)	Dr. James McGinley Billy Graham	Symphony (con.)
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Monitor	Complete Opera (con.) Wismer, World of Sports	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	News 4:05 On A Sunday Afternoon
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Monitor 5:05 Your Nutrilite Radio Theater	Wismer, World Of Sports (con.)	Holiday For Strings 5:25 Van Voorhis, News Greatest Story Ever Told	News 5:05 On A Sunday Afternoon News

Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Meet The Press Monitor	Walter Winchell Tomorrow's Headlines On The Line, Bob Considine Les Paul & Mary Ford 6:50 Sports	Monday Morning Headlines Paul Harvey, News News 6:35 Evening Comes	News 6:05 Gene Autry Gunsmoke 6:55 Tremendous Trifles
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Monitor	This Is Civil Oefense Pan-American Panorama	News 7:05 Showtime Revue George E. Sokolsky News Travel Talk	News Analysis 7:05 Bergen-McCarthy Show
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Monitor	Hawaii Calls Bonsoir Paris	America's Town Meeting	News 8:05 Our Miss Brooks Two For The Money
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Monitor	Wm. Hillman, News Oick Joseph, World Traveler Manion Forum Keep Healthy	Overseas Assignment Lifetime Living 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	News, E. O. Canham Richard Hayes Sings Revival Time	News 10:05 Face The Nation Church Of The Air

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TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN, CHANNEL 8, FEBRUARY 8—MARCH 8

Monday through Friday

7:00 ④ **Taday**—Garroway's eye-opener
8:00 ② **Captain Kangarao**—Kids love him
8:SS ② **George Skinner**—Easygoin' show
9:00 ④ **Herb Sheldan**—With Jo McCarthy
⑦ **Look To Win**—Quiz for mommies
9:30 ⑦ **Todd Russell Carner**—Comfy
10:00 ② **Garry Moare**—Everybody's happy
④ **Ding Dong Schoal**—TV nursery
10:30 ② **Godfrey Time**—Simulcast except Fri.
④ **Ernie Kovacs**—With wife Edie Adams
⑦ **Claire Mann**—Grooming expert
11:00 ④ **Home**—Arlene Francis, femcee
⑤ **Janet Dean, R.N.**—Ella Raines stars
⑦ **Ramper Raam**—Keeps kids kwiet
11:1S ⑤ **Life With Elizabeth**—Pert & fun
11:30 ② [8] **Strike It Rich**—Hullhearted quiz
⑤ **Beulah**—Louise Beaver's a howl
11:4S ⑤ **Mr. & Mrs. Narth**—Gory but gay
12:00 ② **Valiant Lady**—Stars Flora Campbell
④ **Tennessee Ernie**—Ford in our present
⑤ **Jahnny Olsen**—House of fun
12:1S ② [8] **Lave Of Life**—Jean McBride Stars
12:30 ② [8] **Search Far Tomarrow**—Serial
④ **Feather Your Nest**—Bud Collyer
⑦ **Two Of The Mast**—Variety
12:4S ② [8] **Guiding Light**—Ellen Demming
1:00 ② **Jack Paar Shaw**—With Martha Wright
④ **One Is For Sheldan**—Pert, punny
⑤ **Virginia Graham**—Irrepressible
1:30 ② **Lave Stary**—Jack Smith emcees
④ **Sky's The Limit**—Sprightly quiz
⑦ **Afternaon Shaw**—Hollywood films
2:00 ② **Robert Q. Lewis**—Sparkles plenty
④ **Richard Willis**—Facial decorator
2:30 ② [8] **Art Linkletter's Hause Party**
④ **Jinx Falkenburg**—Sweet & purty
⑤ **Maggi McNellis**—More gal talk
⑪ **Liberace**—Valentino of the keyboard
3:00 ② [8] **Big Payoff**—Mink-lined quiz
④ **Matinee Theater**—Hour dramas
⑦ **Jae Franklin's Memory Lane**
⑨ **Ted Steele**—Makes good music
⑪ **Diane Lucas**—Cookery as an art
3:30 ② **Bab Crasby Shaw**—A wing-ding
4:00 ② [8] **Brighter Day**—Blair Davies stars
④ **Date With Life**—Dramatic serial
⑤ **Wendy Barrie**—Fair and Wendy
4:1S ② [8] **Secret Starm**—Peter Hobbs stars
④ **First Lave**—Pat Barry leads off
4:30 ② **On Your Accaunt**—Dennis James quiz
④ **Queen Far A Day**—Jack Bailey's king
4:4S ⑤ **Letter Ta Lee Graham**—Clever gal

EARLY EVENING

5:00 ⑦ [8] **Mickey Mause Club**—For kids
S:30 ④ **Hawdy Daady**—Bob Smith's boy
6:00 ② **News & Weather**
6:30 ④ **Patti Page**—Tues. & Thurs. only
7:00 ⑤ **Mike Wallace & News**
⑦ **Kukla, Fran & Ollie**—Fun & fantasy
7:1S ⑤ **Tex McCrary**—Interviews VIPs
⑦ **John Daly, News**
7:30 ④ [8] **Sangs**—Tony Martin, Mon.; Dinah Shore, Tues., Thurs.; Eddie Fisher, Wed., Fri.
⑨ **Millian Dallar Mavies**—Feb. 6-12, "Tomorrow Is Forever," Claudette Colbert, Orson Welles; Feb. 13-19, "Great Gilbert & Sullivan," Maurice Evans, Robert Morley; Feb. 20-26, "Outcasts of the Islands," Ralph Richardson; Feb. 27-Mar. 4, "Duffy of San Quentin," Joanne Dru, Paul Kelly; Mar. 5-11, "Steel Trap," Joe Cotten, Teresa Wright
7:45 ④ **Jahn Cameran Swayze**—News

LATE NIGHT

10:00 ⑨ **Million Dollar Mavies**—See 7:30 P.M.
11:00 ② ④ ⑤ **News & Weather**
⑪ **Liberace**—Charming & melodic
11:15 ⑨ **The Late Shaw**—Feature films
11:20 ④ **Steve Allen**—Man, he goes!

Monday P.M.

7:30 ② **Rabin Haod**—Romantic outlaw
⑤ **The Lane Wolf**—Louis Hayward
⑦ **Tapper**—Hocus-pocus comedy
8:00 ② **Burns & Allen**—Coupled comedy
④ **Caesar's Haur**—Sid sizzles except Mar. 5, **Producers' Showcase,** 8-9:30.
⑤ **The Hunter**—Defender of justice
⑦ [8] **Digest Drama**—Tailored tales
⑪ **Public Defender**—Reed Hadley stars
8:30 ② **Gadfrey's Talent Scauts**—Showcose
⑦ [8] **Vaice Of Firestone**—Concert
9:00 ② [8] **I Lave Lucy**—Desi & delightful
④ **The Medic**—Dramas about docs
⑦ **Datty Mack Shaw**—Musicmimics
9:30 ② **December Bride**—It's always Spring
④ **Rabert Mantgamery Presents**
⑤ **Baxing Fram St. Nicholas Arena**
10:00 ② [8] **Studio One**—Brilliant hour
⑦ **Dangeraus Assignment**—Adventure
10:30 ⑦ **Boris Karloff**—Whodunits

Tuesday

7:30 ② **Name That Tune**—Dough-re-mi
⑤ **Waterfrant**—Preston Foster stars
⑦ [8] **Warner Bras. Presents**—Films
8:00 ② **Phil Silvers Show**—Very, very funny
④ **Miltan Berle**—Feb. 21; **Bab Hape**—Feb. 28; **Martha Raye**—Feb. 14, March 6
8:30 ② **Navy Lag**—True tales of U.S. Navy
⑦ [8] **Wyatt Earp**—Adult western
9:00 ② **Meet Millie**—Elena Verdugo winks
④ **Jane Wyman's Fireside Theater**
⑦ [8] **Danny Thamas**—Fine & Danny
9:30 ② **Red Skeltan Shaw**—Rib-tickler
④ **Playwrights '56—Circle Theater**
⑦ [8] **Cavalcade Theater**—True drama
10:00 ② [8] **$64,000 Questian**—Suspenseful
10:30 ② **Da Yau Trust Your Wife?**—Hmmm?
④ **Big Tawn**—Mark Stevens stars
⑦ **Where Were Yau?**—Ken Murray

Wednesday

7:30 ② **Brave Eagle**—Indian stories
⑦ **Disneyland**—From Goofy to Mickey
8:00 ② **Gadfrey & Friends**—Artful variety
④ **Screen Directars' Playhouse**
8:30 ④ **Father Knaws Best**—Happy comedy
⑦ [8] **M-G-M Parade**—Film variety
9:00 ② **The Millianaire**—Money, what else?
④ **Kraft Theater**—Always top-notch
⑦ [8] **Masquerade Party**—Panel panic
9:30 ② **I've Gat a Secret**—Garry Moore
⑦ [8] **Break The Bank**—Berk Parks quiz
10:00 ② [8] **U. S. Steel—20th Century-Fax Haur**
④ **This Is Yaur Life**—Surprise bios
⑦ [8] **Wednesday Night Fights**
10:30 ④ **Patti Page Party**—Come as you are

Thursday

7:30 ⑤ **The Galdbergs**—Molly glows
8:00 ② **Bab Cummings Shaw**—Farceful
④ **Graucha Marx**—Quiz at Wit's End
⑦ [8] **Bishap Fultan J. Sheen**—Talks
8:30 ② **Climax**—Drama. **Shawer Of Stars** Feb. 16, Jack Benny
④ **Dragnet**—Webb traps criminals
⑦ [8] **Stap The Music**—Bert Parks pays
9:00 ④ **Peaple's Chaice**—Cooper comedy
⑤ **Wrestling**—Grunts & groans
⑦ ⑨ **Star Tanight**—Filmed dramas
9:30 ② **Faur Star Playhause**—Stories
④ ([8] **at 10:00**) **Ford Theater**
⑦ [8] **Dawn Yau Ga**—Dr. Bergen Evans
10:00 ② **Johnny Carsan**—Roguish & rollicking
④ **Lux Videa Theater**—Hour dramas
10:30 ② **"Wanted"**—Real rogues gallery
⑦ **Racket Squad**—Reed Hadley stars

Friday

7:30 ② **Rin Tin Tin**—Canine tales
8:00 ② **Mama**—Peggy Wood stars
④ **Truth Or Consequences**—Wild
⑤ **Sherlack Halmes**—Sleuthing
⑦ [8] **Ozzie & Harriet**—Delightful
8:30 ② **Our Miss Brooks**—Babblin' Brooks
④ **Life Of Riley**—Bill Bendix gets riled
⑦ [8] **Crossroads**—About clergymen
9:00 ② **The Crusader**—Melodramas
④ **Big Stary**—Newsworthy dromas
⑤ **Igar Cassini's Showcase**—Chic
⑦ **Dollar A Secand**—Jan Murray quiz
9:30 ② **Playhouse Of Stars**—Filmed stories
④ **Star Stage**—Filmed stories
⑦ [8] **The Vise**—Suspense tales
⑪ **Duffy's Tavern**—Ed Gardner stars
10:00 ② **The Line-Up**—City police in action
④ **Boxing**—Headline fisticuffs
⑦ **Ethel & Albert**—Marital fisticuffs
10:30 ② **Persan Ta Person**—Visit the famed
⑦ **Adventures Of Falcon**—Thrillers

Saturday

3:00-4:4S ② **Big Ten Basketball**
7:00 ② **Gene Autry Show**—Singin' & shootin'
④ **Henry Fanda Presents**—Drama
⑦ **Step This Way**—Dance contest
7:30 ② **Beat The Clack**—Stunts for prizes
④ **The Big Surprise**—$100,000 quiz
⑦ **Ozark Jubilee**—Every fourth week, **Grand Ole Opry**
8:00 ② [8] **The Haneymaaners**—J. Gleason
④ **Perry Cama Show**—Hour revue
8:30 ② [8] **Stage Shaw**—Dorsey Brothers
9:00 ② **Twa Far The Maney**—Shriner quiz
④ **Peaple Are Funny**—So is Linkletter. Feb. 18, **The Oscar Naminatians,** 9-10:30
⑦ [8] **Lawrence Welk**—Pop music
9:30 ② **It's Always Jan**—Janis Paige. Feb. 11, **Star Jubilee,** "Day Lincoln Was Shot"
④ **Durante-O'Cannar Shaw**—Laughs
10:00 ② **Gunsmake**—Adult adventure
④ **Geargе Gabel**—And here's the show
10:30 ② **Daman Runyan Theater**—Stories
④ **Yaur Hit Parade**—Top tunes

Sunday

4:00 ② **Frant Raw Center**—Full hour dramat
④ **Maurice Evans Presents**—Drama **Wide Wide Warld**—Travelogues, Feb. 12 March 4. **NBC Opera**—Feb. 26
S:00 ② **Omnibus**—TV artistry
⑦ **Super Circus**—Big top variety
6:00 ④ **Meet The Press**—Celebrities fried
6:30 ② [8] **Yau Are There**—History alive
⑦ **Paris Precinct**—Crime from the Sein
⑪ **Life With Father**—Leon Ames comed
7:00 ② **Lassie**—Adventures of a movie quee
④ **It's A Great Life**—Dunn's fun
⑦ [8] **Yau Asked Far It**—Art Baker
7:30 ② [8] **Jack Benny** alternates with An Sothern's **Private Secretary**
④ **Frontier**—Rootin' tootin' drama ex cept Feb. 26, **Calor Spread,** Imogene Coc
⑦ **Famaus Film Festival**—Screen hits
8:00 ② [8] **Ed Sullivan Shaw**—The best
④ **New Comedy Haur**—Gagsters galor
⑪ **Inspectar Mark Saber**—Crime hunte
9:00 ② **G-E Theater**—Ronald Reagan Host
④ **Televisian Theater**—Fine, full hou
⑦ [8] **Chance Of A Lifetime**—Variet
9:30 ② **Alfred Hitchcack Presents**—Dram
⑦ [8] **Original Amateur Hour**
10:00 ② **Appaintment With Adventure**
④ **Loretta Yaung Shaw**—Stories
10:30 ② [8] **What's My Line?**—Job game
④ **Justice**—Documentary-style stories
⑪ **The Whistler**—Mysteries

Cinderella Story

(*Continued from page* 33)

Bud had invited the girl from Davenport. The girl from Davenport was little, cuddly, cute. And Bonnie. . . .

Today's lovely Bonnie Bartlett bears small resemblance to that "dateless" junior. She has become a slender, talented young actress and also a happy, beloved young wife, rich in charm and understanding. Bonnie made her bow to the cameras in a play which Norman Felton, one of the most important of TV producers, wrote especially for her. She has appeared in the big drama shows—and she recently won the coveted role of Vanessa Raven in *Love Of Life*, on CBS-TV, after Peggy McCoy relinquished the part to pursue other theatrical activities.

Having conquered a problem which besets many a teenager, Bonnie can now take a clear-eyed view of her unhappy high-school days: "This has been the strongest drive in my life. In school, I was the ugly duckling—the big girl who was over-weight and over-tall. I had bulges instead of curves. My hair was thick and bunchy, and I hated myself so much I wouldn't even try to dress becomingly."

Bonnie had grown to sturdy-oak proportions with beanstalk speed. When she was six, people said, "She's tall for her age, isn't she?" At nine, she had outstripped her brother Bob, who is eighteen months older. At ten, when she topped her mother, her parents seriously feared she might become a giant—for she had already reached her present height of five feet, six inches, and was bursting into adolescence.

The tallest child in grade school, she was always at the end of the line when the kids paired off for games. High school was worse. At dances, she cringed against the wall when boys, who were friendly enough in class, passed her by. "I didn't understand they were as ashamed of being short as I was of being tall. I'd sit there bravely for two, three hours, then walk home with another girl."

For the anguished, left-out child, her understanding parents opened three avenues of solace: Books, dramatics, work.

The books came first. "I could never stand dolls," Bonnie recalls, "I suppose it was because they were little and pretty and I wasn't. Even when my father bought me the biggest, most beautiful doll in town—it cost thirty dollars and that was a lot of money during the Depression—I smashed it right away. From then on, they let me make out my own Christmas book list. I'd always find all I asked for—sometimes as many as forty books—waiting under the tree."

Movies and radio, too, became absorbing interests: "I knew every program on the air and in summer I'd go to a show every afternoon. I read everything I could find about the stars. I lived on *Photoplay* and RADIO MIRROR."

Her own ventures into dramatics formed the bridge between this world of imagination and everyday life. In the bridging, Bonnie's real world became more tolerable: "Mother started me on ballet. That helped me manage my bulk." And when the fourth grade staged a play, Bonnie's first role proved prophetic: "It was that fairy tale about the bewitched frog who, when some one loves him, turns back into a prince. Being biggest, I played the frog. I guess I was pretty good. Good for myself, at least. I discovered that when I was on stage I could get away from being my cumbersome self. On stage, I would feel pretty and that people admired me, just like the rest of the kids."

Thus Bonnie became the girl who was

called on to "speak a piece" at programs, to give the Gettysburg Address on Decoration Day, to appear in every school play. "I didn't have the lead roles," she points out. "Those went to the pretty girls. I was always the mother or the aunt and sometimes even the father."

Bonnie's talent "came natural," as they say back in western Illinois. In his youth, her father, E. E. Bartlett, had joined with his sisters and brothers to form a family stock company at Yonkers, New York. He was teaching dramatics at a boys' school in Racine, Wisconsin, when he met and married pretty Carrie Archer, the blonde and pretty granddaughter of a Norwegian frontiersman. Shortly after Bonnie was born, he joined the Dallas Little Theater as an actor and director. To give their family a more secure life than show business afforded, the Bartletts moved to Moline and set up an insurance office. "My mother works right along with dad," Bonnie says. "They make a wonderful team."

Bonnie describes her father as "a big, hearty man with a booming voice, tremendous energy and a great love for the theater. Instead of singing in the shower, he's more likely to shout a soliloquy from 'Hamlet' at the top of his voice. And, of course, he's into every kind of amateur performance in the Tri-Cities."

Mr. Bartlett's coaching of Bonnie took a subtle turn. "Dad never told me how to play a part," she says, "and he'd never let me take elocution lessons, either. Instead, we'd talk out a role until I could see a character and know what I wanted to do with it. We discussed my themes the same way. When I finished one, he would correct it, but everything I wrote or acted was my own."

Both parents taught Bonnie the satisfaction to be found in hard work. "Although they were willing and able to give me an allowance," she recalls, "I took tremendous pride in having a job of my own. I clerked in stores and later I was a receptionist for a doctor."

Perhaps the jobs became unduly important, she confesses. "Doubtless I was compensating for feeling socially left out. I became fiercely independent and put a miser's value on money I earned. I was so thrifty I would walk a mile to work rather than spend a dime for bus fare."

To ease the pain of the present, Bonnie set her sights on the future. When other girls were happily engaged in the usual "he loves me, he loves me not" conversation, Bonnie was all too likely to assert herself by saying, "When I'm on stage . . ." She now realizes its effect. "That didn't endear me to the other kids. They didn't know I hurt, inside, because I had no dates to talk about. They thought I felt I was too good for them. I made no bones of the fact that I couldn't wait to get out of Moline."

That chance came between her junior and senior years, when she won a declamatory contest: "All the cute girls did comedy. I picked a tear-jerker and made everyone cry." With the prize came a scholarship to the summer high-school institute at the school of speech of Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois. "For the first time," she says, "I felt I belonged. The other kids were interested in the same things I was. I loved every minute of it. I knew, too, that Northwestern was the school for me."

Her high-school graduation year was made memorable by another honor: "At the First Congregational Church, the young people take over the entire service on Children's Day. Our minister, the Rev. Mr. Oliver Black, asked me to preach the sermon. We worked it out together. My topic was 'You're a Christian, So What?' I admit I got off my chest quite a few ideas about hypocrisy and unkindness."

Preparing to go to Northwestern, Bonnie paid more attention to classes than clothes. "I studied the catalogue and had my schedule made out before I left home, but my mother couldn't get me to go shopping. I didn't expect to be popular and it didn't matter what I wore. I bought one green dress—an awful thing—and I believe I paid three dollars for it."

When Bonnie left Moline, she didn't realize that her assets were beginning to come into their own. Thanks to the Bartlett's family life, she had acquired the social graces. As she says, "We always had fun at our house. Friends liked to visit. I guess I know how to play every kind of card game there is. Following Mother's example, I could always make talk and see that a guest felt comfortable."

Physically, too, as the other young people were growing up to Bonnie's height, Bonnie was beginning to grow up to herself. Although she feels she was still much too plump when she entered Northwestern, her golden curls, her lovely complexion and her pretty face drew admiring glances. Ballet had given her grace. Her intelligence, talent and willingness to work marked her as coed of promise.

The exceedingly critical young ladies of Kappa Kappa Gamma, one of the "top five" sororities, noticed these attributes and pledged her. Bill Daniels noted them, too, and asked her for a date.

In 1947, a year when a number of present-day television's outstanding people were on the Northwestern campus, Bill Daniels' matriculation had about the same effect in the school of speech as a potential All-American signing for football.

The son of Mr. and Mrs. David Daniels, Bill was born in Brooklyn, inheriting the good looks, the charm, the voice and the wit of the Irish. Recognizing this as an explosive combination, his mother had determined her children would never roam the streets in kid gangs, so long as show business offered a constructive outlet for their energies.

Bill and his sisters, Jackie and Carol, first sang on children's radio programs and then progressed to professional engagements. With his hair dyed fiery red for the part, Bill had appeared on Broadway as one of the sons in "Life with Father." In the Army, he became program director of an Armed Forces radio station in Italy. Entering Northwestern under the GI Bill, Mr. Daniels was a freshman to watch.

Bonnie had no thought but to watch from afar, when they were assigned to the same drama workshop crew. A "crew" at Northwestern is a group which does everything necessary to produce a play, from the first reading to the final curtain. Evenings, as well as class hours, are devoted to building scenery and making costumes. Bonnie recalls, "Our first play was 'Bury the Dead.' For me, it might better have been titled, 'Start to Live.'"

Bill, when he first heard her read, thought Bonnie was a good actress. Her way of forgetting herself and becoming the character she sought to portray pleased him. He had had enough, he explains, of "the ingenue type—the girl who is so busy starring as the belle of her personal drama that she can't bother to search out and develop the character the playwright had in mind. She goes on forever playing no role but herself."

Shy Bonnie was unaware of his interest. "When, after our first evening work session, Bill asked to walk me home," she recalls, "I was so flustered I couldn't say yes or no. I went into an absolute panic. I was afraid I was taller than he was."

Bill, who is five-foot-eight, had no such concern. He was intrigued rather than rebuffed by her shyness. With man-of-the-world adroitness, he suggested everyone go over to the Huddle for a hamburger. When the gang broke up, it was easy enough for him to fall into step and stroll with her across the moonlit campus.

Their first date, according to Bonnie, was "the works—dinner, theater, dancing. I had never had such an evening. It was a night to remember."

"And it's a good thing she did," says Bill, "because I had spent all my money. After that, we went dutch."

Bonnie chimes in, "We couldn't afford to run around with the gang and go to the big parties. But that didn't matter. Being able to work together on plays counted the most for us."

They learned from each other. "Because of being in 'Life with Father,'" says Bill, "I never went to a regular high school. I tutored to pass my Board of Regents examinations. I was having a terrible time with assignments. I guess I tried to memorize everything like a play script until Bonnie taught me how to study."

Bonnie, in turn, learned theater from Bill.

But her most important learning had little to do with the stage. Bonnie says simply, "Bill helped me un-inhibit myself." In the glow of his affection, she gained confidence. The storybook magic became a real-life fact. With someone to love her, Bonnie began turning into a beauty.

Both insist there was never any outright proposal. "We got serious about each other right away," Bonnie remembers, "but we didn't say much about it. We just knew that someday we would be married."

To speed that day, they determined to graduate from Northwestern in three years. They increased their class hours and also attended summer school. "That first summer was more fun than going to a resort," Bonnie says. "The Speech building is down on the shore of Lake Michigan. We kept our bathing suits in our lockers and after class we'd swim or sit on the dock in the sun and play bridge."

Their next vacations held hard but satisfying work. As apprentices at the summer theater in Eaglesmere, Pennsylvania, they were often on the job from 9 A.M. until two the following morning. "That's when I really learned to depend on Bonnie," Bill says. "I couldn't see working that hard for free. It was Bonnie who made me see that here I was getting experience I would never find any other way."

Their degrees, which they received in August, 1950, became their passports to New York. Bill left immediately to go into the NBC-TV show, *So Young, So Gay*, featuring Wally Cox. Bonnie went to Moline and, when she came to New York, was accompanied by her mother, who remained for a month.

Television rolled out no red carpets for the eager young pair. In fact, it even snatched away the bit of ground cloth on which Bill's feet were precariously planted. His show went off the air and, although there were promises of parts, that was a turbulent period and nothing materialized.

Bonnie, when Bill tried to show her how to make the rounds of producers' offices, got scared of New York. "I'd sort of blend into the wall," she says. With the hard-won perspective, she adds, "You think some one ought to come to you and say 'You're It. Just the actress we've been looking for.' You don't realize that, when you're new, you must give yourself time to adjust—time to get ready to make an impression."

One producer, a family friend, suggested she study "until she was ready." Bonnie says, "I was shocked. By my way of think-

ing, I was 'ready' right then. Didn't I have that nice new degree from Northwestern, plus a scrapbook of glowing reviews from campus publications? What's more, I had never heard of Lee Strasberg, the coach this producer suggested."

Strasberg, who has schooled many of today's leading young actors and actresses toward fame, is artistic director of the notable Actors Studio. He also teaches a number of private classes. "It's a wonder he ever accepted me," Bonnie says now. "I went in and announced I merely wanted to 'kill a little time until I started working'!"

Once started, it didn't take bright Bonnie long to understand that while Northwestern had given her a sound foundation, she hadn't yet learned all there was to know about acting. Once she did, she changed her plan. "Although I had a family subsidy—an allowance—I wanted some independence and I also wanted to concentrate on studying. I stopped making rounds and took jobs which wouldn't tie me up too much—working in stores and offices. For a while, I was Mr. Strasberg's secretary. It helped with the tuition."

A short while later, Bill joined the class, too. "And it's a good thing he did," Bonnie says. "Otherwise we would have had no time to be together."

Their separation was an unhappy slap of circumstances. Mrs. Bartlett had arranged for Bonnie to stay at an ultra-respectable hotel for women. Bill was living with his family, who had moved out to Valley Stream, Long Island. When his TV role evaporated, he found a number of small parts, but he couldn't afford to stay in town to dinner. "For three years, we had been together most of our waking hours. Now we didn't have a place to drink a cup of coffee alone," Bonnie says. "Evenings, I'd go to a movie all by myself. The only bright spots were the weekends I spent at Bill's house."

It was there, on a Sunday in May, that they reached the conclusion they had had enough of this. "Neither of us had a job or a dollar, but we just decided we were going out to get a license and be married in June," Bonnie says.

Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, when informed, insisted Bonnie be married at home. The date was June 30, 1951.

"That was quite a wedding," Bill says drily. "Bonnie's dad stage-managed it and even Nature cooperated. The garden was in full bloom and, just as Bonnie came out of the house, the sun burst from under a cloud and a bird began to sing. Everybody cried. Everybody, that is, except my mother. She merely said, after the ceremony, 'It looks as though you didn't give a very convincing performance.'"

In their four years of marriage, Bonnie and Bill have had the usual feast-or-famine of young actors. Once, when jobs were scarce, Bonnie's parents urged them to come home. "My brother had gone into the family insurance business," Bonnie says, "and they thought Bill, too, would be an asset to the firm."

The offer was tempting. "But," says Bill, "we talked it over and decided that, win or lose, we were in show business to stay."

"Our friends helped turn the tide," Bonnie adds. "We were lucky enough to have known, at Northwestern, a number of people who have made their mark in television production. Dan Petrie, now at the Theater Guild, is one. Through him we met another Midwesterner, Norman Felton, and it was Norm who gave me my first part."

Felton—now also at the Theater Guild, but then director of *Robert Montgomery Presents*—recalls: "I didn't 'give' Bonnie the part, I wrote it for her. I'd met her when I had Bill in a show, and she was so sweet, so unspoiled, so young and yet so mature, it sort of precipitated a plot I had in the back of my head. That became our Christmas show in 1953."

With that start, Bonnie—as well as Bill—began garnering major credits. She has appeared on *Armstrong Circle Theater, Justice, United States Steel Hour* and *Philco Television Playhouse.* Her present role of Vanessa Raven on *Love Of Life* ("Again, it was Dan who recommended me") marks an important professional step because, as she points out, "People get to know you when you have a day-to-day role. Besides, I just love the show."

When her success began to come, she was ready for it—since, at long last, she had finally licked her old problem of surplus weight. She credits another friend from Northwestern, Georgann Johnson—who was Mrs. Harvey Weskit on *Mr. Peepers* and now appears in dramas—with supplying the incentive.

"I've always admired Georgann tremendously," Bonnie explains. "When she undertook to help me with my hair and my clothes, I went back to studying ballet and really trimmed myself down. I was so thrilled when people began saying we looked enough alike to be sisters."

While such friends have been important to Bonnie and Bill, it is Georgann Johnson who, in turn, evaluates what Bonnie and Bill mean to their friends. She says, "They're the ones we all turn to for help and advice. Because they had a rough time getting started and solved their problems so well, we all bring them our troubles and value what they have to say. In our crowd, Bonnie and Bill are known as 'the healthy, happy young couple.' They'll never need a psychiatrist, for they're so very much in love."

What Makes a Person Interesting?

(*Continued from page* 55)

bubbling-over personality that make her fun to be with at a party, at work—and therefore on our program, as well.

Joan's excitement about being on the show and her reaction to my questions were so spontaneous, no writer could have provided a better situation. When I mentioned her husband, producer Frank Ross, she exclaimed, "You'll never get Frank to come up here." And, thirty seconds later, when he did, she looked at him, back at me, and cried out, "You not only got him here, but he didn't even shave!"

Generally speaking, the mere fact that a person has accomplished a great deal doesn't make him or her interesting. If we were to use that as a sole criterion, it would be just as dull on television as being at a party and being forced to listen to a successful businessman, boxer, soldier—or what-have-you—expounding on his exploits.

Our criterion for success is an entirely different one. Maybe I can more easily explain it by giving a comparison: If I were a teacher and had to grade a student for his efforts—instead of giving an "A" to the brightest boy in class, who has managed to get a perfect score with comparatively little effort—I'd hand it to the student who had done the best within his capabilities.

Apply this idea to life in general, and you see what we mean: We don't care whether a person makes fifty dollars a week or five thousand, whether he is an executive, a bricklayer, a deep-sea diver or the corner druggist—so long as he has lived up to the best of his ability, and has thought of his fellow-men (if necessary, at his own expense), while getting ahead.

One good example of that type of person is Mrs. Clarinda Mason of Los Angeles. During World War II, her soldier son used to bring home his buddies for a day, a weekend, or even a longer furlough. Mrs. Mason saw how much the boys enjoyed a home-cooked meal and the type of affection they would find in her environment. And so, on her own, she asked servicemen to visit her.

By the time the war was over, some six hundred had enjoyed her hospitality. The Masons were an average, middle-class family—neither particularly wealthy, nor poor—who could not easily afford such entertaining. To pay for it, they had to cut a lot of corners in their own expenditures.

Furthermore, Mrs. Mason wasn't satisfied with just having the boys over to her house. She kept in touch with them by mail and phone calls, and sent presents on their birthdays and at Christmas. Her contribution to the war effort was a pinnacle of achievement.

Amazingly, she immediately recognized every one of the voices of the fifteen ex-servicemen we brought on the show. How great her popularity really was became apparent after we had given her a car to tour the United States and visit all the boys she'd practically adopted during the war. In almost each town, newspaper headlines proclaimed her arrival with "Mom Mason of *This Is Your Life* in Town to Visit One of Her Boys."

Mrs. Mason wasn't the only one who looked after servicemen during the war. Millions of American mothers did the same, even if not to such an extent. Consequently, when she appeared on our show there was the added excitement of self-identification. The women and ex-GIs who watched it relived their own lives. And that is another, very important point that we constantly keep in mind.

Actually, there is a show in almost every person, because of this feeling of self-identification. We find other persons interesting because in them we recognize a part of ourselves, and of our own experiences—whether it is the loss of our first tooth, a high-school prom, a battle in which we have participated, a sickness we overcame, or a struggle for personal achievement—particularly by someone who started out with the same handicaps (or even worse) which we now face or have faced.

A typical example is the story of Roy Rogers. We considered him an outstanding personality—not because of his tremendous popularity and success today—but because of the way he got where he is.

He came across the country at the height of the Depression. The old, rickety truck carrying him and his family broke down in Albuquerque, New Mexico. To get another vehicle that would at least move, Roy got himself a job to pay for it. He bought his first guitar in a pawnshop, for two dollars. There are dozens of episodes like that which identified Roy with thousands of our viewers to whom his story is a personal inspiration.

Just as important, if not more so, is the fact that Roy accomplished all this without stepping on anybody else's toes. On the contrary, he helped his fellow man in an almost unprecedented manner, during his prosperous times, as well as during his years of struggle. That is the true success story of Roy Rogers—and much more interesting than a listing of how many pictures he has made or how big a bank account he has.

In selecting people for our show, probably the single, most important characteristic we're after is *honesty*. By that, I mean a frank approach to life, a person who isn't trying to hide anything about himself, his family, or his past experiences. Like Bill Bendix, of *Life Of Riley* fame.

Bill, who is doing extremely well today, doesn't try to hide the fact that he once worked for the WPA, counted cars crossing a bridge, was a clerk for a steamship company, a moving man for a van and storage house, and even a salesman for a newly invented hot-water bottle. He is not ashamed of anything that happened to him.

This same honest, down-to-earth approach is obvious in his everyday life. Because of it, people enjoy being with him, like to listen to what he has to say. At the same time, they give more of themselves after the example he sets. Doing research on his life was one of the easiest jobs we ever had to do. It was like an open book, with all the information readily available. There was so much of it, we could have stretched the show to twenty-four hours!

While, so far, most of my examples referred to average, "nice," cheerful people, I don't want to give the impression that we take a "Pollyanna" type of approach. We like gusty personalities, whose past experiences would of necessity arouse the interest of almost anyone.

We did the story of Emma Jo Wengert, of Las Vegas, falsely accused of murder, convicted and sent to the penitentiary for four years before she was finally acquitted.

Clyde Lamb, an habitual criminal, was another person we covered. Clyde was involved in almost everything from holdups to armed robbery. At 22, he received a life sentence and, during the subsequent years in prison, realized the folly of his actions. "It was like awakening from a long sickness," he told me. In prison, he started to concentrate on what he considered "more constructive work" for which he had a talent—cartooning. And, after his pardon, he got a job with the Des

Moines *Tribune Syndicate,* where he is now a respected member of the staff, and of the community in which he lives.

His story—which we did with his prior approval—was of interest, not because of the criminal life he had once led, but because of the manner in which he had rehabilitated himself.

Another man whose story we recently told—again with his consent—is John Weber, a former mental patient who had been recommended to us by the Mental Health Research Foundation. We considered him interesting because he had overcome his sickness, and even more so because he was willing to talk about it. Although ten percent of our population suffers from various mental diseases, the mere mention of it will make most of them, their friends and their relatives, shut up tighter than a clam. Talking about it as freely as John Weber was of interest because so little is known about it, in the first place—because it showed the general public that it is a sickness, like any other, and should be treated as such—and, most of all, that it can be cured.

From the research we have done, we learned that other former mental patients have become much better and more quickly adjusted when they acted like John Weber, rather than when they were trying to pretend it never existed.

Not all personal achievements are as dramatic as those of John Weber and Clyde Lamb. But, generally speaking, to be "interesting," almost every subject has some accomplishment to his or her credit.

Take the case of Dr. Lawrence C. Jones of Piney Wood, Mississippi, who through his own efforts started and kept going one of the finest schools for Negro children in the country. His interest in the welfare of others in turn made him of interest, not only to the ones he cared about, but to people in general. Incidentally, when we found out that Dr. Jones was concerned about how the school would keep going if anything should happen to him, we suggested on the program that viewers should each send one dollar to him for an endowment fund. Within a couple of weeks, the fund had grown to $779,000.

Dorothy Lamour is another person who stands out by what she has done for others. When we checked into her life story, we found that everyone with whom she had ever been in contact had something to say in her favor.

For instance, there was a wardrobe woman whose hospital bill was paid by Dorothy. And Dorothy's stepson, Bill Howard—who was in the Marine Corps at the time of the show—had the greatest appreciation for a woman who married into his family when he was twelve, which is probably the most difficult age to accept a new stepmother. Yet Dorothy handled herself in such a manner that she won his love and devotion, and also the admiration of thousands of women who were fascinated by her story as we were able to tell it on our show. Once again, it was a common, almost everyday problem which she had faced and conquered, rather than her success in show business, that made her interesting.

One of the most amazing people we have come across to date is Dr. Kate Newcomb, of Woodrow, Wisconsin. "Dr. Kate," as she is called, has gained no outstanding success in the medical field that occasioned headlines, medals, or even recognition beyond her own immediate environment. She didn't make much money—in fact, a great deal less than most city doctors. Yet she was a fascinating subject because of the type of success and popularity she enjoyed, and the generosity with which she gave of herself.

She was the only doctor in a one-hundred-mile backwoods territory with extreme climates and poor communications, which often necessitated walking on snowshoes for miles to deliver a baby, or operating on kitchen tables with the simplest of instruments.

Dr. Kate retired when she got married, to become a housewife and raise her son. But a few years later, the doctor who had taken her place prevailed on her to resume her practice, because he had grown too old to look after all the patients. Naturally, her experiences as such were interesting to hear. Even more fascinating was the story behind what made her do it: Her devotion to her fellowmen.

I could go on and on, mentioning people like Victor McLaglen, who had five careers in his lifetime—actor, circus performer, boxer, soldier, and adventurer. (And I should add a sixth: Being a wonderful family man.) Or Rene Belbenoit, who escaped from Devil's Island and wrote a book about it, not just for personal profit, but to change a system that condemned his fellowmen to such miserable existence. Or Harris Pottier, whose ship went down in the icy waters of the Atlantic, and who kept himself and twenty-six others alive by his tremendous spirit.

To me, no matter how successful a person is or how exciting his life has been, if he talks about nothing else, if he puts himself constantly into the foreground—once the novelty of his story has worn off, he is nothing but a bore.

On the other hand, a person who has lived to the best of his ability, who gives of himself and who is interested in the well-being of others, will also be of interest to them—because in him we see what we are. Or, at least, what we want to be.

Lucky Lawrence Welk

(*Continued from page* 31)

these romances might have originated almost anywhere in the United States. But chances are that they did so in the Midwest, where Welk for many years played thousands of popular ballroom engagements, many of them one-night stands in small towns.

In this vast, sprawling area, there are few people in their thirties today who haven't at one time or another been exposed to the charm of Lawrence Welk's warm personality, or felt at least the flicker of romance while dancing to the firm yet gentle beat of his caressing music. There is something irresistibly romantic about the style which made Lawrence Welk one of America's most popular and successful bandleaders. But, in his own life, music alone wasn't enough to win the affection of the girl who's been his loyal and devoted wife for the past almost twenty-five years, the girl who became the mother of his three children.

"I had to have my tonsils clipped twice in order to get a date with her," Welk recalls with a smile. "If I had to do it over, I'd gladly have my appendix out as well. It would have been worth it."

Back in 1930, young Lawrence Welk was already something of a celebrity in the town of Yankton, South Dakota, where he'd been playing for some time at Station WNAX, one of the midwest's pioneer radio stations. Among his most ardent admirers was a group of young student nurses from the near-by hospital who'd always flock to the station at broadcast time, flattening their noses against the glass panel which separated them from their idol.

In their nurses' quarters, the handsome and charming young bandleader was invariably the principal topic of the girls' conversation. "I bet I could get a date with him and have him take me out to dinner," teased Fern Renner, a slim, pretty brunette who was the lone holdout among the girls, refusing to succumb to the general excitement.

Next day, Fern accompanied her friends to the broadcast. But, when Welk actually noticed her, came round to join the crowd after the show, and asked to be introduced to the shy, attractive girl, Fern got cold feet and refused him a date.

"All the girls were making such a fuss over him," she says now. "I took it for granted he must be pretty conceited. And the way he traveled around, I figured he must have a girl in every town—and I didn't want to be one of them."

Intrigued by her coolness, Lawrence became all the more attracted. He began making inquiries about Fern and seeking other opportunities to meet her. Miss Renner, however, remained impervious to his charm. In his frustration, Welk finally hit upon the desperate expedient of having himself hospitalized in order to become better acquainted with the uncooperative nurse.

"I'd had my tonsils out once before," he recalls, "but a little piece had grown back. I thought this was as good a time as any to have that clipped, too."

The operation was performed by a friend of his, Dr. Ephraim Ebts, who obligingly arranged for a room on Nurse Renner's floor, giving instructions that she personally look after his patient.

Reporting for duty that evening, Fern found the once debonair and voluble Welk sadly transformed. He had hemorrhaged. He had surgical clamps on his mouth and could speak only with great pain. Melting at last, Fern put a cool hand on his forehead. "Don't say a word," she cautioned. "I'm going to take care of you."

She did—and she has ever since.

Following his act of heroism, Lawrence still had to employ all of his considerable powers of persuasion before Fern agreed to marry him. But marry they did, the following spring, and neither of them has ever regretted it.

"Lawrence has always known what he wants and gone after it," says Mrs. Welk, still youthful and pretty despite her prematurely gray hair. "And he was born under a lucky star. He's always brought nothing but luck and happiness—not just to himself, but to everybody around him, too."

For the first year after they were married, however, Fern Welk had some misgivings about her own ability to attract luck. "I was a regular jinx for Lawrence," she says.

Up to the day he was married, Lawrence Welk had always been lucky. He was lucky, to begin with, in the kind of parents he had; lucky in being one of a large, bustling, affectionate family of four boys and four girls; lucky in growing up on a North Dakota farm which gave him a sound body and an even sounder sense of values.

His father, Ludwig Welk, had left his native Alsace-Lorraine in 1878, after it was annexed by Germany, and came to this country with his wife, settling on a fertile plot of land near Strasburg, North Dakota. Among his treasured possessions—and practically his only one—was an old-fashioned accordion which had been handed down to him by his grandfather. A musician at heart though a farmer by trade, the elder Welk loved nothing so much as to sit down after the day's chores were done and play the tunes and dances he'd learned in the old country. Larry, the next to youngest of his children, soon became fascinated by the instrument and never left his father's side when he played it, watching and observing him constantly.

By the time Larry was thirteen, he played the instrument passably—well enough, at least, to play occasionally at community dances, on school programs and in church. Next year, his father scraped together four hundred dollars, which he advanced Larry, to be worked off in time, to buy his own accordion.

"If I live to be a hundred, I'll never forget the day it arrived," Lawrence recalls. "It had sparkling rhinestones and the new-type piano keyboard. I was thrilled—and started practicing like mad."

At twenty-one, he left his father's farm, determined to earn his livelihood as a musician despite dire predictions of failure. Although by then he had played for pay for some years—usually together with his father and one brother who played the violin—none of his family had even considered music more than a pleasant and, at times, mildly profitable sideline.

But, at the end of his first year as a full-time musician, Lawrence thought he might have to give up and go back to the farm, after all. While he played the accordion very well, it wasn't easy for him to get jobs in bands because he'd never learned to read music. Another—and more serious—pitfall of his early career was the regrettable fact that he frequently didn't get paid for his services. In a last-stand effort to overcome the twin evils of not geting hired and not getting paid, young Welk decided to form his own band. For his debut, he accepted a Fourth of July engagement at Scatter-

wood Lake, a picnic and resort area near Aberdeen, North Dakota. Instead of a fixed fee, he had to agree to take a percentage of the gross.

However, he was in luck. By three in the afternoon, the sky began to cloud over and within an hour, it started to pour. Seeking shelter, the crowd packed into the dance hall where a happy Lawrence Welk and his four-piece band played for them until the early hours of the morning.

Totaling up the receipts next day, he found that his net share of the profits came to $260.00—approximately one-third his earnings for the entire previous year. He thereupon traded his jalopy for a brand-new, shiny Model-T Ford and drove back to his home town of Strasburg, returning in triumph instead of defeat.

From that point on, Lawrence Welk's career proceeded smoothly for the next few years. Working almost without a break, he built up an enviable reputation throughout the Midwest as an engaging and personable young man with a pleasant manner who somehow managed to infuse his musicians with his own enthusiasm and played the most danceable music this side of Guy Lombardo. His band, increased to six pieces by then, became known as "the biggest little band in America." It was enormously popular and never lacked for work. While he wasn't "big time," he nevertheless did very well indeed, especially for a young man still in his twenties. Along with talent, ambition and energy, he also had that famous luck. But his luck seemed to break exactly the day after he and Fern were married in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, on April 18, 1931.

They were about to head East that day for a long engagement at the De Witt Clinton hotel in Albany, New York, and were looking forward to spending their honeymoon in comfort and luxury, planning to visit Niagara Falls en route. Just as they were leaving their hotel room, the telephone rang. Fern picked it up and handed it to Lawrence. His face fell as he listened. The engagement was cancelled. There was nothing else in sight except a few one-night stands.

He had no way to avoid telling his bride the truth—she had stood right next to him. Sadly, they left on what had promised to be the most wonderful trip of their lives.

Back in Chicago, after a period of idleness, Welk managed to secure another booking for his band at Twin Lakes, Wisconsin. The total pay for the six-man band was $200.00 a week—less than $35.00 for each—plus room and board. When he saw the "bridal suite" assigned them by the hotel, Lawrence felt like quitting, for the first time in his life. "I felt terrible," he recalls. "We had a cubbyhole in back of the ballroom. It was littered, untidy, full of dust and cobwebs."

Mrs. Welk, however, proved herself to be as good a trouper as her husband. Without a word of complaint, she went to work with brushes, mops, disinfectants and plenty of hot, soapy water, transforming their honeymoon abode into at least clean, if not luxurious, quarters.

Another surprise awaited them that fall, as they pulled into Phoenix, Arizona, for a four weeks' engagement at one of the big clubs. While they were merrily on their way, the club's creditors had closed and padlocked its doors, leaving Welk and his band stranded upon arrival. It was in this desperate situation that Lawrence Welk was to prove his mettle to his bride —who was then four months pregnant.

Pawning all of his possessions as a first

step, in order to provide eating money for the seven people dependent upon him, Welk then made his rounds from creditor to creditor, twenty in all, persuading them to reopen the club and let him play. At length, he succeeded—not only in having the club re-opened but also in pulling its operations back into the black.

"This was our hardest year," says Mrs. Welk, "but it gave me boundless confidence in Lawrence's ability and resourcefulness. I never worried about finances after that."

By the time their daughter Shirley was born in Dallas, Texas, the following spring, Lawrence had the situation once again firmly in hand, despite the Depression, which was getting steadily more severe each day. "Shirley was the turning point," he says. "I couldn't get over the miracle of having fathered such an exceptional creature. And she brought my luck back again."

Buoyed by fatherhood, more popular than ever, and confident of finding plenty of work for his band in and around Dallas and Fort Worth, Welk decided to invest in a small residential hotel, renamed "The Lawrence," where Mrs. Welk made the first permanent home for the family. But, because a bandleader's life is necessarily peripatetic, the word "permanent" turned out to be purely a relative term for the Welk family. During the twenty-odd years that have elapsed since then, they've had other homes—always meant to be "permanent"—in Yankton, South Dakota, and Omaha, Nebraska, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and for twelve years—the closest approximation to their dream of stability—in the River Forest section of Chicago. At present, and for the past three years, they live in the Brentwood section, one of the most beautiful in the Los Angeles area. "God willing, I hope to spend the rest of my life right there," says Welk.

Their house is not grand—neither of them likes anything smacking of pretentiousness—but it is roomy and comfortable, with a beautiful garden and terrace (and, incidentally, no swimming pool). Mrs. Welk takes care of it herself, with only occasional help, and she still does all her own cooking. She missed her friends and her former home in Chicago after she moved to California, but she, too, is now happy to be there. For being in California means at last an end to the long, lonely separations that Lawrence and Fern Welk had to endure during the first twenty years of their marriage.

A bandleader must go where his work takes him. He is responsible not just for himself and his own family, but for his musicians and their families, as well. If necessary, he must accept a season of one-night stands or of protracted engagements away from home base. It is the bane of a musician's career permitting him no orderly, well-regulated, normal home and family life. Fern Welk might have hired a nurse, of course, and let her take care of the children while she herself traveled with her husband. But both Welks agreed that the welfare of their children was their first concern and that no substitute mother could do as well by them as Fern herself. So she stayed home with them, and both she and her husband were lonely for each other much of the time.

They tried to pick their homes close to his principal field of activity. When they lived in Chicago, Lawrence usually had long engagements at the Trianon and Aragon ballrooms, permitting him to spend several months of the year at home. But, even then, there were often long spells when he had to be away from home. At one time, toward the end of the war, a continuous round of repeat engagements kept him in the San Francisco area for thirteen consecutive months.

Like so many other men, Lawrence Welk was caught in the treadmill of success. He was doing well, extremely well, but he had to pay his price for it in heartache and loneliness. Only four years ago did he finally get his chance for a continuous run at the Aragon in Santa Monica, California, and these past four years have been the happiest and most successful of his entire life. Though he gets home at three A.M., instead of six P.M., like other men, he feels that he has settled down at last and is enjoying a normal, happy family life.

It reflects great credit upon both Lawrence and Fern Welk's unusual strength of character and devotion to each other that, despite all obstacles, they have managed to establish and maintain a closely knit and warmly affectionate family relationship through all these years. Aside from their love for each other, the love for their three children, Shirley, Donna and Lawrence Jr., is the cement that has held them firmly together. "They're three wonderful youngsters," Welk smiles proudly. "It's by far the best thing I've ever done in my life."

Being an absentee father much of the time had its compensations for Lawrence Welk, in that it gave him much of the fun and all the pride, yet few of the irritations that usually go with fatherhood. He enjoyed his children when he came home, giving them a good deal more attention than the average full-time father can usually afford to spare. He played with them, took them places and bought them all the ice cream and sodas they wanted. They, in turn, were invariably on their best behavior when Dad was around. If he indulged them, Mrs. Welk wisely figured that there was plenty of time later on to dis-indulge them again. Being away much of the time also happily relieved him of the necessity of being family disciplinarian.

Mrs. Welk recalls just one time when her husband felt called upon to punish Donna and Larry, the two younger ones. They had been squabbling and fighting and didn't stop when they were told to stop, whereupon father Welk took a ruler and rapped each of them gently, very gently, across the fingers. "They were so surprised, they started to cry as though their little hearts were breaking," she recalls. "Lawrence was completely overwhelmed by this reaction. He hugged and kissed them, all but apologized, and gave them fifty cents apiece by way of compensation. Later they came to me saying, 'We *like* being punished by Daddy.'"

Another time Welk's "disciplinarian" instincts were aroused was when his first-born, Shirley, then a teenager, went out on one of her first dates—with a boy from Omaha who'd been introduced to her by letter through a mutual friend. When the Welks reached Omaha during one of their usual summer jaunts, the boy quite naturally called Shirley and asked her for a date. Although Mrs. Welk fully approved, her husband had strong misgivings about entrusting Shirley, the apple of his eye, to a young man whom he did not even know.

After watching them like a hawk all through the dance, he returned to the hotel as soon as he'd finished playing and was considerably upset to find that Shirley and her date had not yet returned. He waited for about five minutes and then, grim-faced, got into his car to look for them. After cruising around without finding them for some time, he finally stopped

at an all-night diner. And that's where they were—eating scrambled eggs. He returned home rather sheepishly.

It was on trips such as this one that the Welks really functioned as a family unit. Each summer, when school was over and the children were free to travel, Mrs. Welk packed herself and the children into the car, following her husband on his engagements wherever he went, whether it was for one night or a week. During these two vacation months, they got to know each other as people do only when they're traveling together, living out of suit cases in hotels and motor courts. And they had a lot of fun. "Summers used to be a lot more exciting before we moved to California," says fifteen-year-old Larry. "We used to live all year for these two months of trouping around the country with Dad. Nowadays, summers are nothing special."

Rarely, if ever, have the Welk offspring heard an unkind, or even a sharp word from one of their parents. Their mother is firm without ever raising her voice, and their father is too obviously proud and brimming with love—or too kindly, for that matter—to hurt anyone. And, although he's in an income bracket where children can all too easily turn into spoiled brats, that is decidedly not true for his own children.

Larry, the youngest, for instance, gets no regular allowance but earns every penny he needs for spending money. He keeps his father's Dodge cars shiny (Welk owns three of them—one each for his wife and himself, and a spare for emergencies), does odd chores around the house, and works each Saturday as a bandboy for his father at the ABC-TV television studio. Shirley, the oldest, is married to a young doctor still in residency in Washington, D. C., and is managing very well indeed living on a necessarily tight budget. And none of them is in any way aware of basking in the reflected glory of their father's fame.

Donna, who is now a freshman at St. Mary's College in Oakland, California, is the only one to have once fallen victim to her father's prominence. When she broke a date with one boy friend and went dancing at the Aragon with another, her father, seeing her in the crowd during his telecast, invited her up to the bandstand and introduced her to the television audience.

"I was mortified," Donna relates. "Daddy is such a tease, I'm sure he knew about my predicament." To which her father weakly replies that, really, he didn't.

Like most wives, Mrs. Welk worries about her husband's working too hard and not getting enough sleep, rest and relaxation, and dreams of a long vacation in Europe—which her husband has promised that they'll take next summer, by way of celebrating their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. Meanwhile, however, Lawrence Welk seems to thrive on hard work and success. He needs only five to six hours of sleep, using all the remaining hours of the day for his crowded schedule of recordings, rehearsals, performances and other business matters, with little time for golf, which he plays in the seventies. But he doesn't drink or smoke, has been the same weight for years, and sees his doctor regularly for check-ups. "Thank God," says Mrs. Welk, "he's in very good shape."

To which her husband adds a silent "Amen." For he knows that luck can shower no greater blessings on any man than it has on him.

All for the Family

(Continued from page 51)

the existence of the opposite sex.

Like many another shy lad, Johnny felt certain he had found the sure-fire solution to his problem the day he flipped the pages of a magazine and read: *Be Popular at Parties—Learn Magic!* "It was that promise of being popular that got me," Johnny says with a boyish grin. "I sent my dollar and held my breath until the postman delivered my package. Then I read the instructions, learned the jokes that came with the kit and began practising."

He expected a miracle, of course, but he admits results were far from instantaneous: "In the beginning, at least, I wasn't invited to many parties." That failed to daunt so determined a youth as Johnny. He continued to work at the tricks and to study the mail-order catalogue, which offered everything from disappearing handkerchiefs to equipment for sawing a woman in half. Money to buy such wonders came from his assorted jobs. His father paid him seven dollars a week to clean the utility company's plant. At other times, Johnny worked at a furniture store and a grocery and was a car hop.

As deft of hand as he was of mind, Johnny began inventing his own tricks and constructing the equipment needed to do them. Eventually, too, he mastered the great trick of getting the other kids to watch and be mystified. He turned professional the night a young men's club asked him to entertain and paid him the princely sum of three dollars.

He denies, as "a press agent's dream," the story that he once broke up a milking contest by making a cow talk back. "I didn't do much about ventriloquism until I was on Guam. There I had plenty of slack time in which to practice." . . . He is too modest to add, "between battles." Johnny, in 1943, became one of those "prairie sailors" who joined the Navy before he had ever set foot in anything bigger than a rowboat. He attended midshipmen's school at Columbia University in New York and, upon being commissioned, was assigned to the *U. S. S. Pennsylvania*. It was to entertain his shipmates that he ordered from the States his first ventriloquist's figure, the forerunner of his present "Eddy."

The old mail-order ad's promise of popularity paid a dividend in 1945, when the handsome young hero came home from the Navy and enrolled at the University of Nebraska to major in radio and speech. In addition to his magic and ventriloquism, he had developed a skill for keeping any show rolling. It brought him a part-time announcing job at one of the radio stations in Lincoln and it also brought him the honor of being the first male ever to be invited to emcee the women students' annual revue, "The Coed Follies."

That campus production became the most important show of his life for it was there that he met his Jody—Joan Wolcott of North Platte, Nebraska. With the appreciation of a husband who is still very much in love, Johnny recalls: "She was in a sorority skit, and by far the prettiest girl in the show. She still is. She's small and dark-haired, just five-foot-one, and weighs exactly a hundred pounds."

Love at first sight had led to their engagement by the time Johnny received his degree and went to work for Station WOW in Omaha. "Even though we were 430 miles apart, that was a romantic summer." Johnny recalls. "Her family had a cottage at the lake and, when I finished at the station at 1:00 A.M., I'd start driving. The major highways in Nebraska are straight and wide. With little traffic, I could cover the distance by 4:00 A.M.—and, at dawn, reach Jody and the lake. Both of them were beautiful in the sunrise."

Johnny and Jody were married October 1, 1949. The happy bridegroom describes it as "a big, white-satin sort of wedding, with everyone in town coming to the reception at her folks' house."

As they settled down in Omaha, Jody soon learned she had to share her husband's time with television. A fellow graduate of WOR-TV, Dan Petrie—who now is one of the Theater Guild's directors on *The United States Steel Hour*—remembers that Johnny was always on the run: "He was a whiz, even then. All the sponsors wanted him to do their shows. We knew it was only a question of time until he went to a network."

That opportunity occurred in 1951, when Johnny and Jody spent their vacation in California and he learned that an an-

nouncer's job would soon be open at Station KNXT. Soon after he got it, Johnny put on a local comedy program which he both wrote and performed. Network producers at CBS liked his easy way in front of the camera and made him emcee of a summer series, *Earn Your Vacation*. He sampled New York television, too, by filling in during vacation hitches on *The Morning Show* and *The Robert Q. Lewis Show*.

Off screen, Johnny is quiet and soft-spoken. His interests and activities focus around Jody and the boys. Christopher—who, of course, is called "Kit" Carson like his grandfather—was born November 7, 1950, Richard on June 18, 1952, and Cory on November 2, 1953.

Their biggest problem has been that of outgrowing their houses, but now, Johnny says, "I think this new one is going to hold us for a while. It's at Encino, in the San Fernando Valley. It's built ranch-style and we did the decorating ourselves, using 'ranch modern' furniture. It's practical for us now, while the boys are small. There are four bedrooms, a den, and the usual kitchen, dining room, living room. But what we like best is the pool and the big yard."

The boys, officially, are co-owners. That resulted from one of Johnny's first network programs, in which he did a take-off on Edward R. Murrow and combined film and live scenes so that he himself could "visit" the Carson family a la *Person To Person*. An actress took Jody's part, but the boys had their real-life roles. "That meant they had to be paid union scale, take out Social Security cards, and also pay taxes. When their taxes were reported in my tax return, each one—since he was a minor who had not reached the minimum—received a refund of thirteen dollars."

Jody and Johnny made a little ceremony of adding those checks to the purchase fund for the new house. "We told the kids that with those checks they paid for part of the house and that each one actually owns part of his own home."

The pool and yard were major factors in their selection of the house. "Jody and I," says Johnny, "wanted the boys to have the same chance to run about that we had when we were kids. We do most of our living outdoors. Our best friends are Jack and Mary Lou Narz. They have four children—and, when their gang joins up with ours, believe me, no house would hold them!"

He finds the boys unfailingly interesting. He is particularly intrigued by their attitude toward Eddy, the ventriloquist's assistant of whom Johnny quite carefully says, "We never call him a 'dummy.' At least, not in front of the boys."

Kit and Ricky are beginning to wonder just what Eddy is. Johnny says, "They're now realizing he is different from them. They also know he lives in a suitcase, but they'll go to it and talk to him and ask him to come out to play. Eddy has such definite character around our house that sometimes even Jody and I think of him as sort of a fourth son."

The boys also give Johnny a ready source of comedy ideas. "We did one program as a satire of the child-care advisor. Needless to say, the kids practically wrote that one for me."

Altogether, the Carsons form a happy, lively family . . . a family which is a sure antidote for any enlargement of the ego which might result from future Horatio Alger-type overnight successes . . . a family which, by its everyday living, is certain to continue to supply—at home and on screen—all the laughs which come from loving and living.

Together Is the Key Word

(*Continued from page 26*)

been in two movies before the present big one about Benny Goodman. How many people remember Steve as a disc jockey in "I'll Get By" or "Down Memory Lane"?

Now, everybody knows Steve Allen. Half of the small bric-a-brac in his home has been sent by fans. The very coat he wears (a woolly greatcoat) bears witness to his popularity. It was a gift from fans in Minnesota. Steve Allen is an enterprise, a national habit, an actor, author, singer—you name it!

The tall, serious-faced man who steps out of the elevator on the ninth floor of a Park Avenue apartment building seems to be anything but a show-business luminary. There is none of the swagger of the usual performer. Basically, Steve's the kind of man who is the quiet fellow at the party—the one who can play the piano and wouldn't mind doing it, if you care to listen—who has a pretty good sense of humor and would like to make you laugh, if you're interested.

Tall, yes. This is a big man—six-foot-three—but he moves gracefully, as if he were used to being a big man and is quite comfortable in the frame. "Which, of course, I am," he might say, in surprise, "so why mention it?" Steve Allen gets impatient with the obvious. The living room of their apartment, planned and decorated by Jayne Meadows Allen herself, is a beautiful one in shades of dark gray, light beige and touches of chartreuse. It is also a suitable room for the man of the house, because the furniture is grouped far enough apart for long legs to stretch out, and the pieces are ample enough for a tall man to be comfortable.

A serious-faced man? "Why, I am completely serious," he could tell you. "Serious about TV, serious about movies, serious about writing. How could I seriously enjoy any of it, if I wasn't?"

If there were a clock with chimes, it would probably be tolling two in the morning. The light in the Allen apartment would be the only one in the building. It comes from the study where Steve Allen sits at a typewriter putting down some thoughts on comedy and comedians, one of the few thousand ideas that interest him. Jayne has brought in some coffee and sips it—keeping him company.

His first two books, "Bop Fables" and "Fourteen for Tonight," have already been successfully written, published and reviewed. "I never really relaxed about my books until I read the reviews," he has confessed, "because I know that reviewers are unlikely to care if a writer is a TV performer or not, and they have a way of being honest." It can honestly be said that the reviewers honestly liked Steve's books.

If two o'clock seems late to be working on another book, after a full evening's work before the cameras, Steve Allen would only say: "I don't work very hard in front of the cameras, and my day just starts later and ends later, so there's really nothing for anyone to worry about."

Jayne worries about this, though. She thinks her husband works hard enough for two men, and insists on taking care of him. "Steve is relaxed—maybe," she says, with a smile many another wife would understand. "But he requires taking care of, so that he'll stay that way." Jayne, who is a successful actress and one of the stars of the highly rated TV panel show, *I've Got A Secret*, realizes that no performer is invulnerable—not even Steve.

Steve doesn't ask much of his audiences, but there's one thing he appreciates: Respect. It's a quality which Steve himself has in abundance. Whether the guest on his show is a famous poet like Carl Sandburg (who once stayed a whole half-hour past his expected time on the program), or a man who sells stocks in a corporation to "develop the moon," Steve is always careful of his feelings. He believes in sharing, without if's or but's.

"One of the things that make our marriage a good one," Jayne observes, "is our ability to share each other's lives. We've both been married before, and in each there was certainly a lot of heartbreak in divorce. But we learned from the experience. And Steve has three children whom he loves very much. The wonderful part of it is that I do, too."

The first summer Steve and Jayne were married, she took a house on Long Island so that the three boys, who spend their summers with Steve, would have plenty of room to play. Jayne did most of the cooking, too. Steve's only complaint is that she spoils the boys.

When David came to their apartment for a visit, shortly after Jayne had her bedroom re-carpeted, she insisted that the youngest Allen learn to roller-skate on this smooth surface, rather than the sidewalks, because she didn't want him to fall on the hard New York pavement. "The white carpet was a mess," she laughs. "But David *wasn't*, and that's all that mattered!"

It is likely that, in the near future, Steve and Jayne will move to the West Coast permanently, and three of the main reasons will be those Allen boys.

Jayne realizes that, if the Allens settle in California, she will have to give up her *I've Got A Secret* assignment. "I'll miss the show," she admits. "But, somehow, since Steve and I have been married, I feel less driven toward my career. That doesn't mean I would turn down a good movie part or a TV show—or that I won't continue to work with Steve on our own projects. But the assignments will have to be near home. My marriage comes first."

If Jayne is Steve's watchbird, Steve is Jayne's "follow-througher." She's apt to have millions of ideas, and just let them float by. Every once in a while, Steve grabs one of them and makes her work on it. One of Jayne's ideas was *The Psychiatrist*, a series of TV programs based on psychoanalysis. Steve made her work on that one, and he worked with her. The result is that there's a very good chance this series will soon be seen regularly on TV. Steve premiered the first two chapters on *Tonight* and they were received with raves.

Another joint venture is a new record called—aptly enough—"What Is a Husband?" and "What Is a Wife?" The Allens will probably collaborate on other records, now that this one is such a success. "As a matter of fact," says Jayne, "I feel that nothing can stop us—together. *Together* is the key word."

One thing has already been proved: Nothing can stop Steve Allen. Steve can do just about anything he sets out to do, and do it well. Each new job he takes on only adds to his list of accomplishments.

"But I want to get one thing straight," he quips. "In that picture, Benny Goodman does the clarinet playing!"

Well, there's no question about the clarinet and Benny's special claim to it. But, when Hollywood gets around to doing "The Steve Allen Story," how are they going to decide which one of Steve's special claims to fame they'll concentrate on? With all his talents—plus Jayne's, too!—it's going to be hard to find a simple story-line.

True Happiness for Helen Trent

(*Continued from page* 63)

became more conducive to outdoor work.

She was still thinking about the things she would be planting, especially in the new flower garden at the back of the house. Already she could see it taking shape in her mind, filling every window with bright beauty. But now she glanced through the wide, wide expanse of glass windows in the living room, out past the redbricked terrace that is awninged in summer, out to the frozen pond where a few months from now they will be diving and swimming and having beach parties, and back to the three-sided fireplace that was keeping the room cozy and warm. Outside, the snow clung everywhere—to the evergreens fringing the pond, to all the soft browns and grays and tawny yellows of a winter landscape.

"You can change your whole way of life," Julie was saying. "You can become interested in all sorts of new things. I know that now. Before I was married, it was dating and dancing that seemed important. And, of course, being an actress—the very best I knew how to be. That always came first.

"After I was married, on our honeymoon, Charles and I drove past this property we now own. He showed it to me and wondered if some time we could own a little piece of it, maybe five acres to start, and build on it. I wasn't sure. I had never owned property, and I thought of myself as a city girl and career woman who had to live in New York to combine her work with her family life. Yet, here I am now, still working in the city, commuting daily except for weekends, still loving my work, but living in the country and loving that, too. Wanting to be a definite part of the community, wanting to serve it in some way, however small, to make more friends among the people who live here, to participate in more activities. It's a whole new life. A happy life."

The Underhills (Charles being Charles Underhill, an executive of United States Steel who handles public relations with radio, TV and the movies) might never have carried through their plans to build on the property—except for the weekend prefabricated cabin they first put up—if it had not been for Nancy. They decided she must not grow up in a big city like New York and miss all the fascinating things a child can do and learn in the country. Julie worried most about Nancy's play time. In the country, the little girl would be able to roam quite freely as she got older, while in New York there would have to be constant supervision, constant watchfulness. It didn't seem fair.

A permanent home in the country was the answer—or so they thought until they began to run into snags. To Charles, a permanent home meant a big, roomy farmhouse, with modern conveniences but with the look of belonging to the gentle hills and fields and the outcroppings of limestone rock that would surround it. Charles was an outdoor fellow who had been brought up in small communities, although his background was far from rural. His father was a well-known educator, who had a fine camp for boys in Maine during the summers, and Charles had spent his early years learning practical skills and, later, as a counselor, teaching them to younger boys.

Later, too, Charles had worked in an architect's office for a while, before entering Harvard, and he thought he knew exactly the kind of house Julie would like. So they set out to make their own plans.

Only, when they finally took it to an architect and began to talk about costs, it began to fall apart. Everything they had decided upon was "special" and had to be made to order. Even the regular costs were prohibitive. The architect suggested a compact, modern house with simple exterior and interior, and few frills.

"We were really sunk at first, and almost abandoned the whole idea," Julie recalled. "Until we reminded ourselves of the life we wanted for our little girl. I knew, too, it was what Charles wanted—and I guess I wanted it, too, although I wasn't so sure, even yet. All I can say is that I'm glad the big house never materialized. A small one takes much less care. From Monday to Friday, I have our wonderful Pearl, who took care of me before I was married and who takes care of all three of us so beautifully now. I have Hattie, who comes in weekends to give Pearl a rest. But there is still plenty to do on a place like ours. And, if necessary, I could take care of this house myself. Someday, we plan to open up a couple of rooms and make one huge one, and then add a wing, but it's comfortable and adequate as it is now."

The exterior is wood, painted a soft gray-green which blends into the greens of the landscape. The trim is white. Charles and Julie cleared the land themselves, riding the bulldozer through woods of pine and spruce and cedar, cutting through wild grape and swamp willow, draining off the lowland waters to reveal broad meadows which can be made productive and beautiful. They built their own beach on the far side of their acre-and-a-half, spring-fed pond, put in a diving board, built a barbecue near by. Together, they made the flagstone path and the steps that lead down from the hill on which the house stands to the garage area below. They even had to put in a road so the power company could bring in electricity. Telephone poles nearest the house are their own property, provided by them so lines could be brought in. And it was a city girl, who wanted no more outside responsibilities or entanglements than she could avoid, who helped do all this!

She admits there were a few weeks in the beginning when she felt completely uprooted. Charles had to be away, longer than he expected, on a business trip to the West Coast. Julie had an accident with the car. Pearl had to be away. She wondered if, after all, they had done the right thing in cutting loose from all their city ties. "But I found out I could adjust myself, that everything worked out when I was patient enough to let it. And I never felt uprooted again, after that first adjustment."

The architect had encouraged them to leave the living-room area as they had planned it for the larger house. It's an L-shaped room, partly finished in light pickled pine, partly wallpapered in a soft green design with ferns. It seemed to require a three-sided fireplace, so Charles designed one of white brick, with a black metal hood, which is quite stunning and equally practical, because it radiates heat in every direction. A niche on one side is waiting for the bookshelves Charles plans to build, with room for hi-fi, the TV screen and radio.

At one end of the living room is one of their prized pieces of furniture, an antique cherry wood desk, complete with fascinating secret compartments, handed down in Charles's family from the year 1804. Lighting it is a huge round white Japanese lantern, suspended from the black-beamed white ceiling. Charles designed some in-

direct lighting around the window cornice, and there are softly glowing lamps scattered about. A cupboard, built into a niche, holds Julie's precious Crown Derby chocolate set, sprigged with rosebuds.

The little terra cotta and white kitchen is off that end of the living room, as are Pearl's room and bath. Nancy's room is at the other end of the house, next to her parents'. Her walls, half-way up, are dark green "blackboard" paint on which she can scribble and draw to her heart's content, then wipe it all off and begin again. Above, the wallpaper is patterned with nursery-rhyme characters. Charles made the head and foot boards of Nancy's bed into deep storage boxes for toys, so she is learning neatness as a matter of course. It's so convenient to reach out and get a favorite toy and know it will be in its expected place! Her parents' room is bright in yellows and tans and browns and white.

Nancy is a lucky little girl, for many reasons. She is the reigning princess of the more than eighteen acres that the property has grown to, with an island of her very own in the big ten-acre lake on which part of their land borders. They row out on the lake and are planning to build her a tree house on her island. She's going to have another little house of her own, in the combination barn and bunkhouse her parents are building. One side will be for tools and storage, but the other will be completely separate, equipped with four bunks for overnight guests, a big fireplace, and plenty of room for such jamborees as Halloween parties and afternoon tea sessions.

She helped do the building, too—fell into the trenches twice in one day, got spattered liberally with cement for the foundation, and had a wonderful time. "Charles has a great deal more patience than I have with things like this," Julie says. "He lets Nancy help with everything, even when it's a great hindrance. He understands that she wants to be a part of all that goes on, and he wants her to learn many skills. Charles teaches her about the animals we sometimes see in our woods or in the country near by, the deer and raccoon and opossum, the ducks and pheasants and the blue heron."

For all her talk about Charles being the patient parent, Julie does her part. She planted daffodils and, of course, Nancy wanted to help. So Julie dug each hole, and Nancy put in each bulb. Julie covered the bulb with earth and Nancy stamped on it. Their teamwork went fine and, as the daffodils make their appearance this spring, Nancy will feel they are partly hers. Didn't she help plant every one?

Until this year, Julie had concentrated on growing vegetables, but most of them came up just about the time Charles got his vacation, and off they would go to some place like Cape Cod. They would come back in time to find the raccoons had eaten all the corn and the crows had pecked away at the rest of their crop. "We decided that a vegetable garden, at this point in our lives, made no sense. There is a fine vegetable stand down the road where prices are moderate. Those people live with their gardens and have all the know-how. Pearl and I are working on flower gardens now, with Nancy's help, and eventually I want a greenhouse."

The Underhills have another project a-growing. Some boys down the road have been selling trees and flowering bushes but haven't had enough land, or capital, to put in as many new seedlings as their business requires. The Underhills have the land and are investing in pine seedlings, to start. Charles drained a swamp and plans to put in about four or five thousand of the seedlings, so already they find themselves partners in a potential nursery business.

Country living has stimulated Julie's interest in cooking. She had been so sure she wanted to be an actress, from early childhood, that she never became very interested in domestic chores at home, except that she had to take care of her own room and set the table and such things. But cooking she by-passed, feeling that it took time from other things. "Now I have discovered that cooking is a creative thing," she says, "I try out new recipes and plan new menus, and Pearl puts up with my puttering around the kitchen, although she can do better in half the time. I didn't realize that I wasn't a really well-rounded woman until I learned to cook, and I want Nancy to learn as she grows up."

Strictly under the head of fun and relaxation is a new-found interest in golf, because Charles plays and they have joined a nearby country club. Next winter, strictly for fun and relaxation, they plan to build their own ski run on a lovely hill near the house. Nancy loves games—"spin" games and card games like Old Maid. Her parents read to her, and sometimes they all sit around the fire and listen to records, or Julie and Nancy go to the little spinet piano and run over the tunes they love, the old hymns and all their favorite songs, both new and old.

It's a good life, Julie knows. She was content in the years before she married Charles, building her career—starring in *The Romance Of Helen Trent,* and before that on the stage, in motion pictures, in other important radio roles, and on television for about six months as Lorelei, in *Big Town.* Now she concentrates on playing Helen Trent, hopes to do an occasional TV show, doesn't want the career to get in the way of her home life and all the rich new interests life in the country has added.

"All our friends thought I couldn't possibly move so far away and change my life so completely," she says. "They were wrong. I love being Helen, and I want to continue as Helen for a long time. While some of the cast of our show has changed over the long period of years—almost twelve that I have been on the program—the nucleus has remained the same. We know all about each other by this time, and we still are fond of each other. We work well together. We have fun. But now something has been added.

"Charles and I are property owners and taxpayers, and we feel a responsibility towards the community. I thought I liked being a 'free agent' and that I had discharged my duties when I voted, but now I know there's more to it than that. As Nancy grows out of nursery school and begins her real school life, I want to be close to all the things that interest her, to know her friends and her friends' mothers, to help with some project in which the other mothers are interested. Right now, I think it might be helping part-time in the library—perhaps on Saturdays when I don't have to go into New York—but it can be anything in which I might be useful."

Not long ago, Julie came across an old diary, and skimming its pages she saw entries about dancing half the night away at the Stork Club and El Morocco, and party and theater dates week after week. Now, such engagements are rather extra-special in her life. "If we're up later than midnight, I look at Charles and say, 'This is terrible'—thinking of all the things I have to do the next day, all the things I can hardly wait to get started. Yes, my life has changed, and I like it. I like it very much!"

The Turning Point

(*Continued from page 56*)

help to me whenever I have tried to follow them," she says. "Whenever I have stopped straining to force a change in outward conditions and tried instead to improve and change myself. It was a wonderful thing for a young girl, just starting out, to be reminded that each person's world begins with himself and that his chances for successful living must also begin within himself."

Right now, the world of Alice Frost includes a highly successful career in radio, television and on the stage, a pleasant apartment in New York, and many friends and many interests. Currently (and for the past four years), she is Marcia, in the CBS Radio daytime drama, *The Second Mrs. Burton.* It's a role which has required a deep and sympathetic understanding of a high-strung, spirited and often foolishly impulsive woman. Currently (and for the past three years), she is also Aunt Trina on the Friday evening television program, *Mama.* As Aunt Trina she is gentle, sweet and soft-spoken, a young wife and mother of Norwegian descent—very different from Marcia in all her reactions to life.

On the stage, this past summer, she played the demanding role of the mother in "Bad Seed" that tense Broadway drama about a child who commits murder. She took over the role for a month, when the star of the show, Nancy Kelly, was on vacation and when she was ill, and acted as Miss Kelly's alternate and stand-by until rehearsals for this season's hit play, "A Roomful of Roses," forced her to bow out. (Patty McCormack, the little girl who was her stage daughter in "Bad Seed," is the same little girl who plays Ingeborg, her daughter on the *Mama* show!)

In private life, Alice has been Mrs. Bill Tuttle for fourteen years, and home has been their apartment in a fine residential section of New York which is conveniently close to the CBS studios and to towering business skyscrapers, yet surrounded by a tranquility of its own, on a street facing the East River. A few blocks away are the imposing structures of the United Nations. Across the street is a tiny park where nursemaids and young mothers bring small children to dig in the sandbox or play frontiersmen.

Inside the apartment there is restfulness and an invitation to drop the everyday cares and relax. And Fanny Anderson, her long-time housekeeper, is there to see that it stays that way. A tan and white cocker spaniel, named Chris's Boy Laddie, makes you welcome. A wild little parakeet named Kate (for the rebellious heroine in "The Taming of the Shrew") quiets down when Alice talks to her.

The key color of the living room is *greige*—that mixture of gray and beige which takes on a warmth lacking in most grays. The carpeting is a darker gray. Hunter green, chartreuse and watermelon pink appear in the fabrics covering a half-circular sofa and deep comfortable chairs which are grouped around the fireplace. A circular coffee table, in antiqued white and gold, holds an ironstone tureen filled with red roses on its mirrored top. The mirror over the fireplace is framed in antiqued white.

Wall sconces hold white candles, and little golden angels lift up white candles to light up the keyboard of the piano at one end of the room. Bookshelves fill a niche at the other end. Opposite the fireplace is a pastel portrait of Alice, blonde hair softly framing a gentle face in which only the eyes give a clue to the strength that lies beneath the surface.

The small dining room is white, with black wrought-iron furniture, a mirrored wall, touches of color in drapes and accessories. The bedroom is in tones of gray, with a pink ceiling. There are accents of gray chintz with roses, ivory lamps, a violet velvet chair, and stool for the French desk.

The library is a stunning room in itself, with cocoa walls and light woods and beige rug, but in addition it houses an "Alice in Wonderland" collection which has already grown to somewhat fabulous proportions and is being added to every year. It began with a handsome Luis Van Rooten map of Wonderland, now framed on one wall. Copies of two of the original Tenniel illustrations for "Alice in Wonderland" were made by Madeleine Pierce, a friend and a talented actress who now specializes in doing most of the baby cries and small children you hear on television and radio. There are rare bone china figurines of the little heroine herself, of the Ugly Duchess, the Mad Hatter and the White Rabbit, and wood carvings of other characters. There's the pig that looked like a baby, the rabbit and his watch, his little gloves, the tiny fan. There's a lovely Alice cup, an Alice doll, the Tear Pool, tiny Alice playing cards (this scene lines an ash tray), a ceramic walrus which a young fan made and sent to Miss Frost. Even the lamps are made from favorite pages, shellacked to parchment shades.

The youngest of four children, Alice Frost went to high school in the little town of Mora, Minnesota, where her father was the Lutheran minister for five years, after retiring from a large parish in St. Paul. Her mother played the organ in the church, and the whole family was musical. Alice made her singing debut with the little song, "Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam," when she was four years old, and her rendition brought down the congregation. Later she sang duets at church with her mother.

"My mother wanted to be a professional singer," Alice says, "and from her I probably got my urge to perform in public, although no one in the family ever had theatrical ambitions. However, when I won a state declamatory contest and a scholarship to the McPhail School of Music in Minneapolis, I was interested in both music and acting.

"My parents believed that every child should work a year before going to college, and in that way learn what was wanted from a college education and have a better idea of its value. I got a job, and used my scholarship to attend evening classes. As far as the drama class was concerned, that was the *best* time—because teachers came to these classes for further credits and training and I was surrounded by 'pros'. And I got the leads in the plays, because I was the youngest."

It was in drama class that she came under the influence of Dr. Garns. "He encouraged me to go on with my work and become a professional. And then the first opportunity came along."

A Chautauqua group was putting on "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and she was offered the part of Lorelei. Her mother encouraged her to take it, because Alice was feeling unhappy over the death of a young boy she knew who had been killed in a garage hold-up. A leave of absence and a change of environment seemed to be the solution. Suddenly, Alice was at least a semi-professional actress, on tour with a theatrical company, living the life of a real trouper, and loving every minute.

When they were in Chicago, she was

encouraged by a new-found friend, Sumayeh Attiyeh, a woman lecturer who had long experience in the art of interesting people and holding their interest. "Why don't you try some of the stock companies operating out of Chicago?" she asked Alice. "I know someone will give you a job when they hear you read." So Alice made the rounds, but put off the readings until she could go back to Minneapolis to see her mother and resign her job. Her father had passed on before the Chautauqua tour, and now Alice burned all her bridges behind her and concentrated on becoming an actress. She went back to Chicago, read for a role and got it.

The company played Miami, Florida, that season, and, when one of the backers suddenly passed on and they were left with inadequate funds, they all decided to stick it out and work for minimum pay. "We loved the climate, and we were having fun," Alice recalls. "It was like having Christmas in July."

When the season was over, and the need for a job became a pressing problem, a legacy of $1300 from an uncle made Alice feel like a millionaire. "I went home and brought my mother back to New York with me. Then I started to pound pavements, although I must say I didn't set New York on fire and it was almost a year before much happened. In the first place, the Depression years were barely over. Besides, I was shy and reticent, and almost painfully honest about my inexperience.

"One producer went so far as to tell me to 'come back ten years from now, and you will look old enough for your height.' I was told so often that I was too tall that I began to get a complex about it, although I am only five-feet-seven in my stocking feet. At that time, this was considered tall for an actress. It isn't now. My height and blondeness seemed like handicaps to me. Once, I remember, a casting director told me, 'We're not casting any showgirls today.' I drew myself up and said—rather forcefully for me—'But I am an *actress!*' It didn't seem to make much difference."

Gradually it began to dawn on Alice that her approach to her work was too negative. She was trying *not* to look too tall, *not* to seem too blonde, *not* to act nervous, *not* to have that desperate feeling about what would happen if she didn't get a job soon.

She began to "pray over" her problems, as had been her training, and to build a more positive attitude. She remembered that she couldn't change the world, but that she could change herself. The panic she felt whenever she entered a casting office began to ease up. The awful feeling that she might never get another acting opportunity began to leave her.

Best of all, things began to happen. She got a role in a stage play shortly thereafter. The play was "Green Grow the Lilacs," with Franchot Tone and Helen Westley, and the part was given to Alice *because* she was tall and blonde and fitted it perfectly. They left New York to go on tour—although they were still playing to crowded houses—because there were prior commitments, and this time she played in most of the big cities. Later she was to appear in revivals of "That's Gratitude," "It's a Wise Child," "As Husbands Go," and "The Great Lover." She played Portia in "Julius Caesar" with Orson Welles' Mercury Theater group and also "Shoemaker's Holiday," opposite Joseph Cotten.

When a show closed and Alice was at loose ends again, an actress friend, Alice Davenport, who was on the radio, asked her to come along to the studio. The friend had not been well and suggested that she would feel better if she knew someone was around who could go on for her in an emergency. Alice went, and one night her friend did feel too ill. Alice took her place that night and again later when Alice Davenport went on the road with a show. "Fortunately, they liked me," Alice says. The show was a fifteen-minute program dramatizing news items of the day, and she played everything from night-club singers to farm women, and went on without rehearsals most of the time.

It was the beginning of a varied and successful radio career. Offers to appear on other shows came little by little—*Crime Club, Suspense, The Clock.* And there were comedy roles—which she hadn't done since her stock company days—with Walter O'Keefe; with Stoopnagle and Budd (she sang parodies of operatic favorites and comedy songs, a far cry from her early musical training); with Bob Hope, Bob Benchley, Fanny Brice, Ken Murray. She did impersonations on some of the programs. And, when she wanted to get back to dramatic roles, everybody had typed her as a comedienne and mimic! It wasn't until she took over the title role in the daytime serial, *Big Sister,* that people thought of Alice again as a serious dramatic actress.

Actually, the role of Pam North, in *Mr. And Mrs. North*—a part she played for ten years on radio—did a lot to prove that Alice could do both drama and lighthearted comedy and shift from one to the other with equal ease. It was a role she loved and she was sure it proved her point, but there were still diehard producers who remained unconvinced. "I have heard a producer say, when casting a role, 'If she just *looks* the part, I will *make* her act it,' but this seems nonsense to me. An actress—certainly a character actress—can endow herself with almost any quality and become any type. I want to create a character, not play just an extension of my own personality."

The chance last season to be Nancy Kelly's stand-by came when Alice was wishing she could get back to her first love, the theater, and combine it with her radio and TV work. It might have seemed a step backward, to become the understudy for a star, rather than the star in her own right, but Alice decided it really was the step forward she had been waiting for, the opportunity to get back into the theater. She never dreamed that she would have the chance to take over the role for a full month while Miss Kelly took a vacation, and it turned out to be a rewarding and wonderful experience. When she gave it up, it was because it had led straight to a role in "A Roomful of Roses," a new play by Edith Sommer Soderberg on Broadway this winter. This time, a comedy part again.

As for Marcia Archer, in *The Second Mrs. Burton,* and Aunt Trina, in *Mama,* Alice has no thought of deserting them—nor for that matter, any other radio or TV opportunities she can manage to squeeze in. "Marcia is wonderful to play," she says. "She has humor, and she has drama, the two qualities that are a challenge for an actress. Aunt Trina is just as interesting in her way, a gentle girl from a home background which I understand, because we are both Scandinavians. Aunt Trina is Norwegian, and I am Swedish, and even her accent is easy for me. I love being both these women."

Most of all she loves being Alice Frost Tuttle, the woman who learned long ago that, even if you can't change the world—at least not very much and not very quickly—you can change yourself. And then your own world will change, always for the better.

Tony Marvin at Home

(*Continued from page* 40)

of what you may hear, however, he is not a six-footer. He is exactly five-feet, eleven-and-a-half-inches tall.

"I was a premature baby," he says. "I figure if I had gone the full nine months I'd be a six-footer."

In a vague way, Tony and Dot look enough alike to be taken sometimes for brother and sister. Then daughter Lynda, fourteen, tends to take after Tony. But the house has a look of its own. It is a simple, handsome, colonial-style building of painted white bricks with bland yellow trimmings. The house is in Sands Point, Long Island, which is a forty-five minute drive from Manhattan but, unlike most communities near New York, has a feeling of space and country.

"It took a long time to find," Dot says. "When you know exactly what you want and exactly how much you have to spend, you have to look and look and look—and then be a little lucky."

Opposite the Marvins live the Perry Como family, and it was by way of the Comos that Tony heard of the house. He and Perry have known each other for years. They once worked together on a sustaining network show, when both were "making peanuts" and sweeping up the shells. But, just a few years back, the Comos and Marvins met on a weekend vacation. Dot met Roselle Como and they became friends, and the talk turned to homes. Roselle was enthusiastic about theirs at Sands Point and invited the Marvins out.

"It was beautiful, and I thought so and said so," Dot tells, "but I never dreamed we would one day be living right across the road from them."

It is certainly a tribute to the Marvins that, when the house across the way was vacated, Perry got in touch with Tony. What greater compliment can you pay someone than to suggest that you'd like to have him as a neighbor? In May of 1954, the Marvins moved in: "We knew we wanted the house instantly, and we were as charmed with the outside as the inside."

There are many trees—maples, silver birch and a wild, wild cherry with fruit much too sour for any edible purpose. The front terrace is kept green, and the walk into the house is edged with flowers from early spring to late fall.

To the side of the house there is a rose garden, but it is in back that the family lives during the summer. Here are more trees, particularly a rare item called a gordonia which fills with huge white blossoms. There are flower beds planted with marigolds, ageratum and sweet alyssum.

Tony works out before a huge outdoor barbecue and serves in a glassed-in porch which is furnished with wrought-iron chairs and a glass-topped dining table. The back terrace slopes down into a small, kidney-shaped swimming pool with a diving board. The Marvins are all expert swimmers. On that South American cruise, Dot and Tony took all prizes in swimming contests aboard the ship. As a matter of fact, Dot was a swimming instructor at a summer camp when Tony first met her.

"The pool is Tony's job," Dot tells you. "He doesn't have time to help with the gardening—that's a routine, demanding job—but he's good at fixing things. And I wouldn't let anyone else hang a picture for me. But, as I said, he scrubs down and vacuums the pool and keeps it clean through the summer. Believe me, he doesn't look much like a fashion-plate when he's in his dirty denims and that faded terry-cloth shirt."

The Marvins are "informalists." Around the house, everyone relaxes and everyone wears the pants—slacks, Bermudas or jeans. But, when you glance into the closets, you wonder if maybe the reason for moving into a large house wasn't merely to accommodate Tony's clothes.

For example, in the hall closet, off the foyer, there must be a couple dozen of his hats. This collection includes a genuine tropical pith helmet, two plantation straws, a derby, and a couple of hunting caps. "But he seldom wears them," Dot says, "except for the golf caps."

The closet also contains a twenty-five pound dictionary, two women's umbrella-hats which Tony brought his gals as a gag, a number of topcoats and overcoats and jackets, and an opera cape which he wears once every two or three years—plus a music stand, a couple of cameras, a flute and a saxophone. The flute is Lynda's. Tony, who used to blow a saxophone, recently bought himself another, after an envious evening of watching neighbor Como work out on the drums.

But now to Lynda Ann, who prefers to be called plain Lynda. She is fourteen and attends the public high school in neighboring Port Washington. She's bright, independent, and winces whenever she is introduced as "Tony Marvin's daughter." She has confided to her mother that she wants to make good on her own. Besides the flute, she plays the piano well—takes after Dot on this point. Practicing is done in the living room, and you couldn't find a more cheerful, pleasant place for it.

It is a sunken living room, about eighteen by thirty. As you step into it, you look the length of the room into a fireplace which is flanked by beautifully carved old English shell cabinets. The furniture is traditional, French and English. The walls and carpeting are grayed-blue. The drapes hanging in a twelve-foot bay window are a cheerful chartreuse, and it is by this window that the grand piano stands.

Dot wanted two long, matching consoles for one wall but couldn't find them anywhere. So she hit on the idea of buying an old, beat-up antique table, having it refinished and sliced down the middle to make a pair of consoles.

The credenza, made of burled walnut, took two months to recondition, but it's a beauty. The coffee table is another item first developed in the brain. Dot began with two panels of carved teakwood. She had a table with a glass top built around them. A teakwood screen was cut into eight different pieces, each with a carving of its own, and then each of the pieces was framed individually and all were hung to make one rectangular pattern in a corner wall.

"We planned to use the room for entertaining, but we've been here going on two years now and still haven't had time to entertain," Dot tells you. "The phonograph is here, and sometimes we'll stretch out in front of the fireplace and listen to opera. You know, Tony sang with an opera company and in musical comedies before he got into radio. He's a basso profundo. Sometimes when friends drop in, he sings for us and I'll accompany him on the piano."

The dining room has an oval hooked rug, but much of the pegged-oak floor has been left bare purposely to show its handsome grain. The chairs and table and two big hutches are Early American design of heavy cherry wood. There are a couple of Currier & Ives fruit prints hanging over a service table. Not quite Early American is a French provincial chandelier: "That's

symbolic of things to come. Eventually, the dining room will be in 'traditional,' like the other rooms, Dot says.

There is a small breakfast nook off the dining room, then a large kitchen. Dot has help with cleaning and gardening, but does all her own cooking.

"Tony's easygoing about meals," she says. "He doesn't have to be served at specific times and never makes a fuss about what we're going to have or not have. He enjoys a chicken sandwich as much as a roast turkey. During weekday evenings, he gets home at irregular hours, so I can't often plan the kind of menus that have to be served on time."

The family always has a big, leisurely breakfast together, which gives them all a chance to catch up with each other if Tony was working late the night before.

Dot gets up about fifteen minutes after seven. Tony gets up a half-hour earlier and at the same time wakes Lynda. Lynda has a signal she uses occasionally: If she sticks her hand out of the blanket with all five fingers extended, that means she is requesting five more minutes of shut-eye. And he gives it to her, although, generally speaking, he is a serious kind of father who doesn't believe in giving in to every whim. He is definite in teaching Lynda to be polite and respectful of others, and they have always been very close.

For quite a few years, until it became a little too tomboyish, she and Tony spent considerable time building things together and wiring up trains. Lynda, like Tony, is good at hand skills. She always designs and makes her own greeting cards for the family. And, like Tony, she's not bad with words and makes up her own verses.

"They have the same quality of stick-to-it-to-the-end," says Dot. "If you find Lynda doing a jigsaw puzzle, you can bet it will be one with a thousand pieces."

They all like to do crossword puzzles. But only Tony works them with a *pen*—he never has to erase. He is instructing Lynda in golf, and they play some pool together in the cellar game room. This is a large, pine-panelled room, and is generally reserved for Lynda and her friends and her Girl Scout gatherings.

"You know, both Tony and I are New Yorkers by birth," says Dot. "Maybe that's why we love being in the country now. Tony says it's the extreme opposite of the city and his work, and out here he feels as if he's really getting away."

Tony is a golf enthusiast but he limits his playing to Saturday. However, he starts off the weekend Friday evening by getting home early for dinner and, from the moment he returns from the club on Saturday until he leaves for the show Monday morning, he gives all of his time to the family.

Tony belongs to the club in Sands Point and he used to golf frequently with Perry Como. Now that Como has his Saturday night show, Perry gets in his eighteen holes on Sunday.

"But we still see Perry on Saturday," Tony says. "Never miss his show, even if it means eating dinner in front of the television set."

When Tony begins to watch television, he can't get enough. On Saturday night, he hangs on right through *The Late, Late Show*, a movie that runs out around one-thirty A.M. Tony may take a catnap now and then, but he stays with it until the screen goes black. "But I never catnap during commercials," he says, loyal to his colleagues. "The commercials are the best part of any show."

When he finally goes upstairs to sleep, he enters one of the loveliest bedrooms east of Milwaukee. Dot has furnished it with the same discrimination and taste she followed on the lower floors. The wall-to-wall carpeting is an off-white, on the cream side. The walls are pink and some of the furniture, the huge Provencal bed and dressing table, have been finished in silver gray with gold touches. There is an old French writing desk and two fine French chairs made of papier-mache with mother-of-pearl inlay. There are two small, green platform-rockers and plenty of lamps, for both Dot and Tony are readers-in-bed. There are two immense fruitwood chests against the wall.

There are several other rooms on the second floor. Lynda's is white and raspberry red with cherry wood furniture, has white shutters with cafe curtains on brass rods, and twin beds so that she can have friends in for the night. There is one guest room with early American furniture and gold carpeting. There is a second guest room that is deceptive, for it is made up to look like an upstairs living room—which it is until friends arrive.

But the smallest room in the house is the most popular. It is on the first floor, at the rear. It isn't much bigger than a six-cylinder car, but it is a warm room with knotted-pine panelling. This is the library, but a modern library—for, in addition to books, it has a television set built in one wall—by courtesy of the previous tenants. Tony has a special lounge chair that fits the body's contours, and there's a large sofa and another chair for Dot and Lynda.

Tony says, "We're separated so much that just being in the same room together is a treat."

While their home is grand, the Marvins have the simplest kind of pleasures. Usually, Tony is working on their anniversary date. But, if they do celebrate, they go to the theater. Sundays in the summer, they swim. Sundays in the winter, they go for walks in the snow. Tony may take them out for a Chinese dinner on Sunday evening, if it doesn't mean getting "dolled up." He is thoughtful and remembers anniversaries and birthdays. He remembers Dot with perfume and jewelry and candy—but he demands that she share the candy.

It's a problem finding a gift for Tony himself. In the library there is a rack of his pipes, some of them from Lynda and Dot. There is a gag "trophy cup" they bought him in a candy store, with a duffer swinging a broken golf club. But there are any number of things in the house that have come from friends, too.

"People who get to know Tony," says Dot, "are spellbound by his warmth. I've seen it happen so many times. We have planted tulip bulbs that came from a Dutch businessman who became friendly with Tony in New York. And the carved elephant on the library mantel—well, Tony got to talking to an airlines pilot on a trip, and that was all, but the pilot just followed up an impulse of friendliness and sent Tony a gift. People like to do things for him. There is a handsome cigarette lighter in the living room made of Meissen china. That came from a man in Manhattan who was wiring some lamps for me. Tony offered to go over to his shop on an errand one day to save me a trip into Manhattan. Well, when I called for the lamps, the owner showed me this lighter he had made personally—and it was a gift to Tony."

Dot is very proud of him, and Tony is no less proud of Dot and what she has accomplished in their home but she doesn't see it that way.

"There's nothing about the house that is particularly me—or Tony—or Lynda," as she sums it up. "There's too much of a oneness about us, to make any such distinctions."

A Song of Faith

(*Continued from page 28*)

parish since her marriage in 1940. . . . The church, she explained earnestly, was having a Mission all that next week—and, not only was she to be in her usual place in the choir, but she had solo assignments.

This was a dilemma no one had foreseen, especially with such important prize money at stake. Perhaps, then—George de Witt suggested—someone else in the family could come to New York and take her place on *Name That Tune* for the one night? Maybe her fourteen-year-old daughter, Margaret? If not Margaret, then Gus, her husband, about whom she had spoken so glowingly?

Quietly, thirty-six-year-old Estella Juenemann explained that her daughter Margie couldn't possibly replace her, because she had her own duties as church organist, and the five other children were too young. Gus couldn't replace her on the program, because he, too, had his own duties, as choir director. Even when it was later suggested that an opera singer might be asked to go to Selden to take Mrs. Juenemann's place, she had to tell them that the service would be in Latin and had been carefully rehearsed for many days. . . . No, she could not possibly let anything, not even a large sum of money, influence her decision—much as money meant to the Juenemanns at that moment. None of the folks in their farm community had a crop that season, because of a disastrous hail storm which had struck suddenly. (The Juenemanns themselves had lost their entire wheat crop, the result of two years' work.) The parish had almost decided to cancel the Mission, after planning it far in advance, but faith had won out. Now nothing must be allowed to mar this day.

Watching the show that night on a TV screen, comedian Phil Silvers was so impressed by Mrs. Juenemann's steadfastness that he offered to act as her stand-in the next week, teaming up in her place with her quiz "partner" Louis Brugnolotti, a New York taxicab driver. Between them, Silvers and Brugnolotti got the prize money up $10,000, by correctly guessing the titles of a series of tunes. The Mission completed, Mrs. Juenemann herself returned, and teamed successfully with Mr. Brugnolotti, for three succeeding weeks, to guess the additional tunes and run the prize money up to $25,000—the top figure, and the very first time it had been reached by any contestants on the show.

Probably Louis Brugnolotti is still wondering if it really happened to him. Certainly, Estella Juenemann . . . back on their 570 acres of Kansas farmland, back to being a farm wife whose only outside interest is her church work . . . must often think of it as one of those vivid dreams which stay with the dreamer long after waking up, and which never quite fade from memory . . . except that there are the concrete results all around her: The farm mortgage, which might have run another twenty years, now paid off. The fine new sheep barn, and some new equipment. The things the children needed, and some small presents for them. The new steam iron, to take the place of the one Gus ruined when he tried to finish up the ironing she had to leave when she was summoned to New York the first time to appear on *Name That Tune*. (Gus had been real worried about spoiling her iron in his zeal to be helpful!)

And there's the brand-new TV set which has changed and enriched and broadened their lives . . . the one big luxury the Juenemanns allowed themselves after all their debts were paid. And the excitement that still surrounds the whole wonderful New York adventure . . . the first time, when Estella Juenemann went alone . . . and the second time, when Gus went with her.

It all started quite casually, as big, momentous happenings often do. The Juenemanns live in what is termed a "fringe area" for TV, where reception hasn't been good but is now much better, since two new stations have been established within sixty miles of their farm. They had no television set then, but Estella had heard *Name That Tune* on radio, before it transferred to TV, and had enjoyed it. One washday, she sat down to rest for a few moments and picked up a magazine that mentioned the program and told about prize money for sending in a "Golden Medley" of tunes to be guessed by a contestant on the show in New York.

My goodness," she said out loud to herself, "wouldn't it be nice to win some money and pay off some of our farm debts!" She had no idea, at the time, that winning would involve her going to New York and leaving Gus and the kids. In fact, it was only half in earnest that she made up a list of tunes—seven in all, as requested—and wrote them on a postcard addressed to the program. Then, as the days went on, she forgot all about it.

Until . . . well, until two months later, when she was out in the yard helping Gus put a new grain pan in the combine. Margie came running out to tell her she was wanted on the phone. Mrs. Juenemann's hands were covered with grease, but she wiped them hurriedly and went into the house. It was a Mrs. Kelly from neighboring Selden. Mrs. Kelly wanted to know if Mrs. Juenemann had been watching television. If so, she must have seen a postcard held up on *Name That Tune* and heard her name mentioned as the person who sent in the "Golden Medley Marathon" that had been chosen that evening . . . and she must know that a cab driver in New York had guessed the names of all Mrs. Juenemann's tunes and won $1,000—$500 for himself and $500 for her as his "partner" . . . and that she was to be invited to New York to compete with her partner for *more* prize money!

Listening to Mrs. Kelly, Estella Juenemann couldn't quite believe it had all happened. "It sure would be great if I won something, but I think it must be a mistake," she told Mrs. Kelly, explaining that she had not seen the program. When she went back to the combine to tell Gus about the call, they both decided that, if Mrs. Kelly had got the name right, they would hear from New York. But they didn't really believe it. They felt there must be some mistake.

Next morning, October 19, was Gus's birthday. When he came in from the corral, the family was waiting at the breakfast table to sing "Happy Birthday," but Gus himself had forgotten the anniversary in the excitement of a quite unexpected present: New twin calves and a single one—the first time that twin calves had been born in the sixteen years they had been farming. The excitement was so great that Estella had all she could do to get the older children—Margie, 12-year-old Jimmy, 11-year-old Jackie, Roy August Jr., age 8 and nicknamed "Shorty"—off to school on the bus . . . and the younger ones—four-year-old Mary, nicknamed "Putsy," and three-year-old Gerard, called "Jerry"—calmed down enough to play by themselves for a while.

The excitement was only beginning, however. An hour later the telephone rang and the operator said New York was call-

ing. Someone at the other end of the wire asked if she was Mrs. August Juenemann, told her she had won $500 with her "Golden Medley," then asked if she could leave for New York the next day at 5:30, and appear on the program the following Tuesday. "Wait a minute until I talk to my husband," she said, and left the phone dangling while she went out to find Gus and ask him what to do.

"Of course you will go," said Gus. "I'll take care of everything here." So she ran back and said she would, feeling as if the whole world had suddenly become unreal and nothing that was happening could possibly be true.

But being the practical mother of six finally brought her back to reality, and to the work which had to be done before she could leave. She pulled off all the bedding to get everything washed up, and she rounded up all the soiled clothes. She checked over all the supplies and set out a batch of bread to bake. While she was getting started on the wash, an old boss of Gus's—Floyd Schwahn, from Minnesota—drove into the yard with his wife, on their way out to California. ("It was just so lucky they came before I had to leave. They got to hear all about everything and were as excited as we were. And I got to see them, and not be disappointed.")

Estella had no time to think about clothes, until later. What did she have that would be appropriate for New York, and television? "I was lucky again. There was my new black dress, just arrived from a Chicago mail-order house the day before, and fitting me perfectly. It became my lucky dress, too. I wore it on every program and wouldn't have changed it for anything. I had a red crepe that would do for dress-up, and an extra nylon dress that I could rinse dry overnight. And a good warm winter coat.

The children could hardly contain themselves for joy. The little ones knew that the trip meant presents, maybe extra-nice ones, under the circumstances. Putsy wanted "a big, pretty doll." The boys asked for "toy dirt-loaders and scoops and things like that" for the small scale farms and roads they were always building, just like their dad's farm. Margie had been longing for a wrist watch "on a black nylon band like yours, Mom." All the presents were bought in New York, including the TV set—"because New York gave us the money and we felt that at least a little of it should be spent there."

It was Mrs. Juenemann's first plane trip, the biggest journey of her life. Up to that time, her travels had covered such cities as Kansas City, Denver and Colorado Springs, Rochester, Minnesota, and near-by areas—all places not more than 500 or 600 miles away. The producer of *Name That Tune*, Harry Salter, and his wife Roberta made it easy, however . . . someone met Mrs. Juenemann at every stopover, took care of all baggage and reservations, and brought her safely and happily to her hotel in New York. She took to it at once, loving the excitement—but later, when she began to think of what she calls "all the hustle and the bustle and everything," she decided she wanted Gus along on the second trip. Once was enough . . . alone.

"We had always heard that New York was cold and unfriendly," she said, towards the end of her stay. "We know better now. Everyone who recognized us talked to us, on subways, in the street, in restaurants. Even those who didn't recognize us were friendly and kind, especially when they saw we were from out of town. Gus appeared with me on the shows after he came, but not as a contestant, of course. He just hopped up and down for joy whenever Louis and I won.

"At first, Gus didn't know he was on camera and that people would see him and remember him. We were walking down Broadway one night and got confused about directions, so Gus started to talk to a police officer who had his back partly turned to us. 'Officer,' he began, 'Could you direct us to . . .' The policeman turned around, looked squarely at him and said, 'Why, Gus, what do you want to know? What can I do for you?' Gus was sure pleased!"

They even drove through Central Park in a horse-drawn carriage, one of those from the famous stand at the Fifty-Ninth and Fifth Avenue entrance to the park. ("You'd think farmers wouldn't have to go to New York to ride behind a horse, but ours is a completely mechanized farm and the only horses in our immediate area are saddle horses.") They did all the things that every visitor does—went to the top of the Empire State Building, saw the picture and stage show at the fabulous Radio City Music Hall, visited the Bronx Zoo, the Cloisters and the Metropolitan Museum of Art, paid their respects to some of the famous shrines, worshipped at St. Patrick's Cathedral and were guests of the Paulist Fathers and received the blessing of Cardinal Spellman.

Gus had decided that, for the first time in his life, he would live like a king (or a New Yorker) and have breakfast served in bed, just once. When he saw the hotel room-service menu, however, it was too much for his Kansas conscience—and his farmer's knowledge of prices. "Two poached eggs, served up in our room, would cost seventy cents according to the menu. Now you know I couldn't take that lying down," he joked.

The kids, back home, were being well taken care of. Gus's nephew and niece, Lawrence and Mary Ann Juenemann—whose farm is near by and is smaller, requiring less care—had moved in with the children and were overseeing the six-room house and doing the farm chores. They all went to Selden to watch the shows on TV and—like a miracle—reception was excellent each time, so the kids got to see both their parents on the screen. They were excited over the telephone calls from their parents in New York, and almost as excited over the stacks of mail that began to come to the house from well-wishers . . . so much that the mail carrier gave up trying to stuff the big rural delivery box and had to drive right up into the yard and toss the bundles into big cartons the kids put out just for that purpose. (It went on for weeks and weeks.)

Estella's first thought, when she realized that she and Louis Brugnolotti had won and would share the top $25,000 prize, was what it meant in terms of paying back her husband, Gus, for all he had done for her. "I had been sick many times during our marriage," she says, "and Gus took over the housework and the kids and all the farm work, without ever complaining. We have never had any help, except for an extra man or two at haying time. Gus did all the building and carpentry work, and we did our own painting. And, if I hadn't had to be in the hospital so much, we might have paid off the mortgage long before. Then, this year, I had really got back on my feet and we thought we could pay it . . . but the hail came and, in fifteen minutes, ruined the crop. So we were right down to nothing again. We weren't complaining, because everybody in our community had lost their crops, but it *was* hard on Gus after all those years of working so hard.

"We had bought a couple of old farm buildings and torn them down," she adds, "and had all that lumber to build a new sheep barn, which we needed badly. But it would take another thousand dollars for the new roof, the outer finish, and the other materials needed. Now we are building the barn and, naturally, calling it the *Name That Tune* Sheep Barn." A reminder always of their trip. As if they needed one!

And remember those twin calves that were born on the morning of Gus's birthday—on the very day of the call from New York that started it all? Well, one was named Phil, for a certain Mr. Silvers who helped make success possible . . . and one was named George, for their new friend, musical quizmaster George de Witt . . . though it was later discovered that one twin is a girl calf, and neither Phil nor George has yet found out whether his—or her—name is now Phyllis or Georgianna!

Either way, the Juenemanns think of them as part of the whole wonderful dream that came true because a television program in New York knew there were people all over this great country who love and know music and would like to try to *Name That Tune*. And they are mighty sure that—by putting faith and duty first and money second—Mrs. Juenemann was bound to win . . . whichever way it had all turned out.

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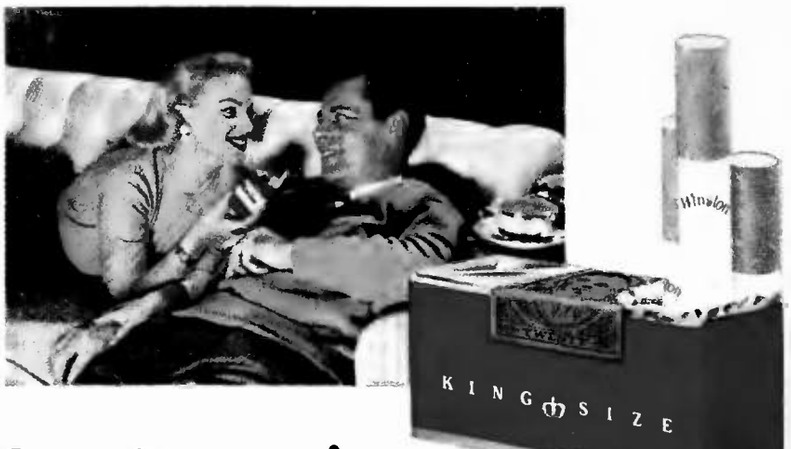

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