

TV RADIO MIRROR

**SPECIAL
AWARDS
ISSUE**

RADIO MIRROR • Your Favorite Stars and Shows by Nationwide Vote

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GARRY MOORE



ED SULLIVAN



ARLENE FRANCIS



ANNIE CARSON



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PERRY COMO

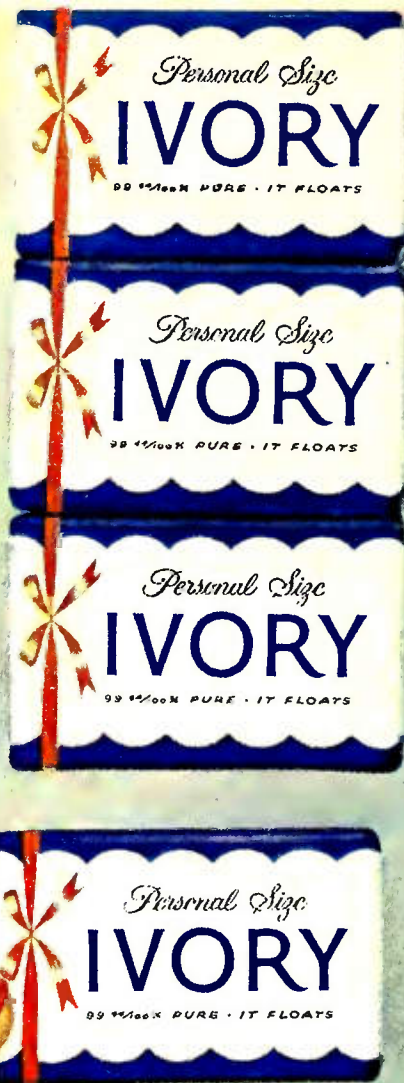


FRAN ALLISON



**Pat
Boone**

Like
getting
one free!

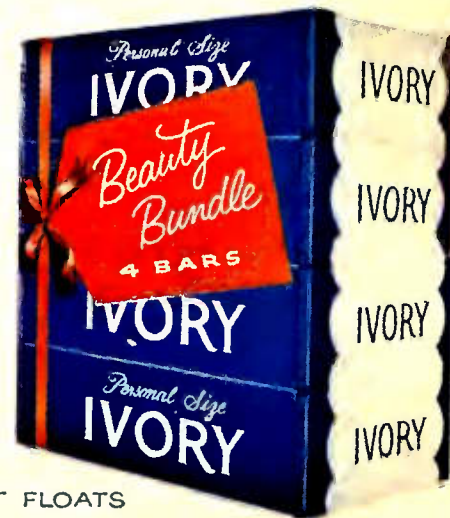


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Cover Portrait of Pat Boone by Frank Powolny, courtesy of 20th Century-Fox, for whom Pat will soon be seen in "Bernardine"

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MOVIES ON TV

Showing this month

BRINGING UP BABY (RKO): Off on a farcical fling, with heiress Katharine Hepburn chasing shy scientist Cary Grant. A stray leopard (and Katie's pretty legs) add to the happy confusion.

BROWNING VERSION, THE (Rank, U-I): Quiet, penetrating study of life in a British boys' school. Fine acting by Michael Redgrave as a pathetic, stuffy teacher, betrayed by wife Jean Kent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC (20th): Fortright Western, actionful if not very thoughtful. Randolph Scott spearheads a railroad-building job, encouraged by Nancy Olson, opposed by Victor Jory.

COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN (Columbia): Paul Muni's forceful performance highlights the rugged story of Norse patriots' aid in a British attack on Nazi-occupied Norway.

CONQUEST OF EVEREST (U.A.): Splendid British documentary on the triumph of Hillary and Tensing, showing the planning and teamwork leading to the mighty peak.

DEADLINE AT DAWN (RKO): Modest but effective suspense tale, involving dance hostess Susan Hayward in the danger that threatens sailor Bill Williams.

DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK (20th): Realistic, exciting saga of pioneers fighting Indians in upstate New York, during the Revolution. Henry Fonda, Claudette Colbert are a courageous farm couple.

GUNGA DIN (RKO): Spectacular adventures in British-ruled 19th Century India. Cary Grant, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Victor McLaglen are comrades-in-arms; Sam Jaffe, the water-carrier saluted by Kipling.

I'LL BE SEEING YOU (U.A.): Affecting study of a GI's recovery from combat fatigue. Vet Joseph Cotten finds healing through Yuletide friendship with parolee Ginger Rogers.

MR. AND MRS. SMITH (RKO): Robert Montgomery and the late Carole Lombard clown engagingly as bickering husband and wife who find their marriage wasn't legal. Director Hitchcock proves adept at comedy.

PENNY SERENADE (Columbia): Honestly sentimental, beautifully done story of a marriage. To a series of "our songs," Cary Grant and Irene Dunne court, marry, adopt and lose a child, courageously face the future together.

STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE, THE (RKO): More serious than most of the Astaire-Rogers films, this nostalgic musical casts Fred and Ginger as the beloved dance team of World War I days.

SUSPICION (RKO): Alfred Hitchcock is in top form with this suave tale of suspense. An innocent bride, Joan Fontaine suspects that debonair Cary Grant has done murder—and plans to kill her.

New sunshine yellow shampoo puts sunny sparkle in hair!



leaves hair silkier . . .
softer . . . easier to manage

Brunette? Blonde? Redhead? You'll thrill when you see how your hair responds to the conditioning benefits of new SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! It's just what *your* hair needs—for new life and luster, for rich silky softness. You'll love the "feel" of your hair—the way it manages.

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"Who'd believe I was ever embarrassed by Pimples!"



New! Clearasil Medication 'STARVES' PIMPLES

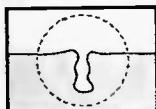
SKIN-COLORED . . . hides pimples while it works.

At last! Science discovers a new-type medication especially for pimples, *that really works*. In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were *completely cleared up* or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

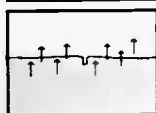
CLEARASIL WORKS FAST TO MAKE PIMPLES DISAPPEAR



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On His Toes

Could you please give me some information about Tom Hansen?

L. B., Trenton, N. J.

The pride of Watsonville, California, is a debonair gent who keeps the ladies' heads in a whirl, and is one of the big reasons for the continuing high popularity of NBC-TV's *Your Hit Parade*. He's dancer-choreographer Tom Hansen, who smilingly refers to himself as "the veteran," which, from point of fact of service on the show, he is. Also, it was during a wartime stint for Special Services that Tom and his fancy footwork received the plaudits that encouraged him to try for a show-business career. . . . His first experience was gained in ensemble work on the stage of New York's Roxy Theater. The day before its New York opening, Tom was chosen to join the cast of "Kiss Me, Kate." Leaving the show in 1950, he teamed with Betty Ann Grove for agile terpsichore sessions on TV's *Stop The Music*. This happy pairing was later repeated on *The Big Payoff*. In between, there were choreography and guest spots on *Celebrity Time* and, in the fall of 1951, the beginning of Tom's lengthy service on *Your Hit Parade*. . . . Tom's busy schedule also includes choreography and appearances on TV spectaculars, guest shots on other shows, and various commercial stints. The very eligible bachelor lives in a large, modern apartment on Manhattan's Upper West Side. Also present is a basset hound named "Claude," so tagged by Gisele MacKenzie, and once, briefly, the object of Snookie Lanson's attentions in a *Hit Parade* version of "Hound Dog." Records ("just about everything, with strong emphasis on show albums") and swimming are Tom's major hobbies. He works constantly to enlarge his talents—does musical stock during the summers, is presently being coached in acting, and has handled dramatic roles on *Kraft Theater* and *Robert Montgomery Presents*. He would like someday to do movies.



Tom Hansen



George Brent

George Did It

We would like to know something about George Brent.

The Campbells, Albuquerque, N. M.

George Brent, whom you see as one of the three rotating leads on ABC-TV's *Wire Service*, has lived a life that far outdoes any of the several hundred roles he has appeared in before the public. Born in Shan-nonbridge, Ireland. George was sent to America at age eleven, returned after high school to enter the National University at Dublin. These were the turbulent days of the Irish independence movement, and George became an active worker for the Republic's cause. . . . After graduation, he obtained work at Dublin's famed Abbey Theater, but the British were soon hot on his trail. With a price on his head, the adventurous young Irishman was forced to flee the country, thus setting in motion a dizzying chain of events which took him to sea, to the diamond fields of South Africa, to Canada, and, eventually, the U. S. After two years as a struggling actor in New York, he gained stock experience in Denver and on tours as actor-manager of six separate stock companies. He found his first acclaim on Broadway opposite Alice Brady in "Love, Honor and Betray," and in Hollywood opposite Ruth Chatterton in "The Rich Are Always With Us." When he was hailed as a "discovery" after performing in the memorable "Dark Victory," George Brent laid it on the line: "Discovery! I'm an old bag around here—I've been in Hollywood for eight years." On his looks: "I'm no Tyrone Power and I know it." On romance: "Romance rumors are all right for beginners in this business, but for me, this romance stuff is a pain." On Hollywood marriage: "A thousand to one against you—especially where both parties are pursuing a career." On young "know-it-alls": "They call it a 'defense mechanism,' but when I began to act, we weren't allowed defense mechanisms or any other alibis. We behaved ourselves and did our

BOOTH

jobs, or got kicked out!" . . . In 1947, he wed Janet Michaels and acquired spacious Royal Oaks Ranch in Hidden Valley, where the Brents now raise race horses. Two children, Suzanne, 7, and Barry, 3—plus a prize Doberman and miniature French poodle—complete the picture.

Calling All Fans

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

Pat Boone Fan Club, c/o Kathie Coogan, 2961 N. 58th St., Milwaukee 10, Wis.

Dinah Shore—George Montgomery Fan Club, c/o Barbara Waggener, R.R. #2, Winchester, Ill.

Peter Lind Hayes—Mary Healey Fan Club, c/o Roslyn Diamond, 8735 Bay Parkway, Brooklyn 4, N. Y.

TV and Your Eyesight

How long should I let my children watch television at one sitting?

A. S., Midland, Mich.

Many parents are naturally concerned about the effect of televising on young eyes. Herewith, some suggestions based on considerable research.

1. TV should never be watched in complete darkness. Partial illumination from moderately-lit, well-shaded lamps is recommended. Your light should be diffused around the room, so that the child never looks from darkness into bright light.

2. Be sure that your lights cause no reflection on the TV screen.

3. Proper focus is essential. A child who can turn on a set may also be taught how to focus the picture correctly.

4. Children should never be allowed to glue themselves to the set approximately two feet from the picture. The relative strength of each child's eyes will determine proper distance, but "not too close" is a safe rule of thumb.

5. Comfortable chairs and posture are desirable, since "hunched up" positions affect bodily circulation, including that to the eyes.

6. The importance of glancing away from the set every few minutes should be emphasized.

7. Watch for telltale signs of eyestrain—including excessive blinking and irritability.

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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tense...



rushed?...



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have Midol

OUTDOOR MAN

Roy Rogers likes the good earth and all God's children



FAVORITE TV WESTERN STAR

Life on their Chatsworth ranch suits Roy and Dale Evans down to the ground.

HE'S COME a long way since his first days on an Ohio riverboat and his childhood on the small farm at Duck Run. But Roy Rogers hasn't changed. "Many times," smiles his wife, Dale Evans, "I've heard him say, 'I'll never understand how I've come so far—there are guys in Hollywood with more looks and more talent!' I'm prejudiced, so I don't think so. There certainly aren't many with more heart. His is big and warm as an oven—perhaps because he's known what it is to be bone-poor himself."

Raised on a rocky hillside farm, and in harness behind the old mare when he was seven, Roy knew what "struggle" meant before he could spell it. His father worked in an Ohio shoe factory, while Roy, his mother and three sisters worked on the farm—raising potatoes, corn and apples. Roy's still fond of apples: "You can do so many things with them . . . fry 'em, bake 'em, stew 'em."

When he was ten, Roy began calling square dances—he still knows a hundred old hill songs. If you catch him singing around the house, chances are it's one of those square-dance

tunes or a nostalgic old-time ballad.

"Roy is sentimental as an old 'hope chest,'" Dale says. "He still has his first guitar, that he bought for twenty dollars in a hock shop. He also has the old Dodge touring car that carried him and his family to California. The guitar is scratched and the strings are gone, the car's barely able to stand out in the yard, but Roy wouldn't part with either of them."

He's even more sentimental about his family. "There were times in the past," Dale recalls, "when we were away from our seven children, on tour, and they grew lonesome. So, last season, we took them with us. Roy's also had the children working with us on TV, to help keep us closer together."

"Roy spends a great deal of time with them. He can take on all seven, roughhousing on the floor, and not come up puffing. I've never seen anything like Roy for energy. Out coon hunting, he could outwalk an Olympic champion. On the other hand, he's just as long-winded on the phone as he is in the field! I don't know what they talk about, but he has some old



Dale and Roy with four of their beloved seven: Marion Fleming and Cheryl in musical mood, Debbie and Dodie in typical "roughhouse" romp.



cronies with whom he'll chat for what seems like an hour, several times a week. They're the only ones who can make him sit still for more than fifteen minutes."

When he's not on the phone or romping with the children, he's working on a car or sanding down his small boat. Roy could live in tennis shoes or gumsoled loafers (to protect the boat-deck varnish). A real outdoor man, he loves fishing and boating. He's often said that, if he ever retired, it would be high up in the San Bernardino Mountains at Big Bear Lake. He likes the lake and mountains . . . perhaps because they're closer to God.

Two things he's sure to take with him on his road tours: His Bible, which he reads every night—and an accordion-like plastic folder with room for a dozen snapshots. "You don't have to ask him how the family is," Dale laughs. "When Roy's on the road, just say hello—and he comes back, 'Seen the latest pictures of the kids?'"

Roy Rogers Show, NBC-TV, Sun., 6:30 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Post Cereals, Maxwell House Coffee, Baker's Instant Chocolate Mix.

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Q: How do you make your hair so lustrous and shining?

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To enhance the natural color of your hair—to get a shimmery satiny sheen with deep fascinating highlights, just spray on Lanolin Discovery Hairdressing and brush a little. In just seconds you get the same beautiful results as brushing your hair 100 strokes a day.

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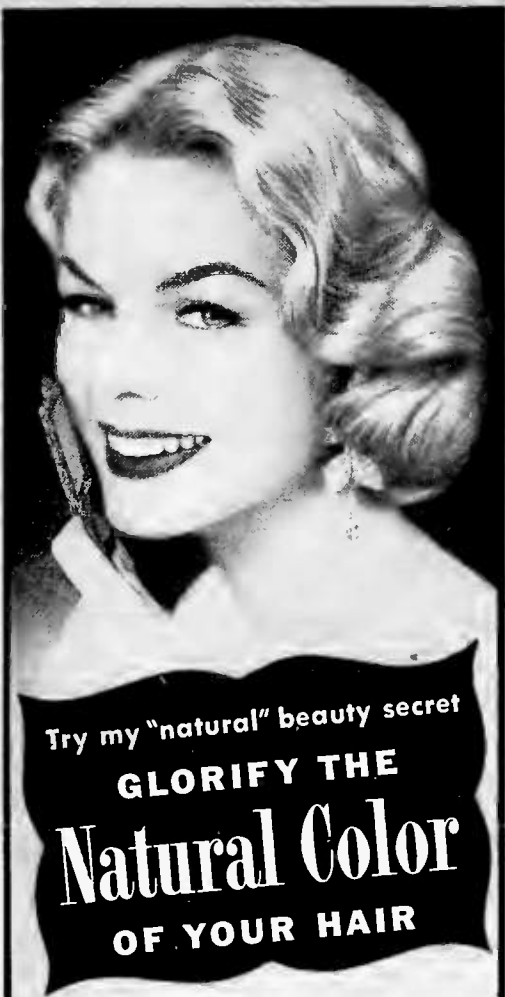
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 GRAY and WHITE HAIR**

Nestle Color Creme Rinse adds beautiful, rich color and youthful

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Maestro Lawrence Welk accepts our gold medal Award from Lou Crosby.



The Browns have their cake—but Jim may soon eat it under a new name.



Stormy's a gal's best audience as Betty White prepares a new show.



Stars Tony Perkins and Tab Hunter visit Peter Potter on *Juke Box Jury*.

Go, Man, Go: The radical element in the Manhattan Presley Fan Club is petitioning their idol to get a crew-cut. Might keep in mind that yesterday's "Presleys," Sinatra and Crosby, are now baldish, and that brings up the question, "What will Elvis look like when he's bald?" Close your eyes and think about it. . . . And think about this handsome teen-age couple, the new singing sensation Tommy Sands taking Molly Bee to the movies. They're a combination of opposites: Molly so outgoing and Tommy so shy. . . . Good way to combine business with pleasure: Jane Wyman makes a steady thing of Gale Smith, a big exec for one of her sponsors. . . . Buddies Art Linkletter & Bob Cummings take off for three weeks in Australia. Reason: They've invested in a new process for growing rice and want to see their first crop. . . . Sam Levenson, back with the entertaining *Two For The Money*, notes, "There's no personality problem in marriage when the rocks in his head fit the holes in hers." . . . The Desilu Studio (Desi & Lucy's) preparing new half-hour film series with Walter Winchell as story-telling host. . . . One of the greatest of Duke Ellington's collections has been baked by Victor into a cookie titled, "In a Mellow-tone." . . . Denise Lor, pretty canary on Garry Moore's show, has the nervous habit of checking her appearance when she's on camera. She's always sneaking glances of herself on the TV monitor. So there she was one morning, wearing a lovely off-the-shoulder gown, standing perfectly still and singing, when her eye flickered toward the monitor. She nearly fainted. On the monitor she saw herself singing in shorts. A mischievous cameraman, knowing her habit, had substituted a kinescope of a previous TV show when she wore a brief costume.

What's for Summer? One thing that maybe Mr. Steve Allen didn't count on when he locked horns with Mr. Ed Sullivan is that Ed has worked every sum-

COAST TO COAST



Three who are the toast of Hollywood town—Bob Wagner, Jeannie Carson and Hugh O'Brian—visit Ed Sullivan's "Little Old New York."

mer for eight years and has no intention of quitting. Ed made many friends in the early years of TV by keeping television profitable and lively while other stars were sunning. And Ed intends to continue this practice. Ed loves competition. He is not the type to ever rest on his laurels. So Steve, if he is going to stay in there pitching, will have to be on hand through the hot, hot summer. . . . And this summer several big advertisers will try out new programs before taking on sponsorships themselves. Either in defense or defiance, Procter & Gamble, assisted by General Foods in one case, are financing their own shows. This is not new in the industry. Actually, the term, "soap operas," grew out of the soap companies' creation and development of their own radio serials. The term is now considered derogatory in connotation—and has been changed to "daytime drama." What they have in mind at the moment are three half-hour weekly TV shows. One titled, *The Whiting Sisters*, stars the sisters of the same name. Another, *Meet McGraw*, has Frank Lovejoy in the title role. A third program is *Date With The Angels*, starring wonderful, wonderful Betty White. Betty was recently chosen "most glamorous business woman of the year" by the Hollywood Business and Professional Woman's club.

Personal Patter: Dwayne Hickman, nephew on *Bob Cummings Show*, and Cindy Lindt, pretty *Big Payoff* model, are letter-writing. Dwayne is hoping to do Manhattan with Cindy on his next trip East. It was on his last trip that he met Cindy but, unfortunately, he met her on his very last afternoon in New York. . . . Elinor Donahue, who plays the teenage daughter in *Father Knows Best*, expecting a May baby. She's married to sound technician Dick Smith. . . . Catch a plane: Johnnie Ray opens at the London Palladium April 15th. . . . For Sauter-Finnegan buffs, a new album with the charming title, "Under Analysis," and the kick is that the boys diagnose great hits such as "Star Dust," "Rockin' Chair,"

"I Get a Kick out of You." This is an ear-awakening dozen. . . . The wholesale firing of the *Hit Parade* cast, effective June, came after a season of persistent rumors. Gisele MacKenzie, however, had given her notice long before that she would not be available for another year. She's got a Broadway musical lined up for the fall. . . . Robert Q. Lewis has been panting to do a movie for years, and may get the chance this summer. . . . Hugh O'Brian, Bob Wagner and Jeannie Carson, who live and work in Hollywood, met for the first time in New York City on Ed Sullivan's show. Hugh was particularly nervous about singing on TV. Counseled lassie Jeannie, "A lad shouldn't be scared with such a bonnie frame as yours." . . . A news-gal, interviewing Bishop Sheen, suddenly sighed and said, "That beautiful cape of yours, Bishop—I was just thinking how magnificent it would look over my emerald green dress!" "You borrow it," he told her with a twinkle, "—anytime." . . . The McGuire Sisters are excited about their first appearance at the Coconut Grove next month. . . . Noted cultural advance: Next season will see the debut of a network kiddie-quiz show to be titled, *A Penny For Your Thought*. This will be an all time low in cash giveaways. A penny!!!

Three Blondes & Two Brunettes: The gals sing the best and any one of these gals is a beautiful bundle of excitement on or off wax. . . . Dorothy Collins, take her first. A vocalist on *Hit Parade*, she must sing whatever is on the best-seller list, and so has sung everything—rock 'n' roll, ballads, polkas, waltzes, and she is great. But for Coral's "Songs by Dorothy Collins," she sings what she wants in a relaxed, knowing way. She's a swinging sophisticate backed not by Hubby Raymond Scott's big band but, instead, by the delightful jazz trio headed by guitarist Barney Kessel. . . . Two other blondes having their say are Decca's Peggy Lee and Jeri Southern. Peggy's voice is lightly smoky in an
(Continued on page 13)

Expectant Mothers!

don't suffer
a moment
longer from

**HEARTBURN—
ACID INDIGESTION**



**Get TUMS Ideal Relief...
"People-tested" by Grateful
Mothers!**

While carrying baby, you'll find modern TUMS are such a blessing! Now those acid attacks needn't cause you another minute of distress. Just eat one or two tasty TUMS. They quickly dissolve just right to get to the stomach fast . . . and neutralize the excess acid that causes your heartburn. And TUMS relief really lasts! TUMS scientific formula contains no soda, no alkalizers . . . nothing to upset your digestion. They're safe, fast, and sure. Used by millions of grateful mothers. Carry TUMS wherever you go!



FOR THE TUMMY

STILL ONLY 10¢ A ROLL, 3-ROLL PACK 25¢

Command Performance



FAVORITE TV COMEDIAN

Red Skelton tackles his greatest role, with

God's gift of laughter—and the prayers of all the world



Behind the make-up and "Freddie the Freeloader's" tramp costume, there are tears as well as laughter. But Red Skelton—the man who "can fall the hardest and fastest" and still come up smiling—fights his biggest battle with courage and skill.



By MAXINE ARNOLD

HE BELIEVES "The Boss Man" put him here on this earth for one purpose—to make laughter. This is his religion and this is his life. And this is what is sustaining Red Skelton today. This is how the show can go on. . . .

And, today, all the laughter Red has made, the happiness he's spread, is coming back to him in an hour when he needs it most . . . and helping that show go on. Heartened by thousands of letters, wires and calls from those whose hope and faith so strengthen Red's own.

The lovable Hoosier redhead who, from childhood, has lived to make others laugh is today proving himself the greatest of clowns . . . in every meaning of that word. The sign on the door of his rehearsal studio at CBS Television City in Hollywood tells the story of that performance . . . and the strain of making laughter today. "Closed Set—Cast And Crew Only," it reads. Inside the studio, however well you know him—every word must be weighed. A word of sympathy or concern can turn that laughter into tears.

Tell him, "It's a funny show, Red," and his face lights up like a kid's with a red balloon. But what you feel in your heart—what you hope—what you (Continued on page 12)



Family holiday that made headlines: Red and Georgia (right), their children, Richard and Valentina, and Georgia's sister, Maxine Davis, boarding the plane which turned back almost before it left for Honolulu. Richard knows no fear, asked the stewardess excitedly, "Is it time for us to put on our life rafts?"

The Red Skelton Show is seen on CBS-TV, Tues., 9:30 to 10 P.M. EST, sponsored alternately by Johnson's Wax and Pet Milk.

Command Performance

(Continued from page 11)
pray—goes unsaid. Today the line between comedy and tears is too fine. . . .

He's wearing the trusty "lucky" old brown hat that shapes into so many of the characters you've met. He's chewing (constantly) his familiar cold cigar. Combing that thick, elastic red hair into hilarious "do's." And making laughter his job. He falls on his face. He pantomimes. He ad libs, watching the faces of the crew—sensitive to a chuckle or even a smile. Building the laughter as he goes . . . and warming to the job as the laughs begin to roll.

"Leave that line in—they laughed," he says to the director.

"What did you say, Red?"

"I don't know—but leave it in—"

And so the show goes on. . . .

But when the show is over, when the curtain goes down and the studio is emptied and all the laughter is gone, "Freddie the Freeloader" takes off his battered hat and his black tramp suit and the beard and the clown face . . . and Red Skelton, the father, goes home. Home to another performance to be given—another and still tougher show. . . .

Home to a little boy. Freckled, thin, and with Red's own quick grin. Home to make laughter for Richard Skelton during the long treatment for leukemia. To play with the shiny new trains that welcomed Richard home from the hospital when the first tests were made. Being careful never to show too much affection, or too much emotion, or too much concern.

And playing with the fabulous new trains, running them through towns and through tunnels and against a backdrop of city lights, a father watches the happy face of a child . . . hangs on to his own faith . . . and commits every look, every word and every little-boy grin to heart and memory.

Red and little Richard are the busiest engineers of the most extensive railway system in all Bel Air. A kingdom of traveling make-believe to delight any nine-year-old, with its exciting maze of tracks that thread through two rooms in the Skelton home. Under the close supervision of Red and his lovely wife Georgia, a carpenter built special elevated tracks that slant to ground-level in Richard's room. There are auxiliary tracks in the sitting room between Red's and Georgia's rooms, with tracks criss-crossing in dizzying patterns on all sides.

By the hour, you'll find them there together, engrossed in the operation—the big redhead and the small. It's an all-important project when Red and Richard get into the pick-up with "Val-Richard Productions" on the side, and go shopping for some additional equipment for their railway lines. Or, on Saturdays, you may find Georgia, Valentina, Red and Richard down on the beach at Malibu . . . scouting sandstone to decorate the little train tracks.

The shiny new trains, the elevated track, all the little make-believe towns, were waiting for Richard when he came home from U.C.L.A. Medical Center after the sad diagnosis had been made. His parents smiled for the first time in eight days, seeing an excited little boy's eyes light up when they took him upstairs to show him his "surprise." Still like a bad dream to them was another night when they'd driven home from the hospital in a state of shock and grief—unprepared for what they had heard. . . .

Richard had had a bad cold that kept hanging on. He'd lost some weight. And

there was a stubborn "cold sore" just inside his nose that wouldn't heal. In the course of a general check-up, their family physician took a blood count and sent it out to the University of California School of Medicine—where there are three laboratories that deal with children's blood diseases alone.

Hospital authorities asked Red and Georgia to bring Richard in for a day, to take a bone-marrow test, which was the first intimation they had that anything serious was even suspected. And, in a matter of hours, the sad results were known. The Skeltons were told—as kindly as such truths can be told. Richard remained in the hospital for additional blood tests.

At the hospital, every precaution was taken to keep the diagnosis in confidence. In the whole department, only one doctor, one nurse and two assistants knew. No description of the case was ever put into writing, no directions for treatment.

Then—either through human error, or a breach of family trust—a television commentator who knew them broke the news to the world . . . and to Richard, who was watching the TV show with other children in a hospital ward. He didn't know what the dreaded word meant, but older children with him explained—and, even then, he couldn't really comprehend.

Overnight, a story which belonged rightfully to three people—a father, a mother and a child—was shared by millions. . . .

During the weeks and months to come, Red and Georgia Skelton were to show the world a rare kind of courage. Taking it spiritually and intelligently in stride. Resuming life as nearly normally as possible at home. And during the first few days, when the shock was overwhelming, their good friend of many years' standing, Father Edward J. Carney, flew out from Lawrence, Massachusetts, to be with them.

The priest, a strapping Irishman, six-foot-four and with red hair, could be Red's brother—they're that much alike. They have a great sense of understanding . . . and Father Carney and the Skeltons have faced tragedy together before. Enroute from Rome, a few years ago, their plane seemed fated to crash over the highest peak of the Alps. With two motors in the plane gone and the third

going, Red went to work making laughter for the twenty-four children of all nationalities aboard. Father Carney, putting on his purple ribbon to give the last rites and setting up an imaginary altar in the window of the plane, said, "You take care of your department, Red, and I'll take care of mine." He was praying—and Red was pantomiming—when the plane miraculously landed safely on a tiny air strip at Lyon, France.

Now their two departments were overlapping again. For those first few days, all of Red's laughter had deserted him. Still, there was a strange sense of peace. And, eventually, the laughter would come. If, as Red and Georgia had always put it, "The Guy Upstairs—The Boss Man—" still had a job for him to do. . . .

A job that had been Red's since he was ten years old, when—following in the baggy pants of his clown-father (who'd somersaulted to his death)—Red left home to make his way . . . and to make laughter. He left then because he was hungry. And he helped his Mom out with the rest of the brood. His big dream? To become the greatest of clowns. He worked in a circus, one of many clowns tumbling out of the hood of a jalopy on a circus track. He would fall in sawdust and be repaid by all the smiling faces he saw as he picked himself up again. He worked in walkathons, burlesque, vaudeville—taking falls . . . anything for a laugh. A reviewer in a little New Jersey paper pegged him right then, when he noted the "antics of a young gentleman named Red Skelton who can fall the hardest and the fastest—and then get up somehow none the worse for wear and tear" . . .

This time, it was to take Red Skelton a few days to pick himself up off the floor . . . and he would be helped up by thousands of unseen hands. . . .

He missed one show, and the first one after that was the toughest. Facing the sympathy of all the cast and crew, too—and what do you say? Mickey Rooney played a double performance . . . one for the TV audience—and one for Red. The Mick, a fair clown himself, was always around, gagging it up . . . picking up the corners whenever he caught Red looking sad. And, when he saw any well-wishers heading for Red to offer sympathy, Mickey would be in there fast with: "Red, what do you think about doing such-and-such?" Any excuse to take him away.

But there was unseen support, too, helping Red Skelton through that show—and the many more to come. In the form of the thousands of letters and wires and phone calls, and the faces behind them. They were there, fortifying Red's own hope and faith . . . and he was playing to them.

Leaving the stage that night, Red walked back to a beautiful girl with red hair—to Richard's mother—who put her arms around him, saying, "Honey, it was so wonderful!" The two of them drove home alone . . . knowing, with full heart, they were no longer alone.

Twenty-five thousand letters came in the first avalanche, but this was only the beginning. From every corner of the land—and, as time's gone by, from across the world—they flood the Skelton's Bel Air home, Red's office, "Skelton Productions," in Westwood, CBS in Hollywood and in New York.

Human homey letters from across the nation, from all walks of life. From a monastery in Louisiana, a farm in Kansas, a tenement in Brooklyn, and a mining camp in Colorado. Letters saying how

(Continued on page 89)



Red plays Clem Kaddidhopper.
At home, there's a harder role.

What's New

(Continued from page 9)

assortment, titled "Dream Street," that includes the haunting poetry of "My Old Flame" and "Dancing on the Ceiling." And just as great is the remarkable Miss Southern. Jeri is a gal endeared to jazzmen and yet her virtue is a beautiful simplicity—no tricks, no echo chambers—just pure music on the line. She does it with things like "When Your Heart's on Fire" and "Someone to Watch Over Me." . . . On the brunette side is Steve Allen's Eydie Gorme with a knock-out album. She mixes 'em up like an ace pitcher, running from moody ones to belters. She gets swinging and soars, or goes to the other extreme and hugs a ballad with real passion. This is a fine showcase and it's ABC-Paramount's disc, "Eydie Gorme." . . . And last there is an item by M-G-M, "Joni Sings Victor Young & Frank Loesser." Young is songs like "Stella by Starlight" and "I Don't Stand a Ghost of a Chance." Loesser is "Slow Boat to China" and "If I Were a Bell." And Joni is to the song world what MM is to the movies. The James girl puts into her voice what Marilyn puts into her walk. And, brother, that's quite enough.

Iddy-Bits: When Pat Boone finishes his movie, he flies to London for a personal appearance. . . . Four million bucks given away on top TV shows so far this season. . . . Tab Hunter, whose first record sold over a million, recalls that he was so dubious about singing that he extracted the promise that his first master recording would be destroyed if he didn't like it. . . . Don't know whether radio is here to stay, but Heater is. Gabe is celebrating his 25th anniversary on the air. . . . Another husband-wife team to TV. Joan Caulfield and producer-husband Frank Ross ready to roll with new comedy series, *Molly*. This goes to NBC-TV next season. Marion Lorne, character actress who wowed the nation on *Mr. Peepers*, has feature role. . . . Bob Hope got himself a \$10-million deal with NBC and says he needs every cent of it. He says big names make big ratings and big names cost big money. Lana Turner cost him in the neighborhood of 50-grand, and that's a nice neighborhood. Hope says that this season he has been losing about \$30,000 per show. His show cost that much more to produce than what he is paid. He says, "Everything costs too much—labor, guest stars, production, even me." . . . And if your husband is griping about his income tax, ask him how he'd like to pay Presley's. Elvis grossed \$3-million last year—and that doesn't count the Cadillacs. Incidentally, El traded in two of his Caddys for Lincolns, out of deference to friend Ed Sullivan.

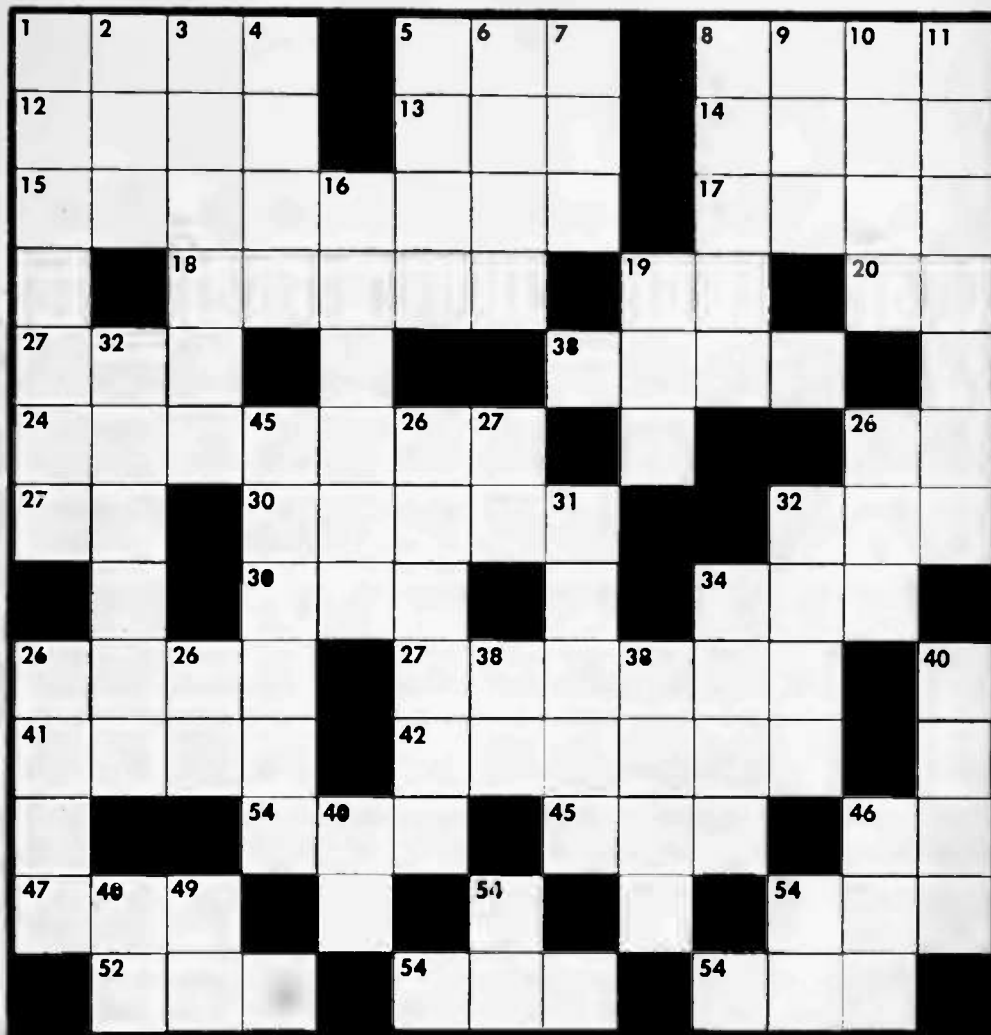
A Man By Any Other Name: Movie, TV and recording star James Brown is being pressured about a name change. Henry Willson, Hollywood manager, did it to Tab Hunter and Rip Torn, and thinks a name change would enhance plain Jim Brown. The idea is to adopt his TV moniker, Rip Masters, which Jim totes on *Rin Tin Tin*. Handsome Jim, who made his movie debut in "Going My Way" and has waxed a half-dozen best sellers for M-G-M Records, is deliberating the name matter at the Sherman Oaks home he shares with his wife and daughters Beverly, 15, Carol, 12, and Barbara, 11. The daughters are by his first marriage. He married Betty Brown just eight years ago and brought the girls with him. Betty recalls, "The wedding was something. Jim was making

(Continued on page 24)

By MARION WEAVER

TEST YOUR TV-RADIO I.Q.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. TV early bird
5. Trigger's moster
8. Recent TV opero, "Wor and Peoce" was this
12. --- Raberts, TV healer
13. --- Burrows
14. "Vomp" of silent era: Thedo ---
15. Chief topic of Bishop Sheen
17. Army's General Brodley
18. Singer Frankie ----
19. "-- eye for -- eye"
20. He wrote "The Scorlet Letter" (init.)
21. Part of the foot
23. She's got o secret
24. They have it an *Grand Ole Opry*
28. Young -- *Molone*
29. 365 days (abbr.)
30. TV's Champagne Lady
32. ---her *Knows Best*
33. Nicknome for sun
34. Cover for pot
35. TV prize

DOWN

41. Otherwise
42. Undesirable ar offensive
43. Gory is this to Bing
45. "The --- of the Affair"
46. -- *Adoms and Eve*
47. Movie studia
51. TV's *The Big ---off*
52. There were seven of them
53. Students' pet
54. "The --- Divorcee"

At 80

16. Song, "Just A ----"
19. Matorists' Club (abbr.)
22. Sheep of North India
25. Dots ond ----
26. Jack Benny's onnouncer
27. Tar Heel Stote (abbr.)
28. *Make Room For ---dy*
31. Mr. Ford from Tennessee
32. Evergreen trees
34. Bing's spartshirts are this
35. Dress Designer ---- Chapman
36. Author Van Dine's first initials
38. He "sees it naw"
39. Girl in "The Last Doys of Pompeii"
40. Wife af Peter Lind Hayes
44. TV's --! *Susonno*
46. Girl in *Nooh's Ark*
48. Love -- *Life*
49. *The Right -- Hoppiness*
50. Video
51. "Mo ond -- Kettle"

Answers to puzzle on page 86

T
V
R

Lowell Thomas doesn't simply report the news—he makes it



Arabia: In the land of Lawrence, Lowell Thomas visits his old friend, Sherif Hussein, the desert chieftain of Wadi Beihan.



FAVORITE RADIO NEWS COMMENTATOR
Fifth Award for Lowell, who won our very first poll.



Egypt: Lowell guesses that the Sphinx is no older than is man's quest for adventure.



India: He visits the Taj Mahal, a "wonder" filmed in "Seven Wonders of the World."

Voice of History

IN A ROUGH Colorado gold-mining camp, a doctor-schoolteacher put his young son through a strict course in elocution. But the boy, though he minded his vowels, was more interested in listening spellbound to the tales of the gold-seekers, or in looking bemused at the vista of mountains and wondering what lay beyond their horizon. Later, when the boy had found that beyond the mountains lay adventure, it was that early concern with clear and incisive speech which enabled him to tell his story to the world. The voice of Lowell Thomas has been heard by more of his fellow mortals than any other voice in history. With a record for the longest run of any type of program, his news broadcast goes into its twenty-seventh year at the same hour. His radio career began thirty-one years ago, appropriately enough on the occasion of a broadcast of man's first flight around the world, for which he was official historian. The man who reports the news also makes news. He discovered Lawrence of Arabia and, in lectures, films and books, broke the story of the archeologist who became the mysterious sheik of the desert. With his son, Lowell, Jr., he crossed the Himalayas to visit the Forbidden City of Tibet and bring to light the story of the real-life Shangri-La. With adventure as his climate, Lowell finds that deserts and mountains are not the only places for discoveries. In so relatively tame a place as a laboratory, he "found" Cinerama and guided the cinema process to vivid production. Born April 6, 1892, Lowell has since been a gold miner, cowpuncher, college professor, newspaper and newsreel reporter, editor, historian, lecturer, world traveler, and author of more than forty books. Daredevil trails at three large ski developments are aptly named for Lowell Thomas, who continues to schuss down them and who is the man responsible for Arthur Godfrey's introduction to skiing. "If you don't abuse your position, you have an opportunity to do a vast amount of good," Lowell sums up his career. "If you do abuse it, you soon find yourself talking to yourself."

Lowell Thomas And The News, CBS Radio, M-F, 6:45 P.M. EST, is sponsored by United Motors Service, Division of General Motors, for Delco Batteries.



FAVORITE TV NEWS COMMENTATOR

Showmanship and news judgment win Doug his fourth Award.

Douglas Edwards, dean of TV news commentators, is glad CBS wouldn't take "no" for an answer

OPPORTUNITY knocked for the first time when teen-age friends invited Douglas Edwards, then just turned fifteen, to join their Alabama radio station. Then opportunity knocked again, and with the persistence of a bill collector. Well-established as a CBS Radio newsman, Doug was asked to do a daily telecast. It was ten years ago, and video was in swaddling clothes. Doug demurred. CBS insisted. Doug continued to demur—and CBS rewrote his contract. Still, as insurance against the unknown medium, Doug continued to keep one foot in radio. Now known as dean of TV commentators, Doug covers, in person, such stories as the conventions and the *Andrea Doria* sinking, or calls in CBS newsmen from around the world. "I try to make the show believable and conversational," says Doug, "and still give it punch and drama." The teamwork of his staff in New York and the newsmen in distant corners of the world gets full credit from Doug. . . . Though his face is familiar to millions, Doug retains his modesty. He likes to tell of the cab driver who enthused about the show. "Gee," said the cabbie, "I'd sure like to see the show." As Doug paid his fare, he explained that there was no regular audience, but that the cabbie could watch from the control booth. "Thanks," said the cabbie, earnestly. "Thanks very much, Mr. Gobel." . . . At home in Weston, Connecticut, Doug, his wife Sara, and their three children pay less attention to Doug's fame than to their menagerie: A thoroughbred gift horse, two cats to which Doug is allergic, a collie named Prince, and a cross between a French poodle and a German shepherd that is known as "the dog" or Alsace-Lorraine. Daughter Lynn, 15, nicknamed "Swayze" by her classmates, is interested in journalism. Says Doug, "I think good-looking women will eventually replace us men." Donna, 9, is "a complete little ham." Of Bobby, 11, Doug grins, "He looks exactly like me, but they say that on him it looks good." This family does things together. As Doug says, he's always part of a team.

Douglas Edwards With The News is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 6:45 P.M. (7:15 on WCBS-TV), for Ronson Corp., Anacin, Aero Shave, Hazel Bishop. He is heard on *Wendy Warren And The News*, CBS Radio, M-F, 12 noon. (EST)

He Couldn't Say "No"



With young visitors always about, Doug calls his home "Boys and/or Girls Town." Permanent residents are Doug, wife Sara, Lynn, young Donna and Bobby, and "Prince."



Donna and Bobby adore their gift horse. Doug looks it in the mouth, sees a huge feed bill!

Theater of the Mind



BEST NEW PROGRAM ON RADIO

The idea's the thing as the best writing, producing and acting talents go adventuring in sound.



Hollywood's Bill Robson (in sweater) collaborates with such talent as writer Sam Pierre and actor Bill Conrad. Below, New York's Paul Roberts confers with composer Avery Claflin on "La Grande Breteche" premiere.



Close your eyes and open your imagination to the CBS Radio Workshop

AN OPPORTUNITY TO DREAM. That's how Howard Barnes, CBS Radio Vice President in Charge of Network Programming, describes *CBS Radio Workshop*. For dreaming, you need wide-open spaces, without frontiers or formats. Though this experimental program is grounded in reality, the sky—Cloud Nine, to be specific—is the limit. Barnes asks only one question: "Is it worth doing?" In Paul Roberts as producer in New York and William N. Robson as producer in Hollywood, he has found two original minds. In friendly competition, they stimulate each other. In weekly alternation, they stamp the programs with two distinct and dynamic personalities. Roberts is a quiet-spoken, hard-working, deep-thinking, intense Chicagoan. Robson, originally a New Yorker, has a flair for flamboyancy and showmanship and thrives in an atmosphere of crisis. Both have the welcome mat out for ideas and experimentation; both close the door firmly on gimmicks for the sake of gimmickry; both avail the program of an unlimited geography of talent. Barnes points to Hollywood's "Brave New World," "I Was the Duke" and "No Time for Heartaches," and to New York's "Bring on the Angels" and "A Writer at Work." Says Paul Roberts: "The program is essentially a preoccupation with the condition of man in society, man searching for ethics and morality, man searching to understand himself. Never is it a bedtime story or a plot with a twist on the end." Thus, in March, the on-the-air laboratory produced the story of Mohammed and his teachings on "Flaming Sword," then humanized canines and kidded their masters on "Dog's Life." On April 14, audiences will hear the best script by a young unknown in a verse-drama contest. A new show, *CBS Radio Workshop* is a direct descendant of the famed *Columbia Workshop*, which experimented in physical sounds and created excitement by discovering new writers. "Today we are forced to be more searching," says Howard Barnes. "The ideas are what make the show stand up."

CBS Radio Workshop, Sun., 4:05-4:30 P.M. EST. on CBS Radio.

Circle Without End



FAVORITE RADIO QUIZMASTER

Hull discusses show with *Strike It Rich* creator Walt Framer.

Just let the people know, says Warren Hull of Strike It Rich, and they'll follow their hearts, reach out their hands to help

ALTHOUGH *Strike It Rich* is now in its tenth year, Warren Hull is still amazed at the vast number of people who, given the true facts, want to help others. Just let the people know, and they will follow their hearts, he has learned.

"Warren has never become callous to the thrill of quick response from listeners and viewers, or to the gratitude of those who are helped," says the show's producer, Walt Framer. "It is a constant miracle to him, as it is to all of us. He is wrapped up in the program the entire time he is on, and he remembers many of those who are helped, long after they have appeared with Warren on the air."

Warren's voice is filled with emotion as he talks about some of them. The small boy who sacrificed a foot in an accident but now runs and plays games with the other kids, because the program helped him get an artificial foot. The family that almost lost its home during the illness of the breadwinner, and is happily getting back to normal. The young New York City couple who longed to start (Continued on page 91)

Warren Hull emcees *Strike It Rich*, M-F—CBS-TV, 11:30 A.M. EST, and CBS Radio, 2:30 P.M. EST—as sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive.



Warren's sympathies extend beyond studio walls. Below, he visits polio victim Barbara Bertram and autographs her cast, as Nurse Braun watches.



He's a proud grandpop now. Below, John Warren Hull the Second hands Dad the traditional cigar to honor arrival of John Warren Hull the Third!



EVERYBODY LOVES DINAH

*Songstress Shore sells happiness
—and all America is buying*



A LUCKY FEW see the honey-blond hair, brown eyes and best-dressed figure in color. But more than a few million viewers consider themselves fortunate, even in black-and-white. Than Dinah Shore, they chorus, nothing is finer. This was a landslide opinion back in 1947, when Dinah won our first Award as favorite songstress on radio. When someone this good is seen as well as heard, she finds herself with a total of six such Awards, having struck it doubly rich this year with her first TV medals as favorite female singer and as star of the "best program on television," *The Chevy Show Starring Dinah Shore*. . . Hospitable as her native Tennessee, fresh as the ocean breezes that blow across her adopted California, Dinah simply projects happiness. Hers is the sort of effortless display of joy that is really a sharing of the happiness that fills her life as wife of George Montgomery and mother to "Missy" and Jody. But if Dinah's talent for joyful living is obvious, there was a time when her talent for song escaped many people. Her father, S. A. Shore, predicted his daughter Frances Rose would never become a singer. Her first singing teacher agreed to come to an amicable parting of the ways just two months after lessons had begun. When Nashville radio listeners grew so enthusiastic over her swinging delivery of the song, "Dinah," she changed her name—but the new name was no magic password in New York. When Dinah sang for the Dorsey Brothers, they heard no call to greatness. When she auditioned for Benny Goodman, he never missed a bite out of his ham sandwich. Her first recordings, with Xavier Cugat, credited "vocal by Dinah Shaw." When she joined Ben Bernie on a network radio show, the sponsor fired her as neither loud nor fast enough. Eddie Cantor promptly hired her, and that was the turning point. Dinah found herself smiling right at Dame Fortune, who, along with a coast-to-coast audience, began smiling right back.

FAVORITE TV FEMALE SINGER

BEST PROGRAM ON TELEVISION

What's in a name? Dinah's is on ships, planes, flowers, a bridge in France, a beach on Long Island—and six big Awards!

The Chevy Show Starring Dinah Shore will be on NBC-TV, Fri., April 19, from 9 to 10 P.M. EST. *The Dinah Shore Show* is on NBC-TV, Thurs. at 7:30 P.M., for Chevrolet Dealers of America.



When Frank Sinatra was Dinah's guest, they took time-out to autograph a tree.



Dinah's proved a comedienne, too. Here, she keeps George Gobel company.



For both Eddie Fisher and Dinah, it was Eddie Cantor who was starmaker.

CRAZY LIKE A FOX

*Mitch Miller is a bearded musical prophet
with honor among both long-hairs and crew-cuts*



Stars such as Frankie Laine know Mitch as both Sunday host and weekday record genius.



Mike and Marge admire "Lorenzo," but their song, recorded by Mitch, is of another bird.



FAVORITE RADIO EVENING MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Wife Fran took this picture of Count Von Duck, Mitch and Democrat.

BY now, Mitch Miller is used to the dubious looks and the shaking of heads. "Crazy," people have muttered, then changed it to a bop term of approbation as an unorthodox Millerism proved again that to be a pace-setter you have to depart from the beaten path. As Director of Popular Artists and Repertoire with Columbia Records, Mitch is the man who matches singer and song, often in unexpected, jackpot combinations. As orchestra leader and oboist, he's been playing Bach since the age of six, is now a distinguished soloist. "My long-hair friends may not be psychologically adjusted to my financial success," grins Mitch, "but I've always felt you don't have to starve in music." As host on the hour-long *Mitch Miller Show*, the bearded prophet and profit-maker finds he's made a lot of friends along the way. High-

priced "names" sing for little more than their supper on Mitch's radio round-table. Conversation, they prove, is still a lively art.

Personally as well as professionally, Mitch inspires the raised-eyebrow treatment. Fifteen years ago, when Mitch thought he was a good enough musician to be worthy of it, he grew a beard. Then Mitch took a rare edition of Lawrence of Arabia's book, opened it to an Augustus John illustration of an Arabian dignitary, Emir Feisal, and told a somewhat astonished barber to trim accordingly. About the same time, friends told Mitch he was crazy to live as far from New York as Stony Point, where the Millers had bought a 165-year-old farmhouse. As the move to suburbia spread, the same friends later paid many times what Mitch had, to commute from even further away. The house is filled with mod-

ern art treasures and with antiques, "but not the kind with curlicues," Mitch adds. Mitch first met wife Fran when both were students at the Eastman School of Music. Their children—Anny, 18, Margie, 12, and Mike, 10—are musical, too. The two youngest are the composers of "Song of the Sparrow," which was played on *Studio One* and then recorded by Mitch. "They just think of it as making up tunes," says Mitch, who's not prophesying a Miller musical dynasty. Composer Mike also plays the recorder, and therein lies a cue for other parents. Thumb-sucking is a traditional childhood problem. But when Mike wanted an oboe like dad's, Mitch handed him the simpler recorder, and the digit never went mouthwards. Once a do-it-yourselfer, Mitch has given up handiwork. "The best thing," he says, "is to loaf and play with the kids."

The Mitch Miller Show is heard each Sunday from 8:05 to 9:00 P.M. EST over CBS Radio.

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN

Big Jon Arthur and Sparkie go right on winning plaudits from children of all ages



WHEN Jon Arthur thinks about his bushel of awards—including his fourth Award this year from TV RADIO MIRROR—a note of genuine embarrassment makes itself heard. “Don’t get me wrong,” he explains. “I’m truly grateful for the wonderful reception accorded *No School Today*. I just wish we had some company.” By “company” is meant competition, for Big Jon’s show status has changed from best nationwide children’s show on radio to best and *only*. In this regard, Jon’s firm idea of radio’s responsibility to children was recently put to an interesting test. Someone had pontificated that small-fry shows lacked “adult appeal,” and Jon thought he saw a way to blast that theory. “What,” asked he, “would you consider a satisfactory mail response?” “Five hundred letters,” was the reply. Jon then asked listeners for two thousand, and is currently plowing his way through the more than five thousand letters that resulted. Which is most of the reason why talk of switching to TV or other plans leaves Jon quite unmoved. . . . Many of Sparkie’s on-the-air adventures begin in the Arthur family. They live in a large, rambling Connecticut home, where Jon’s day includes everything from work on his programs to being with the children, keeping up with his photography hobby, and cleaning a rug on which “Eyelet,” a boxer dog, may have thoughtfully deposited generous bits of thoroughly-chewed paper towels. All in all, it’s the kind of warm family life that many listeners recognize—a top reason why Big Jon and *No School Today* are so popular, and will remain so in the successful seasons to come.

No School Today is on ABC Radio, Sat., 9 to 10:30 A.M. EST.

FAVORITE RADIO CHILDREN'S PROGRAM

Eighth airwaves birthday—many happy returns to come!



**T
V
R** Portrait of the happy Arthur family includes Rosalie, Lloyd, Debbie, Jon and baby Danny. They have fun together, and the children provide Jon with program ideas. Another contributor is prize boxer “Eyelet,” here eyeing one of Jon’s little pals.



MICKEY the Magnificent

*As host on Walt Disney's
Mickey Mouse Club, the world's
favorite star triumphs again*

THE RISE to fame of Mickey Mouse is a case of rags-to-riches, rodent-style. "Walt Disney had been working to exhaustion on my first film, 'Plane Crazy,'" reminisces Mickey. "In those days I was poor as a church mouse. Didn't even own a pair of shoes. When the picture was finally previewed, I looked for the nearest hole." The pint-sized performer figured it would be a flop—but the public thought otherwise. There followed the celebrated "Steamboat Willie," and, later, "The Lonesome Ghost," in which Mickey first teamed with Donald Duck and Goofy. A high point came when Mickey joined Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra to do "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" in "Fantasia." By October, 1955, Mickey had been a star for twenty-seven years, had appeared in no less than 125 films, and had covered with glory his creator, Walt Disney, who publicly saluted him as "the little fellow who made everything else possible." With a background like this, his entry into TV was a natural. And the staggering success of *Mickey Mouse Club* is now a video legend. . . . On-camera, Mickey gets plenty of help from such animated friends as Donald Duck, Goofy, Pluto, Jiminy Cricket and Mickey's longtime girl friend, Minnie Mouse (they've been going steady now for twenty-nine years!). But most prominent are the Mouseketeers—a group of seventeen youngsters, plus young-in-heart Jimmie Dodd and Roy Williams, who inspire mountains of fan mail each week. Says "Uncle Walt": "They are regular American kids. There isn't a show-off among them." . . . The show's format calls for four segments per day, with a lively musical introduction of the club's theme song, various production numbers, brief pep talks by Jimmie Dodd plus other specialties as connecting links. As for the segments, they have included popular serial stories like "The Hardy Boys" and "The Further Adventures of Spin and Marty"; glimpses of youthful activity all around the world on "Newsreel"; personalities like Donna Atwood and Leo Carrillo on "Guest Star Day"; weekly visits with popular English puppet, "Sooty"; highly entertaining literary explorations with Jiminy Cricket; fun at the circus; lots of happy musical numbers, and all of the beloved Disney menagerie in animated cartoons. . . . The genius of Walt Disney has been honored by twenty-six Oscars and a roomful of other awards, trophies and citations—to which is now added your TVRM medal. Praise from every nation was perhaps best expressed in a letter which is among Walt's most cherished possessions. "Dear Walt Disney," it read, "I love you very much."

Walt Disney's *Mickey Mouse Club* is seen on ABC-TV, M-F, from 5 to 6 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.



FAVORITE TV CHILDREN'S PROGRAM

"Come join in the fun," urges Mickey, an invitation seconded by pals Walt Disney and Donald Duck.



Merry Mouseketeers—"regular American kids." From left to right, front: Annette Funicello, Karen Pendleton, Cubby O'Brien, Sherry Allen and Dennis Day. Second row: Charley Laney, Sharon Baird, Darlene Gillespie and Jay Jay Solari. Third row: Tommy Cole, Cheryl Holdridge, Larry Larsen, Doreen Tracey and Eileen Diamond. Top row: Lonnie Burr, Margene Storey, Jimmie Dodd, Bobby Burgess.

HOW ABOUT THAT!

*As announcer of champions,
Mel Allen proves he's one, too*



Yankee Stadium is Mel's "home." He's friend and fan to such players as Mickey Mantle, Triple Crown winner in '56.



Home away from the Yankees is in Bedford Village, where Mel relaxes with brother and co-worker Larry and parents.



FAVORITE TV SPORTSCASTER

FAVORITE RADIO SPORTSCASTER

Two Awards this year make it a lucky seven for Mel.

THOUGH Mel Allen takes his sports seriously, the laughs still come. The laugh was on Mel when he covered the Vanderbilt Cup Auto Races from the air. On his first big-time sportscast and his first trip in a plane, Mel ad-libbed for fifty-two long minutes. He was up in the air, literally and figuratively, until they let Mel in on the big secret—the race had been called on account of rain! Still, Mel had proved himself, and sports assignments began coming his way. Starting his seventeenth year as the voice of the Yankees, Mel recalls one game when his favorite team opposed the St. Louis Browns. It was the first time that year that Mel had seen the Browns, who announced a pinch-hitter towards the end of the game. "Well, folks," laughed Mel, "I've just got to tell you. The guy I've had catching all game is now coming in to pinch-hit." Mel can laugh as he tells tales on himself. His reputation as an encyclopedia on sports is assured. Mel has "always majored in sports," but he's done just about everything in radio and TV, including broadcasts of the New York Philharmonic and of *Truth Or Consequences*, created by his former roommate, Ralph Edwards. Ralph has succumbed to matrimony, but Mel still clings to his bachelor status. "A couple of times, I thought I was a goner," Mel grins. More seriously, he explains, "I never hit in the same circles often enough, or maybe it's the proper circle." Mel is on the road for almost half the year. At home, there are night games, newsreels, his daily sports show, and Mel's inability to say no to worthwhile causes. "If people think enough of you to ask you," says Mel, "you do it." At least, if you're Mel Allen!

Mel Allen's Sports Report, on ABC Radio, M-F, 6:35 P.M. EST (WABC, N.Y., 6:50), for Allstate Insurance. He's "The Voice of the Yankees" on the Home of Champions network (WPIX and WINS, in N.Y.) for Ballantine Beer and Winston Cigarettes.

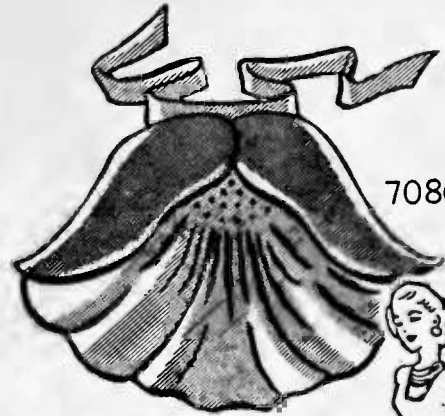
NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING



7306



7307



7086



537

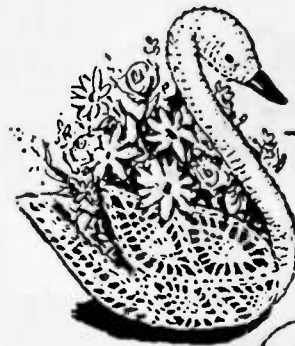


7306—It's easy to make a needlepointing—just follow our transfer and color-charts to make this woodland scene your next picture. Transfer 15 x 19½ inches. Simple stitches. 25¢

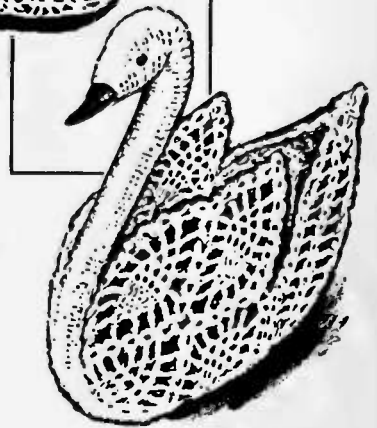
7307—Swedish weaving—a handicraft favorite—is so easy and fascinating to do. Charts, directions for 2 baby motifs; 5 borders that can be used in variety of widths. 25¢

7086—A full-blooming flower is this beautiful apron—fashioned from remnants, in two shades of glowing color. Embroidery transfer, directions for "flower" apron, 16 inches long. 25¢

537—Old-Fashioned Bouquet is a fascinating quilt to make! Each patch takes but a small scrap of material—use many different fabrics to give it gay "flower" coloring. Charts, directions, pattern for patches. Yardages for single and double-bed sizes. 25¢



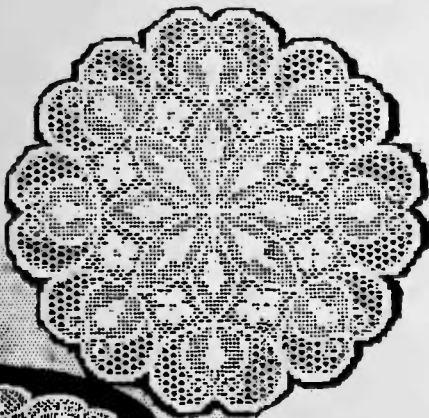
624



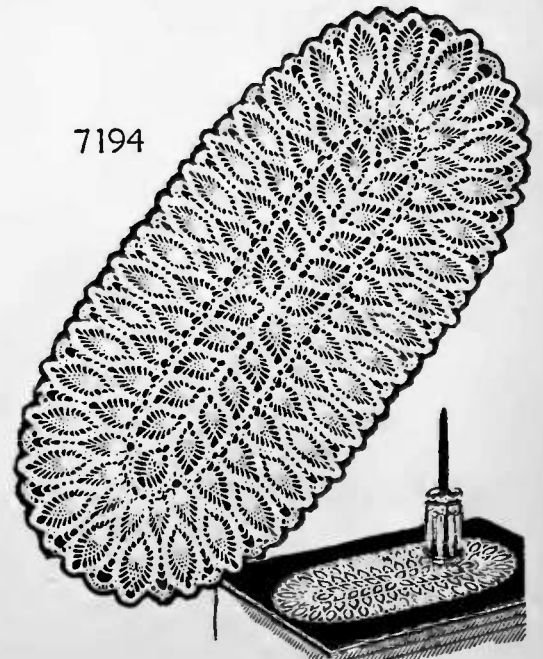
624—Elegant centerpieces for your table. "Swan" basket is simple crochet; pineapples alternating with shell stitch give the lovely feather-effect. Directions for 11-inch basket in heavy 4-ply jiffy cotton. Starch stiffly. 25¢

543—Let these filet doilies add a look of elegance to your home. Easy-to-follow charts make crocheting so simple. Lace stitch and K-stitch bring out the lovely design. Crochet directions, charts for 18- and 12-inch doilies, done in No. 50 cotton. 25¢

7194—Only two balls of No. 30 cotton for this popular pineapple design scarf in 28-inch length. Crochet it any length you need for your table. Crochet directions. 25¢



543



7194



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

Fighting to retain sanity, Tony Perkins relies on the faith of wife Norma Moore.



TV RADIO MIRROR

goes to the movies

TV favorites on
your theater screen

By JANET GRAVES

Fear Strikes Out

PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION

A TV pro before Hollywood discovered him, new sensation Anthony Perkins stars in a powerful story that also stems from television. On *Climax!*, Tab Hunter scored in the real-life role of Jim Piersall, and Tony now takes over as the young baseball star facing serious emotional problems. Karl Malden gives the movie added impact, as the father whose ambition pushes Tony into fame on the diamond—and into mental collapse. In his fight for recovery, the young wife warmly portrayed by Norma Moore helps him with her faith. Early boyhood scenes feature Peter Votrian, one of TV's finest child actors. With its intimacy, this picture strongly expresses the influence of TV on Hollywood. All the wide-screen processes had movies concentrating on spectacles and sweeping action yarns—until "Marty" made its way from the home screen to the theater screen. That set off the current cycle of more personal films, close-upping human beings.

Ten Thousand Bedrooms

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

While Jerry Lewis beat Dean Martin into the solo-flight business on TV and in vaudeville, Dean's first to go it alone in a movie. This pleasant musical casts the romantic half of the former team as a dashing bachelor who

gets thoroughly involved in the husband-hunting schemes of four Italian sisters. Eva Bartok and Anna Maria Alberghetti, oldest and youngest of the quartet, play the most important roles, each engaging Dean's affections in turn. Several agreeable songs keep the picture cruising along at a leisurely tempo, as beautiful vistas of Rome satisfy the eye. Because the accent is on love, though lightly, you don't miss Jerry's antics, and Dean's a likable singing hero.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

The Saga of Satchmo (U.A.): With Edward R. Murrow as narrator, the story of Louis Armstrong and his travels provides a feast of Dixieland jazz and an exciting variety of scenes and people. Socko on TV, Leonard Bernstein's also a movie success.

Oh, Men! Oh, Women! (20th; Cinema-Scope, De Luxe Color: Star of TV dramas, once Mr. Peepers' pal, expert comic Tony Randall almost steals this dizzy farce. David Niven's a psychiatrist engaged to Barbara Rush; Ginger Rogers is a client; Dan Dailey, her husband.

The Young Stranger (U-I): In an excellent film based on a hit TV play, James MacArthur does a splendid job as a teenager in trouble. TV regular James Daly is his stubborn father; Kim Hunter, his more understanding mother.

The Rainmaker (Wallis, Paramount; Vista-Vision, Technicolor): Also born as a TV show, later a Broadway success, this wistful comedy-drama gives Katharine Hepburn a lovable role as a farm spinster who gets encouragement from adventurer Burt Lancaster, none from brother Lloyd Bridges.

What's New

(Continued from page 13)

a Marine picture and his hair was close-cropped. The rented wedding shoes were a size too small and he was running a small fever. But we got married anyway." Barbara, who is the most colorful of the Brown family, went around telling everyone for weeks, "I'm so excited about going to Daddy's wedding." At the church, Barbara, who prefers to be called "Wendy," was given a basket of gardenias. She was told to stand at the door and pass them out to the guests. Asked Wendy, and seriously, "How much do I charge for them?" The daughters are very close to Jim, for he is a handy homebody. He cooks for them, carpenters shelves for their rooms and grows their corsages in the garden. He recently built a tennis court and has been giving them lessons. But, as fond of him as they are, the girls have never quite realized how important Daddy has become. Jim reports he was in a Los Angeles department store auto-graphing records when he looked up to find his irrepressible Wendy in line. "What are you doing here?" he asked. Said she, "Daddy, I just couldn't believe it when people told me you're famous, so I came to see for myself." She came, she saw—he conquered.

Come and Get It: If you want to live a little, check in with Victor's new album, "An Evening With Belafonte." Harry ranges from "Mary's Baby Child" thru "Danny Boy" and on to the rousing "The Saints Go Marching In," plus nine other ballads from England, Israel, Haiti and the West Indies. . . . TV actress and panelist Betsy Palmer at work with another TV grad, Tony Perkins. Betsy and Tony co-star with Henry Fonda in an off-beat Western, "Tin Star." Tony plays a young sheriff who matures in the job. Betsy, as a young widow, helps him grow, but notes, "As much fun as it was working with Tony, I was really looking forward to my first Western because I love to ride. But they put me in long skirts and kept me on a buckboard." . . . *Our Gal Sunday* celebrates its tenth birthday. Vivacious Vivian Smolen, so exciting as Sunday, Lord Brinthrope's wife, is still single. . . . Kate Smith is very busy. There was the Gleason show last month. On April 14, she works with Ed Sullivan and then has an hour of her own on Sunday evening, April 28, on ABC-TV. In the meantime, her mentor, Ted Collins, is feuding with M-G-M Records, who just released a new album of Kate's containing hit songs of past years. Ted complains that she would sound better in new hi-fi. A spokesman for M-G-M says, "Low-fi, hi-fi, we wouldn't have released the album if she didn't sound good. We thought it would make a nice album for people who like Kate Smith. That's all." For the many who like Kate Smith, that's enough.

No-Guts Or Why-Quiz-Shows-Die: No one blames Mike Wallace for the weakened condition of *The Big Surprise*. The problem is with contestants. No guts. Ratings are made by contestants who cause excitement by going for the limit. *Big Surprise's* big prize is \$100,000, but most of their contestants have stopped yearning around \$30,000. Even dashing Errol Flynn called it quits when he got to that point. It's getting to be a very practical world on all quiz and audience-participation shows. Take the day Jack Bailey, of *Queen For A Day*, asked, "When you grow up, little lady, what do you want to be?" The answer was, abruptly and succinctly, "A rich old widow."



Ask the girl
who wears one

General Outdoor Adv Co

I dreamed I was an Outdoor Girl

in my maidenform bra*

I'm the nicest sign of the times... openly admired by thousands! And the bra that makes all this possible is the new Maidenform Allegro*. Here's the *pretty* elastic bra with dreamy comfort built right in... it *gives* with you, *goes* with you every hour of the day. Always keeps you looking as glamorous and youthful as Allegro's easy-control elastic makes you feel. White dacron and acetate elastic satin. A, B, C cups 3.50; D cup 3.95

“Talk about comfort...”



... the new **Kotex napkin** with gentle Wondersoft covering won't rub, won't chafe, fits perfectly—gives you the instant and complete absorbency you need.

And the new Kotex belt has a special clasp that won't "dig in" like metal. This self-locking clasp holds the napkin securely, never lets it slip or slide. The specially-woven elastic, too, stays flat and snug—the edges won't curl or twist.

No wonder more women choose Kotex than all other brands.



KOTEX and WONDERSOFT are trademarks of Kimberly-Clark Corp.



TV Radio Mirror Award Winners, 1956-57

Here are the champs, just as you viewers and listeners chose them in our tenth big nationwide poll

TENTH ANNIVERSARY! But no "tin wedding" gifts for winners of TV RADIO MIRROR's Tenth Annual Awards, as chosen by our readers in the only nationwide poll of listeners and viewers. Every year, each lucky star and program receives a jeweler-designed gold medal. With this year's tally, some old favorites have a bracelet-full! But new ideas, new schedules—and new voters, judging by the overflowing ballot boxes—have also scored some notable first-time victories.

Length is part of the new look. *NBC Bandstand* gave you two "live" hours of popular orchestras and entertainers weekday mornings—and you gave *Bandstand* a fanfare as your favorite music program on radio. With two full hours weekly on ABC-TV, counting his new *Top Tunes And New Talent*, Lawrence Welk won the TV music-emcee title handily. And *The Lawrence Welk Show* itself, in its second season, polka-ed off with its second medal as your favorite musical program on television.

NBC Matinee Theater, with a sixty-minute play each day, was voted best in TV daytime drama after little more than a year on the air. (Two of its closest contenders were those first half-hour-daily newcomers, CBS-TV's *As The World Turns* and *The Edge Of Night*.) In night-



FAVORITE WOMEN'S TV PROGRAM

Home, just three years old on NBC-TV, wins its third annual gold medal in a row! Arlene Francis has been editor-in-chief from first edition, Hugh Downs is the only "permanent" male.

see following pages for more Award Winners ►



TV Radio Mirror

Award Winners, 1956-57



FAVORITE RADIO EVENING DRAMA

Page Gilman as Jack, and Bernice Berwin as Hazel, are two of the on-mike reasons why *One Man's Family* has been winning honors ever since Carlton E. Morse created the series 'way back in 1932.



FAVORITE RADIO COMEDY PROGRAM

Amos 'N' Andy Music Hall, now in its third year on CBS, is a comparatively new venture for Freeman "Amos" Gosden and Charles "Andy" Correll. They've been a team for thirty years.

(Continued)

time TV drama, the hour-long *Lux Video Theater* triumphed, with *Climax!* and *Playhouse 90* as chief runners-up.

In radio drama, listeners still loved old favorites in the familiar fifteen-minute format. Again this year, the night-time medal goes to *One Man's Family* at NBC—where Father Barbour (J. Anthony Smythe) now frets as fondly over his grandchildren as he did over his children, back in 1932. And *The Romance Of Helen Trent* wins daytime honors in competition with such long-established favorites as *Ma Perkins*—both series began in 1933, and both have been previous Award winners.

Viewers apparently meant it, when they told Gleason they thought he was *The Greatest* in a sixty-minute show—and "live." Missing from the Awards list last year, *The Jackie Gleason Show* came back strong to sweep in as your favorite TV comedy. *Amos 'N' Andy Music Hall* won in the radio category. Readers must have been writing CBS at the same time we were counting their votes, for *Music Hall* has since been expanded to some forty minutes a night, with an extra airing on Saturdays. Meanwhile, "The Kingfish" (Freeman Gosden) handled the *Hall's* turntables so well he was voted your favorite music emcee on radio!

Competition's always keen among the laughmakers, and they often take turns winning. As your favorite TV comedian, Red Skelton garners his sixth Award for program or personality, in either radio or television. Robert Q. Lewis now has a nicely assorted half-dozen, too—duplicating last year's medal as radio comedian, and adding a brand-new one in the evening-variety category, for his hour-long show on CBS Radio. Lucille Ball is one-up on them all, winning a seventh Award for *I Love Lucy*, as TV comedienne.

Fran Allison pulled a surprise out of the ballot box. She's won twice previously as a TV star, for *Kukla, Fran And Ollie*. This year, she gets her first medal as radio comedienne, for her "Aunt Fanny" characterization on Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club*. Counting Fran's personal Awards, these two popular Chicago-originated programs now have a total of fifteen to date!

Walt Disney—a relative newcomer whose impact has been felt since his first telecast over ABC—garners a first medal this year,



FAVORITE RADIO RECORD PROGRAM

For 1956-57: *The Martin Block Show*, on the ABC network. Martin won his first Award from our readers as "favorite disc jockey" in 1948 when he was on a local station.



FAVORITE TV COMEDIENNE

It's no news by now that everybody loves Lucille Ball. She and husband Desi Arnaz and *I Love Lucy* have won a fistful of gold medals—as star, team, and/or program.



FAVORITE RADIO QUIZ PROGRAM

Groucho Marx—You Bet Your Life! The quipmaster and his NBC cosh-and-parry show have now hit the jackpot in every combination of categories on radio and TV.



FAVORITE TV WESTERN PROGRAM

Cheyenne, the adult Western produced by Warner Bros., starring Clint Walker in the title role over ABC-TV, outdrew some very big guns in hotly contested territory.



TV Radio Mirror

Award Winners, 1956 - 57



FAVORITE RADIO MYSTERY-ADVENTURE PROGRAM

Gang Busters captures its second successive gold medal on Mutual, thanks to dynamic direction and star-filled casts. Seated—Mason Adams, Santos Ortega, director Leonard L. Bass, Marion Carr, Lawson Zerbe; standing—Larry Haines, Russ Dunbar, Mandel Kramer.



FAVORITE RADIO MUSICAL PROGRAM

NBC Bandstand was right on the beat—and "live"—every morning, with perennially popular Bert Parks (center) as host, and such tuneful, talented guests as Johnny Mercer (left) and Guy Lombardo.

(Continued)

with *Mickey Mouse Club* winning out over his own *Disneyland* and older favorites, as best children's show on TV. The corresponding radio Award goes to a four-time winner, "Big Jon" Arthur's beloved *No School Today*. In the women's program field, two champions have proved it can be a habit: *Home* wins for the third time straight, on TV, and *Queen For A Day* makes it five-in-a-row on radio.

In the mystery-adventure field, *Alfred Hitchcock Presents* wins its first gold medal in the midst of its second season on CBS-TV, while *Gang Busters*—the long-running, pace-setting law enforcement program heard over Mutual—repeats its resounding success of last year. Jack Webb's *Dragnet*, a frequent winner in previous polls, provided their closest competition in both radio and TV.

TV Westerns have been steadily increasing in both quantity and quality, and the contest in this territory was a knock-down, drag-out battle. Radio-wise, *Gunsmoke* had little difficulty roping in its third gold medal as favorite program, while William "Marshal Dillon" Conrad outdrew all comers as favorite star. But TV's *Gunsmoke* and star James Arness, *Cheyenne* and Clint Walker, *Wyatt Earp* and Hugh O'Brian, fought it out to the bitter end—with "veteran" Roy Rogers and his show making it a four-sided fight. The winners? It's a first gold medal for *Cheyenne*, as favorite program, a sixth Award for Roy, as favorite star.

It was a great year for the ladies, too, and not only in the feminine categories. There's no element of surprise in the fact that Loretta Young picked up her fourth successive Award as favorite TV actress, on her own night-time dramatic show, or that Jan Miner, star of daytime's *Hilltop House*, won the corresponding radio title—for the seventh consecutive time. It is news, however, that the girls walked off with some television titles which might easily have gone to the menfolk, or to more general programs—such as *CBS Radio Workshop*, the exciting, experimental drama program which did win this year's Award as the best new program on radio.

But look at these Awards won by the ladies in open competition: The Gale Storm Show, *Oh! Susanna*, won out as the best of all new TV programs. Pert little Jeannie Carson— (Continued on page 84)



FAVORITE RADIO DRAMATIC ACTRESS

Champion of champions—seven consecutive gold medals!—Jan Miner, beloved Julie Nixon of *Hilltop House*, now heard on NBC Radio.



FAVORITE RADIO WOMEN'S PROGRAM

Fifth Award—in as many years—for Mutual's *Queen For A Day*, as emceed by Jack Bailey, whose sympathies are as quick as his smile.



FAVORITE TV MYSTERY-ADVENTURE PROGRAM

Newcomer: *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*—thrills and chills. It took viewers only one full season to discover that the most "suspenseful" director of Hollywood movies was equally effective on CBS-TV screens.

FIFTY MILLION PEOPLE



*Dialing Ed Sullivan,
they know they'll always
find a super-showman
who highlights talent
from all over the globe*

By GREGORY MERWIN



Above, Bing Crosby—Ed "brought him back live" on TV. Left, Elvis Presley also made history on show—\$50,000 for a half-dozen songs.



FAVORITE TV EVENING MASTER OF CEREMONIES

CAN'T BE WRONG



Appearing for the first time as a dramatic actor, Ed made news on another man's program, too—when he turned up playing himself on *The Phil Silvers Show*.



Flying to Europe, Sullivan interviewed Ingrid Bergman on the "Anastasia" set, with Yul Brynner and Helen Hayes—then returned home to find the presentation of Bergman "nixed."

YOU THINK you know what Ed Sullivan looks like? Well, you don't. He's actually sixty feet tall. He's got muscles like Atlas and a voice that projects from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Ed is a giant in show business. For nine years, he has held secure the most competitive hour in TV, eight to nine P.M. EST, on Sunday evenings. And he's stronger than ever with viewers, even though the opposition has tried slingshots, spectacular spectaculars, comedy kings, beanstalks and the kitchen sink. Every week, Ed goes on playing to some fifty million people, more people on one evening than any other great showman has played to in a lifetime.

In the flesh, Ed is a medium-sized man, fifty-five years old, with black hair and gray eyes. His poker face is in character and in keeping with his personality, for he is 99-and-99/100% serious. He works in a quiet, modest office in a Park Avenue hotel. There are the usual cabinets, desks and typewriters. The walls are lined ceiling-high with books. Windows along one wall are draped in soft brown. The room is L-shaped. Ed shares his office with his two assistants, Carmine Santullo and Jean Sweeny, with Ed occupying the short part (*Continued on page 92*)



Ed's favorite haven is his Connecticut farm. It was while driving there he suffered that big auto accident last year.

FAVORITE TV EVENING VARIETY PROGRAM

The Ed Sullivan Show is seen over CBS-TV, each Sunday, from 8 to 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored by the Mercury-Lincoln Dealers.



GODFREY

AND HIS STAR WAGON

*Like the magicians of olden times,
Godfrey's miracles enchant and amaze
everybody—and none more than
the youngsters he turns into stars*

By MARTIN COHEN

ARTHUR GODFREY says, "The fun is in new talent, fresh talent, in helping the young ones go up. Of course, when they get in the big money, then they can go out on their own. But, in the meantime, wonderful things happen to you when you're working with new people. Just watching the youngsters build and develop is a fine experience. You get to know their minds, the way of their hearts. The best ones turn out to be decent, hard-working, healthy people."

Arthur has done more to turn raw talent into bright stars than any other twenty men in radio or television. Example? Take the lithe and lovely McGuire Sisters. Their records sell by the millions. They receive royal pay for club appearances. In a dozen major cities, they have broken attendance records set by other entertainers. It is hard to remember that, when they first met Arthur, they were—as Phyllis says—"so awkward we didn't even know how to take a bow on stage. We'd never even seen an arrangement. Honest. We had been singing at the Van Cleef Hotel in Cincinnati before we came to New York. To Dot and Chris and me, singing had been a way to earn our living in a way we enjoyed. Nothing more. People kept asking why we didn't go to New York to audition for the big shows. Finally, we took the chance. We made *Talent Scouts* and, when Arthur Godfrey phoned several weeks later inviting us to appear regularly on

Continued →



Two more for *Arthur Godfrey Time*, three for his discoveries—the fabulous redhead's a "forty-niner" in the number of Awards voted by readers! The McGuire Sisters—Chris, Dot and Phyllis—now triumph as your favorite femme singers on radio, and can't thank him enough for the way he's worked with them to build up their careers.



FAVORITE RADIO FEMALE SINGERS



BEST NEW STAR ON RADIO • FAVORITE RADIO MALE SINGER

Grateful as he is for his gold medals and all the other wonderful things that have happened to him lately, Pat Boone finds his greatest joy with wife Shirley, daughters Cherry (who just can't stay in her crib when Daddy's around), baby Debbie and Linda.

GODFREY

AND HIS STAR WAGON

(Continued)

the show, we were thrilled. As soon as we got on the show, we began to realize how little we really knew about professional work."

But Arthur was interested in more than the gals' singing talent. As he says, "The intimacy of TV and radio, especially TV these days, requires that performers be either talented actors who play well-rehearsed parts, or real-life personalities. Since my shows are completely off-the-cuff, my people must be just that—people. Real people. They must possess integrity and intelligence. They must 'grow on you.'"

Pat Boone, youngest of Arthur's discoveries, is just twenty-two. But he has sold nearly seven million records. He has signed a seven-year, million-dollar contract with 20th Century-Fox to make at least one motion picture a year. Pat may well become an institution, the Sinatra or Crosby of the future. Yet Pat's career in the big time began only a year and a half ago, when he began to guest regularly with Arthur. Pat says, "I always have the feeling that the things Arthur has done for me came from friendship and genuine interest. When Arthur (Continued on page 80)

Arthur Godfrey Time is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 10 to 11:30 A.M., and seen on CBS-TV, M-Th, 10:30 A.M., under multiple sponsorship. *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* is seen on CBS-TV, Mon., at 8:30 P.M., sponsored by Thomas J. Lipton, Inc., The Toni Company, and Paper-Mate Pens. *The Arthur Godfrey Show* is seen on CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., sponsored by Pillsbury Mills, Kellogg Co., Bristol-Myers (Ban, Bufferin, and Ipana), and Chef Boy-Ar-Dee. (All EST)



Super-showcased on the Godfrey programs, Pat's now in movies, too. Above, with director Henry Levin and producer Sam Engel at 20th Century-Fox, for "Bernardine."



Pat Boone's a busy boy, what with movies and records—plus his home life (above), singing on the Godfrey shows (left), studying in Columbia U. library (below).







Welk (left, with Alice Lon and Myron Floren) is proud that all his band members have exceptional talent and training.

“Champagne Music”

Pied piper Lawrence Welk lures a nation back to dancing... and leads young musicians back to a gay tradition

By FREDDA BALLING

WHETHER you're attending the country club cotillion, the junior-senior prom, the annual dinner dance given by your husband's trade association—or just going out because you love to dance—there's the age-old feminine problem: *What to wear?* Skipping over a host of advisers of both sexes and unlimited geography, one comes to the man who is, simultaneously, most qualified to give dress-for-dancing advice—and also courageous enough to speak up: Lawrence Welk of “Champagne Music” fame.

Says Mr. Welk, “I'm proud to say that (Continued on page 74)”

The Lawrence Welk Show, ABC-TV, Sat., 9 to 10 P.M., is sponsored by the Dodge Dealers of America. Lawrence Welk's Top Tunes And New Talent, ABC-TV, Mon., 9:30-10:30 P.M., is sponsored by both Dodge and Plymouth. On ABC Radio, Lawrence Welk and his band are heard Sat., at 10:05 P.M., and once a week on ABC's Dancing Party, M-F, 9 P.M., also at various times in different areas (see local papers: all times given here are EST).



Latest additions to what has become known as one of the happiest of “musical families” are the Lennon Sisters—Dianne, Peggy, Kathy and Janet, above—and Jack Imel, formerly of U. S. Navy.



FAVORITE TV MUSICAL MASTER OF CEREMONIES • FAVORITE TV MUSICAL PROGRAM





Hal March wishes all the world the kind of happiness he has found with his wife, Candy, her two children, Steven and Missy—and the brand-new baby they expect some time this very month.

Just whimsical decor—home is no "house of cards" to Hal and Candy.



He enjoys his records—and all the other things which success can buy.



But "things" aren't important—Hal and Candy know life's true values.



the Man who Really Won

With all that The \$64,000 Question has meant to both winners and viewers, it's Hal March who got the prize which can never be measured in money

By ED MEYERSON

BEHIND every TV program, there is an idea. In front of every program, facing the camera, there is a man. When the idea is good, and the man is good, you have a successful show. When the idea is as good as *The \$64,000 Question*, and the man is as good as Hal March, you have a prodigious hit which sweeps audience ratings and wins many honors. But the key word is still "good." Hal March is just that—in the most old-fashioned, religious sense of the word. He cares about his fellow human beings. And, caring about them, he has found himself and his own niche in this world he loves.

From the show's inception, back in June, 1955, Hal has insisted that the contestants are the real stars of the show. As performers, however, they are amateurs. They don't know how to "put a wall around themselves" so their personal feelings don't show. And because they are so exposed, Hal feels protective towards them. He uses all of his professional technique—the result of nineteen years in every branch of show business—to make them look good, rather than himself. That is why contestants on *The \$64,000 Question* sound more interesting, reveal more colorful personalities, and evoke more enthusiasm. Somehow, that agonizing decision—"Shall they take their winnings and quit, or go on to gamble on the next question?"—seems more earth-shaking with Hal in there rooting for those who must make the choice.

But selflessness is not (Continued on page 78)

The \$64,000 Question, emceed by Hal March, is seen on CBS-TV, Tues., 10 P.M. EST, sponsored by Revlon, Inc.



To Hal, the show's real stars are the quiz contestants—such mighty men as sea-wise explorer Peter Freuchen.



FAVORITE TV QUIZMASTER • FAVORITE TV QUIZ PROGRAM

a Crown for the KINGFISH



FAVORITE RADIO MUSICAL MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Gosden's office holds prized mementoes of three decades: Bound copies of *Amos 'N' Andy* scripts, pictures of a fellow-golfer named Dwight D. Eisenhower, photos of Chicago, where the first beloved series began.



Two radio immortals at the turntable: Charles Correll—best known to millions as Andy—and Freeman Gosden, who's both Amos and Kingfish.

Freeman Gosden, of Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall, reaps new laurels for one of radio's most honored teams

By DEE PHILLIPS

AMOS 'N' ANDY—Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll—have been broadcast favorites for thirty years. On weekday evenings, the *Amos 'N' Andy Music Hall* still sounds the Angelus for millions of listeners to CBS Radio, as their friend, the Kingfish, casually emcees forty-five minutes of music and fun. But Gosden and Correll remain humble. "We've received a lot of awards and keys to the city, but—since the advent of television—not too many," admits Freeman Gosden, who is George "Kingfish" Stevens in person, as well as Amos. "I'm proud to know that people are still thinking of us. Competing with the quantity and quality of emcees on radio today, I'm very grateful."

"One award," he grins, "we've kept here in the office. I believe it's one of the few of its kind." It was dated March, 1938, commemorating *Amos 'N' Andy's* tenth anniversary in national coast-to-coast radio—and it's signed by both Lenox Lohr, then prexy of NBC, and Bill Paley, prexy of CBS.

Freeman's office looks more like a lovely study. On one wall are pictures of Bobby Jones, the Augusta National Golf Club, and one of President (Continued on page 93)

Amos 'N' Andy Music Hall is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 7:05-7:45 P.M. EST, and Sat., 12:05-12:30 P.M.

HUMOR with a Heart

*As Fran Allison or "Aunt Fanny,"
here's one native wit who is
also—and always—a lovable lady*

By HELEN BOLSTAD

AUNT FANNY had come to town. In Charleston, West Virginia, children lined the streets and mothers held their hands tight to keep them from running headlong into the car. That night at the theater, a very young lady did escape parental supervision.

Miss Mildred Lucas, president of Promotional Enterprises, who had staged the show to introduce Aunt Fanny bread, tells the story: "The child had been eating an ice cream cone. She threw the cone and flung herself into Fran's arms. Before the mother could pry the child loose, Fran's face was smeared from sticky kisses, she had ice cream on her shoulders, and her evening gown was all spotted. But Fran was happy. She loves children as much as they love her. When she took her encore, she explained to the audience, 'I met a little friend.'"

In Milwaukee, it was the children of St. Joseph's Orphanage who broke ranks to greet her. In Chicago, youngsters thwarted a cop and caused a traffic jam. Fran had stalled her car at a traffic light. An angry police officer demanded her driver's license. Fran produced an outdated one. The new one was at home. During the ensuing discussion, a boy spotted her and yelled, "There's Franny." Children seemed to materialize from thin air. The cop shook his head. "Lady, I wouldn't dare give you a ticket. But please get going before you tie up the town."

If Fran Allison fails to win a lasting place as an American humorist, it will be because her charm outshadows her wit. Fans accept her as part of their daily lives. They love her too much to stop to evaluate her great talent.

If her small town stories fail to become an enduring part of (Continued on page 71)

Fran Allison is heard as Aunt Fanny on Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club*, on ABC Radio, M-F, from 9 to 10 A.M. She's seen on Burr Tillstrom's *Kukla, Fran And Ollie*, ABC-TV, M-F, from 7 to 7:15 P.M. (All times EST)



FAVORITE RADIO COMEDIENNE

Heard as "Aunt Fanny" on Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club* (above)—or seen co-starring with Kukla and Ollie on TV —Fran Allison just naturally has spontaneity and charm.



Kiss for a small admirer at St. Joseph's Orphanage in Milwaukee. Children know Fran's laugh is always kind.

the Great Moore Mystery



I've Got A Secret stars Garry Moore as host, with some of TV's brightest "jurors" on its panel: Bill Cullen, Jayne Meadows, Henry Morgan, Faye Emerson. All five have no secrets from each other nor, seemingly, from their viewers. Closets, trunks—everything's opened and revealed to the camera!



**Garry has just one
"secret"—shared only by
his audiences and
fellow workers!—which
many a star would
still like to learn**



FAVORITE TV PANEL PROGRAM



Garry never beats the drum for himself—except in an occasional jam session on *The Garry Moore Show*, with Howard Smith's "Barefoot Philharmonics": Ed Shaughnessy on drums; Herman "Trigger" Alpert, bass; Howard Smith, piano; Phil Olivella, clarinet; and Carl Kress, guitar.

By MARY TEMPLE

IT'S RATHER an odd paradox that *I've Got A Secret* keeps everyone's secrets safe except its own! By now, every viewer knows all sorts of things about everyone on the panel: Jayne Meadows, Bill Cullen, Faye Emerson, Henry Morgan. Most of all, they know that man-of-all-talents, moderator Garry Moore. The qualities and facets revealed, week by week and month by month, on the air.

The same goes for *The Garry Moore Show*, Garry's daytime television program. By now, everyone knows all sorts of things about the show's regulars: Durward Kirby, Denise Lor, Ken Carson, Howard Smith. Little foibles, big ambitions. Amusing things, interesting things, and sentimental things.

It's no secret to anyone any more, for instance, that Garry himself is a bit on the (Continued on page 76)

I've Got A Secret, CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M., is sponsored by R. J. Reynolds for Winston Cigarettes. *The Garry Moore Show* is seen on CBS-TV, M-Th, 10-10:30 A.M.—Fri., 10-11:30 A.M.—under multiple sponsorship. (All EST)



Fancy costumes can't hide the good sportsmanship of Durward Kirby . . .



Or singing voices and charm of Denise Lor and Ken Carson.

FAVORITE TV DAYTIME MASTER OF CEREMONIES

It's LOVE, not Luck



FAVORITE HUSBAND AND WIFE TEAM

Ozzie and Harriet agree that children are the most important ingredients of a happy marriage—particularly such fine sons as David and Ricky (right).

Ideally matched as they are, Ozzie and Harriet Nelson realize that happy marriages don't "just happen"

By GORDON BUDGE

HUSBAND AND WIFE TEAM—it's an ideal description of Ozzie and Harriet Nelson. Eight times, they've been voted our readers' favorites. But the story goes back much further in time. They've been a happily married team for more than twenty-one years—though, standing between her two athletic sons, twenty-year-old David and seventeen-year-old Ricky, Harriet still looks more like their sister than their mother! The youthful sparkle in her blue eyes is only a reflection of the happiness she and Ozzie have found in their life together . . . the happiness they've found, not accidentally, but on purpose.

"To Ozzie and me," says Harriet, "consideration of each other is one of the most important factors in making a marriage work. If people are considerate, look at life from the other fellow's point of view, they are not apt to get into trouble. And being honest with each other is also part of the consideration. I think if you really value your marriage—or any relationship, for that matter—you'll agree it's something to be worked at. There's no starting (Continued on page 82)

Harriet is glad the family can spend so much time together, from ice-box raiding to acting on the set.



They have individual interests, too. The boys, their car and studies. Oz, his production duties, Harriet, her homemaking. But they never want to be apart very long—that's how they first learned they were in love!



New Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet, with David and Ricky, ABC-TV, Wed., 9 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Eastman Kodak.



Today, possessions don't matter much to Bob—but he still gets a laugh out of his clown collection!



Happy Birthday, **ROBERT Q.**

By **GLADYS HALL**

THIS MONTH of April, Robert Q. Lewis celebrates a birthday. This month, relatives, friends and colleagues also join in wishing him a happy anniversary. For this month marks Bob's tenth year with CBS—both CBS Radio and CBS-TV—the most important decade he has spent on this laugh-hungry earth. What does a man think, how does he feel, when he is passing such a significant milestone?

"Ten years, ten working years, in the life of a man," says Bob, "is a period of growing up, of learning to survive. At the end of the decade, the time has come to ask yourself: Where am I? What am I? What have I got, in these ten crucial years, that is of value to myself? What have I given that is of value to others?"

It's a very grateful Mr. Lewis who counts up the blessings which ten years at CBS (radio and/or TV) have brought him



Today, it's people that matter—fine folks like announcer Lee Vines, producer Bruno Zirato, Jr., singer Richard Hayes, musical director Ray Bloch, songbird Judy Johnson.

In short, what have I learned—and what am I going to do with it, in the years ahead?

"Such questions must be answered honestly. Where I am, professionally, is easy to answer: From 8 to 9 P.M., New York time, Monday through Friday, I am on CBS Radio—and from 11:05 A.M. to 12 noon, Saturday. With me on the evening show are singers Judy Johnson and Richard Hayes, Ray Bloch and his orchestra, our

announcer, Lee Vines, and, of course, guests. What we try to do on the show is provide an hour of light, breezy entertainment, tuneful, laugh-ful, provocative, gay. To those who are not already among our listeners—to all those who have deserted radio for TV—I'd like to extend a hearty invitation: *Come back to radio.*

"Come back to radio, as I have done. Not altogether willingly at first, I must admit. (Continued on page 87)

The Robert Q. Lewis Show is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 8 to 9 P.M. EST—Sat., 11:05 A.M. to 12 noon.

FAVORITE RADIO COMEDIAN • FAVORITE RADIO EVENING VARIETY PROGRAM





Call it Faith

Art Linkletter believes in many things, but in nothing more strongly than the hope of our children

By DORA ALBERT

THE SMALL BOY cowered in his seat in church, his blue eyes fixed on the floor. Out of the corner of his eyes, he had seen his foster father stop the minister of the church at the end of a Biblical quotation. "Brother," said his foster father, in his stentorian voice, while his well-meaning face beamed with good will, "I'm sure you'll want to know that you made a mistake in the text you just read. If you will just look at your text of Matthew 5:20 again, you'll see that you shouldn't have read: 'the righteousness of the scribes and the Pharisees.' You should not have used the article 'the' before the word 'Pharisees.'"

The Reverend John Fulton Linkletter, Art Linkletter's foster father, was always right on such matters. He knew his (Continued on page 72)

One of life's greatest gifts to Art and his wife, Lois, is the opportunity to bring up their own five children: Robert, Sharon and Diane (in foreground), teenagers Jack and Dawn.



Art early learned to work, but not to worry. It was a big gamble for him, doing the San Francisco Fair 'way back when.



Baby days: Art was adopted, never knew his own parents.



At 6, "Link" lived in a serious, uncertain world.

FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Art Linkletter's *House Party* is on the air Monday through Friday—on CBS-TV, 2:30 P.M., sponsored by Pillsbury Mills, Lever Brothers, Kellogg, Swift & Co., Simoniz, Campbell Soup, Standard Brands—CBS Radio, 3 P.M., Pharma Craft, Lever, Standard Brands, Swift, Simoniz, A. E. Staley, California Prunes, Renuzit. His *People Are Funny* is seen on NBC-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M., for Salem Cigarettes and The Toni Company—and heard on NBC Radio, Wed., 8:05 P.M., for Anahist and others. (All times EST)



MATINEE IDOL

With host John Conte, NBC Matinee Theater brings evening glitter to TV daytime drama



Host John Conte has a willing and winsome substitute when he's the star of a *Matinee Theater* play. Wife Ruth takes over, is repaid by John's help around home.



EVEN in the mammoth medium of television, *NBC Matinee Theater* is a giant. The statistics on this five-day-a-week, full-hour dramatic program, presented live and in color, would make a feast for the hungriest Univac. In one year, the program used 3,500 actors, presented 248 plays and worked through 1,750,000 pages of scripts. Not counting actors, it takes 275 men and women to produce the program in Hollywood. One of the most intriguing figures involved belongs to Mrs. Cleo Maletis of Portland, Oregon. The mother of three, she was named "Mrs. America of 1957," then explained her proficiency at cooking, sewing and ironing as a result of her desire to make time to watch *Matinee Theater*. As executive producer Albert McCleery has said: "The American housewife has been emancipated from a good many of her chores by modern electrical appliances and, if you give her good entertainment, she'll find the time to watch it." . . . With creative rather than mechanical brains, McCleery and his staff have kept to night-time quality, even while going at an assembly-line pace. With original stories and stage, screen and literary adaptations, acted by top stars from both coasts, they provide viewers with the kind of entertainment that is the closest we have yet come to the concept of a "national theater."

There are more directors and actors at the disposal of producer McCleery than are used by the Comedie Francaise, or the largest theater company in the world. Their audience is in the millions and, judging by the votes for the show and its host, it is growing every day.

As host and, from time to time, as star, John Conte is the *Matinee* idol. As a singer and actor, this handsome figure of a man has been basking in the footlights ever since he sang "Oh! Susanna," in a grammar-school production and found the applause was irresistible. He studied at the Pasadena Playhouse, carried a spear in Katharine Cornell's touring company of "Romeo and Juliet," then went on radio as an announcer. Later, he starred in his own network musical series and was singing emcee of the Frank Morgan-Fanny Brice radio show. After service with the Armed Forces, he appeared on Broadway in musical comedies, some of which he also did as TV spectaculars. Then a trip to Hollywood for a role in *Climax!* led to a featured part in the film "The Man With the Golden Arm," and to his hosting chores on *Matinee Theater*. Returning to Hollywood, John brought a bride with him. Redheaded Ruth Harris of Atlanta was a long-time Conte fan. "I had had a crush on John Conte since I was in high school," she admits. "I used to duck out of class for fifteen minutes every morning to turn on his singing show on the car radio." Ruth, who takes over as hostess when John stars in a *Matinee Theater* play, also admits that she had to do the proposing. But John, even for an audience of one, answered on cue.

NBC Matinee Theater, with John Conte as host, is seen on NBC-TV, Monday to Friday, from 3 to 4 P.M. EST, in color and black-and-white.



FAVORITE TV DRAMATIC ACTOR • FAVORITE TV DAYTIME DRAMA



Riding high, this crew won two gold medals, the first time 'round. Left to right: Arthur Hiller, Laurence Schwab, Walter Grauman, Lamont Johnson and Livia Granito, all directors; Eddie Allen, staging supervisor; June Leff, casting director; Darrell Ross, operations head; Boris Sagal, director; Winston O'Keefe, talent chief; William Moseley, executive assistant; Albert McCleery, executive producer, and John Conte, host.

Savrola starred Sarah Churchill, Lamont Johnson. Author: Sarah's dad.

Host John Conte and Maria Palmer in "Temptation for a King," the 100th play.

Classic drama "Wuthering Heights" paired Richard Boone, Peggy Webber.



FOREVER "THE GREATEST"



"Honeymooners" Joyce Randolph, Audrey Meadows and Art Carney give solid backing to Jackie's inspirations.

With "The Honeymooners" now turning to musical comedy, Jackie obligingly belts out a song for maestro Ray Bloch.

Jackie's moods and movements are larger than life—to the delight of Jack Lescoulie and others on the show.





When things get toughest, Jackie jokes. Laughing staff includes such Gleason kingpins as (left to right) "Bullets" Durgom, Jack Hurdle, Jack Philbin, Stanley Poss, Frank Satenstein.

June Taylor knows his spirit of fun in rehearsal, his unflinching courtesy to her hard-working dancers.

You don't have to take Gleason's own word for it. Just ask the folks who work with Jackie—and love it!

By FRANCES KISH

WHEREVER Gleason is, there's excitement. It underscores the entire *Jackie Gleason Show*, runs through it like a charge of electricity. Crackles and sputters across the stage of CBS-TV Studio 50, down into the audience, out through the television screens across the country. The actors feel it, the crew feels it, and anyone who drops in at a Saturday afternoon rehearsal and is (Continued on page 90)

The Jackie Gleason Show is seen on CBS-TV, Sat., from 8 to 9 P.M. EST, as co-sponsored by P. Lorillard Co. for Old Gold Cigarettes.



FAVORITE TV COMEDY PROGRAM

JUST HAVING FUN



FAVORITE TV MALE SINGER

That's how Perry Como describes it, but it takes a lot of know-how to relax—and do a superlative job, too

By ALICE FRANCIS

ALL OF US were happy with *The Perry Como Show* last year," a man who works with Perry was saying recently. "But we just didn't know then how good it could get. We have been even happier with it this year."

"Yes. And, while all those nice stories people write about Perry are true," a girl co-worker added, "still, they don't tell half enough. Perry has the kind of charm that is hard to put down on paper. He's easy. He's helpful to many people, without making a big deal of it. He's a very hard worker and a thinker, underneath that casual manner, but he never tries to impress you with any of it. It's—well, it's refreshing!

"They always say he's relaxed. He is. So relaxed he could be poured on pancakes is the way someone put it. That made Perry laugh, and probably comes as close to describing his special kind of casualness as anything could. . . . They say he's a really nice guy. He is. . . . That he really must believe there is enough of everything (Continued on page 79)

The Perry Como Show (both color and black-and-white) is seen on NBC-TV, Sat., 8 to 9 P.M. EST, for Gold Seal Co., International Cellucotton, Noxzema Chemical, Radio Corp. of America, Sperry & Hutchinson, and Sunbeam.



Perry loves everybody—especially children. Nothing makes him happier than a chance to showcase such promising youngsters as organist Glenn Derringer and singer Brenda Lee.



Grown-up guest stars—like popular Julius La Rosa, right—also know that they will always get all the best of it from Como and the "wonderful gang who help put on the show."

JUST HAVING FUN



FAVORITE TV MALE SINGER



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"Yes. And, while all those nice stories people write about Perry are true," a girl co-worker added, "still, they don't tell half enough. Perry has the kind of charm that is hard to put down on paper. He's easy. He's helpful to many people, without making a big deal of it. He's a very hard worker and a thinker, underneath that casual manner, but he never tries to impress you with any of it. It's—well, it's refreshing!

"They always say he's relaxed. He is. So relaxed he could be poured on pancakes is the way someone put it. That made Perry laugh, and probably comes as close to describing his special kind of casualness as anything could. . . . They say he's a really nice guy. He is. . . . That he really must believe there is enough of everything (Continued on page 79)

The Perry Como Show (both color and black-and-white) is seen on NBC-TV, Sat., 8 to 9 P.M. EST, for Gold Seal Co., International Cellucotton, Noxzema Chemical, Radio Corp. of America, Sperry & Hutchinson, and Sunbeam.



Perry loves everybody—especially children. Nothing makes him happier than a chance to showcase such promising youngsters as organist Glenn Derringer and singer Brendo Lee.



Grown-up guest stars—like popular Julius Lo Roso, right—also know that they will always get all the best of it from Como and the "wonderful gang who help put on the show."



TV RADIO MIRROR
★ ★
AWARDS FOR 1956-57



Versatile Loretta can play such demanding roles as the historic Queen Nefertiti of old Egypt . . .



Be equally effective as a sports-minded modern miss, coaching Jerry Cohen and Ray Ferrell at baseball . . .



Or touch the heart in a love scene with Craig Stevens, one of the stars playing opposite her, on her big show.

Loretta Young

Beauty to dazzle the eye . . .

Warmth to melt the heart . . .

Talent to enchant the mind . . .

By BUD GOODE

LORETTA YOUNG, who has just been voted your favorite TV dramatic actress for the fourth consecutive year, is a star among stars. Performing since she was four, she has starred in eighty-seven motion pictures—and, in four brief seasons on television, more than one hundred teleplays. And, in Loretta's case, quality goes with quantity: She's the only Hollywood performer to have earned the plaudits from members of both the motion-picture and television Academies—Loretta has *both* an "Oscar" and an "Emmy."

But Loretta is a credit-giver, and automatically shares the praise lavished on her, saying it is because she works with "so many to whom I owe so much." Her memory of others' helpfulness, her gratitude for lessons learned, is precise. Those who inspire her expressions of appreciation (*Continued on page 82*)

The Loretta Young Show is seen on NBC-TV, Sun., 10 P.M. EST, sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Co. for Tide, Camay and Gleem.

FAVORITE TV DRAMATIC ACTRESS



Behind the TV scenes: Above, with actor John Newland on location at Malibu. Below, with her cinematography director, Norbert Brodine, looking at the day's rushes.



Lux Video Theater



Lux Video Theater version of "One Sunday Afternoon" scrambled two famous show-business teams, casting Gordon MacRae and Mary Healy (Mrs. Hayes) as a married couple—Sheila Stevens (Mrs. MacRae) and Peter Lind Hayes, ditto!



**The best of past and future combine
to make a very entertaining present**

DRAMA in the grand tradition, in one of network broadcasting's oldest traditions . . . almost a quarter-century of "live" full-hour plays based on great motion-picture scenarios, enacted by the film colony's most brilliant stars. . . .

It all began with *Lux Radio Theater*, which was already a long-established institution when this magazine's annual polls were inaugurated in 1947. *Radio Theater* proved its supremacy then by winning our first drama Award . . . and went on to set a record never equalled, on either radio or TV, by capturing readers' votes as evening-drama favorite for eight years—plus gold medals as "best program on the air" during its last two seasons.

Modern and streamlined, *Lux Video Theater* now carries on its older sister's best traditions, even to capturing your votes as favorite evening drama on TV! And—just as in radio days—movie stars afraid of the "new" medium (as they once feared the little black microphones and bare studios of the early 1930's) have felt happier and more secure, making their television debuts on *Video Theater*.

They know that, as in the past, there will be top scripts and direction, as well as the production values possible only to a major TV operation. They welcome the freshness of ideas, the willingness to experiment constructively . . . not only has many a Hollywood luminary re-created an Oscar-winning role, but there have also been many who got a chance to prove other talents in parts for which a "type-conscious" industry had never even tested them.

This season, the big news has been increased emphasis on "originals" . . . regular telecasts in both color and black-and-white . . . the addition of musicals to the previously all-dramatic line-up . . . and the signing of filmdom's "hottest" musical actor as both permanent host and frequent performer—the acquisition of Gordon MacRae in this capacity has been another forward step for both an ever improving program and a rapidly rising star.

"It's one of the most satisfying assignments I've ever undertaken," says Gordon. Judging by his enthusiasm, he might well become as permanent a part of the program's grand old tradition as announcer Ken Carpenter—whose association with *Lux* doings dates back deep in the history of *Radio Theater* itself!

Lux Video Theater is seen on NBC-TV (in both color and black-and-white), Thursday, from 10 to 11 P.M. EST, for Lux, Wisk, Pepsodent, Imperial Margarine and other Lever Brothers products.

FAVORITE TV EVENING DRAMA



As host, Gordon MacRae welcomes both actors and singers . . . such bright newcomers to film fame as 11-year-old Tim Hovey . . .



And all-time greats who helped make Hollywood history . . . such as the musical-movie team of Nelson Eddy—Jeanette MacDonald.





FAVORITE TV DAYTIME VARIETY PROGRAM

Bob Crosby's femme soloists, Joan O'Brien (left) and Carol Richards (right) are occasionally joined by his singing daughter, Cathy, when her school work permits.

They knew what you wanted

The Bob Crosby Show found the way to offer song, human interest—and the kind of relaxation which is just what the doctors ordered for your happiness

By EUNICE FIELD

Success is a tree of many branches. It has certainly been the great "money tree" for some. But in the case of George Robert Crosby, that king of Bobcats, it happens to be more than just that. It has become a tree rooted in the heart of a crucial public need. That need, born of the fury of modern times, is for an easy, pleasant art of relaxation. It would seem that the youngest of the Crosby brothers has come up with the perfect formula for that purpose.

Any afternoon, from Monday to Friday, Bob can be seen over CBS-TV, singing, conducting his band, dancing, interviewing guests, wisecracking, pushing on props, doing commercials, acting as emcee for his troupe of talented performers—and doing it all with a smooth, suave, (Continued on page 84)

The Bob Crosby Show is seen over CBS-TV, Monday through Friday, from 3:30 to 4 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.



Informality is the show's keynote. Only The Modernaires—left to right, Fran Scott, Paula Kelly, Hal Dickinson, John Drake, Dick Cathcart—get a chance to rehearse their lively precision-singing numbers before actual day of the program.



Earl Grant got on-the-air audition—and won recording contract!—when his U.S.C. classmate, Joan Southern, acted as "Good Guy" and brought him to Bob's notice.



"Good Guy" Gene Sherman (next to Bob) introduced viewers to kindly German shepherd, Flash—"guide dog" for Teddy, blind pet of the David Ledermans and son Duffy.

BRAVE New World

*For Jeannie Carson, America's
a wonderful place. But people are
people everywhere, and she
knows what—and whom—she likes!*



Hey, Jeannie! brings the British-born Miss Carson to the heart of New York City, with Allen Jenkins as a friendly cabbie, and Jane Dulo as his sister. Real life has been just as much an adventure—and almost as comical—to Jeannie and her husband, Bill Redmond.



BEST NEW STAR ON TELEVISION

Jeannie's frank about her tastes, her moods, and herself.

JEANNIE CARSON burst into living rooms all over the country, via television, just a few short months ago. She was an instant success. Her big-eyed, lilting effervescence is the same in real or reel life. She is a gray-eyed, petite (five-foot-two), bright red-haired bundle of charming nervous energy. She is naturally outgoing . . . but deeply sensitive. She is acutely conscious of atmosphere . . . and colors. If something is wrong, she has an internal tizzy. "I get very jumpy-nervous. I drive everybody else mad by moving constantly." Also, she explains solemnly, "I perch. I can perch on the very edge of a straight-back chair for hours."

She is happily married to Bill Redmond, an entertainer in his own right, who now is her associate producer, adviser and father confessor. He has a fascinating insight into his provocative little wife, and their mutual admiration society is a delight to behold. Both English born and bred, their humor speeds across a room in clipped quips.

"I should like," Jeannie says with a twinkle, "to say everything in one fell swoop. I hate hats, never wear 'em, except to protect my head, usually in the rain. I can't sit in the sun. I burn like mad and even come up with a rash under the skin. I prefer trousers. I'm a bug about comfort. I hate to dress up and, when I do, it's invariably a tailored rig. I will go to great lengths not to dress!"

"Ouch!" groaned her hep and handsome husband. "You have now alienated the dress and hat designers! You want to try for one more?"

"Ah, now really," the wide-eyed Jeannie protests, "the American woman has a beautiful mind of her own and she's not about to change her way of thinking because of what I do. As a (Continued on page 76)

Hey, Jeannie! is seen on CBS-TV, Sat., 9:30 P.M. EST, for Dash, Drene and Crest (Procter & Gamble) and Chesterfield Cigarettes.



**FAVORITE RADIO WESTERN STAR
FAVORITE RADIO WESTERN PROGRAM**

Gunsmoke stars Conrad as Marshal Dillon of Dodge City.

WESTERN by classification, *Gunsmoke* is more truly a dramatic series which pays allegiance to the basic integrity of human beings in any period or place. It has that quality which producer-director Norman Macdonnell calls "honesty," and which star William Conrad calls "realism." As Conrad says of the character he portrays, "Matt Dillon is neither hero nor villain, but a human being. The best of us are sometimes ashamed of our thoughts, and there are times when the worst of us can be proud of our deeds. Matt Dillon is no different. He is a law-enforcement officer who doesn't like killing. He hates the (Continued on page 90)

Gunsmoke is heard twice on CBS Radio—Sun., 6:30 P.M., repeated Sat., 12:30 P.M.—both EST, sponsored by L&M Filter Cigarettes.



WILD Old West

William Conrad and the creators of Gunsmoke turn an honest, probing searchlight on a highly dramatic but very real period in our history



Realism is their watchword. Above, producer Norman Macdonnell with actors Howard McNear ("Doc"), Parley Baer (Chester) and Bill Conrad (Matt Dillon). Georgia Ellis as saloon-hostess Kitty—below, with Matt and Chester—has the only regularly featured feminine role.



Off-mike (left), Conrad's an outdoor man with many indoor hobbies—including his wife Junie's cooking!

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT

Tormented by her love for Gil and by his agonizing doubts, Helen saw a ray of sunshine: Perhaps, with lovable Shari and her attractive uncle, Kurt . . .

HELEN WOKE EARLY—too early. It was dawn: A rose-red dawn with innumerable tranquil sounds waking with the light. There was a breeze stirring the curtains of her room. It was a new day in which to start all over again. But Helen found herself wistfully comparing this with other dawns, when life had seemed quite simple . . . and what one should do quite clear . . . and when there were no complexities. In the first light of a brand-new day, one ought to be able to think very clearly and get everything quite straight.

For instance, Gil . . . but she exerted a mental effort. She would not think of him just yet. To love as she and Gil did, and yet be unable to surround themselves with that love so that nothing else mattered. . . . She'd told Gil she'd marry him—as an assurance of the depth and permanence of her love. But Gil had been through too much that rasped his pride. He couldn't believe himself fortunate any longer. He couldn't believe the love she bore him was as deep or as great as she knew it to be. He tortured himself, like a man seeing heaven before him yet not daring to enter it, for fear it would vanish at his touch. And he tortured Helen, too. There were times when it seemed that, from sheer weariness, she would cease to try for the joy that she knew she and Gil could have together. But she knew it would be happiness to serve him in every possible way—that yachting accident, she suspected, had left effects he denied. And she could find a sort of mystic rapture in soothing even those dreadful moods when he did not believe in anything or anybody, not even himself. If only she and Gil . . .

But this was early morning, and to think about Gil in this fashion was a disheartening way to begin the day. She tried to fix her mind on something else. There was Kurt, for example—Kurt Bonine—and his niece Shari. Kurt was a hard man, but he found her attrac-

tive. He'd shown it. Not over-insistently, but at least he was not tormented by intangibles like Gil. Gil could not believe that the happiness he longed for could actually be. He'd feel he had done Helen a monstrous injury if she married him and later regretted it. He frantically feared she would. But Kurt . . .

Helen stirred uneasily. She did not want to think of Kurt and Gil together, again. She'd meant to think of Shari. And Shari could be thought of without any unease at all. Helen glanced at the clock. It was still very early. She would think about Shari for a little while—tenderly and perhaps a bit amused—and then meet the day with composure. Shari was only a little bit of a problem. A touching one, because she admired Helen so deeply. She had no mother and sought blindly for someone more mature to give her the affection she needed so desperately and the feeling of security she needed even more. She worshipped Helen. And when a girl like Shari, only seventeen, wholly and openly adores one, one wants to be very careful not to hurt her. . . . Helen smiled a little as she thought of Shari. She almost stopped thinking of Gil altogether.

At breakfast, with Agatha, she cheerfully assured herself that this would be one day, when, with Gil away, she would draw back from the problem that was the greatest of many in her life. She would rest her mind and her feelings from the frustration of emotional stalemate. She would not let herself think anything about Gil—except that she loved him, and he loved her, and therefore it must all come out right in the end. But, over the second cup of coffee, Agatha said briskly, "You look well today, Helen. You look rested. It seems to be good for you for Gil to be away. The man practically battens on your suffering—and it seems to me that he thrives on his own."

"You know that's absurd, (Continued on page 86)

The Romance Of Helen Trent, CBS Radio, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Lever Brothers, Scott Paper Company, Campana, and others. Marian Russell and star Julie Stevens are pictured on the opposite page, in their radio roles as Shari (left) and Helen Trent.



FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME DRAMA

Shari's joy faded. "What's the matter?" she cried, as Helen numbly clutched the telegram.



Love of Children

As Young Dr. Malone or youthful Mr. Becker, Sandy's innate sympathy is as big as his inborn talents

By FRANCESCA WILLIAMS

AFTER NINE YEARS of being *Young Dr. Malone* on CBS Radio, Sandy Becker still finds his starring role absorbing. "Jerry Malone is a purposeful man, with great courage," Sandy says. "A fine doctor and a good person. Sensitive, kind, but uncompromising where his ideals are concerned. An exciting man to do."

That Sandy portrays this man so perfectly is evidenced by the overwhelming listener approval, but it may not be as well known that Sandy himself is something of the same sort of idealist. A purposeful young man, in a hurry to do many of the things he feels need doing. A man who is sensitive to (Continued on page 83)

Sandy and Ruth Becker's own brood includes Joyce, Curtis, and Annelle—reading upstairs—and that's Tanko, down in front. Below, Sandy shows his trio some fascinating dolls he brought back from his big good-will tour, visiting children of South America.



FAVORITE RADIO DRAMATIC ACTOR

Sandy Becker stars as *Young Dr. Malone*, over CBS Radio, M-F, at 1:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Lever Brothers, Scott Paper Company, Campana, and others.



Humor With a Heart

(Continued from page 43)

American folklore, it is because they are literally written on air. That a script, for Fran, is a few notes—jotted down while taxiing to the studio—is a loss to our literature of humor.

Spontaneously created, both her Aunt Fanny of Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club* and her Fran, of Burr Tillstrom's *Kukla, Fran And Ollie*, continue to be spontaneous creations. Burr, who originated "Kukla, Ollie and all the players," has always dated their teaming with Fran back to a war-bond rally on Michigan Avenue in Chicago. As he tells it, "Ollie, never one to pass up a pretty girl, said, 'Hello, cutie!' Fran, never one to pass up a quick answer, said, 'Hello, yourself.' Because she accepted them as a child accepts them, she gave them reality. On a day-to-day basis, she is the Dorothy who went to Oz, the Alice in a modern Wonderland. But—most important to me—she has the imagination and the talent to join us in making up the story as we go along."

Aunt Fanny, too, sprang full-grown from Fran's lively imagination. Fran, the busy young girl of all work in a small Iowa radio station, was rushing past a man-in-the-street broadcast. The announcer caught her arm. "Here's Aunt Fanny," he said. "Say something for the folks." In developing the character of Aunt Fanny, since then, Fran has given her small-town spinster a third dimension. Her sharp observations concern today's world. They become more searching because Aunt Fanny's clothes, her colloquialisms and her viewpoint are those of a by-gone day.

She has a word for every occasion. Peering around a *Breakfast Club* audience, she inquired, "Mister McNeill, where is that lady that fell in the furnace?" Don McNeill pointed her out. "Well," remarked Aunt Fanny, "I always said there's no limit to what some folks will do to have a hot time in the old town tonight."

Aunt Fanny's stories often spring from the traditional "embarrassing moment." A bake sale was coming up. Aunt Fanny, unfortunately, had loaned Myrt her recipe for pineapple upside-down cake. She wouldn't, for anything, ask for it back. She would, instead, buy cake mix and "take the recipe off the box."

But the grocer, too, had his troubles. Said Aunt Fanny, "That high water we had had took the labels off of everything. But he said to me, he says, 'Take my word for it, Fanny, I can put my hand on anything in this store.'" Aunt Fanny did.

The cake weighed so much her arm was tired before she got it to the church. The auctioneer declined to put it on sale. Only then did Aunt Fanny discover that her cake mix was actually Mrs. Doolittle's Handy Household Cement. The pineapple, too, was suspect.

It is characteristic of Fran Allison's philosophy for Aunt Fanny that every problem should produce a minor triumph. Aunt Fanny's concrete cake achieved a certain immortality. "That was the day the cornerstone was being laid. Jing! if they didn't put my cake right inside. They did! And when they turned it over, there, pretty as you please, them string beans spelled out *Welcome* straight across the top."

It is with pleasure that TV RADIO MIRROR presents its Award as top airwave comedienne to the *Breakfast Club's* Aunt Fanny, to *Kukla, Fran And Ollie's* Fran—to Fran Allison, a true American humorist who is also a great lady.

NEW!

STAR CANDIDS



We've added some brand new stars and brand new pictures starting with #248. Check the list below for your favorites. All handsome 4 x 5 photos, on glossy stock, just right for framing. Send your order today.

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| 3. Ava Gardner | 112. Susan Hayward | 209. Liberace | 239. Judy Busch |
| 5. Alan Ladd | 117. Terry Moore | 211. Bob Francis | 240. Patti Page |
| 6. Tyrone Power | 121. Tony Curtis | 212. Grace Kelly | 241. Lawrence Welk |
| 7. Gregory Peck | 124. Gail Davis | 213. James Dean | 242. Alice Lon |
| 9. Esther Williams | 127. Piper Laurie | 214. Sheree North | 243. Larry Dean |
| 11. Elizabeth Taylor | 128. Debbie Reynolds | 215. Kim Novak | 244. Buddy Merrill |
| 14. Cornel Wilde | 135. Jeff Chandler | 216. Richard Davalos | 245. Hugh O'Brian |
| 15. Frank Sinatra | 136. Rock Hudson | 218. Eva Marie Saint | 246. Jim Arness |
| 18. Rory Calhoun | 137. Stewart Granger | 219. Natalie Wood | 247. Sanford Clark |
| 19. Peter Lawford | 139. Debra Paget | 220. Dewey Martin | 248. Vera Miles |
| 21. Bob Mitchum | 140. Dale Robertson | 221. Joan Collins | 249. John Saxon |
| 22. Burt Lancaster | 141. Marilyn Monroe | 222. Jayne Mansfield | 250. Dean Stockwell |
| 23. Bing Crosby | 142. Leslie Caron | 223. Sal Mineo | 251. Diane Jergens |
| 25. Dale Evans | 143. Pier Angeli | 224. Shirlev Jones | 252. Warren Berlinger |
| 27. June Allyson | 144. Mitzi Gaynor | 225. Elvis Presley | 253. James MacArthur |
| 33. Gene Autry | 145. Marlon Brando | 226. Victoria Shaw | 254. Nick Adams |
| 34. Roy Rogers | 146. Aldo Ray | 227. Tony Perkins | 255. John Kerr |
| 35. Sunset Carson | 147. Tab Hunter | 228. Clint Walker | 256. Harry Belafonte |
| 50. Diana Lynn | 148. Robert Wagner | 229. Pat Boone | 257. Jim Lowe |
| 51. Doris Day | 149. Russ Tamblyn | 230. Paul Newman | 258. Luana Patten |
| 52. Montgomery Clift | 150. Jeff Hunter | 231. Don Murray | 259. Dennis Hopper |
| 53. Richard Widmark | 152. Marge and Gower Champion | 232. Don Cherry | 260. Tom Tryon |
| 56. Perry Como | 174. Rita Gam | 233. Pat Wayne | 261. Tommy Sands |
| 57. Bill Holden | 175. Charlton Heston | 234. Carroll Baker | 262. Will Hutchins |
| 66. Gordon MacRae | 176. Steve Cochran | 235. Anita Ekberg | |
| 67. Ann Blyth | 177. Richard Burton | 236. Corey Allen | |
| 68. Jeanne Crain | 179. Julius La Rosa | | |
| 69. Jane Russell | 180. Lucille Ball | | |
| 74. John Wayne | 182. Jack Webb | | |
| 78. Audie Murphy | 185. Richard Egan | | |
| 84. Janet Leigh | 187. Jeff Richards | | |
| 86. Farley Granger | 190. Pat Crowley | | |
| 91. John Derek | 191. Robert Taylor | | |
| 92. Guy Madison | 192. Jean Simmons | | |
| 94. Mario Lanza | 194. Audrey Hepburn | | |
| 103. Scott Brady | 198. Gale Storm | | |
| 105. Vic Damone | 202. George Nader | | |
| 106. Shelley Winters | | | |
| 107. Richard Todd | | | |

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Call it Faith

(Continued from page 50)

Bible from cover to cover, and could detect a mistake in a single word in the middle of a long sermon. Himself an evangelist, he believed that all ministers would be glad to have a slip of the tongue corrected, in quoting from the Good Book, and this was a service he often performed for other ministers, to the intense dismay of his adopted son, Art.

"He was a wonderful man," Art recalls, "kindly-faced, gentle and spiritual. He was also completely ingenuous, unconscious of self, and warm-hearted, with the spirit of a child. If he saw a strange child on the street, he would put his arms around him. If he found a bird with a broken wing, he'd bring it home and nurse it.

"He sympathized with everyone's misfortunes, rejoiced with everyone's good fortune. Every day without fail, he read the Bible for five hours." He also, almost literally, followed the injunction to pray without ceasing. "Though we were a terribly poor family, we had the longest graces of any family I ever knew," Art continues. "My foster father could think of more things to be thankful for than anyone else. I was eighteen before I tasted hot food! All our food cooled off during his prayers."

As a child, banging the triangle at revival meetings, to draw crowds to listen to his foster father, Art would squirm with embarrassment when the crowd lost control of its emotions, after a particularly moving exhortation by his dad.

No wonder, later on, after he became the emcee of Art Linkletter's *House Party*, he was very sympathetic, when he interviewed a minister's son who said he helped his dad with his work.

"What's the hardest work you do?" he asked the child.

"Listening to my father's sermons," came the prompt response.

If some sage emcee had asked Art the same question when he was seven or eight, he probably would have gotten the same answer. As a child, Art couldn't understand the world of complete spirituality in which Reverend Linkletter lived and breathed. "Like any growing child," he said, "I resented the fact that I had to read the Bible aloud for hours at a time while other kids were playing, and that I couldn't go to movies to see Charles Ray in 'Country Bumpkin' like other kids. It took me years to realize the value of some of the hardships I suffered as a child."

At a very early age, Art learned the value of money, and the necessity of earning it by hard work. He was only seven when he first took up a collection for his father after a sermon. Soon he got to the point where, with one look at an audience, he could tell, almost to the penny, how much he was likely to collect. "My foster father was the kindest, most loving man I ever knew, but he had not the slightest knowledge of the value of money.

"He never worried about rent or food, for he was convinced that the good Lord would provide. The provisions he expected always came—though we had some narrow squeaks.

"Sometimes, when rent time was only a week away, he would suddenly feel the urge to preach. Saying, 'Don't worry,' he'd hitchhike off for a couple of months." At such times, Art and his foster mother were sometimes left to fend for themselves. "Some church or group that knew about us would come to our rescue. Sometimes I'd go to an old folks' home.

"Nobody worried, so I never worried when I was a child," Art observes. "To-

day, as a carryover from childhood, I still don't worry—though I take steps to prevent things from going wrong. I don't feel that everything will come to me. To get anywhere, you have to do the work yourself. In those days, my foster father didn't necessarily think so. We didn't exactly live—we existed."

When Art discovered, at eleven, that he was adopted, he was momentarily bewildered. He needed desperately to feel that he belonged to someone or something.

"Wonderful as my foster parents were, they were in their late forties when they adopted me, in their sixties by the time I was in my teens. My foster father was handicapped, too, by the fact that he had a wooden leg, and so couldn't participate in active sports with me. We had no point of contact, outside our home."

Some of the youngsters Art knew were pretty wild. After all, the Linkletters moved some twelve times in six years—much too often for the family to establish any kind of roots. Not that Art was any Dead End kid! But he knew a lot of boys who weren't above stealing hub caps or other kinds of property. He himself never stole. He'd been too much impressed by his father's reading of the Commandments. But he often felt adrift.

Just about that time, Art met David Bomberger, now general secretary of the Riverside YMCA. "I don't know what would have happened to me," Art says frankly, "if I hadn't met him. He was young enough to understand my problems and to help me find an outlet for my energy." David became a sort of father away from home to young Art. He encouraged him to become a Friendly Indian, a Y group somewhat similar to various Boy Scout groups. Through David Bomberger and the Y, Art became interested in camping and physical education. Previously, he'd played basketball with various church leagues; now he learned to play the game better and more earnestly than ever. "Every child," he says, "feels that he wants to belong to a gang. Every kid *has* to belong to one, children are the greatest joiners. They want to earn recognition. They earn it either by belonging to some group like the Boy Scouts or Friendly Indians and winning merit badges, or else they join some gang and get recognition for how many hubcaps they have knocked over."

Art believes that those who say, "There are no bad children, only bad parents," may be right. Once he was at a cocktail party where all the guests seemed to be having a wonderful time. Art and his wife were enjoying themselves, too. But, with Art, it's almost automatic to talk about his five children, so he happened to mention casually what some of his youngsters were doing that evening. The man to whom he was speaking looked surprised. "You mean to say that, even when you're at a party, you know what each of your youngsters is doing?" he said.

"Sure," said Art.

"Well, I'll be darned. My kids are like wild horses. I never know from one hour to the next what they'll be doing or where they'll be."

Art's fellow guest was a man from a prominent social family, who had brought up his children with the help of nurses and governesses. He honestly believed that he had given them every advantage. But he'd failed to give them one important advantage—the knowledge that he cared where they were and what they did.

Art and his wife, you may be sure, always know where their children are each day, and make it clear to the children

that they care tremendously. Though the youngsters range in age from eight-year-old Diane to nineteen-year-old Jack, they enjoy sharing the news of their activities with their mother and dad.

At one time Art Linkletter persuaded a professor with a Ph.D. degree in psychology to appear on one of his programs and answer questions from the audience. One mother put up her hand to wail: "My children won't obey me. What shall I do about it? You can't just keep scolding them."

"Yes, it is a terrible problem," said the psychologist, "and one that almost all parents face. We haven't come up with any scientific answer yet on how to get a child to mind."

"I hope you'll pardon me for giving an unscientific answer," said Art. "I'm no authority on bringing up children, but my wife and I are trying, as best we can, to raise five of them. And we've come to the conclusion that a child wants to know there is authority, with strengths and limits. If a child never knows how far he can push his parents—or if he can *always* push them around—he has no feeling of being protected or watched over."

There are some who imagine that, where there's plenty of money in a family, it's a cinch to bring up children. Not so, says Art. "Children have a better chance of growing up well if they do not come from wealthy homes. One of the greatest things in life is work. But there is a lot of difference between work that's necessary and work that's invented, just to keep rich children busy."

As a youngster, Art had to work. At eight, he had a newspaper route and mowed lawns. In his teens, he operated a switchboard at the Y, and acted as counsellor at summer camps. Because of his foster father's complete absorption in spiritual matters, there were times when, if Art hadn't worked, he wouldn't have eaten.

To try to duplicate such conditions in the lives of his children would be preposterous. Still, Art has taught his children respect for work by a carefully worked out system of allowances, chores and privileges. Each child is held somewhat responsible for his own room. "Occasionally," Art explains, "We have inspections and awards. There are such varied awards that each child is given a chance to earn one."

For instance, at Christmas time, each has his own Christmas tree, which he decorates himself. Then awards—in the form of small gifts—are given for the most original tree, the prettiest tree, and whatever other categories Art and his wife can think of. The young Linkletters are brought up in an atmosphere of faith tempered with good humor.

Art believes that children should be exposed to religion, but that it may sometimes be unwise to require them to spend an inordinate amount of time at church, as he did during his boyhood. "If my parents had been musicians and insisted on my playing piano for four or five hours a day," he says frankly, "I would have rebelled against music as a child.

"Today, I believe that everyone should have the right to believe what he wants to believe. My children are given a chance to make up their own minds, but they are also given every chance to be exposed to religion. Every Sunday, they go to church. Nothing would please me more than to find that the children had discovered a dedicated, imaginative, inspiring religious teacher.

"Personally, I am sure that there is a God. Members of different religions call Him by different names. I have traveled so much and met so many who thoroughly believe in their own religions, that I have great respect and tolerance for the beliefs of others. All the major religions boil down to half a dozen rules—the Golden Rule, in one form or another, being prominent among them. Whatever you do with people comes back to roost one way or another."

Art believes that the Golden Rule really works in daily life—if you honestly try to live up to it. "Often," he says, "individuals forget all about the Golden Rule when it comes to business. But it applies there just as much as anywhere else. You can't ignore it just because you're trying to make a buck."

Art himself has the well-earned reputation of following the Golden Rule in business. Once, a hard-boiled attorney who has handled the legal affairs of many of the biggest stars in show business, said, "I'd rather do business with Art and John Guedel (Art's partner-producer of *People Are Funny* and *House Party*) than with anyone else. Not because they'll let you walk over them, for they won't. But you also know that they'll never try to take advantage of you—or anyone else."

Offer Art a chance to do anything at which he's had little or no previous experience but which might present a challenge, and he'll grab it—and let you name the salary. Once, when he was twenty-three, holding down a desirable job as announcer at KGB in San Diego, and being groomed for an executive position, he left his well-paying, secure position to work with the Dallas Exposition. He knew that the new job couldn't last more than six months.

"How much are you going to get?" his wife asked. Art shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know," he said. "I didn't ask. But I do know that this is a wonderful opportunity to work and learn."

Later, when he was offered a job at the San Francisco Fair, he again accepted without knowing what the salary was.

"Some people," he said, "think of me as so mercenary and so sharp in business that they don't believe I would do a thing like that. It's true that, if I'm asked to work as an emcee, I'll charge a stiff price, for I've been training for this kind of work for about twenty years, and know my

value as an emcee. But if I'm offered a chance to do something new and challenging, I'll do it, and not quibble about how much I'm paid. When I was offered a role on the *G. E. Theater*, I was glad to try it. When they asked me how much I wanted, I said, "Whatever you think I'm worth. I'm here to try something new and stretch my talent muscles."

From the time they were just small tots, Art taught his children that it isn't ethical to try to get something for nothing, or to try to make money by wangling an unfair monopoly for yourself.

How does a father bring up children so as to accentuate the positive and eliminate the negative? With five children, all of different temperaments, Art and Mrs. Linkletter discovered while the children were very young that each had to be handled differently.

"Some children have to be spanked frequently; some should never be spanked at all," says Art. "In general, I believe that children should be brought up with loose discipline surrounded by a good iron fence. Many mothers and fathers complain that children roughhouse all over the house. Though we Linkletters, like most normal parents, aren't mad for roughhousing, we wink at it, provided the children curb their spirits in three rooms: The living room, dining room and our bedroom. The children respect those boundaries. When they come through the door to one of those rooms, they start to walk sedately, even if they've been running till then.

"When we have cocktail or dinner parties, the kids are introduced to all our guests and are permitted to remain for about fifteen minutes. At the end of that time, they know it's time to leave—and they do.

"Some parents tell me they just can't understand how we can get the children to go to bed when they're told to. This is the way we do it: We tell them, 'We want you with us. If you want to watch TV, we'll arrange things so that you can be with us watching the programs till the very last possible minute. Then, when we say it's time to go to bed, you'll know that it is—and no arguments.'

"The kids never argue about this. If, occasionally, there's an exceptionally good program they'd like to stay up late to hear, they ask ahead of time, and we call a family clam-bake to decide whether the program is worth staying up late for."

The Linkletter children know that their mother and dad want them to have fun. And they do. They go camping in the summer, and on weekly bicycle safaris.

Art, with his wonderful ad-lib sense of humor, is apt to pull outrageous gags any time, at any place, including the dinner table. For years a pet Linkletter gag was to pretend that the youngest member of the family had a "magic nose" and that, whenever he pushed it, the maid would appear out of thin air. Actually, of course, Art had an electric buzzer under the table which he pushed at the same time his youngest tried out his "magic nose."

Art has a triple parlay for bringing up children: Faith, humor, and love. His faith in his children goes so deep that once, about two years ago, when he, his wife, and Jack were in Paris, he raised no objection as a lady of the evening accosted Jack, thinking he was alone, and persuaded him to order refreshments for her at a table near by. In a few minutes, Art and his wife joined them.

"I was so confused," Jack confessed later, "my conversation was mostly stutted English. For a few minutes, I wondered why Dad had permitted such a situation to arise. Later on, however, I realized that there'd been method in my father's madness. I was a young buck of seventeen at the time, and he figured it was time I learned something about life on the other side of the tracks. Dad drew her out to talk about her life. As a result, I learned more that evening about the seamy side of Paris—and the other side, too—than I've ever learned since.

"I felt sorry for the girl. My father had enough faith in me to believe that I'd have a sensible reaction."

When Art himself was a teenager, facing the terrific tides of adolescent problems, his foster father was too old to guide him, or to give him any advice. So this had been his chance to do for his teen-aged son what it had never been possible for his foster father to do for him. Later Jack said gratefully, "He showed me, as close up as he dared, what happens to a person when he sinks in life." As he told a friend, "It was just one more example of Dad's adroit way of letting us find out things for ourselves." Art is too witty and wise to hammer home his points the way some fathers do.

Still, he lets the children know that he and Mrs. Linkletter expect them to grow into the kind of men and women they have the potentialities of becoming. Art has told them frankly, "Every time you do or say anything the least bit out of line, you're going to be criticized, and so am I. Because I've been on radio and TV for so many years, I'm considered a kind of national figure. If any member of the family does something unwise, we'll be more severely criticized than someone else.

"You can ruin the family reputation by doing foolish or terrible things, hurting the whole family. But I know you won't. You'll have to learn not to ask for special favors, and not to be rowdy.

"You'll also have to acquire the kind of strength that enables you to say 'No,' when other kids want you to do something you think is wrong. Maybe some of the others will say to you, 'If you don't do the things we tell you to, you can't belong to our bunch.'

"What's so wonderful about being one of a bunch? Even a banana can have that distinction! What you want is not to be one of a bunch, but to be outstanding."

As Art's friends say, "If Art had become just one of a bunch, like some of the fellows he knew as a child, he might have ended up in a penitentiary—instead of as the happiest and hardest working emcee in radio and TV."

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"Champagne Music"

(Continued from page 39)

my dancing audiences always look as if they were attending a Cinderella ball. The men are well-groomed and carry themselves with pride; the women move in an air of beauty. The most beautiful dancing gown is, of course, of ballerina length with very full skirt, but without hoops—a hoop is likely to prove an embarrassment on a crowded floor. The bodice should be supported by some version of strap, in order to permit complete freedom from self-consciousness or worry. The best color? White, I think, or any of the pastels. At Christmas time, red is delightful, but—year around—I would say that, when in doubt, choose white."

It should be mentioned swiftly that this opinion is not likely to go unchallenged—not because there is any flaw in the advice, but simply because it has been given by Mr. Welk. If you consider Elvis Presley the most controversial musical phenomenon of the age, you are due for a surprise. Mr. Welk's name, introduced into a musical discussion, may provoke everything from intemperate speech to the loud slamming of doors, as devotees of the choppy beat leave the room.

The Hollywood Reporter is one of the beacons of show business, and Leo Guild is one of its most respected columnists. Recently he wrote: "Though band business on the road is terrible, the TV and radio trend toward good bands is now evident. . . . Those in the trade say Lawrence Welk started the whole business." A few days later, *The Hollywood Reporter* was in receipt of the following note, scrawled on a page torn from a school notebook: "Dear Sirs: You are nowhere—right beside L. Welk. He is a corn merchant, and it sure grows a lot higher than an elephant's eye. He plays hotel music—the long mirror and velvet chair kind—you might say he has a gilt complex. Champagne—who needs it?"

Between these poles of opinion stands one of the most musically criticized and praised men of the 1950's. This somewhat puzzles the mild-mannered gentleman whose "Champagne Music" sparkles, not only all over ABC Radio, but on the Saturday-night *Lawrence Welk Show* and the Monday-night *Top Tunes And New Talent*, over ABC-TV.

His success is such that he can afford to be tolerant of the taunts of rock 'n' rollers. His has been selected by the National Ballroom Operators of America as the nation's number-one dance band; for six consecutive years, he has played three to six evenings each week (depending upon the season and tour commitments) at Ocean Park's Aragon Ballroom; repeatedly, the readers of newspapers and magazines have voted his radio and/or TV shows the best of the year. He has waxed more than 500 records, which sell slightly better than one million discs each year. In the fall of 1956, the city of Santa Monica honored Mr. Welk and his bandmen as outstanding citizens of the community, tendering them a parade, and a luncheon at which over a dozen scrolls and plaques were awarded. And, just last January, he played for President and Mrs. Eisenhower at the Inaugural Ball.

In private life, Lawrence Welk has been married to the same pretty wife for over twenty-five years, and has brought up three children: A daughter, twenty-four and married; a daughter, twenty; and a son, seventeen. It should be added hastily that they favor their father's musical style above all others, and that he taught all three to dance. With wry good humor, parent Welk says, "My three are among

the young minority who consider my music useful and are strongly in favor of giving it air time."

However that may be, the fact remains that Lawrence Welk is developing an enviable reputation as a star-builder. A sympathetic, warm-hearted, kindly man—but one not to be bamboozled—he understands youthful ambition, has experienced more than the usual early struggles of the musician, and is constantly alert to talent that needs fostering, virtuosity that belongs in his band.

Rather wistfully, Lawrence Welk has pointed out his need for fresh faces: "You know, standing up there in the glare of bald heads is awfully hard on the eyes," he has said affectionately of his veteran music men. "But acquiring able young musicians today isn't easy."

Many of his adventures in recruiting have been what one might call rife with frustration. As Mr. Welk was leaving the studio one afternoon, he was approached by a pleasant appearing chap, probably in his early twenties, who applied for a position by saying, "Say, I'm from Zephyr Junction, New Jersey, and I want you to give me a start in the band business."

Taking this effrontery in stride, Mr. Welk asked what instrument the applicant played. "Trombone, and I'm good," was the response, accompanied by an emphatic nod and a superior smile.

Mr. Welk sighed. "What I'd give to meet a young musician who plays violin," he admitted. "I'm constantly on the alert for a violinist, because the violin, being

worst of all, becoming a stranger to his family. Nowadays, a competent, hard-working bandman can earn four times that amount if he is an authentic professional, not merely a lazy guy who plays an instrument—and he can live a normal family life in a home of his own."

Normal family life is infinitely precious to Lawrence Welk. He was next-to-youngest in a family of four boys and four girls, who grew up on a farm near Strasburg, North Dakota. Each of the children had his chores to perform. All ten Welks were kept busy from dawn to dusk. But around the crackling fire on wintry nights, or on the screened porch in summer, the family would gather to hear their father play his accordion. It was the only possession Ludwig Welk and his wife had been able to carry along with them when they fled their native Alsace-Lorraine before the invading Prussian troops in 1878.

Naturally, Lawrence's intense young interest in the accordion was a great satisfaction to his father, who taught the boy the rudiments of the instrument along with his alphabet. For years, they shared the battered "squeeze box." And then, on Lawrence's fifteenth Christmas, he was given an accordion of his own. It was a new type, modern, with piano keyboard. The gift represented every spare penny the elder Welks had been able to set aside for many years. It had been bought with egg money, Fair prize-money, proceeds from fruit sold to passersby. It was a dream come true.

Inescapably, music is—to Lawrence Welk—an expression of family cohesion. He grew up in the midst of such a philosophy, lived rather than expressed. Nowadays, his band participates in this clan concept of music. To belong to the Lawrence Welk band, one must be familiarly acceptable to its leader. Perhaps this fact explains why there seems to be an unusually warm fraternalism among the Champagne Music Makers, and why new stars are usually selected, first, for their talent, and second, for their assimilability by the group.

That Lawrence Welk's musicians share his attitude is indicated by the fact that their service with him to date totals, in aggregate, around 140 years. Greatest contributor to this grand total is Jerry Burke, with a proud twenty-two years. It was Jerry at piano when, in 1934, young Welk and his accordion assumed the leadership of the first Music Maker aggregation. Jerry plays the Hammond organ and celeste along with the 88's, and—like Mr. Welk—is a Dakotan (South instead of North, however).

Record for shortest length of service is held equally by Jack Imel (the sailor marimba player-dancer who was added to the troupe in January, 1956) and the Lennon Sisters (added at Christmas time, 1955).

Jack Imel started his career at four, when he began to take tap dancing. During high-school days, he began to study xylophone. By the time he was ready to enlist in the Navy, to serve his obligatory military term, he had toured with Horace Heidt's "Opportunity" show for eighteen months. As a first-class musician with a Navy 3/c rating, Jack repeatedly won talent shows and served as a member of the Fleet Admiral's official band. With honorable discharge imminent, Jack approached the Champagne Music Makers through channels: He forwarded a tape recording of his marimba playing, along with a brief biography and a photograph. Mr. Welk auditioned him at the Aragon Ballroom, an experiment that almost

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the most difficult, has been the most neglected of instruments for several years. I could put you to work tomorrow if you were a string man, but I can't use another trombonist."

"But I tell you, I'm good," reiterated the young man with a horn. "Furthermore, I've got to eat, too, don't forget."

On another occasion, Mr. Welk asked an applicant why he wanted to join the Champagne Music Makers, and the answer was: "Because I want to express myself. I feel that I have something important to say, musically, but I need a band of my own to give me the proper dramatic support."

Another audition-seeker sauntered up to Mr. Welk and chirped, "Howdy, maestro. What's your going rate for musicians? If the price is right, I might join your outfit."

The entire financial structure of the instrumental profession has changed so much in recent years that such a question drives Welk into as much of a frenzy as his good breeding and natural gentleness will permit. "In the old days," he says—and he has known the old days for a long time, having seen changes taking place in musical show business for nearly thirty years—"a bandman was lucky if he could knock out four to five thousand dollars a year, and earning such an income meant living many months on the road, sleeping on a catch-a-wink basis, eating in ptomaine taverns, shoveling a bus out of mud or snow as the seasons changed—but,

wrecked the joint. The fans—normally a restrained and calmly knowing group—went somewhat wild. So did the writers of tons of rapid fan mail. (Sorry, girls, but Jack is married and the father of two handsome youngsters—a girl and a boy—and number three will debut shortly.)

The Lennon Sisters' story adds another chapter to Welk family history. Dianne, now seventeen, is a fellow student of Lawrence Welk, Jr., at St. Monica's High School in Santa Monica. Dianne and her three sisters—Peggy, fifteen, Kathy, thirteen, and Janet, ten—have been singing practically from the cradle. Their father had been a member of the once well-known Lennon Brothers Quartet, and, as his children had come along (eight at this date, and number nine scheduled), he sang with his progeny, teaching them the facts of harmony in an informal way. Dianne had been seven and Peggy five when they discovered that—even without their father's aid—they could divide a song between them and double its effectiveness. Kathy's voice proved to be different in pitch and tone quality from that of her two older sisters, which added zest to the group, and Janet was discovered to have the knack of singing any one of four parts.

It was Larry who brought the Lennon Sisters to his father's attention, and their addition to the Champagne Music Makers' family adds sugar to a variety show whose life is spice—which is to say that the story of any member of the troupe would make a good movie.

For instance, Myron Floren, at seven, spotted a \$19.95 accordion in a Sears-Roebuck catalogue, ordered it, and has been playing accordion ever since. At nine, he won both first and second place in a school music contest: First, for accordion; second, for piano. He worked his

way through Augustana College by teaching accordion. One of his students was a lovely girl named Berdyne, whom he married. She doesn't in the least mind the perennial sound of the accordion around the house, which is lucky because—between playing special engagements, working with the Champagne Music Makers, teaching and simply practicing—Myron is harnessed to the accordion for seven to ten hours each day.

Then there's Larry Hooper, ace pianist, whose speaking voice was so similar to the chiming of a great-grandfather clock that Mr. Welk felt certain Larry could sing a soothing bass. Larry protested that his tones were fit only for bouncing off a tile shower with the water flowing freely. But, when the boss-man makes a suggestion in a flatteringly confident tone, a musician usually goes along with the experiment. "Oh Happy Day" was the result, and Larry has been singing ever since.

Aladdin, the violinist-singer who reminds some audiences of the actor, Reginald Gardiner, prefers to be known simply as Aladdin (without reference to lamps, please). However, the name on his birth certificate—issued in New York City—is Aladdin Abdullah Achmed Anthony Palante. He can explain "why" in twelve languages, a feat that reduces most questioners to awe-stricken silence.

Rocky Rockwell, the band's comedy vocalist-trumpeter-trombonist, has trouble with both friends and fans. Repeatedly he is asked, "What are you wearing on your head, Rocky? A dead squirrel, maybe? Spanish moss? Or are you merely scared?" He grins and lets it pass, being a shy type unless confronted by camera and mike.

Are you one of those who dotes on Buddy Merrill and his romantic guitar? He'll be twenty-one on July 16, 1957. Born in Utah, Buddy grew up in Gardena, Cali-

fornia, just an E-string away from the ABC-TV studios. Before he was ready for kindergarten, Buddy was playing his father's guitar and, by the time he was struggling through fifth-grade arithmetic, he could have doubled for Don Juan beneath a balcony . . . if he hadn't regarded girls as beneath his notice. He has changed his opinion considerably since fifth grade, however—Buddy's marrying high-school sweetheart Faye Philpott this summer!

Another fascinating fact about the Champagne men is that many of them tried other ways of life before admitting that the note of success, for them, had to be coaxed from a musical instrument. Johnny Klein, the terrific tympanist, was a schoolteacher; Norman Bailey, who doubles in trumpet and trombone, prepared himself to be a business statistician, but very nearly employed his talent permanently in the guided missile department of an aircraft plant; Jack Martin, sultan of the sax, was graduated from Ohio U. with every intention of becoming an advertising tycoon.

Lawrence Welk is glad that every member of his musical family gravitated, eventually, to him, and he turns an occasional eye upon the second generation being brought up by his musician men. That family touch again. However, it is well-known that musical ability is often handed down from parent to child. Lawrence Welk, as has been stated, has three youngsters; Alice Lon, the sparkling "Champagne Lady," has three sons. The rest of the band own a junior section totaling twenty-nine, with two more set to make an appearance soon.

Lawrence Welk, the pied piper of the champagne parade, should be able to provide the best in music for dancing feet and happy hearts for at least another generation!

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Moderns**



T
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R

Brave New World

(Continued from page 64)

matter of fact, I'll try for another. I like and enjoy women generally, but the two types that throw me into right field are the overbearing career women and sophisticates. The sophisticates I'm good enough to ignore completely, but the overbearing career woman throws me into a frightful fluster. I haven't had time to make close women friends over here, and I miss that. I do like women," she reiterates, looking pleadingly at Bill.

Bill snorts in amusement at the sound of Jeannie trying to be careful with a subject. The feeling that Bill might be a sort of Svengali is abruptly amputated when Jeannie speaks up again suddenly.

"I like men, too," she says, with the devil in her eyes. "I like them to dress casually—not overly, like blue jeans—and be comfortable and fun. I like the brother type, easy and enjoyable to be around. I hate egomaniacs and 'selling' men. The egos talk through you about themselves and never know who they're talking to, as long as they have an audience. The sellers, be they smooth or crude, are a certain breed of pitchman that turns me green. My favorite kind of man, of course, is alert with a sharp and sensitive sense of humor and an overwhelming kindness."

Bill nods in masculine approval. It's obvious she's describing her husband—but her next words throw even that sophisticated, suave gentleman into a blushing frenzy: "He must also be very helpful, with a tremendous knowledge of show business that answers all the millions of questions and decisions that come up on my career. He must produce and write

beautifully. He must always be good for a giggle or a hearty laugh. I must always be able to like him on sight—even for eight years. He must be, on the whole, very patient. . . ."

Bill can stand no more of the obvious attributes his wife expounds. "I have been the epitome of patience—so far," he booms. "However, these so-called 'idiosyncrasies' have got to go. This afternoon, for instance, we must mosh our way through two cocktail parties. We are due at the first at 5:30. So, at 4:30, Jeannie will disappear into that labyrinthine lady's wardrobe and make up. At 4:35, I am ready. At 4:47, the minute roar of Jeannie will be heard: 'I'm not going!' Used to be, I'd dash for the phone and make our apologies . . . now I know better. I wait for five minutes. At three minutes of five, she will call, 'Come in a minute.' She looks fine. She says, 'I look terrible, I can't possibly go.' At five, she tears the whole lot off and starts over. I retreat and walk on the lawn—until suddenly, at 5:15, a lovely apparition appears and, presuming it's my wife, I escort her to the first party . . . late, but dressed."

"Ah, but *men*," Jeannie has a quick rebuttal. "They've only to dive in the shower, dress in a blue suit and conservative tie, splash a bit of spice on their jaws, and they're ready. It's not fair."

"Then why," responds Bill, "do you, at every tenth accepted invitation, come running out dressed to kill, look at my sports shirt and ask me why I'm not ready?"

"It's because I've bought a new dress and I'm ready early," Jeannie replies with strictly female logic. "Your digressions

are confusing. . . . When I wake up," Jeannie continues, striking the pose of a torch singer, "sometimes I'm happy, sometimes I'm blue . . . my disposition depends on—me."

"Don't let her fool you," Bill interrupts. "She's usually on an even keel."

"But," Jeannie protests, "when I'm hilarious, I'm walking on the sky. And, when I'm depressed, I'm deeply aware of it. I didn't used to be, but now I know it has nothing to do with my life—it's just a stupid depression . . . so I wait it out. I would love to shout 'Shut up!' at people who sing along with records. I have a temper to match my hair about surface things, but I'm pretty easygoing when I'm working. I've worked awfully hard and I believe you never get anything for nothing."

"If there's a hard way of doing it," Bill points out, "Jeannie will do it. How about your impulsiveness? Your generosity? She's always concerned with older people. A pitiful little old lady can send her into the first chorus of 'Hearts and Flowers.' She has an inquiring, curious mind. She's easy to get along with, but when she says no, she means it. She will give away her—or my—last dime, but she resents having it taken from her."

"I think that's all of me," Jeannie says thoughtfully, "except Bill and I love it here. We want to become American citizens (it takes five years), and have many babies, and build a house, and have power steering, order cooked dinners from a restaurant at nine P. M., and have work, and have fun. The kindness of fans means more to me than most—because it means I've been accepted in a country I love."

The Great Moore Mystery

(Continued from page 45)

sentimental side. (His sign-off phrase, "Be kind to each other, won't you?" is just part of it.) That he's a man who goes home at night, family-man style, to Nell and their two teen-age boys, Mason and Garry, Jr. That he does very little night-clubbing and partying, but has a passion for cool sailing and hot music, and that he beats a mean drum. (Didn't the panel of *I've Got A Secret* take revenge on him for tricks on them, by having him crated on the program one night, in a huge box, and sending him over to Birdland—where, undaunted, Garry promptly got on the drums and had a jam session with Count Basie and the boys?)

People have heard him talk about the fun of navigating a boat, and they know he's boat-crazy and has recently turned in his yawl for a fine big sloop. They have watched him try to hide some of his feeling for Jimmy Durante when that beloved veteran appeared with Garry on the show last winter—the first time the two had been together in this way since they were a team on radio some ten years ago or more. (It was plain that here were two people who love each other very much and weren't really ashamed of it.)

Who but Garry would have bought a heavy, old and locked trunk and had it brought on the set of his daytime show—and, without preliminaries, opened it before the TV cameras? To discover, to his own and everyone else's amazement and amusement, that it held nothing but keys. Eighty thousand of them, by a later actual count, and of every size and type!

As for the panel of *I've Got A Secret*,

everyone knows that, while Henry Morgan has a wry, rich sense of humor himself, he rarely smiles. . . . That Faye Emerson is outspoken and has interesting opinions on a very wide variety of subjects. . . . That Jayne Meadows is the first to laugh at her lack of knowledge of sports and sports personalities and events. . . . That Bill Cullen's glib tongue has put him in some tight situations on camera—and the same glibness has pulled him right out again. . . . And that these are only a few of the things each has revealed about himself.

People even know what some of the rooms in their homes are like. And the closets. Realizing that most of us have at least one closet which overflows with things we just can't bear to throw away, Garry proved that performers are people, even as you and I, and transported some of their closets to the set. He had a room of Faye's home moved out, piece by piece, and brought intact to the show one night—and, when she saw it, she stammered, "Oh, I have been meaning to have that sofa re-covered for three years!" Later, she had Garry's office brought on, to retaliate. It was complete with his secretary, Joan Madeo, his desks and files and unanswered mail, the office clutter and the overflowing wastebaskets.

On the daytime *Garry Moore Show*, everyone knows by now that Durward Kirby is such a good sport, as well as a super performer, that he let Garry "award" him as a contest prize—and, when he was "won," he went off manfully to keep faith with the winner and to spend a weekend with her and her husband and children. (It worked out so well that

his hosts later became the Kirbys' guests at their home.) Everyone knows that Denise Lor and Ken Carson have a wonderful way with a song, and they also know these are what Garry has described as "nice people with a lot of talent." People who talk about taking the kids on a picnic or to the zoo, or shopping *en famille* at the supermarket. People know Howard Smith's modest way of coming into a scene when Garry calls on him, as well as they know his music.

They know Garry's ideas about his shows: His feeling that there should be no forced heartiness with guests or audience ("We demonstrate our liking for people by being natural with them at all times," he says). None of what is called "insult" humor, funny as it may be on other programs ("But our audiences would think it out of character for us"). No talking down to the daytime audience ("How can you expect a woman to be less intelligent in the daytime when she looks at television than she is at night when she looks at it with her husband?"). No offensive lines or situations ("Being on TV is a lot like being invited to visit friends at home").

Above all, viewers know that Garry Moore is a man who has won TV RADIO MIRROR Awards for himself and his programs for many years running, and that he will never accept them personally. Always he accepts on behalf of everyone on the shows, and seen and unseen workers who have contributed to winning.

Perhaps the biggest secret that has leaked out is that Garry himself is a singularly modest man who gives out loyalty and enthusiasm and always seems to get it back, with dividends.

Most Happy Season

(Continued from page 70)

Gale is allowed to travel all over the world—without leaving Stage One of Hal Roach Studios. Before *Susanna*, Gale never had been on board an ocean liner, and she says the only traveling she'd ever done was visiting her uncle and aunt in Paris, Texas. "Now, I've learned to love travel," she twinkles. "One week, we're in Switzerland or New Orleans. The next, we're visiting the volcanos in Italy. By the end of the season, I figure I'll have gone around the world four times!"

Nevertheless, such elaborate shows do not come easy. Hal Roach, Jr., the executive producer responsible for both *My Little Margie* and *Oh! Susanna*, describes Gale with such phrases as: "Gay, bright, clean and fresh . . . just like the daughter we'd all like to have . . . level-headed, with all-around talent." Then he adds, "And she's one of the hardest-working girls in television."

Gale's working schedule is as well organized as a railroad timetable. Five days a week, Monday through Friday, Gale is up at five. "She dresses while I feed the baby," says husband Lee Bonnell, an insurance broker. "Then Gale feeds the baby while I dress. We leave the house at six, and I drive her sixteen miles to the studio. She's in make-up by six-thirty, and on the set by seven. Then I go home, see that the boys get off to school, and get to my office around 7:45 A.M. I pick up Gale at six P.M., we're home by seven, have dinner at half-past.

"Dinner is the only meal the family is able to share together on weekdays," he explains. "We long ago agreed that the dinner hour is the most important one to us and should be shared, no matter what. Here at the table, we give the boys an opportunity to talk about their day and discuss things of mutual family interest. It was at the dinner table, for instance, that we told them their baby sister or brother was on the way. This week, we're discussing the problems of an administrator—Phillip is vice-president at his junior high—and Phillip's problems with Latin.

"From eight-thirty to nine-thirty, Gale studies her script for the next day—each night, she learns fifteen pages of dialogue. From then until ten, we've scheduled a playtime with baby Jo. The boys are still up, so that we all enjoy her during this time. Then, at ten, Jo gets her bottle and all the kids are off to sleep. Saturdays, Gale practices a song or rehearses a dance for next week's show, so she doesn't have to get up until eight. Sundays, we take the boys to 9:30 Sunday school. Sometimes we take them to the Wednesday-night meeting, too."

Recently, the church program was turned over to the Operation Youth group. Because Phillip was to give the benediction and invocation, Gale and Lee were both there. The master of ceremonies, a handsome young man about the age of fourteen-year-old Phillip, called the meeting to order by saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, we have some visitors with us tonight, and a celebrity . . . I'd like to introduce Gale Storm." Gale took a bow and sat down. Then the youthful emcee added, "Most of you think of Gale Storm as a celebrity, but we just think of her as Phillip Bonnell's mother."

Gale couldn't have been more pleased. Even being the star of *Oh! Susanna*—the sparkling series which viewers have voted the best new program on television this season—isn't as important to Gale as being a successful mother. Certainly, if awards were given for devoted families, Gale Storm's would be a winner!



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T
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The Man Who Really Won

(Continued from page 41)

the stuff that stars are made of, and calling attention to others, rather than to one's self, is not the usual road to success in show business. Yet, thanks to the medium of television, that's exactly what happened to Hal. He was not only seen by a weekly audience of 32,640,000, he was seen in all the intimacy of camera close-up. The public got to know the man as well as the performer, and to realize just why it is that Hal seems to bring out the best in contestants. It isn't just a matter of professional technique. It's because he genuinely cares about the other fellow—cares what happens to him. This was love, love, in the old-fashioned religious sense—and audiences couldn't help loving Hal in return. Sure, they root for the contestants and applaud their amazing displays of knowledge. But the quizmaster himself, they sense, has something finer, rarer, more enduring. Better than knowledge, the quizmaster seems to have that humility that comes from wisdom. . . .

Hal March sits in the tremendous living room of his Manhattan apartment, holding a tiny baby in his hands—holding her up so they can look in each other's faces and laugh out loud. It never occurs to you that Melissa is not his own child, because it never occurs to Hal. Last year, when he married Candy Toxton Torme, her two children by a former marriage seemed so much a part of her that now they just naturally seem a part of him, too.

"Isn't she lovely?" he asks, holding "Missy" up even higher. "Isn't she the loveliest baby you've ever seen?" And Missy gurgles in delight, as though she not only understood but also agreed.

"It's in the Bible, you know. *And a little child shall lead them.*" And that's how it started—Hal's reminiscences about life and love and where a little child can lead. Throughout it all, though Missy didn't say a word, she certainly dominated the conversation. Blue-eyed and blond, she knew that she was loved—and she knew how to love in return. And it was all so easy for her! She was born knowing the things it has taken Hal a lifetime of searching to learn.

"I've always been a curious and perceptive guy," he says. He isn't boasting. He's trying to explain why, perhaps, growing up has been a more painful business for him than for others. It wasn't enough that he was born; he had to know *why*. And it wasn't enough merely to live; he had to figure out the true meaning of life. Even as a child, however, it was bad type-casting. He didn't look the part of the introspective introvert. He was popular. He played sports. At high school, he made the football, basketball, and baseball teams, and was president of the student body. He was even an amateur boxer, fighting twenty-five bouts in his home town of San Francisco.

Inwardly, however, he was as sensitive as a dreamy young kid taking long walks in the rain, all by himself, with five books under his arm. There were doubts and torments and the pain that comes of probing deep wounds. The same problems that a psychologist handles today, Hal tried to handle himself—philosophically.

"I am wrong," he said, "and I want to change." Even today, looking back on it, Hal insists that "this is important. But it's the toughest thing in the world to do."

And perhaps that explains why, at the age of twelve, he decided to be an actor. If you don't like yourself as you are, it's much easier to play at being someone else than it is to change yourself. Besides,

he had appeared in an operetta staged by his junior high school class, and it was heartwarming—when you doubted yourself—to have others applaud your efforts. It wasn't all applause, however. It was a long struggle up from cheap night clubs to occasional spots on radio, from the comedy team of *Sweeney And March*—with a sustaining program on CBS—to featured comedian on the Perry Como, Jack Benny, and Bob Hope radio shows. Then came television. He was Burns and Allen's next door neighbor, Tom Andrea's sidekick in *The Soldiers*, and Imogene Coca's "husband" when she starred in her own television series.

But, finally, he was on his own—master-of-ceremonies of *The \$64,000 Question*. The show not only made television history, it made Hal March. At thirty-five, he was showered with a success so sudden and so overwhelming, it could have thrown another man. To Hal, however, success in show business solved nothing. "Life," he has always maintained, "is a man's real career." And he knew he was failing at that.

"Why don't you get married?" people asked at the time.

"My life isn't sufficiently stabilized to make me a good husband," he would reply, with characteristic candor. He was waiting, he explained, until he had security. He didn't mean "financial"—he meant "internal."

"Before you can be happily married," Hal feels, "you have to find yourself, understand your own particular needs, evolve your own philosophy of life." And so he studied. He read the great books. It is significant that he started writing a long psychological novel in which he tries to develop the six conflicting facets of one man's character.

"I had the capacity for recognizing truth," he recalls. "The problem was learning to apply it to myself." But truth is more than an abstraction, it's a way of life. Hal felt he had to test each truth emotionally—in actual living. "I exposed myself to everything possible," he admits. "I wanted to experience everything first-hand."

As it turned out, he experienced just about everything but love. For the truth was—well, there was the truth, bouncing in his lap, a squirming bundle of joy and innocence and eternal wisdom. Little Missy doesn't stop to wonder whether she's worthy of love. She just gives it, as naturally as she breathes the air.

"That was the problem," Hal recalls. "Learning to give love—and to accept it. And, before you can do that, you have to learn to love yourself." He didn't mean self-love, like an egomaniac's. He meant self-esteem—like a healthy, psychologically adjusted person's. It wasn't enough merely to find yourself, to know yourself as you really are. Maturity requires that a man accept what he finds and approve it.

"You are born out of a womb, the same as other people, and you are exposed to a world of people who also have a set of emotions," Hal explains. "And, as you grow, if you're objective about it, you become aware of the fact that you are less interesting than the world *per se*. It follows, then, that we should stop trying to think about ourselves so much and start trying to understand others."

Hal had found himself by forgetting himself and thinking of others. He had even learned to laugh at himself, and so he could start liking himself. Humility had brought with it maturity and self-

respect. At long last, he was ready to love. Only, where did one find a mature woman—who didn't look too mature?

It was simple. He went to a party, and there was Candy. She was young, she was beautiful, she had the gift of laughing at herself. But more than that, as Hal explains: "She's honest, level, wide-open on any question. She's had hard times, too. It's made her completely selfless."

Hal knows now what he has been missing all his life. He was thirty-six when he married, and yet—"I'm glad I waited," he confesses. "We worked out all our problems individually, before we got married. Now we have no problems together. There's nothing that comes up that we can't handle. We understand it. We arrive at a solution. And, usually, we start laughing about it—so the biggest problem seems a little thing after all."

They can laugh about anything. "The one exception," Hal adds, "is illness." That's because Steven, Candy's four-year-old son, was very sick. In fact, they almost lost him. But Steven is the picture of health now, and his illness produced something of lasting benefit. It brought them all closer together as a family unit.

As Hal tells you about their life together and marvels at his good fortune, he reminds you of someone who just hit the \$64,000 jackpot himself. He still can't believe he found the right answer. It's all too good to be true, and somehow—it will vanish as suddenly as it came. Like so many people in show business, Hal says: "I know it can go like that." But then, unlike so many people in show business, he quotes Marcus Aurelius: "The only thing constant is change."

"Candy and I have both been poor," he points out, "so we can appreciate success all the more. We're aware that this is a wonderful apartment, and, sure, it's nice to have things. But they aren't important. We can do without them, and that's why they don't lick us."

As a matter of fact, Hal recently proved his sense of values by paying out twenty thousand dollars to get out of a contract he had signed to appear in a Broadway show. He'd rather spend his evenings at home, with his family. He's even given up his writing. "I'm a pretty happy guy," he explains. "I'm fulfilled. I don't have to write to prove my maturity."

But there's another reason Hal is anxious to keep his evenings free. Sometime this month, his first child will be born. And, though Candy claims that "men don't even look at babies the first ten months," Hal looks as though he's about to prove her wrong. What's more, if all goes well and they can get the house they've set their hearts on, they hope to move to Scarsdale—just outside Manhattan.

"It's a race with the stork!" Hal exclaims. But Candy merely smiles. If they could move in time, they would. Otherwise, they would wait until after the baby was born. All that was definite was—they would have to move. Hal's apartment was perfect for a bachelor, but not for a wife and three children.

And so, it seemed, a little child was leading them right out to the suburbs, to an old-fashioned home of their own instead of a modern apartment on upper Fifth Avenue. And, if Hal seems the more impatient to make the move, it's because he doesn't want to wait. This is the life he's been searching for so long. He doesn't want to waste another minute.

Just Having Fun

(Continued from page 57)

to go 'round, enough popularity for everybody, enough opportunities, because that's the way he lives. They couldn't be more right. It shows in the way he never pushes anyone else out of the way so he can stay in front, the way he never presses too hard for himself, the way he never wants to take all the bows.

Good things are "catching," according to Perry's ideas—not just mumps and measles and such. When the guests do well and enjoy the show, then Perry gives an even better than usual performance. Everybody gets the grade-A treatment, not only such established stars as Peggy Lee and Johnnie Ray and Patti Page and Julius La Rosa, but the less well known ones, too.

Como gets a really big kick when he has a talented youngster as a guest. Ten-year-old Brenda Lee, of Red Foley's country-music shows—a singer who has been compared to the Judy Garland of the early days, and who has a sassy way with both songs and the spoken word—made a first appearance with Perry and was invited back several times because of the big response she got. Perry thinks she is fabulous. Thirteen-year-old organist Glenn Derringer has been on the show a couple of times this year, and again Perry couldn't have been more pleased with the wonderful response. He has a special spot in his heart for kids, anyhow. "They give me my biggest kicks," he says. (His own are Ronnie, now seventeen, ten-year-old David, and Terri, who is nine.) "They, and my elderly fans—folks around seventy and eighty who have been listening to me for years."

Perhaps one of the best examples of Como informality happened during the winter, when Guy Lombardo was a guest, on the show. A short time before his cue to come on with Perry, Guy started down from the dressing room, taking the backstage elevator at the Ziegfeld Theater, from which the show originates. Midway between floors the elevator stuck—and, in due time, Perry was introducing a Lombardo who failed to appear on cue. Mitchell Ayres and the orchestra replayed the entrance music, and Perry just stood there, laughing a little to himself, while frantic search parties were being organized behind the scenes.

Those who had seen the rehearsal, or knew the script, realized what was happening, but for a moment the audience thought Perry was merely enjoying one of his more relaxed moments, on camera or off. He was. He knew something had gone wrong, but it didn't throw him. "Mitch," he called out to the orchestra leader, "you'd better come on over here and do this with me"—and he went right into the routine he had planned for Guy.

When you can get him to talk about himself at all, Perry merely says: "I like to think I know what I'm doing. I have been doing it long enough to know." Which is probably his modest way of saying that, if he seems sure of himself, it's no more than should be expected of any pro who has worked at his job as hard and as long as Perry has. That he wouldn't deserve to be where he is if he couldn't sing the way people liked and do a good job all the way through.

This is an attitude that goes a long way toward explaining the winning of awards. Perry would laugh that off. "What attitude?" he would ask. "I'm only having fun on this show. Just singing, and being myself with wonderful guests and a wonderful gang all down the line who help me put on the show."



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Godfrey and His Star Wagon

(Continued from page 37)

asked me to do something a little better, or explained something to me, I didn't have the feeling that he was doing it for the sake of the show but rather for me personally."

Pat has those extras which Arthur says make for TV stardom. Pat has been a straight-A student at Columbia University. He is a husband and the father of three girls. To be a TV, recording and movie star, as well as student, husband and father, he has put in up to nineteen hours a day. But success never comes easy. And Pat's success is no exception to the rule. Neither is the McGuires' success. Arthur has said many times, "No one has ever worked harder than the Sisters."

Chris, oldest of the three, says, "When we came to New York we weren't actually ready for a real opportunity. That's why we are so indebted to Arthur. He not only gave us our first real break, but he taught us—and put up with us while we learned. In those days, we didn't even know what to do with our arms when we were performing."

In the beginning, they worked so hard that Phyllis just plain wore out her voice and couldn't talk for nearly four weeks. They had to be reminded to smile. They saw their first written arrangement. Dot, who carries the low notes, recalls, "In those days, it took us two weeks to learn a new arrangement. Now we do it in two rehearsals. Oh, there certainly have been some changes made!"

The girls were born in Middletown, Ohio. Their father, Asa McGuire, a handsome six-footer, was a steel worker. Three times in a row he had hoped for a boy baby but, instead, there were Chris, Dot and Phyllis. Their mother was an ordained minister who served as pastor of the First Church of God in Miamisburg, Ohio, until her retirement two years ago. "Our living room at home was like a hotel lobby," Chris recalls. "People were always visiting, and we always had games and singing."

The girls began to sing as a trio for their own pleasure and then, by request, at church for weddings and funerals. They sang only sacred music and, between 1946 and 1950, traveled over the country appearing at evangelical meetings. "We didn't think it was right to sing both popular and religious music. And we might never have begun singing ballads if we hadn't volunteered to sing for veterans. They began to request pop tunes, and you don't refuse bedridden men." In 1951, they made the complete transition to show business. December of 1951, they were a smash on *Talent Scouts*.

"We went home for about a month," Phyllis recalls, "and then, in January, Arthur invited us back to work on the show. He prepared us for the future. He told us we'd have to change. We've found the things he predicted came true. He told us that we'd have to work at other things besides singing. For example, he gave us free dancing lessons for a year. He said it would be important to us. We had our reservations about that but, when we began to sing in clubs, we realized he was absolutely right. Then we chastised ourselves for the times we'd goofed, in missing or showing up late for classes."

Says Dot, "And during those days we were very quiet. Hard to talk to. Not Phyl so much, but Chris and I were. We were scared, I think. We didn't know what was expected of us." She goes on, "But Arthur has the knack of making people feel secure. He's always been for

us through thick and thin. When we've had to miss the show—because of illness or an accident—he's never made us feel that we had to worry about it. I remember Phyl was in the hospital during the holiday season. Arthur was not only wonderful about our absence but went over to the hospital to visit Phyl three times, in spite of his heavy schedule."

The girls have arrived. They have been singularly honored in receiving the Copa Bonnet, which is the Academy Award of the night clubs. It has been given discriminately to such entertainers as Sophie Tucker, Frank Sinatra, Lena Horne and Jerry Lewis. When the McGuires played Desert Inn, in Las Vegas, this spring, they received \$25,000 a week for four weeks! Now, when they return to Boston or Chicago or Miami or Atlantic City, they are competing with their own record-breaking attendance records.

"Arthur told us, in the beginning, that you can't take yourself for granted in this business. That you must constantly keep working and improving. He does it himself. He's always ready to try something new," says Chris. She continues, "He's helped us with so many things

who is the balance wheel of the trio, also lends her body to the fitting problem. "We're all three exactly the same size. We're size-eights, but we buy tens for the length. So, to save time for the others, I often stand in for the fitting for all of us. It makes sense."

Their work and joint duties require that they be together almost constantly. Not until evening—rather, some evenings—do they separate. All three girls live on the east side of Manhattan, within a few blocks of each other. Chris is married to John Teeter, who is executive director of the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund. She has two sons, Harold, fourteen, and Asa, ten. Both boys are in private schools. Phyl and Dot share a duplex apartment.

"We don't do any cooking or house-keeping," the girls tell you, "for we don't have time for it. Several evenings a week, we are in rehearsal or on the show itself. Our only evenings free may be Friday and Saturday. Friday, we like to see a Broadway show. On Saturday, we entertain friends. Sunday night, we start rehearsal again for the Wednesday-night show."

A man whose name you've heard on the air is that of Murray Kane, who has worked with the girls from the beginning. Murray writes and stages their material and is their personal manager. The girls are proud of him as a friend and arranger. They swear his arrangements are greatly responsible for their continuing success.

Murray, a tall, spare man, talks candidly about the McGuires: "I wouldn't agree that they've changed much in the past five years. Actually, I think they've changed very little, and that is the important thing. They aren't show-wise and smart-alecky. They are basically simple and sweet, sensitive to criticism, and hard-working. When I first started to work with them, they listened to me. When they didn't agree, they talked it out with me. They still do, and that's important. Usually, once an act achieves stardom, all the people in it know all the answers."

The McGuires' way of life has changed little. They are still a close family. Their parents frequently visit in New York, and the girls get back to Miamisburg several times a year. At home in Ohio, they visit with old friends and sing in the church their mother founded. They continue to make regular and special contributions to the church—furniture for the nursery, ping-pong tables for the recreation room. Their church is probably one of the few that has a paid musical director, and this again is a McGuire Sisters' project.

"We do most things together," Chris says. "People wonder whether it isn't hard on our nerves being together most of the time. It isn't. We're close. We like each other."

"Oh, we have our differences," Phyl says, "and we still have our arguments. We can have an argument anywhere—in a taxicab or in the middle of Broadway."

Dot picks it up, "We can tell instantly if one is hurt, and we know the best thing to do is talk right out. Never more than two of us get involved in an argument. The third is always ready to mediate."

Phyl continues, "We may argue over our masseuse. We love massages and use the same masseuse. Obviously, just one person can have an appointment with her at a time. Well, Chris is much more orderly and methodical than we are. When we have a free hour coming up, she is likely to call the masseuse first and make an appointment. That's good for an argument."

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When the girls are before the camera, they look as good as they sound. Arthur may get credit for the way they handle themselves, but Chris McGuire takes credit for what they wear. The girls have parcelled out responsibility, and it is Chris's job to choose and buy clothes. She favors simple sports clothes for herself and her sisters. They dress with as little fuss as possible and wear practically no jewelry. Usually, the night before every show, Chris is on the phone to talk over the outfits they'll wear the next day.

It is the job of Phyllis to handle telephoning. She organizes the day, makes appointments for fittings, picture-taking, rehearsals and a dozen other things. Dot,

pational hazard for people in TV and radio. Pat Boone contends with it, too. He's been a busy boy, commuting from his New Jersey home to classes at Columbia and appearances with Godfrey. And the future looks just as busy, with his 20th Century-Fox film contract—and the long-term deal he recently signed with ABC-TV, to start next fall.

"The way I figure," he says, "is that, if I get five hours' sleep a night, I'm lucky." There's an extra hazard at home, too, he adds. "My daughter Cherry won't stay in her crib. I keep carrying her back all through the night. I'm thinking of putting a lid over her bed so that she can't get out."

Pat mixes up a sigh and grin, explaining that he's not really upset about it. He's hoping to have at least three more children, and optimistically expects that at least one of them will be a boy. His present three children are Cherry, almost three, Linda, going on two, and Debbie, the baby. Wife Shirley approves of a big family. She is a particularly helpful and understanding wife for her singer husband, since her father is Red Foley of *Ozark Jubilee* fame. Shirley knows all about show-business problems. Pat notes, "She isn't keen on the glamour bit. Nothing fancy about her. No furs. No jewels. Actually, Shirley would rather I became a teacher than an entertainer, for the life is more normal."

Pat's also proud of Shirley's athletic skill. Pat has played some football, but was talked out of trying for Columbia's squad by Arthur Godfrey. Pat still tries to get out and catch some ball on a weekend. He meets Shirley at the ping-pong table and usually gets licked. He recalls ruefully, "Even when she's pregnant, she beats me. She can't move fast, so she stands at the end of the table and doesn't move her feet at all—and she still wins."

Pat's grades have been perfect—straight A's. Before he signed the movie contract, he investigated the effect it might have on his school work. He couldn't commute between Hollywood and Columbia University. "I had a long talk with the Dean. He told me I could have a leave of absence. Said it could be done for business reasons, and that it wouldn't affect my chances for Phi Beta Kappa. I have one more semester to go. I'll take that next fall and graduate in January of '58."

Godfrey has been particularly thoughtful about Pat's academic progress. Pat says, "Mr. Godfrey takes almost as much interest in my grades at Columbia as I do. He'll tell me, 'Now don't get behind. Any time you need a day off to catch up in your studies, just tell me. Don't let anything stand in the way of your schooling.'"

It's rather ironic that Pat, whose voice has brought him fame and fortune, is pitting his daily strength at Columbia to earn a B.A. degree in Speech. But Pat tells you that it's not just the subject. He explains, "I would like to teach. I may teach eventually, no matter how successful I am in show business. To me, teaching is more than the subject. Teaching is creative, in that there isn't a student who leaves a class who isn't affected by the teacher in other ways. Maybe that sounds a little high-minded, but I mean it."

For all his youth, Pat Boone has sense and judgment. He knows pretty much what he wants. He recalls, "You know my manager and I turned down several picture offers before we took this one. I just didn't want to go out to Hollywood and make a film where I'd just walk through the part and smile and sing a few songs." He goes on, "The chance of acting appealed to me. There is no music, except

for the theme song, in 'Bernardine.' It's a good story and proved itself on Broadway. John Kerr starred in the Broadway play. Can't understand why they didn't get him for the movie, too, instead of me. But it appealed to me. One thing in particular appealed to me—I could concentrate on one activity. What I mean is that, in the East, there are time commitments for TV and records and personal appearances and school. For the first time in years, I figured that I'd be able to concentrate on one thing. I asked Arthur about the picture and he encouraged me, too."

Pat goes to Godfrey with many problems. Pat recalls a problem he got himself into last summer. He was booked to sing at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City during the same week he was to appear on the Godfrey morning show. On the pier, he was to do eight shows daily from 1:30 P.M. until midnight. He says, "The mistake I made was due to ignorance. I figured Atlantic City would be a forty or forty-five minute hop to New York. But, when I got to Atlantic City, I found there was no plane service and that it would be a three-hour drive. I had to leave Atlantic City at five in the morning to get to Manhattan by eight. Well, that's the way I started off and Arthur got to talking about it with me. We were on the air and he asked me when I started at the Pier and I told him my first show was at 1:30 P.M. He said, 'Well, you get through here at 11:30, so how are you going to drive down in two hours?' Right then he picked up his phone and called the airport. He told his pilot to fly me down that day and every day that week. He got me out of a pickle."

Things have happened mighty fast to Pat, although nobody could call his private life "fast." He doesn't smoke, drink or club around town. "Even if I wanted to, I couldn't. Besides, Cherry keeps putting on her middle-of-the-night show, and she would be disappointed if I weren't there. But I'm serious about thinking about putting that lid on her crib. The other night something awful happened. She'd been up three times and I was trying to make the best of four hours I had to sleep. So, the fourth time I tucked her back in bed, I locked our own bedroom door. I was hoping that, if she saw the door closed, she'd go back to her own bed. If she cried about finding the door closed, then I'd get up again. Well, my plan worked fine, I thought, until morning when I got up and unlocked the bedroom door. There she was, cuddled up against the door and asleep on the floor. Made me feel awful."

There's no telling where Pat Boone or the McGuires will end up. The sky is their limit. But, perhaps, the ultimate goal in the life of an entertainer is the position Arthur finds himself in—when he can be both entertainer and teacher. You can see the thread of this already in the McGuires, when they sponsor a musical director—or in Pat Boone, when he talks about teaching. And what Pat has to say about creative teaching has something in common with Arthur's approach to his work as talent scout and talent developer.

"This business has its headaches," Arthur says. "It also has its rewards—wonderful rewards. I think the most important requisite for success in it is that you have to like people generally. Individuals may get on your nerves and be temporarily discouraging, once in a while, but this profession of mine has taught me that most people are good, and I therefore love them." And he concludes, "I started with nothing, so it gives me great satisfaction to help others."

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It's Love, Not Luck

(Continued from page 47)

the game and quitting because you don't like the rules. Marriage is for adults only.

"I think one of the most important ideals of marriage is comradeship. Two people together can add so much to each other's lives. Certainly they can live a fuller life than either one could enjoy alone. And, by uniting their efforts, they can accomplish what neither could single-handedly. Ozzie and I, for example, are really good friends. We share and confide everything with each another. As a matter of fact, I think we are luckier than most because our interests are together in the home, our children, our business. Most married people don't have the advantage of being in business with the family. We do—and it has given us a great understanding of one another's problems.

"Some people," she continues, "might think that working and living together is too much, that it might present a problem. Actually, it doesn't. When we're on the set, it's true we're together. But, when the cameras stop rolling, Ozzie has his cutting, dubbing and writing to do, while I am off to wardrobe to look after costume details, or on the phone checking on the house and shopping and making sure the boys' doctors and dental appointments are kept. And the boys, in turn, are busy with their books—or polishing their car.

"Of course, when Ozzie and I first met, it was a different story. In fact, that's how we realized we were in love. I was singing with Ozzie's band and we had come to the end of an engagement. My mother and I went off to one resort, while Ozzie and his mother went off to another. After three days of being apart, we found we missed one another as only two young people in love can. Ozzie called me on the phone, suggesting that my mother and

I join his mother and him. 'Besides,' he said, 'the lake where I am staying is bigger than yours.' As if that mattered!

"From the beginning of our marriage," Harriet points out, "Ozzie and I have always shared a number of common interests. By that, I mean we come from the same kind of family and social background, we were brought up the same way, our parents were the same kind of people. In addition we had the same goals. That's especially true when it came to our family. We hardly ever discussed having children, because it was just taken for granted. Before the boys were born, we did agree, though, that we wouldn't stop at one. We have always felt that children, if you are lucky enough to have them, are certainly necessary for a complete life.

"Ozzie and I also agreed on some other 'fairly important details,' like sports, for instance. Ours being an athletic household, I'm forced to say this. But it is here I draw the line, for Ozzie's and my sporting interests have never been the same. As a matter of fact, I'm 'agin' the necessity of a wife having to share her husband's athletic interest. Before we started on television, Ozzie played tennis. I'm interested in tennis, enjoy watching him, but never play myself. I used to be interested in ice-skating. He was not. He enjoyed watching me, but he didn't want to ice-skate. In short, major goals and larger common interests are important. But I think everybody should be allowed freedom of expression in smaller individual interests.

"Mutual encouragement," Harriet adds, "is another thing that makes a marriage grow. It's like asking yourself the question, 'Do we bring out the best in one another?' Ozzie always asks more of me than I think I can deliver. And I deliver because he expects it of me. It's that simple. I think

Ozzie will agree the same is true in his case—it never occurs to me that there is a chore Ozzie can't do. Take, for example, his producing and directing a television series. That's a big job. A motion picture actor seldom pays attention to production. He doesn't know where the lights are—or why, for that matter—and, though there may be a hundred people on the stage, he doesn't pay attention to what they're doing.

"In our first year of television, though, we suddenly discovered we were in a real business, and at first it was a little frightening. But it never occurred to me that Ozzie couldn't handle it. So he did. I guess he learned more about making pictures in one year than most people learn in twenty-five. So you can see why I think I'm married to a rather unusual guy.

"Then there's the question of similar ideals," Harriet emphasizes. "Honesty as a person, I think, is the biggest, most important phrase in our vocabulary. It's a 'to-thine-own-self-be-true' sort of thing that we try to teach the boys. In the entertainment world, you can gain material advantage by buttering up people and being a 'yes' man. But we try to teach David and Ricky you can't do this and live with yourself.

"A marriage grows because you give a great deal to it. Marriages are successful because what you want isn't always important. But nobody is proud of a 'door mat.' You have to keep your own integrity and self-respect. Meanwhile, if your first concern is for the other person, it will be hard for your marriage to fail. That is, if you are concerned with the other person first, it means love—and, in television or real-life, love makes a happy marriage."

Harriet and Ozzie Nelson should know.

Loretta Young

(Continued from page 59)

of appreciation range from silent-screen star Colleen Moore—who insisted that Gretchen Young be put under contract, and re-named her "Loretta," when she was twelve years old—through a long and varied list of Hollywood celebrities to names which the world never heard of . . . but which Loretta will never forget. From executives to grips, from friends to foes, from those who praised to those who have tried to destroy . . . they're all part of the actress and woman she is today.

Her obvious pleasure over the many awards she has received since her entry into television is based on her conviction that these honors recognize everyone concerned with *The Loretta Young Show*, not just Loretta. "I've appreciated and been fond of many members of many crews," she says earnestly, "but television has given me a rich and proper appreciation of the too-often-taken-for-granted 'know-how' of these trained men."

No matter how hard Loretta tries to spread around the largesse for the success which has always followed her, there is still only one Loretta. Her lovely features have graced so many miles of motion-picture film, since her first appearance as an infant in 1918, that this alone is something of a record where the movie industry is concerned. But what sort of personality attributes must a person have to achieve so much acclaim in her chosen field? To begin with, Loretta is so completely honest

it sometimes hurts. Take the question of age: In Hollywood—a land where birth dates are marked "top secret"—Loretta smilingly admits to have been born January 6, 1914. Since this figure appears in almanacs as early as 1928 (when, at fourteen, she won her first big role), it can be taken to be as reliable as a life-insurance statistic. But Loretta's age has nothing to do with Loretta the actress. Given any mother-daughter script with ages between twenty-two and forty, Loretta could take her pick of the two roles.

To really know Loretta, you have to know her interests. She is the kind of woman who will spend all her free time helping others. For seven years, she was president of St. Anne's Foundation, which supports a maternity hospital for unmarried mothers and sponsors the Holy Family Adoption Service. Because of the restrictions of her television schedule, she has had to resign as president, but she still serves as a member of the board of trustees. Even more illuminating is the fact that Loretta feels one of the highlights of her life was the St. Anne Celebrity Auction in 1949. St. Anne's Foundation needed a large sum of money to establish the adoption service—\$30,000 to be exact. As president, Loretta and the board were determined it should be raised. The auction was arranged and, at its end, Loretta—grinning from ear to ear—was able to hand over to Sister Winifred a check for \$41,012.50.

Another of Loretta's character traits is a certain determination and confidence, without which she would never have become the award-winning actress she is. This determination is apparently something she was born with, for it was made manifest shortly after her initial picture appearance at the age of four. She and her mother and sisters were visiting her Aunt Colleen. After following her aunt around the house for an hour, watching while she swept and polished, little Loretta (then Gretchen) suddenly offered the promise. "When I'm a star, Aunt Collie, I'm going to buy you a new broom."

There was no doubt in her young mind that she would become a star. And, at twelve, when she signed a First National Contract—she did buy the broom!

But the one personality trait of Loretta's which, more than any other, makes her an award-winning actress is her sensitivity to the feeling of others. Psychologists call this "empathy." It is simply the ability to sense sympathetically the feelings of those around you.

Today, Loretta's charm, naturalness and genuine interest in people has made her one of the most warmly respected stars in the industry. Each week, 27,000,000 Americans invite her to visit them, simply by touching the tiny knob which releases the magic genie of television—and presto!—the one, the only Loretta is in their living rooms, with her radiant smile and brilliant versatility as both actress and woman.

Love of Children

(Continued from page 68)

the moods and needs of others, to those who are ill or unhappy, and especially to children. His own, and children everywhere.

Although Dr. Malone's son David is already interning at the hospital, Sandy and Ruth Becker's own brood are still youngsters. Joyce, their eldest, will be thirteen on her next birthday, which will automatically change her status to that of a teenager, but Curtis is only eight and Annelle is six. All three are rooters for their daddy's programs, for *Young Dr. Malone* and for the group of children's TV shows he does over Du Mont's New York station, WABD—these include the early-morning *Sandy Becker Show*, the early-evening *Looney Tunes*, and *Bugs Bunny Theater*. The kids like the way their daddy does commercials, too, and the way he plays host on some of the other programs they watch. In fact, they think he's quite a fellow!

Sandy believes that shows for children should teach by making it fun to learn, and the ratings would seem to prove he's right. It's also his belief that even the barrier of language cannot stand between someone who loves children and the chil-

saddened hearts of their other German shepherd dog, Jocko, who was killed.

Goldie, the golden-yellow parakeet who has been their pet since she was six weeks old, flies out to greet him. Pops, the handsome cockateel, winks an eye in welcome. Even the tanks of fish—all over the house and filled with all kinds, sizes and colors—swim 'round and 'round more frantically.

He may find a new stray kitten that one of the children has picked up, or some little outdoor animal or bird that has been wounded and needs care. For this is a household where all animals are loved and tended. Sandy uses birds and animals on his children's shows and there are always some cages of pets at the studio. He believes that all children instinctively love animals and should be taught to understand them and to care for them properly.

Curtis Becker is a small replica of his dad, and his constant shadow. When Sandy makes things in the basement workshop—all kinds of shelves and cabinets and tables and many household devices—Curt is the tool-bearer and helper. When Sandy goes peering into the engine of a sports car, the kind he's crazy about, Curt peers, too.

Joyce, fast developing into a good pianist, is a girl with definite personality. She has appeared on some of Sandy's programs and has taken over for him several times when he had to be away, carrying on with poise and charm. She even did commercials usually handled by Sandy.

"We seem to be developing a new family tradition," he says proudly. "I had no show-business background, but it looks as though our branch of the family may turn out some performers, if the other kids show any of Joyce's natural talent. Annelle may have it, too, but right now we want her to be just the wonderful, lovely little girl she is, enjoying her school and her friends and her dolls."

It's *Young Dr. Malone* that brings out the more serious side of Sandy's nature, of course, while the kids' shows are on the lighter side. As *Young Dr. Malone*, he becomes the thoughtful man he really is, trying to express the best of himself, with what amounts to a passion for truth and honesty, trying to live confidently in the face of life's many problems. He admires the way David Lesan continues to write Jerry Malone's story with depth and with interest, and the reality with which the actors do it.


It is a highly congenial group that makes up this cast, including Joan Alexander as Tracey, Dr. Malone's wife; Bill Lipton as Jerry's young intern son; and Rosemary Rice as daughter Jill. Bob Readick and Elspeth Eric are Dr. and Mrs. Mason, and Bill Smith is Dr. Brown. A real friendship and admiration exists among them.

Sometimes Sandy is apt to talk about himself as quite an unspectacular sort of man, taking his job seriously, enjoying his family and his home, working at his hobbies, counting himself lucky to have these blessings. If he seems impatient at times to be doing more things, to be turning more of his dreams into realities, it is because he is one of those creative individuals who is never satisfied to remain at the point where he stands.

At other times, he is more content to stand still for a while and get a perspective on life. To see how the important things gradually come into focus, while the less important ones gradually slip away. How they always have, and they always will, for those who will stop a while and be still.

"I suppose that is a sign of growth," he says, laughing a little at himself. "A sign of maturity. Perhaps a sign that Dr. Malone and I are growing mature, together."

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dren themselves. Last year, the Ideal Toy Company and Panagra Airlines sent him on a tour of the west coast of South America at Christmas time, to help distribute toys to needy and sick children, a wonderful kind of good-will mission. Sandy's Spanish, learned in his schooldays, proved rather inadequate for fluent conversation, but for the language of the heart there were no limitations.

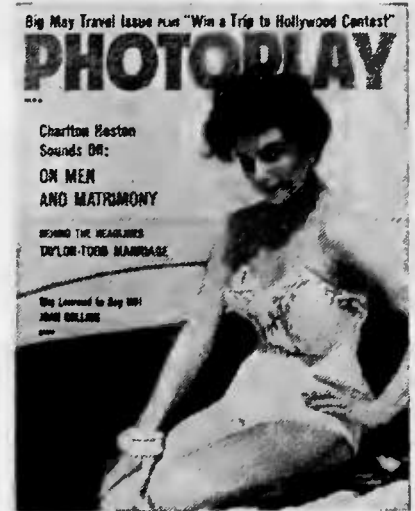
Little pictures quickly sketched served to convey some of his ideas. He drew hundreds of his rapid, amusing cartoons of animals and people and places and everything under the sun. By gesture and smile he captured all the kids, and soon they were singing and laughing with this more than six-foot stranger with the friendly gray-brown eyes and the warmly comforting hands. Dr. Malone would have considered it first-rate therapy.

Back in New York, when he leaves the studios, Sandy goes home to a roomy, white-with-green-trim Georgian house on Long Island. Besides Ruth, the charming wife and mother around whom this home centers, and the kids, Tanko will be there to greet him. Tanko took the place in their

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T
V
R

(Continued from page 30)

Hey, Jeannie!—triumphed as the brightest new star in television. And Dinah Shore not only won as your favorite female singer on TV (a little custom she started in her radio days, as the winning songbird in our very first poll). She also proved she'd found the perfect format for her talents, when the hour-long, colorcast *Chevy Show Starring Dinah Shore* was voted the best program to be seen on television.

Patti Page, last year's gold-medalist, was Dinah's strongest challenger as favorite TV thrush—and it took three to beat her, even in the radio category. That was won by the McGuire Sisters, whose triple star seems to be steadily rising. Meanwhile, Pat Boone left no doubt that his career was off to a skyrocket start, by winning out—not only as the top male singer on radio—but as the best new radio star! He was also runner-up for the title of top male singer on TV, but the ever-reliable Perry Como repeated his triumph of last year. Their closest contenders for vocal honors, on both TV and radio, were two tuneful chaps named Eddie Fisher and Elvis Presley.

With the Boone and McGuire victories, Arthur Godfrey adds to his unequalled collection of almost fifty Awards for himself, his programs and featured performers. *Arthur Godfrey Time* picked up two more medals, as not only your favorite radio daytime-variety program but also the best on the air. *The Bob Crosby Show*

triumphed for the third straight time as favorite TV daytime-variety, closely pursued by *The Garry Moore Show*. But Garry, who's figured in eleven Awards to date, had his own sweet victories: A third gold medal as daytime emcee on TV, and ditto for *I've Got A Secret*, as favorite panel show.

Traditionally, the voting has always been closest in the quiz, variety and emcee classifications. This year—if one can interpret a secret ballot—readers were "splitting" their votes more than ever, spreading them out to provide new plums for old favorites. Godfrey challenged in every possible category. So did Groucho Marx—whose *You Bet Your Life* won out as radio quiz this time. So did *Strike It Rich*—whose host, Warren Hull, proved to be your favorite radio quizmaster. And so did Art Linkletter—whose new gold medal as radio daytime emcee is his ninth personal Award in as many years.

In night-time TV, with less than two years on the air, *The \$64,000 Question* wins its third Award (including "best" last year) as quiz show, and Hal March picked up his first as quizmaster. Ed Sullivan and his supercharged show on CBS-TV make it an even dozen, as favorite evening variety program and emcee. Ed's closest challenger for both prizes? That talented chap, Steve Allen, of NBC-TV.

The only other newcomers in this year's list are Mitch Miller, who gets your nod as favorite evening emcee, for his spar-

ling show on CBS Radio, and John Conte, *NBC Matinee Theater* host, who wins out as TV dramatic actor. Previous Award-winners John Larkin, James Lipton and Jack Webb got many votes this year, too, in both TV and radio. But it's Sandy Becker, star of *Young Dr. Malone*, who wins the radio actor's medal—his third.

Three very popular TV couples vied for honors as your favorite husband-and-wife team. Lucy and Desi, Burns and Allen, challenged all the way, but Ozzie and Harriet Nelson—who won in our first poll, back in 1947—trotted off with their eighth such trophy. *The Martin Block Show*, over ABC Radio, is a new winner in a new record-program category. But Martin himself figured in the Awards list nine years ago, as "favorite disc jockey."

Lowell Thomas, who won again this year as top radio news commentator, is another who started winning back in 1947. Douglas Edwards, the gold-medalist for TV, began collecting our TV news Awards in 1950. Sportscaster Mel Allen didn't make the readers' honor list till 1951. But he's never missed a year since, for either TV or radio—and, this year, he sprints off with both championships.

Which only goes to prove that, no matter how formats may change—or even the tastes of listeners and viewers—there's always room in the TV RADIO MIRROR Annual Awards for both promising up-and-comers and stars who've been tops for all ten years of our nationwide poll!

They Knew What You Wanted

(Continued from page 63)

kindly and happy-making manner which, by all popular counts, is doing more for jangled nerves than a bucket of tranquilizer pills.

Proper tribute to this art of Bob's was given, during a recent rehearsal, by Gil Rodin, one-time Bobcat and now producer of *The Bob Crosby Show*. As Gil points out, "Many top-name performers are relaxed and even casual in their delivery. The big difference, in Bob's case, is that he has been able to communicate this manner to his entire TV company, and to his vast audience of viewers. I don't know whether it's a quality of his voice, something in his chubby face, or his rather lazy gestures—it comes over, and it stays with the people for hours after."

This was highlighted during rehearsal of a Western number. Bob, the Modernaires, Joan O'Brien, Carol Richards, and The Bobcats were to be attired in ranch outfits. Somehow "wardrobe" slipped up and there were no cowgirl togs for the girls. "Won't it look funny?" Joan asked, as the girls, in a small panic, started looking at each other's smart cotton dresses. "Don't give it another thought," Bob deadpanned. "We'll introduce you as three cowgirls just back from a Neiman-Marcus fashion show."

Bob has turned thumbs down on any "set format" for the show. "We don't want the audience to foresee every move we make," he argues. "Map a program too strictly and you lose the friendly impromptu feeling. We want things to happen as if on the spur of the moment. That's why we don't let Gil tell us what the next day will bring. It's his job to plan for us, and he's tops at it. My job is to act as a sort of editor, and make suggestions or corrections now and then, when I'm lucky enough to think of one."

This does not mean that the show is unrehearsed or formless. Actually, run-throughs start about 9:30 A.M. and—since none of the troupe has studied the script, though the Modernaires have been given a chance to practice their songs the day before—it requires hard, concentrated work to get spontaneity without giving way to fluffing of lines, awkward movements and loss of timing.

Crosby thinks of his TV family as being a "variety stock company" and, for that reason, each member must feel more for the troupe as a whole than for himself. That's why five male singers and three female—four, when Cathy appears—have managed to keep surprisingly free of jealousy. Gil announces who is going to do what song, and nary a show of temperament. They all know they will get their chance to stand out.

At noon, the entire cast assembles in make-up and costume for the pre-telecast introductions to the studio audiences. After the show, there's a mad dash for food. "Which should speak well of our sponsors," laughs Bob, "since we definitely eat their products." The cakes are sliced, the sausages passed around. "We're thinking of adding a dog to the cast," he says, "so the Pard won't go to waste."

In a very loose sense, the program hews to the following lines: Two days a week, straight variety, with various members of the cast emerging as soloists; sandwiched within the three remaining shows are the features known as "Hollywood Backfence," "The Good Guy," and "Springboard." "We shake these ingredients up as often as possible to get new effects," explains Rodin. "That was why we dropped the quizzes and some of the games when they began to harden into a set pattern."

This problem, keeping the show infor-

mal, is the toughest nut to crack. When asked which of the features he prefers, Bob, dashing from rehearsal of a number to another part of the stage to do a commercial, panted, "Intermission!"

"Hollywood Backfence," the oldest of the features, is given over to presenting a visiting star to the audience. After a bit of banter and a plug for the star's latest picture, the audience is invited to query the guest. Often a new fact is brought to light. Robert Ryan, who gets about \$150,000 a picture, admitted he was happy to play in "Tiger at the Gates" at a Hollywood little-theater for only \$50 a week. This segment of the show picked up momentum as Bob's following grew, and stars are more than eager to appear.

Nobody is quite sure who thought up "The Good Guy," but all are agreed it is Bob who must take the bow for the title. Its debut on Monday, November 5, scored a terrific hit and it has been used every Monday since. In order to "keep it on the upbeat," Bob gives the nod to those who have overcome a handicap or helped others do so, as opposed to those merely seeking aid. Hundreds of letters pour in each week, boosting some person who deserves recognition and reward. "Many shows help the needy," Bob explains. "We cite examples of handicaps that have been licked. Our aim is to bring hope to people who are tormented by fears for the future."

Although this portion of the show packs a mighty human-interest punch, it is not confined to human beings only. A popular choice turned out to be a German shepherd dog living in Tarzana, California. A Los Angeles newspaper column, written by Gene Sherman, aroused Bob's interest. It told how Flash, the German shepherd, had been acting as a "seeing eye" for Teddy, a blind mongrel. Flash not only shared his meals with Teddy, but

guided him through roads and over hills, opened doors for him and served him in other ways. Gene Sherman and the dogs were introduced on the show, the columnist receiving a portable TV set, and the animals a supply of Pard and two spanking new doghouses.

Then there was the case of Earl Grant, 26, a singer whose talent and master's degree from the University of Southern California had not shielded him from the vicissitudes of life. Miss Joan Southern, his "Good Guy" classmate, told how he'd been forced to work at menial jobs to continue his studies and career. Miss Southern also provided a tape recording of Earl singing "Moonlight in Vermont," and Bob had him do it on the show. Naturally, the young man's delight was unbounded when he learned that he'd won a recording contract with Decca!

As sometimes happens, the first proved the best—at least insofar as the sensational goes. Mrs. Verda Rose, 51, of Los Angeles, uttered a searing cry when Bob presented her to her mother. There was reason enough for that cry. Mrs. Rose had been blind for forty-six years, until a recent cornea-transplanting operation returned 20-30 vision to one eye. Through "Good Guy" Mrs. Kathryn Johnson, a neighbor, the reunion had been effected. But—although Mrs. Rose received an Amana deep-freeze, and Mrs. Johnson a Magic Chef stove—the best of all prizes fell to the personnel of the show and their sponsors. According to a letter from the Los Angeles County Medical Association, this one short "Good Guy" program moved so many people to will their eyes to the blind that "it may help us administer to this need for a lifetime." Reports from other areas show the same fine response.

"Springboard," the latest segment, was grafted to the show on Tuesday, December 11, and is now a once-a-week feature. It offers a showcase for young musical talents—and, as the title suggests, a springboard to public recognition. With thousands of young "would-be's" begging for a chance to break in, Bob has made one of his rare solemn statements.

"Springboard" is open to kids in high school or college, but I want it clearly understood that I'm not out to help youngsters quit school and dive into show business. Look at my own daughter, Cathy. She's shown that she could make the grade as an entertainer, but her mother and I are determined that she finish her education. When she comes up with a set of excellent marks, we let her make an appearance, usually on our show. That's her reward for good work."

The youngsters are picked by producer Gil Rodin, associate producer John Furia, Jr., and Hal Dickinson of the Modernaires, with a light assist from Bob. Auditions are held once a week, with Gil making the final decision. Movie and recording companies have been scouting the program, and one of the applicants has already met with success. Sue Rainey, a slender, pert eighteen-year-old brunette, caught the fancy of bandleader Ray Anthony and his bride, beautiful starlet Mamie Van Doren. As a result, Sue has been given a substantial lift toward stardom by cutting several records with Ray and his band. "Sue's a real doll," says Mamie, "and 'Springboard' deserves a hymn of praise for having found her. All this girl needs is one click."

Since "Springboard" and "The Good Guy" were added to the show, fan mail has zoomed from 585 to 2300 letters a week. Evidently the mingling of relaxed entertainment with features of an inspirational nature is what the public has been looking for. Gil has had to appeal to CBS for secretarial reinforcements. "It doesn't all

have to be answered," he assured the studio, "but it must be screened very carefully. It's our finger on the pulse of the people."

As he mounts the great "money tree" toward the place where the foliage ends and the sky itself begins, Bob sees 1957 as offering a double challenge "to me personally." It's the year in which he hopes to do something really big for both his TV and flesh-and-blood families.

In his own words, "I do five shows a week now for my five kids. Monday's earnings go to support Cathy, Tuesday's go for Chris, Wednesday's for Bob, Jr., Thursday's for Steve, and Friday's for baby Junie Malia. But where does that leave Mom and me? Now, we've always wanted to have a home in the Hawaiian modern style which we both love. This is the year we're building it." This home, in the hilly section that was once part of the famous Doheny estate, will have to accommodate five children and "twice as many pets." It obviously will prove to be a costly project. And, whenever Bob talks about his new home, his mind turns at once to building up his income. This, logically enough, leads him to talk about his plans for his TV family.

With pride, he calls the roster of his company: "The Bobcats, seven in all, are accomplished musicians who can rock out top or longhair with equal ease and have over one hundred years' band experience among them. These men get right into the act with us—wear costumes, sing, dance, and are real showmen. Not only that, but do you realize they really don't have a leader? It's a rare day when I can get out there and keep time for them.

"And the Modernaires work out all their arranging themselves. They've sung with top orchestras for fifteen years and their Columbia records have been sellers for a long time. It was a break for me when I was able to bring them to TV with me from Club 15, my radio show.

"Add to them cute, titian-haired Carol Richards, and pert blond Joanie O'Brien, and a production staff headed by Gil—and what a cluster of brains, beauty and talent! I'm the luckiest emcee in show business 'cause I have 'em!"

Bob speaks of them with the easy, tender manner which is his stock in trade, and which one housewife described in a fan letter as "better than a happy pill or a trip to my masseuse, because it braces me up and calms me down at the same time."

For a show that got off to a pretty humble start on a thirteen-week contract (when it made its debut September 12, 1954, studio executives figured it only for a fill-in until something better came along—an event which never took place, since they now admit with red-faces nothing could be better), Bob and his gang have done all right. They've worked hard for perfection and have won a large, loyal following. And they now have the security of a seven-year contract, four years of which are still to go. But they're not letting themselves get fat, smug and sloppy. They have bigger ambitions.

"Frankly," Bob sums up, "we want our own night-time show, and we'd like it to go for an hour. We feel we need a wider setting for our features and assorted acts. Please don't get the idea we're not happy with our daytime spot. We love it, and we're grateful to our fans, one and all, and hope they'll still be with us at the customary time.

"But we'd like to reach those millions of viewers who don't get a chance to turn on their sets until the evening. And, at the risk of being a bore, we'd be tickled right smart with that there extra dough. If it's only in my power, I'm going to make all our dreams come true in 1957!"



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The Romance Of Helen Trent

(Continued from page 66)

Agatha!" Helen protested.

"It's my opinion," said Agatha, "that you'd marry Gil in a minute if he asked you, and he knows it. But he doesn't ask."

Helen crumbled a bit of breakfast-roll between her fingers. "I'd marry him," she admitted slowly, "and he does know it. But Gil is very proud! He thinks I'd be sacrificing myself if I married him—"

"And I'd say," said Agatha, "that he's right."

"He needs," said Helen, distressed, "to feel that he's giving, not taking. Don't you see? He gave up his independence to work for Kurt. That hurts his pride. He had that—accident, and it hurts his pride that he was helpless for a while, and I think he suspects he isn't over all the effects yet. I know he isn't! So—it's pride that makes him resent Kurt's being attracted to me. If he weren't the really fine person he is inside, it would tickle his vanity that I'd marry him rather than a multi-millionaire. . . . But, at that, Kurt hasn't asked me to marry him. I don't think he ever will."

"If I were inclined to bet," said Agatha, "I'd make a small wager to the contrary. Shari—"

"Shari's a darling!" said Helen. "But it's nonsense for her to scheme to bring Kurt and me together. I'm sure Kurt doesn't approve. But—about Gil—he loves me and I know it. It's that he's so terribly proud he wants to give me everything he can imagine me wanting. That's the trouble! He can't believe he can give me enough!"

Agatha got up from the breakfast-table, carrying her cup. "There's one thing," she said drily, "that he makes no attempt to give you. Doesn't the man know that a woman likes a little peace of mind sometimes?" Then she said impulsively, "Forget it, Helen! I used a friend's privilege to say I think you're foolish. But what woman isn't a fool about a man—or men? It'll all come out somehow! And you've had one good night's rest, anyhow. Don't waste its effects by worrying. Take it easy. At least nothing harrowing is apt to happen for the next day or two! No fusses about dinners, or corsages, or what you meant by saying this or that—"

She caught herself. She went out. Helen smiled after her, but with her lips only. It was true that she'd slept more peacefully

because she didn't have Gil's self-torturing doubts and suspicions and moods to anticipate today. She was sure, though, that those things were caused by past events and past sufferings and past mistakes. They weren't really Gil—just what had happened to him. But when he came back, just the same. . . .

It struck her with something like a shock that she felt tense at the thought of Gil's return. It was because he could hurt her so much, and did. When he doubted her, when he suspected her, when he probed into what she'd meant by some unconsidered phrase, he suffered, too. But. . . .

She closed her mind resolutely against the idea that it was all hopeless. She said aloud, to herself, *I'm going to think about Shari. I won't think of anybody but Shari.*

It was three in the afternoon when the phone rang. Her heart jumped, and then she remembered that it wouldn't be Gil. He was away. It might very well be Shari. There were not many days when Shari did not find some excuse to see her, or at the very least to telephone. She went to answer it.

It was Kurt Bonine's secretary, Quentin Smith. "Mrs. Trent," said his silky voice in the receiver, "Mr. Bonine has asked me to try to locate his niece Shari. Has she, by any chance, been in touch with you?"

"Why—no," said Helen, startled. "I haven't spoken to her today. Is anything the matter?"

"I would say not," said Quentin, as silkily as before. There was something unusual about his voice. Helen had an odd impression that he was raging inwardly, as though some obscure plan of his own had gone wrong. But there shouldn't be any reason for him to rage about anything Shari did. "Mr. Bonine is anxious to get in touch with her," Quentin continued. "He seems quite pleased about something. I am sure that you will be pleased, too."

"Me pleased because Kur—Mr. Bonine is pleased?" Helen was puzzled. "Just why do you say that?"

"My dear Mrs. Trent!" said Quentin. There was nothing to put a finger on, but Helen felt that his voice expressed something close to screaming fury. "Aren't you pleased when Mr. Bonine is pleased with Gil Whitney? And when he's pleased with

Shari? I thought you were always pleased when Mr. Bonine is pleased!" As if he realized that he had gone too far in sarcasm, he abruptly said, "Goodbye," and hung up.

Helen replaced the instrument. She was simply, blankly amazed. But it was probably reasonable enough for Kurt to have his secretary call her if he wanted to reach Shari. Only he wasn't usually very solicitous about her. There had been only one love in all his past life—Shari's mother. But his own brother had married her, and she died when Shari was born. Then Shari's father died afterward. Kurt had accepted responsibility for his niece, but he gave her nothing of himself. Only lately, within the past years, had he allowed her to make her home with him. Before that, she'd lived the year 'round at boarding schools and camps.

But Cadora alone was only a cold home, though it was a vast rich pile of a mansion. Helen had dined there once, with Shari and Kurt. She winced at the memories it roused. Poor Gil had been half-mad with jealousy then, even while he insisted that she go. He made her go, out of his seeming instinct to self-torture, because he believed Kurt was drawn to her as the first woman he'd looked at since Shari's mother died. He made her go because he knew that Shari—young and sweet and terribly lonely—longed desperately for a home and family such as she'd never had. And Gil insisted—and raged—exactly because . . . transparently, ingenuously, with a pathetic attempt at guile . . . Shari was trying to bring about a romance between Helen, whom she worshipped, and the uncle who would not permit her to love him.

That was another time when Quentin had seemed to speak silkily as a cover for rage. Now. . . . The meaning of things suddenly struck home. Nothing happened to cause it. She continued to sit where she had sat to answer the phone. But abruptly she guessed. Everything. And she knew the guess was right. For some time past, now, Shari had been quoting her uncle to Helen. Breathlessly, when she talked to Helen, she cited him as saying things that could not be less than indications of interest in Helen equalling anything poor Gil had suspected. When Shari spoke so, Helen had pretended not to notice. She'd suspected that Shari was twisting and exaggerating things a little because of her longing for a home and family such as only Helen and her uncle Kurt could constitute. Helen had long since admitted to herself, in honesty, that—if she didn't love Gil—Kurt would be marvelously attractive . . . rich and handsome and with an inner strength that poor Gil would never have.

But now she knew more. She was at once appalled and oddly touched by what she realized. Because, of course, Shari would have used the same tactics on Kurt. She'd have quoted Helen to him, relating things Helen had said—all out of context—to give him the impression that Helen gladly talked to Shari about him. And Shari'd maneuvered her, sometimes, into saying things that could be encouraging to a man who needed only encouragement. There were times when she had to agree to words Shari put into her mouth, or else hurt the intense and starry-eyed young girl who schemed so transparently and so touchingly. But it might have worked, to the degree that Kurt now discounted Gil's seemingly preferred status.

Helen wanted at once to be annoyed and to feel sympathy for Shari. In all

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 13

ACROSS

1. Dave
5. Roy
8. Epic
12. Orol
13. Abe
14. Bara
15. Religion
17. Omar
18. Loine
19. An
20. NH
21. Toe
23. Foye
24. Hoedown
28. Dr

DOWN

29. Yr
30. Alice
32. Fot
33. Sol
34. Lid
35. Cash
37. Senior
41. Else
42. Odious
43. Son
45. End
46. Mr
47. Lot
51. Pay
52. Foy
53. Eve
54. Goy

DOWN

1. Dorothy
2. Are
3. Vallee
4. Elio
5. Roin
6. Oboe
7. Yen
8. Ebony
9. Pam
10. Iron
11. Carhart
16. Gigolo
19. AAA
22. Oorial
25. Dashes
26. Wilson
27. NC
28. Dod
31. Ernie
32. Firs
34. Loud
35. Ceil
36. SS
38. Ed
39. lone
40. Mory
44. Oh
46. Moy
48. Of
49. To
50. TV
51. Pa

innocence, Shari couldn't realize what she did. She was simply, passionately anxious to have Helen in the place of a mother, because she adored her, and she hoped that then Kurt would become in some sense a father—and then she would live in a home and a family. . . .

But suddenly Helen felt the old familiar panic. If Gil ever heard about this, he'd never believe Helen wasn't a party to it! He would brood and storm and upbraid her. He would be filled with bitterness and frantic jealousy. Life would be sheer misery. Then Helen wept, quite alone, because she was so desperately weary of being doubted by the man she loved. She was so terribly weary of allaying his suspicions. She was exhausted with placating his jealousy, with trying to make him believe in her love, when no sooner had one jealous suspicion been laid, than some ever more wretched suspicion took its place. . . .

When Shari arrived with a huge bouquet of flowers, it was close to sunset. Shari's eyes were shining, and pure rapture showed on her face. Helen felt a composure which was almost the apathy of exhaustion. Sometimes one is too worn out with feeling to feel anything any longer. She greeted Shari pleasantly, despite her conviction of what Shari had done, in her innocence and loneliness. But she felt that she did not care. Through sheer weariness, she had come at long last to face the facts. Gil would never let either her or himself be happy. He would torment them both, even if they married. He could never believe fully in her love. So her love was futile.

With that knowledge in her mind, she tried to smile at Shari. It was not successful. She knew she had made no new decision. She had only accepted the knowledge that Gil was Gil, and would never be otherwise . . . and, if marriage to him did come about, it would be tragedy for both of them. The acceptance of the fact was numbing. With a dreary lack of revolt, she found herself thinking absurdly that, if Kurt did want to marry her, and she did marry him, at least one person

would be happy. Shari. Maybe Kurt in his fashion would be content. For herself there could never be happiness without Gil, and Gil would never let anybody be happy with him. But there might be peace in ceasing to strive for happiness.

"Mrs. Trent!" said Shari in the doorway, glowing and radiant and the very portrait of joyfulness. "I've the most wonderful news! Uncle Kurt—has given me a message to deliver to you, and I—think you'll guess what it really means. . . ." Tears glistened in her eyes. "I'm—so happy, and—maybe you'll think it's silly, but—"

She still had not passed the threshold. A uniformed youth appeared outside. He carried a yellow envelope in his hand. He marched up. "Mrs. Trent? Telegram. Sign here, please."

"Thank you," said Helen. She signed. She smiled at Shari, who trembled with a rejoicing that could only mean she was sure she was about to realize the uttermost longing of her heart . . . security in the love of those who belonged to her.

Helen opened the yellow envelope with fingers that had no feeling in them. As the paper tore, she felt as if she were tearing away the bonds of pain and anguish which bound her to Gil. "I'm sure," she said, "that anything which makes you so happy—"

"It—it will make you happy too," said Shari, glowing. "It—it has to! You're the—" Then she stopped, startled and frightened. Every trace of color had vanished from Helen's cheeks. "Mrs. Trent! Mrs. Trent! What's the matter?"

Helen could not speak. The telegram was from Gil. He was in trouble. Deep trouble. He did not name it, but the fact that he was in trouble was enough. Trembling, Helen said, "I'm sorry. I have bad news. I—have to go at once. At once! I—can't listen to you now, Shari! Nothing matters but . . ."

She wrung her hands as she went swiftly for a hat and coat and money with which to go at once to Gil. Happiness? Unhappiness? What did happiness matter when she loved Gil and he needed her?

Happy Birthday, Robert Q.

(Continued from page 49)

But I'll tell you now that I couldn't be happier—despite the fact that what precipitated my return was not, on the face of it, of a happy-making nature! Last year, I got fired at CBS. Fired, that is, from CBS-TV. Did I mind very much? At the time, I minded—sure. When you've been on TV regularly, day by day, for six solid years, you can't take a thing like that lightly. For me, however, the shock was somewhat lessened by the fact that I saw it coming, had seen it coming for some time. And, moreover, *had* it coming! The ratings were going down. Whoever you may be, when the ratings go down, you go down with them—and sometimes *out*.

"The ratings were going down," Bob says with characteristic honesty, "because I had been on TV too long and too much . . . for so long and so much that, in many households, I was more familiar to the housewife than her own husband. This ain't good," Bob grins. "If you stop to think of it, most of us don't see our best and most intimate friends more than two or three times a week. If we should see them more often, the *compulsion*, so to speak, wouldn't be there. Friends and audiences alike, they've got to want to see you. If you satiate them, sooner or later—but inevitably—you will get the oh-

it's-you-again reaction. I don't think I got to the point where my TV audiences won't care if they never see me again, but the welcome mat was beginning to show frayed edges!

"So I'm sort of glad I was jolted out of it all before I reached the point of no return," says Robert Q. "Glad that, as a result of the jolting, I'm back again—full circle—in radio, where I began. It's true that radio doesn't do quite as much for your ego as TV does. There's a lot of narcissism in all of us . . . love of our own reflection in a mirror, or on a screen.

"But if radio, as compared with TV, subtracts a small sum from the ego, what it adds to your health and life expectancy is compensation-plus. You can't be quite as relaxed and easy-does-it on a nighttime as on a daytime show. But, day or night, it's easier to do six hours of radio a day than one half-hour of TV a week. Compared with the amount of rehearsing you are obliged to do for TV, radio rehearsals are a ball. There are no costumes to worry about. No make-up. No sets. Above all, no physical restrictions.

"Suppose I want to do a 'scene' in the African desert. Or in the dark jungles of the Belgian Congo. Or in Paris—then cut over to London. Or visit the moon. Or hold a conversation with a couple of Martians on their native soil. What's to

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stop me? Not a thing. On radio, I can go where I please—quickly, easily, and practically for free.

"On radio, you have scope. Your mobility is limitless. Your imagination takes wing. So does the imagination of the listener. One of the most beautiful things any human being has is his or her imagination. On TV, where everything is mapped out for the viewer, the imagination is practically useless. But on radio, where nothing is visible, it is in his own imagination that the listener conceives the set in which we play our scenes and the characters with whom the sets are peopled. I call a show like ours a 'do-it-yourself spectacular.'

"Another wonderful thing about radio," Bob says, with warm appreciation, "is that you can get great actors to work with you—such as Kenny Delmar, for instance, Louis Nye, Parker Fennelly . . . Ann Thomas, who is a great radio actress, and Pert Kelton, who is a great, great voice. You can get them because, relatively speaking, radio doesn't require too much of their time. Nor are they afraid of 'over-exposure,' too-frequent appearances, as they tend to be on TV.

"Radio. That's where I am, after these ten years. As to *what* I am—well, a much pleasanter fellow, I hope, than when I first came to CBS and got myself the reputation of being 'difficult to work with.' Deservedly, too. I didn't mean to be difficult. But, short-tempered as I am by nature, and the strain at the time being pretty nervous-making, I'd lash out at people who didn't deserve to be lashed out at . . . people who would have been kind, if I'd given them the chance to be. One of the most rewarding things that has happened to me, in these ten years, is hearing that many of these same people now say, 'Gad, how Bob has changed—working with him now, it's wonderful!'

"I'm a very grateful guy today. There are so many people to whom I owe so very much: Goodman Ace, who gave me my start in radio by writing my first show, *The Robert Q. Lewis Little Show*. After ten years of knowing him, Goody remains one of my real idols. . . . A gentleman named Bill Paley (head man of CBS), who has never lost faith in me all these years—not even when I got fired at CBS. Paley couldn't help that. He had to listen to people around him. And to the ratings as they dropped! . . . I'm grateful to my agent, Ted Ashley, who has been with me as long as I've had an agent. An office boy at the William Morris agency when he was first assigned to handle me, Ted now has an outfit which is known as 'the Tiffany of the agencies.' . . . I also owe a great deal to my personal-relations man, Lee Solters, who has been with me for nine of these uphill years. . . . And, of course, to my writers, Ray Allen, Harvey Bullock and Sid Resnick.

"And I am forever grateful," Bob emphasizes, "to Arthur Godfrey, who gave me the first real big break I ever had, when he—and Bill Paley—chose me to replace him on his morning show, as Peter Lind Hayes does now, and, later, on his hour-long Wednesday-night TV show. Which reminds me of an amusing bit: The first time I replaced Godfrey on the night show, I rehearsed, the week through, wearing my glasses—without which I'm blinder than the proverbial bat. When we got to the final, dress rehearsal, just before the show went on the air, the director said, 'Take off the glasses, Bob. Can't wear glasses on TV. Yes, yes, I know you can't see without them, but don't worry—we'll take care of everything.'

"Came the moment of going on," Bob grins, reminiscently. "The orchestra tuned up, Tony Marvin announced: 'Here he is,

the star of your show—Robert Q. Lewis!' Down stage walked 'the star of your show'—and fell into the orchestra pit. After that, I became the first guy on TV ever to wear glasses. Now there are quite a few of us in the be-spectacled fraternity—Garroway, Steve Allen, Wally Cox. . . .

"Speaking of replacing Godfrey, that isn't half of it. In the course of time, I've replaced Ed Sullivan once, Jackie Gleason twice, Perry Como—on NBC!—a couple of times. Once replaced a *girl*, too, by the name of Faye Emerson. For years, in fact, I was known as 'The Great Replacement.'

"In the gratitude department," Bob resumes. "I am also grateful to radio and TV for having given me a lovely nest egg, so that I need never work again, if otherwise inclined. (Thanks also, in large part, to my dad, who is an attorney and advised me wisely about investments.) Thanks to the nest egg and its state of preservation, I am able to live pleasantly—which, to me, means living simply. I'm very catholic in my tastes when it comes to eating, but I like best the staple foods.

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Steak and potatoes, for instance. And my housekeeper, Catherine Bolger, who has been with me for about seven years, makes the best Irish stew you ever ate.

"I've recently bought a cooperative apartment, here in New York, and it's as different as possible from the place I vacated when I moved. Funny, how your taste in living changes over the years. Before I left it, the living room in the previous apartment—which I once thought so darned elegant, with its Empire and Regency pieces—began to remind me of a swank funeral parlor. I felt 'laid out,' when I sat in it. Now my whole place is contemporary. Livable. Tiled floors, with yellow rugs—some of the walls are yellow, others white. The contemporary furniture is comfortable and big.

"Most of the totem poles I used to collect have been disposed of," Bob adds. "Of my various collections, the only one that remains—aside from my books and records, of course—is my collection of Venetian clowns and clown paintings. Actually, I have now reached the point in life where there is no material thing I really want. And it's a lovely place to be. You're free. You can pick up and leave without a backward look—as I do, when I go to Europe once a year. If fire should suddenly break out and threaten my possessions, the only one I would risk a singed finger to save would be Roué, my poodle!

"Perhaps what everything I've said boils down to is that I have now reached the goal which I so badly needed to reach as a child. To be recognized. As a kid, I was asthmatic. Couldn't play football or baseball. Couldn't join in any of the physical activities of the other kids. With the result that I might have been invisible, for all the notice they took of me. Then I hit on the one thing I could do and keep breathing—*be funny*. Whereupon the whole picture changed. Instead of my being ignored and left behind, the kids would say, 'Hey, let's bring him along. Even if he can't play tackle, he's good for laughs.' This was the beginning of my obsession to be in show business, where—if I could still be good for laughs—I would continue to be recognized, 'accepted,' by my fellow human beings.

"That's what I have got in the past ten years that is of value, real value, to myself," Bob says simply. "Not that this goal is a stopping-place, by any means. One thing I'm rather proud of is that I've never allowed myself to stagnate, nor my interests to diminish. Right now, I'm taking dancing lessons and singing lessons, and I'm also studying acting with Stella Adler. I love summer stock, which I've been doing, off and on, for the past few years, restricting myself to light comedy, so far. I want to do a play on Broadway, and I will soon be making a picture in Hollywood.

"On TV, I'd like to restrict my activities to dramatic shows. Or, if I should again be on TV with any degree of regularity, I'd like it to be a sort of panel thing. Or as the emcee of a variety show—but something easygoing. In addition, there are all kinds of things I want to do, places I want to go. I'd like to learn how to cook. Want to paint some day.

"As to what I have given that is of some value to others, in the ten-year period now under the microscope," Bob reflects, "well, some laughs, I hope, some easement of the heavy going these years have been because of the state of the world. And I like to think I've been good luck to some of the people with whom I've been associated . . . Rosemary and Betty Clooney, Jaye P. Morgan and the Ames Brothers, for instance, have gone on from my shows to singing stardom on their own. One of the directors we had with us for a time, on *The Show Goes On*, was a fellow by the name of Yul Brynner. The names of some of the greatest writers in the business today are on our honor roll . . . Paddy Chayevsky, of 'Marty' fame, and George Axelrod, who wrote 'The Seven Year Itch.'

"There's one thing I would like very much to do on TV, and that's a show on which I would showcase and present young talent. Godfrey is doing it, to some extent, on his *Talent Scouts*. But I would like to do it more so—give it more setting, more time, to give the kids even more of a chance. If ever I stop performing, I won't get out of this business. I'll go into the active management and presentation of young talent. I feel I've learned enough from my own experience to be able to guide youngsters away from the pitfalls. And the heartaches. Some of them, anyway. What I've also learned during these years is that, when you reach the goal—or one of them—on which you've set your sights, you'd better move over and make room for others. Help them get up there, as you have been helped.

"In the meantime," Robert Q. sums up, "I'd like to continue with the radio shows for quite a time. I like this degree of frequency on the air. I'm very pleased with the response we're getting from our listening audience. To those of you who are not currently in our audience, I say again: *Come back to radio!*"

Command Performance

(Continued from page 12)

important that laughter is . . . how necessary that the show go on. . . .

"Tragedy comes to the great—please don't let us down." And, "We all love you and pray for you in your hour of woe." And, "Please, Red—keep on making the laughter the world needs so."

There are letters to Richard, offering him a Shetland pony to ride. Letters like that of three little boys who live on a farm near Comanche, Oklahoma: "I don't know whether you know where Oklahoma is, but this is where the first cowboy was born—no matter what Texas says." . . . Telling about their animals and their chores and how much they like Richard's dad: "He's the one who makes us laugh."

People of all faiths, Protestant, Christian Scientist, Jewish and Catholic, want Red to know they're praying for him. An industrialist in Chicago says, "My sympathy won't help—but there is power in prayer." A lady in Baltimore sends a little bag of dust: "I brought this back myself when I was in Rome for the Holy Year—please pin this to his undergarments nearest his heart." Another has written to nuns and priests all over the world, and Bishop Sheen, and to Rome—and "Heaven must hear."

At Temple Knesseth Israel in Los Angeles, the congregation prayed for Richard's recovery, and an anonymous donor gave \$1,000 to spur a fund for research.

Spiritual gifts and symbols of faith keep pouring in. Mezuzahs, green scapulars, and St. Christopher medals.

Red, touched to tears by such an overwhelming expression of concern, was quick to say, from the first, "I want every letter answered—and I want to sign every one of them myself." In Georgia's opinion, "If anybody takes this much interest in our little son, to sit down and compose a letter, they deserve a personally signed reply."

In an hour when Red needs them most, they're all there. Offering hope and faith. Giving suggestions for diet and treatment. Offering to be blood donors, if need be. And there are letters from children enclosing a dollar bill—for Red to start a fund for research for the dreaded disease.

For all the thousands who write, Red has a message: "The seconds, as they tick away, seem to add confusion when told of tragic news. Faith in God is our only hope. So we are praying."

"At first we felt so useless—just another mother and father asking for help. Then came the kindness of unsolicited friends like you, whose concern was unbeknown to us . . . friends who have gone beyond their station of purpose, taken leave of their own problems and offered prayers and helpful information which we are certain will bring around God's intended goal for our son."

There are well-meaning wires with diet suggestions, such as that received regarding "an ancient cure in our family that has cured my own wife—a broth made from the tendons of Chinese deer and green duck eggs." A commentator reports a child in Rhode Island has been cured of leukemia in a year and a half by a special cod liver oil. An anonymous well-wisher leaves a bottle of herb juice at U.C.L.A. Medical Center, tagged, "For Richard Skelton." All are appreciated.

Calls are constantly coming in from those who know of families with children suffering from the disease, and who think there is merit in the treatment being used. These calls are all noted and some member of the Skelton family follows through, asking, "How old is he? How long has he had it?"

Throughout the country now, scores of "medical scouts" are anxiously passing along to Red Skelton any personal knowledge they have of the disease or that which they've heard. And every lead, every suggestion, all the advice—every call, every letter, every wire—is carefully screened and passed on to the medical authorities at U.C.L.A. Medical Center, who, in turn, pursue every credible lead.

No lead is unpursued—even unto the Ecuadorian jungles. Eddie "Rochester" Anderson called Red about a doctor in Ecuador who reportedly has a very productive treatment. Within minutes, the Skeltons were contacting the Consul of Ecuador in Los Angeles for further information—and discovering that the doctor in question was expected in the States soon. The hospital has already made arrangements to get in touch with him.

The thousands who write feel they know Richard very well. Red has often opened his shows with something his little son is supposed to have said or done. Last summer, when the Skeltons were flying to Hawaii on vacation, and their plane lost an engine and had to come back, Red made headlines when he cracked: "Richard, I told you to quit fooling around those controls!"

It wasn't until the plane was back over Salinas, California, that the Skeltons had known of any difficulty. Then, getting dressed to land, Richard had come up with some "material" of his own, asking the stewardess excitedly, "Is it time for us to put on our life rafts?"

He is a little boy without fear. His one worry, while in the hospital, was whether he would miss out joining the Cub Scouts. His sister, Valentina, is a Brownie, and Richard was supposed to join the Cub Scouts in January. Being in the hospital was really messing up his schedule. "Say, what about the Scouts?" he kept worrying. This was closest to his little-boy heart . . . and it was a proud little Cub Scout who later bought his uniform and wore it to meeting, that first time.

At the U.C.L.A. Medical Center, little Richard is being treated with the most effective of drugs and, as this is written, is responding well. Doctors advise that he return to school and that a normal routine be observed. A hard thing, to have a normal routine with an active little eight-year-old. Hard to watch, and yet not watch. To seem casual, and yet be so concerned. Hard to hide the anxiety, when Richard is discovered outside watering the driveway, and Georgia says, "Richard, put down that hose."

"Why?"
"Because—you'll get your feet wet," Mother says, trying to keep fear out of her voice, as Richard goes about a little boy's important activities.

Hard to watch him putting together his models of jet airplanes, and to remember that his dream has always been to ride in one. Hard not to give him the whole world, and yet this would not be the normal thing to do.

At home, the "show goes on," too. A little boy wears his Cub Scout uniform, swings a green scapular, and plays with a shiny new train.

And, on a television stage, Red goes on making laughter for the millions whose devout hope—like his own—is that, in laboratories all over the world . . . wherever serious-faced men and women in white work far into the hours . . . the answer will be found.

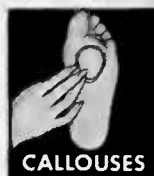
He goes on making laughter for millions who pray with him: "God's will be done."

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(Continued from page 55)

unprepared for this phenomenon will find himself completely caught up in it.

The big man with the cherubic face and the much-publicized, over-sized waistline, comes bellowing out upon the stage, kidding the two Jacks (Philbin, executive producer, and Hurdle, the producer), ribbing "Bullets" Durgom, his manager, roaring ridiculous lines, made up on the spot, to assistant producer Stanley Poss and director Frank Satenstein. He spies Audrey Meadows and shouts, "Hi, Aud," tosses off a few impromptu bars of song to get a laugh from Ray Bloch and the orchestra, rehearsing at one side of the theater with coats off. Suddenly the whole place comes alive, and the big show is on. A show more furiously paced, and certainly madder, than any that finally hits the screen.

Jackie may be rehearsing with a script still in hand in mid-afternoon, with broadcast time only a few hours away. When he fluffs a line and is prompted, he'll say, a trifle apologetically, "Just wanted to see if anyone was paying attention!" When he gets through a speech without missing, he says triumphantly, "Put a big circle around that—it's the one I know!" A few hours later, he will be on the air, master of every line and every bit of business, perhaps inventing as he goes along—ad-libbing with hilarious results, but always within the framework of what has been planned. Jack Lescoulie, the show's announcer, says: "At broadcast time, it could be opening night of a play after weeks on the road, Jackie is so sure of himself. And with only a few hours of rehearsal time behind him."

Because this is the season when the *Jackie Gleason Show* came back "live" after being filmed, everybody has had thoughts on the subject. Lescoulie thinks that, done live, it is "more coordinated and moves along as a unit, which has made it more fun to do." For Art Carney,

it has been "more exciting, more stimulating—although nothing around Jackie could get dull. There's that *charge* in the man. The live show has given a chance to do some of the other sketches and characters in addition to The Honeymooners—Reggie Van Gleason III, the Loud Mouth, the Poor Soul, Joe the Bartender and some others."

Joyce Randolph, who recently became Mrs. Richard Charles, and whose stockbroker-actor husband has filled in small parts a couple of times, loves doing the show either on film or live, "because with Jackie it's always hilarious." Audrey Meadows, who recently became Mrs. Randolph Rouse and now commutes back and forth from Virginia to do the show, sums it up with: "Jackie is fabulous to work with, either way. He wears well under all the pressures, live or filmed. Other big stars get irritated and upset, but Jackie seldom blows up a storm—on those infrequent occasions it's over in a moment. When things get toughest, he jokes. He's a great believer in making your work so much fun that it doesn't seem like work."

The June Taylor Dancers, in perky pink and violet costumes, and the other glamorously exciting beauties who adorn the show are among Jackie's best audience during these rehearsals. They sit out in the theater auditorium, waiting their turn to go onstage and rehearse, and they giggle at the goings-on, laughing the loudest at the funny lines and situations, whether in the script or ad-libbed for the moment. Jackie still sends each dancer a thank-you corsage after the Saturday-night performance.

Rumors began to float from the stage door of Studio 50 early this year that this comedy show, which has become a Saturday-night institution, live or on film, might not return on Saturdays next season—and might not return, intact, at all. The Gleason gang points out that Jackie

is the only comedy star of his caliber still doing a weekly television program, without any break, but they wonder what he would do with all that energy if there weren't a show every single week! They point out the dozens of projects in which he is also interested, and for which he formed the Jackie Gleason Enterprises, the parent organization for them all.

They have heard him say he wants to make a big, exciting movie, and perhaps produce and direct it. That he wants to play some more straight roles in TV dramas (he starred in a couple on *Studio One*, for instance), and that he would like to produce and direct for television, too. He even talks of a Broadway play, starring Jackie Gleason. He has musical compositions singing in his mind and not yet put down on paper. He has about a dozen albums of recordings that are highly successful, and plans for many more.

It is a lot of territory for one man to cover, but no one doubts that he can, if he wants to. They point to his quick, keen mind, which executes ideas while others are still discussing them. They point to the enormous drive in the man, and the terrific sense of humor that keeps him keyed up while others begin to wilt from fatigue. They point to his sensitivity to people's moods, and to the things people will like. They wonder if he wouldn't miss the frantic Saturday rehearsals . . . the riotous hour on the air when, under the layer of comedy, he becomes a serious-minded performer . . . the post-mortems after the show—short and soon forgotten, because there's always another one that will be even better, and in which no small thing will go wrong, or so they always tell themselves . . . the parties afterwards, the fun, the music.

Be that as it may, it takes only a visit to a Gleason rehearsal these days to convince anyone that *The Jackie Gleason Show* is very much "live."

Wild Old West

(Continued from page 65)

thought of bloodshed. He's underpaid, never liked the job, but knows it has to be done. At times he's wanted to quit—has quit. But like most people who know the difference between right and wrong—and recognizing that justice could be done by him, probably better than by anyone else available—he has always come back to his responsibility. Matt Dillon isn't perfect, but he's willing to try."

The title, "Gunsmoke," was originally created six years ago in the fertile brain of Harry Ackerman, CBS vice-president. Radio was in its heyday, and producer-director Norman Macdonnell and writer John Meston were busy doing *Romance*, *Escape* and *Suspense* when CBS executives asked them to produce a new show to fill a network vacancy—and to go with the new title, "Gunsmoke."

At that time, Meston and Macdonnell were toying with a new dramatic concept of their own. The bright young pair (Macdonnell had worked his way up from the CBS page staff) had tried a new show, *Jeff Spain*, on several of the anthology series Macdonnell was producing, but the powers-that-be now insisted on *Spain* being bypassed and *Gunsmoke* produced in the new time spot. After putting their heads together, Meston and Macdonnell accepted the network dictates, but privately agreed to do *Jeff Spain*—and call it "Gunsmoke!"

The big gamble was on. "We knew it might pay off," says Macdonnell, "and it might not." Casting around for talent he knew to be experienced and could carry the script, Macdonnell selected a small group of versatile performers in the persons of Parley Baer, who plays Chester Proudfoot, Georgia Ellis, cast as Kitty, and Howard McNear as crusty old Doc Adams. Now celebrating their fifth anniversary, the team has become one of radio's oldest stock companies. After the first few weeks, Macdonnell and Meston and their new star, Bill Conrad, had nothing to fear. *Gunsmoke* exploded into national prominence like a .44 Colt. CBS Radio was immediately flooded with fan letters, the largest proportion coming, literally, from doctors, lawyers and Indian chiefs—the latter, because they liked the honest Western flavor inherent in the show. Today, five years later, thousands of letters from professional men have attested to the intelligent esteem in which *Gunsmoke* is held.

By now, Bill Conrad has become so identified with Matt Dillon that it's difficult to tell where the stubborn, justice-seeking marshal ends off and the versatile actor begins. Conrad—born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1920, but raised in Fullerton, California—is as much a hard-working product of the West as Dillon himself. Bill made his first radio announcement at Station KFOX in Long Beach, at fifteen, and,

like a burro climbing a bluff, has doggedly worked his way up.

"The two men, Matt Dillon and Bill Conrad," says Macdonnell, "are both studies in contrast. Bill is one of the warmest people I've ever known, but he covers it up with a good deal of gruffness and, sometimes, bravado. He would rather die than let you know he's a sentimentalist. Matt's this way, too—he never shows sentimentality, except by indirection.

"When you first look at Bill, wearing his garden blue-jeans and sporting a three-day growth of beard, he looks rugged, and not exactly the picture of the Shakespearean student he really is. Bill's interests are as varied as a desert sunset. Intellectually, Bill enjoys discussing Mozart's music, on the one hand, but isn't above playing the latest Billy May record and saying, 'Isn't that an interesting arrangement?'"

"On the other hand," Macdonnell points out, "Bill skis as swiftly as a bullet, hunts and fishes as a hobby. Given a few free minutes in the script, we'll have Matt ride down to the Arkansas River to snare himself a mess of catfish—Matt loves catfish stew. But, while it's true that Bill loves the simple pleasures, too, he himself is quite a gourmet. His wife, Junie, is the greatest cook in the world. Bill says she's not a cook, she's a *chef*. There's no end to the number of delicious Swedish dishes Junie dreams up. I'm afraid Matt Dillon

never had it so good!" From his grin, Norman Macdonnell is a gourmet, too.

Bill himself says, all-inclusively, "Hobbies are my hobby." He gets wrapped up in some subject, reading through a library bookshelf like a hungry ranch hand going through his chow. And chances are almost certain that every one of his easygoing sports-jacket pockets will have a well-thumbed magazine on boating, yachting, electronics or hi-fi. He's a bug on the new idea of binaural sounds, and has built his own hi-fi equipment into his house. "I have Fibber McGee's original closet full of equipment," Bill grins. "The house looks like a combination sporting-goods store and junk shop!"

According to Macdonnell, Marshal Dillon has no hobbies, back in Dodge City. Matt's diversions are limited to an afternoon fishing in the Arkansas River or an evening in the Longbranch Saloon. He's a simple, honest person grubbing out an

existence amongst a prairie people and on a rugged land which unwillingly gives up enough sustenance for man to keep body and soul together. Matt's just an ordinary guy with normal faults and feelings. There are times when he's outwardly self-confident, but within himself he's never really sure. And, the one time he really became over-confident, he made the biggest mistake of his life—shooting and killing the wrong man.

An honest human being who sometimes makes mistakes. Basically, this is the character Macdonnell, Meston and Conrad have created for the radio public. *Gunsmoke* has taken its place in broadcasting history as one of the most successful of dramatic shows, primarily because this trio of master craftsmen realized that the Old West may have been wild and violent, but it was conquered—and settled—by real people with real problems which everyone can recognize today.

Circle Without End

(Continued from page 17)

a new life in wide-open spaces and were assisted to homestead in Alaska, where they built their own log cabin home and are now helping to build the first community place of worship.

The case of "Commando" Charles E. Kelly was a high point of this season's programs. Kelly, a Congressional Medal of Honor winner in World War II, got bogged down by continuous family illnesses. The money he won on *Strike It Rich*, to tide him over a rough time, was augmented by many offers from businessmen to help Kelly help himself. President Eisenhower, learning of his good fortune, wrote him a cheering telegram.

Warren says of Kelly: "Here was this solid citizen—a man who has done much for his country and is deserving of everything good—who, through a series of unfortunate circumstances, needed only temporary help and encouragement. He didn't ask for sympathy, or want it, but there was something so winning and so sincere about the man that literally hundreds of letters came to us, praising him."

In addition to the many, many individuals who have been assisted in one way or another, Warren is greatly moved by those who take the time and trouble to come on the show to help groups of people. There was the blind newspaper columnist for the *Buffalo Courier-Express*, H. Katherine Smith, who started a movement called "TV's for the Blind," collecting old sets with faulty picture tubes—or without any—ready to be discarded for that reason, but with unimpaired audio reception. On *Strike It Rich*, she won funds sufficient to recondition many such sets, and the idea is spreading throughout the country.

There was Mrs. Ethel Sloop, founder and president of the "Over 40 Club" of Charlotte, North Carolina, which started at a time when, because she was over forty, she could not get a job. She won enough on the program for office equipment and supplies and the rental of a larger meeting room to handle the fast-growing membership of job-seekers and those who wanted to help them. Warren, entirely in sympathy with the idea, commented to his audience, "You might be doing something like this in your city or town, because there is great need for such a movement everywhere."

Later, Mrs. Sloop told Warren that letters had come from twenty-two states, and from as far away as Honolulu, asking for information about starting similar

clubs. "You never can tell how far the ripples will go when you toss a stone in the ocean," she wrote. Warren agrees. "This, to me, is one of the really great privileges," he has said. "The chance to help bring about such far-reaching results, favorably affecting the lives of so many different people."

In Warren's personal life, the happiest events of this past season were the arrival of two grandchildren: Patricia Susan, who was born to the second of his three sons, Navy man George—and John Warren III, who is the son of his oldest boy, John, now out of the Navy and working in a New York advertising agency. "Real bundles of joy, these two," their dotting grandfather says. (Paul, Warren's third son, is 24. Sue Hull—whom Warren married in 1951—has three children too: Susan, Jr., 21, Bud, 19, and Sally, 14.)

Warren's interest in kids and his love for them, extends far beyond his own doorstep. On a Minnesota trip to do a special broadcast, when the temperature was well below zero and the snow was deep—and everyone on his staff had worked so hard, including Warren himself, that they were completely tired out—he went quietly off to a hospital for crippled children before his plane left. He talked to each of the 196 children personally, laughing with them and drawing out even the most shy and the most ill. No word of publicity about his visit was allowed to get out and it has never been told until now. It was his own personal idea and his own personal joy and satisfaction.

He likes personal contact with people and, this year, he has gone down into the studio audience and talked directly to those who come. The breadth and scope of the program are always exciting to him. "We help people who then go out—some of them to distant places all over the world—and, in turn, help others," he says. "Some are students who could not complete their studies without assistance. They graduate and go out to teach young people, to do medical missionary work, to be nurses and social workers. Or they stay in their home communities and do useful and fine things. Children who have been given a better chance in life pass along their good fortune to other children, as they go along. It's an endless circle."

"We feel we have a great opportunity on *Strike It Rich* to demonstrate the brotherhood of man, not only to talk about it," says Warren Hull. "We hope we have succeeded, if just a little."



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FREE
BOOKLET

Fifty Million People Can't Be Wrong

(Continued from page 33)

of the room's L. There is his desk with the gold typewriter—a tribute from the Springfield, Massachusetts post of Jewish War Veterans—that he uses to write his column. Alongside the desk are two deep leather chairs. Between the chairs stands a floor lamp, and the shade is made of color photographs of his wife, daughter, son-in-law and grandchildren. When Ed talks to interviewers, he drops into one of the chairs and props his feet up on the ottoman. He speaks softly but intently.

"I've made a list of the high points of the past year," he says. "I wouldn't exactly say it was a quiet year." On a memorandum-sized piece of paper he has listed: Japan, Venezuela, Honolulu, Paris—Anastasia, Auto Crash—August, Presley, Crosby 'live,' Phil Silvers Show.

"Japan, Honolulu, Venezuela, they were all new stops for me," he says. "You know, I've been traveling constantly ever since I got in vaudeville, and it's no novelty. Sometimes I get pretty tired of it, but the trips to Japan and Honolulu and Venezuela were different. I was in Venezuela, on my way to Tobago, to do interviews with Bob Mitchum and Rita Hayworth. That was my first time down there and I found it exciting. Getting over to Japan was, I guess, the big trip of the year. We went over to do a story on Marlon Brando and the 'Teahouse of the August Moon' company."

On the basis of the foreign relations job Ed did in Japan, he should be appointed good-will ambassador by the State Department. Ed appeared on two Japanese TV shows, studied their theaters and institutions, played on their golf courses and, along with Mrs. Sullivan, so ingratiated himself that he was front-page news. When he got back to the States and commented on the beauty and progress of the Japanese theater, the Tokyo papers front-paged him again.

"Their television was very interesting," he adds. "Outside the station itself they had five monitors on the street, and there were always crowds around them. Baseball on TV is very popular there. And we had a wonderful time. And that goes for our stopover in Honolulu, too." Ed pauses, studies the paper and purses his lips in a noiseless whistle. Then he says, "I suppose the real high points last year were the dramatic ones, the ones that made the headlines—Bergman and the auto crash and Presley. Let's take them in order."

Ed's genius for engaging the right artist at the right time is one of the reasons for his mighty success. When he heard that Ingrid Bergman would be making her first American film in eight years and that the film would be "Anastasia," which he had seen as a Broadway play, he knew something great would come out of it. He thought of bringing Bergman to the show but he thought, too, of public opinion. He knew that, at one time, the public had turned against her. Ed discussed this aspect with 20th Century-Fox.

"The film company told me that, if there were any controversy, the Church in Rome would make a statement exonerating Ingrid from blame. But, in the first place, the Church had no official feeling against her since she isn't Catholic, although Rossellini is. However, she is bringing up their children as Catholics, and the marriage has lasted seven years."

Ed flew to Paris, where "Anastasia" was being filmed. He interviewed the cast, including Helen Hayes and Yul Brynner, as well as Bergman. When Ed got back, he found himself in the frying pan.

"Let me tell you what really happened," he says. "One of the New York papers filed a story from Washington. It was one of those 'it is reported' stories. According to the paper, high authorities in the State Department would not allow Ingrid Bergman into the country because of moral turpitude laws. That story was front-paged and sent out over the wires to every newspaper in the country. Just about everyone saw or heard of it. The following day, an official story came from Washington saying there was no truth to the rumor. There had never been any discussion or thought of keeping Bergman out of the country. Of course, as always happens, the first story got all the attention."

While Ed was in London, mail came in by the bushel to his office. In all, there were some nine thousand letters and he was startled. The mail was approximately 8700 to 300 against Bergman's appearance.

"It didn't make sense to me," says Ed. "I figured the only way to get a representative opinion was to throw it open to the country. On the Sunday evening show, I asked people to write in and let me know what they thought. I sent a telegram to Bergman at the Savoy in London and told her that I was throwing the question open to the country because I believed Americans would support her. Well, even with the late start, opinion shifted tremendously. Another 40,000 letters came in, at last count it was only nine-to-seven against her. Of course, you always expect more dissenting opinions, anyway. I had no intention of backing out. Then the order came down from the brass, 'Miss Bergman is not to appear under any condition.'"

Ed smiles, but not happily, and says, "I was right, you know. Bergman as 'Anastasia' has won the Film Critics' Awards this year. And what about the people of this country and her reception? Let me quote from a newspaper, 'Not even at the height of her career here—before the Rossellini furor—was she ever greeted more cordially or with such genuine affection.' You see, I was right about the American people, about their being forgiving. But I think that, next to my accident, the Bergman incident disturbed me more than anything that happened last year." Ed pauses and asks, "You want me to talk about the accident?"

On the morning of August 6, the country was shocked to hear that, just a few hours earlier, Ed's car had crashed head on into another at one-thirty in the morning. He had been driving from the Bridgeport Airport to his farm. With him were his son-in-law, Bob Precht, and his caretaker, Ralph Cacace. Ed was at the wheel and, when he saw the car coming at him in the wrong lane, there was nowhere to go. He couldn't drive off the road without going into the river. He drove until the moment of impact. Tire marks and official Connecticut police photographs were proof that, as Ed reported, the car coming toward him had swung into the wrong lane. Newspapers reported the twenty-two-year-old boy driving the other car had fallen asleep at the wheel. All this was of little comfort.

To itemize the fractures, concussions, cuts and bruises would sound like a casualty list of a small war. Ed, himself, fractured seven ribs, his chest bone and sternum, seriously, plus sustaining a bodyful of cuts and bruises. And Mrs. Sullivan had her hands full with his brooding: "He would see the others with their bandages and stitches, and he would say, 'Now, if only I hadn't made that phone call, we

would have been well home by one-thirty.' Or, 'If only Bob had been sitting a little farther over, he wouldn't have slashed his face against the mirror.'" And Ed unrealistically thought he had got off lightly. He announced to the newspapers that he wouldn't miss a Sunday show. But it was six weeks before he got back to work.

"I had a letter recently from the boy who was driving the other car," Ed says. "His name is Joseph Palmucci. He told me that he was out of the hospital and well and able to work again. He thanked all of us for our kindness and understanding through it all. He said he appreciated that there had been neither bitterness nor recrimination after the accident." Ed frowns and says, "You saw the pictures of the crash, didn't you? Terrible. We were lucky to get out of it alive. I've been so thankful that none of us lost a limb or his eyesight or suffered any other permanently disabling injury." Ed sighs and adds, "You know the accident happened just before Presley's first appearance on the show. Well, I was flooded with letters and telegrams and cards after the accident. After Presley's appearance, a number of people wrote in angrily about Elvis. I hoped then, as I hope now, that I didn't hurt the same people who had just a few days earlier been so solicitous about me. That would make me feel very bad."

The coup of the year in the entertainment business came about on the summer day in a locker room, when Ed Sullivan put aside his golf clubs to sign a contract for Presley's three appearances. Elvis was guaranteed \$50,000, the highest price Ed has ever offered a performer. And Ed was so confident of his decision that he stated he would schedule Elvis' appearances at approximately eight-week intervals.

"Lot of people in the trade thought I was foolish," he says. "They thought that, in a couple of months, Elvis might be dead as a performer. The thinking was that I should run his three appearances close together to get my full value. And there were a lot of erroneous reports about the negotiations, as well as about Elvis himself. Of the many stars I've known, I don't think I've met anyone who was or is more modest and likable than Elvis."

Ed was still convalescing from the accident when Elvis made his first appearance on the Sullivan show. But, the second time around, they met before the performance in Ed's office and talked.

"I'll tell you what I found out about the boy," Ed says. "While we were sitting here talking, I was struck by his sincerity and his deep religious convictions. The kid won me over immediately. And, when we were told newspapermen were waiting down in the lobby, I thought I'd better go down with him. After all, he's only twenty-one, and I thought the reporters would chew him up. Well, I was moderator for two questions, and then he gave me the nod and he took over and I learned that he can take care of himself."

"First they hit him with, 'What do you have to say for yourself? They say you contribute to juvenile delinquency.' Elvis answered without hesitation. He said, 'If I thought that was so, I'd go back to driving a truck. The Bible says, 'As ye sow, so shall ye reap.' Well, I don't think that means if you're bad one day God is going to slap your hands and give back a day of bad hurt. It means to me that you're going to suffer for the rest of your life, and I wouldn't want that.'"

Ed goes on, "Then there was a woman reporter who threw a loaded question at

him. I remember very well, by saying, 'It must be terrible for you with all these kids on your neck. I feel sorry for what you must go through. Doesn't it make you angry when you find them writing on your cars with lipstick or tearing off a fender?' Elvis answered her nicely and sweetly, 'After all, they bought them for me.'

Ed's decision to present Presley wasn't without its aftermath of rough moments. He had letters and wires of protest from the clergy. Some newspaper critics were against him. But Ed says, "This is a good-mannered boy with a winning personality. He reminds me a little of Sergeant York. He's generous and big-hearted. I saw him stand and give autographs by the hundreds, and cheerfully. The day of the show, there were kids at the studio entrance from ten in the morning until nine that night. All day long, he'd make trips to the window for a few minutes at a time and throw out handkerchiefs and pencils. He was at that window fifty times, if he was there once.

"Remember, I'm not saying what I've heard about him. I'm speaking of what I personally know of him."

Ed was right about Elvis and his popularity. It is now generally accepted that Elvis Presley is here to stay and has a permanent place in the American scene as a singer and entertainer.

Ed snaps the paper in his hand and goes on, "There were two other high spots in the year. We all got a big kick out of doing the Phil Silvers show. You know, Marlo Lewis and Johnny Wray and Ray Bloch and myself went to rehearsals with the rest of the cast and put in a full week learning our parts. I was very impressed by Phil's writer and producer, Nat Hiken. Hiken's a genius with comedy. It was a great experience to work with him. But, of course, it was the first time I ever worked as an actor and so I found it stimulating.

"And then," he adds, "another high moment in the season was having Bing Crosby on the show in person." This was

another "first" for Ed. Bing has refused many times to sing "live" on TV. And Bing works high, too. When he was on the Ford Fiftieth-Anniversary-Show, he was paid \$50,000 for singing a couple of ballads on film—and he was in Paris at the time and they had to go over to make the film. When Bing came on Ed's show, it was to talk about his film with Grace Kelly, "High Society." Bing was to come on stage for the interview and then a film clip from the picture was to be used, with Bing singing.

"Bing and I are golf pals so that I can tell him just what's on my mind," says Ed. "I went over to his hotel to discuss what we'd be doing on camera and I said to him, 'It's going to look silly. We'll be talking about the songs live on camera and then we switch to film while you sing the song. It doesn't make sense.' Bing said, 'You're right. It doesn't make sense. I'll sing the song myself.'"

In a few words, Ed accomplished what agents and network execs, producers and dozens of others had been trying to get Bing to do for ten years.

Ed recalls, "We had his rehearsal all set up so he could come right in, get it over with and go out. We didn't want to detain him a minute. Instead, he came in and rehearsed and then hung around all day kidding and talking. It was wonderful. After all, Bing is one of the greats in show business and it was a wonderful experience for Marlo and Johnny Wray and the others to get to talk to him."

Ed sits back and says, "Well, that's it. That's the year briefly. There were parts of it I wouldn't want to live over again. You know, that accident was the first time I've been really hurt in my life. Matter of fact, I didn't think something like that could happen to me. I guess it was a miracle that we got out of it as we did. And that's about the way I'm beginning to think of the TV show and its long run. You know, our studio is on 53rd Street. I'm beginning to think of the show as the Miracle on 53rd Street."

A Crown for the Kingfish

(Continued from page 42)

Eisenhower, Freeman's personal friend. The resemblance between Ike and Freeman is striking. On another wall are excellent paintings of Abraham Lincoln and George Washington signed by the painter—Dwight D. Eisenhower. A huge, old-fashioned cabinet holds the library of scripts written by and for Amos and Andy for more than two decades.

"I remember very well," says Freeman, holding one of the bound volumes, "when Louise Summa—our girl Friday, then and now—demanded some onion-skin paper for the scripts. When it came, we were overwhelmed. There were six large boxes of it. Charlie and I looked at each other, and then asked Louise, 'You don't expect us to be on the air that long, do you?' Now, Charlie and I have been together on radio for a hundred and five years. Just the other day, I got a picture from a friend at WDNX in Durham. It was of the cast and crew of the 1921 Elks annual minstrel that we staged. That was where we first met. Fortunately, we've been the closest of friends, so our work has been a pleasure."

Remember when "Amos 'n' Andy" were household words? When presidents, senators, and businessmen refused to make dates at seven P.M., so they could hear the nightly adventures? On Freeman's wall there is a large cartoon by Reginald Marsh showing a multitude on its knees facing a huge clock set at seven o'clock . . . and,

above the scene, the words "Brush your teeth night and morning. Consult your dentist twice a year." That was probably the most heard and remembered slogan in the history of radio.

"We did the show for years from Chicago. We were in the Palmolive Building, and the show was picked up and recorded in the Merchandise Mart," Freeman chuckles. "After six years of that, I bumped into a fellow on the street one day who said, 'Hello, how are you? You don't know who I am, do you?' I said, 'Sure—sure—I just can't think of your name right now.' He laughed. 'Well, I guess you don't want to guess. How do you like the way your theme, "Perfect Song," is played? I've been your organist for six years!'"

Today, Amos 'N' Andy Music Hall is a combination of Gosden and Correll's own inimitable brand of dialogue, million-dollar guest stars, and good music. Their opener in September, 1954, was typical. They had Liberace as guest star and billed him as "the world's greatest entertainer." It was only natural that Jack Benny would show up after hearing that! Since then, they've had over one hundred and fifty top stars as guests—with no pay (and that includes Benny). The stars love to appear on the show, and actually badger their agents for a free guest shot. The records are chosen very carefully, and do not include the top ten. They choose the very best tunes from the best singers and keep

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away from instrumentals. Then, of course, the masterminding of the actual show by George "Kingfish" Stevens ties it all into a brilliant package.

"We developed the character of Kingfish way back in the beginning," Freeman reminisces. "We needed a contrast in voice between Amos and Andy. The first time we tried him, we got a letter telling us to stop that—they didn't like the new character. It scared us, so we left him alone for a while. But we needed a chiseler to 'play off of,' so we changed the character a little bit and used him again. It used to be that Andy gyped Amos . . . but now Kingfish takes care of them both."

"When we planned the *Music Hall*, we mentally ran over all the characters—Sapphire, her momma, Algonquin J. Calhoun, Signora Mazerelli, Lightnin and Kingfish. He was a natural for the master of ceremonies. After all, he takes charge of everybody, including the lodge. He's my favorite, too. I'm almost never without him," Freeman admitted. "I play a lot of golf with Phil Harris and Dean Martin and they both talk to me Kingfish-style. Dean, yelling down the fairway, sounds more like Kingfish than I do."

The writers and producer work on the scripts and casting during the week, then Freeman and Charles meet them at CBS at ten A.M. and start rehearsing with the bit players. They break at noon and always have a Brown Derby lunch. Then back to taping. They try to do a week's shows in one day. They regulate themselves so they can have outside lives.

"My day," says Freeman, "usually starts when Craig, my seven-year-old son, comes into my bedroom with some excuse for waking me up before I want to be awakened. If he gets away with it, then Linda, age four, follows triumphantly—and I'm up, whether I like it or not. I devote as much time as I can to my family. I've taken a house in Palm Springs, and we try to take the children there week-ends. After Easter, you'd think the bubonic plague had hit down there. Then it's wonderful—no milling crowds—and beautiful weather. I like to go to Augusta for the Masters Golf Tournament, and, the rest of the time, I look after my modest income. I've dabbled in oil for eighteen years and have some real estate. I manage to keep busy," he said wryly.

Plans for the future include a long, long run for *Music Hall*. They still have seventy-nine television films of *Amos 'N' Andy* being used, and they are always on the lookout for a great idea for someone else. If they could build a new series, they would produce and write—not act. It is the consensus in Hollywood that any endeavor Gosden and Correll attempt will, as always, be successful. Their ratings have always been impressive in any medium.

"Speaking of ratings, I remember long ago when every radio show had impressive charts and data to point up to the sponsor how much he was getting for his money. At that time, Campbell's was our sponsor and Ward Wheelock the ad exec on our show. He came in one day while I was checking the ratings. 'Look,' I said anxiously, 'this Fred Waring fellow is only six points behind us.'

"Don't pay any attention to those silly ratings, Freeman," Ward said expansively, "they don't mean a darn thing. Forget it." Fifteen minutes later, I was talking about a new team coming up, Dokes and Blokes. Ward whipped out his rating sheet and cried, 'Let me show you—they're not worth a darn. See? Look at that!' and he was pointing knowingly at a low rating.

"So? Ratings you only believe when you're up—never when you're down. I prefer Awards. You can hold them in your hand—and you know that a lot of people somewhere like you."

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