TV RADIO MIRROR

JUNE TAYLOR
Dramatic Life Story

•

MURIAL WILLIAMS
The Brighter Day

ADIO MIRROR
VE

TOMMY SANDS: NEW SINGIN' IDOL

Lee Diet
Sounds
a Harry
Ford and
asses

TTI PAGE
Musical
Whirlwind

GUY MITCHELL
Knee-deep in Success

MELBA RAE
Search for Tomorrow

JACK BARRY
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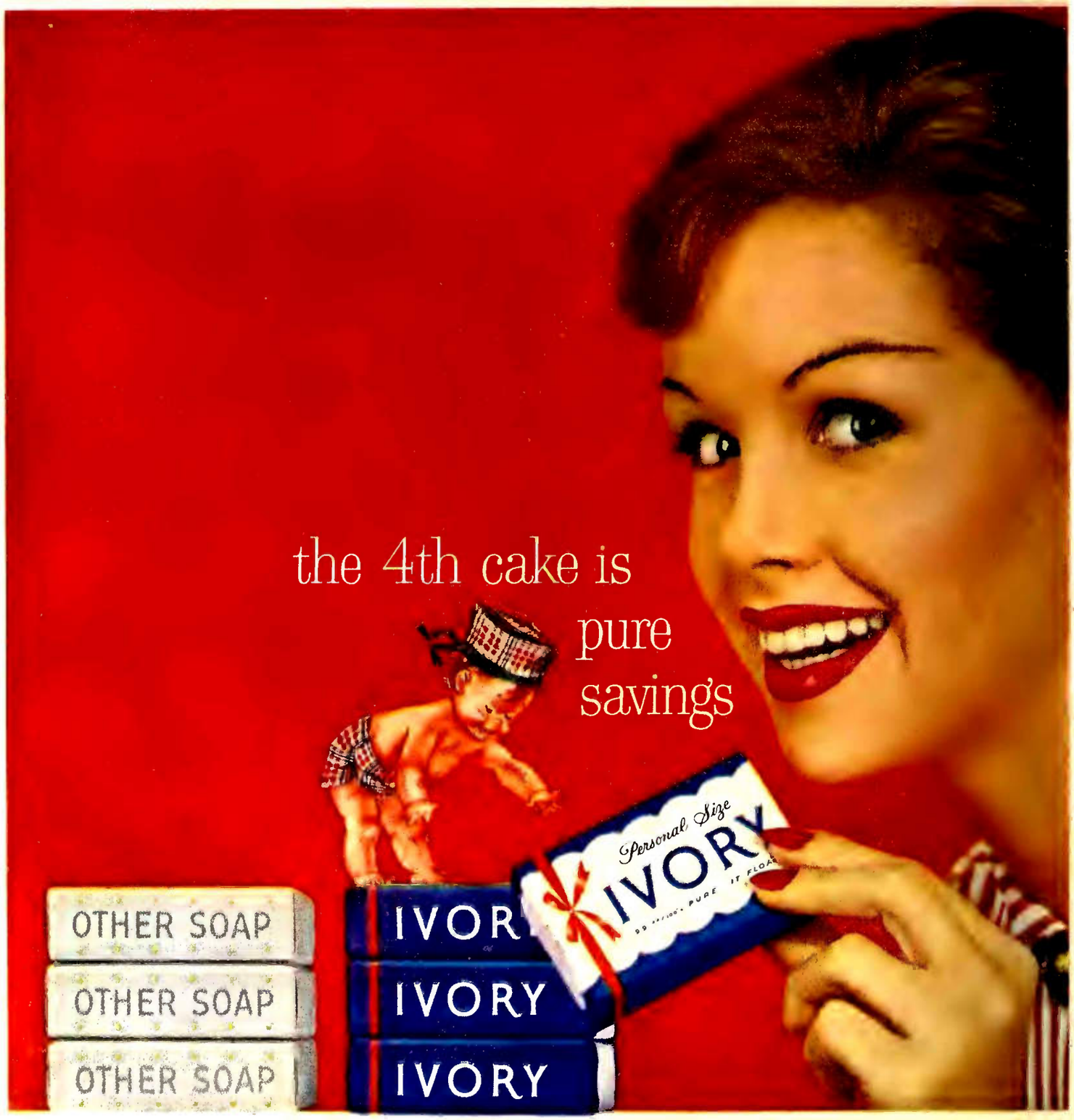

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LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than tooth paste

T V R

TV RADIO MIRROR

JUNE, 1957 • ATLANTIC EDITION • VOL. 48, NO. 1

PEOPLE ON THE AIR

FEATURES IN FULL COLOR

YOUR LOCAL STATION

YOUR SPECIAL SERVICES

Cover portrait of Patti Page by David Workman of U. S. Features

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HAT: EMME SUIT: TOWNCRAFT

T V R

PARTNERS IN LIFE

Andre doesn't mind that he married a girl who can't cook. He can! Bea, on the other hand, is the one who wins the trophies for golf, table tennis, as a "Miss" or "Queen."

Bea Wayne and Andre Baruch of WABC keep their feet on the ground and their heads in the airwaves

MANY'S the wife who complains that she hardly sees her husband. It's a common problem, as is the one that faces parents whose children may be exposed to harmful slum influences. But not for Bea Wayne and Andre Baruch, who dispense wit, warmth and music each weekday at 1:15 on New York's Station WABC. "We're a family," says Andre, "just like the people who listen to us, be it on the kitchen or the car radio." But Mr. and Mrs. Baruch, once known as "Mr. and Mrs. Music," face these common problems in reverse. . . . Where other husbands and wives part after breakfast, Bea and Andre continue to work together throughout the day. "It could be a problem, being together so much," says Bea, "but somehow it isn't." "Sure, we have our share of 'discussions,' " Andre admits, "but if we agreed all the time, it would be pretty dull." . . . As to Wayne, who'll be 11 in June, and Bonnie, who is 6, their parents have to protect them not from the evils of poverty but of wealth. The Baruches make their home in Harrison, New York, a very wealthy community. But they feel there is something wrong in teenagers dripping with furs or expensive cars. When Wayne or Bonnie announce that a friend has a big new something, they're told they can't have one, too. "We could afford to give it to them, but it would spoil them," explains Andre. "Later on in life, they'll hear no's and they'll have to know how to meet them." "What it amounts to is that we try to keep our feet on the ground," says Bea, "and we try to keep the children's feet on the ground, too." . . . Their parents' fame—beginning at age six for Bea, during college for Andre—is something the youngsters take in their stride. When Andre, who's been announcer on *Your Hit Parade,* on radio and TV, for 22 years, was doing play-by-play announcing on the Brooklyn Dodger games, Wayne got to meet all the players. He was thrilled, but he never told the other boys. "They wouldn't believe me," he said. In the same way, the children never take news clippings about their parents to show to other kids. Only once did Andre see Wayne cutting out a page with a story on them. Later, he learned that Wayne was showing his schoolmates an article on the new earth satellite, with the story on the Baruches carefully folded underneath! . . . Both the youngsters appear on their parents' show from time to time—and no Baruch, parent or child, is ever at a loss for words. When everyone begins talking at once, they hold a meeting, with strict parliamentary procedure. Bea or Andre serves as chairman, the members have to ask for the floor, and everything is voted on. If there's a tie, the maid is called in to break it. "And everything is announced in our home," laughs Bea, "but by Bonnie." If she's going to play the piano, she announces, "Now I am going to play the piano." She takes a bow afterwards, also acts as announcer for "that famous pianist," her brother. All four of the family indulge in a mutual teasing society. It keeps the Baruch values real—and the head-size normal.

Bonnie and Wayne work on mosaics as Andre sculpts. He wants to do Bea—"but she won't sit still."

"Lucky" is a leftover *Hit Parade* prop for "Doggie in the Window."

Wayne has a real true voice, says Andre. Bonnie was born an actress.

Bea poses with portrait done when she wed Andre, eighteen years ago.

WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST

By BUD GOODE

Cowboy Clint Walker, here with Hedda Hopper and wife Lucille, gave in and bought a tux—but kept the Western tie!

Do a "Golden Deed" for United Cerebral Palsy, urges Lawrence Welk. Donate money and/or time to a local affiliate.

Chaps and "Chaps": Clint Walker and his cowboy costume are inseparable. Except for the blue jeans he wears when working around the house, Clint hasn't worn anything but boots, "chaps" and jerkin since he's come to Hollywood. But *Cheyenne* won so many awards and Clint was invited to so many dressy Hollywood affairs that his wife, Lucille, finally refused to accompany him in his Western weeds. Clint's attendance at the Foreign Press Golden Globe Awards dinner was a milestone in his career—his wardrobe's career, too. His closet now holds 8 cowboy suits, three pairs of worn jeans and one tux! . . . Elvis Presley, who's hip-wiggled his way to six Cadillacs, doesn't own a bicycle. Producer Hal Wallis gifted Elvis with a red two-wheeler at Paramount Studios to carry him more expeditiously from his dressing room to the set of "Love Me." But Elvis' hip-swinging antics, successful onstage, were his downfall on the bike—he threw his hip too far one way, ending up bruising his bumper against a stage door.

Here's Hollywood: Mercedes McCambridge walked onto Universal-International's "Badge of Evil" set to greet old friend, Orson Welles, there filming his first Hollywood picture in seven years. The conversation went something as follows: "Got a great part here for you, Mercy." "Really? Show me." "Look at this," beamed Orson, flashing a half-page bit. "Not big, but *meaty*, huh?" The next thing Mercedes knew, she was in costume, leather-jacketed, beetle-browed and banging around on the floor in a free-for-all with leading lady, Janet Leigh. Unbilled, but not unskilled, the Oscar-winning actress drew her one day's minimum salary, thanking Orson profusely for the "chance." Limping slightly on her way out, she said, wryly, "Drop over to our *Wire Service* set some time, Orson. Maybe I can do as much for you." . . . *You Asked For It* host Art Baker recently learned how reporters get their news so fast. In filling a viewer's request, he spent a day with the L. A. *Mirror-News* radio cruiser. Starting out at the Cocoanut Grove, where a worker was injured, they then picked up an ambulance traffic call, covered a fire in Hollywood, finally ending up on the Sunset Strip, where a worker was killed in a cave-in. Art found news-gathering a fast and sometimes dangerous assignment. By the end of the day, Art's face was as white as his hair.

Champagne Life: What do the subjects feel when Ralph Edwards comes up to them and says, "This Is Your Life"? Lawrence Welk, a recent guest, was lured to the NBC-Burbank studio on the pretext of doing a commercial for Dodge, sponsor of his ABC shows. Spotting Ralph as he stepped into the scene, he almost said, "Oh, are you in our commercial, too?" . . . Only off-camera personnel of *This Is Your Life* know about the one-hundred and one little dramas that each episode spawns. Welk, for example, leaving ABC for the Burbank "commercial," suddenly decided to stop at home to pick up some sheet music. Welk's quick-thinking secretary, Lois Lamont, stalled him long enough to call Mrs. Welk and tell her to "hide" daughters Donna, 20, and Shirley, 24, who had flown in from Indiana and Boston. When Lawrence arrived at his Brentwood home shortly thereafter, Mrs. Welk was calmly peeling potatoes. Later, Lawrence learned the girls were stifling giggles in the next room.

Tourists: Pat Boone, his wife, Shirley, and their two children were seen taking a family portrait in the 25¢ photo gallery, just like other visitors at fabulous Disneyland. . . . Hugh O'Brian has temporarily put his "fortunes" in the hands of Colonel Tom Parker, the extraordinary showman who's responsible for selling the nation both Hadacol and Elvis Presley (at $15,000 per night). The "Cuhnel, Suh," is booker-manager on the ten-city tour of Hugh's "*Wyatt Earp's* Western Variety Show." By joining forces with the Colonel, Hugh has again shown he's as smart with a buck as he is with a bucking bronc.

There'll Be Some Changes Made: Jack Imel, Lawrence Welk's dancer-marimba player, named his new six-pound son Lawrence Jack. Jack, recently discharged from the Navy, reports, "When Greg and Debbie were born in the Navy hospital, the docs wouldn't let me get any closer than the front door—Navy rule, they said. I thought sure this time I could be with my wife Norma. Three days before Jack arrived, I came down with chicken pox!" . . . Everything good comes in threes. Rosemary Clooney, who's always said she wants an even half-dozen children, has number three on the way. . . . It will soon be a trio also for Peter Potter and his lovely wife, Beryl Davis. . . . John Lupton and his wife Anne named their first, a daughter, Rollin Tyson. . . . When Bob Cummings' wife Mary gave birth to their fifth child, Anthony, George Burns and Gracie Allen wired, "Now that you have a basketball team, would you care to try for a baseball nine?"

Casting: Backstage on the NBC-TV Tennessee Ernie show, Tommy Sands had just received word he was to sing "Friendly Persuasion" at the Oscar Awards. Molly Bee rushed up, threw her arms around Tommy's neck, planting a big kiss and shouting, "Congrats!" Ah, it's wonderful to be young in springtime. . . . Mucho talk about Van Johnson making his live TV debut on *Playhouse 90*. . . . Purty Kathy Nolan will co-star with Walter Brennan in ABC's *The Real McCoys*. . . . CBS-TV has come up with two "Arsene Lupin" scripts tailored especially for Jacques Bergerac. The dashing Frenchman who stole Ginger Rogers' heart would like to portray the daring society dip on *Climax!* and may do a series built around the light-fingered character. . . . For his new CBS-TV series, Spike Jones promises to come up with a novelty—for him. He'll play a number of songs exactly as they were written. . . . All networks are dickering for Art Carney's services when his contract is up with Jackie Gleason this June. Nothing decided yet. . . . George Gobel in all probability will alternate for an hour with Eddie Fisher next fall, and viewers can expect more variety this way. We can see it now: George and his guitar will supply the music, Eddie will make with the jokes, and John Scott Trotter will sing.

Something Old, Something New: Art Linkletter's nineteen-year-old son Jack has announced his engagement to pretty schoolteacher Barbara Hughes. Art's reaction: "Lois and I feel Jack has matured

For What's New On The East Coast. See Page 12

COAST

She came to visit with Orson Welles, Charlton Heston and Janet Leigh, but Mercedes McCambridge stayed to work.

beyond his nineteen years, had had a diversified life, been on his own in Europe, and been responsible for himself many years. We feel marriage is an individual problem, and the way he and Barbara are approaching it, seriously and with understanding, they can't go wrong. Each Wednesday night, they attend a marriage preparation class at U.C.L.A. They have to pass exams! Jack's asked Lois and me hundreds of questions . . . some we can't answer. After five children and twenty years, we aren't sure *we're* ready for marriage!"

Hollywood at Home: Jim Bowie settles in Cheviot Hills! With the success of the series assured, Scott Forbes and wife, actress Jeanne Moody, have given up their New York and Hollywood apartments, bought a home in Cheviot Hills. . . . Larry Dean, his wife Alice and their baby are bursting at the seams in their Santa Monica one-bedroom apartment. Larry has to wait until next July, when he'll be twenty-one, to buy a house. . . . Mary Pickford and husband Buddy Rogers have just redecorated Pickfair, famous Hollywood landmark—in Chinese Modern.

Horsey Set: NBC-TV's *Tonight* interviewer, Paul Coates, is reputed to be as hard-shelled as an ex-police reporter, which indeed he is. But Coates is soft on a horse, "No Swaps" by name. "No Swaps" didn't earn his moniker merely because he can't run like record-breaker "Swaps." He's a sweet old nag who loves Paul's three children, smartly and patiently helping to teach them to ride. Paul wouldn't "swap" him for anything in the world—hence, "No Swaps." Why not teach him to talk, Paul? You'd be a sure guest spot with Ed Sullivan.

SPECTRUM

Culture goes spectacular as WRCV-TV presents ninety minutes of art, literature and music

Manuscript uses an almost bare stage as Charles Lee discusses the life and influences of an author and "readers" quote from his works.

Palette, with narrator Norman Brooks, presents color close-ups of famed art treasures.

Color Recital has Bob Bradley to host its adventures in music. Here, a presentation by the Dor-Mop Opera Company.

PHILADELPHIA'S Station WRCV-TV hadn't counted the eggheads when they hatched their ambitious plans for a local cultural "spectacular" called *Spectrum.* The program is seen each Saturday from 5 to 6:30 P.M. and, judging by the 300-odd letters received each week, there are more culture-vultures than anybody had reckoned with. Or is it that other channels are placing their esteem of viewers too low? . . . *Spectrum* comes in three parts, with Parts I and III in color. Part I is "Palette," presenting the works and life of a world-recognized classic or modern artist. Planned in conjunction with the Philadelphia Museum of Art, the segment has their storehouse of treasures to draw on for close-ups as Norman Brooks narrates. Part II, in conjunction with the Free Library of Philadelphia, is "Manuscript," dealing with literature and the many men "who have shaped the intellects of humanity and turned the fates of nations through the written word." Charles Lee, Associate Professor of Journalism at the University of Pennsylvania, is permanent host. Part III is "Color Recital," produced in cooperation with the Board of Education. With Robert Bradley as narrator, this is a weekly excursion into music, opera and dance via presentations by such groups as the Philadelphia Civic Ballet, the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, and the Academy of Vocal Arts. . . . First reaction to the show suggested it might be a bit "heavy." Now, the three narrators are getting more chance to exercise a tongue-in-cheek wit. "Palette's" Norman Brooks was a boy radio star and has since been an actor, announcer, newsman, writer and producer, and advertising man. Originator of Channel 3's *Pick Your Ideal,* he's a native of Atlantic City, now lives in Wayne, Pennsylvania, with wife Mary Louise, children Kenny and Hillary, and spaniel "Balduc." "Manuscript's" Charles Lee is well-known as a lecturer and book reviewer. He first appeared on TV several years ago when he and his wife Judy, now "WRCV-TV's Weather Girl," ad-libbed a daily show called *Charles And Judy Lee At Home.* Bob Bradley of "Color Recital" has been in show business since the age of five. He commutes from Forest Hills, New York, for WRCV-TV's *Spectrum* and *Diamond Theater,* is a part-time news announcer on New York's WNEW and does the *Jan Bart Show* on Newark's WATV. Every member of his family—wife Rosemary, children Robert, 6, Rebecca, 5, and Rosalind, 3—has the initials R.J.B. . . . For *Spectrum* the initials, obviously, are O.K.

CELEBRITIES BY THE COLUMN

Mr. and Mrs. time at Eden Roc: The Sobols, Jayne and Steve Allen.

East Side, West Side,

Louis Sobol knows New York town and

the people who make it glitter

COLUMNIST Louis Sobol makes his home in eight rooms in midtown Manhattan. Tall buildings are his fence, Broadway is his back yard. A slight man decorated with glasses, a mustache and a cigar, Louis is on intimate terms with the great and near-great who work and play there. He's been in the newspaper columns for more than forty years, and on the airwaves, off and on, since 1932. With malice toward hardly any one, Louis chronicles the doings of his adopted town in his syndicated *New York Journal-American* column, "New York Cavalcade." On *The Louis Sobol Show*, heard daily on ABC Radio from 8:00 to 8:25 P.M., EST, his conversations with celebrities are revealing. Joining Louis at a table in the swank East Side restaurant, Eden Roc, are stars who, most usually, are friends of long standing. Many are Louis' "discoveries"—people whom he spotted early, gave their first good notices, and often their first introductions to the "right" people. "I try for controversy without sensationalism," says Louis of his interviews. "When I interview a dancer, I would never think of asking him if he's a homosexual. I wouldn't ask Joan Crawford why it took her five tries to make a happy marriage. I don't get abusive." . . . If Louis sounds relaxed and poised, he is. But it was because of his shyness as a youngster in Waterbury, Connecticut, that Louis became a newspaperman. "I figured it was the best way to force yourself to meet people and talk to them," he says. While still in high school, Louis held down a full-time job on the Waterbury *Republican*. Then, in steps that sound easier than they were, he became an editorial writer and then managing editor of the *Graphic* syndicate. Next, he replaced Walter Winchell as Broadway columnist on the *Graphic* and, in June of 1931, began his career with the *Journal*. . . . For many years, Louis headed his own star troupe at New York's Loew's State, and to him also goes the distinction of having headed the last big-time, two-a-day vaudeville bill at the Palace. "I guess I was so bad," he grins, "that they had to close it." Louis himself makes all the openings—and many of the closings—in the company of his wife, the former Peggy Marlowe, a singer-dancer who later became a successful publicist. The Sobols are on the town six nights a week. Saturdays, they're at home, with the phone shut off, the television turned on and perhaps a few friends in for a quiet visit. . . . Looking back on his years along Broadway, Louis says, "The public has grown up, and all the media have to be more adult. People don't go so much for the phony Cinderella story, although the real Cinderella story will never lose its appeal." Never that is, with Louis Sobol there to tell it.

Broadway's changed, Louis admits. Now, stars like Victor Borge and Phil Silvers shine on TV.

But new stars keep coming along. Here, Louis with Ernie Kovacs and his wife, Edith Adams.

"Pros" or newcomers, Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas know Louis is "historian" for them all.

Looks as if Anthony Franciosa is getting tough with Jean Simmons? He's only trying to save her from Murvyn Vye.

TV RADIO MIRROR goes to the movies

TV favorites on

your theater screen

By JANET GRAVES

This Could Be the Night

M-G-M, CINEMASCOPE

Another arresting new personality comes to Hollywood from TV dramas. Young and forceful, Anthony Franciosa is cast in this sparkling romantic comedy as the tough-mannered but soft-hearted co-owner of a night club. Partner Paul Douglas hires a secretary who's hilariously out of place in these rakish surroundings. This is Jean Simmons, college-bred schoolteacher in search of a part-time job. She's so obviously innocent that everybody at the club wants to protect her. Adding to the fun, there are lively songs by blond Julie Wilson, sizzling dances by pert Neile Adams.

12 Angry Men

UNITED ARTISTS

A solid success when Robert Cummings and Franchot Tone starred in it on TV, this jury-room drama comes across with equal vigor on the theater screen. The Cummings role now goes to Henry Fonda, only member of the murder-trial jury who favors acquittal from the start. With the determination of a citizen sincerely intent on justice, with the shrewdness of a man who knows people, he argues his case. His prime opponent (the former Tone role) is Lee J. Cobb, who hates the defendant for personal reasons. Here you find the excitement of a detective story deepened by insight into character.

The Bachelor Party

UNITED ARTISTS

Also based on a TV play (by Paddy Chayefsky, author of "Marty"), this intimate close-up of ordinary people is notable chiefly for its honest, sympathetic acting. Don Murray (the young cowhand of "Bus Stop") is an office worker who has ambitions but sees them fading when wife Patricia Smith tells him they're going to have a baby, an unforeseen strain on the modest family budget. Feeling trapped, he agrees to join fellow employees in a bachelor party for a bridegroom-to-be. This turns into a long, drunken night on the town, with sadness underlying the group's search for a good time. Other outstanding players are E. G. Marshall, Carolyn Jones.

The Vintage

M-G-M, CINEMASCOPE

TV trainee John Kerr, who still does air appearances between Hollywood stints, has a strong role in a poetically beautiful film shot in the vineyards of France. Because John is wanted for murder, he and older brother Mel Ferrer flee Italy and wind up among itinerant workers picking grapes in Southern France. Here a gentle romance builds up between Mel and Pier Angeli, while John, a youth needing a woman's understanding, is drawn toward Michele Morgan, his employer's wife.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

Fear Strikes Out (Paramount, VistaVision): Powerful movie, with story and star from TV, Tony Perkins plays baseball's Jim Piersall, driven to mental collapse by a family situation.

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.

Ten Thousand Bedrooms (M-G-M, CinemaScope): Dean Martin's first film solo flight, a pleasant musical with many scenes in Italy, casts him as a dashing bachelor involved with four sisters.

movies on TV

Showing this month

ALONG CAME JONES (RKO): Delightful spoof on Westerns. Mistaken for a deadly killer, Gary Cooper is a peaceable cowhand, awfully clumsy with guns. But Loretta Young's a sharpshooter!

BELL FOR ADANO, A (20th): Touching story of postwar Italy, with the late John Hodiak as sympathetic occupation officer in a stricken village, Gene Tierney as an Italian girl.

COURT MARTIAL (Kingsley International): Tense English drama centers on officer David Niven's trial for theft. Selfish wife Margaret Leighton betrays him: a woman-soldier friend stands by him.

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.

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

IT HAD TO BE YOU (Columbia): Fanciful comedy with "psychological" twists. Ginger Rogers keeps deserting grooms at the altar because she's haunted by dreams of Cornel Wilde, in Indian guise.

LADY FROM SHANGHAI (Columbia): Complicated mystery with the Orson Welles touch. Sailor Orson, on Everett Sloane's yacht, is drawn into a sinister plot by Rita Hayworth's then-blond charms.

LET US LIVE (Columbia): Unassuming, efficiently turned out melodrama. Cabdrivers Henry Fonda and Alan Baxter, both innocent, are charged with murder. Maureen O'Sullivan, Fonda's fiancee, and cop Ralph Bellamy work to save them.

ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON (RKO): Deft comedy-drama set in Europe of 1938 finds reporter Cary Grant rescuing Ginger Rogers from husband Walter Slezak, secretly a Nazi.

OUT OF THE PAST (RKO): Fast, hard-boiled thriller. Gambler Kirk Douglas hires private eye Bob Mitchum to find a thieving girlfriend (Jane Greer), who lit out for Mexico with her loot.

OX-BOW INCIDENT, THE (20th:) One of the real greats, a movie classic. In the harrowing drama of a frontier lynching, Henry Fonda's a doubtful member of the mob: Dana Andrews, one of the trio accused of cattle-rustling and murder.

PARDON MY PAST (Columbia): Gay, unpretentious farce, with Fred MacMurray in a dual role. As an honest war vet, he's stuck with the domestic woes and gambling debts of his ne'er-do-well double.

SISTER KENNY (RKO): Rosalind Russell portrays the heroic Australian nurse who had to fight for recognition of her anti-polio technique. With Alexander Knox, Dean Jagger.

WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST

By PETER ABBOTT

Scooter built for two provides transportotion for Peter Lind Hoyes ond wife Mary Healy, who have no parking problem as they play the night-club circuit.

Papa has a birthday. When Theo Goetz, who plays Papa Bauer on *The Guiding Light,* turned sixty-five, 26,000 viewers joined to wish him happy returns.

For What's New On The West Coast, See Page 6

Come & Get It: Hoping that Princess Kelly yearns to return to show-biz, a network exec will "vacation" in Monaco this summer and pitch the sly idea of a spec-type film of Monaco starring its royal family. . . . Rumors are rife that Elvis will marry before the year's out. The chosen gal is said to be one of Davy Crockett's Tennessean descendants. Colonel Parker says it's a crock of hogwash. . . . But this is no rumor: Any moment now, vivacious canary Betty Johnson will marry her song-writing manager, Charley Grean. . . . Pat Boone is nuts about Hollywood and would love to live there if it weren't for the semester he has to finish at Columbia University. So the new Boone show will originate in New York and Pat will continue to abide in his Jersey abode, at least until January of 1958. That's when he graduates. . . . If you dig calypso the most, get with Victor's "Calypso Carnival With the Duke of Iron." The Duke is to calypso what Elvis is to rhythm-and-blues. . . . NBC was in a sweat until Dennis James agreed to emcee their experimental *Club 60* color show out of Chicago. Denny's deft touch has put the show in the professional groove. (Denny towed the wife and baby along for the 13-week stay) . . . . And six-footer Jan Murray recalls it was eleven years ago in Chicago that he complained to Paul Winchell about being so thin. Both were playing the same bill and Paul suggested that Jan go in for physical culture. Jan said, "Who needs it? I'm tired enough already." Paul explained that he had rebuilt his legs, after a bout with polio, through physical culture and talked Jan into trying it. So, in the past eleven years, Jan has built himself up from 142 to 197 pounds. Jan now has a gym in his Rye home and notes, "I've been gaining on the average of five pounds a year, which means that by 1977 I should weigh about 300 pounds."

Crucial Events: Two gals debut in the hot spot and they are Polly Bergen and Frances Wyatt. Polly, in just a few months, has proven herself to be the most exciting new gal on TV through exposure on *To Tell The Truth.* Alert, CBS signed Polly to an exclusive contract. And what Polly has is just about everything—beauty, charm, wit, intelligence, plus singing and dramatic talent. On May 16th, she literally makes a nation-wide audition when she plays and sings the part of Helen Morgan on *Playhouse 90.* Her impact may make her the hottest female property in electronics. Incidentally, Polly is no novice to show-biz. She has had dramatic experience in a half-dozen movies, a couple of Broadway plays and has entertained in the nation's smartest night clubs. Sophisticated Polly got started down in Tennessee as a country singer. . . . And then there is the Cinderella story of petite, pretty Frances Wyatt of the *Voice Of Firestone.* Three years in the Firestone chorus, this past January she was called on to solo when star Patrice Munsel was stricken by virus. Frances got twelve hours' notice at her Connecticut home. She says, "I remember I got up the morning of the show as usual, at 6:30 A.M. I made the beds and breakfast, as usual. I dropped my son at the nursery and came into Manhattan with my husband. I didn't lose my nerve during rehearsal or the actual telecast but, three days later, when

COAST

I watched the kinescope, my teeth chattered so I thought they'd fall out." Mail poured in. More mail than the show had ever drawn. People wanted to see Frances again—as the star of the show. And on May 13th, she steps out of the Firestone chorus again, and this time as the star.

Quickly Now: Jill Corey, who will sing in next season's *Hit Parade*, is being seasonal and dating a big-league pitcher. . . . Peter Lind Hayes is all over the place in his new Lambretta scooter. Mary says, "He's like a kid with his first bicycle." . . . Pat Buttram comments, "Thing that impresses me most about our generation is how well parents obey their children." . . . Ed Sullivan will be a grandfather for the third time any day now. . . . It's always difficult to think of Randy Merriman as a granddaddy. But the reminder is there again since his daughter and grandchild, who live in Minneapolis, recently paid him a visit at his Garden City home. The trip was mainly paid to visit with Mrs. Randy, who has nicely recovered from a serious operation. . . . *When A Girl Marries* goes into its 19th year on May 29th and Mary Jane Higby hasn't missed a year of it as "Joan Davis." . . . NBC has announced that next year they will have no more "spectaculars" so will everyone please call them "specials" instead. Well, one of NBC's last spectaculars of this season will be the "Festival of Magic" on May 27th, and it promises to be a threatening event. Milbourne Christopher, magician, will catch bullets, fired from a rifle, in his teeth. They say that twelve or thirteen magicians have been killed doing this trick, but I doubt it.

Danny Boy: A six-footer, happy-go-lucky, twenty-seven, handsome in the Cary Grant style, as muscular as you'd expect a former ballplayer to be, is a real comer. That's Daniel Patrick Costello—Danny to Arthur Godfrey and the gang. Danny's first recording, "Like a Brook Gets Lost in a River," for Caravan, soared close to a quarter-million copies and his second release, "That's Where I Shine," is likewise on the zoom. But Danny had hoped to be a pro pitcher and was under contract to Pittsburgh Pirates when he broke his pitching arm and that was the end of that. "I was always singing. I got to sing. It's part of me. I had fine vocal training from the age of ten in a professional choir, the Holy Rosary Choir of Jersey City." He was training with the Pirates when he met wife Mary. To kill time, Danny and a pal had sat in on a girls' softball game. They applauded the tall, pretty blonde on third base, and they razzed her, too. "After the game I went back to the clubhouse to apologize for ribbing her. A year later, we married." Danny got his first TV break on *Chance Of A Lifetime*. Next came *Talent Scouts*, but, the week Danny won, Arthur was on vacation, so he never heard him. But, six months later, Arthur sat down to chat with Jan Davis and the McGuires. He noted that Pat Boone was going out of town and that he was stuck for a boy singer. Jan and the McGuires unanimously remembered and recommended Danny. So Danny came in and so impressed Arthur that he has spent about sixteen weeks with Godfrey this season. Danny still makes his home in Jersey (*Continued on page* 87)

Mrs. and Sgt. Bilko, alias Evelyn and Phil Silvers, hope far a bay.

Out af schoal, they're telling tales of success far teacher Darathy Olsen.

As Mark Twain, Hal Holbraok will co-star with frags at Calaveras County.

INFORMATION

All the Lively Arts

Please give us some information on Dennis Hopper, whom I've seen on Conflict, Cheyenne *and other dramatic programs.*
S. W., Houston, Texas.

Dodge City, Kansas, 1939: Errol Flynn, star of the Warner Bros. film, "Dodge City," arrives in town for the premiere. A three-year-old stands on tiptoe in the crowd, the better to whiff that first fragrance of theatrical excitement. Dennis Hopper is now twenty-one, and his fine acting is testimony to the strength of that early impression. . . . Going "all out" for dramatics, Dennis also made the golf, tennis and swimming squads while in high school in California, was a football quarterback and welterweight finalist in the Golden Gloves tournament. Since then, summer jobs at anything from hash-slinging to construction work have probably taken Dennis out of "welterweight" for good —his five-nine-and-a-half frame weighs in at 160 now. A bit part in "The Postman Always Rings Twice" brought the well-built, blue-eyed youngster to the attention of Dorothy McGuire and John Swope, who recommended him for TV castings. A few months later, and three major studios were offering contracts—the result of his performance as the young epileptic on *Medic's* "Boy in the Storm." Signing with Warners, Dennis appeared in several films, notably "Giant" and "Rebel Without a Cause," and has been assigned the starring role of Napoleon in "The Story of Mankind." On TV, he has been seen in "Born Bad" for the *Cheyenne* series, "A Question of Loyalty" on *Conflict*, and in roles on other top drama shows. . . . Dennis is interested in painting and sculpture, and the poet in him remembers his first publication, "The Highlanders," in his high-school paper.

On *Conflict,* Dennis Hopper starred as Ed in "A Question of Loyalty."

Bernadette O'Farrell is Maid Marian, Richard Greene stars as Robin Hood.

Calling All Fans

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

Patti Page Fan Club, c/o Bob Schram, 603 Madison St., Rochester, Michigan.
Eddie Fisher ("Fisherettes") Fan Club, c/o Mary Ellen Bukaty, 223 Clifton Parkway, Hamburg, N. J.
Michael "Cochise" Ansara Fan Club, c/o Margaret Steward, R. 3, Tuckycreek Rd., Peebles, Ohio.

Derring-Do

I would appreciate some information about Richard Greene, who stars in Robin Hood *on CBS-TV.*
T. J. H., Greenville, S. C.

Robin's alter-ego, Richard Greene, was born some 38 years ago in Plymouth, England. His family was represented on the English stage for four generations, but Richard says it was "more than family tradition" that set him on his thespian way. While still in his teens, making good on his own was so urgent a matter to him that he over-extended his first role, a walk-on in "Julius Caesar," by broad gesturings with his spear—and was promptly dismissed. Pained but undaunted, he kept knocking at the London stage-doors—not long in opening to him. No "spear-carrier" today, he still totes weapons. The TV role of Robin requires that Richard be accomplished in fencing and archery and the use of the little-known medieval arms such as the morning star and the crossbow, and, of course, in horsemanship. His instructor in archery, Mr. George Brown, has said his pupil could be "champion quality if time allowed." For an exacting authenticity on the Sherwood Forest set, Robin and his

BOOTH

As Chester, Dennis Weaver woos and wins pretty Mary Carver on *Gunsmoke*.

Merry Men are taught the use of all manner of strange battle gear by weapons expert Gabriel Toyne. One of these, the morning star, was so called because, were a soldier to get hit with it on an early "morning" before he was quite awake, he would see "stars." . . . Before enlisting in Britain's Royal Armoured Corps, Greene played in a movie with Loretta Young and made the Zanuck movies "Submarine Patrol" and "Kentucky." On TV, he has appeared on *Studio One* productions and on several other "live" dramas. . . . On time-off from his demanding schedule, Richard tests his navigation and culinary skills on his sailing vessel, *The Freyja*. "Friends say," Richard reports, "that if I don't drown them first, they'll probably die as a result of my cooking." . . . As for his future with Robin in Sherwood Forest, Richard, now completing two years of the series, confesses he used to think one year long enough time to portray a single character—but that "now I'll be quite happy if we carry on. . . . I can honestly say that I've never become tired of the adventures." In this he speaks for delighted audiences on both sides of the Atlantic.

Truth Is Stranger . . .

Could you tell me something about Dennis Weaver?

S. B. L., Sand Springs, Okla.

Former classmates of Dennis Weaver must have received the shock of their lives when he made his first appearance on CBS-TV's *Gunsmoke*. Dennis plays Chester, Marshal Matt Dillon's deputy, and thereby hangs a tale. . . . Back in his high-school days in Joplin, Missouri, Dennis amazed people with his physical prowess. He set records in football, track and field which remain unbroken to this day. In the U. S. Navy, he set a new track and field record for speed and agility. At Oklahoma University, Dennis was listed among the Midwest's top athletes, led his squad to national decathlon championships, and placed sixth out of thirty-six entrants in New York tryouts for the 1948 Olympic Games. Somewhere between sports and studies, Dennis found time to develop a lively interest in dramatics. All of which caused fellow students to voice their open-mouthed admiration by voting him "Oklahoma U.'s Most Versatile Man." . . . Dennis made his Broadway debut in 1951, later toured, as Turk, the "body beautiful," with Shirley Booth in "Come Back, Little Sheba." When a summer-stock company needed someone to play earthy, violent Stanley Kowalski in "A Streetcar Named Desire," Dennis was their man. During a session at New York's famed Actors' Studio, Shelley Winters saw Dennis and recommended him to Universal-International, who promptly signed him to a seven-year contract. There followed a series of riding-jumping-shooting-brawling Western roles. Fearful of being typed, Dennis took on different assignments in such films as "Dragnet" and "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," and on such TV shows as *Schlitz Playhouse Of Stars* and *Cavalcade Of America*. Then came *Gunsmoke*, the "big break"—and the part of Chester, who hobbles about permanently on a stiff leg. "It's quite a switch," laughs Dennis good-naturedly. "I have to spend most of my spare time in answering letters from fans who want to know when I'll be back in shape!" All of which heartily confirms viewers' opinions that Dennis is a first-rate actor. Wife Gerry and sons Rick, 8, and Rob, 4, knew it all along.

Wanted: Frank Parker

Could you give me some information about Frank Parker?

J. C., Bronx, N. Y.

As Frank tours the night clubs, his newly-released Coral Album, "Requests From the Mailbag," reprises many top Parker favorites. Incidentally, Frank wants firmly laid to rest any talk about a "feud" with former boss Arthur Godfrey, who is a friend of twenty years' standing. Frank was eager to try his current singing-acting-dancing-comedy format, with the future thought of his own TV show. A letter to Frank will reach him c/o Vincent Andrews, 501 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

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.*

Must a woman live forever in the shadow of her mother-in-law?

You're married. You love your husband. He loves you—deeply. But you feel in his love for his mother an older, more powerful pull. Can you shake him free of his mother's grasp without destroying your own marriage? What does a wife do when the *other woman* is her own mother-in-law? Learn to know The Second Mrs. Burton. Let her share her struggles with you. You'll want to make a place for her in your life. You can get the *whole* story—even while you work—when you listen to daytime radio. Listen to **THE SECOND MRS. BURTON** on the **CBS RADIO NETWORK.**

Monday through Friday. See your local paper for station and time.

Love is a Song

By EUNICE FIELD

LOVE, says Mr. Sourpuss, is only a printer's error in the Book of Life. Life, says Miss Stars-in-Her-Eyes, is only a postscript to the Book of Love. But enchanting Patti Page —once Clara Ann Fowler and recently turned Mrs. Charles O'Curran —cries, "Bosh! Life and love go together like a lyric and a tune—and I hope that every day from now on will be another song in my Book of Happiness!"

Such is the wonder that romance and marriage has wrought for a girl who is one of the brightest stars in entertainment—but who admits that her devotion to her career was by way of turning her into "the loneliest little doggie in show business." It is no secret that, until she fell in love with Charlie, Patti refused far more dates than she accepted, and her "going out" was gradually being restricted to taxi rides between her hotel and the spot where she was currently being featured.

"I've always given everything I had to the show," she explained, "and, after a while, I got into the habit of drifting back to my hotel to read, listen to records or watch television. Imagine the blessing of being married to a man like Charlie! He not only loves spending time with people and having fun, but won't let *me* go into a shell."

This very notion of a "good-time Charlie" had dismayed Patti, at first —while Charlie had a mistaken idea of a too-prim Patti. Between them, these two wrong impressions almost withered a romance before it had actually begun to bud. Patti speaks of it now with reminiscent humor. She was to open at the fashionable Fontainebleau in Miami, and she wanted something new and exciting in staging. Charlie was suggested

See Next Page ▶

A hymn of happiness, a ballad of marital bliss . . . for Patti Page and bridegroom Charles O'Curran

Getting the license in Las Vegas—with only three days for a honeymoon—it seemed like a whirlwind marriage. But Patti and Charlie had been dreaming ahead for months.

Patti was as lovely a bride as Charlie could ever have imagined. And they were attended by two of their closest friends—Ray Ryan (at left), Mrs. Edward Barrett (right).

Love is a Song

(Continued)

by General Artists Corporation, their mutual booking agency. Patty, who admired his artful staging of acts, as well as the innovations he had brought to the styling of many song and dance numbers, was more than willing.

The hitch was Charlie. Three years before, he had turned her down on a similar offer, with a rather curt, "Too busy!" Now Patti made up her mind that he "would at least have to see what he was turning down." The irresistible force got in touch with the immovable object—and, as a result, moved it as far as Boston. Charlie flew out and caught her show at Blinstrub's. One week later, they were lunching together in New York.

"Sure, you're a terrific talent," Charlie said. "And, obviously, there's a real beauty behind that high-necked wholesome thing you're wearing. But, you see, I'm an informal sort of guy. I'm not above blowing my stack once in a while, and what comes out won't be 'Fudge!' or 'Fiddle-faddle!' And

There'll be more closet space—and room for "expansion"—in the home they plan to build in Palm Springs.

Charlie likes exotic, gourmet fare, but Patti admits her own home-cooking runs only to "plain, nourishing food."

Her Yorkshire terrier, Window, was a gift from Charlie, is named after her record hit, "Doggie in the Window."

Wedding took place at the Las Vegas home of Wilbur Clark, owner of The Desert Inn—and the cake was just as towering as the Page-O'Curran hopes for the future.

Ryan gave them a car, lent them a house in Palm Springs. Later, back in Hollywood, Patti visited Charlie, working at Paramount as choreographer-arranger for "Loving You."

you, Miss Page, are the type of girl—"

Patti chuckled. "I can see, Mr. O'Curran, that you think you're having lunch with Grandma Moses and Ma Kettle rolled into one."

Charlie looked at her more carefully. "Look, Patti, I'm not against sweetness and wholesomeness. I'd hate to see you lose those qualities. But I think it's time—and I have a hunch the public will agree—that the girl-next-door show signs of growing into the woman-next-door. Brotherly applause is great, but I can see you in a gown with a little imagination to it, getting a few whistles for yourself."

It was Charlie's turn to be bowled over. "That's exactly how I can see myself," Patti replied. "That's why I'm asking you to stage my act, and I'm not taking *no* for an answer. As for whistles, Mr. O'Curran, most people will assure you that I have been getting my fair share."

So at first it was strictly business. Then the magic of proximity began to work. And when the show opened—with Patti about fifteen pounds slimmer and in a gown that set off her lovely curves—Charlie rushed backstage to ask for a date. For Patti had got more than a share of whistles. And the loudest of the wolf calls had come from Charlie.

Patti accepted this first date rather timidly. "I (*Continued on page* 78)

The Patti Page Show is seen over Station WCBS-TV (New York City), Saturdays, at 6:15 P.M. EDT. For day, time and station in other areas, consult local newspapers.

HIGH TENSION ON 21

Two by two, contestants face each other for the golden chance to shake that lovely green stuff from Jack Barry's "money tree"

Suspense mounted as, week after week, Charles Van Doren probed his amazing memory to answer Jack Barry's queries. The first opponent he faced was college student Herbert Stempel (far right), who waged gallant but losing battle.

By ELIZABETH BALL

YOU ARE ON YOUR OWN. You have never been so alone in your life, though millions are watching every move you make, listening to every word you utter. In your soundproof studio on *Twenty-One,* you see only the bright lights above you, the shadowy void from which Jack Barry asks the all-important question. Over your earphones, you hear only Jack's clear, friendly voice—or music recordings which cover the remotest chance of overhearing anything else being said in the world outside. You wait for the next gambit in this fascinating, fabulously rewarding game. And you wonder: *What will the category be? Can I answer? If I do, should I go the limit for eleven points on the next one—or choose an easier question for fewer points? Is my score higher or lower than that of my rival in the other booth? Should I call a halt, when I have the chance—trusting that my own score is closer to 21?* The tension mounts . . . the pressure increases. . . .

Could you take it, as Charles Van Doren took it, for fourteen separate nights, in the most eagerly watched

Twenty-One is seen on NBC-TV, three Mondays out of four, at 9 P.M., sponsored by Pharmaceuticals, Inc., for Geritol and other products. Jack Barry is also emcee of *Tic Tac Dough*, as seen on NBC-TV, Monday through Friday, 12 noon, under multiple sponsorship. (All EDT)

Continued

Long-run battle of the booths—between Vivienne Nearing, New York attorney, and Charles Van Doren, Columbia U. instructor.

Van Doren held his booth for fourteen weeks, three of them against Mrs. Nearing. Three times, they tied. The fourth—?

Winner—and next to face the high tension—Mrs. Nearing. She took a chance on 17 points, proved to be closest to 21.

TV news interests Van Doren now—RCA just gave him his first set!

He's co-author of a book on the Civil War—"Lincoln's Commando."

Tastes range from sports to music—he taught himself to play guitar.

HIGH TENSION ON 21

(*Continued*)

duel of wits in this TV-quiz era? Could you take it, as Vivienne Nearing did, competing against Van Doren for three of those sessions—then stepping into the central spotlight herself, to be challenged in turn? It *could* happen to you, as explained further on. But, first, let's see what happened to these two.

"It's been a tremendous strain," Van Doren admitted frankly, as he said farewell to the familiar soundproof booth. "I'll sure enjoy watching on television next week!" Until last December, Charles—thirty-one, six-foot-two, brown-haired and athletic—was known only on the Columbia University campus, where he teaches English literature for $4,400 a year. Then, as he demonstrated

Bachelor Charles relaxed from *Twenty-One* tension with his parents, Mark and Dorothy Van Doren (above). Father is a Pulitzer Prize poet, mother an author and editor. Vivienne got coffee and encouragement from husband Victor, who's also an attorney—and previous contestant.

Board of strategy meets at "Barry & Enright": Glorianne Rader questions expert; Al Friedman, producer of *Twenty-One*; Jack Barry; Dan Enright; and Bob Noah, executive producer.

his amazing knowledge of so many different subjects on *Twenty-One,* his mail leaped from a half-dozen letters to five hundred a week, his phone rang so often, day and night, he had to request an unlisted number.

Proposals of marriage poured in upon the bedazzled bachelor—who stoutly maintained that he has no plans to marry soon, even though a joint income-tax return for 1957 could save him at least $20,000 of the some $90,000 Uncle Sam will otherwise take from his final *Twenty-One* winnings of $129,000. Early-bird students wrote messages on his classroom blackboard, ranging from teaser questions to a waggish "I know a good but not too honest accountant!"

For Vivienne—thirty, blond-haired, attractive and already married—there were no proposals. But, from the moment she first faced Van Doren, she reported there were wonderful letters: "Warm and personal letters from women who urged me to keep (*Continued on page* 72)

Barry is very happy about the show's resounding success, but happiest of all in his home life with his family.

Wife is former Marcia Van Dyke, violinist, singer and actress. Their sons are Jeffrey, 3½, and Jonathan, 2½.

Actress: Youthful Murial in Cape Cod days—with Richard Aldrich (at left), Arthur Sircom, the late, great Gertrude Lawrence ("Mrs. A."), and Jules Glaenzer (back to camera).

Executive: At a thriving agency in Boston, Murial Williams Hart trained models, ran a busy office, and staged big fashion shows.

THE CHARMING *Lady Williams*

The Brighter Day: As Lydia, she's TV-wed to Max Canfield (Herb Nelson, right). Others in rehearsal shot are director Del Hughes (left), producer Terry Lewis, and Hal Holbrook, who plays Grayling Dennis.

By FRANCES KISH

STUNNING, red-haired actress Murial Williams was chatting with us on a recent morning, in the living room of her Greenwich Village apartment. We were discussing some of the qualities that give a girl charm, glamour, style. Qualities which make her exciting and fascinating as a person, as a woman.

The apartment itself, in a century-old house once belonging to some squire of the mid-1800's, had many of the qualities we talked about: Charm, individuality, character of its own. Furnished in Early American, in keeping with its tradition and with Murial's New England background; with cupboards and open shelves of old china and books old and new; with wide fireplaces and comfortable chairs and couches; and window plants set against ruffly curtains. A feminine apartment, and an inviting one.

Afternoons, on CBS-TV, Murial is Lydia Canfield, (*Continued on page* 68)

Murial is Lydia in *The Brighter Day*, seen over CBS-TV, M-F, 4 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Co. for Cheer, Gleem, Crisco.

Like Lydia Canfield, in The Brighter Day, Murial Williams believes in women's courage

Both on stage and off, Murial thinks every woman should be—first and last—a woman.

Now widowed, she lives alone, but fills her life with activities and friends that count.

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Now widowed, she lives alone, but fills her life with activities and friends that count.

Denise Lor: How She Beat the

Garry Moore—and audiences—thought Denise looked fine on his daytime show. She didn't worry about anything but straightening her stockings over a trick mirror —till she saw herself at full-length, faced the facts, and found two simple rules.

By HAROLD BARON

FOR YEARS Denise Lor has been saying, "I'll start my diet tomorrow." She knew that she was getting plump, but the millions of housewives who enjoy her songs and mimicry five mornings a week on *The Garry Moore Show* didn't seem to mind.

"The routine of not eating, to lose weight, never worked for me," Denise says sadly. "I used to starve myself for three days, but then I'd start eating again—with revenge in my heart and a hole in my insides!" However, last February, Denise was faced with a contract to sing in one of New York's most elegant supper clubs, the Persian Room at the Plaza Hotel.

She simply couldn't appear before the dazzling supper-club set looking "comfortably plump." In three weeks, she had to have a figure that was sleek and chic—the same problem other women will be facing when summer swimming starts, and they have to trim off winter weight to look their best in bathing suits.

For Denise, it was sink or sing: *Sink* with ten pounds' overweight, or *sing* with ten pounds less in three weeks.

Denise Lor is the featured feminine singer on *The Garry Moore Show*, as seen over CBS-TV on weekday mornings—Monday through Thursday from 10 to 10:30 A.M. EDT, and Friday from 10 to 11:30 A.M. EDT—under multiple sponsorship.

Weight Problem

First, get a singing assignment at the Plaza. Then take a look in the mirror. Denise did . . . and took 12 pounds off in a hurry

Husband Jay Martin and older son Ronnie thought she was just about perfect. But Denise wanted to fit into those glamour gowns—and, in three weeks, she did it!

She took the weight off successfully (with a couple of pounds to spare)—and so can anyone else who faces her mirror and looks the fat squarely in the hips. Denise found that was the secret: Face up to the facts and eat sensibly, instead of compulsively.

In admitting that she had to slim down, Denise shows the same forthright quality that makes her songs so believable and appealing. Her candor adds a rare quality of depth to her singing characterizations, and also blesses her with an engaging charm offstage.

Continued

Diet she did! But Denise Lor also went into

On the bars: Beginning this exercise is relaxed and easy—but the pull up stretches the whole body from toes to fingertips.

Honesty is essential, with such a problem as losing weight—you can't cheat with calories. But a sense of humor helps, too. Denise has one which sparkles. She'd rather see the funny side of things than not. And, when it comes to reducing, she's the first to admit that it makes for an amusing—if doubly difficult—conflict for her, because of her consuming interest in cooking and eating. Denise has been able to do both, supremely well, from earliest childhood.

"I'm *insulted,*" she grins, "if I buy a pie and it has a crust as good as mine. I love to bake pies. Not one at a time—at least four." And she has just the family to eat them, in their modest seven-room house at Greenwich, Connecticut. Her husband, vocalist Jay Martin, not only records for M-G-M but revels in Denise's cooking. Both their sons—Dennis, five, and Ronnie, nine—are good pie-eaters.

"The boys like apple pie," says Denise, "but I like lemon meringue, mince, or nice, rich fruit pies. A piece of pie always calls for a glass of milk, and the boys like ice cream on top of theirs. I was known to give in to that temptation, too. And, when Dennis was a baby, I used to eat half a pie when I got up to warm his bottle! I loved pie for breakfast, too."

The two boys vary greatly in their eating habits. Dennis likes gooey foods. He's a cookie-eater, dessert-eater, and slathers butter on his bread—none of which Denise approves now, because she knows it's not good for children to be overweight. Ronnie, on the other hand, is the steak-eater. "I think he can eat twelve pounds of steak at one sitting," Denise sighs. "Myself, I like kidney stew with wine. I order a flavorsome veal scallopini in a restaurant, not steak or roast beef. Nobody but the dog—the boys' golden retriever—will share some of the things I cook. Beef heart, for example."

Denise's father died, when she was a child, so her mother worked to support them both. Expensive foods like steak and chicken were out of the question, but meats like kidney and liver were inexpensive, and fish was only ten cents a pound. "Sometimes," Denise recalls, "Mother would buy the whole head of a cow from the butcher. That was a bargain. We'd have delicious beef tongue, the delicately flavored brains sautéed, and a flavorsome stew made from the cheeks. Few Americans ate that kind of food then. But, being French, Mother made everything tasty with mouth-watering sauces.

"My mother was a scrumptious cook. There was practically nothing she couldn't do in the kitchen, and she never consulted a cookbook. Her knack for preparing a dish, seasoning it—and never tasting it until it reached the table—was phenomenal. That's not true of me. I'm a taster. And you know what calories that means, with those rich sauces!"

Being poor, Denise was brought up not to waste food by leaving it on her plate. "I still don't believe in wasting food," she says, "but I try not to be the kind of mother

Mechanical stair: Leg muscles need to be kept firm, by stepping up and down, pressing against spring at bottom.

crash-program of exercise. It worked . . .

Up and over: This spinal exercise strengthens back-muscles and helps good posture—then over, to tighten a sagging midriff.

who thinks that eating a lot is good for children. When I was a child, I think I grew sideways as fast as I grew *up.*"

Until she was sixteen, Denise was chubby. "I've never been skinny," she sighs. Asked if she believes that she inherited plumpness, she admits with characteristic candor and humor, "No, I don't think the other girls had appetites as *receptive* as mine."

At the time, she was convinced she was going to be seven feet tall. Whenever her class had to line up by size, she was at the end of the line. Even when she was only five, a snapshot taken on the way to France for a family visit shows her with other youngsters three or four years older, but Denise is the tallest—and the roundest.

Later, she recalls, "I used to put a weight on my head to keep from growing taller. Next to most of my girl friends, I knew I looked fat. That made me self-conscious on dates, and I was always afraid that someone would point at me and call me fat.

"The exercises I tried didn't help. Now I know there is just one safe way to reduce. In those days, I had bad eating habits and it was hard for me to change them. Unless I ate between meals, I'd feel as if I were starving. My mouth waters when I remember those big, fat sandwiches I loved. My 'Dagwoods' used to have fresh bread generously spread with golden butter, tender slices of tongue boiled to a perfection of pinkness, a layer of tangy cheese, and maybe some spicy, homemade paté!"

When Denise was graduated from high school, she enrolled in the Cooper Union Art School, paying expenses by working part-time as a waitress at one of the Schrafft's restaurants. One thing she remembers is being able to eat all the cheese bread she wanted. "Do you know the Schrafft cheese bread?" she asks. "It's delicious just toasted." Her eyes light up. "And you can spread it with butter." Her blue eyes sparkle with another seventy calories. "Wonderful with sliced tongue between two slices." And her blue eyes fairly explode with the thought of those delicious extra calories.

The Schrafft's at which Denise worked was opposite the Paramount Theater, and show-business executives who came there for lunch tipped very well. One man ordered an orange juice every morning and left a seventy-five-cent tip. "I was just out of high school," Denise says, "and very bashful. The first time someone put down a tip for me, I left it because I was ashamed to pick it up. One of the girls pushed me back and said, 'Don't be stupid, honey. Pick it up. That's what it's there for.'"

Probably that's where Denise acquired her habit of tipping so generously today. She still doesn't know how to give a modest tip. On her opening night at the Plaza, as one bellboy after another kept delivering flowers to her room, she said, "I'll go broke if friends send me any more flowers!"

Once Denise had become a (*Continued on page* 86)

Guillotine: Pushing feet up and down against the spring bar loosens the vertebrae, stretches tight back-muscles.

They Lead Three Lives

Haila Stoddard is Pauline Harris in The Secret Storm. Whitfield Connor is Mark Holden in The Guiding Light. Together—Mr. and Mrs. is the name!

By JUDITH FIELD

ACCORDING to all the rules, Haila Stoddard and Whitfield Connor shouldn't make a happily married couple. Their temperaments are as different as night and day. Their family life is filled with complications. Their professional lives are filled with unusual demands. What's more, they're both actors—well-known to television viewers as Pauline Harris in *The Secret Storm* and Mark Holden in *The Guiding Light*. And actors are popularly supposed to be difficult people to live with—especially when married to each other!

So Haila and Whit should have been headed for problems when they got married in March of 1956. Instead, they headed for solutions and great happiness, and they know the reasons.

"We complement each other," says Whit. "Haila loosens me up and I pull her back from a certain impulsiveness. (*Continued on page* 64)

Haila and Whit found a house to fit their city careers and still offer country living for Chris and two other growing youngsters.

Family life for T.J., Haila, Chris, Robin and Whit is compressed into the weekends. "Like a bouillon cube," says Haila, who spends most of her Sunday in the kitchen, "traveling" via recipes. The result is a Sunday lunch of exotic foods—and just plain good conversation as the grownups compare the week's doings with T.J., Chris and Robin.

Sports, whatever the season, are a bond between Whit and T.J. and Chris. Currently, it's fishing. For Robin, the big interest is fashion, with lots of help coming from Haila.

The Secret Storm is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co., and Boyle-Midway, Inc.
The Guiding Light, CBS-TV, M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Ivory, Blue Dot Duz, and Cheer.

Dance TO MY DREAM

Out of heartbreak and disaster, June Taylor created a shining pattern of beauty and skill—and courage

By WILL F. JENKINS

MILLIONS of viewers see the June Taylor Dancers on *The Jackie Gleason Show* every Saturday night over CBS-TV. They are the most-watched dancers in the world. But very few people know the dramatic personal story of which they are a part. They are very pretty girls. They are faultlessly trained. With beautiful precision, they form patterns of color and graceful motion which shift and break and form again. But they are only one chapter in the life of June Taylor, which is more dramatic than most on-stage dramas—by virtue (*Continued on page* 84)

Once headed for top stardom as a solo dancer, June now teaches others the art which she loves and knows so well. And—thanks to a "skinny young comic" who remembered—June Taylor Dancers bring visual delight to millions every week on *The Jackie Gleason Show.*

When she needed him most, Sol Lerner was there. Today, he is June's devoted husband, and manager of her Dancers and schools.

The June Taylor Dancers are starred on *The Jackie Gleason Show,* as seen over CBS-TV, Saturdays, from 8 to 9 P.M. EDT, co-sponsored by P. Lorillard Company for Old Gold Cigarettes.

KNEE DEEP in SUCCESS

Guy Mitchell has something to sing about—because of a boy named Al Cernick, a girl named Else

Three loves has Guy. His lovely Danish-born bride, Else: "Real beauty, real girl!" Horses: When not riding 'em, he's reading about 'em. Food: "Else does the cooking, but I like to fool around with herbs and spices, make sauces and gravies."

Fourth love: Always singing—whether hit records for Columbia, or folk songs from the Old Country.

By GLADYS HALL

WHO IS AL CERNICK? Well, here are the clues: Al Cernick is a strongly built young man, five-foot-nine, one hundred and seventy pounds, legs slightly bowed from the saddle. His hair is a light tan. His eyes are gray-blue. He was born in Detroit, Michigan, on February 27, 1927. When, at seventeen, Al was appearing on the KYA and KGO radio programs of cowboy singer Dude Martin, the Dude called him "the singingest person I ever did meet." Al would sing on his way to the job, Martin recalls, sing all night on the job, and then sing all the way home.

Al Cernick is still the singingest person you ever did meet. Singing is in his blood. His family is of European background: Croatians (Al's dad was born in Croatia) who, in the Old Country, were wine-makers accustomed to singing as they work. "They sing the old folk songs," Al says,

Continued

KNEE DEEP in SUCCESS

(Continued)

"that were my lullabies. My dad'll sing just about what he's doing. 'The little Mama, help the little Mama with the dishes,' he'll warble as he starts washing away. At weddings we'd go to, you could hear my dad for miles, after the wine began to flow. For my folks, singing is their natural element. They always sing when they feel good. And, when they don't feel good, they sing to make themselves feel better.

"So do I. Sing in the saddle. (My first real love is cowboyin'.) Sing as I walk along Broadway. Sing when my pockets are empty. Sing when they're full. Sing when my heart is empty. Sing when my heart is full. Full to overflowing, as it is now," says Al Cernick—best known today as singing star Guy Mitchell, who is the hottest thing in show business, since his recording of "Singing the Blues" hit the jackpot. "Now everything has jelled. I tell you! Domestic life. Business life. Spiritual life. Everything is just *great*. And I put my domestic happiness first."

Actually, as well as romantically, it was when love walked into his life—in the golden-haired person of young Danish-born Else Sorenson—that success, as well as happiness, turned from ebb tide to full tide for

Guy Mitchell's success story was built on song—and lots of hard work in night clubs, TV, radio, movies. But nowadays, whenever there's time to relax, there's Else to keep him company, bring him breakfast in bed.

Physical fitness means a lot to Guy's busy schedule. Until they get that dream ranch, complete with horses, Guy settles for exercising on hotel-apartment floors, while Else tunes in lively rhythm on a portable radio.

the guy who was renamed Mitchell.

"We met," Guy recalls, "up in Vancouver, where Else was working in a bank, and I in a night club. She came into the club with somebody one night—and I flipped! Yes, ma'am, *on sight*. You can say an inner quality is what attracts. And it's true that, without an inner quality, an attraction would be short-lived. But the physical appearance attracts first. Else is beautiful," says Else's bridegroom of some eight months. "Real beauty, real girl. Natural blonde. Nothing padded out, nothing tied in."

These soon-to-be young lovers didn't meet that first night, however. There was, Guy explains, no one in the club to introduce them. So Else —unaware that she could have reached out and touched her destiny —just dined and danced with her current date. And Guy just sang. (It can well be imagined *how* he sang, with his heart doing nip-ups!)

In order to meet her—or even to make sure he was going to see her again—Guy says he had to do a lot of research. Find out where she lived, where she worked, find someone to introduce them. When he finally found the someone and the introduction (*Continued on page* 69)

There's another portable which is most important to Else. Her sewing machine—she makes not only her own clothes but Guy's shirts. He's good at handiwork, too, a real pro at hand-tooling leather belts and saddles.

This, says Guy, is "the way married life should be." Whenever there's time, they get on their boots and go riding. "She likes anything I like," he says happily. It's the crowning touch for a singing saga of success.

CLOSE TO EACH OTHER

Last summer, Melba and Gil Shawn honeymooned at Long Island cottage.

Today, they plan a larger home—to house "two sets of everything."

The two have many treasures. Most cherished are Gil's own paintings.

Melba Rae discovered the answer to her own "search for tomorrow" was living just a block away!

By MARTIN COHEN

SOMETIMES, romance is so near that you could reach right out and touch it—if you only knew it was there. At least, that's how it was with Melba Rae and her husband, Gil Shawn. Looking at them now, it's easy to see why they belong together. But it took time for them to find that out for themselves.

Melba, who's Marge Bergman in *Search For Tomorrow* on CBS-TV, is charming and fair, with bright auburn hair and exotic blue eyes. Gil, (*Continued on page* 76)

Melba is Marge in *Search For Tomorrow*, CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Joy, Spic and Span, Gleem.

Both have traveled in the East and like Oriental customs. They find Japanese "Happi" coats comfortable to wear.

Doing portrait of Melba, Gil had trouble "catching" her mouth. "Maybe," she laughs, "because we talked so much!"

TENNESSEE'S ERNIE

Ernest Ford draws strength from his home town, from the goodness and warmth of Bristol

Ernie, wife Betty, sons Brion and Buck, and grandmother, Mrs. Nancy Long, sit in the living room which Ralph Edwards (above and lower right) had transplanted from Tennessee for *This Is Your Life.* In rear row, childhood sweetheart Mary Bray Smiley, father Clarence and mother Maude Ford, Sunday School teacher Nan McQuillan, TV boss Cliffie Stone, Peter Ausden (Ernie's top fan from England), and Charles Dermott (his former buddy at Carlsbad Army Air Field, New Mexico).

By MAXINE ARNOLD

MAIN STREET in Tennessee Ernie Ford's home town has its own marquee. Over the street there's a big archway that proclaims: "Bristol *Va-Tenn* . . . A Good Place to Live." The state line dividing Tennessee and Virginia runs right down the middle of Main Street, and at night the sign blazes with lights, proudly proclaiming its message to both sides.

One night, not long ago, Bristol had more reason than ever to tell the world that here was a good place to live. That night, you could have fired a Confederate cannon down the middle of the street and not hit a citizen in either state. On both sides of the line, phones were ringing. The word

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Pride of an 11-year-old heart: Big trombone—and big "B" for Bristol.

Ernest in high school—and earnest he was, with first faint moustache!

More moustache, more dignity, in 1942, with U. S. Army Air Corps.

By 1950, Ernie was finding his niche, out in California, joining the broadcast shenanigans with Herman the Hermit, Cliffie Stone (center), Merle Travis and Eddie Kirk (right).

Nothing sleepy about Ernie in 1951, despite siesta pose with Kirk in Cliffie Stone's *Hometown Jamboree* on KTLA. Ernie had "discovered" TV—and vice versa.

Today—the big Ford shows, as seen over NBC-TV, bring Tennessee's Ernie to the nation, for all America to claim.

TENNESSEE'S ERNIE

(*Continued*)

was spreading. And television dials were turning . . . to Ralph Edwards—and to Clarence Ford's boy, Ernest—out in California.

Clarence Ford had worked for the post office, Tennessee-side, thirty-four years. And many of those watching had known Ernest Ford long before he started picking peas in Hollywood. Since he was knee-high to either a Virginia or a Tennessee grasshopper, you might say. And tonight—this was Ernest Ford's life!

There on the TV screens, on Ralph Edwards' *This Is Your Life,* Ernie's first Sunday School teacher, his first girl, his folks—Clarence and Maude Ford—were (*Continued on page* 80)

The Ford Show, starring Tennessee Ernie Ford, is seen on NBC-TV, each Thursday, from 9:30 to 10 P.M. EDT, under the sponsorship of the Ford Dealers of America. *The Tennessee Ernie Ford Show* is seen over NBC-TV, M-F, from 2:30 to 3 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.

Success has meant his own private pool, where he can teach Buck and Brion to swim—as well as the cozy home he and Betty always dreamed about. He's finally got his farm, too, in northern California, likes to help build it up himself—but "success" also means Ernie doesn't have much time to be there!

Tommy Sands:

NEW SINGIN' IDOL

Teenager Tommy "rocks" his contemporaries, and some of the older folks, too. He was born in the city, but his heart's always belonged to the country and its music. On Ernie Ford's night-time show, he found a kindred soul.

"Lonely," says Tommy Sands. And the girl he's looking for, "all the time," sounds very like the girl-back-home that Jane McArthur played opposite him when he had the title role in *Kraft Theater's* "The Singin' Idol."

By GREGORY MERWIN

MEET Tommy Sands: Weight, 150; height, 5 feet 10 inches; hair and eyes, black; birthplace, Chicago, Illinois, August 27, 1937; profession, singer and actor; favorite sport, boxing; hobby, song-writing; romantic interests, none; condition, lonely.

"I don't make friends fast and I guess it's because I'm bashful. People sometimes think I'm stuck up but I'm really bashful. I'll go out with a girl and she'll think I don't care about her (*Continued on page* 62)

Tommy Sands is a frequent guest on the Ernie Ford shows (see preceding story).

Off to a fast start, at eight, as a singer on radio. Now—at 19—zooming like a rocket! . . . Here's how it all happened

AS THE WORLD TURNS

Two teenagers grope toward an uncertain future complicated by the emotional problems of those grown-ups closest to them

TEENS are a time of budding hope—and sudden dread. Of emotional turmoil, as teenagers face problems peculiarly their own, as well as problems of adults around them, in a world far more complicated than they'd ever dreamed.

For Penny Hughes and Ellen Lowell, growing up is proving particularly painful. Shocked and resentful, they ask themselves: If our parents expect us to be responsible individuals, why don't they treat us as responsible individuals? Why have they lied to us, kept from us the very knowledge we need most, to be effective members of the family?

Why, Ellen wonders, *didn't Mother tell me that Edith Hughes was "the other woman" threatening our happiness? Why,* Penny wonders, *didn't Aunt Edie tell me she was in love with Ellen's father?* Penny had always thought her aunt was perfection personified, Ellen had been devoted to her dad. Now, both have turned against their idols. And both feel rejected by their parents.

Ever since her sister Susan died, three years ago, Penny has been heartsick with the belief that her mother doesn't love

Now convinced her marriage has always been a failure, Claire Lowell shocks her friends, Chris and Nancy Hughes, with her decision to make a final break with her husband. Divorce would be quite a blow to Jim's father, Judge Lowell, who's convalescing from a recent serious illness.

her as she loved Susan. To her, the fact that Nancy and Chris Hughes didn't take her into their confidence about Aunt Edie only proves how little they honestly consider Penny as a person. Ellen is equally sure that, if Jim and Claire Lowell really loved her, they couldn't even contemplate breaking up their home, no matter what has happened.

It doesn't, of course, occur to either bewildered teenager that she's falling into the same error of which she accuses her elders—that she isn't considering them as individuals who must make their own decisions. How could Ellen realize that her mother no longer even thinks of Edith but is convinced her marriage was doomed from the start because she and Jim were never really in love? How could Penny plumb the deep hurt which is driving Edith to leave Oakdale and seek a new life in California?

Drawn together by their mutual loneliness, Penny and Ellen are determined to seek solutions for their own lives without making the same mistakes older people have made. But in quite different ways. For Penny, the answer seems to lie in an early marriage, so that she'll never, never be a trouble-making "old maid" like Aunt Edie. For Ellen, marriage seems out of the question for ever and ever, now that she's seen what can happen in a home she'd always believed so secure.

Like Claire and Edith of the older generation, Ellen and Penny are quite sure their minds are made up. But the future, as always, holds its own surprises for everyone, and nothing is ever so certain as it seems. What will this very summer bring, to change the lives of all the Hugheses and Lowells, as the world turns?

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Partners in law, Chris worked hard for a legal career, Jim only followed his father's wishes. But Jim and Claire have found new maturity since his infatuation for Chris's sister Edith. He asks Claire frankly and calmly if she has thought what their separation could mean for their daughter Ellen.

Teenager Penny, daughter of Chris and Nancy, has problems of her own, but finds it easy to say "no" to Jeff Baker's request for a date. She dreams of marriage—but not to Jeff.

AS THE WORLD TURNS

(Continued)

And here's the story behind the story—the people behind those wonderful characters!

DON MACLAUGHLIN (Chris Hughes) has a wonderful family in private life, too. For their sake, he commutes to and from a quiet, steepled town in Vermont, where wife Mary keeps busy with an antique shop, now that their children are growing up. Daughter Janet is away at boarding school, older son Douglas has been studying at Amherst, and only younger son Britton—on the brink of teen-age—is at home all week. But what weekends the family has together! Down in New York, Don is one of broadcasting's busiest performers, not only on TV's *As The World Turns,* but as star of radio's *The Road Of Life* and *Counterspy.* Born a doctor's son, in Webster, Iowa, he attended colleges from his home state to Arizona, worked on everything from miniature-golf courses to the decks of a Singapore-bound freighter, before finding his niche as an actor. . . . Helen Wagner (Chris's wife, Nancy) also boasts a doctor father. Born in Lubbock, Texas, Helen seemed destined for a musical career—at the time of her graduation from high school, she gave a recital in which she sang, played the organ, piano and violin! She earned degrees in both arts and music at Monmouth College, Illinois, continued voice and piano lessons in New York City. She's sung and acted both on Broadway and on tour, bolstering her budding theatrical career with such jobs as selling dolls at Macy's and modeling wrist watches for commercials. Now well established in both daytime and nighttime drama on TV, she's married to Robert Willey, Broadway producer. . . . Rosemary Prinz (daughter Penny Hughes) is getting younger all the time. Youthful and vivacious today, in her mid-twenties, she played much older roles in her mid-teens—such as the King's mistress in the touring company of "Joan of Lorraine." Versatility's always been her middle name, with a wide variety of parts on Broadway, in summer stock, TV playhouses, and radio daytime drama. A native New Yorker, she's a graduate of near-by Forest Hills High School. With her husband, Michael Thoma—actor and stage manager connected with Broadway's "No Time for Sergeants"—she's the proud possessor of a new ranch house in the Ramapo foothills, not too far from Manhattan. . . . Santos Ortega ("Grandpa" Hughes) has had so much success with varied dialects that it was some time before producers and audiences discovered he speaks fluent, unaccented English! Actually, Santos was born in New York City and had to learn Spanish inflections—as well as vocabulary—for his first broadcasting assignment. His many roles have ranged from detectives (Charlie Chan, Nero Wolfe, Perry Mason) to doctors (in *Big Sister* and *City Hospital*). His mother, incidentally, was Irish—and he was studying to become a Christian

Edith's (and Chris's) father doubts the wisdom of her decision to leave Oakdale. Will she solve anything, "Pa" Hughes asks, just by running away?

Reacting against the drama in grown-up lives around them, Ellen Lowell and Penny Hughes make their own teen-age plans together. But—will fate have quite different plans in store?

Brother before show business beckoned. . . . Ruth Warrick (Chris's sister Edith) is one beauty queen who has definitely proved outstanding dramatic ability. Born in St. Joseph, Missouri, she later moved with her family to Kansas City, where she was chosen "Miss Jubilesta." Part of her prize was a trip to New York, where she subsequently had a modest success on stage and radio. It was Orson Welles who gave her her first big break, in his pioneer movie, "Citizen Kane." Ruth made many pictures in Hollywood, but has been happiest in New York TV. At home, she's Mrs. Bob McNamara and part of a real "McNamara's Band"—with teen-aged daughter Karen and son Jon on clarinet and trombone, and baby Timothy taking a whack at the drums. . . . Les Damon (Jim Lowell) has one of the most distinguished names in radio, is becoming equally popular in TV. A native of Providence, Rhode Island, he attended Brown University, got his professional start with the Albee Stock Company. Before tackling Broadway, he had a season with the famed Old Vic Theater in London. Perhaps best known in radio as Nick Charles in the long-run *Thin Man* adventures, he's also had key roles in such daytime dramas as *This Is Nora Drake*. His wife, Gingr Jones, was equally well known in broadcasting circles before retiring to their charming hilltop home in New Jersey to care for Lisa Judith, born just last fall. . . . Anne Burr (Jim's wife, Claire) is a proper Bostonian who was educated in England, Connecticut, and Virginia. At Sweet Briar College, in the latter state, she thought of devoting herself to a medical career—but the lure of the footlights was too strong. She has had a brilliant career on Broadway, with such notables as Orson Welles and Katharine Cornell, and some very popular roles on radio—notably, *Big Sister*. Married to TV executive Tom McDermott, she spends her spare time recording "talking books" for the blind, working needlepoint on set, gardening, taking pictures—and "inventing edible low-calorie recipes." . . . Wendy Drew (daughter Ellen Lowell) has had the distinction of playing *Young Widder Brown* on radio before facing TV cameras as the teenager she actually looks! But there's never been any doubt about the versatility of Wendy, who was born in Brooklyn, taken to Texas at four, and schooled in Florida. That's where she started acting, a study which she continued at Pasadena Playhouse in California when her family made still another move. Busy in TV, radio and summer stock, Wendy lives in a Manhattan apartment with her sister, Allegra Kent—a soloist with the New York City Ballet—and lists her hobbies as "sea, sun, sailing, reading." . . . William Johnstone (Jim's father, Judge Lowell) can boast a career which is a living history of modern show business. His stage successes began in 1925, with the Theater Guild's "Caesar and Cleopatra." Radio roles date from 1931—*The March Of Time, Cavalcade Of America, The Shadow* —"you name it and I've played it!" Movies claimed him in 1942 and, after a wartime stint in the Army, TV welcomed him to its ranks in 1946, via the Bob Hope shows and *Dragnet*. Now back in New York, he's been busy on the top television playhouses, as well as being heard on radio's *Pepper Young's Family*. . . . Mark Rydell (Jeff Baker) is an accomplished pianist, conductor and arranger now perfecting his talents at the Juilliard, after studying in Chicago and playing with orchestras both East and Midwest. Meanwhile, of course, he's studied acting and has strong aspirations toward being a director. Mark lives in New York, reads "everything"—with special emphasis on the works of Thomas Wolfe of which he does adaptations.

As The World Turns is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 1:30 to 2 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Ivory Snow, Oxydol, Camay, and Comet.

THE ROOTS WE NEED

By DIANE ISOLA

In her own marriage and motherhood, Leila Martin finds the answer Diane Emerson seeks in Valiant Lady

AS THE petite young brunette hurriedly entered the Manhattan apartment house, one afternoon, she was stopped abruptly by a middle-aged woman who said accusingly, "You're Leila Martin, the Diane Emerson of *Valiant Lady*! Well, I want to tell you, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, the way you're treating your mother! Now, because of you, she probably won't marry the governor. Do you think that's nice?" she finished with a glare.

Leila turned to the woman with understanding. "I know how you feel," she sympathized. "Diane sure is causing a lot of trouble to everyone—and

Leila finds joy in Juliet. But Helen Emerson

Off to a happy day, little Juliet and Leila have breakfast together.

With nurse Nola Earley, Juliet sees mama on TV. But tragedy is "censored."

Husband Leonard Green is an admiring viewer, too—except for "stage kisses."

mostly to herself. But don't you see, Diane is not doing all this *intentionally*. She means well. It's simply that she has a knack for getting into wrong situations, and doesn't know how to handle them. She's just immature."

The older woman's sense of outrage turned to embarrassment. Abruptly, she realized that she was talking to Leila Martin, rather than Diane Emerson. This young lady's face and voice were filled with a quiet warmth and tranquility. She was not, in her own life, the neurotic star-crossed daughter of Helen Emerson.

"Please forgive me," she apologized. "I didn't mean (*Continued on page* 66)

Flora Campbell) finds heartache in "Diane."

Marriages shouldn't have to conform to careers, says Leonard: It's vice versa for the Greens, leaving lots of time to share with Juliet.

Leila is Diane Emerson in *Valiant Lady*, on CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon EDT, sponsored by General Mills, Wesson Oil, The Toni Co., Nestle Co., Chase & Sanborn, and Blue Bonnet Margarine.

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"Please forgive me," she apologized. "I didn't mean (*Continued on page* 66)

Off to a happy day, little Juliet and Leila have breakfast together.

With nurse Nolo Earley, Juliet sees mama on TV. But tragedy is "censored."

Husband Leonard Green is an admiring viewer, too—except for "stage kisses."

Marriages shouldn't have to conform to careers, says Leonard: It's vice verso for the Greens, leaving lots of time to share with Juliet.

Leila finds joy in Juliet. But Helen Emerson (Flora Campbell) finds heartache in "Diane."

Leila is Diane Emerson in *Valiant Lady*, on CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon EDT, sponsored by General Mills, Wesson Oil, The Toni Co., Nestle Co., Chase & Sanborn, and Blue Bonnet Margarine.

Heavenly Twosome

He's Skip in *The Right To Happiness,* she's Shari in *The Romance Of Helen Trent.* But they met in a fairy tale and, to each other, Peter Fernandez and Marian Russell will always be the Prince and Princess. Present loyal subjects include the birds, tame Marpie and wild George, and Winky, the "adopted" dog.

By MARY TEMPLE

EVERYONE has a right to a share of happiness, affirms the title of the CBS Radio program, *The Right To Happiness,* and most of us will agree. Peter Fernandez, who is teenager Skip Nelson on the dramatic series, certainly does.

Peter—who is twenty-eight, not so tall, but quite good-looking, with dark hair and eyes, a quizzical smile, inquisitive mind and quick wit (a happy mingling of his Cuban-Irish-French ancestry)—is happily married. To Marian Russell, the girl he met when she played the Princess and he the Prince in a filmed TV series of fairy tales. After a romantic storybook elopement. Living happily ever after, the "ever after" now running into its seventh year and stretching out into infinity, they're sure.

He's happy in his work, too. As Skip, the boy on radio, Peter is an average teenager with average teenage problems—except when grownups involve him in theirs.

"Like most kids, Skip sometimes becomes a sounding-board for adult problems," Peter explains. "I am often the sounding-board for my mother, Carolyn Nelson. She is played by Claudia Morgan, who is just the greatest! Like (*Continued on page* 74)

One day, he put the ring on her finger. Next day, they eloped. The love story of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Fernandez . . . who have proved their Right To Happiness

Peter has a special flair for writing and has sold a number of adventure stories. Marian's a talented artist and composes music, too. Both —believe-it-or-not—are good "business men"!

Tanks of fish vie with Marpie and Winky for Peter's and Marian's attention. Someday, they expect to own a house in the country with plenty of space, not just for their pets, but for the children they hope to have. "A girl, and a boy, in that order," Marian specifies.

Peter Fernandez is Skip Nelson in *The Right To Happiness*, CBS Radio, M-F, at 2 P.M. EDT. Marian Russell is Shari Bonine in *The Romance Of Helen Trent*, CBS Radio, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT. (Both under multiple sponsorship)

PATSY O'SHEA:
Her Career

PRETTY little Patsy O'Shea toddled off to dancing school—as most little girls do. That's where the similarity ends. One day, Patsy's mother was told Warner Bros. was looking for someone just like Patsy for a short to be made in New York. Lucille O'Shea laughed. Her husband was in banking, and no one in either family had ever been in show business. Still, she took Patsy to the audition, "just for laughs"—and Patsy was signed to a contract and a career. But Patsy was no "stage brat," and Lucille was no "stage mother." Though she still accompanies Patsy as her personal business manager, she stays in the background, has kept Patsy dependable, punctual, and as natural as her red hair. Now grown to five-foot-one, Patsy's saving for Daddy's dream: A house in the country. To her, show business is glamorous, but a business. And she is really "in business," with appearances on radio and TV daytime and night-time shows, the part of Louise on *By The People* over Mutual, the role of Agnes on *Our Gal Sunday* over CBS—and an offstage whisper of romance.

Patsy's often heard over ABC Radio, on *My True Story*, 10 A.M.—*When A Girl Marries*, 10:30 A.M. —*Whispering Streets*, 10:45 A.M. (All EDT, M-F)

Next to each menu and matchbook in the memory book Patsy's kept of all her dates is a comment—what she ate or thought, what he said.

Debut was in a Warner Bros. short. "I never played a shy girl," says Patsy, "because I never was one."

Her telecast as Little Miss RCA at the World's Fair, with Kukla and Ollie, was a "first."

At the Stage Door Canteen, Patsy served coffee, wished she were of age to drink it. "Now I still drink milk," she laughs.

It's a level red-head that topped pretty Patsy O'Shea as she trouped her way from moppet to miss

Quick to memorize, Patsy studies scripts at home in her favorite costume—jeans and a man-tailored shirt.

Mom gets dinner as Patsy gets on phone—for hours. "We have chairs," she grins, "but the carpet's soft."

Patsy plays with Donald Buka and Larry Robinson on *When A Girl Marries*. Versatile, her voice ranges from babies on up!

It was "the awkward age" for most girls, but not Patsy. She was on Broadway with Judith Evelyn, Victor Jory, Lyle Sunshine, Paul Porter, Jr. in "Bill Comes Back."

By staying on the honor roll, Patsy got time-off from school for such programs as *Listening Post*. Above, Paul Luther, Ethel Owen, Rene Terry, Betty Betz, Ben Cooper, Patsy, Edwin Bruce.

Beauty "secrets" for Dorothy Collins—
light make-up, a fresh, clean look, and (below)
a taste for delicate, flowery perfumes.

Below, breakfast in front of the bedroom
fireplace, as beautifully groomed for
husband Raymond Scott as for TV cameras.

Fragrant... Fragile... Feminine...

Dorothy Collins makes the most of her special type of beauty

By HARRIET SEGMAN

THE SWEET, smiling radio-TV star who has been singing her way into American hearts since 1950 looks fragile and innocent as a lace-paper doily. Yet, when it comes to the ways and wiles of being a woman, Dorothy Collins has mastered the secret of feminine beauty. Her dimples show as she sums it up with the words, "Be yourself." Dorothy's own "self" is a gentle, natural, flower-garden personality. She emphasizes this with bath salts and perfume in light, delicate scents. "I like to smell fresh and clean," she says, "not mysterious and heavy." Her favorite is one of the world's most famous rose perfumes. She keeps her blond hair fair with shampoos twice a week, wears pale pink lipstick by day and red-blue (but not purple) under evening lights. Pink and white are tops in her wardrobe, with small-scale jewelry of gold and seed pearls. She avoids a too-sweet look by selecting simple, tailored outfits, such as the dress-and-coat and blouse-and-skirt costumes of designer Vera Maxwell. She owns one black dress for formal occasions. Her pastel tastes are evident in her pale blue bedroom and bath, with carnation-splattered towels. Dorothy and her husband, Raymond Scott, are co-workers on *Your Hit Parade* on NBC-TV. True woman that she is, she has kept her husband's masculine tastes predominant in the rest of their home, with country tones of oak, gold and forest-green. Her regal-as-a-princess posture she credits to her grandmother, who had her marching around, book-on-head, at age seven. Grandma, too, knew a thing or two about grace and granddaughter Dorothy.

About the time I first used the nickname "Jazzbo," I first heard Anita O'Day. You might say I've become addicted to her ever since.

The greatest O'Day is coming up, says Al "Jazzbo" Collins, this month's deejay columnist

The Coolest Canary

By AL COLLINS

It was in 1940, or maybe '41, that I first heard Anita O'Day sing. I was doing a late night show at Station WIND in Chicago, and it was the first time that I used the nickname "Jazzbo." I played this Gene Krupa record and when I heard the vocal chorus by Anita, well, I thought somebody was kidding with the voice—it was that different. It had a husky, sandy, breathy quality that I'd never heard before—and have heard imitated many times since, but not really successfully.

Throughout the years, I've programmed Anita thousands of times . . . and I always get a boot out of her style. It seems like it's taken a long time for her to get the recognition she deserves, but her latest two albums for Verve—"Anita O'Day" and "Pick Yourself Up"—and her personal appearances in Hollywood, Las Vegas and Chicago, look like a little blood is going to be drawn—and maybe not just a little, because I understand Anita's life story is going to be filmed.

If you look up the word "uninhibited," you'll have an understatement of Anita's attitude toward singing. She doesn't listen to other singers because she wants no influence on her style by anyone else than Anita O'Day. They're always talking about throwing away the mold after making one of a kind . . . I don't even think Anita had a mold to start with. Try to find some of the old Gene Krupa records that Anita cut with Roy Eldridge ("Let Me Off Uptown") and a couple that she did with Stan Kenton ("And Her Tears Flowed Like Wine" and "Tampico") and you'll see what I'm talking about.

In all the years I've been playing records labeled Anita O'Day, I have actually only heard her sing, in person, in the flesh, right there, twice. Once was in Salt Lake City, when she played a club that had only been open two weeks and closed two weeks after she left. But, the night she sang there, the club felt like it had been in business for ten years and people came in from very remote sections to hear the voice that was, until that night, a myth.

Several hundred Anita O'Day records later, I found myself in New York. The year was 1956 and I was doing a series of live musical shows over NBC for the United States Air Force Reserve. We had some of the greatest guest vocalists and one night we had *the greatest*. One night we had Anita O'Day. She was singing at Basin Street and we were into our show ten minutes when Anita arrived . . . and you might think that I am "putting you on"—I mean, "pulling your leg," or if you're a little bit older, "joshing"—when I tell you she was *electricity*! I don't mean she shocked anybody, but when she stood in front of that microphone and sang "You're the Top," it gave off sparks!

If you like music, are a musician, collect records, or in the main know "what's shakin'," then all this has been a waste of time to you. But if the name Anita O'Day is something you've seen and not heard, then, my friend, I have got a small bulletin for you. "Watch Out." In closing I'd like to say this: *Quote*: If you don't like Anita O'Day, please be advised that there is nothing wrong with *her*. *Unquote*.

LIGHTLY IN THE GROOVE:

Dick Clark announces that Philadelphia teens on his WFIL-TV *Bandstand* have created a half Calypso, half Cha-Cha dance called Cha-lypso. . . . **Tab Hunter**, fretting over Warner Bros.' delayed okay on the release of his "99 Ways," sympathized with deejay **Alix Blake** of WABY in Albany, who penned two recitations—"A Teen-Age Boy" and "A Teen-Age Girl." Alix worried that the kids he wrote about would be grown-up and wed by the time the records finally came out. The happy ending: All's well that sells well. . . . **Vick Key** of Key Records told **Bill Cullen** of New York's WRCA that his artist, **Mary Chaudet** ("I Call Him Daddy"), also does a great magic act with husband Bill. Her most fabulous trick: Turning vinylite, the stuff records are made of, into money! . . . WMID's **Alan Owen** has one of the most sought-after deejay jobs. Come summer in Atlantic City and he does his show from the beach, surrounded by lovely mermaids.

Jerry Warren

Jazzbo's on *Monitor*, Sat., 8 to midnight, over NBC Radio, and on *The Al Collins Show*, Mon.-Fri., 4 to 6 P.M., over New York's WRCA.

PRIMA DONNA

First with the ladies in Washington is

Donna Douglas of WTOP and WTOP-TV

Be yourself is Donna's guiding rule for living and for broadcasting, too.

Two for three: The Douglas poodles and pretty Ellen, Donna and Rhea.

Donna devotes her off-hours to Rhea Anne, getting a coiffure above, and Ellen Laurie, sharing a book at left.

WHERE there's a woman like Donna Douglas, there's a way. Take the time Donna faced the television cameras in the company of a well-known Italian chef who spoke not a word of English. For a moment, Donna was startled, then she remembered her guiding philosophy: "Be yourself, worry more about what you say than how you say it." Donna turned to the chef and carried on an intelligent "conversation" in sign language. . . . Talking without words is not the only contradiction about this charming and capable blonde. She also manages to be stimulating and relaxing at one and the same time on *The Donna Douglas Show,* seen weekdays on WTOP-TV at 1:10 P.M. and heard weekdays on WTOP at 11:30 A.M. Dedicated to women, the programs feature interviews with outstanding and qualified guests on anything from pre-marital counseling to politics. Donna is a crusader, too. One pet campaign is to get her listeners and viewers to refuse to accept inferior merchandise. If there's a crooked seam or a missing button, Donna urges that the item be returned to the store. The complaint is forwarded from the stores to the manufacturers, who are actually grateful. They agree with Donna that this is the only way to keep housewives from being "stuck." . . . The only thing usual about Donna's shows is their unfailing interest, and Donna's varied life prepares her well for this. Born in Paris, Ontario, Canada, she went to school in Pontiac, Michigan, when her family moved to the States. At thirteen, Donna was a protege of dancer Vivian Fay and also a student at the Denishawn School of the Dance. From dance, Donna turned domestic and majored in Home Economics and Literature at Purdue University. She was a successful model when she competed with thirty girls experienced in radio and television and won a job as Mark Evans' assistant on WTOP-TV, in 1952. It wasn't long before she had a show of her own. . . . A Washington resident since 1944, Donna feels fortunate in a broadcasting schedule that allows her to combine career and homemaking for her daughters. Rhea Ann, 11, and Ellen Laurie, 7, are off to school before Donna leaves for the studio, and she's back in time to welcome them home. Active in the PTA, she just took up golf. "You can learn a great deal from the game," she says, "principally control and concentration." Charm, as Washington knows, is something Donna Douglas learned early—and learned very well.

MORE THAN A VOICE

WNEW's Lonny Starr tries to be part of the community, too

After more than a quarter-century on radio, Lonny plays the fan here —for Janet's good report card—as Edna examines a book of Don's.

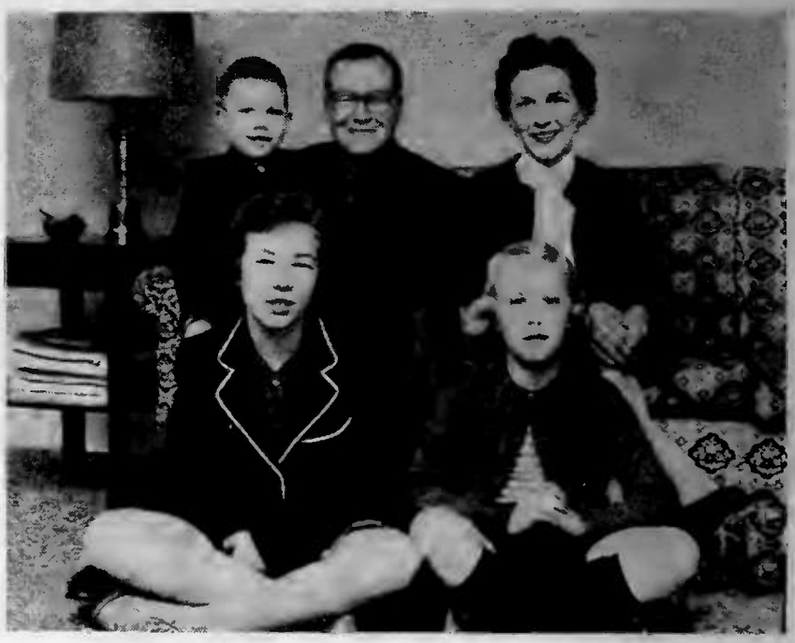
Gardening became a running gag on radio, but Lonny and Janet can be serious about it, too.

ONE OF THOSE stereotypes-come-true, Lonny Starr is that rotund, happy man, with nary a complex. As to "cares," Lonny has 'em only in the positive sense—never negative. Lonny cares about music, and he's been called "the most knowledgeable deejay in town." He has an ear for a hit, has predicted many and "made" others on his two programs over New York's Station WNEW: *Music Hall,* heard Monday through Sunday from 2 to 4 P.M., and *Starr, Sinatra And Strings,* heard Sunday from 10 to noon. Lonny cares about people, too. "I try to become part of the community," he says, "not just a voice on the air." A past president of the Valley Stream Rotary, Lonny is on a constant round of speeches and fund-raising for various charity drives. . . . A booming, one-man corporation for playing good music and doing good deeds, Lonny hails from Wilmington, Delaware, the state that boasts more corporations than any other. The son of a ship's captain, he was fascinated by speech rather than the sea. He admired the diction of people who spoke at his classes or in church, and he first began emulating them for the public at Station WDEL in Wilmington—twenty-six years ago, while still a student at the University of Delaware. Except for a minor excursion into the business world and attendance at the Wharton School, he's been on radio ever since. "I go back to the days of *Mert And Marge* and *Amos 'N' Andy,*" Lonny laughs. "Those were the days when we used to sign off the air to go out to lunch, or close the station early if we had a date." When Lonny finally came to New York and WNEW, he came with a round-trip ticket. For years, he carried the return ticket with him, "just in case." He cashed it in only when it was about to expire. . . . Long-time Starr listeners remember Lonny's running gag on sunny days. "Well, Edna," he'd address his wife, "get out the lawn mower." Edna marks her husband's success first by the power lawn mower he bought for her, and now by the gardener they hire for their Valley Stream lawn. The lawn surrounds a comfortable, large home. The Starrs have a son Donald, 10½, and a daughter Janet, 8½. Don is a rock 'n' roll booster. Janet takes piano lessons—and takes them seriously. Both are Starr listeners. "And if I make a mistake on the air and they hear it," says Lonny, "they'll remind me of it." Edna, first met on a blind date, was a practical nurse. "And she can cook!" Lonny grins. "I'm a walking example of that." But, as anyone with either a good cause or a good record to promote knows, Lonnie Starr is frequently a good example for everyone.

Music is a triple interest for Don, a rock 'n' roll fan, deejay-songwriter Lonny, piano student Janet.

THE THINGS THAT COUNT

Find a hobby, said his doctor. Instead, Don found a whole new way of life back at WSTC.



Many fathers get on a treadmill on behalf of their family. Don got off one for his wife Virginia, Pat, Donna and Peggy.

Now there's time to share books with Pat and Peggy or gather Donna and Peg at the organ.

Don Russell jumps off a big city merry-go-'round to make a full circle home to WSTC in Stamford

IF SUCCESS is a merry-go-'round, Don Russell has caught the brass ring twice. On the first time around, Don was on-camera practically around the clock as chief announcer and newscaster for the Du Mont TV station in New York. But the brass ring was really brass. Don's family faded in the blur of his busy schedule and, with on-the-job disagreements and friction over how to present the news, Don found himself in a state of extreme nervous tension. Stop! his doctor told him, and Don, on the point of collapse, did. He kept his job as a "communicator" on NBC's weekend *Monitor,* then found the weekday "hobby" his doctor recommended. He built a broadcasting studio in his Stamford home and went back to work for WSTC, the station with which he started his career in 1941. And this time around, the ring has the glint of pure gold. . . . *Don Russell Time,* heard each weekday from 11 to noon, has become one of the highest-rated, most talked-about programs on the Atlantic seaboard. With no particular format, Don plays records, sings for the first time, covers local news, does interviews and speaks his mind on any and all subjects. Anyone from the Mayor or the Governor to Jackie Gleason to Don's youngest son is likely to wander in for a talk. Even during broadcast time, the studio is open territory for wife Virginia and for Donna, 12, Peggy, 9, and Patrick, 5. "I thoroughly refuse to do a program," says Don, "if it's going to disrupt my family life." The program is so flexible that, every now and then, listeners will hear Don announce, "Well, such-and-such a sponsor, we didn't get to your commercial today, but we'll get it in tomorrow." . . . "A year ago, I was catching the 7:55 into New York, coming home on the 11:35 at night," says Don. "I was so nervous and tense I used to sit around taking my pulse." Now, he's barely aware of clocks, has time to meet friends for leisurely lunches, collect records, read books, and even start a new hobby of flying. Don's the youngest man ever to be voted a member of the State Street Debating Society, Limited, a group of sixty prominent citizens who conduct debates. "I grew up in Stamford," he says, "and I never knew such things existed." Don's active in other clubs and organizations and is keenly civic-minded. "I'm bringing my kids up in this town," says Don, "and anything I can do to help the town helps them."

is Tommy Sands the new Elvis?

Now—for the first time—the complete Tommy Sands story. Don't miss this exciting book on a new skyrocketing performer. TOMMY SANDS—His Life Story—Over 125 photos.

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TVR

Tommy Sands: New Singin' Idol

(*Continued from page 44*)

because I can't express myself." So speaks handsome teenager Tommy Sands, the most promising male discovery of the year. In the past few months, Tommy has been signed on as a feature singer on the NBC-TV *Ernie Ford Show* and he's joined the roster of Capitol's recording artists. He received star billing on *Kraft Theater's* "The Singin' Idol," and is under option there to do three more teleplays—and he has been contracted by 20th Century-Fox to make his first film. He is suddenly burning star-bright. "I don't know what it's like, being a star. Right now being what I am, whatever it is, it's kind of lonely. Most afternoons I go walking by myself. Maybe I'll stop off and see a movie or go into a record store. Maybe I'll sit at home and read. And it's not that I don't like people. It's not that I wouldn't like to be going to a dance. When I do go, I'd like to dance every dance and close the place. I'd like to go on to a drive-in hamburger place with my date and get something to eat and sit and talk. I like that. It's just that I haven't found the right girl to do these things with, and I've been looking for her a long time."

Tommy grins as he recalls his first big love. "At eight, my heavy crush was Elizabeth Taylor. I was in love with her until I was twelve. No one at the time loved her more than I, but she didn't know it. But all my friends in Shreveport knew about it. When she got married the first time, one of the little girls in school said, 'You know that girl you love married Nicky Hilton.' I said, 'Don't worry. What's meant to be is meant to be.' I thought that when I did get to Hollywood, Elizabeth Taylor would just look at me and know from my eyes that she was meant only for me."

Tommy hasn't yet come face to face with Liz Taylor, but he arrived in Hollywood about a year ago. He was eighteen then, with ten years' professional experience behind him. He began to work when he was in third grade.

"My kids aren't going into show business until they are out of high school," says Tommy. "It's no life for a kid. Not that I have any grudge against my parents. Nothing could stop me from playing guitar and singing when I was a kid."

Tommy's father, Benny Sands, is a well-know pianist in Chicago. In the past he has played with Ted Lewis, Art Kassel and other name bands. Tommy's mother, a slender and fair woman, sang with name bands under her maiden name of Grace Lou Dickson. She had retired from the business when Tommy was born.

"From the time I was very young, mother and I were practically commuting between Chicago and Shreveport, Louisiana. My mother is from Shreveport and my uncle and aunt had a fine, big farm there. They had raised my mother and she was very close to them, and so was I. And I'll never forget what it was like . . . acres and acres of cotton fields and lots of old-fashioned, horse-drawn wagons. Then my aunt had at least five acres of gladiolas right behind the house—bright and beautiful. I remember my aunt used to teach me stories and poems when I was about three and take me around to the neighbors to show me off. I was about four when I joined the church. Sunday after church I'd round up some of the neighbor kids and take them behind the house. I'd climb up on a box and repeat the sermon to them."

Although Tommy's parents were identified with formal music, Tommy was first drawn to country music and the guitar. It happened at Shreveport in his eighth year. At the time, he was ill and confined to bed, with a radio for companionship. He woke at 5:30 A.M., with the rest of the household, and tuned in Shreveport's KWKH and its morning star, Harmie Smith.

"Harmie sang and talked and played guitar. Years later he was to become a good friend of mine. But even then he represented a warmth and friendship to me just from hearing him on the radio. And he was, you might say, responsible for my career. Listening to him play guitar made me want to do the same. I begged mother for a guitar for Christmas and she got me one. It was a cheap instrument, but I got onto it right away. I liked to play so much that she decided I could have a good guitar. Well, we priced a good one. It was about $60 and we couldn't afford it. We had to buy it on time. Every Saturday morning I'd go into the music store and make my payment and they'd take the guitar off the shelf and let me play it awhile."

Tommy smiles and goes on, "It took about four months to pay for the guitar and by that time I was playing pretty good. I made the final payment and I was carrying the new guitar in a new case for the first time. On the way home I passed Station KWKH. Well, I walked in and got talking and played and sang for the station manager. He gave me a program of my own, once a week singing Western songs, and paid me five dollars. I used to spend the five on lessons and music books and records for a wind-up phonograph we had. I was eight years old then."

Tommy's parents thought his interest in the guitar and country music would pass. They weren't keen on his being a musician or entertainer. When they found that they couldn't discourage him, they tried coaxing him into taking piano instead of guitar lessons, but Tommy wouldn't coax. Even in Chicago he spent hours playing Western music. "When I was nine I wanted a cowboy outfit in the worst way. They tried to talk me out of it but my heart was made up. Well, for Christmas I got cowboy togs—a tan hat, green shirt and brown pants. I wore them everywhere and carried along my guitar. I remember a friend of the family's once tried to explain, 'We don't dress that way in Chicago, Tommy,' but it made no difference to me."

Tommy's parents are divorced, but Tommy got used to being separated from his father even as a tot, for his father was often on the road for weeks at a time with bands and his mother made frequent extended trips to Shreveport.

"I'm close to both parents," Tommy says. "Dad came to see me on the Coast and then he came into New York when I was on *Kraft* in 'The Singin' Idol.' But I've always made my home with my mother. We've never been separated. I think she's probably loved me too much for her own good. What I mean is that she's had to make so many personal sacrifices for my sake. She'd go without stockings for herself to buy me clothes. I can remember a five-year stretch when she didn't buy anything much for herself and yet she always took good care of me. I always had a good Christmas, no matter how hard up we were."

Tommy's mother, who had trained as a registered nurse upon retiring from professional singing, worked in a doctor's office in Shreveport and then in Houston. They lived in Shreveport until late 1949. That was the year the network radio program *Louisiana Hayride* premiered out of Shreveport, and for six months Tommy was on the show. But he was making only $12.50 a week, and his mother's income was down.

"I was twelve and Mother decided we should move over to Houston. She thought she could make a better living there and yet it wouldn't be too far from her family in Shreveport. Of course, Mother never counted on my income. Such jobs as I got were always on my own initiative. In those days I wanted to be an entertainer as much as I do today."

In Houston, Tommy immediately got a job as deejay and singer on Station KLEE and he was there nearly five years. He began to work in TV and night clubs. He made up to eighty dollars a week, but not regularly. "It seems like deejays got to be my best friends. In Houston, it was Biff Collie. Biff used to come on the air, still does, I guess, and say, 'This is your bellerin', bow-legged boy, Biff Collie—Collie, spelled just like a dog.' Well, Biff was like a father or a big brother to me. I'd always take around my troubles to Biff, if I were broke or lost a job. I went to him the time I was upset because they told me I was too light for varsity football. Biff had the knack of helping me see the other side, the bright side and my positive talents. Through Biff and my school friends, I grew to love Houston."

In 1951, the director of the Alley Theater in Houston heard of Tommy and asked him to try out for their major dramatic production of the season. The play was "The Magic Fallacy" and Tommy played the part of a sensitive child who is emotionally disturbed. Tommy's superb performance won him the Sidney Holmes Memorial Award, a rare tribute for a fourteen-year-old. Three years later, his high school's dramatic production of "Our Town," in which Tommy starred, won first prize in all-state competition in Texas. That was in 1955, but it was in 1953 that Tommy met Colonel Tom Parker, who was also managing Elvis Presley.

Tommy says, "I was singing in a night club during the Houston Fat Stock Show. Colonel Parker, who was then managing Eddy Arnold, dropped in the club where I was working. He liked me and was my manager until September of 1956, when I went to Hollywood. I think he's one of the greatest guys I've ever known."

Colonel Parker got Tommy his first recording contract and took him out on tour. His buddy on some of these tours was Presley. Tommy says, "Elvis is regular. He's never let success go to his head. He's as nice today as he was when I first met him. And he's a fine musician. He's got the beat and feel for down-to-earth blues. When I was a kid I got interested in rhythm and blues as sung by Negroes. They originated what we now call 'rock 'n' roll.' But now it's grown very commercial. Some recording companies think that as long as they get the words 'rock 'n' roll' into the lyrics that it's the real thing. It isn't and you'll never hear Elvis sing that commercial kind of rock 'n' roll. He sings authentic blues."

Tommy left Houston in 1955. His mother had been ill and a friend in Shreveport phoned and offered him a steady paying job as a deejay. "He gave me less than twelve hours to make up my mind and made me a good offer. Well, I didn't want Mother to work any more the way she was feeling, so I quit school and took the job."

That was in September. Back in Shreveport he got to be a close friend of his first idol, Harmie Smith. He kept the job a whole year and saved his money. July of last year, Tommy and his mother moved to Hollywood. Tommy auditioned for Cliffie Stone, who, besides being Ernie Ford's manager, has a five-day-a-week radio

show over KXLA in Los Angeles plus a Saturday night TV show on KTLA. Tommy became a regular on both shows. He also made a couple appearances on Ernie Ford's show. Then Colonel Parker got a script from *Kraft Theater* for Presley's consideration. Parker turned it down but recommended Tommy Sands for the lead. Tommy auditioned and got the part. It was his first professional role. Critically, the teleplay itself got mixed reviews. But Tommy, without exception, got high praise. Paul Bogart, who directed the drama, says, "Tommy was very responsive and a pleasure to work with. He has a native acting ability and he should go far." *Kraft* producer, Maury Holland, immediately put him under option for three more.

Tommy's first recording for Capitol is winging toward the million mark. Both songs on the disc were featured on the *Kraft* show and, in keeping with the character he portrayed, were rock 'n' roll. Actually, Tommy is singing more ballads these days. He has even dropped the guitar, for he feels it is Presley's trademark.

There is no reason to compare Tommy and Elvis for they are different personalities, but one thing they have in common is their devotion to religion.

"I joined the Methodist Church when I was four years old. That was down in Shreveport," Tommy says. "I've always been very religious but something happened to me in the last couple of years. I'd had some disappointments and headaches and I guess I wasn't going to church so regularly. Then Dad came out to visit me about a year ago. He'd had a stroke and, afterwards, became a Christian Scientist. Well, he got me interested and I joined, too. Well, I feel better and better things have been happening to me since. Yes, sir, I'm a man who takes religion very seriously."

Tommy neither drinks nor smokes. He says, "It used to bother me. Should I drink and should I smoke? Well, I can talk things over with Mother. Anything. So I told her one day. I mentioned a name of a friend and said that he smoked and drank. I asked her, 'What do you think about me doing it?' and she said, 'As I've always told you, you're a man. I'm not going to tell you what to do, but there are a couple of points to think about. You want to sing and you know smoking isn't good for your voice. And you know from your religious upbringing that drinking is better left undone.' And then she concluded, as she usually does, by saying, 'The important thing is to remember anything done to excess is wrong regardless of what it is.' So I don't smoke or drink but I don't choose my friends on the basis of whether they do. No one's ever ruined me. I don't think other people can hurt you. When you get hurt, you're doing it to yourself."

Tommy is sensitive and introspective. In the apartment he shares with his mother, he has a collection of books on religion and philosophy that he reads frequently, but he balances this with a keen interest in sports. He's been boxing since he was a kid. He likes water sports and he's crazy about horses. But he finds his social life wanting.

Tommy grins and says, "I'm looking for a girl all the time. I'd like to get married and I want a girl who is religious, loves a home life, children, dogs—the works. I just want to be at oneness with someone."

And Tommy isn't hard to find. Most afternoons he takes a walk up Hollywood Boulevard. On the way he may step into a music store to listen to some records. He may be studying the bill outside a movie. You can't mistake him—he's polite, handsome and a very nice guy. And he'll be alone. But I don't think for long.

They Lead Three Lives

(Continued from page 30)

We spark each other," Whit explains it.

"There is nothing," says Haila, "we do not share completely, and somehow that makes everything work out."

Where to live had to be worked out. first of all. Should it be in the city, which would be most sensible from the viewpoint of their work? Should it be in the country, which would mean more for Haila's three children and for a richer family life?

The question seemed settled when Haila and Whit came upon a lovely old house for rent about an hour out of the city. It was close to the children's boarding schools so they could get home easily every weekend. It was in beautiful country, and was furnished with fine old antiques. They took it.

And right away there were complications. Haila accepted a new assignment which was quite an honor but which meant staying in town late every night. She became the standby for Rosalind Russell in Broadway's "Auntie Mame." While Haila didn't actually have to stay at the theater, she was committed to be available on ten minutes' notice anytime during the performance. Meanwhile, Whit himself has to be at rehearsals for *The Guiding Light* early in the morning.

"Thanks to my agent and good friend, Georgia Gilley," Haila says, "we can have our cake and eat it." During the week, they share Miss Gilley's Manhattan apartment. Then, come the weekend, they head for the country. Whit gets there Saturday morning and Haila on Saturday night, after her standby duties are over. In the meanwhile, eighteen-year-old Robin, fourteen-year-old Christopher and eight-year-old T. J. have put in their appearances during the day.

Sometimes, during the week, when Whit doesn't have a rehearsal next day, they trek up to the country at midnight just in order to spend an hour or so there the next morning. "There's something about the mere fact of getting away from the city into the country that gives you a new kick-off into the next day," Whit says. "Just that lazy hour over coffee, before returning to town, sends us back relaxed and re-charged."

They're able to spend a lot of time together because of their daytime-serial assignments. Like everything else, it just works out.

"We're really very lucky," Haila says. "We even work in the same building. We have lunch together almost every day."

Far from presenting problems, the fact that both are in the acting profession has been a great positive bond. There has never been the slightest question between them of the competitiveness which is often the bugaboo of actor couples.

"There never can be," Haila explains simply. "To begin with, we both know that we're good, and we both have tremendous respect for each other's work."

"More than that," Whit adds, "we're an excellent team. We complement each other on the stage just as in real life."

It's something people have remarked on whenever Haila and Whit have performed together. And they felt it themselves from the very beginning—a magnetic pulling together that brought out the best in each other. It was, in fact, as a performing team that they first met in the summer of 1953. This was at Elitch's Gardens, the famous summer-stock company in Denver, where so many great American actors have played.

Haila was there for the first time, that summer, as the company's leading lady, while it was Whit's fifth season as a leading man. Almost as soon as rehearsals started, they had formed a professional mutual admiration society.

As Haila says, "It was an immediate recognition born out of mutual respect and admiration." And Whit adds, "I was crazy about the way she worked, her great honesty and range of talent, her tremendous versatility and believability."

"You might say," Haila remarks, "that we fell in love with each other's work long before there was any thought of a personal attachment."

That didn't develop till a couple of years later. In the meanwhile, after the ten-week season at Elitch's Gardens was over, Haila returned to New York and Whit went back home to California. He had been living there for about six years, and even today he goes back on frequent trips. The reason for that is a lovely little girl named Erin, who is Whit's much-beloved daughter by a previous marriage. Despite the distance between them at present, there is a deep attachment and close father-daughter relationship between Whit and Erin, who is now almost ten years old. "Thank heavens for air travel," Whit says . "It only takes me eight hours to get there."

Though California was his home base in 1953, Whit was always ready to head East for a part in a good play. In financial terms, he was doing fine in Hollywood. He had all the work he could handle, as a featured player in movies and television films, but he found the work frustrating.

"Making movies," he says, "can be just about the most tiring and boring work an actor can do. For every ten hours at the studio, you're in front of the camera anywhere from ten minutes to an hour."

Whit felt the parts he was given didn't permit him to do the kind of acting he feels drawn to, which is character acting. "It's always hard to get a chance to do character parts, if you look like a leading-man type," he explains, "but in Hollywood it was impossible. And for me, personally, I have felt for a long time that my talent lies in the direction of character work."

Whit is, very simply, the kind of serious, dedicated performer to whom financial success isn't enough. He was born in Ireland, came to the United States at the age of six, and was brought up in Detroit. It was in high school there that he first took part in a play and found it "more exciting than anything I had imagined."

He went on to Wayne University, where he worked his way by doing a variety of jobs, majored in dramatics and acted for Detroit radio stations. Among the shows he did then were *The Green Hornet* and *The Lone Ranger,* and, by that time, "it was hard to consider doing anything besides acting." He followed up his bachelor's degree with a Master of Arts from the University of Michigan. In 1941, he packed himself up to pursue fame and fortune in Chicago. There he worked in radio for a year, and then went into the Coast Guard. Going in as a seaman, he ended up as an officer commanding ships in both the Atlantic and Pacific. In 1946, he was separated from the service and headed for New York.

It was now that Whit began to establish his reputation as a top-flight young actor. First, there was a role in Maurice Evans' "Hamlet," then in "The Duchess of Malfi," with Elisabeth Bergner. After that, because it seemed to him that Hollywood offered more opportunities, he went out there to settle down, and made his screen debut in "Tap Roots," with Susan Hayward.

But the following year, in 1948, he was happily back on Broadway again. This time, he scored an outstanding success in two different hits, "Kathleen" and the Michael Redgrave production of "Macbeth." At the end of the season, he received an award as "one of the most promising young actors of the year."

After that, Whit returned to Hollywood once again. Up to the time he came back East for good, about three years ago, he had made something like one hundred television films and ten full-length movies, the last one being "The Saracen Blade." It was in 1955 that he made his final decision to live in New York, and then it was that he and Haila began to see a great deal of each other.

But a year and a half were still to pass before they got married. Both had experienced unhappy marriages and were determined not to make another mistake. "We were very cautious about it," Haila explains. "We knew that we clicked beautifully in a professional relationship, but we wanted to be very sure that we would make out as well in a personal relationship."

During that time, they grew to know each other very well. "It was terribly exciting," Haila says, "because we kept discovering new things in which we were both interested. Finally, we realized there just doesn't seem to be anything in which we don't share a mutual interest."

There is—to pick at random—Irish literature and music, cooking and interior decorating, sports and country living, religion and extra-sensory perception, and, of course, the theater and television.

Actually, for Haila, television has supplanted the live theater in her enthusiasm and interest. What she hopes for now is to get more involved in television production than in acting. Production has always been her great interest in the theater. "Always, I wanted to work in the production end," she says. "Back in my teens and then when I was in college, production was what drew me into theatrical activities. But, somehow, I always ended up on the stage, instead of behind it."

Despite her reservations, however, Haila's career on the stage has been a brilliant one. It started with a sixty-five week tour in "Tobacco Road," after her graduation from the University of Southern California, and went on to include starring and co-starring roles in some of the most celebrated Broadway hits, including "Blithe Spirit," "The Voice of the Turtle," "Affairs of State" and "Dream Girl."

She was one of the first successful stage actresses to appear on television, and has been fascinated by it from the beginning. She has been playing the part of Pauline Harris in *The Secret Storm* since the drama began, and has always enjoyed it.

One of the most interesting developments during their courtship period was the relationship that grew up between Whit and Haila's three children. "They made it very clear that they liked him," says Haila, "and there was just never any question as to how they would feel about our getting married. They were definitely trying to promote it."

Whit's role with the children now falls into a unique category something different from friend or father, yet somehow a combination of both. "I don't know what to call it," Haila says, "but it's just what they needed. Not a father—because, after all, they have their own—but more perhaps a warm and trusted friend who represents the man's point of view in our home."

For eighteen-year-old Robin, who is involved in choosing a college and a field of work to study, this has meant advice and encouragement in what she wants to do.

While Robin's final sights are set on marriage-and-children for her career, she thinks that a girl ought to have the experience of working before she settles down. She would like to work as a buyer of high fashion women's apparel.

"She has a real flair and feeling for fashion, which I would say she inherits from her mother," Whit observes, "and I think she'd be an excellent buyer."

"Of course, I've told her the same thing," Haila laughs, "but it didn't seem to make quite the same impression. All the children have this great respect for Whit's opinion."

With fourteen-year-old Christopher and eight-year-old T. J., Whit's opinions rank particularly high in the field of sports. Whit has a great interest in practically every kind of sport, and especially football, which he played at school.

Chris plays on his school's first team in a number of sports, one of them football. "In fact," Whit points out proudly, "he has played several positions on the football team, which is very good."

Whit goes to the school games whenever he can, and sometimes offers constructive criticism, which is always welcome. Besides football, they're both very interested in ice-hockey and ice-skating. There's a little pond near the country house, where they did a good deal of skating last winter. According to Chris, Whit is "the best skater I've ever seen."

Both of them are great sports fans, of course, and spend a lot of time watching games on television. They have an agreement that each one has to choose a team to root for, before the game starts, and the same thing goes for boxing matches. The two of them have another understanding, too—an unspoken one—about doing things together. "We have a sort of mutual thing," Whit explains. "Either one is kind of always welcome to join in with the other in any activity."

Family life in the Connor-Stoddard household is more or less compressed into the weekend, when the children arrive from school and Haila and Whit come out from the city and their work. As Haila puts it, "It's kind of like a bouillon cube, with everything concentrated in one small time period."

Actually, Whit goes out with T. J. early on Saturday and is there to join Robin and Chris, who come in from their near-by boarding schools a little later. Haila arrives in the evening. Since she has to stay in town till late Saturday night, her time with her family is now really limited to Sundays.

"Sundays," she says, "aren't a day of rest. They're a day of change, a very welcome change." Most of her Sunday is spent in the kitchen cooking, which is "one of my great passions in life." She is an expert on exotic dishes from all over the world and, according to her husband, can compete with the "best of the best." A typical Sunday culinary session might find her preparing a delicious ragout of oxtail, a Luxembourg stew with veal, beer and ginger snaps, a filet of sole in white wine, or coq *au vin*. Her fame as a cook has, in fact, spread far beyond her own family, so that Robin's school friends are eager for invitations to visit and taste some of this mom's rare food.

Around four o'clock, the whole family gets together for Sunday lunch, which is the big meal of the day and the time for general family conversation, stories and discussions. Then, in the early evening, the children start on their way back to school, and Whit and Haila settle down for a quiet evening at home— "We just put up our feet and watch television and talk."

In the little more than a year that has passed since their marriage, both Haila and Whit have found a new assurance and creative strength. Haila is impulsive and volatile, while Whit is more conservative and analytical. For them, this combination is a great affirmative source of security.

Whit says, "It means for me a steadier outlook on life, a much greater trust in the wisdom of what I do, an aliveness and freshness. And it's pretty exciting to realize what I do to help her and what she does to help me."

Haila, who has always wasted time and energy in too many interests and too-quick enthusiasms, has found Whit's insight and judgment helping her to focus on what is important—so that she does less, but finds that more projects work out successfully. They have an agreement that, whenever she gets a new idea, she'll talk it out with him right away.

"I'm always crazy about something—it might be a play to produce or a television idea—when I first hear about it," Haila admits. "I'll rave on about how wonderful it is. Then, a few days later, the second thought and doubts come along. By then, in the old days, I would be committed and it would be too late. Now I talk everything over with Whit first. I let off the steam to him, and he has a knack of quietly putting his finger on what counts."

As Whit says, "We complement each other and pull together," and this works all through their married relationship. Whether it involves sparking each other in the writing of a script, with Whit supplying the structure and story line and Haila contributing the character material and background, or pulling together in running their family life, Whit and Haila are a good team.

And, judging by the results for them, that's the secret of a good marriage.

The Roots We Need

(*Continued from page 51*)

to talk to you like that. It's just that I got so mad at that Diane today and when I saw you . . . the show and everyone in it are so real to me. . ." she trailed off.

Leila smiled. "I know. To me, too. And Diane *is* a problem. But I think I understand her. She'll be all right, you'll see. All she needs is the love and security of a good man. . . . And now, I must get upstairs to my baby."

Reflecting as she tucked her sixteen-month-old daughter, Juliet Sara, in bed for a nap, Leila thought, *And that is the answer. Not only for Diane Emerson, but for any woman. A good man and this.*

For Leila Martin, who portrays Diane Emerson in *Valiant Lady,* feels that way about her life. True values and balance came with marriage and motherhood. Before that, Leila's life was a one-way street —an exciting and fascinating one, but limited. Show business.

"It isn't that now I'm less serious about my career," Leila explains in her quiet, serious way. "I'm just as *intense* about my work, but less *tense* about it. I love to act, and I hope I'm giving viewers some enjoyment. And because I'm happy continuing with my career, I feel I'm a better wife and mother than I would be if I gave it up and was miserable. But, at the same time, my husband and baby have given me roots I needed. I feel more secure and have a better perspective on life in general."

In private life, Leila is the wife of Leonard Green, a theatrical agent, who heads Mercury Artists Corporation. The Greens and their toddler live in a modern apartment on East 54th Street, selected so that they can get back to their child from their professional duties in a few minutes.

However, Leila feels their convenient apartment is somewhat temporary. "By the time Juliet is old enough to enter school," she said, enthusiasm lighting up her solemn dark eyes, "both Len and I want to be settled in a nice spacious home, complete with back and front yards, way out in Connecticut somewhere. We want her to have as much community life as possible."

Meantime, Leila sees her daily routine as being similar to that of the average working mother. "Since I have to be at the studio for rehearsal at eight in the morning, Juliet and I get up at six-thirty. We have breakfast together, and what a time we have over her cereal! I'm usually back in time for her nap. I get a lot done then—like studying my script for the next day, attending to household duties and preparing for dinner. When Len gets home, we play with Juliet or read nursery rhymes to her before tucking her in for the night. Then Len cues me with my script and we watch television. We find that we don't go out as much as we did before Juliet. We do go to the theater about once a week, and occasionally we entertain."

About the upbringing of her child, Leila feels that Juliet should be permitted freedom of expression, but—"you can't go just by the book. Already, I can see that Juliet is an individual in her own right. Within reason, I try to respect her likes and dislikes."

Yet Leila admits it would be a matter of concern to her if Juliet were inclined toward an early theatrical career. "I very definitely would want her to finish college before committing herself to a career," she says slowly. "I think it's important to understand yourself and the world around you, before you get involved in something so all-absorbing as show business is, particularly."

Leila's career had its start in a brother-sister dancing-singing act with her older brother, Buddy. The act was designed and finished by Leila's parents, Irma and Seymour Martin.

"The act was a lot of fun," Leila recalls. "Our home in Brooklyn became a happy rehearsal place. We entered in all kinds of talent shows, and won enough wrist watches to open a store! I liked performing, but I also liked playing handball with the kids in the block and enjoyed my school studies. I wasn't really serious about show business then."

This career flair for singing took a serious turn when Leila was a sophomore in high school. Her glee-club teacher made a discovery. Leila had a voice. Not just a pretty, sweet one. But a full, rich, big voice that was amazing for such a slight girl. The music teacher urged Leila to give the gift the attention it deserved. And, with an earnestness that has never left her, Leila began studying for a singing-acting career. She took voice lessons and enrolled in classes at Manhattan's Dramatic Workshop. To pay for her studies, she worked after school and evenings as a stock girl in a department store and at other jobs.

It was a struggle, keeping up with her school studies, working, and doing justice to her singing and acting classes, but Leila soon learned that, compared with other personal sacrifices, the cramped schedule was inconsequential.

Just before high school graduation, Leila was filled with excitement and anticipation over the school varsity play, in which she had a good part—and also, of course, over the school prom. But the Dramatic Workshop had plans of its own. It decided to produce the musical, "Of Thee I Sing," at the President Theater, and Leila was offered the lead. She was thrilled. Her first chance to do a musical. Then she slowly realized that the performance dates conflicted with both the varsity show and the prom. It was with a new heaviness in her heart that she phoned the school director and her prom date that they would have to get replacements. *There will never be another high school graduation,* she thought sadly.

Leila's performance in the musical caught the interest of the producer of Crest Summer Theater (Long Beach, Long Island), who sat in the audience one night. He sought Leila backstage.

"I'm going to open the summer season with 'Lady in the Dark,'" he informed her. "How would you like to be in it? I've an Equity company and you'll get your Equity card."

"Would I like it!" exclaimed Leila. "Of course. When do rehearsals begin?" And she thought, *This will be perfect. It'll give me a chance to save more money for college in the fall, too.*

But the tide of Leila's life had turned in another direction—toward Broadway. After "Lady in the Dark," Leila stayed on at the Crest for the next play, "Happy Journey"—her first straight acting role. Following this play, an amazing thing happened. She was offered the job as understudy to the leading feminine role in Michael Todd's Broadway production of the musical, "Peep Show." This was a tremendous opportunity for a fledgling seventeen-year-old actress. But again it meant giving up something else she wanted very much—to go to college. *Perhaps after this show,* she thought. But the die was cast. Broadway took to Leila and, in turn, Leila gave it her full attention.

Not only was "Peep Show" a big hit. It gave Leila the opportunity to step into the top feminine role for two periods during the run—once for eight performances, the next time, for fourteen. The critics agreed that this newcomer had a "wonderful" voice.

The show was the first of several Broadway musical hits for Leila, and each successive one brought her more recognition. Her next show, "Two on the Aisle," starring Bert Lahr, featured Leila in the singing number, "Everlasting." Next, Leila was the Bronx girl, Gussie, in "Wish You Were Here." Fellow actors nicknamed Leila "Lucky" Martin because of the way she stepped into one hit after another.

Leila, too, felt that things were going nicely. Her brother, Bud, had returned from service with the Army in Korea and he was also singing in "Wish You Were Here." She was busy and absorbed in her career.

Only during her daily subway commuting, from her home in Brooklyn, did Leila have time to gather her thoughts. Often she spent the ride reading books on every subject, in an attempt to make up a little for not going to college. At times. her thoughts strayed to how she would like to prepare for an operatic career. *I can't give the time needed to study operatic arias and languages now,* she'd dismiss the intermittent thought, *but maybe someday.* Love and marriage were far from her mind, that spring of 1953—until she met Leonard Green.

They met at a party Leonard was hosting for his friends in the theater and in allied fields. Leila was impressed with his charm and warmth. They made a dinner date for the next night after the show and, from then on, Leonard tried to date Leila every night. Leila, to her surprise, found that she wanted to see Leonard every night, too. She had never felt that way about any man. Soon she realized she was in love, and everything was wonderful—until serious marriage plans were discussed. Leonard felt that one career—his—was enough for a family. Leila thought his notion unfair. They separated—for a week.

In that week, Leila was miserable and faced up to important terms with herself. She realized that, first of all, she was a woman who had found love. Her career was important. But Leonard was more important.

Gathering all her courage, she phoned Leonard and quietly told him she would give up her career, if he wanted. He, too, had learned in that never-passing week that life is not made up of cut-and-dried rules. "Do anything you want," he happily assured her, "just marry me."

And it was on this happy note, with both compromising and giving in, that Leila and Leonard were married on Christmas Eve of 1953. After two weeks in Cuba, they settled in Leonard's Manhattan apartment. And Leila continued to make discoveries about herself. She found that she liked being a homemaker and developed an interest in home decorating and furniture. When they decided to move to another apartment, Leila enjoyed herself immensely in choosing the color scheme and selecting new bits of furniture. She also learned that cooking was fun, if at times exasperating.

Most of all, she found that being mar-

ried to Leonard meant living a more balanced life. "Len insisted on days of complete relaxation whenever our schedules permitted. We went to the country on weekends, spending them playing tennis and swimming or just walking. I mingled more with people. Leonard loves to be with people. And this is good for me, since I'm inclined to want to be by myself too much."

Meanwhile, Leila's career continued to blossom. Shortly after her marriage, Leila won the feminine lead role in a new musical, "Dolly." The show played its pre-Broadway engagement in Atlanta, Georgia. Leila got good notices. The show didn't. It never reached Broadway.

Leila felt that "Dolly" had given her the biggest thrill—and the deepest disappointment—of her career. But she didn't have time to dwell on this. She won her first daily TV role, the part of Juliet Goodwin, the singer-heroine in the daytime series, *Golden Windows.* For Leila, it was a first experience in daytime television and she found it much to her liking, fitting in so well with her home duties. When the series went off the air after nine months it was just as well for Leila—little Juliet was found to be well on the way. And though the very next day Leila started rehearsals for the role of Sarah Brown in the City Center revival of "Guys and Dolls," the engagement, fortunately, was for the limited run of a month.

The Greens moved to a larger apartment—their present dwelling on East 54th—and Leila again gave vent to her newly-found love of setting up a home. The apartment is an interesting mixture of antiques and moderns. Their gold modern living-room suite is set off with such items as antique Italian lamps and French desks and tables. "When it comes to accessories, we like antiques," is the way Leila puts it, "but when it comes to something that has to be used a lot, such as a sofa, we want it comfortable and modern."

With the arrival of Juliet, Leila curtailed her professional activities, in order to spend more time at home during Juliet's first year. "It was well worth the lull," she recalls. "Having a baby is probably the most wonderful experience a woman can have."

Her first return venture in the theater was the Broadway dramatic production of "The Best House in Naples" early this past season. Then, when she heard that *Valiant Lady* was looking for a Diane Emerson—not in the show during a one-year stay in Europe—she eagerly auditioned for it. Everyone agreed that Leila would be ideal for the role. It was a case of her growth as a person, in the last several years, paying off. For the director felt that Leila was "mature enough to see the immaturity of Diane . . . and had the skill to portray the role effectively."

"I also like playing Diane," Leila explains, "because a daily series gives you a chance to really develop a character. I think that's why daytime serials continue year after year. The actors really become the characters they are playing, and the viewers begin to believe in them as real people. The neighbor in my building, who was so worked up about developments in the Emerson family, is an example of what I mean."

Her husband Leonard watches Leila on the screen, but Juliet is permitted to do so only when the scene of the day is fairly quiet. "I learned, the hard way, to censor the show as far as Juliet is concerned," Leila smiles. "She used to see it every day. One day, Diane was hysterical in the show. Juliet got upset and cried for an hour, calling 'Mama! Mama!' "

Leonard, too, sometimes has a difficult time remaining objective, in watching the show. For example, there was the day he invited his whole office crew to come into the office to see Leila. "That's my wife," he told everyone proudly. And, as if to mock him, the girl on the screen was soundly kissed by a man. Everyone laughed.

"I felt funny," Leonard admits. "It wasn't that I was jealous. I can't explain it—just a funny feeling. Just like when Leila was playing in 'Guys and Dolls' and, in one scene, she had to be carried off in a seemingly rough way. Leila was expecting Juliet. I knew that she wasn't really being handled roughly—that the technique just made it seem that way. But, just the same, every time I saw that scene, I felt funny and had to stifle an impulse to call out, 'Hey, stop that! She's my wife and she's pregnant.' "

Any qualms Leonard may have had about marrying an actress are now quieted by Leila's obviously serious attitude toward her marriage and home. "It's not that I have anything against actors," Leonard says in his quick way. "I love them, and they are my business. But, too often, I've seen marriages attempt to conform to the career—with disastrous results. I believe that a career should conform to marriage."

He feels that Leila is truly an artist with a magnificent voice. To this, Leila replies, "I've a wonderful husband. . . . As for future career plans, who knows? I recently finished the first of a projected new television series called *House On 89th Street,* in which I act and sing with some very real puppets. And maybe, someday, I'll devote myself to opera arias, as I've always wanted to do. Who knows? All I know now is that life is very good. I'm very thankful for Leonard and Juliet—and for Diane Emerson, who makes it possible for me to continue my career without disrupting too much my role as a homemaker."

The Charming Lady Williams

(*Continued from page 24*)

wife of newspaperman Max Canfield, in *The Brighter Day*. A woman who faces up to life, without wincing. Murial was talking about this woman, about her appeal and her courage, before she went on to talk about her own life as a young wife and widow, as an actress and fashion model, as teacher of models and producer of fashion shows, and as a TV star.

"Lydia and I have several things in common," Murial said. "She comes from Boston, which was my husband's home, and where I lived, too, for many years. We both lost our husbands, but Lydia has remarried, after a long series of personal frustrations which might have downed a woman less brave. Now her new marriage has brought new problems into her life, but she is not one of those complaining, whining, bitter wives. She has built up tremendous inner resources. She has outer charm and inner strength, and each complements the other.

"That's what makes Lydia so real," Murial went on. "Like the rest of us, she can't be happy and gay all the time. Don't we all have our moods, our days of being sweet and charming, our days when we get upset over small and big problems, get impatient with ourselves and with others? Don't all women have moments of sophistication, when they behave like mature human beings, and moments of childish angers and anxieties? Lydia is that kind of woman. It gives her dimension.

"Herb Nelson—a highly intelligent actor and solid sort of person, who plays Lydia's husband Max—feels the way I do about both these people. Max has dimension, too. The story has dimension, and truth, as do all the people in it. We're a congenial group—the actors, producer Terry Lewis, director Del Hughes. We love what we're doing, and we get along well off the set as well as on."

Like Lydia, Murial learned to face reality fairly early. She sometimes quotes a friend's remark: "All actors and actresses believe in fairy godmothers who will come and wave a wand, to confer on them the best parts and the greatest success." Long ago, Murial discovered that any wand-waving would have to be strictly of her own doing, although she is not at all sure that it's only actors who rely on fairy godmothers. "I learned about that when I was coaching young girls in modeling. They would want *so much* to work, and would sometimes do *so little* about improving themselves."

Murial was born in New Hampshire, of a non-acting family which settled in Boston when she was quite young, and she belongs to that group of actors who got their training mostly in practical work. Later on, when producers and managers asked her where she had studied, she was reluctant to admit that, instead of attending classes, she had actually been in show business since she was seventeen.

Finishing her schooling at a "finishing school" in Fairfax, Virginia, Murial was already well on her way as an actress when she met and married Francis Hart, a Boston banker and businessman who also had a passion for the theater, and talent for it, and was always torn between the two worlds. They spent their summers on Cape Cod, where both worked with the Cape Cod Playhouse in Dennis—Fran Hart as its publicity representative, and Richard Aldrich, Fran's friend from schooldays, as its producer. Later, Fran became president and treasurer.

During the first summer of her marriage, the "honeymoon summer," Murial had to remember everything she had ever learned about charm and glamour, and those additional resources of strength and humor. Francis Hart had two children by a former marriage, a daughter Bunny (Fredericka) and a son Russ. "I was getting used to my new life and my new responsibilities," Murial recalls, "and the children were getting used to me. The man who worked for us at the house that summer, broke his leg the second day we were there, and was laid up a long time. Dick Aldrich was staying with us that season, along with a couple of young men apprentices. We had a large house, and the greats of the theater who came to the Cape were in and out of our home, welcome guests. Ethel Barrymore, Bette Davis, David Niven, scores of others. We had little parties after the performances. There was rarely a quiet moment. It was exciting, stimulating, wonderful—but just a little like living in Grand Central Station for a young girl unused to it." As the seasons went on and Murial got to know Gertrude Lawrence, Dick Aldrich's wife, and to work with her in several plays, she found out more about this thing called charm. "She was one of the first women I knew to impress me so forcibly with the fact that a woman is *first* a woman, and *then* she is anything else she wants to be.

"On the stage, of course," Murial continues, "she was the brilliant actress who concentrated completely on her work and gave the very best in her. During rehearsals, she would help me tremendously, teach me how to get comedy out of a line, for instance, at which she was so wonderful. She was generous in our scenes together, helped me with clothes. It was instinctive with her, however, to play her own part with everything she had. I knew that, once on a stage with her, she was saying, figuratively: *Now I have done everything for you that I could, and you are on your own.* I have thought of that often since, when I have tried to help and advise girls studying to be models. You can tell a girl everything you have learned, and then it is up to her."

Murial had always done some modeling, along with her theater work, and she has a model's figure today—five feet, five-and-a-half inches, 115 pounds, graceful carriage. During her marriage to Fran, they both became interested in starting a model agency with a friend, Mildred Albert, who already had a school in Boston in which Murial was teaching. It's still in existence, with Mildred and Phillip Brown as her partners and Murial speaks fondly of the "Hart models," many of them girls she has helped train. The business is known officially as Promotions, Inc., but is more colloquially referred to as the "Hart Agency."

"For five years, we produced the huge *Boston Herald* annual fashion show, which required months of preparation. We began the idea, in Boston, of fashion-show luncheons for the big department stores. I not only trained models, organized shows and chose wardrobes and accessories, but I did loads of fashion commentary."

After Francis Hart passed on, in 1950, Murial began to think about devoting more time to acting. She went on tour in "Autumn Garden," with Fredric March, playing in seventeen major cities. More recently, she was in "Heaven Can Wait," co-starring with Steve Cochran.

The great challenge, however, was television. The first TV dramatic roles, and then the opportunity to do big-time commercials: "I was new to television and new to this kind of 'selling,'" Murial points out, "but everything I had learned as a model—and especially as a commentator for hundreds of fashion shows—was there, inside, to help me. I was learning to take my own advice, the advice I had been handing out to other girls, but I had the advantage of knowing it had worked for them and could for me, too. Knowing this it gave me courage. And poise, and authority. Every girl should learn—early, if possible—that every bit of experience she gets, whether she welcomes it or not and whether it ties in immediately with what she wants, will some day help her with some other thing that she wants."

Murial learned a great many things about girls who want to be models, and girls in general. All want to improve themselves, but not all are willing to work for it. Even the shyest, most timid, have many preconceived ideas about themselves, that are difficult to change until the girl herself wants to change them. It was hard to teach some girls to walk with head up, so the world could see them and they could see the world. It was difficult to suggest changes in hairdressing, when the answer came, "But I like it this way."

"Many girls want to 'make it,' in modeling, in business, socially, but on their own terms," Murial reflects. "Many can, but most of us cannot. When girls complained to me that another girl was getting all the jobs, I would ask them to analyze why. Were they doing the best they knew how, about their hair, their grooming, their clothes? Were they making the rounds, showing themselves available for jobs? It has always seemed sensible to me to look at some other woman whom you admire—often a movie or television star—not with envy, but with a desire to find out why she is so lovely, why her clothes seem so right for her, what there is in her voice and her manner that gave her charm and glamour. What there is in her life, and her background, to bring out these qualities."

In her own case, when the producers of *The Brighter Day* were seeking an actress who had certain special qualities for Lydia, they discovered them in Murial through television. By that time, she was well known in the new medium, and had volunteered to help, on a Sunday off, by appearing on a telethon to raise funds for arthritis research. Del Hughes, director of *The Brighter Day*, with whom she had worked three years before in the "Autumn Garden" company, tuned in the telethon that Sunday Morning.

"There's Murial Williams," he said, and remembered her fine performance in the play. Watching her interview patients, he suddenly realized that there was the girl who had the qualities they had been trying to find. He called the producer and a date was set for Murial to read for the part. That was more than two years ago. Interesting, satisfying years in many ways.

Murial's stepchildren, Russ and Bunny, are now grown up. "Still very much a part of my life," she says. A bachelor girl since the death of her husband, Murial thinks of the married state as the happiest one for a woman: "I would like to marry again, if it's right." Meanwhile, she's finding contentment at home, companionship with friends, and is watched over fondly by a huge French poodle.

Two charming women in one person: Lydia Canfield of *The Brighter Day*—and Murial Williams, who has developed the charm and courage and femininity to lead both their lives.

Knee-Deep in Success

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was accomplished—in the bank where Else was working—it was not an auspicious beginning.

"I was a little wild," Guy laughs. "I was champing at the bit a little, so she kind of balked at first. A couple of days later, though, I called and persuaded her to come to the club for dinner. Later, we went dancing. A few days after that, my engagement ended and I was obliged to go back to Los Angeles. Then I went back up to Vancouver. By this time, she knew I really cared for her. That it wasn't a lark. I wasn't wild—except wild in love.

"This time, we made plans to be together. I was working around L.A., getting odd jobs on radio and TV and in night clubs. Else, it developed, had an aunt there, so she came down, stayed with her aunt, and we saw a lot of each other. By now, we knew we really cared for each other. Then I had to play a job in Kansas City, another in New Orleans. The parting was rough. By the time I got to New Orleans, I was missing her so badly I wrote for her to come. At the moment, I had only two thousand dollars in the bank, and very few singing dates on the books. But, as I wrote Else, 'Some people start off worse—*no* money in the bank. Let's just get married and pray to God to watch over us.' So we did. And so He did," Guy adds soberly.

"By the way, I'd like to set straight one misconception concerning Else. When we got married, one of the newspapers put in that Else was a beauty contest winner. 'Miss Sweden,' I think they said. Or maybe it was 'Miss Denmark.' Another paper headlined: 'Guy Mitchell Marries Night Club Entertainer.'

"No, sir, no, ma'am! Being in night clubs so much, traveling so much, what would I want with a wife who'd greet me at the door with 'Let's go out'? My idea of the way married life should be is to come home, find dinner ready and waiting, kick off the shoes, put on the jeans, lie on the floor after dinner and watch TV, while my wife sits by, sewing. And that's the way it is, for Else and me.

"Here in New York," Guy explains, "we have a little hotel apartment—kitchenette, bedroom and bath—as a base, for the time being. Else does the cooking. Now and again, I'll cook up something. I'm good at making things appetizing, which seems to surprise people. I like to fool around with herbs and spices, make sauces and gravies. After dinner, we watch TV. During the commercials, I do set-ups on the floor. Else sits by, sewing. She's good at sewing. Makes my shirts, most of her own clothes. I bought her a sewing machine for a wedding present. Whenever there's time, my wife and I go riding. I like reading, too. So does Else. She likes anything I like. The husband who can say the same of his wife is blessed among men, as I sure am.

"We had an awful start, though. I tell you! The day Else arrived in New Orleans, we drove—along with Marty Horstman, my road manager—to Bay St. Louis in Mississippi, where you don't have to wait to say the 'I do's.' It was hot and the bugs were hitting the windshield. When they missed the windshield, they hit us. Else wore a pretty pink suit and a pink hat. But no flowers. They'd have wilted. Her wedding ring is a diamond band (kind of small diamonds) between two thin gold bands. Sort of does double duty as an engagement and wedding ring. The ring is proof, I always say, that I only had a couple of thou' in the bank.

"After the justice of the peace pronounced us man and wife," he recalls, "we drove back to the Safari, in New Orleans, where I was singing. I did three shows that night, worked until two in the morning. Then the people who run the Safari —real nice people—had a cake for us. So, about 2:30 A.M., we went back home to the hotel with a piece of the cake, champagne for Else and soda water for me, and got the marriage off to a flying start. In fact, at six A.M., we were flying to Atlanta, Georgia, where I had a singing date! Outside the windows of our hotel suite in Atlanta, there was a great big water cooler with a regular cascade of a drip. 'Couldn't take you to Niagara,' I told my bride, 'but look—listen—I arranged for the Falls!'

"Next morning, the phone rang. How can the ring of a phone that is to change a man's life sound like any commonplace, everyday ring?" Guy wonders. "But it can. This one did. It was Mike King, Columbia Records distributor in Atlanta, calling to ask Marty and me to listen to a tune called 'Singing the Blues.' We listened. We liked it. In New York, the next day, we cut it. Even before we cut it, we knew—we really did—that it would be a hit. You can be wrong, of course—as I have been, more than once. But this time, yes, I knew. Instinct, perhaps. A hunch. A whisper in the ear."

In spite of all this, Guy felt "kind of funny" about recording a tune Marty Robbins had recorded before him, also for Columbia Records. But Robbins—as Mitch Miller, boss man of Columbia Rec-

ords, pointed out—is on a different part of the label, has a different audience. Country-and-Western disc jockeys play Robbins' version, whereas Guy's would have a more universal appeal. It was a prophecy which has come more than true. In the States, Guy's recording has sold more than two million copies. In Canada, more than a hundred thousand—as the result of which our Mr. Mitchell is the first American artist ever to be given a "gold record" in Canada. In England, where Mitchell fans are legion and loyal, it is going strong.

So it is that, on the floodtide of his personal happiness, success turned full tide for Guy, too. "A happy guy," Guy smiles, "completely happy. For a number of reasons, number one of which is that I don't base my life on such an 'intangible' as show business is. I never have, since my first real love was—and is—cowboying, riding, horses, the outdoors . . ."

Guy was three when the Cernick family moved from Detroit to St. Louis, where they lived on the edge of a farm—and where Guy started "getting the outdoor bug." A few years later, the family, which now included Guy's younger brother Don, moved again, this time to Colorado, where Guy's dad worked in the mines. In Colorado, an uncle of the Cernick boys had a farm, with the woods near by. It was on this farm, and in these woods, that Guy began to learn how relatively little money matters in terms of human happiness.

"We kids made swings out of vines," he recalls. "Built big tree houses, tried jumping cliffs on home-made skis. We rode the farm horses, milked the cows, helped in the fields. Couldn't have been happier than we were, without any money to speak of. Even when things got real bad, we couldn't complain. We'd live in a little old two-room shack. Dad would carpenter it up, fix the plumbing, paint it nice. Mom would plant flowers, bake. And such singing! The two of them singing, all four of us singing, the day long. When conditions in the mines got bad and Dad started coughing up dust, we got out of there and went to California."

Guy's first success as a vocalist had taken place when he was three. The occasion was a wedding anniversary party at the Cernick home in Detroit, and the house was crowded with relatives, all of them singing—as everyone always is, when Cernicks are gathered together. Suddenly, small Al gave out with such an amazingly big voice, for such a tiny tad, that he "stopped the show." It was the first small sign of things to come.

Eight years later, on a bus to Los Angeles, where the family was going to establish a new home, the boy baritone wowed his second audience. As usual, the Cernicks were all singing. What was not usual—to their fellow passengers, at any rate—was the rich volume of sound welling out of the throat of the little shaver named Al. So unusual, indeed, that—upon their arrival in Los Angeles—a well-dressed stranger presented his card to Al's mother, told her her boy had a wonderful voice and, if she would contact him after they were settled, he would see to it that the "young prodigy" got into the movies.

Improbable as it might seem, the stranger wasn't fooling. He did arrange for an audition, and the eleven-year-old was signed at Warner Bros. for grooming as a child star. There followed a year of lessons in dancing, diction, acting and voice. Also, during this twelve-month period, he sang regularly on Warner Bros.' Hollywood radio station, KSWB. Then the family moved again, this time to San Francisco ("Gypsy blood in us, I tell you!" Guy laughs)—ending, for the time being, any hope of the boy developing into a movie personality.

In San Francisco, Guy attended Mission High School, engaging heavily in all athletic activities. He swam on the school team, played baseball and football, did a lot of tumbling and acrobatics (he has a body like a steel spring), did some weight lifting, played handball. He also continued his singing lessons, studying with one of the foremost voice teachers in the area.

But it was also in San Francisco that the career of the budding baritone was almost nipped in the bud. All his life, Guy has admired horses, loved horses, wanted to ride them, be near them. The Golden Gate city gave him the chance—for there are two horse towns in the suburbs, Colma and Butchertown, where horses and cattle are brought for marketing. Guy spent so much time in one or the other of these two Meccas that his parents began to despair of his ever amounting to anything, let alone a singing star.

When the now teen-age youngster began to realize that loitering around horse towns was not exactly enterprising, he got a job as an apprentice saddle-maker, eventually becoming an expert leather worker. (He still makes all his own riding gear.) During the summers, he worked on ranches in the San Joaquin Valley and, for kicks, competed in rodeos and broke bronchos. As may be expected, he sang all the time, wherever he was, whatever he was doing.

By the time Guy was seventeen, he had quite a repertoire of folk and cowboy tunes and his voice was beginning to attract attention around the saddle shop. Friends, neighbors and total strangers dropped in to hear him. One of the strangers was cowboy singer Dude Martin, who asked the boy to audition for his radio program. The audition resulted in Guy's being signed to sing on Martin's shows.

Before he could get a good hold on a singing career, however, Uncle Sam got a hold on him that lasted for sixteen months. He served in the Navy, did a stint on a submarine, was then assigned to a band. Out of uniform and honorably discharged, toward the end of 1946, Guy returned to San Francisco and to his singing chores with Dude Martin.

It wasn't long, though, before it became apparent that "the singingest person you ever did see" could do a great deal more than sing just Western numbers. And so, when there was an opening for a male vocalist in Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra, Guy—with the blessing of Dude Martin—tried for the job and got it.

During most of 1947 and into the summer of '48, Al Cernick (as he was still known) was with Cavallaro, playing a series of hotel, club and theater dates, finally winding up in New York for the band's annual engagement at the Astor Roof. This could have been—but wasn't—the big break for Al. No sooner had the band opened on the Roof than he was stricken with laryngitis and ptomaine poisoning and had to quit. Cavallaro gave him vacation money and a plane ticket home, but Al decided to stick it out in New York, make a do-or-die try for the big-time.

It wasn't too rough, at first. He sang in small night clubs 'round about. Occasionally, he'd cut a demonstration disc for a songwriter who wanted to get a new tune on wax. He made a trip as vocalist with a ship's orchestra on a Caribbean cruise. In the fall of 1949, he had a taste of triumph. He placed first on an Arthur Godfrey *Talent Scouts* show and, for a while, had that this-is-it feeling. A short while only. A week later, he was again cutting demonstration discs.

"I posted myself in front of the Brill Building on Broadway, which houses several of the world's largest music publishing companies," Guy recalls, "with the hope that I'd be noticed by the songwriters continually milling in and out. For each disc I cut, I earned from two to five dollars. When I think back on those days, I remember that—while I didn't miss any meals—I sure postponed a few! But, although the pay was low, the hope was high that one fine day a publisher listening to one of my demonstration discs would say, *'Wait a minute, who is this?'*"

For Guy, the one fine day dawned when he recorded "My Foolish Heart" for tunesmith Ned Washington, who took the recording to Eddie Joy, then vice-president of the music publishing firm which now bears his name. When Joy heard the voice of Al Cernick on the disc, he said he'd buy the tune and would also like to meet the singer— "He sounds like a comer." Less than half an hour after they met, Joy became the "comer's" personal manager. The first thing Joy did was to confine young Cernick to a practice room in the office and make him listen, over and over again, to records by all the popular singers of the day. At the end of a week, Joy gave his protege the reason for the heavy dose of listening. "It isn't enough," he explained, "that you have a good voice, or a big voice. Each of these singers has something special on the ball, each has his own particular curve. We've got to find yours."

It took patience. But out of these sessions, weeks of them, developed the style, often described as "fresh, warm, sincere," which is Guy's today.

In March, 1950, singer Cernick was pacted by Columbia Records—and rechristened, before pen was put to paper. "Who on earth," Mitch Miller wanted to know, "wants to listen to the romantic songs of Albert Cernick?"

"I'm proud of my name," Guy observes, "coming from an Old Country family, very proud of it. I have a hunch that 'My Heart Cries for You,' the tune that catapulted me into the spotlight, would have had the same projectile force if sung by Al Cernick as by Guy Mitchell. But who was I to say—or, rather, to gainsay Mitch Miller? Only time I balked was when they began trying to give me all kinds of fancy names. 'I'm just a plain guy,' I told them, 'why don't you just give me a good plain name? Too bad Mitch Miller is bespoken,' I kidded. 'It would suit me fine.' 'A plain guy,' they repeated, playing around with it, 'Mitch Miller. Mitch . . .' *'Guy Mitchell,'* said Mitch Miller. And that was it."

Once the contract was signed, everybody was prepared to wait at least two years for the big break, a hit record, to come along. It came less than a year later, after Guy had released five discs, none of them spectacularly successful. His sixth, "My Heart Cries for You," backed by "The Roving Kind," really crashed through. It climbed to the top of all best-seller and disc-jockey lists. It sold a million and a half copies, before it finally dropped from the lists. Hot on the heels of this success, Guy followed up with a series of hits that made him a household name throughout the land. Among them, "Sparrow in the Treetop," "My Truly, Truly Fair," "Belle, Belle, My Liberty Belle." In 1951, his disc sales exceeded a cool, cool five million.

Then, as suddenly as it rose, Guy's star began to fall. His records weren't selling. A new hit tune that would resurrect him

didn't come along. The fan mail fell off. The clamor quieted. The only place he retained his popularity was in England—where, in London and on tour, he sang last February. For about five years, what Guy calls "the dry spell" continued.

What happens when there are "dry spells?" What causes them? "A number of things," says Guy. "You get stale, you saturate the market, you get in a rut. But the number-one cause is that you don't find a new hit tune. The music business is very strange. You come out on top with one hit record—and you may never find one again."

Since troubles never run singly, it was during this ebb tide in Guy's life that his marriage to Jackie Loughrey (Miss United States) began and ended—due, it can be surmised from the way he feels about marriage now, to the handicap of two careers in one family.

These were not the good years for Guy, but he weathered them, chin up, still singing . . .

If you keep singing and have faith in God, you're going to make it, you're going to be all right. And Guy kept singing, and he had his faith in God. "I say a prayer," he confides, "every time before I go on stage. I always have. Every other day or so, I go to church—different churches. The Actors Chapel here in New York. St. Patrick's on Fifth Avenue. A synagogue. You can pray in all of them. You find God in all of them."

Now, after five years of drought, the "dry spell" has broken. Now there is Else. Now there is "Singing the Blues"—that "hit record you may never find again." Now, as before, there are the demands for in-person appearances, for radio and TV guest shots. Now Broadway is re-alerted. And Hollywood. Now Guy is again "the hottest thing in show business."

"I'm going to keep singing, keep hoping for hits to sing. I'd like to do some movies and TV—but on the West Coast. In a city, I'm a duck out of water. Speaking of Hollywood, I'll take this occasion to make the following short speech, addressed to those whom it may concern: You should get me now before I turn into a character actor—or into a 'character' and charge you the mint!

"What I really want to do, as time goes on, is try to make *less* singing count *more*. Cowboying and riding, that's what I'm wanting to get back to. I made a start when I retired my folks, bought them a small ranch—so I sort of help, you might say, to own a ranch. Now I'm going to buy a ranch for Else and me and for the kids we hope to have. My horses would be there, and my big old dog. Aim to buy the land in the San Fernando or maybe in the San Joaquin Valley.

"What I'd also like, as time goes on, is to have the place end up a boys' ranch. Run just like Boys Town is run. Or an agricultural college. Have underprivileged boys there. Boys in PAL who have done real good. A few delinquents; a few of the so-called 'incorrigible' kind nobody's been able to do anything with, the kind you can't throw in with their own kind and expect results. Give each of these kids a horse, let them raise a few calves, borrow what they need from a central fund and, when they sell their calves, pay back what they've borrowed and keep the profit. We don't live alone, as the great Dr. Schweitzer says, and none of us should have to."

Who is Al Cernick? He's "just a plain guy" who, because his heart is as big as his voice, also happens to be, as the kids put it, "the most." He's the all-around happiest—as well as the singingest—person you ever did meet.

High Tension on 21

(*Continued from page 23*)

on winning." Vivienne and her husband, Victor Nearing, are both lawyers, and Victor—who had previously been an unsuccessful contestant on *Twenty-One*—was her most ardent supporter.

Fellow members (all male) of the legal staff at Warner Bros.' New York office, where Vivienne works, weren't so impressed at first. The next morning after her initial appearance on *Twenty-One*, they told her airily. "We could have answered those questions." The day after she dethroned Van Doren, the atmosphere was quite different—the office filled with flowers, and gifts both large and small. The previous night, the Nearings had returned home to find their mail-box overflowing with congratulatory wires and notes. And the phone rang all through the wee, sma' hours in their Greenwich Village apartment.

That—plus TV appearances on other programs, innumerable interviews, pictures in national magazines, and even offers of movie contracts—is how being on *Twenty-One* has affected the lives of two people you'd never heard about before. What would it be like for *you*? Let's suppose you are a potential contestant. Where do you come from? Where do Jack Barry and his partner, Dan Enright—who own the show—find you?

Perhaps you answer one of the ads they run ("Would you like to win money on a quiz show?") in certain magazines and some newspapers. Or perhaps someone suggests to you—or to Barry & Enright—that you have a mind like a magpie, with enough facts tucked away in your brain to be another Van Doren or Nearing. Van Doren himself was "found" when a girlfriend of his, who had been on NBC-TV's daytime show, *Tic Tac Dough* (another Barry & Enright production), suggested to him that he'd do well on *Twenty-One*.

By whatever means you become a potential contestant, you are invited to present yourself at the handsome penthouse suite of Barry & Enright, high in the clouds over Madison Avenue. Here, in an outer office, your first step is to fill out a fairly routine questionnaire: Age, occupation, marital status, interests, hobbies and the like. Assuming that you are literate and your answers clear, you are then given a 100-question "multiple" test. If you do poorly on this, you descend from the clouds on the next elevator. You've had it.

If you do moderately well, you are considered for *Tic Tac Dough*. If you do very well, exceedingly well, you are then given the *Twenty-One* test—a written test, familiarly known as "The Blockbuster"—which consists of 363 fiendishly detailed factual questions in 107 different categories: Politics. Sports. Religion. History. The arts. All the —ologies from astrology to zoology. Plus questions that test your perception, too. The actual questions contained in "The Blockbuster" are as hush-hush as a top secret in the Pentagon, but such a perception question as which traffic light is on top—red or green?—would be a reasonable facsimile.

The test, if carefully done, should take you about three hours. You take it right there, in the penthouse office. No one is allowed to take the test out, nor to discuss it afterward. No one—not even Van Doren—has ever got anywhere near 100%. You are judged on the number of categories you fill in and the score you make in each of them.

Once you have passed such a brain-picking, you are turned over to staff interviewer Bob Rubin, who proceeds to dig into your personality. He tries to find out things in your background which will lead to good repartee with Jack Barry. He also discovers whether or not you are articulate (many a "brain" is not), by asking such questions as: "Are you a lawyer? Why are you a lawyer? How did you meet your wife? At a fraternity party? What do you think of fraternities?"

If you seem poised during this barrage, Mr. Rubin tries to shake your poise by asking pointedly personal questions. "I have to throw in queries that befuddle potential contestants," he explains, "because there is no other way of determining that, no matter how packed their brains may be, they will not 'freeze' on camera. In case of 'freezing'—or if the game ends quickly and there's time for another couple—we always have four contestants in the studio on Monday night."

After Mr. Rubin has done with you, you are turned over to producer Al Friedman, who puts you through another "depth" interview. Assuming you now have enough breath left in your body to surface again, you are passed on to Mr. Barry, Mr. Enright, and Bob Noah, executive producer of *Twenty-One*. And, barring some untoward circumstance, you are then on your way to one of the glass-walled isolation booths—or you duck and run for cover.

As one of these less daring souls put it, "I'm chickening out. I'm going to remain 'potential.' You can't know everything. No man can. It's impossible." During the many weeks he sweated out the right answers in more than fifty different categories, Van Doren came eerily close to the impossible—but not painlessly. After he had reached the $122.000 mark, the agonies of his mental concentration were described in the following words: "Clamped in a vise of earphones, the eyes roll heavenward and squeeze shut, the brow sweats and furrows, teeth gnaw at the lower lip."

Contestants and potential contestants aren't the only ones who suffer from high tension on *Twenty-One*. Experienced as he is, moderator Jack Barry admits: "I get a little trembling. The card in my hand shakes just a little. Something which never happened to me in all my years on *Juvenile Jury* or *Life Begins At 80*. which doesn't happen to me now on *Tic Tac Dough* or *Winky Dink And You*. The first few weeks on *Twenty-One*, I was frantic. No, disbursing large sums of money had nothing to do with it. I gave away $100,000 a couple of times on *The Big Surprise*. Nor do I get too excited whether a contestant is winning or losing.

"I'm too preoccupied with the mechanics of the show," he laughs. "First of all, I control whether the isolation booths—or studios, as we call them on *Twenty-One*—are on the air or off. Suppose I pull the wrong switch, which would enable one contestant to hear the other? Be out of business, wouldn't we?

"In addition to mechanical problems, there are the questions, the interviews, the commercials, and the necessity for wearing a mental strait-jacket in order to remain strictly impartial. And always," Barry emphasizes, "there's the tension. The chancy element of never knowing whether or not a contestant is going to go on. If he chooses to do so, there is no limit to the number of times he can play. For most of them—as it was with Van Doren, who loves poker and is a gambler at heart—it's a last-minute, split-second decision. So you don't know. You don't *ever* know. I'm darned glad when the show is over," he sighs with relief.

The tension is high for Jack Barry, as it is for contestants, audiences and viewers. But the rewards are great for him, too. He also gets several hundred letters a week: Requests for pictures, praise for being a fair, square and kindly moderator—even a few somewhat warmer epistles from women who have an eye for a tall, handsome, ingratiating man, regardless of marital status. But the messages which have meant most to Jack are those from teenagers and from parents who write that their youngsters are taking renewed interest in their school work, as a result of the kind of contestants they see on *Twenty-One*.

Ratings have been more than satisfactory. particularly for a program scheduled in that all-important Monday-night time slot. *Twenty-One* has not only run neck-and-neck with the seemingly invincible *I Love Lucy*, but has topped the latter program by good margins (first time *Lucy* has been outrated in the past six years).

"Truth is," says Jack Barry, "*Twenty-One* is, for me, the Big Comeback. After some pretty perilous times, too. A year ago. almost exactly, I didn't have a job After ten years on the air, *Juvenile Jury* was axed. Ditto, after eight years, *Life Begins At 80*. Following which I was yanked. none too gently, off *The Big Surprise*. That left us with *Winky Dink And You*. which, at the time, was a sustaining show. A sustaining show brings in a modest. very modest sum. I was down to that. So was our company.

"One year later, we have three major shows on the networks. *Tic Tac Dough*—the biggest daytime giveaway show on the air—which I emcee on NBC-TV. *Winky Dink And You*, which I co-produce and emcee on CBS-TV. And. of course, *Twenty-One*, also on NBC-TV. Out of the depth of depression has come prosperity.

"Our luck changed," Jack recalls, "quite literally, with the flip of a card. One afternoon, about a year ago, Dan Enright and Bob Noah were sitting in the office and—for want of something better to do—playing a game of Blackjack (also known as Twenty-One). 'I wonder,' Dan said aloud, as he shuffled the cards, 'if this game couldn't be turned into a quiz show?' Well. you don't have to be a Van Doren or a Nearing to know that answer!

"Soon after Dan and Bob got going with the idea. I chipped in. And didn't cotton to it right away, I must admit. At first, it was a very cumbersome thing which took months and months of work to simplify. For instance, it looked very unfair that the first contestant on mike should get to 21 more quickly than the other. Should we or should we not deduct points when they miss? Eventually, we hit on the tie—for which there is no precedent, but which makes the game a fair game for both. For the I.Q. or 'Blockbuster' test, we did the research here, made up the test ourselves, then had it checked for accuracy and authenticated by the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

"Above all, of course, there was the problem of how and where to find contestants with enough in their heads to stay the course on *Twenty-One*. On the whole, we've been singularly fortunate. Van Doren, for instance, called us on the phone and made a date to come down, as soon as the young lady who had been on *Tic Tac Dough* told him he should try for *Twenty-One*. For the most part, we've found that schoolteachers and college professors. lawyers and doctors, newspaper and editorial people—all the way up from copy boy to editor-in-chief—score the highest, both on the test and on mike."

Certainly, Charles Lincoln Van Doren and Mrs. Vivienne Wax Nearing fit snugly into those categories. Now teaching English at Columbia, he has three university degrees. He once wanted to be an astrophysicist, actually got his M.A. in mathematics. Then, while working for his Ph.D., he read an average of twenty books a week for two years. Son of one Pulitzer Prize winner (Mark Van Doren, poet), he's also nephew of another (Carl Van Doren, biographer of Benjamin Franklin). Charles himself has just had a book published. "Lincoln's Commando," a Civil War biography co-authored with Ralph Roske. For diversion, he favors sports and music. As a youngster, he played baseball, tennis, basketball, studied clarinet and taught himself to strum a guitar.

Vivienne also has three degrees. She was an honor student at both Queens College, where she got a B.A. in social science, and Columbia, where she got an M.A. in economics. After winning more letters at Columbia Law School, she worked there as a research assistant, then for the chief justice of the New Jersey Supreme Court. She's also been a statistician, a social worker in the Child Welfare Bureau, an editor for the monthly *Journal of Taxation*, a trial lawyer for Legal Aid. Now handling contract and copyright matters in a major film company's New York office, she admits to being a "Sunday painter" specializing in portraits in oils. She has, incidentally, studied both piano and modern art.

"It's all very exciting," Jack smiles, "very rewarding in terms of intangibles, as well as tangibles. I think there's no doubt, for instance, that both Van Doren and Herbert Stempel—the young college student who was Charlie's first opponent—developed an enormous self-confidence from their appearances on *Twenty-One*, something which both of them needed. Most contestants have gained in other ways, aside from the actual cash involved.

"*Twenty-One* has changed my own life, of course. Greatest of all is the inner satisfaction of knowing that Barry & Enright Productions is considered the hottest producing company in TV right now.

"That the show has raised my personal value as a performer is immensely gratifying, too," Jack grins. "Knowing that I can't be fired isn't hard to take, either. A cozy feeling. Not to mention certain other small intangibles—like being given the best table in a restaurant, more invitations than my wife and I could ever accept! I am no longer a wallflower," he laughs.

By way of tangible reward, Jack and Marcia Van Dyke Barry have moved four blocks up, in Manhattan's East Eighties. From the five-room apartment to which Jack brought his beautiful and talented bride, in 1952, to the eleven-room duplex which is now home for them and for their two children, Jeffrey, who is three and a half, and Jonathan, a year younger.

"The apartment overlooks the river," says Jack. "A huge, wide terrace runs around the whole thing, with awnings and a little garden and a rubber swimming pool for the kids. We're very much one for all and all for one—Marcia, the kids and I. When they're going to bed at night, you can hear the kids singing, 'Tic, tac, dough, with an X and an O!' And you know you've got a couple of daytime viewers in the nursery. As for the nighttime show, Marcia very often comes to the studio on Mondays and watches the show from the audience.

"We're happy. We're grateful. We hope that the luck will stay with us, for as long as we deserve it. Doesn't that just about say it all?" asks the luckiest and—with all due respect to those brainy contestants—perhaps the smartest man on *Twenty-One*.

Heavenly Twosome

(*Continued from page 52*)

most mothers, while she is talking things over with me, she is trying to find out the right and wrong of them herself. It's one of the reasons why this story is so true to life and why it's so great to do."

In another CBS Radio drama, *The Romance Of Helen Trent,* Peter's wife, Marian Russell, is the seventeen-year-old Shari, niece of Kurt, devoted to Helen, trying to find her way—just as Skip is trying to find his—in a troubled grown-up world. Marian is twenty-five, small and graceful, of Polish-German background. Her burnished blond hair ripples back from a widow's peak and hangs in a longish bob, framing blue-green eyes, a pretty nose and mouth, and gardenia-fresh complexion. She's happy in her work, thinks everyone connected with the show is wonderful, has a special fondness for the two principals—Julie Stevens, who is Helen, and David Gothard, who is Gil Whitney—and for director Ernie Ricca.

How did these two begin careers that finally brought them together so happily, and how did they fall in love and marry? The story starts with six-year-old Peter as a Powers child-model, a boy who grew up later in radio and on the stage—even though, in the beginning, his mother thought that the stage was a place where actors learned such dreadful ideas as staying up all night and living dangerously. Another mother suggested that there might be a part for Peter, then eleven, in an Ethel Barrymore play, about to open on Broadway, and, reluctantly, his mother took him to audition.

The play was "Whiteoaks" and, when he got the part, and they later went on tour, she discovered that actors were hard-working people who didn't dare stay up all night and had no greater opportunity than anyone else to live dangerously.

Marian's professional career was slower in starting—at sixteen, to be exact, in Chicago, although in Detroit, where she lived, she had always been in demand for singing stints at various civic organizations and in amateur and semi-professional theatricals. "I can hardly remember a time when someone wasn't calling on my father, or me—or both of us—to sing, but we weren't professionals. Incidentally, I used to listen to radio shows on which Peter was playing regularly—Madge Tucker's *Coast To Coast On A Bus,* and the lovely *Let's Pretend* series. And I used to tune in *Helen Trent* when I came home from high school in Detroit for lunch, never dreaming that someday I would be there among all those interesting people."

In Chicago, Marian studied drama, was in some plays, began a radio career, doubled in night clubs as cigarette girl, lived in a grubby little room in a theatrical boarding house they called "Crestfallen Inn." Loved it, and was happy there. When her mother came to visit and saw the place, she sat on the edge of the creaking bed and cried, begging her daughter to come back home, and it was difficult for Marian to convince her that nothing mattered so much as the happiness she was finding in learning more and more about acting. No one else in her family had chosen this way of life.

Eventually, Marian came east on the straw-hat circuit of summer stock, and finally to New York, where she and Peter first met on the fairy-tale set. She liked him right away, but had no idea what he thought of her, just kept hoping that this nice, rather quiet young man would ask her out. He didn't. He almost seemed to ignore her. "No wonder," she says now. "I was going through one of those silly young-girl periods when I was being very, very dramatic about everything. I was always 'on.' Who could stand that?"

Peter did like her. "I thought she was being a bit hammy, but could be toned down." He was shy, just the same, about asking her for a date. The films were completed, and still he hadn't asked.

They kept running into each other, around and about the studios. One day, when he was rehearsing across the street from the studio where she was doing a role in a filmed play, he pretended that he just dropped in for a quick visit. Encouraged, she sent him word when she was about to open in a play. Opening night he sent a wire, "Wow 'em, Princess." No opening now is complete without the same message, with no need for signature. The telegram was on her dressing table the day she began her role of Shari in *The Romance Of Helen Trent*—her first big running part in a major dramatic radio serial, although previously she had played a second lead in a TV serial, *The Greatest Gift.*

A few months later, Peter and Marian became engaged. And, the day after he put her engagement ring on her finger, Peter and Marian decided to elope.

Perhaps Marian had read too many romantic novels, seen too many movies, played too many romantic scripts. She had always pictured the background for a honeymoon. Snow-covered landscape, a great blazing fire on the hearth, a bottle of champagne cooling for the wedding supper. December 15, 1950, was a cold day, but there was no promise of snow. She had telephoned a little inn at New Paltz, in the mountains northwest of New York, where once she had played summer stock. She told the couple who ran the inn that they were eloping and would be arriving by night.

Peter had rented a friend's car, and they picked up another friend at Poughkeepsie, New York. They were married by a justice in the back of a drugstore in the town of Hyde Park, and one of their witnesses, hastily drafted from the drugstore, was a man who had been happily married for fifty years (they considered this a good omen) and had once been head gardener for the late Franklin D. Roosevelt on his Hyde Park estate.

Leaving for New Paltz, suddenly the snow began, a soft whiteness that enveloped them as in a dream world at first, then a real blizzard that all but obliterated the roads. The windshield wiper of the rented car wasn't working and the honeymoon equipage moved slowly as they searched for the road among the clumps of trees on each side.

By the time they reached the inn, however, they were held in a white spell of quietness and beauty, and they went in to find a roaring fire waiting, and a bottle of champagne chilled and ready. "It was perfect, all as if planned," Marian says.

The honeymoon lasted the weekend, because Peter was due back for a television show and Marian was rehearsing for one of the crime dramas. Later, when she went on tour with "The Giaconda Smile," after a short Broadway run, Peter went, too. That's where they found Winky, their dog, part collie, part origin unknown. Or Winky found them, we should say.

They had been hearing a low moaning through the night, and finally Peter went outside to investigate. There was this puppy, about six months old, half-starved, plagued with fleas and with thirst. Peter tore over to an all-night hamburger stand for food. Marian gave the puppy water and bathed him. When he collapsed into a long sleep they promptly named him Rip Van Winkle, took him along on the tour and back to New York when the tour was over. "Winky" is a real "lens hound" now, pokes his paw into every photograph.

When they moved into their apartment, they had suitcases, a TV set, and Peter's tanks of fish. They added the essentials—a bed, table and chairs—and, gradually, the rest. Fish and birds and the dog still dominate the small apartment. There's a handsome fish from the Amazon, alone in a tank except for a tiny companion fish, Tonto. The big fellow swims to the side near the telephone whenever it rings, as if to join in the conversation. There's a tank filled with tiny squirming globules of colored fish, some of them phosphorescent, glowing strangely.

Marpie, a blue parrakeet (and a social butterfly) shares a cage with a girl friend, confusingly named George, for the man from whose sixteenth-floor fire escape Marian rescued her. "George is a wild swamp bird, with none of the fine manners that Marpie has," Marian says. "She's getting tamed a little." The two fly out of their cages to perch on the little leaded panes of the windows and peck at the

putty, no doubt believing themselves to be authentic woodpeckers.

Since they believe all living things require space and freedom, Marian and Peter are thinking in terms of a house in the country on some not too far-off day. Maybe only for weekends and vacations, maybe for all the year-'round. Country houses are nice for kids, too. "A girl, and a boy, in that order," Marian says firmly. The country property must have a pond or a lake so the kids can learn to swim. That's all settled.

Their apartment is in a renovated stone New York house. There's living room, bedroom, kitchenette, and—luxury of luxuries—two bathrooms. Marian's easel stands near the window, with a partly finished oil or watercolor, because she never has time to finish anything at a sitting. Her training is only high-school art class, but she won a war-poster contest then and shows striking talent. A half-finished musical composition is open on her piano, waiting for her to have enough time. She has written some books for children, with her own illustrations, and she hopes to have them published.

Peter's other talent is writing and he has sold many Western tales and outdoor stories. "I always know when Peter has a good idea," his wife says. "He doesn't talk about it, but one morning he starts getting up very early and going right to the typewriter. He does this, no matter how busy he is with other things, so the idea won't get away from him."

They divide up the work in the house, husband-and-wife style. Marian does most of the cooking, Peter usually does the dishes. If either is too busy, the other takes over. They both clean up the place. Marian is the official bookkeeper and accountant, but they both have a flair for business. Jointly they invested in peanut-vending machines, and Peter went around collecting the nickels and replacing the peanuts. When the cost of the machines began to turn profits into peanuts, they got out of the business while they were still ahead. They own some small houses in Greenville, S. C., and an apartment building in the Bronx. "Peter is a very good landlord," Marian brags. "He fixes a lot of things himself, and he's fair with the tenants."

One of their savings accounts is marked distinctly, "South African trip." That's their dream right now. They have a fund for improving and investing in real estate, one for family emergencies. They handle their money and their affairs like solid citizens. Hardly the "dangerous living" and the rest of it that Peter's mother once feared.

What is it like, then, to be seventeen-year-old Shari in *The Romance Of Helen Trent*, and various other women in various other radio and TV roles, and still to be Mrs. Peter Fernandez, housewife and cook and keeper of accounts?

"Wonderful," says Mrs. Peter Fernandez. "I feel like two women. Marian Russell, actress, doing the things she has wanted to do all her life. And Peter's wife, making a home and helping to build for a long and happy life together."

What is it like to be teen-age Skippy in *The Right To Happiness,* frequently playing other roles in other shows and, in addition, to be the responsible head of a household, a business man, and husband of a talented young actress whose own life is filled to the brim with many interests?

"Great," says Peter Fernandez. "Even when people occasionally get confused and call me 'Mr. Russell.'"

The Prince and the Princess, exercising the right to happiness, now and ever after —or a reasonable facsimile of same!

TVR

Close to Each Other

(*Continued from page 39*)

who is in commercial art, is dark and handsome, with deep brown eyes, and wavy brown hair. Together, they make an attractive couple. Together, they have two TV receivers, six radios, two toasters, two vacuum cleaners, two rotisseries, two phonographs—and even two identical 400-day, glass-enclosed clocks.

"Until we married," Melba points out, "we both had our own apartments, independent households. As we later discovered, we had been living just a block apart in the Village, though we didn't meet for years—but that's not unusual in New York."

"I had a letter from a friend of mine, Ed Ross," Gil remembers. "He's a correspondent for *Time* in their Los Angeles bureau. Ed told me all about Melba. That she lived near by. That she was beautiful. That she was an actress. And intelligent. He suggested that I give her a ring. Then he added, in a footnote, that he didn't know Melba! Actually, she was a friend of a friend."

Gil phoned Melba and asked for a date, but she turned him down. That was in spring of 1954, and Melba was busy. She's always had many friends and little time. Then, as now, her work on *Search For Tomorrow* required her to rise at 6:30 A.M. for an eight o'clock rehearsal—and that means early to bed. Also, she doesn't like blind dates. So it was easy for her to turn Gil down. On the other hand, Gil —a major in the Air Force Reserve—has flown and fought in two wars, so he was prepared to lay a lengthy siege. He kept calling back at two- or three-week intervals.

"We got to know each other fairly well over the phone," Melba explains. "And it developed that we'd both been in Europe and the Orient and we were both particularly fascinated by Japanese customs and art. So one evening—it was late August by then—he phoned early and I told him I was busy, but why didn't he drop over for a half-hour before I went out? He did—and I was still no more impressed than I had been by his phone calls. It's so odd, because I fell head over heels in love on our actual first date!"

That came within a week, when Gil phoned again and asked her to a dinner party at his apartment. Melba said that she had a tentative date but would phone back. "He asked me to bring along a Japanese game he'd seen in my apartment," she recalls. "I misunderstood and thought he said that he was giving a Japanese dinner party and that intrigued me, so I accepted his invitation."

There were several couples there and, as it turned out, only one extra man—Gil himself. There was no Japanese food, only American steak and salad. After dinner, there was no talk of the Orient. Instead, Gil pulled out a projector and showed pictures of damage to his cottage at East Hampton.

"It was shortly after the hurricane 'Carol,'" Melba relates. "And I learned from the conversation that Gil was very much interested in boats and fishing and just living on the shore. This, too, left me cold, for I'd never cared much for the sea. But Gil did all the cooking and serving that night and pulled a real switch in refusing to let his female guests 'help' with the dishes. *That* was a sign of real character."

It turned out to be a long evening. After the party, Gil and Melba, alone, took a long walk and talked. They stopped at one of the *caffe espresso* places in the Village and sipped coffee and talked. They walked back to Melba's apartment building and sat at the foot of the stairwell and talked some more.

Gil learned that Melba had several Broadway plays and many TV productions to her credit. That she was a graduate of Stanford University, where she made Phi Beta Kappa. That she was born and raised in Willard, Utah, at the mouth of Red Rock Canyon. That her forbears were Mormon pioneers who had trekked over the mountains in covered wagons. That—like Melba toast and peach Melba—she was named after the famous opera singer, Nellie Melba. Melba, in turn, learned that Gil was a New Yorker. That he had studied art and designing at the Art Students' League and New York University. That he was an Air Force pilot in World War II and the Korean War. That he had earned many medals (including the Purple Heart, Distinguished Flying Cross and Air Medal) and that he had been shot down over Belgium and lived in the underground for six months. They talked of his interest in fishing and boating, cooking and photography. Melba learned that he was unattached to any other woman. Melba says, "I'd met men who were intelligent—and, certainly, lots of personality boys," says Melba. "But Gil, in addition to the other things, struck me as a person with heart."

It was on a Thursday that they got together. Gil tried to make a date for the next evening, but Melba was busy. On Saturday, she had a yachting date for the weekend, and Gil took her to the train station. He wanted to ride along with her out to Long Island, where she was to meet friends, but she wouldn't let him.

"That was 'The Long Weekend,'" says Gil. "Melba told me she would be home as early as possible Sunday, so I began phoning early Sunday morning. Her answering service kept reporting that she was still out of town. I called every half-hour, and it was sometime in late afternoon they told me that she was back. Well, I didn't even call Melba. I was with some friends, but I just said, 'Goodbye,' and began running! I ran all the way to her building and up four flights of stairs to her apartment."

"He came in wet and breathless," Melba recalls. "It was love, and so quick. It had been the same for me. I had spent most of the weekend explaining to my hosts that I had to be back in Manhattan early, and I got them to drop me near a railroad stop so I could get home."

From that Sunday on, Melba and Gil were going as steady as Niagara Falls. Gil says, "It meant a different kind of life for me. Most of my dates were the kind who steered me into El Morocco or Sardi's or other popular Manhattan places. But Melba prefers picnics. She likes to fix up a basket and get into the car and drive into the country. Melba's got a built-in 'divining rod' for locating picnic spots. We can be driving along a busy highway and she'll say, 'Let's turn off here.' We do, and it may look like nothing, but we keep going a few more minutes and—sure enough—there's a glade and brook."

Melba likes picnics the year around. From March through November, she keeps going, making a fire to keep warm when necessary. If the weather is biting cold, she'll settle for eating in the car.

Evenings in the city were usually spent at the theater. "That's about the time my office began to catch on," Gil says. "I'd order theater tickets, and they'd always ask whether it was a personal or business expense. It was almost always personal, and they began to get that knowing look. Of course, we were always late for the theater. We'd get started at dinner early enough, but get to talking and forget the time."

The picnics and theater were a matter of catering to Melba's interests. Melba returned the favor by sharpening pencils for Gil when he worked evenings. And she posed for a portrait, on which Gil did over the lips fourteen times. "I just couldn't catch her mouth," he says.

"Maybe that's because we were talking so much," Melba notes. "We talked continuously for two years. The day we married, I lost my voice."

The decision to marry was brought on by circumstances similar to the day they had realized they were in love. In late August of last year, Melba accepted a weekend invitation to a friend's home in Connecticut. "We had thought and talked about marriage," Gil recalls, "but never got to the point of actually making the crucial commitment. But, when Melba went out of town, I began to feel desperate. And, when Sunday morning came, I began to phone frequently to find out if she had returned." It was raining and he was in his apartment a block away. When Melba returned, he came running over and up the steps, arriving winded and soaked again. "I said something like, 'That's enough of this. Let's get right out of here and get married this minute.'" Melba shared his sentiments, but they allowed a few days for preparation.

"We decided to elope," Melba says, "and, by that, I mean elope from the big ceremony and customs. I've never held with the expense and big show of weddings. It is our philosophy that marriage should be for just two people. Gil himself said, when we talked about the wedding, 'I feel that I could just hold your hand and say, "I marry you." and that would be it.' Well, we didn't get *that* off-beat. I sat down and wrote Mother in California, and Gil wrote his mother in Rome. And, the following weekend, we rode off quietly, telling none of our friends, and got married."

Melba came out of her building that Saturday morning wearing a beige chiffon wool dress and carrying a bouquet of flowers. Gil wore a brown suit. They drove out of Manhattan and into Long Island, stopping long enough in one of the suburbs to say, "I do." They went on to East Hampton to spend a two-day honeymoon at Gil's cottage.

Halfway to the cottage, Melba suddenly stopped talking. She had lost her voice. Gil was running between the cottage and drug store most of that evening, hoping to find a medicine that would help Melba's throat. Nothing helped until the following afternoon, when Gil proposed a picnic —and her voice, miraculously, came back. "Talk about looking glamorous on your honeymoon!" Melba laughs. "We took Gil's boat to a tiny island for our picnic. Well, I was huddled up, worrying about a sunburn and getting a chill. So I was

wearing a floppy straw hat and I was wrapped in blankets. But it was worth it. Gil's little island was intriguing. It was about a half-mile long and only a couple hundred yards wide. Nothing but sand and shells and birds. That's where we had our picnic, and it was like being on the moon."

Monday evening, they returned to Manhattan, for Melba had a telecast on Tuesday. "We couldn't quite decide how to announce our marriage to friends," Gil reminisces. "I tried reverse technique. I'd phone them and, when they said, 'What you doing, Gil?'—I'd answer, 'Oh, I'm just sitting here talking to my wife,' and then wait for the double-take. Melba was direct. To the first person she called, she announced, 'I've got some shocking news.' I suggested that 'shocking' was a little strong."

Gil moved into Melba's apartment in person—and that's about all. He had been sharing his apartment with an airline pilot, and he continued to pay his share of rent just for the sake of having a place to store his possessions. Melba had a two-room apartment with very little closet and drawer space. "I couldn't bring more than a couple of suits with me," says Gil. "When a handkerchief went to the laundry, that was okay. But, when it came back, there was no place to put it! Besides," he adds, "I brought a 'trousseau' to the marriage, which makes me an exceptional husband. During my second war, the Korean, I was a little more judicious about the souvenirs I brought home. In Tokyo, I had bought a ninety-nine-piece set of Noritake china—the best made in Japan—a set of lead crystal, linen and other good things."

Gil and Melba have just recently begun to use these precious items. It wasn't until late last February that they moved into a new Riverside Drive apartment with room to "housekeep."

Melba and Gil like to entertain with dinner parties. Usually, Melba does the cooking, although occasionally Gil dons the chef's hat. Gil makes Oriental dishes which he learned about in Korea and Japan. He has a cooking advantage, too, in that his former roommate is a pilot on an international airline and brings in fresh foods from abroad. It might be fresh dill or a batch of snails from France or a loaf of bread hot out of an Irish oven. Gil's keen interest in food has led him to join the exclusive Wine and Food Society of New York. As a club member, he is invited to a special tasting affair six or seven times a year. Melba goes along, although she really prefers simple cooking.

But, when it comes to Japanese culture, she fully shares Gil's enthusiasm. "I began collecting Japanese carvings and screens and so forth when I visited Tokyo with a USO unit," she explains. "Once in a while, Gil and I have tea with a real Japanese tea set and, very often, we wear our Happi coats."

Happi coats are loose, silk Japanese robes. Gil brought back several and he shares them with Melba. Although they look exotic, the inscription on one is that of the chief of a fire-fighting unit. During Gil's service abroad, he once volunteered to help Japanese fire-fighters put out a blaze, and the robe was their gift to him.

In their Happi coats, surrounded by the possessions both have collected during their travels, Melba and Gil look forward to a larger home in the future, as their family grows. It seemed that their own "search for tomorrow" had reached fulfillment when they found each other, just a block away. But, for Melba and Gil, the search has only begun. There's a whole lifetime ahead for being close to each other—always.

Love Is a Song

(*Continued from page 19*)

couldn't help worrying. During rehearsals, it became plain that Charlie was lively and volatile. I felt sure he was the kind of fellow who liked to do the town every night, and would expect his young ladies to be sparkling every hour on the hour. But," she confesses slyly, "I also couldn't help being attracted to him, and I decided that, if it was sparkle he wanted, then sparkle was what he'd get."

For a while, their dating had to be on a catch-as-catch-can basis, since she was making the night-club circuit and he was busy staging shows in Hollywood, New York and Las Vegas. In fact, it was settling down into a "wild telephone affair." (It still is—since, now that they're married, they still call each other twice a day, even when thousands of miles apart!)

Then suddenly, in New York, where she was doing her own TV show, Patti discoverd another side to the man she had suspected of being a rambling Romeo. She picked up the phone one day to hear, with joy and amazement, his familiar voice announcing, "I'm in New York." Before she could squeeze a word from her choked-up throat, he had blithely rung off with a "Be right up." This pleasant surprise was topped an hour later by another even more startling. "I'm not in the mood to go out tonight," he confided as they sat, luxuriating in each other's presence. "I wonder if you'd mind terribly if we stayed here and spent the evening alone?"

"But you must be hungry," Patti said, not sure she was hearing right.

"I am hungry," he said simply and with the intensity that only a true lover can manage without sounding ridiculous. "I'm hungry for the sight of you . . . to look at you as you are, instead of imagining you from a voice on the telephone. Without you, I'm empty, rootless . . ."

That night they talked seriously about themselves— "and watched television, without seeing a thing but the future opening for us like a path out of the woods . . ."

Like a path out of the woods. It's a phrase which suggests how much both had grown aware of loneliness—and, perhaps, of being lost—apart from each other. Both had known the pain and sense of failure that accompanies divorce: She, from an early marriage to Jack Skiba; Charlie, from previous marriages to Betty Jo Brown, a non-professional, and Betty Hutton. Aside from the deep physical attraction that pulsed between them, all the incentives were there for both to yearn for a good marriage, to seek solace and fulfillment in it, to work at it.

"Not that we always agree," protests the Irish half of the O'Currans, his green eyes glinting merrily. "We have words, like anybody else. For instance—"

"For instance, you called me *fat,*" accuses Patti, with a flash of her own fine eyes.

"I called you *Pat,* and still do. It's my pet name for you."

"You said I was dowdy and *deserved* a name like Clara Ann."

"Hold on there! I merely said you ought to dress more like Patti Page and less like Clara Ann. Clara Ann! The first time I heard your mother call, 'Clara Ann, the telephone,' I nearly fell off my chair."

With each affectionately breaking in on the other, the story of their marriage emerges. It took place "at the most inopportune time for Charlie," last December 28, in the Las Vegas home of Wilbur Clark, owner of The Desert Inn, where Patti usually appears twice a year. Ray Ryan, Charlie's good friend, was the best man, while Patti was attended by Mrs. Edward Barrett, a dear friend from Chicago. Patti's manager, Jack Rael, the man to whom she pays tribute as "the engineer and pilot" of her career, flew in from Florida. She describes her dress as "informal, at best," with a white satin skirt, white cashmere sweater and white satin pumps—but, according to her groom, "she looked every inch a bride." Ray Ryan offered his house in Palm Springs for their honeymoon . . . a three-day honeymoon which they were grateful to get, since Charlie was due at Paramount Studios for work on Hal Wallis' new film, "Loving You."

On the second night, they took a moonlit walk over the sands. Patti turned her head to stare at the gaunt, misshapen beauty of a Joshua tree outlined stark against the backdrop of hills. "How peaceful and healing it is," she whispered—and promptly stumbled on a slab of stone buried in the sand. Charlie caught her and asked if she were hurt. "No," she laughed, "I have a feeling this rock has a meaning for us—a lucky meaning. I'm going to call it our Blarney Stone."

A sudden intuition swept over Charlie. "Then, on this rock, we'll build our home," he said. "God bless you, Patti, for making me want it so." And that is exactly what the O'Currans plan to do. They have already bought the property owned by Ray and are now giving serious thought to the size and style of the house.

"Nothing's as short as a honeymoon," sighs Patti, "and ours was just three days." On January 3—"E-Day," as she calls it, referring to Elvis Presley, who stars in "Loving You"—they returned to Hollywood. Charlie went to work at Paramount, and Patti went to work on Charlie's apartment, where they had set up temporary housekeeping. "In the afternoon," she recalls with a mischievous smile, "Pat Swedlow—she and her husband, Dave, are among our closet friends here—drove me out to Paramount to pick Charlie up. I'd been sweeping, mopping, hammering and hanging and what-not all day. I had no makeup on and we were both in sweaters and slacks, since we hadn't expected to go.

"I sent Charlie a message that we were waiting in the car. A few minutes later, he came out and said, 'Elvis and Hal insist on meeting you.' I gave a shriek, 'Oh, no! Not in these clothes!' Charlie just stood there, grinning as if to say, 'Serves you right for dressing like Clara Ann again,' and I could almost hear Mr. Wallis and young Elvis and the rest of the company thinking, 'So this is the mouse poor Charlie married!' "

This is a conclusion stoutly denied by Charlie, while Elvis, queried over the phone, simply said, "What a dream!" Nevertheless, Patti insists that "great transformations" have taken place in her since falling in love with Charlie. What she doesn't know, and what all Charlie's friends testify to, is that equally great transformations have been taking place in her husband. "He was always winning, gifted, popular. But, since meeting Patti, all his qualities seem to have fused together and gained new strength," says Dave Swedlow. To this, Ray Ryan lends support with a simple, "He's found his North Star . . ."

The newlyweds had one blissful month together before Patti shoved off for Las Vegas on the first stop of a night-club tour. In that brief interlude, Patti got her long-awaited crack at keeping house for Charlie, and he got his first taste of what family life with Patti will be like, once they leave his rented apartment for their own home in Palm Springs. "A burned taste," quips Charlie, a gourmet who likes big dinners starting with escargot or hearts of artichoke and running through several wines.

"It was merely well-done," asserts Patti, "and just what he needed—plain, home-cooked, nourishing and balanced meals." Privately, she concedes that "the first one" might have been "just a mite" overcooked. And, privately, Charlie concedes that he'd been too enthralled, watching Patti bustle about the kitchen, to know whether he was eating steak or fried eggplant.

There came a morning when the bride placed a luscious pair of waffles before her groom. Charlie's eyes goggled. He tasted and smacked his lips. "Honey, you are a cook, a wonderful cook, and I'll shout it from the housetops." Sheepishly, Patti confessed the truth. They were "bought" waffles, frozen and ready for the toaster.

While she has given him a strong desire for the attractions of home life, he has broadened her views on the subject of "nights out." They agree that couples, no matter how fervently in love, should not hibernate after marriage. "It's the surest way to lose zest in living and grow old fast," Charlie opines, and Patti breaks in with: "When you have such varied and interesting friends as Charlie has, it's a crime not to see them often. Before we were married, Charlie visited me in Chicago and brought along a few friends who are in politics. Before I knew what was happening, I found myself discussing things like housing and social welfare as if I knew something about them."

"For a girl who claims not to know," Charlie brags, "she held the floor quite a while, and everyone listened with both ears. Even if I say so myself, Patti has a keen mind. She reads diligently and has a memory like a steel trap."

His wife's popularity with his friends is a source of continual satisfaction to Charlie. Rather boyishly, he enthuses over the time Patti first met his circle of friends. It was Christmas, two years ago, and they were house guests of the Swedlows at their Palm Springs home. Any doubts Patti might have had about "putting my best foot forward, for Charlie's sake," were soon dispelled. The group literally took her to their hearts and, charmed with her vivacity and verve, followed her lead in organizing swimming parties, horseback jaunts and exploratory hikes. "I might as well be blunt about it," says Charlie. "I'm one of those fellows who must feel proud of his wife, and I sure was all puffed up seeing my girl in action."

Patti's current tour has suspended their building plans for a short while, but Charlie has volunteered a few details. "I always liked the desert as a place to relax with friends and have some fun. Pat made me see it as something more than an escape from the problems of work and responsibility. Through her eyes, I've come to see it as a place which need not be barren, a place where life and love can be brought to bloom. We're going to raise our family there." The O'Curran house will be ultra-modern, as befits "the new cities coming into being on the old sands." There will be lots of picture windows and at least one room-length sliding glass door overlooking a patio and swimming pool. "We'll start with seven rooms—but, as Pat

says, 'with a view to future expansion.'"

Why expansion? "Because," Charlie explains firmly, "Pat and I want a large family, the sooner the better. In fact, she has already told me she wants five children." The O'Curran clan boasts eight children, most of whom Patti met when she journeyed out to Atlantic City in New Jersey to meet Charlie's family last summer. Patti's grandmother, when she passed away this December, left a brood of nine living children, fifty-nine grandchildren, ninety-four great-grandchildren and thirteen great-grandchildren.

The decoration of their home, in spite of Charlie's genius for staging, will be left pretty much to Patti. "Don't forget I married an artist," he explains. "You know, Patti was working as a staff illustrator at a radio station in Tulsa when she was discovered as a singer. Her mother sent me a painting she did when only thirteen. It's an oil, done with ordinary house-paint on canvas, and, in my humble opinion, it's quite a picture!"

Charlie thought it was so good that, over Patti's objections, he hung it above their couch, and he says it will occupy an even more prominent place in the new home. Furthermore, he vows, he will not rest until she gets back to her brush and easel. "This is not a case of taking up a hobby. Pat can become more than a Sunday painter. She's really good, and, once we're settled in the desert, I'm sure she'll get a great achievement out of this art."

Still sweet, wholesome and friendly, Patti has matured, "grown more womanly," as her family and friends put it. Her romance and marriage to Charlie has not been without its pangs of pain. After her engagement was announced, one fan club sent her a letter, begging her "not to marry a divorced man." It went on to say, "Your reputation and life up to now is without a stain. You must keep it that way. He may be a wonderful guy, but it just won't do for our Patti!"

It was a challenge Patti determined to meet head-on. Immediately, she sat down and wrote her fans the truth: "Although it's been kept pretty quiet for reasons I don't understand, because I've never hidden the facts, I want you to know that I myself am a divorced woman. It happened before I got to be the Patti Page you admire, so I guess there was no point in making a fuss about it. I was married in 1948 to Jack Skiba. It was a brief marriage and not successful for either of us. I am not blaming anybody. Perhaps I was too young to make it succeed. But there was no sense in spoiling both our lives and so we agreed to go our separate ways.

"This is one of the reasons I did not care to let my name be used in publicity romances or any other kind until I met and fell truly in love. This is the real thing, and, like any normal woman, I want to marry the man I'm completely in love with—have a family of my own. Surely there can be no harm in that. Surely my fans want me to be happy."

Her fans have responded swiftly and loyally to this appeal. To quote Jack Rael: "Her fans grow beyond all expectations, and they all ask for more information on Charlie. Many of them say right out, 'Be happy, Patti—that's all we ask. We love you, and we're ready to love Charlie, and if you have children, we'll love them too . . .'"

Proud of her husband, as he is of her, Patti enjoys answering these requests for information about Charlie. She takes pains to list his impressive credits as choreographer, dance director and stylist of song specialties, and never fails to include the fact that he was graduated from Star of the Sea High School, in Atlantic City, with *cum laude* honors, and that he began staging vaudeville shows at so young an age he had difficulty evading the child labor laws. Charlie danced at the Folies Bergere in Paris when he was only nineteen, then, on his return to this country, tackled Broadway. He and the Big City hit it off. right from the start, and, by 1941, he had already reached the position of a full-fledged dance director.

In 1944, Charlie moved on to Hollywood. His first big number was the staging of the Bing Crosby-Jane Wyman dance routine of "In the Cool, Cool, Cool of the Evening," for Paramount's "Here Comes the Groom." Since that time, he's done choreography chores for more than fifty films, and for such top stars as the Andrews Sisters, Bob Hope, Dinah Shore, Leslie Caron, and Dorothy Lamour.

Patti herself got her first break while still in her teens. A singer had become ill, and the Tulsa radio station where Patti was working—as an artist—sent out a call for a substitute. Patti was reluctantly pushed, by friends at the station, into the replacement spot. After hearing her perform, the program sponsor, the Page Milk Company, offered her a contract. Not long after, Jack Rael, a cousin of Benny Goodman, was passing through town and caught her show. He signed Patti (by then, she had taken the name Patti Page in honor of her sponsor), assuring her she belonged in the big-time, an opinion that proved to be right many times over.

Patti was soon working with Frankie Laine, then became the summer replacement for Perry Como, for whom she has tremendous admiration. Then, like a bolt from the blue, came that wistful little dancing dirge of the gal who lost her lover to a friend, "The Tennessee Waltz." In quick succession followed "Doggie in the Window" (after which she named her Yorkshire terrier, at present in the care of friends in New York), "Go On With the Wedding," and others. Her latest hit, "A Poor Man's Roses" and "The Wall," is one of her greatest, according to Mercury Record officials.

And Patti's night-club popularity is stronger than ever. A quote from *Variety* on her new act, broken in at The Desert Inn in Las Vegas, says: "Success of showcase is partially due to the brilliant staging of her groom, Charles O'Curran. Dramatic lighting and wise pacing blend well with the friendliness of Miss Page's delivery . . . and, as always, she sounds as if she enjoys singing every note."

Patti's comment on this tribute was characteristically refreshing. "Wasn't I the smart one to marry Charlie! Now I'm getting top-flight staging done for free."

The O'Currans are bubbling over, these days, with all sorts of plans: A home in the desert, a family, bringing their dog "Window" out to live with them, a second honeymoon at Lake Tahoe ("and we don't mean three days"), a cruise on Patti's *Rage II* (a fifty-foot Chris-Craft boat that sleeps twelve, and which is presently in drydock at Miami Beach), a movie for Charlie to direct (perhaps produce), and —last but far from least—Patti's new CBS-TV show (debuting in September), to be called *The Big Record*, featuring guest stars with Patti as femcee.

The Book of Life? The Book of Love? The Book of Happiness?

"Listen," cry the O'Currans, "before we met each other, we were practically illiterates in all three of these books. Now we've begun to learn the wisdom of live, love and be happy. Give us another thirty years, and we'll write you a book on the subject that will be worth any young lover's reading. Meanwhile, we thank God for each other . . ."

Tennessee's Ernie

(*Continued from page 42*)

telling the story of his life back home. And Grandma Long, a spirited eighty-two years old, was knitting away there in the family living room—on a stage at NBC Studios in Burbank!—just like she belonged there. . . .

Which, in a way, she did. A moving van had driven up to the front door of the Ford's two-storey gray frame house in Bristol, not many days before, and had taken all the living-room furnishings—the damask drapes, the floral-print sofa, the rugs, the mahogany, the family upright piano, and the treasured "Thomas Jefferson" clock—to the studio.

The clock had caught Tennessee Ernie's eye, right off, when—in a state of shock—he'd walked into the studio next door to his . . . to find his old living room had been transported there. "That's my brother Stanley's picture—and that's the clock my dad bought from a lady back home—" Ernie said dazedly . . . and, overcome with emotion, he took a familiar little white-haired woman close to his heart.

Watching back in Bristol—this was the life, too . . . of those whose lives had, at some time through the years, touched his own. And they were doing a lot of remembering when. . . .

Remember when Ernest worked at Hughes' grocery, the day he broke all those eggs, and told the boss he'd work overtime paying for them—at ten cents an hour? . . . Remember when he sang tenor—then bass—at Anderson Street Church? . . . Remember when the curtain of the high-school auditorium caught fire one night—and Ernest shinnied up the curtain and put it out? . . . *Remember when.* . . .

This was his life. And this was his home town. Bristol, Tennessee . . . a very good place to live. Here he was born—in a little four-room frame house shaped like a box-car, over on Anderson Street. And here, growing up, he'd planned to remain. Dreaming toward the day he could own his own farm, here among the green rolling hills and the silver streams.

But Ernest Ford's voice was God-given, and intended to carry far beyond the hills in his native Tennessee. A voice to be heard throughout the land . . . and a voice to echo all the good things of that land. He'd come back home from the Air Force, bringing his pretty, pert brunette bride, Betty, with him. And he'd proudly wheeled into Main Street of Bristol, Tennessee-side. But, one day soon, he had adventured on.

Ernie hadn't had enough money for a farm, anyway. But he had eleven hundred dollars of severance pay in the family poke—and he and Betty were all fired up about homesteading in Alaska, pioneering the country's last great frontier. In the Sunday supplement of a newspaper, they'd read a glowing account of the opportunities there for young people who were "hard workers," homesteading lucrative five-acre tracts. Excitedly, Betty had written the Chamber of Commerce in Anchorage for further details. Days passed . . . and still no reply.

Until Alaska was heard from, the two pioneers decided to go back to California, where Ernie had been stationed in the Air Force, and try radio. As he'd put it, logically enough, at the time, "And if we still want to go to Alaska, we'll be closer there."

There, too—although he could not know it then—he would be closer to the fame some day intended for him. . . .

But the roots were here in Bristol, Tennessee. Here was his voice, and the heritage he puts so richly into song.

Here, he was early "foundationed" for the future by the love and teachings and inspiring example of the most wonderful parents a boy ever had: Attractive, vivacious Maude Ford, with all her warmth and love. And Ernie's tall, distinguished-looking father, Clarence Ford, a tower of gentleness and strength.

Theirs was a happy home life during important formative years when Ernie and his brother, Stanley, who's twenty-two months older, were growing up in the two-storey house on Windsor Street. They were a close family, sharing every adventure—such as the remembered day Ernie's dad brought home that fabulous old clock.

Clarence Ford had seen the clock in a little old lady's house on his route one day when he was carrying the mail. "Hasn't run for over fifty years," she'd shrugged, when he asked about it. Just an old piece of family junk handed down. Some day she was going to get rid of it.

"I'm pretty good at fixing things. I'll give you two dollars for it," Ernie's dad had said then. And she had agreed.

In the workshop at home, an excited little boy, with big brown eyes and a Buster Brown haircut, hovered around his dad, watching him take the clock apart and put it together again. He made a pendulum, fixed some weights—and, on the back of the dial, he found Thomas Jefferson's name written in pencil. "I talked to the lady," Clarence Ford recalls, "and she said Jefferson and her grandfather were old friends. The clock's well over a hundred years old—we think it belonged to Thomas Jefferson. As a kid, Ernie was always telling people about it," his dad grins.

Ernie was proud to have a father who was a postman, who knew everybody in town—and was known in return. His father had one mail route for fifteen years, and sometimes Ernie would go trotting along beside him when he carried the mail. As his dad says, "He'd trot along and, when we got close to the grocery store on the route, he would trot ahead—and order his favorite cherry-blossom soda pop."

Cherry-blossom pop . . . a Thomas Jefferson clock . . . the memories of childhood.

Here in his bedroom upstairs in the old Ford home, a boy of eleven had finally mastered "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" on a new trombone. Here, in the sunny kitchen, Ernie had learned to bake his favorite gingerbread—"and I still like to cook," he says now.

Surrounded as he was by so much love and family affection at home, Ernie was always wanting to share it with those less fortunate. One day, he brought in a little smudgy-faced four-year-old boy to be mothered. As Mrs. Ford says, "They'd been playing—and playing *hard.*"

"Mother, this is Emmett Carter," he said, introducing them. "His little heart hurts because he has nobody to rock him to sleep. His father's dead, and his mother has to work for a living. She never has any time for him to sit in her lap and rock. I told him my mother just loves to rock little boys to sleep. Now, Mother—you will, won't you?" Ernie said anxiously.

"Of course I will," she assured him.

"Come on, Stanley," Ernie said to his brother, and they both walked out, leaving Mrs. Ford and Emmett standing there.

"I took the little fellow on my lap and rocked him until he was asleep," Ernie's mother recalls. From there on, Emmett was a fairly steady customer. The four-year-old would show up at the back door, saying, "Mrs. Ford, could I sit on your lap—just a *little* while?"

As Ernie grew a little older, his was a concerned eye for the opposite sex in the neighborhood, too. Particularly, a pretty little girl, with curly blond hair and big blue eyes, named Mary Bray. Ernie had a crush on her that was no less acute because he was only nine years old.

"I bought Mary a forty-nine-cent bottle of cologne once—the largest bottle I could get at the dime store," Ernie recalls now. "I used to take her walking up and down the creek bank, pickin' wild flowers." Mary's folks had some cows ("You could keep cows at the edge of town then") and Ernie remembers he was always "walking a syrup bucket up to Mary's house to get milk."

He showered her with gifts from the five-and-ten, and one Christmas he really outdid himself, appearing at Mary's door with a package he could barely carry. "Ernest was carrying groceries at S. B. Hughes' store, making his spending money," Mary Bray Smiley says now. "He bought me a big mirror—it must have been two feet high—with a picture of a rose-covered cottage on the back."

Ernest made a dollar working Saturdays at the store, sweeping out, carrying packages, and helping to wait on customers. And he'd blown his week's pay check on her.

During those days, Mary remembers, his generosity was only exceeded by his energy. "He was always so active—he never did sit," she smiles. "We always called him 'Ernest.' The 'Ernie' came later, in Hollywood. He was always playing cowboy then and talking about having a ranch someday, and he'd go around in jeans and the like, looking just as Western as he could."

Even then, Ernest Ford was developing into quite a personality. "He was always performing—he'd have us laughing all the time. Ernest was just a natural talent, anyway," Mary goes on. "Several of us used to walk to school together, and Ernest would entertain us all the way. Talking and singing and doing monkeyshines."

Ernie was a performer long before then, however—as his 82-year-old grandmother will tell you. "Ernest sang 'The Old Rugged Cross' when he was less than three years old," Grandma Long recalls proudly. "He sang it at a church conference—three verses, and without any prompting," she adds pertly.

Ernest's mom helped him learn "The Old Rugged Cross," but only for home consumption, and there were mixed emotions at the prospect of his performing it in public—straight through. This was a favorite hymn around the Fords' home "and Ernest automatically picked up most of the words. I helped him some, but I had no idea he would be singing in public." Then, one day, a family friend heard little Ernest singing the verse, and couldn't believe it. "Maude," she said, "we're going to have the church conference soon. There'll be hundreds of delegates there—and I want them to hear this child sing!"

That appearance his mom will never forget: "That tiny little figure standing on a table in the big main auditorium before hundreds of people—singing all those words," she says now. Years later, when Tennessee Ernie Ford's Capitol recording of "The Old Rugged Cross" would be sweeping the country, this picture would come home to her. . . .

Theirs was always a very musical house, anyway, and young Ernest grew up with an appreciation for music. His brother Stanley played piano, banjo—and could

get by picking a guitar. Ernest played the trombone and a half-hearted violin. "I'd have to make him practice the violin," Mrs. Ford says now. "I shouldn't have. But I thought he'd have talent on the violin, because his dad was pretty good on hoedown stuff."

In deference to that instrument, Clarence Ford insists. "I played a *fiddle*." But he could really bust loose on "Arkansas Traveler" or "Sourwood Mountain" or "Soldier's Joy." The Fords and a group of friends had a musical aggregation called "The Cornfield Canaries." They'd get together at the home of some elderly couple in Bristol who could use a little musical cheer—"or we would meet in each other's homes where there was a piano." Ernie's dad would play the fiddle, Stanley the piano. somebody pick a guitar—"and we'd all sing," Mr. Ford recalls.

On a balmy summer evening in Bristol, Tennessee, the voice of the youngest "Cornfield Canary" would filter through the chorus of "Shortnin' Bread." As his former Sunday School teacher, Nan Kinkaid McQuillan, remembers it, "That was the first time I knew Ernest could really sing. He would sit outside in the swing on the porch, and I'd hear him singing all the songs we older ones were singing inside—without missing a verse."

To hometowners, it was increasingly apparent that Clarence Ford's boy had something that "stood out." As one of them puts it, "He always stole the show wherever he appeared." What Ernest had—besides a basic talent and all that energy—was the magic of showmanship, whatever his audience.

His was a varied audience. "He'd finagle the lead in a play or operetta at school," his dad grins now. He sang every Sunday in the choir at Anderson Street Methodist Church. He would go caroling on Christmas, when the choir would pile into a borrowed truck and cruise around Bristol serenading the orphanage, the old folks' home—wherever people needed holiday cheer. Songbook in hand, he'd go with others in the congregation to the town jail and sing hymns.

And he was a smash hit, that first Sunday he soloed in church, Nan McQuillan recalls. "He sang a hymn called 'No Longer Lonely'—and I remember somebody said, 'Nelson Eddy has nothing on Ernest.'"

Twenty years from then, Ernest Ford would be coming back to that same church and singing in the choir. His would be a television audience of millions, and his Capitol recordings of old hymns like "Rock of Ages" would be selling like hoecake in Tennessee. Most of the congregation would have known him since the day he was born, and they wouldn't be surprised by his success. They always knew Ernest Ford "had something"—if he could just channel it.

The years of worshipping at the Anderson Street Methodist Church were to play an important part in that future. Here he sang hymns which would lead to a piace on Cliffie Stone's *Hometown Jamboree* program . . . which, in turn would lead eventually to a world jamboree of recognition for Tennessee's Ernest Ford. . . .

Ernie was always very active in church work. "He was very good about never missing Sunday School or church, even went to prayer meeting," his former Sunday School teacher affirms. Was he a good student? Did he answer the questions in class? "His brother Stanley always knew the answers to the questions—Ernest wanted to take up the collection," Mrs. McQuillan laughs now. "He had to be busy—always jumping around."

The grass roots that would always be Tennessee Ernie Ford's grew firmly. Nature's setting was his stage, and God's wonderland his theater. He worked on his cousin's tobacco farm near Fordtown. He picked corn and took it to be milled. He helped with the harvest. He went swimming in Muddy Creek and fishing on the Holston River with his family. As he says now, "My dad taught me to fish. He grew up on the river."

Someday—he would put all of it into song. . . .

"We had a wonderful life," his dad says now. "We never had any money, but we had a lot of fun. We had some great vacation trips."

But. growing up, Ernie had no dream of singing fame. In his opinion, anybody would have been out of their cotton-pickin' mind to ever pay to hear him sing. "I wanted a farm—and I finally got it a year and a half ago," he says happily now. Referring to the 540-acre "farm" he owns in Northern California. the most beautiful land anywhere . . . short of back home. Tennessee was too far away. With todav's daily and weekly NBC-TV shows, "the place I have now, in California, is too far away. I can't even get up there very often," he says regretfully.

The irony of success. Finally—the farm he'd always dreamed about . . . and no time to go there. Now he's aiming for the day he and his family can enioy it. When his two boys, Buck, 7, and Brion, 4, can know the feeling of open country and their own good earth.

"My daddy's always had a solution for everything," says Ernie. "'You've got to work—and have patience,' he'd say. I'm working."

Work and patience—the tempo of a town . . . a good place to live—Bristol, Tennessee. . . .

Ernest Ford never thought of singing as his life's work. Not even when he won first place singing in the regional high-school talent meet. "All the high schools of the South, Maryland, and Washington, D.C., competed in a meet in Columbia, South Carolina," his Mom remembers well, "and Ernest's high school voice teacher entered him. He got first place—there was no second." What Ernie remembers mostly was, "just getting to go. That thrilled me plenty—I'd never been to South Carolina. The trip was the main thing."

He was studying voice by then—from Mrs. Schroetter, head of the voice department at Virginia Intermount Girl's College. And being a male voice in a girl's college "worked out pretty good," he recalls with a grin. "She put on various school operettas, and guys taking private lessons from her got the male roles."

In the choir at Anderson Street Church, it was apparent young Ernest was getting some professional advice. "One day he sang the hymn, "Hold Thou My Hand," Mrs. McQuillan remembers. "The next time I heard him sing that same hymn, it was 'Hold Thou My *Hawnd*'—he'd started taking voice lessons," she twinkles.

Ernie sang "On the Road to Mandalay" at the high-school graduation ceremonies that year—but there were no scholastic honors for him. He was still too active being active. Nobody, however, had to burn the school down to get him graduated. On the contrary, when the school almost burned down, it was Ernest who extinguished it. "Ernest and a friend, Charlie Oakley," says Mr. Ford, "wrote the senior class song, and they were all practicing it that night, when the stage curtain caught on fire. They told me later that Ernest climbed up the curtain, pulled it down and stomped it out,"

Graduation memories, for Ernest Ford, would be many. Like playing trombone in the high school band—and parading at

the big annual "Dogwood Festival." Haunting high-school eateries like "Joe Lipp's and Ralph English's—and there was another place over on Virginia side where you could get a big bowl of chili for ten cents." . . . Like all the boy projects he'd worked on in his room at home through the years . . . and trying to explain to his grandmother why she shouldn't come in and "tidy up" and remove any of the boy treasures.

Grandmother Long was horrified at the traffic jam, all the "junk" that kept piling up in the boys' rooms. "Maude, I want you to make the boys let me clean up their rooms," she'd say from time to time.

Then, one day, she took the issue to Ernie's brother, who settled the matter for both of them. "Stanley—I want to know *why* you won't let me clean your room," she demanded.

"Well, Grandma—I've always been taught to love everybody and not to trust anybody," he said.

Caught in the middle, Ernie's mother said soothingly "Well, they'll be gone some day—and then you can clean."

But, on graduation day, Ernest Ford would particularly remember the annual football game-to-the-death between Bristol, Virginia and Bristol, Tennessee. Battle of the orange-and-black versus the white-and-maroon. With Ernest in his maroon-and-white band uniform marching down Main Street playing the trombone in the Homecoming Day Parade. . . .

Another homecoming, both Bristols would be turning out for him. Both bands stepping high, batons twirling, parading for him. He would be welcomed by the Governor of Tennessee, and he'd ride triumphantly down Main Street in an open car, flanked by his mom and dad. It would be "Tennessee Ernie Ford Day" in the two Bristols, he'd be given the key to the city, and feel ten feet tall. . . .

In 1937, however, Ernest Ford's future was very undecided. And nobody could have been more surprised than he was when Bristol's radio station WOPI wanted to employ his voice. "I hadn't thought of radio at all. The way that happened, the copywriter at the studio's wife taught me in school. I read fairly well, and he'd been out to school a couple of times and heard me. One day, he asked me if I'd ever been inside the radio station, and I said I hadn't. 'Why don't you come up and see the studio, and read some copy for me?' he said."

So Ernest did. "I read for them—and I was in radio. And I was enthralled. I made ten dollars a week, working eight hours a day. Staff Announcer, they called me. I read news, weather reports, commercials—and I sang with records, at times, a little bit."

"He was doing commercials for the J.F.G. Coffee Company," adds his dad. "He had some records by a quartet called 'The Coffee Boys,' and Ernest would read a commercial, then start the record and sing with it. He got hundreds of letters—even then. He couldn't understand this, not having any more experience than he had. And they would write such flattering things, Ernest would be embarrassed if we wanted to read them."

With the encouragement of his voice teacher, Ernie enrolled at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music to study "some heavy singin'." His teacher pointed out that studying classical singing could do him no harm. If he didn't make opera, it would help him develop his voice as a radio announcer.

At the Conservatory, "Times were awful hungry," he recalls now. Ernie ate at a place called The Horn Inn. "It was the only place I could afford. They served a big cheeseburger and a bottle of root beer for about fifteen cents. Three times a day, I ate cheeseburgers and washed them down with root beer. I went home for vacation, and I had my bags all packed half-heartedly to go back to school. I knew my folks coudn't afford it, and I'd run out of money. That day I was leaving, I got a telegram from Atlanta, Georgia's Station WATL offering a job as staff announcer—and I headed there, instead.

"In Atlanta, they were promoting a 'Miss Atlanta' contest, and every afternoon I had to interview about ten pretty girls . . . and they paid me $21.50 to do it," he recalls with pleasure. He bought his first car while there, a used business coupe "in which the oil came clean through. I used five quarts of oil driving to my next job—in Knoxville."

Before too long—in 1941— the car was making its maiden run down the Main Street of his home town welcomed by a big sign: "Bristol *Va-Tenn* . . . A Good Place to Live." Alabama-bound for his basic training with the Air Force, Ernest Ford knew, with a familiar fullness of throat, there was none better.

In the two-storey house on Windsor Street which had echoed to so much family music and laughter, his mom and dad helped Ernest get off to the service. "Dad and I helped him dispose of things. We sold his car for him, and we helped him pack the things he couldn't take," his mom says with emotion.

Such a close family, the Fords. Stanley was already in service. Now both their boys were gone. But not for long. . . .

"When Ernest came out of basic training, he came home one weekend," his dad recalls. "Ernest's C.O. asked him if he'd like to go home—he could tell he was homesick. 'If you can go home and get back by five o'clock Monday morning, you can go,' he told him. Then he asked, 'Have you got any money?'

" 'Two dollars,' Ernie said. So his C.O. gave him twenty-five dollars," his dad says appreciatively. "The next train wasn't for four hours, and Ernest hitch-hiked home—and beat the train."

That's one ride Ernie will never forget, either. "I hitch-hiked from Birmingham, Alabama—and I held an infant in my lap all night. I was standing outside town, and this car stopped and picked me up. *Why*, I'll never know. The car was *packed* with people. I held a little ol' baby on my lap, all crammed up in that car, and rode for hours and hours."

For two days, there was music in the house on Windsor Street again. A house so full of love and laughter. . . .

His mother went to the train with him and waited while Ernest got his ticket. "Well, Mom, this is the first time any of us ever got a one-way ticket," he said.

But there is no one-way ticket, when the roots are *home*. One day, four years later, Ernest Ford would be coming back down the Main Street of Bristol, Tennessee—"A Good Place to Live." The sign would shine brighter than ever, welcoming Ernest and his pretty, pert brunette bride, the girl so merry of heart, whose music was meant for his own.

They would talk of adventuring to Alaska. Of making their fortune there. But Fate, restless for his intended destiny, would have other plans for Ernest Ford. Singing of the good things, the Godly things, he would find a fortune out West —far beyond his most adventurous dreams. . . .

And so, one February day, Clarence and Maude Ford's boy, Ernest, took his bride and left the archway of his home town . . . taking his heritage with him. The heritage that makes Tennessee Ernie's voice America's voice today.

New Patterns for You

9183
SIZES
10 – 20

9317
SIZES
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9183—Loveliest princess lines fashion the sundress; little fitted jacket carries out the same flattering silhouette. A Printed Pattern in Misses' Sizes 10-20. Size 16 dress requires 4⅛ yards 35-inch fabric; bolero 1¾ yards. *State size.* 35¢

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9171—A perfect style for the short-waisted, full-figured type—designed for a taller, slimmer appearance. A Printed Pattern in Half Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 3¾ yards 35-inch fabric. *State size.* 35¢

9171
SIZES
14½—24½

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

Dance to My Dream

(*Continued from page 32*)

of handicaps defeated, heartbreak conquered, disaster valiantly defied.

At the beginning, there was a little girl in the kitchen of a cold-water flat in south Chicago. She stood, tense with anticipation, in her very best imitation of a ballet dancer waiting for her music cue. A wind-up Victrola made loud scratching noises, working toward the opening bar of music. The music began, and the little girl danced raptly.

That was the time when it seemed that the Depression would drag on forever. Her father was a private chauffeur, and there were few jobs for such men then, fewer than in most lines of work—and, when June Taylor was ten, there were unemployed people by the millions. She'd had no training in the dance, of course. Unemployed, her father couldn't dream of paying for such luxuries. But, on certain rare and special occasions, she had seen dancers in beautiful costumes, creating greater beauty in the dance itself.

So she tried to repeat the dancing she'd seen. But the small, vigorous little dancer stopped while the music still went on. She clenched her hands in the despair only a very special little girl would feel. "I'm not doing it right!" she cried bitterly to the walls. "I don't know how to do it right!"

Any other little girl would have given up. But June Taylor, aged ten, went valiantly to a dancing-school headed by Merrial Abbott. It was one of the best dancing-schools in Chicago. And little June gravely proposed a bargain she had worked out. The bargain was an offer to help teach children even younger than she was, in exchange for dancing lessons for herself. It was necessary to be very convincing about her earnestness and her competence. But she was convincing. Merrial Abbott gave her the lessons she needed, and later on, for a time, was her manager and always her fast friend.

Only three years later, the need for money at home was more serious than ever. So June, aged thirteen, considered as gravely as before. She borrowed grown-up clothes and high-heeled shoes. She bluffed splendidly about her age. But she did not need to bluff about her dancing. The dancing was the clincher, and she got the job she needed at the work she wanted. She became a member of the chorus lines at the Chicago Theater and the Chez Paree night club.

A year later, when she was fourteen, she quit high school to dance with a group called the "Chez Paree Adorables." This was over the impassioned objections of her father. He'd been out of work for months and the family situation was very bad, but he feared for his daughter. Her mother, though, had a firm Irish faith in June, and spirit to match it. She prevailed and June carried on her career.

June danced in night-club dance lines and in theaters. She danced with Ted Weems' band, and for Ben Bernie and Ted Lewis. She made friends who stayed her friends. Merrial Abbott, Ted Weems, Ted Lewis, and innumerable others. There have always been good friends—men and women both—in June Taylor's life. But, in 1936, she made a very special one.

Sol Lerner was a law-school graduate who'd become the attorney for a talent agent. Coming to New York, June Taylor had been advised to look up this particular agent—who shall be nameless. The agent was tremendously impressed. He wanted to represent her. He wanted to do great things for her. He took her out, one evening, and it became very evident that he wanted to occupy her every moment from then on. It was becoming embarrassing to June by the time they ran into Sol Lerner. June greeted Lerner with a beaming smile and a whispered, "Don't leave me! Don't leave me alone with him!" And Sol Lerner blandly ignored the black looks of his agent client and stuck like glue until the evening was over. He earned June's undying gratitude and he was a good friend for nine years—then he made a permanent improvement in the situation.

But there were some very good and some very bad times in those nine years between. In 1938, June was in London, dancing with the Ted Lewis band. She was doing very well. She was close to the top in her profession and she was earning money. But most of the money went home, where it was needed. She lived simply. Fine clothes and jewelry didn't mean much to her. A rehearsal costume meant more.

She drove herself, not only to perfect her dancing, but to learn and improve in all the things one needed if one were going to be a dancer and even more. Besides dancing with the band, which was work enough, she was also studying drama and diction and singing and French. In between times, she was doing the choreography for Raymond Massey, then acting in "Idiot's Delight." Doing choreography, in June Taylor's book, is not only dreaming up a dance—it is making it come to life in shimmering perfection on the stage. That was work. Studying was work. Dancing as she did was work. It was, altogether, entirely too much. She didn't have time to sleep.

She was getting places, to be sure. Alexander Korda, the British film producer, signed her to a seven-year contract with escalator salary clauses that would go up to $2,500 a week. It was his intention to build her up into a movie star—and it wasn't a bad idea.

June Taylor was working harder than a ballet class, studying harder than most college students—each activity a full-time occupation—and, in what she fancied was "spare time," working with Raymond Massey on "Idiot's Delight." True, she was using aspirin in place of the sleep she wasn't getting. But, when the Alexander Korda contract was offered and signed, it looked like the high spot of one career and the start of another, more brilliant one.

She went back to America to visit her family for four weeks. She was radiant. But she couldn't be anywhere for four weeks and not be pressed to dance. She danced, in the Palace Theater in Chicago. And she collapsed on the stage.

The diagnosis was advanced tuberculosis. She went to a hospital, and she stayed, flat on her back, for two years.

That would be bad for anyone. It was worse than bad for a dancer. Perhaps it was worst of all for June Taylor, who had so much joy in movement—which was forbidden. . . and dancing—which was then unthinkable . . . and in splendid, zestful, ambitious planning for the future—which was no longer possible. Some people might have died of pure frustration. Maybe even June Taylor would have given up if she weren't the sort of person she is. That sort of person always has friends. There was one friend, Sol Lerner—who'd acted as chaperon when she was bothered by a wolfish agent. Sol Lerner wrote her at least twice a week during those two years. That helped. But it was June Taylor's own will to live that made her soberly concentrate on getting well.

At the end of the two years, she decided it was time for her to go home. The doctors didn't agree with her. When she insisted, they told her flatly that, if she

left the hospital, she would be dead in three months.

She left. She went home.

In three months, she had a job as a receptionist. She wasn't dead—but she wasn't dancing, either. She was soberly eating the nourishing foods she needed and getting as much rest as she ought to have. There was no more cheating with aspirins instead of shut-eye. Presently, she began to feel like her old self.

One lunch-hour she ate hastily and went to a near-by rehearsal hall to see how well she was. She tried, tentatively, to dance. And she found out what had happened to her. She could dance. But she didn't have and could never get back the physical stamina—the more-than-perfect health—which allows a slim young girl to do dancing which would prostrate a husky football player.

She took it rather well. She recognized the wreck of all her ambitions and her hopes. She took it without flinching. Then—and this took a very special kind of courage—before she went back to her receptionist's desk, she began to create a dance . . . a combination of steps and grace and idea which was beautifully satisfying because it was so perfectly right.

That night, ignoring the discovery that professional dancing was no longer for her, she showed the new, defiantly created dance to her sister Marilyn. Marilyn watched admiringly, and loyally grew enthusiastic as June showed her and told her the completely altered plans she'd made for the future. Next morning, they telephoned five old friends—all dancers.

Marilyn is June's first assistant now. But Marilyn and the five friends became the first June Taylor Dancers, dancing the routines June Taylor created. With Ted Weems' help, the Dancers got a booking at the Black Hawk Restaurant in Chicago. Then Sol Lerner got the June Taylor Dancers a job at the Hurricane Club in New York, with Duke Ellington. The New York critics were not impressed, and advised June Taylor to take her "corn" back to the West where it belonged. This was a blow, but Sol Lerner encouraged her to carry on.

A very helpful friend, this Sol Lerner. And, eventually, much more than that. In 1942, he and June Taylor were married. Now he is the business manager for the June Taylor Dancers, and of the June Taylor Schools of the Dance, and he's highly capable in a business deal. But his marriage to June Taylor is *not* a business deal, and he regards his wife with that special warmth with which a happy man looks at the woman who has married him, can stand him, makes other men envy him, and is a swell cook, besides!

Among hundreds of airwaves favorites donating to Red Cross Blood Banks is Marjorie Reynolds of *Life Of Riley.*

Despite their success today, the June Taylor Dancers were just another group of dancers, at the beginning. They had to make their mark—and June's reputation as a choreographer—the hard way. Somehow, though, whatever June Taylor touches becomes memorable. Her own dancing had been memorable enough. And, from the very outset, the dances she conceived and staged had a quality which made them stick in people's minds.

For instance, Sol Lerner got an engagement for the Dancers at the Chanticleer Club in Baltimore. There was a young, struggling comic working there at the same time, a skinny young comic. It seems a long time ago, because he was Jackie Gleason—and he was skinny! Actually, it was 1946. Jackie remembered the Dancers for years. When he was given a featured spot on the Du Mont show, *Cavalcade Of Stars,* he asked for the June Taylor Dancers at once. They've been with Jackie ever since.

They'd made their debut on television before then, however. Not immediately, of course. The June Taylor Dancers began in 1942, and they played thirty-nine weeks—a television year—in the first Ed Sullivan variety show in 1948. They weren't quite the production feature then that they are now. There are persistent rumors—and nobody denies them—that Ed Sullivan's budget was so low on that first show that he hired the June Taylor Dancers because they had their own costumes!

Things are different now. The Dancers joined Jackie Gleason the following year. Now they are as much a part of the show as "The Honeymooners," and their importance has been enhanced in the latest Jackie Gleason format. In 1954, June Taylor was awarded an "Emmy," the television equivalent of an "Oscar," as the best choreographer in television. (She's been nominated at least two other times.)

June Taylor is equally successful as a wife. Sol Lerner has been known to brag, "The way my wife cooks things, you just can't get that good cooking in any restaurant in the world!" They live on Sutton Terrace, in an apartment filled with pictures, both paintings and the product of Sol Lerner's cameras. June does a little photography herself.

But a mere two careers—wife and choreographer—doesn't make her life as completely full and rich as she has the capacity to enjoy. In 1956, she opened the first of the June Taylor Schools of the Dance, in New York. There are classes for all ages from four years up, through teen-agers, through those who dance professionally, and those who want to dance only for the enrichment of their lives.

There will be expansions of this school. There should be a June Taylor School of the Dance in Kansas City in the fall, and in Miami Beach some time this autumn. Los Angeles should have a school before the end of the year, and Long Island will have one, too. All this, of course, providing that nothing goes very badly wrong.

June Taylor insists on that proviso. It's not that she's *afraid* of something going wrong, but she knows it *can.* She's secure in her fame now, and she has a home and husband, and a fullness of achievement which some people might envy. But it is, after all, rather difficult to envy June Taylor. One can admire her, and one can regard her with very great respect. But—after the work she's done and the handicaps she overcame and the heartbreak she endured and the disaster she conquered—who could envy her what she has?

June Taylor earned it!

Denise Lor: How She Beat the Weight Problem

(*Continued from page 29*)

songstress instead of a waitress, you'd think she wouldn't have a chance to eat on the job—but you'd underestimate her ingenuity. "Remember," she twinkles, "I got used to eating anything that wasn't nailed down!"

She has been on *The Garry Moore Show* since 1950, and sometimes she gets a plateful of food (such as Franco-American spaghetti) to nibble in front of the camera. "I didn't have to finish it all." she says, "but I would. Or, we'd be doing a Betty Crocker cake-mix commercial. There'd be one cake in the studio for the camera to shoot, but we'd always have two spares, too. After the show, there would be a mad scramble to cut them—and I'd be in line for a generous hunk.

"I don't do that any more. Yet I've been eating very well since I started dieting—and, in some ways, better than I did before. In the morning, when I was leaving home for the studio, I used to grab a glass of fruit juice and a slurp of coffee. The *rest* of the day would be one long meal. By the time I got to the studio at nine, I was hungry, so I'd send out for Danish pastry and coffee. Later, when someone sending out for coffee would ask, 'Want anything?', I'd order a melted cheese sandwich. Maybe for lunch I'd order a cream soup, another cheese sandwich, or a hamburger on buttered roll. In the afternoon, more coffee and something to eat with it. By that time, since I was in the habit of nibbling, I'd be hungry when I got home for dinner—so I'd have another cheese sandwich in the kitchen before we sat down at the table. My appetite was like a bottomless pit.

"Now, I start the day by allowing enough time to have a good breakfast. First, fruit juice and a vitamin tablet. Then, two boiled eggs. I like them hard-boiled sometimes. They seem more filling—I can hardly get the second one down, and they have no more calories than soft-boiled eggs. I got used to drinking coffee without sugar during the war. In fact, coffee with cream and sugar tastes like a dessert, not a beverage.

"Lunch is a problem, since I'm at the studio. I send out for two hamburgers. Then I take step number-one to cut down calories in a sandwich. I remove the top of the bun and eat just as little of the bottom as is necessary to keep from holding the hamburger in my hand. This can be messy, drippy and spilly, but it saves calories! Black coffee, of course, and an apple or pear for dessert. And when we send out for a snack between meals, I'll order more black coffee.

"For dinner, I'm home with Jay and the boys. I like meat and lots of green and yellow vegetables, because I haven't eaten any all day. Sometimes I'll have parsley potatoes with butter. Even on a diet, we need a moderate amount of fat or oil. I used to pile salt on to a ridiculous extent. Now, I don't add any to what's been used in cooking. For dessert, I have fruit."

As for drinking milk: The U. S. Department of Agriculture has just published a new simplified guide to healthful eating. To keep well and energetic, their experts say that we must choose foods daily from four basic groups: (1) Milk or milk products; (2) proteins which are contained in meat, fish, poultry, eggs, dried beans or nuts; (3) vegetables and fruits; and (4) breads and cereals. Note that milk heads the list.

"I drink fat-free milk," says Denise. "But doesn't milk always make you think of cookies? Sometimes I sneak a cookie, depending on what I've eaten all day. Or I'll nibble a piece of cheese, which I love more than candy. I used to eat practically another meal before going to bed. But no more. That food, it seems to me, can turn into fat while you're sleeping. I'd rather get up and eat a good breakfast, so that I use up the energy from that food during the day."

On Saturdays and Sundays, Denise eats a bigger breakfast than usual because she eats with the family. Seeing the boys devouring bacon and eggs, toast with marmalade, and cups of hot chocolate, makes her hungry. She is so accustomed to fat-free milk by now that, if she pours whole milk on cereal, it tastes like cream.

Her weekday schedule is a busy one. Up at seven in the morning, into New York by nine, on the air from ten to 10:30, Monday to Thursday, from ten to 11:30 on Friday. Rehearsals go on until 2:30—except for Thursday, when the cast rehearses from noon to 5:30 for the one-and-one-half-hour Friday show. And, while Denise was singing at the Plaza, there were two night performances, at nine and twelve.

In addition to changing her eating habits so she could slim down and fit into the beautiful gowns Joe Fretwell designed for her Plaza appearance, Denise started going to Pilate's gym for two one-hour sessions a week. "The first time I went into Pilate's," she recalls, "I thought it might be a mistake. I saw all the pictures of muscle-men and didn't want to come out in *that* shape. I wanted to lose weight, not add muscles." However, exercise does tone up the muscles and helps keep the body contours firm while a diet makes pounds fall off.

"I love to skate for exercise," Denise says. "And, now that summer is coming, I look forward to swimming. In fact, I like all sports, but I'm good at none. And I'm cautious about skiing, because I can picture how I'd look trying to sing with my teeth knocked out!"

The kind of diet that Denise would like to find is the one that says you can have whipped cream. In fact, while still dreaming, Denise says. "What I'd like to do is take the one food I like from each of the diets I see printed—you know, the piece of pie you're allowed one day a week, the few cookies, or the part that says *this* time you can have creamy mashed potatoes—and make a composite diet of *only* the rich things I want."

The merriness twinkles out of her face, as she adds, more seriously, "The diets that suggest usual measurements, like *one cup* or *one slice* are best. I don't understand diets that give quantities in ounces. I can see myself with a medicine dropper, a scale, and a battery of measuring equipment in front of me at the dinner table."

The only measure to use on Denise now is a tape. By sticking to her diet and exercise, she took off twelve pounds of fat. She now measures 35½-24-35½—the most pleasing proportions for her five-foot-four height—and tips the scales at 120.

For her opening night at the Persian Room, Denise was in fine figure as well as in good voice. She looked glamorous and slim in her white sheath gown. It was another thrilling achievement, winning new friends to add to the many who have always loved her on *The Garry Moore Show*. Her basic honesty in facing up to being overweight—and deciding to do something about it—had paid off, as it can for anyone with the same sensible approach.

Denise had done it on her own, after three weeks of careful dieting and following two simple rules: Eat sensibly, not compulsively. And exercise to keep body contours firm while those unwanted pounds are melting away.

WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST

(*Continued from page* 13)

City. He and Mary have two boys, Tommy, six, and Daniel Philip, two. For recreation, they like to go down to the beach and catch ball. Danny comments, "Mary throws as good as I do, but the kids got her run so ragged that she's down to 110 pounds—and that's not her good ball-playing weight."

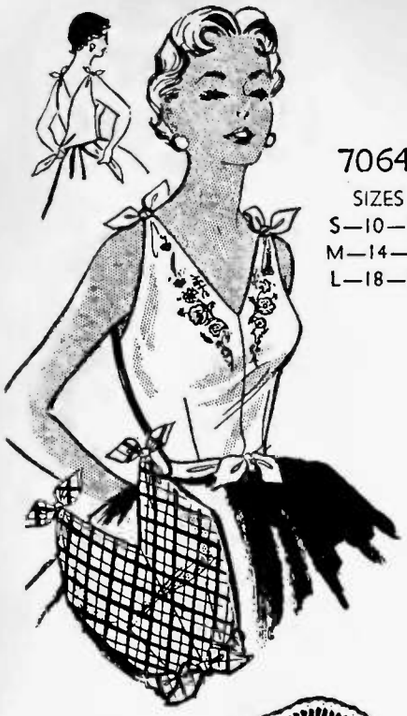
Visiting Time: Alan Freed, who emceed his "Rock 'n' Roll Revue" on ABC-TV in May, had two good reasons for his special visit to Ted Steele's *Bandstand* show on WOR-TV in New York. They're The Teardrops, a brace of teen-age boys who so impressed Alan that he made the special trip to introduce their new King record, a ballad titled "After School." The boys also impressed their local contemporaries, who named the newcomers as their favorites in a poll on the Steele show. . . . When Hal Holbrook steps out of the character of Grayling Dennis of *The Brighter Day,* he steps into the character of Mark Twain. He impersonated the author on Ed Sullivan's Easter Sunday show and will do an encore on May 18 and 19, at Angel's Camp in Calaveras County. This is where Twain first heard the yarn he turned into his famous story, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," and the old mining town still holds an annual jumping frog contest. This year, the California county holds its Jumping Frog Jubilee, and 500 frogs will gather from all over the world to compete for the first prize of $1,000. It's estimated that 10,000 people will watch the frogs—and also Hal.

Female Elvis or Not?: Abigail Francine Lane is her right name, but calling her Abigail is like calling a Jaguar a horseless carriage. Abbe Lane's the name and she's famous for her sexy gyrations (i.e., female Elvis) when she sings with hubbie Xavier Cugat's band. But that, too, is the wrong impression. Young Abbe (born 1924) is an intellectual sophisticate with serious ideas about acting. It's incidental that Abbe and Cugie's twice-weekly TV show are hitting high and certain to return next fall. This summer Abbe goes to Italy to make the movie, "Bread, Love and Cha Cha," with Vittorio De Sica and Fernandel. This is the third and last in the famed "Bread, Love, Etc." series. The first two starred Gina and Sophia—and Abbe has everything and as much as they have. "I've turned down American movies," Abbe says. "All they've offered me are Western and Indian girls." Abroad she's made eight good movies and starred in roles that called on her to portray a sweet ingenue, a mean Neapolitan, a Roman girl, a French dancer, a Brazilian and, in a comedy, she turned into a boy, but not for too long. Abbe is a fine linguist and speaks French, Italian and Spanish as well as she does English. She was born in Brooklyn. Her mother, of Spanish extraction, was a beauty who won the Miss New York title. Her father, of German extraction, is a clothier. Abbe began singing professionally at the age of four and received so much encouragement that she has been in show-biz constantly. At seventeen, she joined Cugie's band and two years later married him. Abbe and Cugie (born 1900) are proud of their marriage and their happiness. They work well together and spend most evenings at home working, studying or just getting rid of a cold. They have three homes: A villa in Italy, a suite in Manhattan's Ritz Towers and a house in Brentwood. Abbe's hobby is designing shoes and she has designed all of her 200 pairs. She doesn't repudiate her excessive sex appeal. She says, "Unfortunately, in this day and age, first you must sell yourself to the public and then they let you act."

Slightly Personal: This month finally sees Warren and Sue Hull catching a two-week vacation. Warren has been putting the rest off for months because, believe it or not, the rating was on the upswing and that's no time to fool around with a deep breath. . . . About the same holds true for bright Bill Cullen. Bill's new show, *The Price Is Right,* has had the most fabulous mail pull in the business. The program receives as many as a million cards in a week. The rating has been on the rise and Bill, too, has been putting off the big escape. But this month, he and spouse, the former Ann Macomber, take off for two weeks in Europe. And note, too, that Bill and Ann are on the prowl these days for a house and they want the works—fireplace, garden, puppy, and who knows. . . . Speaking of mail pull, mention was made that Theo Goetz, who plays "Papa Bauer" on *The Guiding Light,* was celebrating his 65th birthday and, in five days' time, 26,000 letters and cards and gifts came in. . . . Episodes for *Men Of Annapolis* are shot at Annapolis, but not without some confusion. For example, the midshipmen were cooperating in making a football scene but, after an hour, although the scene was incomplete, the Navy departed—taking the football with them. To complete the film, a helmet was used for a football. . . . Mrs. Dorothy Olsen, the singing schoolteacher who won $25,000 on *Name That Tune,* is now a permanent singing guest on NBC's *Bandstand.* She has also cut a second children's record for Victor titled "Animal Fair," and continues her duties as a substitute teacher in New York public schools as well as her domestic duties as the wife of a commercial fisherman. . . . Understand Jazzbo Collins will have a musical show on NBC next season. He'll call it *I Don't Believe It* and promises, "It's like nothing you've ever seen before." . . . Phil Silvers doesn't expect the baby until July, yet he's already got a bad case of jitters. "In the middle of the night, Evelyn sleeps just fine and I wake up wanting a pickle—but with corned beef, not ice cream." He adds, "I hope it's a boy and, if it's not a boy, I hope it's a girl."

What Can You Expect? Next year is going to be relaxed, real relaxed. Instead of comedians, there will be many, many singers, all relaxed and smiling. Ear-scratching Como remains king of the low-pressure school, but in the same manner will come Eddie Fisher over NBC-TV on Tuesday evening. And then there will be Pat Boone and Sinatra, each with his own show on ABC-TV. Guy Mitchell comes on ABC-TV, too, but this singer has zing, an off-beat charm that will have to be swallowed in a yawn if he intends to survive. And this is just the beginning, for TV is imitative and you can bet your antenna there will be a dozen more shows in the same pattern. It is already extending into the dramatic field, for the big news is that Gary Cooper, the first king of relaxers, the prince of laconics, the master of the shy smile, will host and narrate an hour dramatic show over CBS-TV. And soon it will affect quiz shows, and instead of leading the contestant into an isolation booth, they will probably put him to bed. Oh, it's gonna be a real slow boat to China.

NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING



7064—Cool, tie-shoulder halter to top your skirts, shorts, slacks. Trim with flower embroidery. Takes just a little more than 1 yard 35-inch fabric. In Sizes Small (10, 12); Medium (14, 16); Large (18, 20). Tissue pattern, transfer. *State Size.* 25¢

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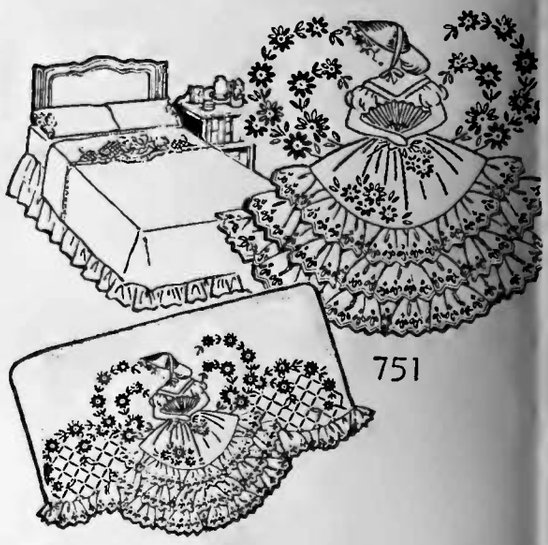

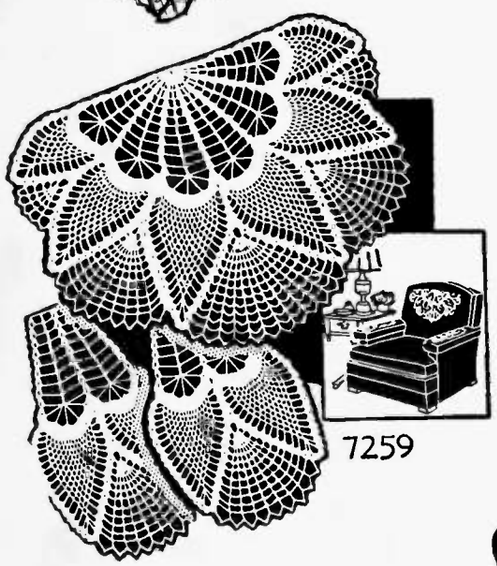

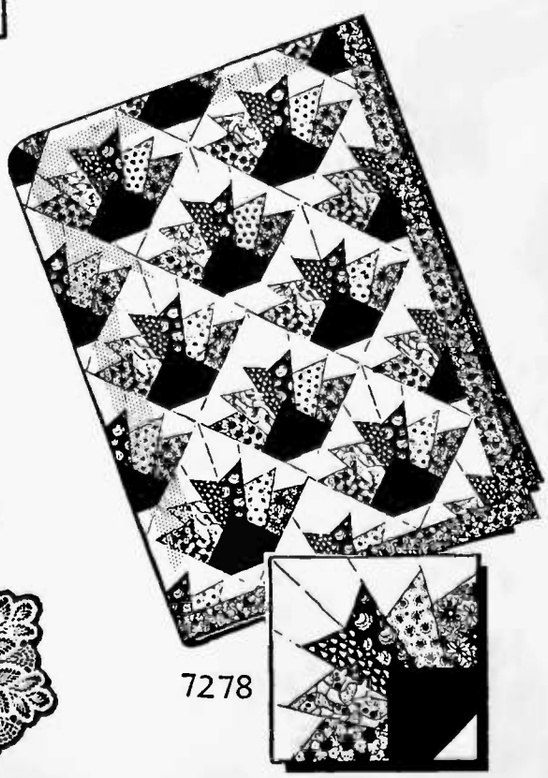

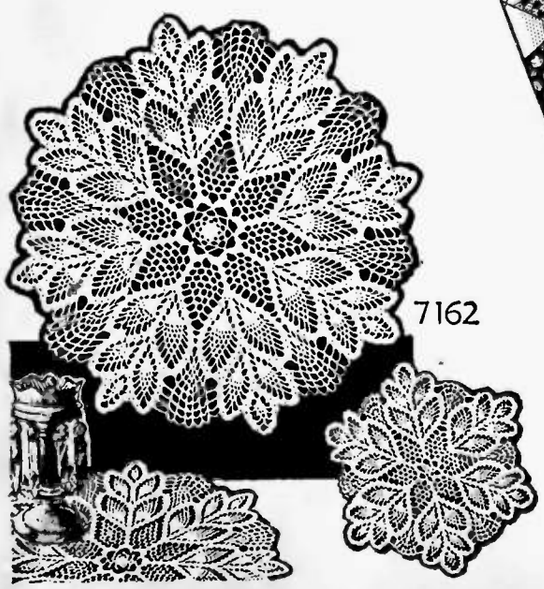

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