TV RADIO MIRROR

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

ter Lind Hayes
and
Mary Healy

MYRON FLOREN

MIKE WALLACE

ELVIS PRESLEY

Rock 'n' Roll

VIL? A MENACE? OR GOOD
OR THE YOUNG AT HEART?

EXCLUSIVE!

PATRICIA WHEEL
The Doctor's Wife

•

SONNY FOX
Meets The
$64,000 Challenge

at last!

A LIQUID SHAMPOO that's EXTRA RICH!

IT'S LIQUID

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FOR

'Radiantly Alive' Hair

Only new Liquid Prell has this unique, *extra-rich* formula . . . that's why only Liquid Prell leaves your hair looking 'Radiantly Alive'! And how you'll love its mounds of richer, more effective lather . . . the way Liquid Prell leaves your hair whisper-soft yet so obedient. Treat yourself to this luxurious shampoo today—there's radiant beauty in every drop!

JUST POUR IT . . .

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And you'll love PRELL CONCENTRATE—leaves hair extra clean . . . extra radiant!

Not a cream—not a liquid—but a clear shampoo concentrate that contains *more* cleansing ingredients, ounce for ounce, than any other type of shampoo! That's why Prell Concentrate leaves hair *extra clean, extra radiant!*

CREATED BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

"Whatever became of the girl I married?"

They say one partner in every marriage is more in love than the other. And in the Millers' case, everyone had thought it was she. Then, almost overnight, her affection seemed to cool. She didn't want his kisses—she avoided his embrace. Poor John! He never even suspected that his breath might be to blame.

Why risk offending? Listerine stops bad breath (halitosis) instantly.

The most common cause of bad breath is germs . . . Listerine kills germs by millions

By far the most common cause of bad breath is germs—germs that ferment protein always present in the mouth. Research proves that, the more you reduce these germs, the longer your breath stays sweeter. And Listerine Antiseptic kills germs on contact—by millions.

No tooth paste or non-antiseptic mouthwash kills germs the way Listerine does

Non-antiseptic tooth pastes, mouthwashes and "breath fresheners" can't kill germs the way Listerine does. You need an antiseptic to kill germs. Listerine IS an antiseptic—and that's why it stops bad breath four times better than any tooth paste. Gargle with Listerine full-strength to keep breath fresher, longer.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

. . . stops bad breath 4 times better than any tooth paste

TV RADIO MIRROR

SEPTEMBER, 1956 • N. Y., N. J., CONN. EDITION • VOL. 46, NO. 4

PEOPLE ON THE AIR

FEATURES IN FULL COLOR

YOUR LOCAL STATION

YOUR SPECIAL SERVICES

Cover portrait of Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy by Maxwell Coplan

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Member of the TRUE STORY Women's Group

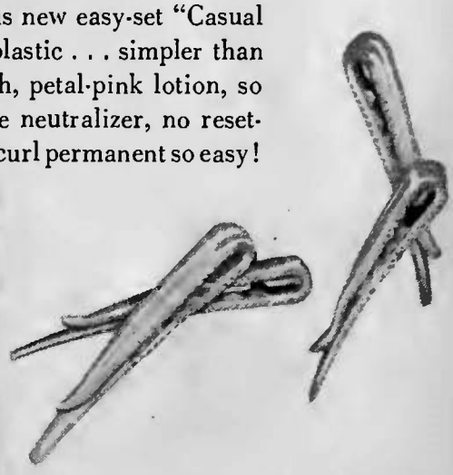
New! BOBBI– with "Casual Curlets" and breeze-fresh lotion gives you a longer lasting, softly feminine wave

A stronger wave than ordinary pin-curl permanents
a softer wave than rod-type permanents

Specially created for casual hair styles

See how casual a BOBBI wave can be! You know it will outlast any other pin-curl permanent because each curl is set stronger from the very beginning with BOBBI's new "Casual Curlets." Use Curlets between permanents, too—for a longer-lasting set after your shampoo.

Everything you need for the prettiest, longest-lasting casual hairdo ever! Fabulous new easy-set "Casual Curlets". ... of pretty pink plastic . . . simpler than metal pins! New breeze-fresh, petal-pink lotion, so pleasant to use! No separate neutralizer, no resetting. Only BOBBI makes a pin-curl permanent so easy!



Pin-curls made with BOBBI's new "Casual Curlets" . . . smooth, firm, no loose ends, no crimp marks as with metal pins. Specially designed for a stronger, longer-lasting casual wave!

New "Casual Curlets" are 7 ways better!

1. Easier, faster than metal pins.
2. So pretty—shell-pink plastic—you won't want to hide 'em!
3. Can't rust or discolor hair.
4. One Curlet holds tight for better, stronger waves—you never need two for a curl!
5. Can't slip.
6. No unsightly crimp marks.
7. Curlets are curved—shaped to your head for comfort.

All-new BOBBI in a bright *blue box*
Each package complete with 55 "Casual Curlets" and 6 neckline curlers.

Beefcake Plus

There's more than muscle to Forrest Tucker, the he-man star of Crunch And Des

FOR SEVENTEEN YEARS, Forrest Tucker has been playing the "heavy." And, in fact, the man is a quadruple-threat . . . as a six-foot-four, blond, blue-eyed heart-throb . . . as a broad-shouldered tournament golfer . . . as the sensitive author of off-beat stories and plays . . . and as a versatile, veteran actor who swamped the switchboards with his first live TV hour on Bob Montgomery's show. . . . Tuck is now a "good guy," as Crunch Adams in the NBC Film Division series, *Crunch And Des*, based on Philip Wylie's deep-sea fishing and adventure yarns. As to his former villainy, Tuck says that people have got him wrong. "I'm just a good-natured Irishman," he grins. "I just like to laugh it up." . . . Tuck's father, who died when Tuck was four, was a professional ball player. His mother was a singer and piano player who travelled wherever a livelihood beckoned. Born in Plainfield, Indiana, Tuck attended some seventeen different schools, made the football, basketball, track and tennis teams at most of them, and caught a wanderlust he's never gotten over. Early along the route, he decided to be an actor. At fourteen, he was the boy at whom burlesque queens tossed their props. At sixteen, he did a hitch in the Army, then headed for Hollywood and some seventy feature films. . . . Rugged enough to squelch any comment on his sartorial elegance, Tuck also likes elegance at home. He met his wife, Marilyn Johnson, at a dance at Hollywood's Studio Club. Tuck turned to John Wayne, said, "I'm going to marry that girl," and did—a year later. Tuck has a daughter by a former marriage, Pamela Brooke, who's five-nine and going on twelve years. . . . After their marriage, Marilyn gave up her dancing career, started to furnish the Tucker manse, and found a new career as an interior decorator. The Tuckers' home is done in Regency, with many pieces designed by Marilyn and made to scale for Tuck's size. . . . With Marilyn, Tuck ransacked Europe for furniture, paintings and statuary. In Venice, he found a solid gold-leaf, wood-carved mirror frame. It was too delicate to be shipped, he was warned. Determined, Tuck "wore" the frame around his shoulders from the Piazza San Marco to Hollywood and Vine. The picture is that of a he-man with a yen—and a talent—for art.

Partner Des is played by Sandy Kenyon, Sari by Joanne Bayes. Fisherman-author Philip Wylie says Tuck is Crunch's "twin."

Tuck is footloose, ex-dancer Marilyn paces him.

Now See your favorite

TV STARS IN COLOR

on the biggest screen in town!

BARRY NELSON

Star of

"My Favorite Husband"

DAVID BRIAN

Famous as

"Mr. District Attorney"

JAMES ARNESS

U.S. Marshal Matt Dillon of

"Gunsmoke"

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"The First TRAVELING SALESLADY"

PRINT BY TECHNICOLOR

The most talked about movies are coming from the NEW RKO

Distributed by RKO RADIO PICTURES

co-starring

DAVID BRIAN

JAMES ARNESS

Written by DEVERY FREEMAN and STEPHEN LONGSTREET

Produced and Directed by ARTHUR LUBIN

COMING TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE SOON

T V R

AT HOME WITH KITTY

Kitty Broman's favorite evenings are the casual ones she enjoys with her foremost fans—Karen, Paul and Morgan.

For food, fashion and neighborliness,

WWLP's recipe is Kitty Broman

Even Morgan is a do-it-yourselfer, with Mom's lap handy for reaching.

KITTY BROMAN not only has an expansive personality, but everywhere she goes, expansion seems to be the order of the day. For instance, there are the staff members of her show, *At Home With Kitty*, on whom noticeable expansion of avoirdupois accumulates every time Kitty whips up a tasty dish for them. Then, there's the expanding audience she's been cultivating, ever since she debuted on WWLP-TV in Springfield, Massachusetts. And now, since her clients' cash registers are becoming noticeably inflated, chances are her weekday show, seen afternoons at two, is in for some expansion. . . . Kitty's sparkling TV personality is no more restricted to the camera than is her avid interest in things domestic. She is as much a part of community life in Springfield as are her non-performing neighbors. Hardly a day passes when Kitty doesn't play hostess in her own home to friends who drop in for a chat about her latest recipe or design. And, being the mother of three, Kitty is a most reliable consultant on child care. . . . From the very first, the course of Kitty's career was evident. A native of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, she attended Carnegie Tech, where she specialized in interior decorating, dressmaking and drama. After graduation, her first job was to coordinate the spring and fall fashion shows for a major department store in her home town. By 1940, she decided to move further East. There she met Paul Broman, an insurance executive from Worcester, Massachusetts. These two were promptly married and, when Paul's work took them to Springfield, Kitty went back to work. In 1953, WWLP went on the air and William L. Putnam, general manager of the station, spotted Kitty staging fashion shows and amateur theatricals. Mr. Putnam decided that Kitty was just the feminine touch his station needed. . . . Despite her responsibilities as a mother to Karen, 14, Paul, 12, and Morgan, 3—which she handles expertly—and her TV schedule, Kitty always finds time to lend a hand in staging local shows. But most of all, after a day at the studio stove, Kitty Broman enjoys whipping up a meal for her family—then preparing a spread for nightly guests. No matter where she is, the effervescent charmer gives everyone that expansive, *At Home With Kitty* feeling.

For diversion, Kitty takes a busman's holiday, scanning the magazines for useful ideas in household decorating.

HOW MANY FEATHERS ON A MALLARD?

Add up the figures and find out. Most anybody can add, but can you add correctly? The reason people like number puzzles is because they are fascinating. Fun right in your own home, and CASH REWARDS for the WINNERS. Try it yourself.

$6360.00 IN 75 CASH PRIZES

(NOW ON DEPOSIT)

FIRST PRIZE $1500 plus $500 Bonus for Promptness (see rule 2)

Second Prize.....	$1000.00	9th to 13th Prize, each....	$100.00
Third Prize.....	$500.00	14th to 18th Prize, each...	$50.00
Fourth Prize.....	$350.00	19th to 44th Prize, each...	$25.00
5th to 8th Prize, each....	$200.00	45th to 75th Prize, each...	$10.00

— HERE ARE THE RULES —

1. This is entirely a contest of numbers, strictly a Game of Skill. Add together the numbers that make up the drawing of the Mallard and get the SUM TOTAL of the figures. The picture is made up of single digits: 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8 and 9. There are no sixes, no ones, no zeros. There are no double numbers like "23", etc. Just add 2 plus 3 plus 5, etc., and get the SUM TOTAL. There are no tricks to this puzzle, just a problem in addition. It is not so easy but if you are careful you may get it exactly right. Only persons sending a $5.00 contribution to our Scholarships Program are eligible for these Cash Prizes. No additional donation will be required at any time during the contest. **Checks and Money Orders should be made payable to 'SCHOLARSHIPS, INC.' Send cash if yon prefer. Write ns for additional pnzzle sheets if yon need them.**

2. If you send your contribution before the date printed on the entry blank you will qualify for the $500 Promptness Bonus, making the total First Prize $2000.00. The Promptness Bonus will be added to the first prize only.

3. You should check and recheck your solution carefully before mailing. **Once it has been sent it may not be changed or withdrawn.** A contestant may submit an additional entry in this contest with an improved score provided each such entry is accompanied by the required $5.00 contribution. We will acknowledge receipt of your entry and contribution promptly. Read the rules carefully. Please do not write for additional information concerning this contest since information that is not available to all other contestants cannot be given.

4. This contest is confined to persons within the continental limits of the United States. Persons directly connected with Scholarships, Inc. and members of their immediate families are ineligible. Due to the uncertainty of mail address entries are not recommended from persons in the Armed Forces. **Entries will not be accepted from persons in Alaska, Canada, Hawaiian Islands and other locations outside of the United States proper.**

5. Entries will be accepted from July 1 to October 10, 1956. Entries postmarked October 10 will be accepted.

6. In case of ties on this Mallard Puzzle the winners will be decided by a tiebreaker number puzzle consisting of drawing a path across a chart of numbers to arrive at a high total. The contestant's position in the winning list will be determined by the best scores submitted; the best answer will receive First Prize, the second best answer will receive Second Prize, etc. In case of ties on the tiebreaker puzzle, prizes will be reserved for the positions of tied contestants and their final order of finish determined by additional tiebreaker puzzles until a definite winner for each prize is chosen. Seven days will be allowed for working the first tiebreaker puzzle and three days for each subsequent tiebreaker. If ties remain after seven tiebreaker puzzles, duplicate prizes will be paid.

7. It is permissible for any contestant to receive help from their relatives or friends but ONLY ONE SOLUTION may be submitted to the tiebreaker puzzle by any group working together, and any solution known to have been submitted in violation of this rule will be rejected.

8. A complete report of this contest including the names of all winners will be mailed to every contestant just as soon as the winners have been decided. The sponsors of this contest reserve the right to decide any questions that may arise during the contest and persons who enter agree to accept these decisions as final.

C. L. KITTLE, Manager

Here is a contest soon over and soon paid off. The rnles are simple and complete. It's entirely a contest of nnmbers, strictly a game of skill. We print the winning answer with the name and address of the winner, in fact we print the names and scores of all of the winners. A pencil is the only tool required and yon start on an equal basis with everyone else. No pictnres to identify, no statements to write. If yon have never taken part in a nnmber pnzzle contest why not give it a try. Give yonrself a fair chance to snccceed. This may be the hobby yon have been looking for. Operated by a non-profit corporation reqnired by its charter to devote receipts in excess of prizes, advertising and legitimate operating expenses to charitable pnrposes.

Miss Phillis Jordan is one of 21 nurses in training at Cincinnati Hospitals under our Scholarships and writes: "It has always been my desire to be a nurse and my scholarship has made that dream possible. My grateful thanks to those associated with Scholarships, Inc."

Mail to SCHOLARSHIPS, INC., Box 241, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

There are.....feathers on the Mallard.

Type your name and address if possible. If not print by hand.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

Donations mailed before **SEPTEMBER 14, 1956**, qualify for Promptness Bonus.

BOWLING TIME

On the ball, top bowler Junie McMahon talks strikes and spares with "student" Fran Miller.

Up her alley, Fran Miller learns quickly with champion kegler Lee Jouglard as her instructor.

Poses are for the camera only. When work is done, Fran shops, does housework, watches TV—and dreams of becoming a model wife.

THERE ARE strikes to spare on *Bowling Time,* a Sterling Television production. Champion keglers from the American League of Bowling compete. Fans in the audience try for difficult splits, and celebrity guests take their stand at the head of the alley. And then there is the girl who really bowls them over—but more of Fran Miller later. . . . The kingpin of the show is emcee-producer Sam Levine. Genial and fortyish, Sam publishes the *Cleveland Kegler,* sponsors Charity Bowling Week in Cleveland, and predicts: "Bowling is well on the way to becoming our newest national pastime." Sam is a native Clevelander and was a member of Sammy Kaye's band during his undergraduate days at Ohio University. He is married and has two daughters. . . . But to get back to the blonde. Fran Miller, who was voted the outstanding model of 1955, takes lessons on *Bowling Time* and, as a result, averages in the 170's. Her mentor is Lee Jouglard of Detroit, who was "Bowler of the Year" for 1950-51, holds an ABC average of 201 and has bowled eight sanctioned 300 games. He is married and the father of three. . . . But back to the blonde. Fran has just turned twenty, has blue eyes and stands five-four-and-a-half. Currently, she's almost exclusively a TV model. Formerly, she was cheerleader at Hempstead High, on Long Island. She is domesticated, lives in Hempstead with her family, and loves to cook and shop. Her ambition is to marry that handsome local boy she's known for so long—and then raise a large family. She's the most striking thing in any alley—the very model of a model.

TO INTRODUCE NEW LARGE IVORY

Twin-Cake

FREE Hazel Bishop lipstick (worth 79¢)

... a shade for every hair color

JUST SEND 4 WRAPPERS FROM NEW LARGE-SIZE IVORY

Today, more than ever, your beauty care with pure, mild Ivory Soap is a perfect snap! For the first time, Large Ivory snaps apart into 2 perfect toilet-size cakes—one for your complexion and one for your bath. Now it's easier than ever to make that fresh, clear look—That Ivory Look—yours.

And to celebrate Ivory's new Twin-Cake, here's a gift for you—a 79¢ Hazel Bishop Once-a-Day lipstick for just 4 special Large Ivory wrappers. It's the amazing lipstick you can put on in the morning and be sure your lips stay radiant 'til night. You'll love its swivel case, too! So mail in your coupon now . . . supplies are limited.

PROCTER & GAMBLE, DEPT. 22B
Cincinnati, Ohio

Enclosed are 4 special Large Ivory wrappers.
Please send me FREE Hazel Bishop Lipstick.
My hair color is: ☐ Blonde ☐ Brunette
☐ Brownette ☐ Red ☐ Grey

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

ZONE_____ STATE_____

Offer good only in continental U. S. A., including Alaska and Hawaii. Offer expires Jan. 31st, 1957. Allow 3 weeks for delivery.

Look, it's here! The first and only

Richard Hudnut's NEW SILICONED PIN-QUICK

Weather can't weaken it! Water can't wash it out!

Guaranteed to last longer! 5 times faster, start to finish!

Weatherproof Pin-Curl Permanent

You know how ordinary pin-curl permanents are: they start to fade from the first shampoo, wilt on the first damp day. But Pin-Quick curls are locked in to last till you cut them off. You can get a softer, casual pin-curl wave that can't weaken in wet weather. Can't wash out. With miracle-working Silicone, Pin-Quick helps keep your hair soft, lustrous, far easier to manage!

And Pin-Quick's new Lano-Clear Wave Lotion makes longer lasting curls, while it protects them with lanolin. Pin-Quick's 5 times faster, too. Unlike other pin-curl permanents, you can dry it safely *in minutes* with a dryer or in the sun. See how beautiful a wave can be—when it's New Weatherproof Pin-Quick! $1.50 PLUS TAX

5 times faster! Dries in the sun or with a dryer in minutes.

RICHARD HUDNUT GUARANTEES NEW PIN-QUICK TO LAST LONGER THAN ANY OTHER PIN-CURL PERMANENT—OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

What's New

Portable camera and transceiver will aid NBC's Chet Huntley at conventions.

THE BIG EXCITEMENT in the broadcasting world at the moment is the forthcoming Democratic Convention in Chicago, from the thirteenth to the seventeenth of August, with the Republican Convention following, in San Francisco, from the twentieth to the twenty-fourth of August. Each network is sending literally hundreds of people to both conventions to insure complete coverage, both on radio and television. Anchor men will be: **Walter Cronkite**, CBS-TV; **Robert Trout**, CBS Radio; **Chet Huntley**, NBC; and **John Daly** for ABC—with every top newsman and commentator from each network assigned to the exciting proceedings. In 1952, surveys showed that approximately twenty million persons saw the conventions on television, and this time it is estimated that the figure will be about eighty million, possibly more.

CBS-TV designed a special Sunday afternoon show, *The Bandwagon,* which started a couple of weeks ago, as a public affairs program to "educate" the public in all matters pertaining to political conventions. The program will include interesting background material as to how political conventions started, the stories of past elections, and so on. *The Bandwagon* will run straight through till September, explaining and interpreting the political scene.

Frankie Carle And His Girl Friends take over the Tuesday night segment of the *Dinah Shore Show,* on NBC-TV, for the balance of the summer season, while Dinah "vacations" playing night clubs and making records. "The Girl Friends" will be guest female vocalists, while Frankie, his piano and his orchestra hold down the musical fort. **Snooky Lanson**, the *Hit Parade* baritone, will be in charge of the Thursday night quarter-hour. Dinah returns with her own cast, to start her fall schedule on Tuesday night, September 18.

ABC-TV will present a special program for small-fry viewers, *The Red Goose Kid-*

from COAST to COAST

• By JILL WARREN

Monitor's one year old. The show's Melody Gal, Lorna Lynn (left), celebrates with Miss Monitor, Tedi Thurman, who whispers sultrily of weather.

Don McNeill meets Peter Donald—at last. Peter's subbed for Don for five years.

die Spectacular, on Saturday morning, August 25. **Johnny Olsen** will emcee the hour-and-a-half show, which will be based on the theme of old-time vaudeville on the Mississippi river boats. Part of the program will originate from the world-famous St. Louis Zoo. There will be a dancing elephant act, lions, and other performing animals, and all manner of variety items to amuse the youngsters. ABC is also planning two more kiddie specs, one in October and another in December.

Conductor **David Rose** has been signed to take over the baton on *The Woolworth Hour*, the fine musical program on CBS Radio, on three Sunday afternoons this month. He pinch-hits for **Percy Faith,** who is vacationing in Europe.

The World Music Festivals, also on CBS Radio Sunday afternoons, will present the Holland Festival on August 19 and 26. The Czech Philharmony of Prague will be heard, with **Karl Ancerl** as its conductor, in its first American broadcast since Prague fell behind the Iron Curtain. The Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam will also be heard. The Bach Festival, at Ansbach, Germany, is scheduled for September 2 and 9, with violinist **Yehudi Menuhin,** the Leipzig St. Thomas Choir and the Munich Bach Choir performing.

September 7 is the starting date of a new filmed series on ABC-TV, *The Adventures Of Jim Bowie*. The show will be seen every Friday night, and stars **Scott Forbes** as Bowie, the famous American frontiersman, who died at The Alamo. The ABC folk are very excited about this program, and feel that Bowie will become the big hero this year, as Davy Crockett was a couple of seasons back.

At the very last minute, NBC cancelled *The Paul Whiteman Show* as its Tuesday night summer music half-hour, with the explanation that the show wasn't ready. Instead, *This Is* (*Continued on page* 15)

Rooftop becomes a stage as Skitch Henderson, Steve Allen, Bambi Linn and Rod Alexander rehearse for Steve's Sunday variety show.

DR. JIVE

The teen pulse beats in time to rock 'n' roll—but WWRL's Tommy Smalls says oldsters are hipsters, too

Tommy gets news of his fan club from Evelyn "Squeekie" Rowe, pres, and Arlene "Peaches" Flanagan, veep. Above, he beats the drums for rock 'n' roll with star Jayne Mansfield.

JOSHUA captured Jericho with music. Tommy Smalls has done likewise to New York. Five years ago, this Georgian marched north to Gotham and settled behind a turntable and a WWRL microphone. It was historic. . . . First off, the dynamic invader acquired the title of "Dr. Jive, the medical hipster." He prescribed rock 'n' roll on *The Dr. Jive Show,* heard Monday through Saturday from 3:05 to 5:30 P.M.—emanating from WWRL's Woodside studios—and weekdays from 10:30 to midnight and Saturday from 10 to midnight —emanating from Small's Paradise, an uptown landmark which Tommy also acquired. . . . Tommy piloted the Dr. Jive moniker to national fame and a 100,000 fan club following. Then Dr. Jive began to acquire other titles. Some people called him "father" of rock 'n' roll. Others said he was "king." Thousands elected him Honorary Mayor of Harlem, the first disc jockey to be so honored. It was all, in the language of rock 'n' roll, "very dap." And it all confirmed some of Tommy's pet theories. . . . This peppery twenty-seven-year old has been spinning rock 'n' roll, under the name of rhythm and blues, since 1946, when he first went on the air down South. At that time, he grins, he was "a crusading newspaperman." One of his crusades was to get the local radio station to hire a negro. When the prospective announcer had to leave for the Navy, Tommy substituted and found himself a new career—and a new crusade. . . . "No form of music today expresses itself like rock 'n' roll," he says. It doesn't, Tommy insists, only appeal to teenagers. His in-person revues at the Brooklyn Paramount and Apollo Theaters are crowded with older folks, who wait in line just as long as the youngsters. And, in answer to those who associate rock 'n' roll with delinquency, Tommy says: "I want to tell you something. A teenager can't stick up a store or be a delinquent when he's listening to music or rising early in the morning to stand in line all day to attend a show. When I was growing up, it was the big band era. Now it's rock 'n' roll. Every parental generation has listened to the music the youngsters dig and said it was bad for them. But what was bad for the parents when they were young? It's the music that today is called 'standards,' the music we now accept." . . . Tommy spends much of his free time combating delinquency—working with PAL, with community centers, giving record hops. Tommy Smalls is still crusading. And, while music can't cure all that ails the world, Dr. Jive thinks rock 'n' roll is mighty potent medicine.

Backstage at one of his Apollo Theater revues, Tommy listens to guitar by Bo Diddley, leading rock 'n' roller.

On inauguration day, Mayor Tommy, with his court of models, is congratulated by catcher Roy Campanella.

What's New from COAST to COAST

(*Continued from page* 13)

Show Business, with **Clifton Fadiman** as emcee, was substituted. The Whiteman program may wind up with a fall spot later.

Robert Q. Lewis signed a terrific contract with CBS Radio, to run for three years, at oodles of boodle. Lewis continues his Saturday morning network program, and in the early fall he is slated to take over **Jack Carson's** time for a Monday-through-Friday program. He plans to use **Judy Johnson, Merv Griffin** and the **Ray Bloch** orchestra, all from his former TV cast.

Arthur Godfrey notified all his cast that none of their contracts would be renewed for next season, but that they all might be used on his shows from time to time. **Frank Parker's** contract expired on June 30, and **Carmel Quinn's** is up soon. **The McGuire Sisters** have never had a signed deal with Arthur, and have just worked on a week-to-week basis. Lately they have only appeared sporadically, owing to their heavy night-club bookings. **Janette Davis** has been doing lots of production work on all the Godfrey programs, and will probably continue to perform as a singer, too, from time to time. Singer **Pat Boone** might be termed an irregular-regular, and he has an arrangement with Godfrey to appear whenever Godfrey wants him, if he can.

This 'n' That:

Hallmark Hall Of Fame has plans for their first show in the fall. They want to present the smash Broadway play, "Born Yesterday," with **Kim Novak,** no less, starring in the role **Judy Holliday** did on stage and in the movie. Needless to say, if they are successful in getting Kim, whose work in Columbia Pictures' film, "Picnic," was so spectacular, they'll make the show into a super-super production.

The Andrews Sisters finally patched up their two-and-a-half year feud and are working together again as a singing trio. They broke up in Las Vegas in 1953, and ironically their first professional reunion was also in Las Vegas. The Andrews gals were the number-one singing trio for years, and if they can still make the same musical sound together, they should find themselves very busy on television and radio this fall.

Leo Durocher has signed a new one-year contract with NBC. The former baseball player and manager of The New York Giants will work in Hollywood in the field of talent relations. His original deal with NBC last year also called for him to appear as a guest on variety shows, but "The Lip's" success as a performer was rather dubious, so his new arrangement will find him in greasepaint very seldom.

Of special interest to the millions of fans of the late **James Dean** is a fall TV spectacular in the works at ABC. The network hopes to do an hour-long film show on Dean's career, including clips from all his movies, his original screen test, and a kinescope of his first television show. The time and date will be announced in a few weeks.

Bob Elliott and **Ray Goulding,** better known as Bob and Ray, have formed their own commercial-producing corporation and hope to have some of their product ready for fall. If the lads can come up with sponsors' messages half as hilarious as their Piel Brothers beer pitches, they'll be a smashing success.

Edward R. Murrow is trying very hard to get the **Duke and Duchess of Windsor**

(*Continued on page* 17)

New Patterns for You

4521—Use a 100-lb. feedbag or a gay remnant—sew this handy apron in a jiffy! Misses' Sizes Small (10, 12); Medium (14, 16); Large (18, 20). All given sizes, 1¼ yards 39-inch fabric. Transfer included for pocket. *State size.* 35¢

9002—The long-waisted look for half-sizers—no fashion more flattering to the shorter, fuller figure! Half Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 3⅝ yards 35-inch; ⅞ yard contrast. *State size.* 35¢

9029—The long, long look is most beautifully displayed by this new dress—in a low 'n' lovely waist, atop a graceful full skirt. Misses' Sizes 10-18. Size 16 takes 4⅛ yards 39-inch fabric. *State size.* 35¢

4521
SIZES
S—10—12
M—14—16
L—18—20

9002
SIZES
14½—24½

9029
SIZES
10—18

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

What's New from COAST to COAST

(*Continued from page* 15)

to okay a *Person To Person* visit to their apartment in the Waldorf Astoria Towers in New York. If the couple give their consent, Murrow hopes to schedule them for his first program in the fall.

"Much Ado About Me," the late **Fred Allen's** autobiography, will be published by Little, Brown & Co. in a few weeks. The book covers his Boston background and his vaudeville career, with many interesting anecdotes about his fascinating life and career.

Five-year-old **Richard Keith** has been added to the cast of *I Love Lucy* for the new series on CBS-TV this fall. Richard will play the role of little Ricky, son of Ricky and Lucy Ricardo.

Singer **Pat Boone** expects an encore from the stork. This will be Pat's second child. **Arthur Godfrey's** young singer also expects to continue his studies at Columbia University this fall.

Wally Cox, whose *Mr. Peepers* has been missed, is looking at the world through rose-colored spectacles again. He and his wife, a former dancer, two-stepped through Europe during the summer and, come fall, Wally will be back on TV in a new NBC series, *The Adventures Of Hiram Holiday.* Wally plays a "mighty mouse."

General Electric exercised a sponsor's right to change its mind and switched from its tentatively-scheduled *Broken Arrow* series to *Noah's Ark,* a highly touted series filmed by Mark VII productions. The show deals with the activities of a veterinarian and probably will be GE's new show this fall.

Mulling The Mail:

Mrs. J. Y., Duluth, Minnesota: **Barbara Stanwyck** has organized her television producing company and has plans for a *Barbara Stanwyck Theater,* in which she will star on some shows and act as hostess on all of them. But the series has not yet been sold to a network or sponsor. . . . Selma, Alabama readers: **Jane Froman** and her pilot husband, **Capt. Burn,** were recently divorced in Nevada. Jane has been appearing in supper clubs this summer, and at the moment has no definite television plans. . . . Mrs. R. B., Lake Ariel, Pennsylvania: **Pegeen Fitzgerald** does a local show on WRCA-TV in New York and also has a local radio program over WRCA. Her husband, Ed, often appears with her. . . . To those of you who wrote complaining you couldn't see the **Liberace** programs in your area: Liberace's shows are sold to individual stations around the country and are seen at different times in different cities. A recent realignment may have ended the series in your area. . . . Mr. H. E., Buffalo, New York: **Sue Carson, Johnny Carson and Jack Carson** are no relation to each other. . . . Miss L. D., Manchester, New Hampshire: **Marge and Gower Champion** are expecting their first visit from the stork in November. . . . Mrs. A. T., Baton Rouge, Louisiana: **Little Jack Little,** the veteran bandleader and songwriter, passed away in April, following a short illness. Little was a well-known radio personality in the late twenties and early thirties. . . . Miss J. M., Canton, Ohio: **Bill Cullen** was formerly married to singer **Carol Ames.** His present wife is **Ann McComber,** who substituted for **Jayne Meadows** on *I've Got A Secret* last year.

(*Continued on page* 71)

ON THE RECORD

By JOAN WALLACE

1. Star is born: John Milton Williams discovers Joanie Dunn, meets her dad.

2. Rehearsal: Manager Bill Buchanan coaches the fourteen-year-old Joanie.

3. More rehearsal: Joanie works away as composer Woody Harris listens.

4. Recording: The baby-sitter turned singer puts it down on wax for Coral.

WHEREVER you are, the weather is probably hot, hot, hot. But you can cool off a little bit with some easy listening to some of the new record releases.

If you can't take off for the blue and briny, try an armchair trip—a "Mediterranean Cruise," with Frankie Carle and his orchestra. Included are such stopping-off spots as "Valencia," "Isle of Capri" and "Holiday in Paris." (Victor)

Frank Sinatra has a new one, and a goodie it is. Frankie sings "Wait for Me," a ballad adapted from the main title theme music of his new movie, "Johnny Concho." The backing finds Frankie delivering "You're Sensational," the catchy tune he sings to Grace Kelly in her last film, "High Society." Nelson Riddle did the fine arrangements and conducts the orchestra. (Capitol)

Speaking of Riddle, he has also done an album of "Johnny Concho," with his own orchestrations of the music from the picture, all instrumental. Nelson and his orchestral lads play "Johnny Concho Main Title" ("Wait for Me"), "Johnny Concho Theme," "The Challenge" and "Johnny's Victory." (Capitol)

David Rose, too, has chosen music from the movies for his newest release. This time it's "The Catered Affair" theme, from the Bette Davis-Debbie Reynolds-Ernest Borgnine picture. Andre Previn composed it, and Rose has given the arrangement his full, lush, string treatment. The coupling finds the Rose orchestra playing a new tango, "Cool Tango." (M-G-M)

Joanie Dunn, a 14-year-old baby sitter, was overheard at her singing-teacher's by John Milton Williams, who was waiting for an elevator—and found a fast-rising star. Joanie, under the managership of Buchanan & Goodman, was signed by Coral and has waxed a deejay dedication, "To Johnny B. From Joanie D.," and a ballad by Peter Daniels and Woody Harris, "Teen-Age Torch Song."

Another Harris-Daniels song, also in the rock 'n' roll vein, is "Where Ever You Go," sung by Jo-Ann Campbell on the Point label. The flip side is "I'm Coming Home Late Tonight." Jo-Ann was a modern dancer who was discovered when she tried to sell a song she'd written. She sold her song—and her own voice.

That most popular gentleman, Lawrence Welk, and his Champagne Music crew have a new album called "Champagne Pops Parade," which should certainly please the Welk fans, all millions of them. There are twelve numbers, all popular hits of the past few months, such as "I Could Have Danced All Night," "Standing on the Corner," "The Wayward Wind" and "Graduation Day." (Coral)

Another popular gentleman is Bob Hope, who, though not known primarily as a recording artist, does come up with a good

one every now and then. Bob has waxed the title song from his latest movie, "That Certain Feeling," with the help of Joe Lilley's orchestra and The Skylarks vocal group. On the flip side, Robert does the oldie, "Zing Went the Strings of My Heart," also from his movie. (Victor)

Joni James likes to wax romantic songs. This time she has a whole album of them, called "Let There Be Love," with David Terry and his orchestra. There are twelve tunes, including such perennials as "You're My Everything," "Love Is Here To Stay," "I'll Be Seeing You" and "The Moment I Saw You." (M-G-M)

We go from romance to riot with The Goofers and their platter of *"Our Miss Brooks* Theme" and "I'm Gonna Rock and Roll Till I Die," with some assistance by Dick Jacobs' orchestra and chorus. The Goofers are the mad ones you may have seen on TV who also play instruments—even while swinging on trapezes. (Coral)

Here's rock 'n' roll again, this time by Tennessee Ernie Ford, with the title "Rock 'n' Roll Boogie." The other side finds Ernie in his more familiar style, singing the old ballad favorite, "Call Me Darlin'." Jack Fascinato's orchestra on both. (Capitol)

Sarah Vaughan, who has a way with a lyric, has two new sides, both with unusual lyrics. The "Divine One" sings "The Other Woman," an unusual human-interest song, and "Fabulous Character," on which Sarah sings with herself via the use of multi-tracks. (Mercury)

Long-time Tommy Dorsey fans will be interested in the album, "That Sentimental Gentleman," a deluxe set of twenty-seven numbers, including all the famous TD record hits of the past. Included are such things as "Song of India," "Marie," "Yearning," "Hawaiian War Chant," "I'll Take Tallulah" and "Swanee River." Among the soloists are such musical star folk as Jo Stafford, Frank Sinatra, Sy Oliver, Dick Haymes, Joe Bushkin, Buddy Rich and Ziggy Elman, all Dorsey band men at one time or another. (Victor)

The above-mentioned Buddy Rich has an album of his own, in which Buddy's drumming skill takes a back seat to his swing-easy vocal talent. "Buddy Rich Sings Johnny Mercer" is backed musically by Buddy Bregman's orchestra. (Verve)

From England comes "The Old Pi-Anna Rag" and "First Love," sung by Dickie Valentine, the popular British crooner. The first side features the honky-tonk piano, with a rock vocal by Dickie. On the reverse, he gives the lyrics his usual Valentine touch. This record, by the way, is rocking the British Isles. (London)

Margaret Whiting has recorded two ballads, "True Love" and "Haunting Love." Both are pretty, both are new, and either could be just the big one Maggie has been waiting for. (Capitol)

Before Percy Faith took off for Europe with his own passport, he cut a beautiful new album titled "Passport to Romance." The big Faith orchestra plays such things as "Moritat," "Heart of Paris," "Madeira," "Bonjour Tristesse" and "Portuguese Washerwoman." (Columbia)

Also on the Columbia label is a new album by a new lady on their roster, Frances Bergen. They're calling the set "The Beguiling Miss Frances Bergen." She does such standard tunes as "Better Luck Next Time," "You're Getting To Be a Habit With Me" and "I Was Doing All Right." Frances is *Mrs.* Edgar Bergen.

An album by those mad (at each other) boys, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, is titled "Pardners," like their new movie. The looney lads clown and croon the Sammy Cahn-James Van Heusen tunes from the picture, "Me 'n' You 'n' the Moon," "Buckskin Beauty," "The Wind, the Wind," and the title song, "Pardners." Dick Stabile mans the podium. (Capitol)

INFORMATION

Marlin Perkins and Friend

Zoo Parade

I would be grateful for some information about Marlin Perkins of the Zoo Parade, *NBC-TV.* *A.W., Bronx, N. Y.*

The director of Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo shares top billing on the weekly *Zoo Parade* with his furred and feathered friends. Marlin's congenial personality reflects a man who loves his work—and, in truth, he has achieved his lifelong ambition. Even as a child, he shunned the usual games in favor of roaming the fields of his native Missouri, always adding to his collection of reptiles, animals and birds. . . . At Wentworth Military Academy and the University of Missouri, Marlin studied animal husbandry. He left college to work as a day laborer at the St. Louis Park zoo and, after just a few weeks, was put in charge of the reptiles. It was through Marlin's tireless efforts that the collection grew to be one of the country's finest. . . . In 1938, Perkins left St. Louis to become director of the Buffalo, New York, zoo. Here he did another outstanding job of reorganization and modernization. In 1944, he became the director of Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo. . . . On *Zoo Parade*, Marlin handles and treats his charges with a confidence and familiarity born of years of study and unflagging curiosity about the animal world. He never uses a script and his fountain of zoological knowledge seems inexhaustible. . . . To the man who presides on *Zoo Parade*, the prospect of traveling with reptiles is nothing to get into a stew about. Last year, in the company of rattlesnakes, raccoons, porcupines, possum, bear cubs, birds and nine humans, Marlin left for Europe and Africa. His mission was to shoot seven films for eventual filmed projection on his show. Also his purpose was to barter with zoos in European cities, thus creating an atmosphere of good neighborly exchange of animalia. . . . Born in Pittsburgh, Kansas, Marlin Perkins lives in Chicago's north side—within walking distance of the zoo—of course.

BOOTH

Eye And Ear Treat

I would like some information about Doe Avedon, who plays Diane Walker on Big Town, *NBC-TV.* *A. T., Malone, N. Y.*

The extra treat to the eye and ear on *Big Town* is Doe Avedon, a wide-eyed beauty who plays Diane Walker. When not pursuing Steve Wilson (Mark Stevens) on TV, Doe pursues a highly successful career as a commercial artist and illustrator. . . . Born in Old Westbury, Long Island, New York, Miss Avedon admits that "Doe" is a nickname, but won't divulge her real one. Her early years were spent in England, where her father, a native of London, was steward and agent for a large estate. Doe attended school at the very English Melton Mowbray. Her mother, who came from Aberdeen, Scotland, died three years after Doe's birth. Nine years later, when her father passed away, Doe returned to America to be reared by relatives. . . . A graduate of Queens High School, Doe's first job was as a bookkeeper. The theater entered her life when a friend of David O. Selznick spotted her. With the producer's help, she went through two years of intensive dramatic schooling. Broadway bookings followed in "The Young and the Fair" and "My Name Was Aquilon." . . . Though a movie offer came from England, Doe preferred to marry Dan Matthews, a young actor. Two years later, Dan was killed in an auto accident. Doe then turned to movies. She played in "The High and the Mighty" and "Deep in My Heart." . . . When Mark Stevens saw some film footage of her work, he signed her for the role in *Big Town*. . . . Doe enjoys traveling, skiing, swimming and riding. She doesn't count tennis because, she says, "All I ever get to do is jump over the net to congratulate the other guy on beating me." Doe likes to cook and is a fine seamstress. She's five-foot-seven, weighs 116 pounds, has light chestnut hair and very blue eyes. Her ambition is to do a good job in whatever she attempts.

(*Continued on page* 22)

Doe Avedon

INFORMATION

(*Continued from page* 21)

Robert Bailey

Show Stopper

Would you please give me some information about Robert Bailey, the star of Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar, *CBS Radio?*
L. L., Bethel, O.

Bob Bailey, radio's hard-boiled Johnny Dollar, was born in the proverbial trunk, when his mom starred in "Bertha, The Poor Sewing Machine Girl." Bob's parents were Edwin B. Bailey and Grace Lockwood Bailey, the famed thespians of the early 1900's. "Those stories about theatrical kids being born between the first and second acts are highly exaggerated," he says. "Mother missed an entire evening's performance to have me." . . . Bob has been acting since he was six. In Chautauqua's tent-show circuit, he played the original Andy Hardy role. Discovering that he could eat more steadily as a doorman, Bob worked his way up to assistant manager with the Publix Theater Service. But when he heard the magic call of radio, he ran to the nearest Chicago station. When 20th Century-Fox scouts heard him on *Knickerbocker Playhouse*, they called him for a test. He then appeared in "The Eve of St. Mark," "Sunday Dinner for a Soldier," "Wing and a Prayer." . . . In 1946, radio audiences heard Bob in *Let George Do It*, and when he turned his talents to writing, RKO released several films authored by him. TV saw his series, *The Legal Beagle*. . . . The former model, Gloriana Rayston, is Bob's lovely wife. They have three children —Roberta Ann, 14, Robert, Jr., 6, and Patric, 3. The Baileys, who met on a tennis court, say "It was love-all at first sight."

Calling All Fans

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

Dick Jones Fan Club, c/o Joanne Collins, 3890 Bradley Rd., Westlake, Ohio.

Dorothy Collins Fan Club, c/o Kay Heffron, 14 Furman St., Schenectady, N. Y.

Don Liberto Fan Club, c/o Edna Banister, 2019 E. 47 Terrace, Kansas City, Mo.

BOOTH

Jeanne Moody

Frontier Femme

Would you tell me about Jeanne Moody, whom I've seen several times on Frontier?
T. R., Brookline, Mass.

A five-foot-seven champagne blonde, Jeanne Moody is married to Scott Forbes, who also appears on *Frontier*. Jeanne likes the challenge of *Frontier* roles, but she is also frustrated. She says, "Scott plays gamblers or gunmen and wears a frock coat, black string tie and a diamond stickpin. I play the rancher's daughter and the only makeup I'm allowed is a few smears of dirt!" Jeanne is a theatrical "egg-head" who takes her acting seriously, reads books by the shelf-ful, is an avid playgoer and yearns to play Shakespeare. Born in Cherokee, Alabama—pop. 2000—Jeanne decided to go on the stage—as an opera singer. She broke into show business playing "Aphrodite in a bathtub" at New York's swank club, Versailles. Later she switched to acting, lost her corn-pone accent by listening to John Gielgud recordings—and then went to school to get rid of the British accent. She has appeared on Loretta Young's show, *Cavalcade* and *Studio One*. . . . Jeanne prefers New York but their joint careers keep the Forbes' at home in a Hollywood apartment. Scott will be seen this fall in a new TV series based on the life of Jim Bowie. . . . Jeanne drives a British Triumph car and has a parakeet who says "God save the Queen." She's allergic to horses, and "for some reason, horses can't stand me," she says. Wolves—the street-corner variety—have a different reaction to Jeanne's proportions.

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.*

You're Prettier than you think you are!

...and you can prove it with a Palmolive bar!

Prove it to Yourself in 60 Seconds!

1. Hidden dirt is a beauty thief! *Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary, casual cleansing with your regular soap or face cream. See the ugly smudge the pad picks up? That's deep-down dirt that casual cleansing misses . . . dirt that hides the fresh, natural prettiness of your complexion.*

2. Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial! *Rub your face the same way with a cotton pad after a 60-second massage with Palmolive Soap Pad is still snowy-white . . . proving that Palmolive care cleans deeper, cleans cleaner, cleans prettier! And mild Palmolive won't irritate skin.*

Mild and Gentle
and wonderful for bath, too.

New complexion beauty in just one minute? Yes, fair lady, yes! Because Palmolive care removes beauty-robbing hidden dirt that casual cleansing misses. And only a soap as mild as Palmolive can cleanse so deeply without irritation. Start Palmolive care today, and see your true complexion beauty come through!

Time for Love and Laughter

Hand in hand, heart by heart, Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy found their "secret formula"

By ED MEYERSON

HUNDREDS of years ago, a man no one remembers any more said something that no one will ever forget. "Familiaritie bringeth contempt," Nicholas Udall wrote, and his three little words are still echoed in divorce courts throughout the land.

But familiaritie can also bringeth contentment. Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy are a case in point. For fifteen years, they have not only lived together but worked together, as well. "And that," says Peter, "is the secret formula for a happy and lasting marriage. *Together* is the talismanic word." He is referring, of course, to people in show business, whose careers keep separating them unless they join together as a team. But even "normal" couples, Peter feels, must "share as many interests as possible" if they want their marriage to be a real success.

This is good advice which any man would gladly take—particularly if he were fortunate enough to be married to a Mary Healy. And it's advice which Peter and Mary themselves take quite seriously, both in and out of show business. They have been a husband-and-wife team since the early days of their marriage. Recently, they appeared together on CBS-TV's *Arthur Godfrey And His Friends,* and now they can both be seen and heard on the radio and television versions of CBS's *Arthur Godfrey Time.* But Peter has done solo stints on *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts.* Mary has appeared without

See Next Page ▶

Time for Love and Laughter

(*Continued*)

Mutual admiration? Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy criticize themselves—not each other—re-running old films in their own living room.

Quarrels? Who could argue with a man who can be as comical as Peter! Mary finds that having a sense of humor is great "marriage insurance."

him as a panelist on ABC-TV's *Masquerade Party*. Could it be that even the Hayeses have had enough of being together *all* the time?

The answers to these questions can be found by taking just a short trip out of New York City and visiting an English Tudor house, midway between Pelham and New Rochelle. There, Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy are "at home." At home, not only in the rambling, comfortable house—but at home with each other. One has only to look at them to be reassured. Peter might change his "secret formula" about *working* together, but theirs is still "a happy and lasting marriage," as Peter describes it.

And yet, as they reminisce about their lives together, it becomes increasingly clear. Differences are starting to show. Not the personality differences between two performers, each a star in his own right, but the more significant ones that come about in every marriage—the age-old differences between the eternal male and the eternal female. . . .

It all started in Hollywood. There, boy met girl—met her as casually and as accidentally as most young people who are destined to fall in love, get married, raise children, and spend the rest of their lives together.

"I was dating a young man named Frank Donahoe at the time," Mary recalls. "He's a friend of mine," Peter announces from the other side of the living room. "We went (*Continued on page* 78)

Work together? Yes, indeed. They've been a most successful team from L.A. to London.

Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy are seen and heard this summer on *Arthur Godfrey Time*—CBS Radio, Mon. thru Fri., from 10 to 11:30 A.M. EDT—CBS-TV, Mon. thru Thurs., 10:30 to 11:30 A.M.

Play together, too? They go golfing every day they can, on the course right next door to their home.

It isn't "do-it-yourself," it's "do it ourselves." Every project is a joint one, around the busy Hayes household.

She still uses her shorthand—for Mary doesn't hesitate to take dictation from the real "business head" of the family.

ROCK 'n' ROLL

An evil influence? A blessing to the young in heart? One thing sure: It's something to listen to—or argue about—all summer long!

Paul Whiteman, King of Jazz—Alan Freed, King of R & R —they're not as far apart in the debate as you might think!

Bill Haley and His Comets made hot show-biz news—in a real cool way—with an Atlantic City engagement.

By HELEN BOLSTAD

Is ROCK 'N' ROLL a wallop and a screech? A pulsating, demanding blitz which splits the eardrums of the elders —while it becomes, for the young and vulnerable, a flame-thrower of mass hysteria? A Satanic, cannibalistic, evil "spiritual" which drives them to destruction, violence, dope addiction, illicit sex? . . . Or is it a happy treat for the feet? A jive for the live? An exciting new rhythm

Continued

Teenagers kept in line for Alan Freed's big rock 'n' roll show at the Brooklyn Paramount and, once inside, weren't as "wild" as other audiences the theater manager had seen. (But many an outraged New Yorker blamed them—and the music they'd heard—for riotous disorders in the subway later in the day.)

Teenagers kept in line far Alan Freed's big rack 'n' rall shaw at the Braaklyn Paramaunt and, ance inside, weren't as "wild" as ather audiences the theater manager had seen. (But many an autraged New Yarker blamed them—and the music they'd heard—far riataus disarders in the subway later in the day.)

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Bill Haley and His Comets made hat shaw-biz news—in a real coal way—with an Atlantic City engagement.

Continued

Young in heart is the phrose for Whiteman, who's kept Americo dancing for holf o century. "Pops" loves to share the fun with his youthful fons—and disagrees heartily with those critics who coll rock 'n' roll "musical junk" that oppeols to "morons of oll oges, but porticulorly to young morons."

ROCK 'n' ROLL

(*Continued*)

which brings teenagers more good, healthy dancing fun than they have had since wars—and The Bomb—made youth a time of high tension, rather than of carefree enjoyment?

As the big beat entered its third popular year, the argument raged. Everyone seemed to have an opinion—usually strong. To millions of well-behaved kids who just plain liked rock 'n' roll, the charges could not help but be confusing. To the more understanding of their elders, however, the uproar brought the feeling: "This is where I came in." . . . For, whatever else it had done, rock 'n' roll clearly had won its place among this century's Pied Pipers of music—the waltz, ragtime, jazz, swing, and their classic extension, progressive jazz. People hear it and things happen.

Certain of rock 'n' roll's more (*Continued on page* 85)

Alan Freed is host of *Rock 'N' Roll Dance Party*, CBS Radio, Tues., 8:30 P.M., for Camel Cigarettes. Paul Whiteman is host of *Best Bands In The Land*, ABC Radio, M-thrù-Sat., 9:30 P.M. *The Arthur Murray Party* is seen on CBS-TV, Thurs., 10 P.M., for Prom, White Rain, Hazel Bishop "Once-A-Day" Cosmetics. Willie Bryant emcees *Rhythm On Parade*, ABC Radio, Sat., 10:35 P.M. *National Radio Fan Club* is emceed by Johnny Andrews on NBC Radio, Fri., 8 P.M. *Ted Steele's Bandstand* is seen on WOR-TV (N.Y.) M-F, 5 P.M. (All EDT)

They were oll young once—and not quite "respectable": The polko . . . the waltz . . . the Turkey Trot.

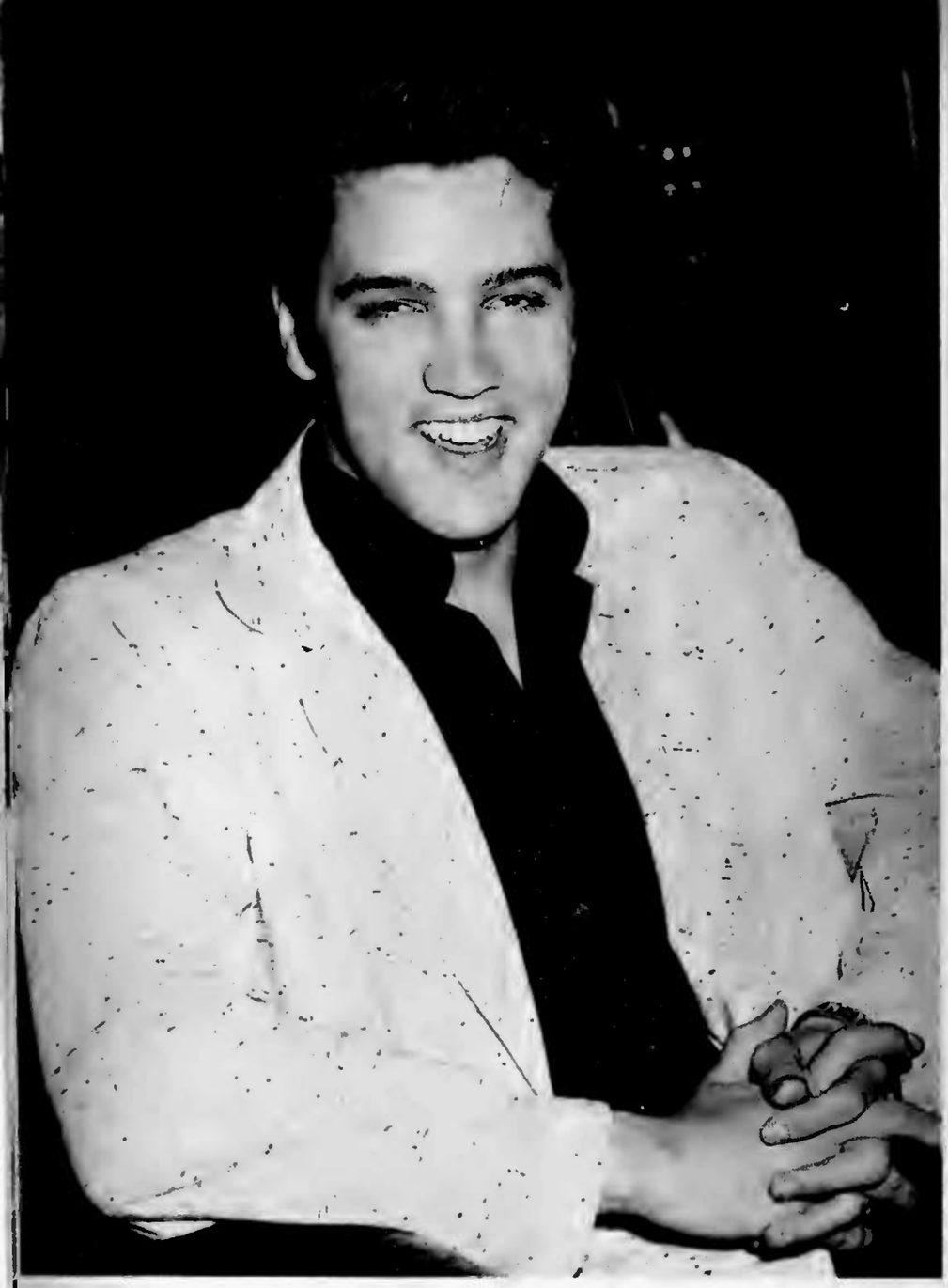
Bandstand, the WOR-TV show, gives Ted Steele a chance ta gather high-schoolers tagether for a real studio party. R & R a prablem? No—he's glad to see kids dancing again!

What da such dance experts as Arthur and Kathryn Murray think of rock 'n' rall? Well, they devated a whole program af *The Arthur Murray Party,* on CBS-TV, ta a demonstration.

Former "mayor af Harlem" Willie Bryant (left mike) now hasts ABC's *Rhythm On Parade* from Detroit, makes movies—and makes a strong defense of his kind of music.

R & R ripples (ar rips) thraugh all entertainment media—records, radia, TV, films. Abave, The Platters in a typical number from the Columbia Picture, "Rack Around the Clock."

The rhythmic story ralls an: The faxtrat . . . the Charleston . . . and naw the joint's really rockin'!



MAN WANTED!

Name: Elvis Presley.

Former occupation: Electrician.

Charge: Striking today's biggest sparks in teen-age hearts

By LILLA ANDERSON

EVERY KID, at eighteen, cherishes a secret ambition to do something terrific—something which instantaneously will assure his place in the elusive adult world. Should he voice that dream, however, he swiftly hears the sound advice: "Don't fool yourself. There's no such thing as overnight success. Things don't happen that way." . . . And yet—just often enough to keep the dream alive—they do.

Three years ago, Elvis Aron Presley, newly graduated from high school, jingling in his jeans money which he had earned on the assembly line in an airplane factory, walked into the Sun Record Company in (*Continued on page* 91)

Off stage, 21-year-old Elvis is quiet, cool. On stage, he's an incredible dynamo of hot music, hotter movements. The *Oakland Tribune* photographed the kneeling fans below during a California performance, reported that Presley sang "as if he had grabbed a live wire"—and his audience reacted "as if they had been jolted by the same current."

Tom Diskin, tour manager, awakens Elvis to one of those busy days which have led him to jet-propelled stardom.

Fan mail pours in, to Presley's awed delight. Best of all, no letter yet has tried to tear the tassels off his shoes!

Off again: The magic merry-go-round has spun Elvis to an RCA Victor record contract in N.Y., movies in Hollywood.

Success has brought two diamond rings, four Caddies—and a new home for his parents in thanks "for all they've done for me." At heart, he's still the same casual kind of guy who enjoys simple meals and small talk with close friends.

Appearing on *Stage Show* with Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey was a great thrill—and a challenge. He was afraid he wouldn't have time enough to "warm up" on TV. But the fans were more than satisfied, mobbed him as usual in the CBS studios afterward.

MAN WANTED!

Name: Elvis Presley.

Former occupation: Electrician.

Charge: Striking today's biggest sparks in teen-age hearts

By LILLA ANDERSON

EVERY KID, at eighteen, cherishes a secret ambition to do something terrific—something which instantaneously will assure his place in the elusive adult world. Should he voice that dream, however, he swiftly hears the sound advice: "Don't fool yourself. There's no such thing as overnight success. Things don't happen that way." . . . And yet—just often enough to keep the dream alive—they do.

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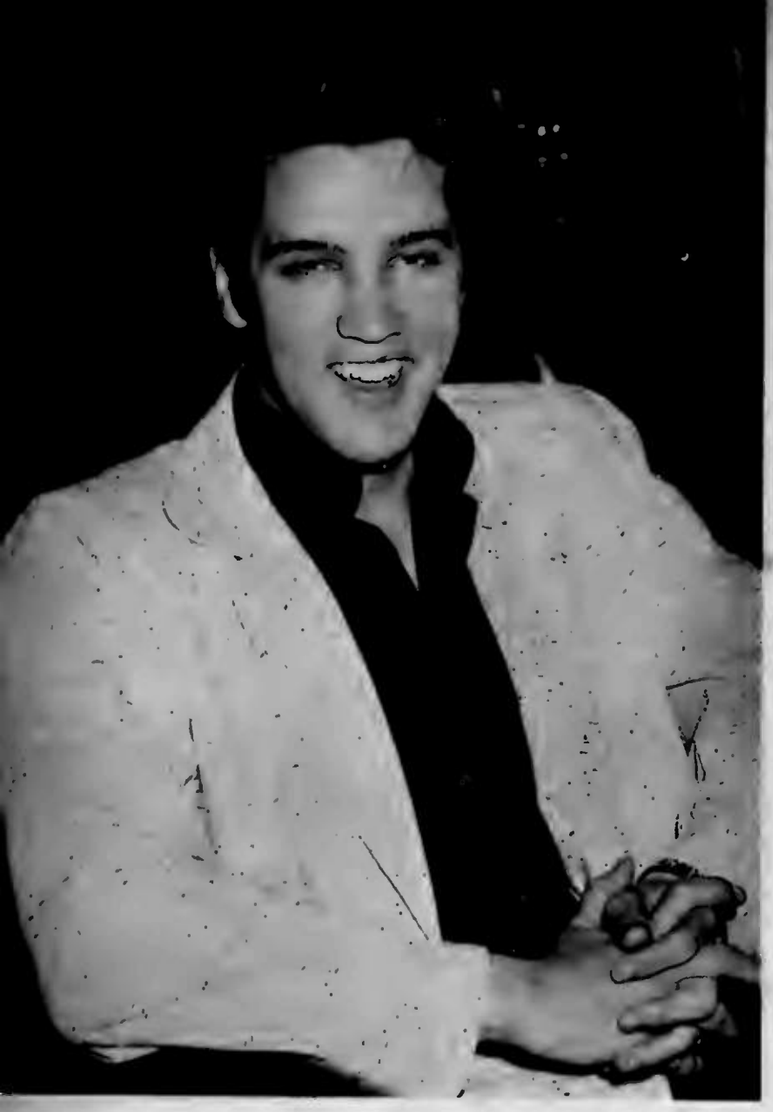

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the Saga of Sam Levenson

The rise of Two For The Money's new quipmaster is as old as America's first promise—and as inspiring

Left, Sam and Esther Levenson with their own two "problems in child psychology." They started out to raise son Conrad by the book. But, by the time Emily Sue came along, Sam was discovering new virtues in old-fashioned training.

Teaching was never like this! Sam (above, waiting for his son at P.S. 189, three years ago) finds that both schools and pupils have changed since he turned to show business.

No more hotel rooms—Sam and Esther now own their home in Brooklyn, where Sam also works on present and future plans with personal manager Harry Levine and brother Al Levenson.

By EVERETT MOORE

SAM LEVENSON may be in show business—but, as everyone in Brooklyn knows, he always has a good, steady job. Currently, he's starring in *Two For The Money,* CBS's big TV and radio quiz show. They say he's quite a family man, too, with a wife, two children, and a home of his own that's actually paid for. Funny, when you think of it, though—how well Sam turned out—considering he was raised all wrong. (*Continued on page* 65)

Sam Levenson is quipmaster of *Two For The Money*, on CBS-TV, Sat., 9 P.M.—on CBS Radio, Sun., 8:30 P.M.—both EDT, sponsored by P. Lorillard Co. (Old Gold Cigarettes) and The Bulova Watch Co., Inc.

As humorist and as solid citizen, Sam checks the latest news on his way home.

Who's unhappy? Not Emily Sue, as she welcomes father with a hug and a kiss.

So his son wants to be a scientist? Sam's all for it—Conrad's happy, too.

Dramas for

Triangle: Elaine Rost faces husband Staats Cotsworth and "office wife" Patsy O'Shea.

IT MUST have all begun a long time ago. With the dinosaur soup bubling in the background, one cave woman must have turned to her neighbor. "Isn't it a shame about Mrs. Neanderthal?" she must have begun. When she had finished, she had told the first daytime drama. The technique, polished and perfected through the years, remains basically the same. So does its fascination. So, too, do the plots—the same basic conflicts with which humanity has always wrestled. Today there is television, and its older sister, radio, has responded to the challenge with new programming ideas and experiments. ABC Radio has not lagged behind. But one of its oldest concepts, drama for the daytime, continues to answer the demand to "tell me a story."

MY TRUE STORY

TRUTH makes the strangest fiction—and the best drama. It makes a formula for a best-selling magazine, *True Story*, and a highly successful radio program, *My True Story*. The dramatizations are based on the life stories of actual people, as published in the magazine. The names have been changed, and assumed by sensitive actors. Events are unchanged.

My True Story, ABC Radio, M-F, 10-10:30 A.M. EDT, is sponsored by Foster-Milburn Co. (for Doan's Pills) and other products.

PATSY O'SHEA

FIVE years on television, thirteen years on stage, fourteen years on radio—add it all up and Patsy O'Shea is still just turned twenty. Once an understudy for Shirley Temple, Patsy has flaming red hair—"natural," she points out. Her voice range is from "baby cries to 20," her acting ranges from ingenues to character and dialect roles. A diminutive, unmarried five-one, Patsy collects miniatures.

the Daytime

See Next Page ▶

ABC Radio adds dramatic stories and fine actors, and comes up with a threesome of top programs

STAATS COTSWORTH

THIS Illinois boy wanted to be an artist. Instead, he wears grease-paint, is now on Broadway in "Inherit the Wind." But radio's former *Casey, Crime Photographer* and *Front Page Farrell* has had exhibits in museums. He paints the town with actress-wife, Muriel Kirkland.

ELAINE ROST

THIS Ohio Girl wanted to sing. She did—when a bandleader spotted her in a beauty contest. She also developed her acting skill—and was ready when a radio producer decided to solve his emergency casting problem with his blond, blue-eyed receptionist. She's since appeared in practically every daytime—and nighttime—drama on the air. She is a "sun-worshipper"—and a good cook.

Dramas for the Daytime

Triangle: Elaine Rost faces husband Staats Cotsworth and "office wife" Patsy O'Shea.

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See Next Page ▶

Dramas for the Daytime

(Continued)

Friends can always count on Joan and Harry Davis. Strangers learn quickly what good friends these two can be.

MARY JANE HIGBY

MARY JANE'S happy Joan has a career. She's had one ever since she was the movies' "Baby Mary Jane," and she's been Joan for fifteen years. Married to actor Guy Sorel, she likes "double-crostics, Yeats poetry, riding on trains, and the hamburgers you get in Hollywood." She dislikes "novels, planes, the hamburgers you're stuck with in New York." She is real—and likeable.

JOHN RABY

JOHN has been lawyer Harry Davis since 1931, but he almost became a Wall Street mogul instead. Then somebody gave John a pair of theater tickets—and a star was born. John and his wife Del live in Teaneck, New Jersey, with sons Tony, 7, and John, Jr., 12. Says John, "When a man marries, the most important thing in life is the girl he marries." This New Yorker wed the right girl.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

EVER since 1939, radio listeners have known just how broadly the word "neighbor" can be defined. In the story of Joan and Harry Davis, they have followed the lives of two people who have explored each of the many ways of helping friends—and strangers. Happy in their own love, they have helped others toward that same happiness. So much a part of the town they live in, Joan and Harry have come to feel a special responsibility for the welfare of all those in it. Harry, as a successful lawyer, has often been called on to deal with the problems of others from a legal point of view. Joan's approach has always been that of a woman and a friend. Now, in her work on the magazine, she adds one more dimension to the kindness and heartfelt warmth of a "neighbor."

When A Girl Marries, ABC Radio, M-F, at 10:30 A.M. EDT, for Stokely-Van Camp, the Dromedary Co., Arrid, other products.

WHISPERING STREETS

THE man across from you on the bus . . . the girl hurrying to mail a letter . . . the boy walking in a daydream . . . each carries drama within him. Every street whispers of the drama of everyday lives—and the crises and conflicts that transform them. When the whisper rises to a shout, sometimes the story makes the daily newspapers. But the stories that don't make headlines carry as much human excitement and emotion. These are the stories that are told each day on *Whispering Streets.*

Whispering Streets, ABC Radio, M-F, 10:45 A.M.—Whitney Frozen Foods, Doan's Pills, Union Pharmaceutical and Seeman Bros.

HOPE WINSLOW

WITH the eye of a trained observor—and the heart of a woman—Hope Winslow discovers the stories that are to be found almost everywhere by one who knows how to look and how to listen. Each day, she narrates a new human drama.

Tension mounts in a scene with King Calder, Henry Barnard and Anne Seymour.

KING CALDER

VERSATILE is the word for King Calder—whether on daytime dramas, on such nighttime programs as *Martin Kane,* or on tour with such hits as "No Time for Sergeants." Also sentimental, he and his wife, actress Ethel Wilson, treasure heirlooms.

ANNE SEYMOUR

THE seventh generation of a theatrical family, Anne continues the tradition on stage, radio and TV—for which she shed twenty pounds. Now tall, dark and svelte, she likes to garden, has a dog, Kiki, and a cat, Marmalade, on her Connecticut farm.

HENRY BARNARD

BACHELOR Henry Barnard is a dog fancier and owns six. He also grows orchid plants and, as a boy, wanted to become an explorer. Instead, he studied drama at Carnegie Tech and Actors' Studio, is currently on Broadway in "Inherit the Wind."

Young daughter Jeannie laves music, taa—but has quite anather ambition, one which Caral alsa knew as a child.

What Jeannie wants ta be is a farmer —perhaps because she's fand of animals and takes goad care af the family pets.

But—she alsa likes to "dress up" and stage plays! Whatever her girls really want, Caral will help them ta achieve.

Bob Crosby has a truly calarful tria af talented singers an his variety show—blonde Joan O'Brien, brunette Cathy Crasby, redheaded Carol Richards.

the Happy Way to Win

By BUD GOODE

"WE'LL race you to the corner!" shouted Judy and Jeannie, Carol Richards' teen- and ten-year-old daughters. "Right!" Carol agreed, accepting the challenge. "On your mark . . . get set . . . go!" and the three girls were racing for the corner drugstore to fulfill their daily ritual in summertime—three dishes of any-flavored ice cream.

Carol Richards, the pert, hazel-eyed, titian-haired singer you've seen daily on the CBS-TV *Bob Crosby Show* and heard weekly on the CBS Radio *Edgar Bergen Show* is one of Hollywood's brightest charmers. She lives a life of laughter . . ."Smiles" could be her nickname . . . and enthusiasm, verve, bounce—call it what you will—is her way of life. With their two dogs barking at their heels, and her bobby-soxed daughters racing beside her down the street, Carol and Judy and Jean looked more like sisters than mother and daughters. Carol, in fact, ran barefoot!

There is no "standoffishness" about Carol Richards. She is at ease in any environment. "That is why," says her secretary, Adele Millard, "Carol's (*Continued on page* 79)

Carol Richards sings on *The Bob Crosby Show*, as seen on CBS-TV, Mondays through Fridays, 3:30 to 4 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.

Carol Richards, of the big Bob Crosby daytime variety show, sings toward a shining goal

Like her own little girl, she once wanted to be a farmer —but Carol now cultivates her voice instead! And, like her brother, she's learned the magic formula for clearing all obstacles to find the career and home of her dreams.

Sonny Fox Meets
THE $64,000 CHALLENGE

The best Sonny can do is come out even, while working a crossword puzzle (or playing a chess game) "just for fun."

No wonder he loves to see 'em win! Sonny's always losing everything—except the woman who really counts

By MARTIN COHEN

SONNY FOX is no "Sonny-boy." There is six-feet-and-three-inches to Mr. Fox—plus a couple of blue-gray eyes, dark brown hair, and 170 pounds of wit and good humor. His favorite sports are high-fidelity opera (winter), sailing (summer), and chess (year-round). He has a wife and an infant son, and makes his home on the topside of Manhattan. At thirty-one, Sonny has become a brand-new celebrity. While Hal Marches on with *The $64,000 Question,* Sonny has shot star-high with *The $64,000 Challenge.* Sonny is a brand-new quizmaster but a "natural," for he is richly endowed with sympathy for contestants. Especially those who lose. Sonny is a loser from 'way back.

Losing is a hobby—or, rather, a specialty—with Sonny. As a baby, he lost his diapers, and it's been something else ever since: Coats, schoolbooks,

Continued

However, far as he's concerned, Sonny's already won the greatest prizes ever—wife Gloria and son Christopher.

Good "loser" that he is, Sonny takes care of everything he manages to keep!

Hobbies—when he has time—include photography and high-fidelity opera.

One thing he doesn't forget: Flowers for his wife at the neighborhood shop.

Sonny loves his apartment-home—loves children, too, and is a happy "baby-sitter" when it's Gloria's turn to go out.

Sonny Fox Meets

THE $64,000 CHALLENGE

(Continued)

pens, baseball bats, buildings, socks, people, anything, everything, anyone. When his parents first met his fiance, they warned her: "Be extra careful, dear, that you don't get misplaced."

Not a week goes by that Sonny doesn't lose something. It might be something as simple as a shaving kit or as expensive as a camera. "Years ago, I got used to this," he says cheerfully. "It was hard on Gloria when we were first married, but now she accepts it, too. In a way, it makes you properly disrespectful of material things. On the other hand, if a woman can get all dressed up to go to the theater—discover in the lobby that you lost the tickets—and she still loves you, then you know it's the real thing."

Sonny and the former Gloria Benson were married in Tokyo in 1953. They have made their home in New York for less than a year. Their apartment, overlooking the Hudson River, is in Washington Heights, which is at the northern tip of Manhattan Island. Its furnishings have been influenced by their Japanese home.

"The Japanese use a minimum of furniture," Sonny explains, "so that you have a feeling of spaciousness. We have tried for that uncrowded feeling. Our furniture is modern and contributes to the feeling of space, for most of it has wrought-iron legs. One of our friends says that we are 'overwrought' with iron. We have iron legs on our coffee table, chairs, the desk, dining table. Almost everything here has wrought-iron legs—except Gloria, and she's very pretty."

Mrs. Sonny Fox is five-eight and fair, with brown hair so light that she is taken for blonde. She was

Married in Tokyo, Sonny and Gloria have kept their taste for a Japanese simplicity in home decor. Sonny made the tables himself, using doors—and the much-kidded "overwrought"-iron legs.

born Gloria Benson in Rochester, New York, majored in sociology at Elmira College, and never expected to end up in New York City.

Sonny himself was born in the big city. "We lived in Brooklyn, and that in itself is a happy circumstance. But we went to the Giant games. We'd go up to the ball park, at nine in the morning, to line up for a double-header. Take along sandwiches. Get home for dinner. There was stick ball and the acquarium and the park. Never a shortage of things to do."

His father, a textile converter, has a great love of family and music. He played violin. Sonny's sisters, Phoebe and Shirley, took piano lessons. Sonny tried the violin for a couple of years, then switched to the accordion.

"Dad was a real pal," Sonny recalls. "Played ball with me. Taught me to roller skate. Things like that. And he was so understanding about the split-pea soup. You know, I was such a skinny kid, and Mother was always trying to feed me. Every time we had split-pea soup, I was told that I had to eat it. I hated it. Dad would come home from work and take one look at me sweating over the bowl and say, 'Sonny, you don't have to eat it.' Today, I wouldn't think of contradicting my wife in front of my child. But, thank goodness, my parents weren't so progressive."

"Sonny," of course, is a (*Continued on page* 72)

Sonny Fox emcees *The $64,000 Challenge*, seen on CBS-TV, Sun., 10 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Revlon, Inc. and Kent Cigarettes. He conducts *Let's Take A Trip*, on CBS-TV, Sun., 12 noon EDT.

View of the Hudson looks great. So does Sonny's future, with shows like *$64,000 Challenge* and *Let's Take A Trip*.

Born to be LOVED

As Doctor's Wife—or designer's bride—Patricia Wheel has a special spot in her heart for "Timothy"

By FRANCES KISH

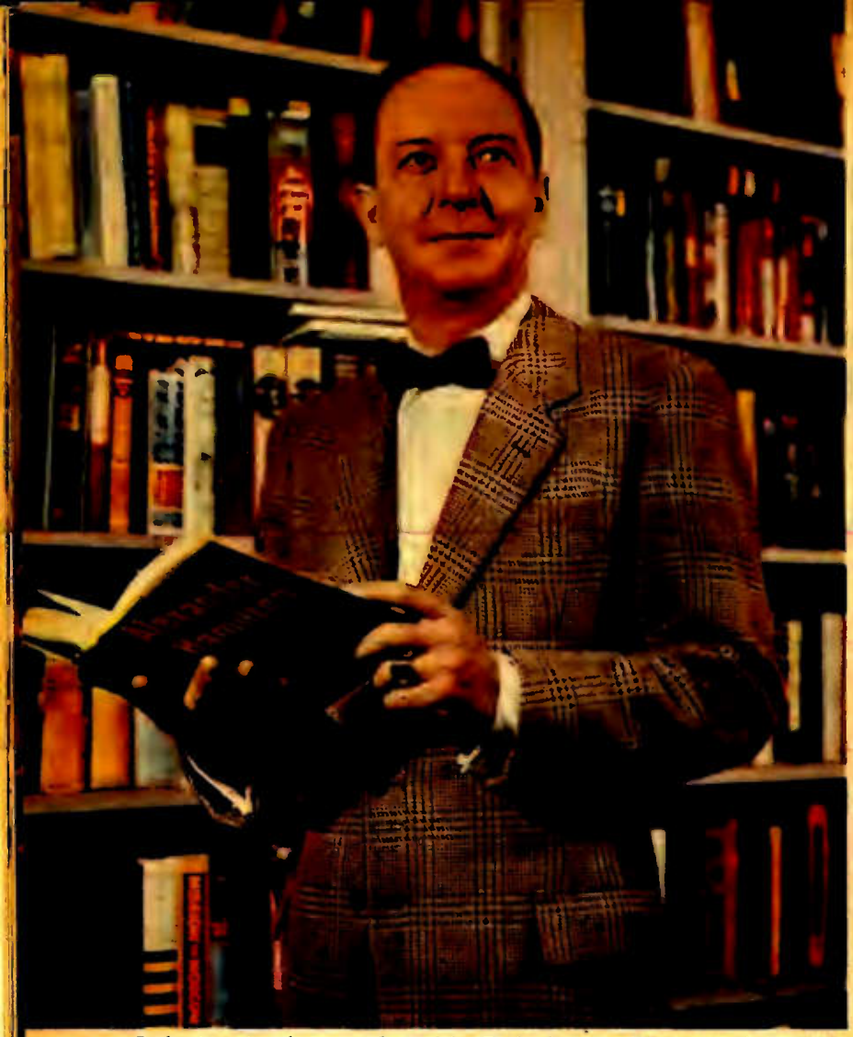
FROM THE VERY FIRST, it seemed certain that the little boy born last April 11 to Mr. and Mrs. Eric Teran should be named "Timothy." Mrs. Teran is actress Patricia Wheel, well-known to NBC Radio listeners as the lovely Julie Palmer, of *The Doctor's Wife*. When a son was born to Julie, in the script of that daily dramatic serial a couple of years ago, it was Pat Wheel who gave that little boy the name of Timothy. "I loved it," she says, "and hoped some day to have a son of my own to bear it. . . . Happily, Manya Starr, creator and writer of (*Continued on page* 89)

Patricia Wheel is Julie Palmer in *The Doctor's Wife*, created by Manya Starr, as heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT.

Above, Pat helps spruce up the grounds for the infant "laird of the manor"—treasured Timothy, seen at left in his first official color portrait, with his talented mother and his industrial-designer father, Eric Teran.

Timothy's new home in Connecticut has its own little lake—for swimming and sailing, in years to come—fine old trees to climb, and more than seven acres to roam about!

Barbecue terrace, too—where the Terans' indispensable Harold serves Eric, Pat and their good neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Muscat—and a big studio, where Eric designs such industrial packages as unique-style cosmetic bottles.



Relaxing in the comfortable Daly home, "busy male" John —vice-president and news expert for ABC, as well as a popular panel-emcee—is very glad "astute female" Kit changed her mind about him after that first blind date!

Today, some nineteen years later, their family includes three children—left to right, as seated on couch below: John Charles Daly, Jr., known as "Charles"; John Neal Daly, who's called "Johnny"; Helene, nicknamed "Buncy."

You can't always tell

His future wife's reaction, upon first meeting John Daly, would never qualify her as a panelist on What's My Line?

By MARIE HALLER

SINCE he is one of those rare creatures who are quick to give women credit for their astute reactions to people, it must be with mixed feelings that John Daly—vice-president in charge of ABC's News and Special Events, newscaster of ABC-TV's *John Daly And The News,* and moderator, referee and emcee of CBS-TV's *What's My Line?*—reflects upon his wife's first statement regarding her future husband: "I'll be darned if I'll spend any more time with that idiot!"

Nevertheless, over the course of nineteen happily married years, John has learned to respect Kit's ability to size up people. Kit usually reserves judgment until she knows the person a little better than a brief, casual meeting. On the other hand, John, a dynamo of no mean proportions, admits to being more inclined to jump at a conclusion, sometimes having to revamp his decision as time and acquaintanceship progress. On one occasion, he was known to try to explain this male-versus-female phenomenon by saying that, from a very early age, the average male is concerned with concentrating on earning a livelihood and has little time for the contemplation of people and their private lives. On the other hand, the average female—relieved of the absorbing chore of making money—is free to engage in talk, thought and speculation about other people.

Then, sensing that this explanation was not about to result in the addition of a trophy to his impressive collection of awards, he wiggled out from under in a typically masculine way: "When you get right down (*Continued on page* 88)

John Daly is moderator of *What's My Line?*, over CBS-TV, Sunday, 10:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Jules Montenier, Inc. and Remington Rand, Inc. *John Daly And The News* is seen on ABC-TV, Mondays through Fridays, 7:15 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Miles Laboratories, Inc. and Time, Inc.

Together homemaker Kit and newscaster John have shared the excitement of his career. Between school terms, son Johnny has also shared in the tricks of the moderator's trade, on a holiday visit to *What's My Line?* at CBS-TV.

So in LOVE,

Don Hastings found "the" girl in Bermuda one evening—and "the" role at CBS-TV on The Edge Of Night!

By ELIZABETH BALL

ONE DAY late last autumn, young actor Don Hastings flew to Bermuda for the purpose of making a television film. On that enchanted isle of coral reefs, jade-green seas, shining sands and lilies, he fell in love. For keeps. . . . Two months later, or thereabouts, the five-foot-eleven, dark-haired, blue-eyed young man in love was also in luck: He signed a five-year contract with CBS and is currently to be seen at 4:30 P.M., Monday through Friday, in the role of Jack Lane on the half-hour dramatic serial, *The Edge Of Night*, over CBS-TV. . . . Slightly wonderful, isn't it, to be double-dating Lady Luck and the girl who is Your Girl . . . and all (*Continued on page* 82)

Don Hastings is Jack Lane in *The Edge Of Night*, CBS-TV, M-F, 4:30 to 5 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Procter & Gamble Co. for Tide, Crest, Camay, and Spic and Span.

Nan, Don's fiance, lives in Toronto, can only get down to New York for holiday visits (left). While he waits, Don plays their favorite records—alone.

So in LUCK

Daily drama on TV: Teal Ames and Don play sister and brother, Sara and Jack Lane, John Larkin is Detective Lieut. Mike Karr, in *The Edge Of Night*.

First "family portrait": Don's father and mother, their future daughter-in-law and actor son. Don now lives at home with them on Long Island, is looking for a near-by ranch house—"not too big."

Drama for a whole lifetime together: Nan and Don look at floor plans and furnishing tips—and brush up on their game, so Nan won't be a "golf widow."

a Woman is Many People...

Ruth and daughter Karen welcome you to Gate House—and son Timothy holds open house in a fitting enclosure.

A mother should be "a whole person," thinks Ruth—who finds a vital message in everything from flowers to books.

She's a sunny girl, beside her beloved Hudson—but Ruth also knows the darker moods of Edith Hughes, in *As The World Turns*.

Particularly if she's Ruth Warrick, whose life is ever richer and more exciting, "as the world turns"

By PETER CHARADE

IT'S ALWAYS fun to call on an actress you've never met before. There's no telling what to expect. When the actress is Ruth Warrick, and you're a fan who has followed her career, there's even no telling *who* she's going to be. . . . As you drive from Manhattan out to Scarborough-on-Hudson, you recall that once—when Ruth was just starting out—she was "Miss Jubilesta," queen of a big fall festival in Kansas City. She sang songs, made speeches, kissed babies, marched in parades, went to bat in a night baseball game, (*Continued on page* 74)

Ruth Warrick is Edith Hughes in *As The World Turns*, on CBS-TV, M-F, 1:30 to 2 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Procter & Gamble Company for Ivory Snow, Oxydol, and Crisco.

There's only one name for the "combo" headed by husband Bob McNamara! Ruth's in charge of the strings, Tim helps Dad on the drums, older son Jon handles the brass, Karen the woodwinds. In this household, St. Patrick's Day is bigger than New Year's Eve.

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"Push Button Magic"

Myron Floren's accordion won him a lifetime romance—and a lifetime job with Lawrence Welk's great band

By GORDON BUDGE

IT WAS BACK in September, 1931, that Myron Floren—now star accordionist with Lawrence Welk on ABC—played his first "professional" job at the Day County Fair in his home town of Webster, South Dakota. Today, Myron says, rather apologetically, "Miss Swenson, the music teacher who first taught me rhythm and note reading, urged her County Commissioner father to give me the job." Eleven-year-old Myron worked two days for ten dollars.

But Myron, shy by nature, didn't have to apologize for the seeming "political" patronage. The fact was that, without a lesson in his life, Myron had won *two* amateur contests—one on piano, the other on accordion—and well deserved to step up into the professional ranks, young as he was.

Twenty-five years later, on June 12, 1956. accordion strapped (*Continued on page* 76)

Myron is on *The Lawrence Welk Show*, ABC-TV, Sat., 9 to 10 P.M. EDT, for Dodge Dealers of America.

Once Myron's pupil, back in mid-teens, Berdyne's now his wife—and mother of the Floren daughters: Kristie Ann, 4; Randy Lee, 6; Robin Gay, 2. He thinks the girls are a bit young for accordion lessons, but Randy studies piano—and they're all eager "artists."

Of course, they must have "magic boxes" like Dad's! (Kris's tiny one is a gift from Welk.)

Playing occordion with Lawrence Welk is Myron's idea of the best career a South Dakotan could ever hove. The job with Welk's band meont good fortune for the Florens from the start, ond Myron is o hoppy mon as he drives off to the work he'll olwoys consider play.

His girls ore Myron's pride todoy.- He's glod Berdyne had a solution for his innate shyness!

For Mike Wallace, it has all come true—from wife and home, to Weekday and The Big Surprise!

Years of Dreams

By GLADYS HALL

IN THE LIFE, the personal and professional life, of radio and TV's unexpendable Mike Wallace, the past year was—and will be long remembered by him as—"The Year." The year during which what he describes as "one of those things you dream about that never come to pass" did, for him, come to pass, did come true, and is for real. . . .

When the tide turns in a man's life, some attendant phenomena might be expected—a flash of lightning, (*Continued on page* 93)

Mike now hosts *Stars In Action*, NBC Radio, Thurs., 9:30 P.M. EDT, as presented in cooperation with the National Guard. *Mike Wallace And The News* is seen on Du Mont Station WABD (New York), M-F, 7 P.M., for Bond Clothes.

Love of children is surely one of the strongest bonds two people can ever have—and Mike has two sturdy sons by a previous marriage: Peter, 13, and Christopher, 8.

Lorraine also has two fine youngsters by a previous marriage: Anthony, 16, and Pauline, 9. Mike takes all four to his heart, proudly calls them "our children."

They've found their safe harbor in Snedens Landing, not too far from New York City—at "Solley House," a historic old place with a fabulous greenhouse which Lorraine Wallace, who is an artist, uses as her studio.

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In Praise of Parents

Mary Linn and her husband, Bob Pitofsky, have a larger apartment than most newlyweds move into—they're looking forward to the day they'll be parents themselves.

Like Babby of The Brighter Day, Mary Linn Beller grew up to know the full meaning of gratitude

By
MARION HELMAN

I'M PROBABLY one of the luckiest, happiest girls in the whole world," bubbles petite Mary Linn Beller, better known to radio and TV audiences as Babby on CBS's *The Brighter Day*. "And it's so strange the way all these good things happen to me. I don't push . . . really I don't. Things just happen. When I think about it, it has a distinctly sobering effect. I find myself wondering: Why? Why was I chosen to be so happy . . . so lucky . . . to have so few problems? Why can't everybody be so blessed?"

It is definitely to Mary Linn's credit that these questions do occur to her. Without them—and with all her natural advantages—she could easily become something of an egotist. As it is, she is warm, outgoing, sympathetic . . . 'way beyond her tender years . . . and quite willing to give credit where credit is due.

Although she has always wanted to be an ac- (*Continued on page* 96)

The Brighter Day is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 4 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Co. for Cheer, Gleem and Crisco.

Lucky daughter, lucky wife—lucky actress. She's Babby Dennis (and Peter Donat is the Rev. Dennis's assistant, Stephen Markley) in *The Brighter Day*.

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Who's Who on STAGE SHOW

Music is his business—but it also runs in Tommy Dorsey's family. Son Steve is "crazy on the toy sax," daughter Susan plays piano, wife Jane is an ex-dancer. Below, the "sentimental gentleman's" Connecticut home boasts an office-playroom.

STAGE SHOW is Broadway revisited. For New Yorkers, the CBS television spectacle is reminiscent of the Saturday nights when the most exciting date in town was to wait upwards of an hour in line for the privilege of swooning in the aisles over the biggest bands, the slenderest crooners and the leggiest dancers in the land—appearing in-person in the "stage shows" of such movie palaces as the Capitol and the Paramount. These "stage shows," which rocked Manhattan Isle and reverberated from coast to coast, were a beacon among the gay white lights that symbolized Broadway to those north, south and west of the fabulous street. Now, they've been transplanted in toto to television. The band is under the combined baton of Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey. The dancers put their precise best-foot-forward under the aegis of June Taylor. The guest "acts" are headliners. . . . Dorseyland, like the mythical kingdom of Graustark, isn't on the map. But it has some royal citizens. Tommy Dorsey's was the first large dance band to play a theater as a featured

"Mom" Dorsey has a weekly date with her boys at the Statler, where the Dorseys have a fabulous five-year contract. She "digs" jazz, likes to "do" her adopted town of Manhattan with her boys. Jimmy also makes his home in New York City.

Tommy, Jimmy and June—the fabulous Dorseys and the precise and pretty Miss Taylor—present an extravaganza of sights and sounds

attraction. Jimmy Dorsey's is the saxophone that launched an industry—that of the juke box. . . . The founder of Dorseyland was the boys' father, Thomas, Sr., the leader of a brass band in Mahanoy Plane, Pennsylvania. His sons still wore kneepants when they started filling in as utility men in their father's band. They were still in their teens when they played with the "Scranton Sirens," a famous "hot" band of the day. They went on to other top bands, winding up their apprenticeship with Paul Whiteman. In 1934, they made musical history with their own orchestra. Bob Crosby was their vocalist, Ray McKinley played the drums, the late Glenn Miller played second trombone. Then, after two years, came a note of disagreement. . . . The Dorseys split up, each forming an orchestra around his own conception of music. Mixing sweet and swing numbers, Tommy became "the sentimental gentleman of swing." He was also a star-maker for such vocalists as Frank Sinatra, the Pied Pipers, Dick Haymes, Jo Stafford and Connie Haines. Jimmy's "contrasts in mu-

Continued

Who's Who on STAGE SHOW

(continued)

Tommy remembers three things about his "pro" debut: He wore knee pants; they were Jimmy's hand-me-downs; the fee was sixty-eight cents. Now, with "Frou-Frou" and the family, he watches baseball from the patio of a Greenwich showplace.

Stage Show stars the Dorsey Brothers with the June Taylor Dancers on CBS-TV, Sat., 8:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by The Nestle Co. for Nescafe, other products. A Jackie Gleason Enterprises production, it follows his 8 P.M. presentation of *The Honeymooners* on CBS-TV.

sic" emphasized a sweeter style which made standards of such tunes as "Amapola," "Green Eyes," and "Besame Mucho." The roster of his alumni includes Helen O'Connell and Bob Eberle. . . . Then, after seventeen years of "friendly" feudin' and fussin', Tommy and Jimmy once again pooled their resources. They were older, wiser—and as different from each other as perhaps only two brothers can be. Tommy, the younger brother, is the more outgoing. "Introduce him to someone," says a friend, "and in five minutes, they're ready to vote for him for president." He's a boon companion —unreachable only during Yankee baseball games. If Tommy's happy, you know it. If he's mad, you'll hear about it. . . . Jimmy is more quiet, more reserved. "Introduce him to someone," says a friend, "and he has to think about it for two weeks before he decides if he likes them." Jimmy is withdrawn—until you mention golf. If he's happy, you may not be aware of it. If he has a gripe, he'll brood about it for months before mentioning it. . . . Tommy lives spaciously and elegantly in a home in Greenwich, Connecticut. He is married to Jane New, a former dancer whom he met at a Hollywood party. His daughter Susan, seven, plays the piano; his son Steve, four, is "crazy on the toy sax.". . . . Jimmy calls a New York apartment home and is one-up on Tommy since his daughter Julie presented him with a granddaughter. Away from music, his interests are golf . . . period . . . end of paragraph. . . . Different? Yes. Differences? Not really. They even date the same girl, Theresa Dorsey, better known as "Mom" Dorsey. She's eighty-one, loves music and "digs" jazz. She'll come to hear the show the boys play at the Statler, then do the town with them. As fabulous as her sons, she was told that Earl Wilson, the glamour columnist, would call at her New York apartment to do a Mother's Day story on her. "Tell him I'll wear a sweater," said "Mom." . . . The Dorsey music is dancing music—and June Taylor couldn't be happier. The ideas that set her sixteen girls going through their terpsichorean patterns and paces always begin with a piece of music. Choreographer June's only dilemma is that of a child in a candy store wondering what to choose first. And the boss-man of Jackie Gleason En-

Continued

The house that swing built "jumps" with plans for new records—in audiences and on wax. Broadway's far off, but always in mind for TD and business manager Vince Carbone.

Precision dancing means just that. It takes training, discipline, rehearsals and more rehearsals.

First, a piece of music sets June Taylor's mind dancing. Then, when she's worked out the patterns and paces through which to put her girls, she diagrams them on a blackboard.

Sometimes, what seemed like a good idea, wasn't. Rehearsals see a number of creative changes. Choreography, says June, is like sculpture. "You have to mold and mold and remold."

Who's Who on STAGE SHOW

(Continued)

Shutterbugs Sol and June Taylor Lerner can focus on the Queensboro Bridge from their apartment terrace. The camera goes along on all trips and often they bring home souvenirs. "Copa" (below) dates from a booking at Miami Beach's Copa.

Paintings are another joint hobby. The Lerners' walls are lined with "finds" from Paris. They're working-partners too. Sol, who started as a chaperon, is now June's manager.

terprises, which produces *Stage Show,* is famed for a largess to match the repertory. Says June, "I'll get an idea like 'let's have a banjo player,' and Jackie will develop it—like 'let's have sixteen banjo players.'" . . . It's a choreographer's dream come true. The dream itself started when June was four and her mother played phonograph records while June fluttered around the kitchen of a cold-water flat on Chicago's South Side. When June couldn't afford to pay for her dancing lessons, her teacher, Merriel Abbott, let the ten-year-old give instruction to other pupils. . . . At thirteen, June lied about her age and turned "pro" in night clubs, theaters and with such bands as those of Ted Weems, Ben Bernie and Ted Lewis. She never stopped studying, she never stopped dancing—and she never stopped to count the physical cost. She admits to "relying on a couple of aspirins to see me through." . . . She had just turned nineteen, had danced in all the capitals of Europe and had a brand-new seven-year contract with Alexander Korda's film company in London. Then, virtually without warning, it struck. Tuberculosis. June was to spend the next two years in hospital beds. The doctors told her she would never dance again. . . . But dance was—and is—June's life. She collected her first line of girls in 1942, debuted on TV in 1948, with Ed Sullivan. Today, she has two nomination plaques and an Emmy statue in the anteroom of another dream come true—her own dance school, opened this year. . . . The school's anteroom is lined with color photographs of June Taylor TV productions. The photographer is June's husband and manager, Sol Lerner. They've been married eleven years now, but they met nine years before that. Just arrived in New York, June had looked up an agent who volunteered to take care of her, "but too well," she laughs. They ran into Sol, whom June promptly enlisted as chaperon. . . . The Lerners live in a comfortable three-and-a-half-room apartment on New York's elegant Sutton Terrace. June canters in the park on Sunday mornings. "It clears my mind," she says. "I can't think of anything else but the horse." . . . But dancing is never far from la Taylor's mind. "There is no method at all," she says of her modus operandi. "It's like a sculptor with a statue. You have to mold and mold and remold." . . . The June Taylor girls are sixteen individuals. June's ideal is a good-looking, well-proportioned, all-around dancer. She's found it in girls who come from every part of the country. They are all of voting age; half of them are married. There is no temperament—only terpsichore.

The Saga of Sam Levenson

(*Continued from page* 35)

To begin with, there was his environment. He was born in a section of New York City where—well, if "poverty breeds crime," Sam should have grown up an arch criminal. And then there were his parents. It wasn't their fault, of course, if they were old-fashioned. They just happened to be born in old-fashioned times. How could they know about child psychology and progressive education, about mental hygiene and self-expression? Why, they didn't even have a book on baby care. ("The only feeding problem my parents knew about," Sam admits, "was where to get the food.")

In fact, with nothing to go on but instinct and experience, it's a wonder they didn't blight Sam's personality beyond repair. Once, the poor boy went to his father and told him right out: "I'm not happy." His father didn't even feel guilty about it. "Who's happy?" he shrugged.

Nor did his father appreciate how much a growing child needs sympathy and understanding. Sam can still remember the time he came in crying because a certain boy had hit him. "That's funny," his father observed. "I walked down the street three times. He didn't hit me."

It didn't help, running to his mother for sympathy, either. She seemed to have some old-fashioned notion that a son should respect his father. And then, she used to have a saying—some proverb she had picked up: "Better the children should cry than the parents." But, of course, that was before the days of modern psychology. Nowdays, everyone knows it's the parents who do the weeping.

After all this, it was only natural that, when Sam grew up and had a child of his own, he was determined not to make the same mistakes as his parents. And, luckily, he had the advantage of the latest scientific techniques.

"My mother had eight children and one theory," he points out. "I had one child and eight theories." But, as a schoolteacher working in Child Guidance, he had put these theories into actual practice. So that, if ever a child should have been brought up properly, it was Sam's firstborn. And, by the time the second child came, he was quite an authority. He knew exactly what to do.

In fact, he did it. He tossed out the books, put aside the theories, and went back to raising children almost as his parents had before him. Not that Sam forgot everything he learned from modern psychology. As a matter of fact, he took some of the better items and strung them together into one of his funniest comedy monologues.

Sam also does a comedy bit about the early immigrants who helped build up our country: "They came here thinking the streets were paved with gold. Then they found out that the streets weren't even paved. Then they found out that they were supposed to do the paving." He is obviously thinking of his parents, Hyman and Rebecca Levenson. And when Sam shakes his head, with a kind of helpless regret, he is thinking of his father in particular: "He was a good, unsuccessful tailor. He personally resented the Industrial Revolution. As far as my father was concerned, he still lived in the Middle Ages—you know, practicing guilds and crafts. It took him six weeks just to make a pair of cuffs."

As a parent, however, Hyman Levenson would never have passed by today's standards. He was not a *companion* to his children. Sam still tells the story about "me and my dog." It seems he came home one day with a beautiful dog—"a genuine mutt, an all-American dog of eleven different breeds." And it seems that his father didn't share Sam's enthusiasm for it. Mr. Levenson was "a professional squelcher," and he could do it with a look. "Either the dog goes," he decreed, "or you go." Sam hid the dog in the cellar. His father, assuming that his orders had been carried out, had but two words to say to his son: "You're staying?"

Today, when the Levenson children look back on their youth, they see their father for what he was: "A hard, severe, religious man—he had nothing to offer us," Sam adds, "but inspiration." Even in the old days, however, they loved him and showed him respect—thanks to their mother. "She taught us that man does not live by bread alone. A man is bigger than his earning power. 'Papa is coming home!' she would say. Or, 'Papa is sitting down to the table.' Yes, at one time, a father was a wonderful thing to be!"

Sam rounds out the portrait by calling his father "one of the greatest patriots that ever lived." As Sam explains, "He understood America. To him, it was the land of opportunity, affording his children the education he had never had. With seven sons and one daughter, he seemed to spend his time going from graduation to graduation—always in the same serge suit. And when my brother Joe became a doctor, I remember, my father's dream of America was fulfilled."

Mr. Levenson himself, however, saw little of the country he loved so deeply.

"He was a bitter, timid man, living in his own narrow world." He taught his children to be well-behaved, but they were "the good kids on the block" and resented as such. The biggest event in Sam's life was the happy day he discovered that "through humor, I was welcome outside the ghetto of my childhood."

It was education, however, that helped open the door. By helping his father in the tailor shop, Sam managed to get a B.A. degree at Brooklyn College and an M.A. at Columbia University—"I need that for show business," he points out, "like the kids in Brooklyn need Spanish."

But, at least, the degree got him a job teaching—and at a time when he needed to prove that he could make a living. For eight years, Sam had been courting Esther Levine, a distant cousin who lived in the same neighborhood in Brooklyn.

"Her family wanted her to marry a shirt manufacturer or something steady, but then I got my first job. I was making thirty-eight dollars a week." Sam beams nostalgically. "In those days, a schoolteacher was really something. I was rich enough for anything."

And so, on December 27, 1937, he married Esther. For a honeymoon, they went to Manhattan. "I had a due bill at the Park Sheraton Hotel," Sam recalls. "I took a quart of milk, a half-dozen rolls, and a can of salmon up to the room with us." He laughs delightedly. "Room service!"

They only intended to stay one night, for they had very little money. "No one came through with any presents. A rich kid like me—a schoolteacher—who needs presents?" And when the presents finally did come through (thirty-six lamps), even then, no one thought of giving cash. It was something of a catastrophe, consequently, when Esther caught a cold and they couldn't leave the hotel. They had to stay on for three expensive days.

Sam can still remember New Year's Eve at the Park Sheraton. "I had put our food on the window sill to keep it cold. When I opened the window to get it, I could hear the sounds of a big party on the roof garden. And there I was, making salmon sandwiches."

But the bride got better, the newlyweds returned to Brooklyn, and the husband went to work to pay off the due bill from their honeymoon. He was twenty at the time. Starting in as a substitute, Sam's teaching career was to last fifteen years—the last ten in Brooklyn's Samuel J. Tilden High School.

Eventually, except for two courses in Spanish, Sam was taken out of the classroom and put into Child Guidance. Here, he operated as a kind of practicing psychologist doing "an unofficial sort of social work." It was during this period that he started taking notes of things his students said and did. He had no idea what use he would make of them. As it turned out, however, half of his comedy material is still based upon them.

He never intended to exploit his sense of humor. But one day, at lunch, he entertained the other teachers with takeoffs of some of the excuses he had heard the students make. Word got around, and soon Sam was asked to perform at the inter-term luncheon of another school. He did a Benchley-like piece, "How To Go Through a Fire Drill." The response made him realize that his type of humor was valid everywhere. Next, some war workers had a party at a restaurant in Chinatown and offered Sam five dollars to entertain. Then other groups heard of him.

"Things started to snowball," Sam recalls. "It was twenty dollars here, twenty-five dollars there, then the price jumped to fifty. Soon, I had more outside work than I had inside the school. I'd even go out of town as far as Pittsburgh. By 1946, I had to make up my mind. It was either —or. So I went to the head of the school board and asked for a leave of absence. 'What's your reason?' he asked. And there were only two answers that were acceptable—death or maternity. 'I want to tell jokes,' I told him. He rolled with laughter. 'How can I put that down on a piece of paper?' he wanted to know. 'Why don't you just resign? You can always be reinstated any time within the next five years.'"

Sam didn't know what to do. "I always loved teaching and the academic atmosphere," he explains. And—on the other hand—would his type of humor ever amount to much in show business? It was homely, it was wholesome. It gave a true picture of American life. But how would it go in a night club, for example?

Sam decided to take the plunge. In 1947, he got his first big break—an engagement at the Kitty Davis Night Club in Miami. To Sam, it was a test "to see if this stuff could actually go." But he was being paid fourteen hundred dollars a week for the experiment. And, obviously, the stuff went. He was kept on for three weeks—and was brought back the following year at two thousand a week.

"Then it was the story of Broadway!" And Sam makes like a broken-down trumpet attempting a fanfare. He had an engagement at the Hotel Commodore, when Marlo Lewis, producer of CBS-TV's *Toast Of The Town,* caught his act.

"How would you like to be on television?" Mr. Lewis asked him.

"I haven't even been on radio yet," Sam replied.

"Could you do eight minutes?"

"It takes me that long just to say hello."

And so, in spite of himself, Sam made his first appearance on the Ed Sullivan show. It was 1949—the early days of television—and Sam received eighty-five dollars for his eight minutes. "I was ashamed to ask for more," he confesses.

He did a monologue called "Picture of a Kid in a Snow Suit." It was a new kind of humor for television. And next day, when the fan mail ("my report cards") started coming in, Sam realized he was suddenly famous. Ed Sullivan immediately signed him up for another date, the start of a long-time habit. Ever since, Sam has made from six to eight appearances every year on Sullivan's program—only the price is now five thousand dollars a show.

Sam also started doing guest shots on other television programs, and became a permanent panel member for *This Is Show Business* in 1951. From 1951 to 1952, *The Sam Levenson Show* also appeared on CBS-TV. And last summer, when Herb Shriner went on vacation, Sam pinch-hit as host of *Two For The Money.* This summer, he took over as regular host. So it would seem as though Sam has definitely proven that there's a place for "his stuff" in show business.

Right now, Sam is on top of the world. He and Esther have come a long way from their due-bill days at the Park Sheraton. They own a three-story brownstone that's "built like an old castle or fortress, with walls this thick." Since Sam demonstrates with his hands, one can only assume that the walls are thicker than he. The family occupies the first two floors, and Sam's office is on the third. Here he keeps his files. They are not only filled with material for future monologues, but with sociological notes for a book he hopes to write one day on the American way of life.

But, although Sam has found the success that eluded his father, although he has escaped the narrow ghetto of his childhood, he is aware that many things are missing from his world—things that were there in the world of his father. Whatever became of love, for instance? Love in the universal sense, where you know—as Sam does—that: "People are good. They make errors, yes, but everyone means well."

Where is emotion? What happened to sentiment? "No one gets 'huggie' any more," Sam complains, blaming it on the intellectuals. "But it's time for them to be corny again. People want to be moved. They're tired of slogans. They want something real." And whatever became of grace? Sam can remember when people came to his father's house. They used to make speeches. "From the bottom of my heart, Morris," one man used to say. "It was flowery, emotional," Sam admits, "but it tore the house down."

Most of all, Sam finds himself missing wisdom. More and more, he keeps returning to the world of his parents and the old proverbs they lived by—"the honest answers that have served mankind before." His father may not have understood a modern psychologist's preoccupation with personality, but he knew how to teach his own children character. And that saying of his mother's—"Better the children should cry than the parents."

"You appreciate the real significance of this," Sam says, "if you're ever in a courtroom and see the parents—both crying their eyes out—while their teenager just stands there without batting an eye."

Sam admits that he and Esther tried to raise Conrad, now thirteen and a half, by the book. "We only gave him all kinds of problems. *He* didn't have them. *We* had them. We kept trying to feed him food, for example, when he didn't want it. We'd even wake him up in the middle of the night for it. 'But he'll die if he's not nourished,' we were told.

"We wised up for our second child," Sam continues. Emily Sue, now three and a half, eats only when she's hungry—and she's the picture of health.

Somewhere in-between the births of his two children, Sam had gone back to his parents' unscientific methods in child-raising. And he sounds like an echo of his father when he comes out with the most revolutionary statement of the twentieth century: "I don't want to be a pal to my son. I want to be a father."

To his surprise, he found that, when he laid down the law—when he said "This is it, son"—his child liked it. Sam first realized this, the time he asked Conrad to go with him to visit Grandpa. "I don't want to," he said. "I'm not happy there."

Sam hit the ceiling. Here was his own

son, a product of progressive education, operating on the prescribed psychological principles. He had freedom of choice, freedom of expression—and his final decisions were to be based on what made *him* happy. As a parent, it was up to Sam to understand this.

"He couldn't appreciate that people might have an obligation to the sick and old—that it's even in the Ten Commandments, to honor thy father and mother." Sam shakes his head. "Well, I got tired being so understanding, so willing to condone. After all, I've got emotions, too. And there are some things a kid himself has to face up to."

As it turned out, Conrad yielded to superior force and accompanied his father. "When we got there," Sam recalls, "his grandpa was so glad to see him and put his arms around him—it suddenly dawned on the kid. He *knew* why I had made him come, and why it was important for him to see his grandfather. Then he stopped moping and became very happy."

According to Sam, "Even the psychiatrists are now going back on what they once said about freedom of expression. The prevalence of juvenile delinquency has emphasized the need for authority in the world—and some sense of values. Freedom of choice," he adds, "is not authority, and happiness is the weakest value of all. What's more, people must realize that teenagers are immature. They're not able to make real decisions. To allow them a choice is only to prolong their immaturity."

And what's the best way for a parent to exercise authority?

"Well, you have to love your child enough to say *no*. It isn't hard," Sam insists. In fact, in one of his monologues, he says to the audience: "Here, I'll show you." Then he demonstrates exactly how one opens the mouth and manipulates the tongue to utter the difficult word. On a more serious note, however, he begs parents to have "more faith in a child's elasticity." A *no* won't kill him.

As for combating juvenile delinquency, Sam believes that his mother had the best method. "She raised us by ear," he says, and demonstrates by pulling his own ear. "She knew enough to drag us in off the streets by ten o'clock—away from the scene where crime breeds. And, in the daytime, either you went to school —or you went to work."

About this last point, Sam grows adamant. "Who said a kid, at sixteen, is too young to go to work but not too young to drive a car at eighty miles an hour?" Now Sam is not advocating sweatshop labor. He is advocating that: "Kids who get into trouble should be put to work." And what's wrong, he wants to know, with youngsters taking part-time jobs?

"Progressive education with its self-expression," says Sam, "teaches the child to be an individual, and then it asks him to adjust to the group. But you can't be an individual and also be like everyone else. Nowdays, kids don't have the courage to be different, and their parents are afraid—as though there's something wrong with them if their children aren't like all the other kids in the neighborhood.

"Well, my kid doesn't like baseball," Sam says, and he says it defiantly. "He wants to be a scientist. And I'm willing to back him up."

And so Conrad Levenson, an independent youngster, will go his own way—as each new generation must. And one day —after all his search for knowledge, and all the world's scientific progress—maybe he, too, will return to the eternal truths learned in his own home as a child. He couldn't find a better teacher than his father—nor a more honest man.

All times listed are Eastern Daylight Time. These are network programs. Local stations may substitute or re-schedule.

Inside Radio

NOTE: Presidential conventions will take precedence over all programs—August 13-17, Democratic; August 20-24, Republican.

Monday through Friday

Morning Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45		Local Program		
9:00 9:15 9:30		Robert Hurleigh Easy Does It Mutual Magazine	Breakfast Club	News Of America
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45		Cecil Brown Footnotes To Medical History Five-Star News 10:35 Johnny Olsen	My True Story When A Girl Marries Whispering Streets	Arthur Godfrey Time, with Peter Lind Hayes
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Mr. Peepers	News 11:05 Story Time Queen For A Day	Grand Central Station Jack Paar Show News 11:35 Your Happy Holiday	Arthur Godfrey (con.), with Peter Lind Hayes This Is Kathy Godfrey Howard Miller Show

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45		Noon News 12:10 Ed Ladd's Music Box	Valentino Frank Farrell	Wendy Warren & The News Backstage Wife Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45		News, Cedric Foster Music Luncheon With Lopez	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Aunt Jenny Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45		News, Sam Hayes 2:05 Mutual Matinee Military Bands	Martin Block	News, Bill Downs 2:05 Right To Happiness Second Mrs. Burton This Is Nora Drake Pepper Young's Family
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Doctor's Wife	News 3:05 Matinee With Bruce Elliot Bandstand, U.S.A.	Martin Block (con.)	Linkletter's House Party Sunshine Sue
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Woman In My House	News 4:05 Matinee With Dick Willard	Treasury Bandstand	
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Fred Waring Song Fest It's New 5:35 Today's Business Sportarama 5:55 George Gallup	Bob And Ray Les Paul & Mary Ford 5:50 Wismer, Sports 5:55 Cecil Brown		

Monday Evening Programs

6:00 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	6:30 News 6:35 Mel Allen	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter What's Your Opinion?	Ed Morgan, News Quincy Howe Mike Malloy, Private Eye 7:55 News	News Analysis, LeSeuer 7:05 Amos 'n' Andy 7:25 Dr. Baxter Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Henry Taylor Boston Pops Concert	True Detective Mysteries John Steele, Adventurer	American Music Hall 8:25 News Voice Of Firestone	Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Contrasts In Music	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Bob And Ray Behind The Iron Curtain Reporters' Roundup	News 9:05 American Music Hall 9:25 News Best Bands In The Land 9:55 News Personality	News, Collingwood 9:05 My Son, Jeep Johnny Dollar Capitol Cloakroom 9:55 News, Trout
10:00 10:15 10:30	Pauline Frederick 10:05 Chet Huntley Dance Band Parade Of Bands	Music From Studio X	Imagination, with Milton Cross 10:25 News Imagination (con.)	The World Tonight 10:05 Orchestra

Tuesday Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	News 6:35 Mel Allen	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Ed Morgan, News Quincy Howe Sherlock Holmes 7:55 News	News Analysis, LeSeuer 7:05 Amos 'n' Andy 7:25 Dr. Baxter Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30	X Minus One News 8:35 Biographies in Sound	Treasury Agent Squad Room	American Music Hall 8:25 News American Music Hall	Suspense
9:00 9:15 9:30	Biographies in In Sound Ted Heath, Music	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Bob And Ray Oateline Oefense Army Hour	American Music Hall 9:25 News Best Bands Of The Land	News, Herman 9:05 My Son, Jeep Johnny Dollar Campaign '56 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Pauline Frederick 10:05 Chet Huntley Dance Band Ken Nordine	Music From Studio X	Imagination, with Milton Cross 10:25 News Imagination (con.)	The World Tonight 10:05 Oance Music

Wednesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	News 6:35 Mel Allen	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter What's Your Opinion?	Ed Morgan News Quincy Howe Masters Of Mystery 7:55 News	News, LeSeuer 7:05 Amos 'n' Andy 7:25 Or. Baxter Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30	Truth Or Consequences Recollections At 30 8:55 News	Gang Busters Crime Files of Flamond	American Music Hall 8:25 News American Music Hall	FBI In Peace And War
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	You Bet Your Life —Groucho Marx Sound Flight	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Bob and Ray Airmen Of Note Family Theater	American Music Hall 9:25 News Best Bands Of The Land	News, Collingwood 9:05 My Son, Jeep Johnny Dollar Washington & The World 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Pauline Frederick 10:05 Chet Huntley This Is Moscow	Music From Studio X	Imagination, with Milton Cross 10:25 News Imagination (con.)	The World Tonight 10:05 Music

Thursday Evening Programs

6:00 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	News 6:35 Mel Allen	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Oinner Date Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Ed Morgan, News Quincy Howe Mystery Classic 7:55 News	News Analysis, LeSeuer 7:05 Amos 'n' Andy 7:25 Or. Baxter Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30	People Are Funny Conversation	Official Oetective Crime Fighter	American Music Hall 8:25 News American Music Hall	21st Precinct
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	News Stars In Action	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Bob And Ray State Of The Nation	American Music Hall 9:25 News Best Bands Of The Land	News, Herman 9:05 My Son, Jeep Johnny Dollar The Leading Question 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Pauline Frederick 10:05 Chet Huntley Carling Conservation Club Jane Pickens Show	Music From Studio X	Imagination, with Milton Cross 10:25 News Imagination (con.)	The World Tonight 10:05 Oance Music

Friday Evening Programs

6:00 6:3 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	News 6:35 Mel Allen	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Oinner Date Gabriel Heatter What's Your Opinion?	Ed Morgan, News Quincy Howe Police Blotter 7:55 News	News Analysis, LeSeuer 7:05 Amos 'n' Andy 7:25 Or. Baxter Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30	National Radio Fan Club	Counter-Spy City Editor	American Music Hall 8:25 News American Music Hall	CBS Radio Workshop
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	NBC Job Clinic 9:05 Radio Fan Club (con.)	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Bob and Ray American Travel Guide Oisc Date	American Music Hall 9:25 News Best Bands Of The Land	News, Collingwood 9:05 My Son, Jeep Johnny Dollar So They Say 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Cavalcade Of Sports 10:25 Sports Digest	Music From Studio X Virgil Pinkley Music	Imagination, with Milton Cross 10:25 News Imagination (con.)	The World Tonight 10:05 Oance Music

Inside Radio

Saturday

Morning Programs

	N8C	M8S	A8C	C8S
8:30 8:45		Local Program	8:55 News	News
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Monitor		No School Today	News Of America Farm News Garden Gate
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Monitor	News 10:35 Good News	No School Today (con.) All League Clubhouse	News, Jackson 10:05 Galen Orake Show
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Monitor	News 11:05 For Parents Only Musical Wheel Of Chance 11:55 Les Paul & Mary Ford	News 11:05 Chautauqua Student Symphony Platterbrains	News, Calmer 11:05 Robert Q. Lewis Show

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	National Farm & Home Hour Monitor	News 12:05 Magic of Music	News 12:05 World Tourist 101 Ranch Boys American Farmer	News, Jackson 12:05 Romance Gunsmoke 12:55 Weather Along The Highways
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Monitor	Fifth Army Band 1:25 Men's Corner	News 1:05 Navy Hour Shake The Maracas	News, Jackson 1:05 City Hospital Man About The House Adventures in Science
2:00 2:15 2:30	Monitor	Lucky Pierre	News 2:05 Festival—Ballet Sports 2:35 Ballet (con.)	News, Townsend 2:05 String Serenade
3:00 3:15 3:30	Monitor	Country Jamboree Sport Parade	News 3:05 Festival—Light Opera Sports 3:35 Opera (con.)	News, Bancroft 3:05 Richard Hayes Show Treasury Show
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Monitor	Standby Sports, with Harry Wismer	News 4:05 Chautauqua Symphony	News, Cochran 4:05 Treasury Show (con.) Larry Faith Orch.
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Monitor	Standby Sports with Harry Wismer (con.) 5:55 Cecil Brown	News 5:05 Pop Concert Dinner At The Green Room	News, Cochran Turf Events Make Way for Youth

*8/25 Saratoga Handicaps; 9/1 The Saratoga Hopeful

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Monitor	John T. Flynn The Mariners' Album Report From Washington Dinner Date	News 6:05 Pan-American Union Sports Kaleidoscope Bob Edge, Sports Afield	News 6:05 New Orleans Jazz Band Ball Saturday At The Chase
7:00 7:15 7:30	Monitor	Pop The Question Inspiration, Please	News 7:05 At Ease Unit 99	News 7:05 Juke Box Jury 7:55 Weather Along The Highways
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Monitor	Teen-Age Jamboree	News 8:05 Vincent Lopez This Week In Washington This Is Your Business	News. Jackson 8:05 Treasury Of Music Upbeat Saturday Night
9:00 9:15 9:30	Monitor Grand Ole Opry	Teen-Age Jamboree (con.)	News 9:05 National Juke Box Sports 9:35 Best Bands	Basin Street Jazz
10:00 10:15 10:30	Monitor	Renfro Valley Barn Dance	News 10:05 Lawrence Welk Army Show Sports 10:35 Rhythm On Parade	News 10:05 Saturday Night Country Style

Sunday

Morning Programs

	NBC	M8S	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Bible Study Hours	Oral Roberts	Light & Life Hour	Renfro Valley 8:55 Galen Drake
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	World News Roundup Monitor Voice Of Prophecy	Wings Of Healing Back To God	News 9:05 Great Composers It's Time Voice of Prophecy	World News Roundup The Music Room Church Of The Air
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	National Radio Pulpit Monitor	Radio Bible Class Voice Of Prophecy	News 10:05 Message Of Israel News 10:35 College Choir	News, Trout 10:05 E. Power Biggs Invitation To Learning
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Monitor 11:35 New World	Frank And Ernest Christian Science Monitor Northwestern Reviewing Stand	Sunday Melodies 11:05 Marines On Review News 11:35 Christian In Action	News 11:05 Washington Week Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Monitor The Eternal Light	As I See It News, Bill Cunningham Christian Science	News 12:35 Herald Of Truth	News, Robert Trout 12:05 The Fabulous Dorseys World Affairs Guy Lombardo Time 12:55 Weather Along The Highways
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Monitor Lutheran Hour	Les Paul & Mary Ford 1:05 News Merry Mailman Lutheran Hour	Dr. Wm. Ward Ayer News 1:35 Pilgrimage	Woolworth Hour-Percy Faith, Donald Woods
2:00 2:15 2:30	Monitor The Catholic Hour	Music From Britain	Dr. Oral Roberts Wings Of Healing	News 2:05 World Music Festivals*
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Monitor	Bandstand, U.S.A.	Dr. James McGinlay 3:25 News Billy Graham	Music Festival (con.) Music On A Sunday Afternoon
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Monitor	Bandstand, U.S.A.	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	News 4:05 Music On A Sunday Afternoon (con.)
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Monitor 5:05 World Theater	Bandstand, U.S.A. 5:55 Wismer, Baseball Scores	5:25 Van Voorhis, News Sports 5:35 High Moment	News 5:05 Indictment Fort Laramie

*8/12 Helsinki's Sibelius Festival; 8/19 Czech Philharmony of Prague; 8/26 Concertgebouw Orch. of Amsterdam; 9/2 & 9/9 Bach Festival, Ansbach, Germany

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Monitor	News Tomorrow's Headlines On The Line, Bob Considine Les Paul & Mary Ford 6:50 Sports, Wismer	Don Gardner, News Quincy Howe George Sokolsky	News 6:05 News Series Gunsmoke
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Monitor	By The People Pan-American Panorama	Bryson Rash Overseas Assignment Sports 7:35 Political Roundup	News Analysis 7:05 Mitch Miller Show 7:55 Weather Along The Highways
8:00 8:15 8:30	Monitor	Hawaii Calls	News 8:05 All Star Country Show Sports	News. George Herman 8:05 Meet Corliss Archer Two For The Money
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Monitor	Wm. Hillman, News Dick Joseph, World Traveler Manion Forum Keep Healthy	News 9:05 Country Show (con.) Sports	News 9:05 Summer In St. Louis Music From Steel Pier 9:55 Jim McKay
10:00 10:15 10:30	Billy Graham American Forum	Wings Of Healing Bonsoir Paris	News. E. O. Canham Travel Talk Revival Time	News 10:05 Face The Nation Church Of The Air

TVR

See Next Page→

TV program highlights

NETWORKS
- ❷ CBS flagship station
- ❹ NBC flagship station
- ❼ ABC flagship station

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN CHANNEL 8, AUGUST 7—SEPTEMBER 5

Baseball on TV

D—Doubleheader R—Road Game

DATE	TIME	CH.	GAME
AUGUST			
7, Tu.	7:55	9	Pgh. vs. Dodgers
	8:00	11	Phil. vs. Giants
8, Wed.	1:30	11	Phil. vs. Giants
9, Th.	1:30	11	Phil. vs. Giants
10, Fri.	7:55	9	Phil. vs. Dodgers
	8:15	11	Balt. vs. Yanks
11, Sat.	1:55	2,9	Phil. vs. Dodgers
	2:00	8,11	Balt. vs. Yanks
12, Sun.	1:55	9	Phil. vs. Dodgers
	2:00	8,11	Balt. vs. Yanks—*D*
14, Tu.	7:55	9	Giants vs. Dodgers
	8:15	11	Boston vs. Yanks
15, Wed.	2:00	11	Boston vs. Yanks
	7:55	9	Giants vs. Dodgers
16, Th.	2:00	11	Boston vs. Yanks
	7:55	9	Giants vs. Dodgers
17, Fri.	8:00	11	Pgh. vs. Giants
18, Sat.	2:00	8,11	Pgh. vs. Giants
	2:25	2	Det. vs. Chicago
	8:00	11	Yanks vs. Balt.—*R*
19, Sun.	2:00	11	Pgh. vs. Giants
21, Tu.	8:15	11	Clev. vs. Yanks
22, Wed.	2:00	11	Clev. vs. Yanks
	8:55	9	St. L. vs. Dodgers—*R*
23, Th.	2:00	11	Chi. vs. Yanks
	8:55	9	Mil. vs. Dodgers—*R*
24, Fri.	8:15	11	Chi. vs. Yanks
25, Sat.	2:00	2,8,11	Chi. vs. Yanks
26, Sun.	2:00	8,11	Det. vs. Yanks—*D*
27, Mon.	3:25	9	Mil. vs. Dodgers—*R*
28, Tu.	2:25	9	Chi. vs. Dodgers—*R*
29, Wed.	2:00	11	K.C. vs. Yanks
	2:25	9	Chi. vs. Dodgers—*R*
30, Th.	2:25	9	Chi. vs. Dodgers—*R*
31, Fri.	8:00	11	Dodgers vs. Giants
SEPTEMBER			
1, Sat.	2:00	2,8,11	Dodgers vs. Giants
	8:00	11	Wash. vs. Yanks—*R*
2, Sun.	2:00	8,11	Dodgers vs. Giants
3, Mon.	1:25	9	Pgh. vs. Dodgers—*D*
	1:30	11	Balt. vs. Yanks—*D*
5, Wed.	7:55	9	Pgh. vs. Dodgers
6, Th.	7:55	9	Giants vs. Dodgers
7, Fri.	7:55	9	Giants vs. Dodgers
	8:15	11	Wash. vs. Yanks

NOTE: Presidential Conventions will take precedence over all network programs: August 13-17, Democratic; August 20-24 Republican.

Monday through Friday

7:00 ❹ **Taday**—Awake & away with Garraway
8:30 ❺ **It's Fun Ta Reduce**—Figure cantral
9:00 ❷ ([8] **at 11) My Little Margie**—Loffs
❹ **Herb Sheldan**—& Ja McCarthy
10:00 ❷ **Of All Things**—Faye Emersan
10:30 ❹ **Godfrey Time**—Man. thru Thurs., Peter Lind Hayes emcees
❼ **Claire Mann**—Far wamen anly
11:00 ❹ **Hame**—Far the housewife
12:00 ❷ **Valiant Lady**—Flara Campbell stars
❹ **Feather Your Nest**—Bud Callyer
12:15 ❷ [8] **Love Of Life**—Stars Jean McBride
12:30 ❷ [8] **Search For Tamarrow**—Serial
❹ **It Cauld Be You**—Bill Leyden
12:45 ❷ [8] **Guiding Light**—Perennial favarite
1:00 ❷ **Charles Callingwaad**—News
1:10 ❷ **Stand Up And Be Caunted**—Russell
❹ **One Is For Sheldon**—Herb's hat
1:30 ❷ **As The World Turns**—Serial
2:00 ❷ **Jahnny Carsan Show**—Variety
❹ **Richard Willis**—Female renavating
2:30 ❷ [8] **Art Linkletter's Hause Party**
❹ **Tennessee Ernie**—Na. 1 pea-picker
3:00 ❷ **Big Payaff**—Randy Merriman quiz
❹ **Matinee Theater**—Haur teleplays
❼ [8] **Film Festival**—Excellent mavies
❾ **Ted Steele**—Happy-ga-lucky time
3:30 ❷ **Bab Crosby Show**—Let's swing, gates
4:00 ❷ **Brighter Day**—Daily serial
❹ **Queen Far A Day**—Rayal fun
4:15 ❷ **Secret Starm**—Peter Habbs stars
4:30 ❷ **Edge Of Night**—Jahn Larkin stars
5:00 ❺ **Virginia Graham**—Chit-chat far gals
7:15 ❼ **Jahn Daly**—Award-winning newsman
7:30 ❹ [8] **Songs**—Gardan MacRae, M.; Frankie Carle, Tu.; Snoaky Lansan, Th.; Jaye P. Margan, W., F.
❾ **Millian Dollar Mavie**—Aug. 6-12, "Shaw Business," Eddie Cantar; Aug. 13-19, "Teckman Mystery," Jahn Justin; Aug. 20-26, "Bady Snatcher," Bela Lugasi, Baris Karlaff; Aug 27-Sept. 2, "A Girl, A Guy and a Gab," Lucille Ball; Sept. 3-9, "Nacturne"
7:45 ❹ **Jahn Cameran Swayze**—News
10:00 ❾ **Millian Dallar Mavie**—See 7:30 p.m.
11:00 ❼ **Cecil Brawn**—News
11:10 ❼ **Night Shaw**—Feature films
11:15 ❷ **The Late Shaw**—Feature films
11:30 ❹ **Tonight**—Steve Allen, Wed., Th., Fri.

Monday P.M.

7:30 ❼ **Bald Jaurney**—True-Life adventures
⓫ **Suzie**—Private Secretary re-runs
8:00 ❷ **Burns & Allen**—Reruns far summer
❹ **Ernie Kavacs Shaw**—Except Aug. 20, **Praducers' Shawcase**
⓫ **Public Defender**—Reed Hadley stars
8:30 ❷ **Talent Scouts**—Bab Crasby emcees
❼ [8] **Vaice Of Firestane**—Cancerts
9:00 ❷ [8] **Charlie Farrell Shaw**—Camedy
❹ **Medic**—Last Aug. 20
❼ **Film Fair**—Aug. 13, "Bays In Brawn," Jack Warner; Aug. 20, "Here Came the Huggets," Jack Warner; Aug. 27, "Caravan," Stewart Granger; Sept. 3, "Third Time Lucky," Glynis Jahns
9:30 ❷ **The Vic Damane Shaw**—Songs
❹ **Robert Mantgomery Presents**
10:00 ❷ [8] **Westinghause Summer Theater**
10:30 ❹ **Daug Fairbanks Presents**—Stories

Tuesday

7:00 ❹ **Gildersleeve**—Willard Waterman
7:30 ❷ **Name That Tune**—Mu$ical Quiz
❺ **Waterfrant**—Pres Faster as Mike
8:00 ❷ **Phil Silvers Shaw**—Reruns
❹ **Dear Phoebe**—Reruns. Aug. 14 and and Sept. 4, **Chevy Show**—Musical revue
8:30 ❹ **This Is Shaw Business**—Witty
9:00 ❷ **Jae & Mabel**—Camedy
❹ **Sneak Preview**—Filmed dramas
❼ **GE Summer Originals**
9:30 ❷ **Undercurrent**—Meladramas
❹ **Kaiser Theater—Circle Theater**
10:00 ❷ [8] **$64,000 Questian**—Hal March
❼ **The Big Picture**—Army dacumentary
10:30 ❷ **Da Yau Trust Your Wife?**—Bergen
❹ **Big Tawn**—Mark Stevens stars
❼ **Wamen Want Ta Know**—Faysie

Wednesday

7:30 ❷ **Cartaan Theater**—Terrytaans
❼ [8] **Disneyland**—Fun & fantasy
8:00 ❷ **Frankie Laine Shaw**
❹ **Press Canference**—Martha Rauntree
⓫ **Man Behind The Badge**—Palice
8:30 ❼ [8] **The Amazing Dunninger**—Magic
9:00 ❹ **Kraft Theater**—Fine plays
❼ [8] **Screen Directars' Playhouse**
⓫ **The Man Called X**—Barry Sullivan
9:30 ❷ **I've Gat A Secret**—Bab Cummings
❼ [8] **Eddy Arnold Show**
10:00 ❷ **U. S. Steel Hour**—Alternotes with **20th Century-Fox Hour**
❹ **This Is Yaur Life**—Reruns
❼ [8] **Baxing**—Headline events

Thursday

8:00 ❹ **You Bet Your Life**—Groucho reruns
❺ **Liberace**—Valentino of piona
❼ **Haur Glass**—English films
8:30 ❷ **Climax**—Suspense dramas
❹ **Dragnet**—Summer reruns
9:00 ❹ **Peaple's Choice**—Camedy reruns
❺ **Prafessional Wrestling**—Dramatic
9:30 ❷ **Faur Star Playhouse**—Drama
❹ ([8] **at 10) Fard Theater**—Reruns
❼ **Greatest Sport Shaws**
10:00 ❷ **Arthur Murray Party**—Katie stars
❹ **Lux Video Theater**—Dramas
10:30 ❼ **Racket Squad**—Reed Hadley stars

Friday

7:30 ❺ **I Spy**—Raymand Mossey thriller
8:00 ❷ **Hollywood Summer Theater**
❺ **Sherlock Holmes**—Master detective
❼ [8] **Combat Sergeant**—Melodrama
8:30 ❷ **Our Miss Brooks**—Summer reruns
❼ **All Star Faatball Game**—Aug. 10 fram Chicaga
9:00 ❹ **Best In Mystery**—Whadunits
❼ **Treasure Hunt**—Jan Murray quiz
9:30 ❹ **Star Stage**—Teleplay reruns
10:00 ❷ **Undercurrent**—Meladramas
❹ **Boxing**—With Jimmy, the Pawerhause
❼ **It's Polka Time**—Live & lively

Saturday

5:00 ❷ **Turf Events**—Aug. 25, $50,000 Saratoga Handicap; Sept. 1, $30,000 Hapeful, Saratага.
6:00 ❷ **Telephone Time**—Jahn Nesbitt
6:15 ❹ **Patti Page**—On film
7:30 ❷ **Beat The Clock**—Bud Collyer
❹ **Down You Go**—Dr. Evans
8:00 ❷ [8] **The Haneymaaners**—Reruns
❹ **Tany Bennett Shaw**—Variety
8:30 ❷ [8] **Stage Shaw**—Darseys & guests
9:00 ❷ **Two For The Money**—Sam Levensan
❹ **People Are Funny**—Linkletter
❼ [8] **Lawrence Welk**—Family favorite
9:30 ❷ **Russ Morgan Shaw**—Musicol show
❹ **Fard Theater**—Reruns
10:00 ❷ **Gunsmoke**—Western
❼ [8] **Masquerade Party**—Latsa fun
10:30 ❷ **High Finance**—Dennis James quiz
❹ **Adventure Theater**—Paul Douglas

Sunday

5:00 ❼ **Gaing Places**—Musical fram Flo.
7:30 ❷ [8] **Private Secretary—Jack Benny**
❹ **Frontier**—Reruns
❼ **Film Festival**—Aug. 12, "Clauded Yellaw," Jean Simmans; Aug. 19, "Ivory Hunter," Anthany Steele; Aug 26, "In Which We Serve," Nael Caward; Sept. 2, "Natarians Gentleman," Rex Harrisan
8:00 ❷ [8] **Ed Sullivan Shaw**—Extravaganza
❹ **Steve Allen Show**—Variety, except Aug. 12, **Spectacular,** "Oh, Susannah."
9:00 ❷ **G-E Theater**—Reruns
❹ **TV Playhause**—Live haur teleplays
❼ [8] **Original Amateur Haur**
10:00 ❷ **$64,000 Challenge**—Sanny Fox
❹ **Man Against Crime**—Frank Lavejoy
Laretta Yaung Show—returns Aug. 26
❼ **Facus**—Dramatic dacumentaries
10:30 ❷ [8] **What's My Line?**—Jab game

What's New from COAST to COAST

(*Continued from page 17*)

Alabamans answered the public-service call to a WSGN-Marine Reserve Platoon. Above, deejay Duke Rumore talks to recruits Bob Morris and Jim Regan.

. . . My apologies for my slip of the typewriter when I said **Buff Cobb's** uncle was the late **Irvin S. Cobb.** Actually the famous writer was Buff's grandfather, as many of you were quick to write and tell me. And congratulations on such sharp readership!

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Win Elliot, who used to do the *County Fair* show, and was also the announcer on several other programs? Win has been devoting most of his time to doing TV commercials lately, and you'll see him every now and then "selling the product."

Peggy McCay, who played "Vanessa Raven" on *Love Of Life*? Peggy left the show several months ago, at her own request, in order to accept various dramatic roles she couldn't do while committed to the *Love Of Life* program. She has done several leads on TV drama programs, and also appeared recently in "Uncle Vanya," an off-Broadway stage production. Peggy is at present up for the lead in "Maiden Voyage," a new play set to open in New York this fall.

Jim Kirkwood, who plays the son on *Valiant Lady*? Jimmy is not being dropped from the cast of the program, but his role has been "written in and out" of the script this summer because of his straw-hat circuit tour with **Tallulah Bankhead** in her new show, "Welcome, Darlings."

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

Sonny Fox Meets The $64,000 Challenge

(*Continued from page 45*)

nickname. His real name is Irwin Fox. His mother began to call him Sonny when he was a toddler, and every one else chorused in.

Through school, Sonny participated a little in dramatic clubs, but he never thought seriously of show business. His ambition, even in his teens, was to follow in his father's footsteps. He recalls a high-school essay in which he hoped for a future where he would work in textiles, earn up to ten thousand dollars a year and be a pillar in community activities. That was Sonny, the solid citizen. There was also Sonny, the ham.

"I had a tendency toward self-dramatization in my lower teens," he grins. "One thing, I used to scare my sisters by pretending suicide. I think I got the idea out of a movie. But my mother had such a sense of humor that she always spoiled my scenes. I remember one day I turned the gas on in the kitchen. She came in running, but, instead of bawling me out and making a scene—which I would have loved—she said, 'Sonny, if this explodes, it'll make a terrible noise.'

"And there was the day my sisters were teasing me. That time, I went to the bedroom and sat on the window-sill with my feet hanging out, and threatened to jump. My sisters began screaming, but Mother came into the room and said, 'Sonny, you're only one storey up and, if you jump, you'll just break an arm or leg and have to go to a hospital. That's expensive and there are many better ways of spending money."

Sonny continues, "Mother is a beautiful, remarkable woman, over and above the sense of humor."

Sonny had planned to study textiles at the University of North Carolina, but he was graduated from high school in the middle of the school year. While he was waiting for the fall semester, he enrolled at New York University in radio. He liked that semester so much, he decided to continue. But, halfway through N.Y.U. he was drafted into World War II. In the infantry, he got several battle stars and a Purple Heart. He was a prisoner of war.

Sonny was a P.O.W. for three months and went down from one-hundred-seventy pounds to a hundred and five. The only meal of the day was a piece of bread and cup of soup. It was mid-winter and his feet literally froze. There was nothing to do and so, to pass time, anyone who could talk about anything gave lectures. And they organized quiz games. That was Sonny's only experience as a quizmaster before *The $64,000 Challenge.* In 1946, after two and a half years in service, he returned to N.Y.U.

"After graduation," he says, "I got a job with Allen Funt's crew on *Candid Camera.* On that job, I lost the tape of one of our best stunts. Allen blew his top —with good reason—but he didn't fire me. Later, I worked for Arch Obelor in California, then came back to New York again, to write for Herb Sheldon. I wrote comedy for five shows a week. After six weeks, I was so morose I had to quit. Then I went back to Funt for a while, and finally got set with the Voice of America in April of 1951."

The previous fall, he had met Gloria at a restaurant in Greenwich Village. She was dating a friend of his. It was Halloween, but everyone was wearing their God-given faces. And, when Sonny saw Gloria's, he went *boing.* But Gloria didn't take an immediate liking to Sonny. The Fox looked like a wolf to her. However, he wasn't, and he didn't attempt to get a date, for he respected his friend's prior rights. In spring of 1952, he heard that his friend was no longer dating Gloria and decided to make his bid.

"I was still working for the Voice and Gloria was at Republican Headquarters in Manhattan. I called her boss, whom I knew, and suggested that I do a series on 'Young People in Politics,' to be beamed overseas. We made a luncheon date and, when I went over to meet him, I 'ran into' Gloria and invited her along. After luncheon, I made my first date."

Only one program was done on the subject of "Young Politicians," but Sonny did make a project out of Gloria. She says that never before had she so much fun on dates: "He always had something unusual planned, and it was always exciting. One evening we would go sight-seeing and he had the entire route planned. The next date might be dinner in a fashionable restaurant. He would always say, 'This is what I've got planned for the evening. Does it appeal to you?' It always did."

It was the year of the Presidential campaign. Sonny was for Adlai. Gloria was for Ike. "We had an agreement about no campaign buttons when we went out," he recalls, "but we argued constantly. If Eisenhower or Stevenson had made a speech the night before, we'd yak it over until we got to the party or theater. We'd have a truce during the party, then argue all the way home. I think that's why I went to Korea in November. Just to save our romance."

He went to Korea on a Voice of America assignment. Before he left, he and Gloria had a serious discussion. He was to be gone six months and it was decided that, if both felt the same when he got back, they would marry—regardless of who was President. He couldn't wait six months. On New Year's Eve, he phoned from Tokyo and proposed. They were married on May 1, 1953. Their marriage license is in Japanese. The civil ceremony and license cost them thirty yen, or nine cents.

After a year, Sonny resigned. Back in the States, he auditioned for a television job at Station KETC in St. Louis. He was hired as *The Finder,* which was both the title and the title role of a children's show.

"Of course," he chuckles, "Gloria thought it was pretty funny that I, the loser, should be called, 'The Finder.' But it was a lot of fun. I drove all over Missouri in a Corvette, finding things and people that interest children."

KETC is one of sixteen educational television stations in the country. They are non-commercial and are supported by the public. Some of their shows create as much excitement as commercial programs. Sonny's show was a tremendous success. Usually, he didn't have a studio audience, but one of his telecasts was made from a cave eighty miles out of the city. He invited anyone who wanted to join in the expedition. Five thousand children showed up, escorted by teachers and parents. When CBS wooed Sonny, eleven months after he started with KETC, the children of St. Louis came down to the studio en masse to picket against his departure.

Sonny's present children's show, the highly acclaimed *Let's Take A Trip,* is seen over seventy-seven CBS-TV stations. Each Sunday a trip is made to an institution or industry. Sonny, with his TV friends, Pud and Ginger, has been in a police station,

a submarine, airport, bank, aircraft plant and many other places.

Sonny has always been good with youngsters. He's fond of them. He was a volunteer baby-sitter for his sisters' children. Now, on occasion, he takes over his own baby for a day, if Gloria goes out. The baby, born September 30, 1955, is named Christopher and also has a room overlooking the Hudson.

Their apartment is the result of the combined efforts of husband and wife. "Sonny is very much interested in the home," Gloria says. "I can talk to him about color schemes or a china pattern. He doesn't say 'Yes, yes,' just to shut you up. He listens and comments."

He has also contributed a bit of manual labor. Out of six-foot, eight-inch doors, Sonny has fashioned dining and coffee tables. The dining table is mahogany. The coffee table has been surfaced with black and white vinyl squares.

The living room is predominantly red, black and white. There are a couple of sling chairs, one in red and the other in black; a hi-fi cabinet Sonny finished in black; draperies and cushions are in red. White has been used decoratively to frame pictures. There is a strong Oriental cast to the room, for many of the most beautiful things—a doll encased in glass, an Ivory chess set, prints, scrolls—are Japanese. "We are very interested in art," Sonny says. "Someday, we'd like to be collectors. We always have an original canvas hanging in the room, rented from the Museum of Modern Art."

The baby's bedroom has a large, cheerful mural on one wall and a huge Pogo drawing on the other. Gloria keeps a double-bed here for guests and, when friends sleep in, she rolls the baby crib into the master bedroom. The master bedroom is blue and white, with accents of red.

"We keep our television set in the bedroom," Sonny notes. "That leaves the living room free for reading or working. Or, if we have friends in and one of them has to see a particular program, he can go back to the bedroom and watch without disturbing others. It works out fine for us."

Sonny is busiest on weekends. Saturday is rehearsal day and Sunday is telecasting day for both programs. His "weekend" starts on Monday. "Monday is recovery day. Tuesday, Gloria and I get out together. Just the two of us."

Then, they have a nurse in to take care of Christopher. They catch a subway and they may get off at Central Park, walk across the park to the Metropolitan Museum, spend a couple of hours there and then go to Macy's to do some shopping. Sonny likes to shop for Gloria. He likes her in high styles. He is so interested in what she wears that often, before she buys a dress, she will have it sent out for his approval.

Of more interest to Gloria than clothes are flower shows and plant stores. "We have drawers full of flower seeds," Sonny says. "We'd like to have a house in the country, so that Gloria can get back to the soil."

Gloria is in no rush. They have been married only three years. They have swirled around the world and there has hardly been a quiet moment. "And maybe it's because we've been married a short time," she observed, "but we've yet to have an argument. Sonny is really easy to get along with, but never dull. Living with Sonny has been as exciting as riding the tail of a comet."

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A Woman Is Many People

(*Continued from page 53*)

and carried a live turkey up the steps of City Hall in New York. . . . Yet, when Orson Welles first went to Hollywood and needed a "real lady" to play his wife in "Citizen Kane," he sent for this same Ruth Warrick — the ex-Jubilesta queen. . . . and when the producers needed someone who wasn't a "lady," but down-to-earth enough to play "the other woman" in *As The World Turns*, the new CBS-TV daytime drama—they, too, sent for Ruth Warrick.

But you've driven along the Hudson River as far as Sing Sing Prison . . . time to turn off the road for Ruth's place. There it is—the Gate House, as charming a retreat as you've ever seen, complete with grounds and flowers, grass and trees, and a dog who jumps all over you. There's even a view of the Hudson flowing self-consciously by. And then . . . out comes a woman so beautiful that you wonder what's wrong with television. Why don't they catch the delicate coloring, the soft red hair, the womanly radiance of her?

"And how do you do, Miss Jubilesta?" you gulp.

As she introduces you to the family, however, her grace as a hostess comes into play. This, you recognize, is the "real lady" of "Citizen Kane." Her husband, Bob McNamara, seems like the happiest Irishman you've ever met. Then you shake hands with Jon, her thirteen-year-old son. You try not to frighten Timothy, the baby.

"Such a cutie pie!" Ruth cries, referring to the baby. Then, noticing the cap on her fourteen-year-old daughter's head, she explains: "Karen's been wearing her hair under a sailor's cap ever since she saw Mary Martin in 'South Pacific.'"

It's such a happy family scene, you suspect the *real* Ruth Warrick will turn out to be Mrs. Bob McNamara—in her favorite role as wife-and-mother. But then she ushers you into a huge studio living room, filled with antiques and fine old furniture . . . and, sitting before a ten-foot fireplace for a private chat, you're in for the surprise of your life. For of all things, Ruth Warrick turns out to be a philosopher. She's a real student—of life, as well as books—and much too intelligent, much too busy, to have time for off-stage pretense. She's a wife, a mother, an actress, but she's also a thinking human being. The real Ruth Warrick is like geometry: *The whole is equal to the sum of all its parts.*

When she speaks of her acting, she refers to it as "communication." And she is much more concerned about communication in life than she is about communication on the stage. "The greatest thing in human existence is communication," Ruth claims, "and all *un*happiness is the *in*ability to communicate."

She isn't referring to the means of communication. We may have the telephone, the cable, the singing telegram and the loud speaker, but there must still be someone to send the message—and someone else to receive it. All our technological progress cannot substitute for the art, the skill, "the feel," it takes to really project to another human being—or to really hear with your heart what someone else is trying to say to you.

Ruth was born in St. Joseph, Missouri, the daughter of Frederick Roswell Warrick, Jr., and Annie Laurie Scott. Ruth laughs, "You think that's something? Wait till you hear my aunt's name. Now hold your hat!" And then she tells you: Bonnie. "I was a big girl," Ruth recalls, "before I knew there might be anything strange about their names."

If their names were Scotch, so was their character, and Ruth speaks proudly of her Scotch ancestry: "Some of their opinions may seem narrow-minded today. But, in their actions, they always came through with honor and integrity. They had courage, the unostentatious kind. And, though it made them seem a bit reserved at times, they had humility and pride—both in the same breath." It was because of them, Ruth admits, that "every time I found myself in a spot, ready to throw in the cards, I'd think of them—and then I couldn't."

A good inheritance for an actress . . . except, of course, that the Scott sisters would never approve of any "well-brought-up lady" being an actress. "They were a little on the Southern side," Ruth says, "my mother especially. It was all right to sing, however. That was a lady-like art." Mrs. Warrick was quite a singer herself. In fact, she had once been asked to sing on the famed Chautauqua Circuit. "Naturally, she turned it down. It was something ladies just didn't do—on the stage. . . . Even today when she learned that her granddaughter loved music, she said: 'How nice for Karen to have music for a hobby.' *Hobby?*" Ruth repeats. "It's my daughter's whole life!"

In Ruth's own case, the "hobby" started at five, when her father took her to see "Blossom Time." It was love at first sight. She knew then she had to be either a great actress or a great singer. It didn't matter which, just so she could stand up there on the stage—and it wasn't till later that she learned the verb she wanted.

The verb she wanted was "communicate." It meant to share with thousands of people, in a hushed auditorium, the feelings you could no longer contain within you. Hushed auditoriums, however, are not always available to young girls in St. Joseph, Missouri. But Ruth had to express herself . . . so, until the day she could get to New York, she decided she would be a great writer. She majored in English, won prizes for a number of essays and short stories, and directed several theatrical sketches at school.

One of these sketches was about Greta Garbo, and Ruth had written it herself. She had chosen as her idol a supreme artist of communication . . . and, naturally there was no girl in Ruth's school who could impersonate the great star to the director's satisfaction. It ended up with Ruth having to play Garbo herself.

That did it! Communicating with a sheet of blank white paper in the typewriter was nothing compared to communicating with a live audience. In spite of her mother's objections, she knew she just *had* to go on the stage. "My father was all for it," Ruth recalls. "He loved the theater. Every time he went to New York on business, he used to send me the music from the latest shows, and clippings about my favorite stars."

Although she was determined to go on the stage, she still hadn't made up her mind whether to be a singer or an actress. "Today," Ruth explains, "they expect you to be both. In those days, however, you had to be one or the other."

During her senior year in high school, the family moved to Kansas City, where Ruth became active with the Center Theater, a local repertory group. The following year, at the University of Kansas City, she played leads in a number of school productions. She also continued with her singing. She appeared in college productions of Gilbert and Sullivan, as well as on the local radio station.

Then, one day, she just made up her mind. She decided to be an actress rather than a singer. "I knew my voice wasn't great enough," Ruth admits. Besides, she had discovered an exciting new way to make her acting more expressive—more communicative.

Today, thanks to the popularity of such Actors' Studio graduates as Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift, and Eva Marie Saint, there is a lot of talk about "The Method." (The actor prepares for his role, not only by studying the script, but by figuring out the character's life before the curtain goes up. Then, when he is on stage, he can *be* that person, living the part, rather than acting it. Students at the Actors' Studio are asked to do exercises: Eva Marie Saint had to *be* a weeping willow tree. Marlon Brando had to *live* the part of a wax statue melting in the sun.)

But, long before Elia Kazan and Lee Strasberg had popularized "The Method," Ruth had devised one of her own. "The important thing about acting," she says, "isn't so much knowing how to read a line as knowing who the character is. That's why I started using what I knew as a writer to help my performances on the stage. I would write out the complete story of the character I was to play . . . background, history, habits—everything."

Reminded that this is like "The Method," she says: "I worked it out all by myself. Besides," she laughs, "I agree with Orson Welles. He never said you had to make like a tea kettle in order to make like a person." But she might never have met Orson Welles . . . if Fate hadn't taken a hand in her affairs. Kansas City decided to have a "Jubilesta"—a fall festival to attract visitors to its city.

"A man I had worked with at the Center Theater," Ruth recalls, "happened to be directing the Jubilesta. He called me up and asked me to come down. He thought I could be Miss Jubilesta. I said no. I could just see my family if I ever tried out to be a beauty queen. 'But it's not that,' my friend insisted. It's not a gag. It's a job. Thirty-five dollars a week, and all the clothes you can wear."

Ruth was chosen Miss Jubilesta, and toured the Midwest, inviting people to the Jubilesta and recording interviews which were later broadcast on the radio station in Kansas City. But she ended up where she wanted to be—in New York City . . . with "all the clothes she could wear," a return-trip ticket she was determined not to use, and thirty-five dollars she had saved from her job. The train ticket was part of her prize as Miss Jubilesta. It was also the one thing which made her family change their attitude about acting. They couldn't very well stop her from going to New York when she had a ticket.

Ruth's one regret was leaving the University of Kansas City . . . but the president, a friend of the family, told her: "Ruth, if you were like the majority of my students, I would hesitate and try to dissuade you from leaving. I have a feeling, however, that you are one of those persons who won't stop their education just because they're leaving school." She hasn't. To this day, she confesses to "running a temperature just walking through the door of a library. I am transported, any time I find a new subject—a new field to explore." And Ruth, with her goal of

being a well-rounded person, has explored most of them.

But, before she was finished with her job for Kansas City, she had one last assignment as Miss Jubilesta. She had to walk up the steps of New York's City Hall carrying "a live and kicking thirty-five-pound turkey" and present it to Mayor La Guardia. "It was the hardest job I ever did," says Ruth.

In retrospect, however, it seemed easy compared with the job of breaking into radio. "You just stand in the halls," she recalls, "and you wait. It's the test of fire. You hear the statistics. They tell you you haven't a chance. It only makes you more determined. It isn't because you think you're better than the others, it's because you're *you*. And so, you keep standing in the halls." (This was one of the times when Ruth was tempted to "throw in the cards." But Scotch determination kept her from returning home.)

"And then, one day," Ruth continues, "someone gives you two lines to do—maybe because he thinks you're attractive. You do the two lines. You don't goof. And it goes from there. You become a member of the union. And you find that, once someone uses you, you've passed the test. They all start using you."

Ruth appeared in network radio on *Joyce Jordan* and *Grand Central Station*, then moved on to *Aunt Jenny* for her first real success. She acted in a Broadway play that ran two nights. . . . and now the scene changes to Hollywood, where Orson Welles—in most ungentlemanly fashion—kept insisting he couldn't find any "real ladies." ("That's where my mother comes in," Ruth says, thanking her for the training.) Ruth was sent for, and went to Hollywood to test for the role of the wife in "Citizen Kane."

"It was a wonderful break," she recalls, "and I was terribly nervous. But you should have seen Orson! He had been on the lot two years without making a single picture. This was his first day of shooting, so all the big brass came down to watch on the sidelines. I was trying so hard to keep him from being nervous that I forgot about myself and settled down." As it turned out, she settled down with the coveted role and a seven-year contract at RKO. During the next ten years, she appeared in more than thirty motion pictures.

In 1952, Ruth returned to New York to do a play, but it closed in Philadelphia. Then she turned to live television, which excited her. She finds it much closer to the stage than to motion pictures. And as for communication—television is the greatest opportunity in the history of the world!

She starred in *Robert Montgomery Presents, Studio One, Lux Theater*. And then she took over the role of Janet in the popular daytime drama, *The Guiding Light*. She had had recognition as a motion-picture star, but never anything like this! When she left the show, strangers stopped her in the street to scold her: What did she mean, leaving *The Guiding Light*?

All she meant was . . . she was having a baby. For a woman, it is the ultimate communication with life. She never meant to return to acting again. . . .

Ruth can tell you exactly how she met Bob McNamara, a television executive: "A girl friend of mine, whose husband works in the same company as Bob, used to use him as a bachelor to 'fill in' at her dinner parties." Ruth pauses, and you gather that she was asked to one of those dinner parties. "She was quite chagrined when I took him off her list."

She must also have been surprised, for no two persons could be more unalike. Ruth has a strong sense of duty, so that her Scotch conscience must be a battleground of conflicting loyalties—to husband, to children, to self, to career. Bob, on the other hand, prides himself on being "the real ham in the family." He is also one of the few living soft-shoe artists left, and likes to demonstrate this at parties. In fact, he likes nothing better than a party, and the McNamara's throw one frequently. (Particularly on St. Patrick's Day. That's the big night at Bob's house, not New Year's Eve.)

A friend, thinking of Dale Carnegie's popular book, once suggested that there ought to be a special book for Bob called "How To Stop Living and Start Worrying." But the nurse who came from the hospital with Ruth, to help with the baby, paid Bob a much kinder tribute. All the time that she lived in the house, it never occurred to her that Karen and Jon—the two older children—are not Bob McNamara's own. She never knew that they were Ruth's children by her former marriage to Eric Rolf.

Ruth herself finds—and she passes it along to other girls: "A man who can laugh and have fun makes a much better husband than the serious type. He doesn't look for his lighter moments elsewhere. He has his fun right at home."

And they do have fun. The most prominent spot in the living room is taken up by a set of drums, for Bob has organized McNamara's Band—which is ready to play your favorite request number at any time of night or day, even if you don't request it. Bob plays the drums, Karen the clarinet, Jon the trombone, and Ruth a bad but "enthusiastic" piano. There's trouble brewing, though. Baby Tim not only inherits his father's "ham"—he wants to take over the playing of the drums.

He was fifteen months old when Ruth received the offer to play the role of Edith Hughes in *As The World Turns*. It seems so simple. The baby was old enough to spare her a few times a week. And yet, Ruth admits, she went through agonies of indecision before she finally took the role: "I make myself suffer. No one else fights me. I keep asking myself: 'Do I have a right to be an actress?' And then I get sick. It was the doctor who advised me to go back to work. 'You're no good to your family this way,' he pointed out." And Bob, who's quite a communicator in his own right, simply said to her: "Hey, why don't you relax?"

But she had never relaxed in her life. Here she was, still a young woman, and she wasn't doing anything with her life. She remembered her grandfather—on the Scotch side. He went bankrupt at sixty-three, but he started up again. What's more, he ran a successful business until he was eighty-three.

That was when Ruth got out of bed, grabbed the phone, and said: "I'll take the part." She realized, "I'm no good as a mother, unless I'm a whole person."

For those who must communicate, there's no stopping place. For those who are blessed with searching minds and feeling hearts, life is always a continual striving rather than a permanent achievement. That's Ruth Warrick McNamara's strength! She has not settled for being any *one* of her parts but for being *all* of them. Today, she is truly a complete person.

What's more, if you want to know what "communication" really means, watch her on *As The World Turns*. Story-wise, she must know that Edith Hughes is neither heroine nor saint. But Ruth doesn't play her as a villainess, either. Ruth plays her like a human being . . . a complete human being.

"Push Button Magic"

(*Continued from page* 54)

around his now-broad shoulders, Myron once again stood on stage in front of family and old friends there to celebrate the hero's homecoming. A great deal had transpired in the twenty-five years: Webster had built a new 3,500-seat auditorium (now packed); the flaxen-haired eleven-year-old had grown up to become one of the nation's leading accordionists; and he was being signally honored by Webster's City Council, who had declared this "*Myron Floren Day.*" At the end of his concert, looking into the sea of smiling faces and rocked by the waves of cheering applause, Myron realized that perseverance really does pay off.

Perseverance has been the key to Myron's own success, ever since his interest in music developed on his parents' farm more than thirty years ago. At five, he cut pictures of various musical instruments out of the mail-order catalogues, a pastime which was frustrating to his parents but which sparked a musical interest that has only grown through the years. "Today," says his lovely wife Berdyne, "music is as much a part of his life as breathing. It's never out of his mind. At the dinner table, he hums and whistles original phrases. He eats with his accordion beside him and, during a meal, he will pick out a new melody.

"When Myron has the time to read, he always turns to the music section first. But he seldom has such leisure time. Myron is working on a new 'accordion method' to be published by Music Publishers of New York in four volumes. So his summer, all his free time, is taken up by that. And there's always the practicing! Just because Myron has 'arrived,' so to speak, he hasn't given up constant practice. Not for a moment—in fact, he feels more obligated to the accordion now than ever before. Meanwhile, of course, he plays five hours a night at the Aragon Ballroom, and frequently three and four hours more in recording sessions!

"He is happiest when he is playing for people," Berdyne smiles. "Myron has always felt that the reason for music's existence was to make people happy. He *lives* this belief by being so generous with his time and talent. I've seen him come in dead tired from a recording session—after playing the night before until 2 A. M.—only to turn around again and go out on a benefit."

Myron's special interest in accordions developed as a result of the local square dancing parties held in his home town. "One of our neighbors," says Myron, "played an old-fashioned accordion. As a six-year-old, I was amazed that he could get such wonderful music from a lopsided box by pushing buttons." The neighbor showed Myron how the magic box worked, inviting him to play a waltz. Myron picked up the instrument, pushed the buttons the neighbor pointed out, and was amazed to find the audience dancing to his music! At that moment, six-year-old Myron knew that someday he would be an accordionist, too.

"Every day of the next week," Myron recalls, "I waited for the mailman to bring the Sears Roebuck catalogue so I could peek at a picture of the newest accordion. When the catalogue finally came, I showed the picture to my dad, saying, 'Look! It only costs $19.06!'"

Myron's parents had a diversified farm, raising wheat, barley and oats, so that they never depended on any one main crop. As a result of this diversification, there were plenty of chores for Myron, the eldest of three boys and four girls. He worked in the fields year 'round, milked cows, cleaned barns, mowed and stacked hay.

"After that square dance," Myron says with a smile, "I pestered my dad for months for an accordion of my own. Dad promised he'd buy it for me if I put in a little extra work around the farm. I cleaned the barn three times that same afternoon before he realized what was going on."

In defense of the barn, Myron's father finally bought the accordion, paying ten percent down and fifty cents a week. From the day the 1927-model Hohner accordion arrived from Sears, it was Myron's constant companion. "There never was any problem getting me to practice," he says. "The problem was to get me to stop practicing long enough to do something else. If company came, I'd say my hellos—then sneak off to the bedroom to practice. When the family were all in bed, I sometimes sat up until 2 A.M., playing on a silent keyboard."

Myron never took a lesson on the accordion. He had ten piano lessons in high school, but that was the extent of his formal training. Instead, he depended on constant practice to make up for his lack of formal musical education, and played whenever opportunity presented itself. In the mornings at school, he went from room to room, playing "Good Morning, Dear Teacher." Afternoons and evenings, he played for school dances (square dances and polkas). Weekends were spent at church socials and in holiday season, Myron led the Christmas carols.

The first Hohner accordion Myron's father bought for him lasted until he was a junior in high school. (On a recent personal appearance tour with the Welk band through South Dakota, Myron asked all of his old friends if they knew what became of the instrument. The young man he gave it to had in turn sold it to someone else. About a month ago, Myron received the accordion by mail with a note offering to exchange it for some of his 45 RPM records. Myron sent a score of records post haste.)

Myron made great music with that old Hohner, but eventually he had his heart set on a new piano-accordion. The problem was that they were so expensive. Then his father was elected Treasurer of Day County, and he could finally afford the new instrument. However, Cook's Music Store in Webster didn't carry the piano-accordion. It had to be ordered specially. After the election, Myron's family moved into Webster but he stayed on at the school dormitory in Rosslyn. One day, in the middle of winter, Mr. Cook sent a note advising Myron that the new model had arrived. Myron was so excited he walked fifteen miles through the snow to pick it up.

After starting Augustana College in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, Myron—with new piano-accordion in hand—approached Morton Henkin, manager of radio station KSSO, for a job. "I just walked in and played for the first man I saw behind a desk," says Myron blandly, "and told him I'd like to go on the radio." At that time, there were no live shows on the station. But Mr. Henkin liked Myron's playing, and offered him the station's morning-opening spot at forty dollars a month.

Myron's first show was called *Nickel Harness Time,* and it went on at 6:45 A. M. He played requests—mostly polkas and waltzes—and made dedications. In describing that first show, Myron says, "I got up before 6 A. M. in order to catch the first bus from the college into town. To warm up, I played the bus driver's requests on our way in."

About this time, Myron began teaching the accordion at Williams' Piano Store in Sioux Falls. Mr. Williams had hired a number of salesmen who went door-to-door, selling accordions. Buyers received ten lessons free. Fourteen-year-old Berdyne Koerner was the only girl in a class of two dozen boys. Says Berdyne (now Mrs. Myron Floren), "The first day I saw Myron, I was attracted by his gentleness. Besides that, he was very nice looking, with dark blond hair and deep blue eyes. But he was painfully shy."

Berdyne took lessons for two years. But it wasn't until after this series of lessons that she and Myron began to date. "I thought Myron was wonderful," she says now, with a smile, "and I tried to let my thoughts be known to him. Though he was wonderfully patient with his lessons, for two years, I never got a reaction out of him. At first, I thought he didn't notice me. Then I realized it was just shyness.

"Later, when we were with Mr. Welk in Denver, Colorado, Mr. Welk told me that Myron's shy way was good for him. 'We played for a ladies' group at Elitch's Gardens this afternoon,' he said, 'and the shyness came out of Myron's eyes like the music out of his accordion—the ladies just loved him for it!'

"My parents thought Myron was wonderful—though, when we first started dating, I frequently still went out with other young men in town. After meeting Myron, my father tried to discourage these other boys. He considered Myron far and away better than any of the others who came around, and couldn't understand how I could be so foolish. 'You'll see,' I told Father, 'there is method in my madness.' It wasn't long before a wee bit of jealousy overcame Myron's shyness—and he popped the question."

Berdyne was eighteen and Myron twenty-three when they became engaged. They made the announcement in 1944, during the period when all headlines were proclaiming the imminent downfall of England because of Germany's buzz-bomb attacks. Myron, having suffered with rheumatic fever as a child, had been eager to enlist at the beginning of the war, but had been declared 4F because of the resulting rheumatic heart murmur.

However, in spite of the heart murmur, the continued bad news from the front made Myron more determined than ever to serve in some capacity. In 1944, he was finally assigned to Special Services and was sent overseas to perform in camp shows. He was in London for a week during the heaviest buzz-bomb period. Just a week after D-Day, he followed the invasion troops into France, where he joined the Hank Ladd Show touring and entertaining along the front lines.

While Myron was in Europe, he and Berdyne wrote each other every day. In July, 1945, when the war ended in Europe, he returned home. And, on August 19, Myron and Berdyne were married in Sioux' First Lutheran Church. Berdyne says proudly, "There were four hundred guests." Myron adds, "But I was so excited I can't remember one!

"After the reception," he continues, "Berdyne and I left on our honeymoon for Greenlake, Minnesota. In the car, Berdyne kept reminding me to just act natural. She kept saying, 'Remember, when we register at the hotel, please don't act like we are newlyweds. I know they will rib us something awful!'

"We couldn't drive too fast on the

smooth old war tires. So, by the time we got to Pipestone, Minnesota—our first stop—I was just bursting with the news. As I signed our names, the first thing I said to the hotel clerk was: 'We've just gotten married!'"

After a two-week honeymoon, Berdyne and Myron returned to Sioux Falls, where the bride worked in Jean's Ready-To-Wear Store and the bridegroom went back to six shows a day at Station KSSO. "We lived in a three-room apartment," says Myron, "at what I considered the extravagant price of forty-five a month!"

At the end of a year, Myron was called to fill in as band accordionist at the Sioux Empire Fair. The band was agented by renowned showman Joe Howard, author of many of our country's best-loved songs, including the old favorite, "The Band Played On." Howard was impressed with Myron's easy ability and shortly thereafter signed him to a better spot with a hillbilly outfit called the "Buckeye Four," in St. Louis, Missouri.

"When we moved to St. Louis," Berdyne recalls "we lived in a sleeping room in Richmond Heights. In accepting the opportunity to move on, Myron had to sacrifice some of his income—and I, of course, had to give up my job at Jean's.

But Myron was willing to make the sacrifice because the change brought him a step closer to his goal. Because of the move, we were sometimes in debt, in those days. But Myron is a good manager, financially. There were times when we had to watch carefully how we spent our money, and we frequently went without things we needed.

"Through it all, though, Myron's attitude was always optimistic. We have been married eleven years now and I have never seen him depressed. I sometimes felt discouraged, but Myron always cheered me up by saying, 'If we just keep working along steadily, everything will work out.'

"After the first year," Berdyne continues, "in addition to his Buckeye Four job, Myron also worked at Station KWK in St. Louis, and we were soon well enough off to move into a trailer in nearby Overland, a suburb of St. Louis. The trailer was set up on blocks in a grove of big oak trees. Water was piped in, and after a few weeks Myron built a porch. Our home was only twenty-six feet long and had wheels, but it also had a wonderful feeling of permanency.

"When our first baby, Randy Lee, was born, Myron took the bed out of the back bedroom, put in a crib and made it over into the coziest little nursery you have ever seen. And, when the baby was a few months old, we bought a car, drove to the park on Sundays for a picnic, even spent an infrequent weekend in the Ozarks. Myron often said, 'It's not necessary to live in a town house, you can be just as happy in a trailer.'"

The three-and-a-half years of happy trailer life were interrupted when Lawrence Welk came to St. Louis. Myron had again added accordion teaching to his list of chores and was head of the accordion department at Ludwig's Music Company when Lawrence came in one day looking for some new polkas.

"Myron had sat in with the band several times before," Lawrence remembers, "when we were traveling through South Dakota. He was fresh off the farm then and still had quite a bit to learn. But when I heard him play these new polkas —which by the way, he had written—I was amazed at his ability and technical perfection. I asked him, 'It usually takes years to become such a master of the accordion, Myron—where did you learn to play like that?' He replied, 'Mr. Welk, since I last played for you, I've practiced nine hours each day.'"

Mr. Welk invited Myron and his wife to be his guests that evening at the Chase Hotel's Casa Loma Ballroom. He also suggested that Myron bring his accordion along. The idea that he would ultimately join the Welk band had never entered Myron's mind. So, that night, when Mr. Welk again invited him to sit in with the band, Myron was completely unprepared for the consequences. At first, he simply played along with the group, going from one number in the book to another. Then Welk asked Myron to play a solo. He stood up, walked to the front stage microphone and, adjusting his accordion, launched into the technically difficult "Lady of Spain." Welk was prepared for the brilliantly executed performance, but neither he nor Myron were prepared for the crowd's tremendously enthusiastic response. "Myron had become an accordion virtuoso," says Welk, "and the crowd would not let him off."

Mr. Welk has always felt that his audience knew what it wanted. He decided then and there, that, if they wanted Myron Floren's music, he would try to deliver it to them. After the encore—and after the crowd let Myron sit down—Welk asked, "Myron, what would you say if I were to offer you a job with the band?"

Myron looked at Mr. Welk for a surprised moment, then promptly said, "I'd accept it right away!"

Arrangements were made for Myron and Berdyne to join Welk's band the following month in Denver, Colorado. Some of the band members did not think it was too good an idea to have such a technically perfect accordionist as Myron in the band. "They were afraid," Mr. Welk remembers, "that Myron would make my playing look bad by comparison. It's possible they were right."

Welk smiles and continues, "There was also, at first, a certain amount of jealousy on the band's part because, when Myron did his solos, he always received greater applause than anyone else. But Myron never reacted to the jealousy—nothing ever angered him. He's an example both to the band members and to me. He goes through life doing good. He has nothing but friends. If we would all live like Myron, the world would be a wonderful place. I said to my wife just this morning, 'Fern, you know Myron is looking for a new house. I wish we had a vacant lot close by so that we could have him near—I'd like to think of him as a son."

Today—in addition to Mr. Welk's warm feeling for him—Myron is proud that his perseverance has also paid off in the respect of every member of the band and the admiration of hundreds of thousands of ardent fans who eagerly wait for each of his new choral recordings. But even more important, Myron has the love and adoration of his family, now grown to three girls—Randy Lee, 6, Kristie Ann, 4, and taffy-haired Robin Gay, 2. These lovely young ladies are the real pride of his life. Each day, when he returns from work, they rush up to him with gleeful shouts: "Daddy's home!" Whereupon Myron scoops them up in his muscular accordion-strengthened arms, and plants a great welcome home kiss on each glowing cheek. Though he rightfully can be proud of his long struggle for recognition and success, Myron is still more proud of the three happy children dancing around him. "These children," he says, pointing to them with fatherly pride and the inborn tenderness which first attracted his wife, Berdyne, "these children and *their* happiness—that is something every man should be willing to work for, not for just twenty-five years, but forever."

Time for Laughter

(*Continued from page* 26)

to Iona together—that's the Irish Christian Brothers School here in New Rochelle."

"He's with a manufacturing company now," Mary says, getting in the last word about Frank Donahoe. For Frank doesn't really come into the story. All he did was take Mary, who was under contract to 20th Century-Fox, to meet Peter, who was under contract to Paramount. And nothing happened!

A short time later, however, Jimmy Fidler, the Hollywood columnist, took a unit of young Hollywood stars on a theater tour. Mary and Peter were both part of the group. "We were thrown together for eight weeks," she points out. "It gave us a chance to know each other."

At the time, Mary had had her first big break in Hollywood—the second feminine lead in the Sonja Henie-Tyrone Power film "Second Fiddle." Before that, however, after a year of nothing but bit parts, she had been tempted to go back home to New Orleans. There, at least, she had been a successful young secretary—even managing the office when her boss was out of town. As a matter of fact, she had never been too serious about being an actress in the first place. She had held the title of Miss New Orleans. She had sung in a church choir and on the local radio station. But, when a 20th Century-Fox talent scout spotted her, it had taken her several days to make up her mind to sign the contract.

On the other hand, Peter had been in show business all his life. His mother, Grace Lind, was a vaudeville headliner billed as Grace Hayes. Peter, born Joseph Conrad Lind, was only nine when he broke into the act. "Mother would sing 'Dirty Hands, Dirty Face' to me," he recalls, "and then I'd run and jump into her arms."

At eleven, he did an impersonation of Jackie Coogan. On his sixteenth birthday, he appeared with his mother at the famed Palace Theater on Broadway. It got him expelled from school, but it made him a full-fledged member of the act—with billing and everything. Only the billing read Grace Hayes and Joseph Lind.

"I'll never forget the day Mother and I were taking our bows, when a woman in the front row remarked to her companion" —and Peter imitates her in a loud stage whisper—" 'Get a load of that cradle-snatcher!' " That was the day young Joseph adopted the name of Peter Lind Hayes, to make sure everyone understood: He was Grace Hayes' son!

By the time he joined the unit touring with Jimmy Fidler, he was a well known night-club entertainer, and an up-and-coming film actor.

"I decided he had a good act," Mary says. "*This is for me,* I thought." And so, eight months later—on December 19, 1940—they eloped to Yuma, Arizona.

From the very start, they began working together—right in Grace Hayes' Lodge. And here, the story goes into a flashback to 1939, when Peter's mother first opened her night club in the San Fernando Valley. It was a shoestring venture. On opening night, there wasn't even enough cash on hand to change the first twenty-dollar bill. And, while Grace came out to welcome her guests, she had to keep dashing back to the kitchen to help cook dinners.

The Grace Hayes Lodge not only became a success, it became a showcase for the talents of both mother and son. Grace was cast in the Paul Whiteman movie, "The King of Jazz," and Peter got a chance to develop his songs, jokes, dances, comedy skits, and especially his impersonations. It led to a contract with Paramount, and a career which was to include sixteen feature films.

Now that Mary was part of the family, she used the Lodge as a testing ground and outlet for her talents, too. She also continued her own film career. But then World War II interrupted the young couple's plans for being *together*. In July, 1942, Peter enlisted in the Army Air Corps. Assigned to Special Service, he became a member of the "Winged Pigeons"—a group which included a host of names now famous in show business.

"We hitch-hiked all over the South Pacific," Peter recalls—a bit wistfully. "We put on six hundred and twenty shows to an audience of over a million men."

His wife is the one who proudly rounds out the story. Peter received a Bronze Star for meritorious service, and two battle stars—to say nothing of a good part in "Winged Victory," the Air Force movie.

Mary, in the meantime, had gone to Broadway, where she appeared in a number of plays and musicals, including "Around the World in Eighty Days," with Orson Welles. On Christmas Day, 1945, Peter was discharged from the Army. He broke in a new act, polished it on a six months' road tour, then brought it to New York's Copacabana for a smash success.

Both their careers were flourishing. What with the war, however, and individual bookings, Mary figures they were "separated four years—off and on." That might be show business, but it wasn't marriage.

"There was a widening breach between us," Peter says. "I suddenly decided that the one way to heal it was to start working together."

As a husband-and-wife team, Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy made theatrical history. They have toured the better night clubs and theaters of the United States and Europe.

In television, they appeared on the Chevrolet show in 1949, CBS-TV's *Stork Club* series, then their own *Star Of The Family* show. It was in December, 1953, that they signed a long-term, exclusive radio and television contract with CBS. In addition to their own radio series, the contract called for Peter to substitute for Arthur Godfrey during his absences.

Offstage as well, Peter and Mary have been a successful team. Working together, they found the same need to relax together. And, when Peter advises other married couples to "share as many interests as possible," he is speaking from his own happy experience. Not that he and Mary have time, when they're working, for *many* interests. But, every afternoon they can, they play golf together. And, every night, they watch television. Occasionally, they give parties, but only for "very close friends." For to the Hayeses, home is sanctuary—a private refuge where they escape their public life. And they're happiest there when they're alone. That is, alone together.

But it isn't because they're together so much that their marriage is "a happy and lasting one." Get Mary aside for a moment and she'll give you the real "secret formula." It's—having a sense of humor. And she gives Peter full credit for the fact there is never any friction between them.

"If we're having an argument, for example, he'll start answering in ridiculous cliches," she explains. "Or he'll do a take-off of an uncle of mine who always has to get in the last word. That does it. That shuts me up. Or ask Peter about my mother, and he'll probably tell you: 'Mary's mother is with the Marines now, teaching them how to fight dirty.' "

Actually, Mary points out, the remark is funny because Mrs. Viola Healy is one of the "shyest, gentlest creatures alive." But it also eliminates any possibility of taking the mother-in-law situation seriously.

Watching the two in operation, however, it soon became apparent that Mary uses the same technique on him. Their humor seems to be based on a thorough knowledge of each other—and a complete love. "You're doing your psychologist bit now," she'll point out.

Or, you should hear the two argue about the motor boat Peter wants to buy. He hates commuting to New York in the summer—"fighting all the traffic and heat at that hour of the morning. And wouldn't it be heaven," he sighs, "to just cruise down the East River to Fifty-Third Street every morning."

Mary is against the idea. Her arguments are both logical and realistic. And yet she admits—when she's sure he can't hear—"He'll get the boat. I always let him win."

With all this kidding, they never take themselves too seriously. Neither can get mad at the other, not when each has the ability to make the other start laughing at himself. And that is why they can be together endlessly without strain. For them —far from breeding contempt, familiarity has only bred contentment. And that is why the two don't work together as much as they used to. Mary is a completely contented woman. Having everything she really wants, she has lost her drives.

"My wife has reached the stage of life where she doesn't like to work as much as I," Peter says, accepting it calmly as a fact of nature. And Mary nods in slightly shamefaced agreement, trying to explain the difference between them. "He's a businessman," she points out. "I'm—emotional."

She doesn't mean, of course, that anyone as creative as Peter is actually a businessman. She is referring to his approach to his work. He's a man with a job to do, a living to make. The fact that he enjoys what he's doing, more than anything else in the world, doesn't keep his approach from being strictly professional.

Mary, on the other hand, can no longer "take the pressure" of constant radio and television appearances throughout the year. "It's different," she explains, "with such programs as *Masquerade Party.* I don't *have* to do it. And, being on the panel, it isn't work. There are no preliminaries. You just show."

This, however, is far from being "emotional." All she means is that—"after twenty years of show business"—it's hard for her to get worked up about it any more. Her approach is completely feminine. To a woman, other things become more important. And, instinctively, she glances in the direction of the bedroom where Peter Michael, aged seven, and five-year-old Cathy Lynn are asleep.

Mary still plans to appear with Peter in his night-club act, but less and less on television. Suddenly, she wants time. Time to spend with the children. Time to think —not of the next show, but "of the next vacation, or a new rug."

Already, there are evidences of Mary's "thinking." Recently, the Hayes—all four of them—took a week's vacation in Bermuda. And the living room and music room have been redecorated, complete with wall-to-wall carpeting. And as they sit there, hand-in-hand on their newly done-over pink couch, it's plain to see: Whether or not they continue as a show-business "team" indefinitely, the Hayes-Healy marriage only grows stronger with every passing day.

The Happy Way To Win

(*Continued from page* 40)

fans, meeting her for the first time, come away after a few moments' conversation feeling as if they had been friends for years.

"Carol doesn't think of herself as a star," Adele continues. "When I first knew her three years ago, she still kept a listed phone number. Fans said, 'Wish we could talk some more, I'd sure like to call you up sometime.' Carol answered, 'Sure, any time, I'm in the book.' I finally had to put a stop to it, for I was on the phone four hours a day. Carol still wonders why I took her name out of the directory."

The key to Carol's charm is her cheerful enthusiasm. Singing her way to success on the *Bob Crosby Show*, this enthusiasm of hers comes through as refreshing as the bubbles in a cold glass of ginger beer on a hot summer day. Producer Gil Rodin says, "Carol is cooperative, eager to be a success, willingly takes any direction. She will do anything for the good of the show."

Bob Crosby says of Carol, "She's a professional." In saying this, he is paying Carol the highest compliment a performer can receive. In Carol's case, the compliment is deserved, for she has fought long and hard to achieve this acclaim, and—although many times the obstacles were piled up in the path of her career—she has never taken her eye off the goal.

Carol was born in Harvard, Illinois. Her father was a traveling railroad executive, and the Richards family almost always was in transit. Carol spent her first two weeks in the Harvard Hospital and the next seven years in Milwaukee. When she was four, she started dancing lessons with Marie Kay Weber. "I was a very poor dancer," says Carol, "the worst. But I was the only one in the group who could sing. Mrs. Weber gave me free dancing lessons in exchange for singing solos in her recitals."

Singing was a part of Carol's early family life. "We were the singingest family ever," she recalls. "Any minute, day or night, one of my two brothers, my sister, me—or my mother and father—were apt to burst into song. After-dinner singing was our favorite form of recreation. My mother played piano, and we kids learned all the songs my father sang when they were courting."

At six, Carol says laughingly, she was "retired" from her singing career because of temperament. "I was doing a big show at the local theater," she remembers, "and the orchestra kept misplaying my music. I finally lost my temper, stamped my foot and said, 'How can you be so dumb!' Without scolding, my mother very quietly came up on stage and said, 'Come on, honey, let's go home.' My mother was always very understanding. She realized that I was out of my depth, and took me back to the kind of life that a six-year-old knew how to cope with."

Carol didn't sing in public again until she was twelve. But, during the summers she spent on her grandfather's farm near Genoa City, Wisconsin, Carol made up songs about all the farm animals. "I loved animals," says Carol. "I was always dragging home a stray cat, dog, bird, mouse—anything that walked on four legs or flew. I tried to hide them from the family, so they usually wound up in the attic or basement."

At eleven, Carol was captivated by her sister Mary's beau, Nestor Thalleen. "I wasn't interested in Nestor for myself," she explains, "but for Mary. I was always barefoot—I still am whenever I can be—and Nestor was the first person for whom I willingly put on shoes. He had a gentle way of shaming me into it. And, when I knew he was coming, I even changed my overalls for a dress and combed my hair!"

At twelve, Carol began to sing again, in a trio with her younger brother, eleven, and older brother, fourteen. "By then we had moved to Rockford, Illinois, where Father was American Legion Post Commander, and Mother was a leader in the '8 & 40,' the Auxiliary's honor society. We did a lot of barber-shop singing for the Legion Post and other local organizations."

At sixteen, Carol got her first "professional" job at radio station WIBC in Indianapolis, where she joined a civic dramatic group. On the second show, "Death of a Swan," Carol played the great ballerina, Pavlova. The script required someone to sing "None But the Lonely Heart." Since no one else in the group sang, Carol got the job. "That was the end of my dramatic career," she says, "and the real beginning of my singing career."

A few days later, remembering Carol's song, the program director offered her a fifteen-minute daily show with the sta-

tion's hillbilly group. She says now in mock horror, "Oh, my goodness, I was bad! I had no conception of popular music. For one thing, I had grown up with a built-in accompanist, in the person of my sister Mary. Mary's piano knew what I was going to do before I did. . . . But the leader of the hillbilly band would stomp his feet, shout: '"Freight Train Blues" in the key of G'—and off they'd go. I was left at the depot."

There were no wage scales at that time. For her five shows a week, Carol received fifteen dollars. She says, "The only reason they kept me on the station was because I worked so cheaply."

The hillbilly show ran from 8:15 to 8:30 A.M. During the day, Carol worked as executive secretary at the Do-All Manufacturing Plant. Carol's boss, Charles Lockwood, had been a member of the civic dramatic group. When his secretary quit, he asked Carol if she typed, took shorthand, and wanted a job. "I had had six weeks of typing—could pick out forty words per minute," says Carol, "and I counted on my memory for the shorthand —so I said yes . . . I'm sure Mr. Lockwood knew I was faking as a secretary. But I couldn't afford to give up the job . . . since it paid $35 a week."

During this period, Carol spent frequent evenings entertaining at the USO. When she was offered an opportunity to tour with the USO, she accepted—and traveled to every Army Air Force base in the country. "On the tour," she recalls, "we got great applause for every song. But I shortly found out that any girl, on any stage before a G.I. audience, received a great ovation, whether she sang or not. After the USO tour was over—and applause was a rarer commodity—it was a great shock to me to find out that I really was very ordinary."

When she came back from touring, Carol was very disappointed with the slump her career had taken. She was also emotionally upset because of her marriage. Carol had married a wonderful young flyer, Bayard Lutzhoff. But, after the war, they found they really did not share the interests they first thought they had in common, and Carol saw they were slowly drifting apart. (It was one of those unfortunate circumstances. After the divorce, Carol, Judy, Jean and Bayard all came to California—though not together. They will always be friends, and Carol encourages Judy's and Jean's visits with their father.)

"In addition to this problem," Carol recalls, "I was especially depressed about my job situation and, one day in Minneapolis, I sat down and wrote an unhappy, complaining letter to my sister. I had sealed it, and was ready to mail it at the front desk of the hotel where we were staying, when the desk clerk handed me a telegram. It was from my brother, informing me that he had lost a leg in the service.

"On the desk was a little card which read: *I cried because I had no shoes— until I met a man who had no feet.* I remembered how much like twins my brother and I had been when we were kids. We used to sit by the hour, discussing our aims in life. I wanted to be a singer. He wanted to be a doctor. Now I thought how uncomplaining he was, even though his career seemed unobtainable. I took the unmailed letter I'd written to my sister and threw it in the wastebasket.

"But nothing did stop my brother. In spite of the years in service, the lost leg, and the problem of supporting a wife and child, he went on with his medical studies. Later, after he had become a general practitioner, I told him, 'You live in the house of your dreams, in the town of your choice, and have achieved your goal in life in spite of tremendous obstacles.' He said, 'What obstacles? I didn't see them. I saw only my goal.'

"That one sentence has had the greatest impact on my life."

Carol never gave up the pursuit of her own goals. She went to every audition in Minneapolis. A friend of hers heard about a Bob Hope audition for a one-night stand at the local Shrine Auditorium. Three hundred girls had already turned out for it. In spite of the formidable odds, Carol was determined to make a try. She went down to the radio station and, with heart in mouth, boarded the elevator for the studio. "A convention was going on in the building," she recalls. "The elevator was packed with cigar-smoking men, and the poor, old, overworked machine got stuck between floors. We were trapped for three hours. When I finally got to the studio, there were only three girls left to audition."

Carol sang "Embraceable You," as Bob Hope's representative sat in the sponsor's booth, making selections. Carol—literally "all smoked up" from the ordeal in the elevator—felt she didn't have a chance. But, when her song was finished, hers was one of the six tapes sent off to Hope.

A large press party was held at the studio to announce the winner, with the actual announcement to be made at midnight. Twelve o'clock came and went, and Carol was getting more tired and nervous by the minute. Finally, at 4 A.M., information came from the West Coast that Bob had selected Carol!

Bob Hope came to Minneapolis on a series of one-nighters. On their first show at the Shrine, he told Carol he considered her a great success. In June, he asked Carol to do another show in St. Paul. And in September, Bob called her from California, asking her to join him for a radio show there. Carol said yes to the offer and hurried down to a Minneapolis theater to rehearse her song with Desi Arnaz, who was appearing there—Bob had signed Desi for his show, too.

"Desi—then an orchestra leader doing one-nighters—and I flew out to California together," says Carol. "Bob signed me to do three shows and, once again, I really thought my goal was in sight."

After the Bob Hope shows, Carol's career again was in a slump. But by this time, like her brother, she had learned to overlook obstacles and "see only her goal." She started up the ladder again when she joined Russ Morgan's band at the Los Angeles Biltmore Hotel. Having been in California for such a short time, Carol had few friends and, when the holiday season rolled around, there wasn't a lonelier girl in Hollywood.

One day between Thanksgiving and Christmas, she met her old friend, Desi Arnaz, on the street. Desi asked her what she was doing for Christmas dinner. "Nothing," said Carol.

"Oh, no," said Desi in his inimitable accent. "Lucy and I would love to have you come out for the day."

"I spent Christmas Eve and morning with Lucy and Desi," she recalls. "It wasn't exactly my most affluent period—I know my coat was already several seasons old—but to be invited in by these wonderful people to share their Christmas gave me a warm feeling.

"For a moment, while they opened their gifts, I began to feel like the little girl whose present had fallen behind the fireplace and gotten lost. But, when all the gifts were opened, there was still one big box underneath the tree. Lucy said, 'I wonder whose that could be?' Desi replied, 'I don't know—there's no name on it. Let's open it up and find out.'

"It was the most beautiful white coat you've ever seen," says Carol. "Desi said, 'Why, it's just your size, Carol—' Their kindness touched off the biggest, wettest tears you've ever seen."

After a year with Russ Morgan, Carol traveled on the road for the next year with Desi's band. "I had a wonderful time," she says, "even though touring is never easy. But I think that's part of show business which everybody in the entertainment world should experience."

Carol's career roller-coastered along for the next three or four years, one minute up, the next minute down. After the band experiences, she sang on a summer-replacement radio show, made a couple of records with Bing Crosby, and guested on several of Bing's shows. From there she went to NBC-TV in a series of weekly episodes with Pinky Lee, in which she played an up-and-coming girl singer.

Jeannie and Judy don't have to hide their pets from mama Carol Richards—who remembers how she tried to bring home every stray animal on grandfather's farm.

Then, one day, Carol received a sudden call from her agent to report to Columbia Pictures for an audition. "I was so excited when the call came," she says, "because I thought I was going to be in movies. At the audition, the director kept saying, 'That's right, just fine, wonderful voice!' I visualized my name in lights across country. Then they brought in the star. 'Miss Richards,' said the director, 'we will be using your voice to dub for the star's singing voice!'

"I was so deflated that, at first, I wasn't going to do it. Then I found out how much money they were willing to pay, and it was a different story."

The "dubbing" job opened up an entirely new career for Carol, but a frustrating one. In the next five years, hers was the singing voice of nearly every big-name star in Hollywood. She sang for Joan Caulfield in "The Pretty Girl," Vera Ellen in "Call Me Madam," Constance Smith in "Man in the Attic," Betta St. John in "The Robe," and Cyd Charisse in "Brigadoon."

"At first I had a hard time matching my voice to so many personalities," says Carol. "Then I learned a trick which later backfired: I asked the star to sing the song with me and I watched the way their lips formed the words. Then I went back and sang, using their facial expressions. The song came out so differently from the way I normally would sing it that I couldn't believe it was me!

"Recently, I was called back to M-G-M to do a general dramatic screen test. They asked me to mouth to one of my old Cyd Charisse records, but I could never get in synchronization—I simply couldn't do it. The test came out looking stilted, because it was impossible for me to imitate my own imitation of someone else!"

Carol had been doing TV guest spots in Hollywood for two or three years when Joanie O'Brien, Bob Crosby's other featured singer, was married and Carol was asked to come in for two weeks to substitute. "The second day Carol was on the show," says Bob Crosby, "we began getting telephone calls from the viewers telling us how much they liked Carol. The third day letters started arriving from across country, all expressing the hope that, even after Joanie returned, Carol could stay on the show, too. It was obvious to us," continues Bob, "that Carol had immediately been taken to the viewing public's heart."

Today, Carol's schedule is filled with her daily rehearsals, decorating and re-decorating her modest North Hollywood home, and sharing the companionship of her daughters.

Jean, a flaxen-haired willow wand, is devoted to Carol and loves to share in her homemaking activities. Thanksgiving and Christmas dinner, for example, will find Carol and Jean together over the hot stove in the kitchen. Jeannie says, "And Mother makes the best goulash you've ever tasted. I mean it's real yummy!" When asked what kind of goulash, Jeannie replies, "What do you mean, what kind? It's 'Carol Richards' Goulash,' *that's* what kind!"

Though their home was once just an average little house, Carol has knocked out walls and made additions, and she and the girls have done much of the wall-papering, wood paneling, painting and varnishing. The house is a visible symbol of Carol's personality. Its wallpaper is gay and bright, it is furnished in a comfortable early American style that seemingly invites company, and it is harmoniously balanced and conservative throughout.

Carol does her own cleaning. She loves to spend half-a-day, on Saturday, polishing and preening . . . yet, when Jeannie and Judy and their army of friends troop in, she never says, "Hands down," or "Feet off."

Carol planned the house for the girls as well as for herself. Jeannie, for example, takes advantage of the sliding doors and drapes in the living room to put on her "shows." The drapes serve as curtains, the sliding doors disappear to reveal an outdoor garden which becomes a realistic stage setting. Her latest show, "Mischievous Sisters"—written, produced and directed by Jeannie—attracted an audience of twenty, and was a great success. "It must have been," Jeannie says. "They didn't ask for their money back."

Carol encourages Jeannie with her performing and her interest in music and piano, though in this regard she doesn't push her daughter. Carol also tries to teach her girls independence. For example, they do a great deal of shopping together and Carol gives Judy a stipulated allowance from which she has to fulfill all her clothing needs. If she spends twenty-five dollars on one bathing suit, she must either go without other new clothes until the next month, or else work "overtime" washing windows to earn extra cash.

Both girls are proud of their mother's success on the *Bob Crosby Show*. But, since Carol doesn't think of herself as a "star," Jeannie reflects this attitude and is very down-to-earth in her relationship with her friends. Carol's sister Mary, however, reports a cute anecdote which took place on their recent trip to Florida. Says Mary: "Jeannie got along well with everyone except one little girl who was jealous of her and said to Jeannie one day, 'The only reason you have so many friends is because your mother is Carol Richards.' Jeannie was surprised by the affront and replied promptly, 'Why, that isn't true at all. I had lots of friends even when my mother was unpopular!' "

"Today," says Carol, "more then anything else, Jeannie would like to be a farmer. That's her goal in life. In fact, she has a good start with her pets, Pedro the parrot, Mac the collie, Sergeant the German shepherd, and Betty the turtle.

"Last week, she and Judy wrote a letter to California's Governor Knight asking for information on farming in Maryland. A week later, a letter came back from the governor, saying, 'It's a wonderful thing for you young ladies to want to be farmers. It certainly is a very nice life, but I would like to suggest before you take off for Maryland, you look into the advantages of farm life in California.' Enclosed was a stack of California farm literature.

"I asked Jeannie the other day," Carol adds, "if she had any other ideas on becoming a farmer. She said, 'It's very simple, Mother. I plan on going to agricultural school. They have lots of farmers there.' "

Carol understands Jeannie's desire to achieve a goal of her own. She also understands that goals may change, as they did in her own case. When Carol was Jeannie's age, she, too, had wanted to be a farmer. But then, the singing became the most important thing in her life and—after many years of looking past the obstacles and aiming at what she really wanted—Carol feels she's finally arrived.

However, there are still further achievements in Carol's future, because, as she says, when all goals are gone, life is empty. "For myself, I'd like to write a successful song. I'd like to have a hit record. And I want to play a dramatic role. . . . But, more important, I want happiness for Judy and Jean. I want them to be themselves—and, if Jeannie wants to be a farmer—let her be a *happy* farmer."

So in Love, So in Luck

(*Continued from page* 50)

at the ripe young age of twenty-two!

In love Don certainly is. "Lots of crushes in my time," he says, "three months, six months—then over. But, when I met Nan, *I knew what love could be.*". . . In luck, too—although the term, as applied to the career of hardy perennial Hastings, is actually *mis*applied.

Don, who was born in Brooklyn, New York, April 1, 1934—the youngest of four sons (all Dodger fans!)—made his first appearance on stage in the long-run smash hit, *Life With Father*. After three years of playing, successively, two of the four children in the comedy—a record-breaking 1248 performances in all—Don, fearing he would wind up portraying "Father" himself, quit the road tour at the end of the season and wound up as Uncle Chris' nephew in the stage play, "I Remember Mama."

For the next four years, child-actor Hastings appeared in a number of Broadway shows . . . among them, "Georgia Boy," "Dearly Beloved," "On Whitman Avenue" (which starred the late Canada Lee) and—as he was entering his fifteenth year—Tennessee Williams' "Summer and Smoke," in which he played the hero as a boy during the ten-minute prologue. . . . All this—and radio, too!

"I started doing radio," Don recalls, "started getting auditions at each of the major studios, when I was about twelve. Tough, too . . . had to bring your own material. Mine was a mishmash. I had the scripts of some of the plays I'd done. I read them over, picked out a couple of scenes I liked in each one, and sort of ran them together as one scene. Once you get started, though . . . not so tough. Your name gets around. You meet people. If you make some sort of an impression, they call you. I never had an agent. Except *me*," he smiles.

They did call Don. They kept on calling him. When he was in a play, he did radio, daytime and on Sunday nights. "I did a lot of daytime dramas," he says, "*Portia Faces Life*, for one, *Hilltop House*, and quite a few others. I used to be on the big-time radio show, *Cavalcade*, quite often, too. On that show, they always had a 'name' star . . . but the stars I worked with were just like actors without 'names.' Regulars that is, friendly. Real friendly."

"You'd never take him for an actor," Don's pals say, "no one ever does." Don has his folks to thank for this—for being the normal, well-adjusted, well and warmly liked young man he is— and well he knows where the credit is due. "When anyone asks me who helped me the most," he says, "I always answer: 'my family more than anyone.' "

As one example of good judgement on the part of his parents: During his childhood years in the theater, young Hastings never took a curtain call. When he was on tour, his father travelled with him and as soon as Don's last line was spoken, he whisked him out of the theater and off to bed. When Don was on Broadway, his mother usually picked him up and took him home before the final curtain fell and applause summoned the cast (minus its junior member) to the footlights. "I never had footlight fever. I guess," Don laughs, "you can't have what you've never been exposed to!

"But the best thing my parents did for me was that they left most of it up to me. When a part came up for me in a play or on radio, they'd ask, 'Do you *want* to do this? Or do you want to stay in school and forget all about it?' If a ball game came up at school, in which I was scheduled to play—and a job was offered at the same time—they'd say, 'You play with the team, and forget about the job.'

"When I was six years old," Don reminisces, "we moved from Brooklyn to St. Albans, Long Island. In St. Albans, I went to the Catholic school, as my brothers did. When I toured, I had to 'go' to correspondence school. Summers, I was always home, and the four of us did the things all kids do. Played ball. Went to Ebbets Field and rooted for the Dodgers, you bet! Went swimming at Long Beach and Jones Beach. Went to the movies. I've always been a movie fan, used to go two and three times a week. To Westerns, mostly. Gary Cooper, John Wayne, Humphrey Bogart—they were my boys! Later on, as we were growing up, the interest shifted to girls. With four boys in the family—quite a lot of girls!

"Charlie, my oldest brother, is now thirty-five and in the textile business. Richard—he's thirty-three—works for Western Electric. Bobbie, thirty-one, is an actor, in radio and TV, like myself. There's quite a bit of difference in our ages, but it didn't, somehow, seem to make a heck of a lot of difference. We were always buddies, my brothers and I, and are now. They did a lot for me, just being around. . . ."

A good, sound, sensible bringing-up like this, a family like this, three older brothers to keep you cut down to size . . . a lad just doesn't learn how to dramatize himself. Even in his "big moments" . . . such as that telephone call from Du Mont in 1949.

"Liz Mears called from Du Mont," he says matter-of-factly, "to say she wanted me to come up and read for the part of the Video Ranger in *Captain Video*, the new science-fiction series which was about to make its debut on the Du Mont network. I went up and read. After I'd read, Miss Mears more or less told me I had the part. The author of *Captain Video* was there, too. 'As far as I'm concerned,' he said, 'you're the boy we're looking for.' But I never believe I have a part until I'm actually doing it. . . . When I read for the part of Jack Lane in *The Edge Of Night*, it was about three weeks before I got the call to come up for the final reading. The contract was signed the following week. But, not until Jack Lane faced the cameras, did I believe it. . . .

"It was a great job. I enjoyed it. You sort of had the feeling the show was making Space history as well as TV history. I got so that the progress of real rocket-navigation became my favorite reading matter and my favorite topic of conversation. There were other perquisites, too. I got a lot of fan mail from the kids, had quite a few fan clubs. Still have. The kids still write me letters. Very faithful, kids.

"During the six years we were on the air, there were two 'Captain Videos.' Dick Coogan—(now in the 20th Century-Fox film, 'The Revolt of Mamie Stover')—was the first one. Dick played it a year and a half. Then Al Hodge. Al was Captain Video for four and a half-years—or until the ax fell.

"Al is a real wonderful guy to work with. Good guy just to be with. Weekends, he and I would travel, play theaters, automobile shows, food shows, lot of fairs, and things like that. We did a lot of telethons, too, for muscular dystrophy, infantile paralysis, cerebral palsy and so on. We couldn't either of us sing or dance, so we'd just get up and make little speeches. I used to make one about what a date would be like in Space. We used gimmicks, too, like my standing up there and swearing the kids in as Rangers.

"Once, in Washington, D. C., we were doing a muscular dystrophy telethon, and no calls coming in. Then we started directing all our pitch to the kids—and, all of a sudden, they started coming down with their piggy banks. That started the parents. And we came in over the mark we'd hoped for. *Kids*. They're potent.

"It was on April 1, 1955—my birthday," Don observes, "that the ax fell. The network was being broken up. Du Mont was taking off most of its big shows. *Captain Video* was one of them. . . . Gave you the feeling of jumping, without benefit of parachute, from Outer Space. If it had to go sometime—and most things do—it was a good thing for me that it went when I had no such responsibility as I hope to have," Don grins, "within the next few months.

I was worried," Don admits, "although at first, not too worried. With all the experience I'd had prior to and during the run of *Video*, it wouldn't, I thought, be too tough. But it was tough. From April to October, not a TV show, not one. A few offers came along, but not from the networks. Universal-International Pictures wanted to send me to the Coast. One of those stock $125-a-week deals. They were signing kids off the street for that. I didn't go. I had a couple of chances to do summer stock. I didn't take them. Figured I'd been in Outer Space long enough. What I needed now was to ground myself in the vicinity of Broadway.

"I stayed around. But that summer of '55 was rugged. I spent most of it on the golf course. As a result of *Video's* going off, I now have a pretty good game of golf! Biggest thing that happened to me all summer, in fact, was that I won a pro-amateur golf tournament—the pro and I won it—at Pine Hollow, here on Long Island.

"Only other event worth mentioning is that Al Hodges and I did a play together —'Detective Story'—with a group of actors who live on the Island and work together summers. Al, who is married and has two children, lives in Manhasset. My folks and I now live in Franklin Square. Still in the character he made fabulous and famous from Coast to Coast, Al—as Captain Video—is currently introducing science films, et cetera. Al's the right man for that job, all right—but in my opinion, the job is not big enough for the man.

"I got my first break in October, when I did a role for *Studio One*. Played a naval ensign. I wasn't around long enough —I got killed in the first act! I did some slide films, too, including one for the Chrysler Corporation. Slide films, which demonstrate new selling techniques, are not released to the public, just to salesmen. Salesmen of cars, chewing gum, household appliances, any commodity you can name—with the exception of unemployed actors! Pretty thin going. Freelancing is tough, anyway. Especially when you've worked steady all your life.

"Now comes November—the red letter month in my life! A new TV series of Philip Wylie stories was being filmed in Bermuda. It's called *Crunch And Des*—the names of the main characters—and they've now filmed thirty-nine episodes. I was in just one of them. One out of thirty-nine isn't a big deal. But, in that one, I am the villain. Having been a hero for six years—and, prior to that, usually cast as a college boy, the kid next door, a *good* kid—I found it kind of fun to be a rat

for a change. Besides, a trip to Bermuda for free . . . a week's work . . . what did I have to lose?

"Nothing to lose. And as I found out, everything to gain—everything worth the having. . . . For, in Bermuda, I met Nan.

"She was working as cashier in the dining-room of the Princess Hotel, where I was staying. I got there on a Wednesday, the day before Thanksgiving, but I didn't talk to her (time wasted) until Sunday morning. I'd noticed her, thought she was cute. But I was dating back home, so I wasn't thinking, or noticing—much. Although, if anyone had asked me to describe her, I think I could have told them, even then, that she's five-foot-four or five—has light brown hair, wears it short—blue eyes, almost the same color as mine—only she has pretty eyes, really pretty. 'And, of course,' I would have said, 'she smiles a lot.'

"Sunday morning, I had a date to play golf with Forrest Tucker, the star of the *Crunch And Des* films. I was on the porch of the hotel waiting for him to call. He didn't call. I didn't know how to reach him. So, when I saw Nan on the porch, I asked her if she could get Tucker's home number for me. She did, and I called him. There'd been a mix-up on time. He couldn't make it, so I went out and played alone. Before I left, I talked with Nan for a few minutes. About baseball and stuff like that. I thought she was very cute and pleasant, but didn't think of taking her out—even when I heard myself asking her if she was going to be busy that evening. She was. She was dating, too, it seemed. 'Tomorrow evening,' I heard myself saying then, 'how about that?' Tomorrow evening would be very nice, Nan said.

"We went to a place called the Clay House, a sort of calypso joint, and danced. I didn't intend to get involved. Neither did she. Just out to do a little dancing, have a few laughs. What could happen? But something did. The next night, she again had a date with another guy. I was going to ask her to break it, but I didn't. 'If you get home early,' I said, sort of off-hand, 'I'll be around.'

"She got home early. I was 'around.' I'd been around (and around) waiting for her to get back. When she did, we took a walk. And started talking. All of a sudden, I was telling her all about myself and my family, about my brothers and their wives—(all three of my brothers are married)—and about my nieces and nephews, eight in all! Telling her other things, too. The kind of thing you don't tell people. Or you tell to just one person. *The* one.

"Nan, whose full name is Noretta Kennedy, told me about her life, too. She was born in Sudbury, Canada, and now lives in Toronto. She has an older sister, one brother. Teaching is her real job. In Toronto, she teaches the fourth and fifth grades at Our Lady of Perpetual Help, a Catholic grammar school. The preceding June, she'd taken a leave of absence from teaching. She hadn't been feeling well and, when her doctor advised her to get away and relax, she took the job of governess with a family who were to spend the summer in Bermuda. The summer (and the job) over, Nan decided to get another job and stay on a while. The job she got was that of cashier at the Princess. She's back in Toronto now, has been for some months, and is teaching again. The kids in her classes, by the way, are all crazy about her.

"In the few days left after that night, we talked and we were together as much as possible. We went to Castle Harbor, to Elbow Beach. The morning of the day I left we went swimming at Coral Beach. . . . Before I left, *I knew*. But, even though I told her I'd be back, Nan didn't quite believe it. She sort of thought that, when I got back to the normal routine, Bermuda would be out the window!

"You have a dream—I guess most fellows do," Don says slowly, "of what a girl could be like. But you tell yourself, they don't make them like that. Then you meet a girl better than anything you ever dreamed. As I did. Her way of doing things. The way she *enjoys* doing things. The way everything seems so much fun with her, so much better . . . even things I've done a billion times before . . . like dancing, like singing together, in the car, like just talking, or just not talking. We laugh together. She thinks I'm a riot, I think the same of her. We're each other's best audience, I think. The way she feels about her religion, which is my religion, too. The way she's helped me understand my religion more than I ever did before. The way her blue eyes are sometimes gray, sometimes greenish. The way she smiles, the way everyone likes her. . . .

You only get one chance—and boy, it looked awful good! On New Year's Eve, I flew back to Bermuda. I was down there a week. During that week—I don't know what day it was, or where it was . . . I just remember saying, *'I'd marry you tomorrow'* . . . and she—you don't believe in miracles?—felt the same."

When the CBS contract was offered to him a couple of months later, Don felt it was the signature to his happiness. "It's the standard contract," Don laughs, "with the standard thirteen week options—at the end of any one of which I can be given the gate! Meantime, it's 'working steady' again. I like that. I like the part I'm playing. He's basically a nice kid, but a nice kid who is taking the wrong turn—which gives the character some variation, some dimension. I like Irving Vendig, who created the show, and John Wallace, who directs it. And the cast is real great. Teal Ames, who plays my sister Sara Lane, is a very sweet girl. As most of our fan mail remarks, we look alike, Teal and I.

"Nan also enjoys the show, which they get in Toronto via Buffalo, New York. She gets on the bus at school at 3:30, races home and watches the opus. She's watched other daytime dramas, and thinks this is the best. Could she be prejudiced? . . . But I wish she were watching it from the living-room of the ranch house we hope to get—hope to buy, if we can—here in Long Island. Not a big house—(she has to clean it)—but big enough for the family we'd like to have as *soon* as we can, by the grace of God.

"We write every day and I call her once a week. It's tough, by the way, writing to a teacher. I'm bad at spelling. She could correct my spelling, but she doesn't. (A love letter sent back with the spelling corrected—how about that?) It's tough being separated, period. We want to get married now. Seems a waste of something that shouldn't be wasted even for a day. But a priest, a friend of Nan's in Toronto—I've made three trips up there, to date—advised us to know each other a year before marrying. And Nan's family feels the same.

"We're hoping, though, for the fall. October, maybe. Or maybe November—which will be a year, come to think from the day we first met. . . . We may have to wait longer, depending on her family's consent to it being sooner, but it won't be any longer," the young man in love says firmly, "than the first of the year. And then it will be for as long as we both shall live."

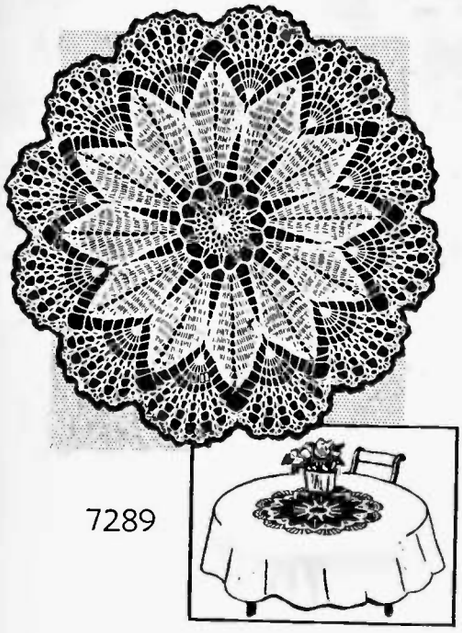
In love—and in luck. May it always be that way!

NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING

7176

7094

7173
SIZES
2—10



7289

7061

7176—"Flower" apron—such a lovely style for serving guests! Use colorful fabric to form its pretty petals. Embroidery transfer, directions for making apron, 16 inches long. 25¢

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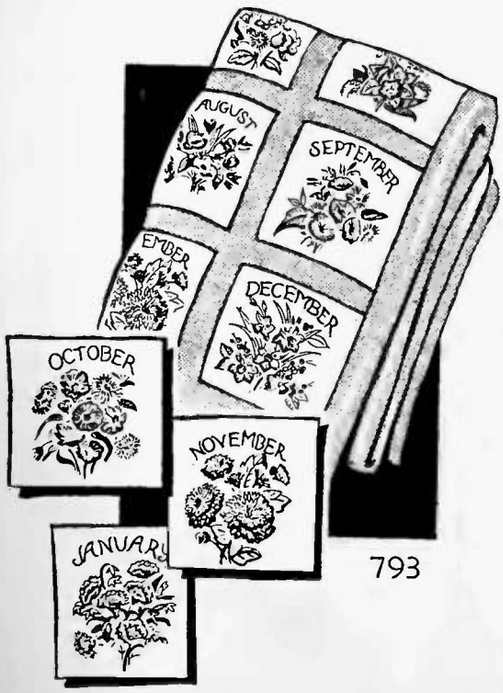

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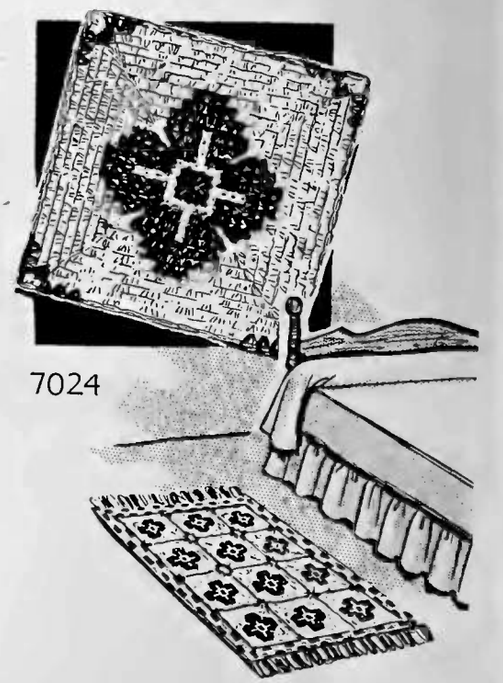

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Rock 'n' Roll

(Continued from page 30)

drastic effects had become matters of public record. Most distressing were the riots. Some doubtless had been caused simply because too many rock 'n' roll enthusiasts tried to crowd into too small a space. Disc jockey Alan Freed—and the Cleveland police—got the shock of their lives from one of the first of these. When Alan, in October, 1952, announced a dance at the 10,000-capacity Cleveland Arena, nearly 30,000 excited fans aimed for the hall. Caught completely by surprise, police nearly went crazy trying to unsort the traffic jam and unscramble the screaming mob. The dance had to be called off and, in furious headlines, newspapers denounced Freed as some new sort of public enemy only slightly less sinister than Al Capone. Other cities, other disc jockeys, have since seen similar clamorous convocations.

Theaters, too, have drawn editorial and official wrath. In New York, certain newspapers asserted that juvenile miscreants who nearly dismantled a subway train lost their inhibitions in the excitement of the Freed show at the Brooklyn Paramount. . . . In Hartford, Connecticut, where the State Theater started rock 'n' roll shows last fall, arrests totalled 26 by April—and police instituted action to revoke the theater's license, claiming public safety was endangered. City officials sidestepped punitive action when the manager raised the touchy censorship issue, but a family-relations expert made a scathing denouncement. Dr. Francis J. Braceland, psychiatrist-in-charge of the city's Institute of Family Living, termed rock 'n' roll "a communicable disease" and castigated it as "a cannibalistic and tribalistic form of music . . . which appeals to adolescent rebellion and insecurity."

Disc jockeys who take rock 'n' roll as a fast pass to a high rating drew a rebuke from one of their own fraternity, veteran Fred Robbins: "Too many disc jockeys are failing to live up to the importance of their jobs." He blamed them for a great part of "the rock 'n' roll scourge," calling it "musical junk . . . a mere perversion of rhythm-and-blues."

Some of the most outraged protests came from serious, learned students of jazz who felt it was a step backward. Leonard Feather—who conducts the quiz, *Platterbrains*, on ABC Radio, and whose "Encyclopedia Year Book of Jazz" is just being released—stated: "Rock 'n' roll bears the same relationship to jazz that wrestling does to boxing. Jazz is an art form. Rock 'n' roll is a phony. It appeals to morons of all ages, but particularly to young morons. It is unfortunate that so many good musicians must play out of tune to make a living."

Also, as usual, there were the irresponsible persons who found it a convenient label to slap on any youth problem. Any hoodlum, j.g., could get his name in the papers by saying, on apprehension for a crime, that r&r got him gassed up for the action. Any prophet of doom could catch a headline by asserting that here was a drum beat of delinquency—that, in rock 'n' roll, an increasing clan of Wild Ones had found a national anthem.

For rock 'n' roll was news. Yet, in the face of such clamor, it rolled on. It also showed signs of growing up. Well-regarded radio and television shows programmed it. Networks continued their existing shows and scheduled new ones. It even became a propaganda weapon when Radio Luxemburg, the most powerful of Radio Free Europe stations, broadcast an Alan Freed rock 'n' roll party on Saturday nights.

Where then does this controversial big beat belong? Where did it come from? Where is it heading? What gives it appeal? Does it rate approval?

One of the entertainment greats who has participated in the Twentieth Century's entire cavalcade of music gave his verdict on Johnny Andrews' *National Radio Fan Club*, over NBC. Irving Berlin, celebrating his sixty-eighth birthday, remarked, "I wish I had thought of 'The Rock and Roll Waltz.'"

Another ready to speak up in its defense was the ever-contemporary Paul Whiteman. On his fiftieth anniversary in show business, the beloved "Pops" hosts *The Best Bands In The Land*, over ABC Radio. He also, at this writing, had a notion he might join forces with Alan Freed to put on some outdoor rock 'n' roll shows in New Jersey.

At mention of rock 'n' roll, Whiteman's triple chins bobbed in approval. "It's a simple beat, and certainly not new, but I think it is good. To be good, music has to provoke an involuntary muscular reaction from the listeners. Rock 'n' roll sure provokes plenty. Kids are full of steam. Steam can run an engine or bust a boiler. It's good to see them dancing again."

Paul Whiteman, perhaps better than anyone else, could understand how youth hears a sound and a rhythm, takes it to itself and holds it almost as a secret from the older generation—for such hearing shaped his own life. As much as one person can, he personifies the rhythm of this century.

The waltz, which at its introduction in Europe was called "the wickedest dance," had reached respectable popularity when Paul Whiteman—son of Wilburforce James Whiteman, superintendent of music in Denver public schools—put on his first pair of long pants in 1906, to play viola with the Denver symphony orchestra. In 1907, "The Merry Widow Waltz" was the top hit . . . but, while the elegant glided across polished ballroom floors, that noisy upstart—ragtime—was gathering her forces to crash the gate.

Ragtime was a strictly American meld. To the story-telling ballads of the prairie-crossing pioneers, it added a bit of the excitement of the Sousa bands—plus the Southern accent and exuberance of the minstrel men—and mixed them up in an irresistible rhythm all its own. . . . In 1911, ragtime found its drum major. A young songsmith named Irving Berlin wrote "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and followed it, a year later, with "Everybody's Doing It."

Right in the vanguard, playing violin for the Turkey Trot—a dance as jumpy as a hand-cranked silent movie—was 21-year-old Paul Whiteman. Arguments with his music-master father about ragtime-versus-classics had reached such a pitch that Paul borrowed $500 from his mother and lit out for San Francisco's Barbary Coast . . . where, in his words, "I found guys who could teach me to play the stuff."

Ragtime was raucous, and music, to stir the emotions, must have soul as well as body. W. C. Handy introduced a yearning, with "Memphis Blues" in 1912 and "St. Louis Blues" in 1914. The sound was changing, and usually it was the itinerant Negro musician—who had learned his trade in New Orleans—who carried it across the country. Most of them played by ear.

Paul Whiteman, in talking to this reporter, once made the modest claim: "Maybe the best thing I ever did was to help start writing down this music. Trouble was, in the beginning, it was

entirely spontaneous. A guy, unable to read a note, and with no score to prompt him, might be hot one night, dull the next. All he could do was try to remember how to play it."

The new music didn't really have a name. "Ragtime" no longer fit. "Syncopation" indicated that the accent had shifted to usually unaccented beats, but that word was too much of a mouthful. "Jazz" was still a dirty word . . . when printed at all, it turned up on off-brand records spelled "jass" or "jaz." . . . But it was a sound, it was a beat. And, after World War I, the kids—hearing King Oliver, Louis Armstrong and other great Dixielanders—were in no mood to be persnickety. They added a final "z" and that was it.

They already had a good name for their favorite dance. The Turkey Trot's successor, invented by a musical comedy juvenile, was first called "Mr. Fox's Trot." But, by 1920, Mr. Fox was forgotten and "jazz" and the "foxtrot" matched up. When, in 1925, the foot-flying Charleston and the slithering Black Bottom came along, "flaming youth" had found its sound and fury. The sheik and the flapper were kicking up their heels. . . . Comparing the resulting uproar with what rock 'n' roll gets today, Pops Whiteman says, "This ain't nothin'. We were crazier. Movie stars like Mary Pickford and my wife (Margaret Livingstone) were forever waggling their knees in Charleston contests. Newspapers were screaming and everybody was having a time."

It is now apparent that—in the midst of that age of bathtub gin, bell-bottomed pants, bobbed-off skirts, rolled stockings and coonskin coats—modern music reached a crossroads and branched into two factions which foreshadowed both progressive jazz and rock 'n' roll. . . . Whiteman set the direction toward progressive jazz with what he called "symphonic syncopation." In 1924, he commissioned George Gershwin to write "The Rhapsody in Blue" and played it to climax the first jazz concert in New York's dignified Aeolian Hall. The historians say, "Whiteman made a lady out of jazz."

Listeners, as well as professional musicians, contributed to the advance toward more learned popular music. Public school classes, radio and the movies raised the level of music education. As extemporaneous jazz was compressed into the more formalized swing of the Thirties, the kids greeted it with wild enthusiasm. They danced in the aisles when they heard Benny Goodman's wonderful clarinet.

Today's young people who hear and love the intricate counterpoint of Stan Kenton, the Sauter-Finnegan orchestra and others, have carried this even further. So learned an authority as Frederick E. Bergbrede, president of one of America's oldest schools, The Brooklyn Conservatory of Music, calls progressive jazz, "classical music in the modern idiom" . . . and adds, "It displays the greatest imagination and requires the greatest technique from both the composer and the musician." And Dr. Bergbrede also had praise of that other branch of jazz which developed into rock 'n' roll. "It's a healthy rhythm. People need that kind of musical outlet."

The popularization of the big beat was a development to be expected, for rhythm is the original source of communication in music. As Count Basie—who is heard with Alan Freed on CBS Radio's Saturday-night *Rock 'N' Roll Dance Party*—says, "You go too far out with jazz and it gets too cool, you gotta come back."

Rock 'n' roll, according to some of the experts, has always been with us. It is basic American music, made up of contributions from people from all of the countries, mixed—or mixing—into its present form. Alan Freed thinks that "Yankee Doodle" may have been America's first spectacular rock 'n' roll tune. "The Colonial kids were sore because the British troops had been quartered in their homes. They couldn't protest any other way, so they took an old English tune—some people trace it to the time of Cromwell—made up new words for it, changed the beat and ganged up to sing it and torment the Redcoats."

Whiteman remembers when he first heard rock 'n' roll in Birmingham, Alabama: "It was just after the first World War, and Octavus Roy Cohen and I were walking around. He wrote Negro stories and was a pretty good student of all phases of the life in the Negro community. We stopped in at a Holy Roller meeting to hear the religious shouting during the 'relaxing hour.' That was rhythm, all right! They sure got the message. Of course, the Negroes weren't the only ones. There was that fellow Roedehever, who played trombone for the evangelist, Billy Sunday. Do you know he had fans swarming around him worse than the kids gather around Elvis Presley today?"

The traditional "religious shouting" and jazz blended in an occasional off-brand disc during the early days of the recording industry. Then, in 1922, came the well-defined drive to reach the Negro market with so-called "race" records. Chicago's top Dixielander, King Oliver, took his band, which included Louis Armstrong, to Richmond, Indiana, to record a series for the Gennett company. In New York, about the same time, Fletcher Henderson and Bessie Smith were also aiming at that trade. Some of those platters have since become jazz classics—and, even when they were made, they sold outside their intended limited market. . . . "People can fuss about what *Variety* calls the 'leerics' of rock 'n' roll," Whiteman comments, "but then, if you thought a Bessie Smith record was too 'blue' for the kids to hear, you hid it away. But, if you liked jazz, you bought it."

Through the years, many small companies have continued to press the shouting records. They also found hillbilly records profitable. This strong, basic rhythm was popularized by many radio shows. When the giants of the recording industry added them to their catalogues, they aimed for greater dignity by calling the race records "rhythm-and-blues" and the hillbilly, "country-and-Western."

The two styles began to merge as early as 1938. Steve Sholes, head of RCA Victor's country-and-Western department—the man who persuaded that company to bet big money on Elvis Presley—traces their bid for wider popularity: "In swing, there was plenty of beat. The kids could dance to bands such as Artie Shaw's, Glen Miller's, Tommy Dorsey's. Then, during the war—because big companies had big investments in big stars, and the amount of shellac was limited—we went into an era of singers. The rhythm-and-blues and the country-and-Western departments were neglected."

It left the field wide open for the smaller outfits . . . and it also gave them a brand-new buying public. "From the big companies," says Sholes, "the kids were getting nothing to jitter to, so they went out and found it." Among the race records which pleased them were those of Roosevelt Sykes and The Cats and Fiddle. "They had that hand-clappin' sort of beat, a rough form of rock 'n' roll," Sholes observes.

Recording the less sophisticated forms of music has taken Sholes into many a remote area. He heard the beat again in Texas: "One of our hillbilly stars called it to my attention. He said that, whenever he had

some of the younger Western singers in his car and was driving cross-country, they never let him keep the radio on the regular hillbilly programs. They hunted for disc shows which featured what they called 'cat' records."

Sholes listened, too—and, when he heard one by a singer named Elvis Presley, he began, for reasons of his own, to track him down: "There he was, using the exact same words as Big Boy Crudup, in a Crudup song, in the Crudup way. Now, I had recorded Big Boy down on a little farm in the back stretches of Mississippi, and I knew this had never been written. Big Boy could neither read nor write—he could just sing up a storm. So, when I heard this kid singing like him, I wanted to know how come." Sholes' trail led to Sun Record Company in Memphis, to Sam Phillips, Presley's discoverer, and eventually to Presley himself. "Sure enough," says Sholes, "he told me they'd had an old Crudup record in his family. He had sung along with it and learned it by heart."

It was more than a good imitation. "Elvis had something of his own," Sholes says. "The way he sang the beat made me go back to RCA Victor and recommend that we try to buy his contract from Phillips. It was a risky thing, you know. He might be great in the sticks, but would the rest of the country like him? Would we get our money back? In the office, we talked it over and the rest of the guys decided to go along on my say-so."

Alan Freed's rise to national attention also held an element of chance. Born in Salem, Ohio—pop. 10,000—he learned his music at the family piano. Every Sunday night, they had a songfest and the high point came during visits of his mother's brothers, who had been minstrel men. "Some of their style must have rubbed off on me," says Alan. Classics, however, were his first love. "At thirteen, I wanted to play trombone in a Symphony. But, at fifteen, I turned a deaf ear to everything but swing. Benny Goodman was my hero."

His knowledge of classics gave him his first disc-jockey show on a small station. But, because he also liked Bessie Smith records, he started to do some jazz research. By the time he arrived at a Cleveland station in 1949, he was a rhythm-and-blues fan. "I enjoyed those off-brand records which came into the station, so I took to slipping them into my pop music shows. Perhaps one in each twenty records I played was a rhythm-and-blues."

He had no thought of specializing—until Leo Mintz, owner of The Record Rendezvous, came to him and said, "I'll buy you a radio show if you'll play nothing but rhythm-and-blues." Freed said, "Are you crazy? Not enough people would listen. Those are race records."

"Not any more, they aren't," said Mintz. "I've been watching my customers." Freed launched the show, soon knew from requests that he had listeners, and adds wryly, "I thought it would be nice to get them together for a dance. I worried whether there would be enough people to pay expenses for a big place like the Arena. And then the lid blew off."

Sound waves generated by those 30,000 clamoring rock 'n' roll fans reached New York, and stations began bidding for Freed. He settled for disc shows on WINS, tapes them for release in Baltimore, St. Louis and Kansas City, and goes "live" on the CBS Radio *Rock 'N' Roll Dance Party.*

Freed's week-long engagement at the Brooklyn Paramount attracted 97,000 people. There were no disorders. Says theater manager Gene Pleshett: "We let the kids know we expected them to behave, and we had plenty of help to keep the situation under control. A few kids—maybe twenty out of the 97,000 total—got to be a nuisance to those sitting near them, so we took them out and gave them their money back. About half of those returned to apologize and beg to be re-admitted to the theater. I worked at the Paramount on Broadway during both the Benny Goodman and the first Sinatra engagements, and they were wilder.

"And that subway train that got torn up . . . how do we know whether those kids were in the theater? Or, if they were, how they acted in other situations? We had no malicious damage here. When the kids got excited, they did bounce up and down pretty hard, so now we've got some seats out, having the springs replaced. But that's only normal wear and tear."

Perhaps the lack of serious commotion surprised everyone—for, when the Feld Brothers' "Biggest Rock 'n' Roll Show of 1956"—headlining Bill Haley and His Comets—packed 5,500 young people into the 4,400-seat Warner Theater in Atlantic City, *Variety* headlined, "Rock 'N' Roll Makes News: Teenagers Behave."

One who was not surprised was Ted Steele, whose *Bandstand* on WOR-TV, in New York, brings high-school students to the studio for a daily dancing party. Said Ted, "We've been playing rock 'n' roll since it first reached the hit list and we've had no problem. In fact, we're crazy about it, for all of a sudden we noticed the kids, instead of just shuffling around, were learning to dance again."

The Arthur Murrays are so enthusiastic about rock 'n' roll that they devoted an entire television program to demonstrating steps. "We're all for it," says Mrs. Murray. "Arthur thinks it indicates that world tensions are easing up. Kids dare be kids again, with more playful, jollier dances than we've been seeing." She herself found it a welcome contrast to the sultry, slow-moving "hugging" dances which she thinks too potent in arousing emotions. "Kids who monkey around with such dangerous business can get carried away and ruin their lives. We like energetic dances for teens. In rock 'n' roll, they can jump around, have a wonderful time. Rock 'n' roll dangerous? If a teen couple really dances it, I don't see how they have sufficient energy left to want anything more than a hamburger and milk."

Willie Bryant, the ABC Radio r&r specialist, who is a former "mayor" of Harlem, meets another criticism head-on, with the sage remark, "You don't hear music playing on the corners where the fighting starts."

How long will rock 'n' roll last? Paul Whiteman says, "Three years ago, when some people were giving it five weeks, I said five years. But we'll always have traces of the beat." Meanwhile, Freed points out that rock 'n' roll is changing. "It's not enough now for a number to be merely loud and wild. The kids are getting choosey. They're going for slower, more musical records."

Joe Carlton, who is the artists-and-repertoire chief for RCA Victor's popular music division, confirms their guess—with sales records to back his opinions. He also comments: "One good effect is that it is teaching kids to have a basic appreciation of harmony. Analyze some of the hits and you'll find that, musically, they are intricate. When kids can pick out those harmonies, rather than just melody, they've learned something."

That learning, he thinks, predicts a lasting effect: "Rock 'n' roll is like a new word added to the language. The beat will be refined and used in a more subtle manner than you're now hearing, but I doubt if it ever will be lost. A hundred years from now there will be traces of it in the classics."

You Can't Always Tell

(*Continued from page 49*)

to it, you can't really analyze why women judge people more astutely than men. They just know."

All of which brings us right back to Kit's original thoughts of the man she eventually married. "Actually," John confesses, "she wasn't so far from wrong . . . about what she thought I was, that is. About her spending any more time with me—well, she was 'way off base. Here's the way it happened.

"Back in 1933, I was working and living in Boston. One of the girls in our group was a graduate of William and Mary College, and on the occasion of a house party in Dedham, Massachusetts, she suggested a sorority sister of hers as a blind date for me. The girl was Kit, and she came up from her home in Washington, D. C., to spend a week with these friends in Dedham. At the time, I guess I was somewhat of a practical joker, and I can hardly blame her for her reaction. What I did was dress up in what we considered to be the togs of an out-and-out intellectual . . . black string tie, pince-nez glasses—the works! In nothing flat, I scared the daylights out of Kit with my act and schedule of planned entertainment for her week in Boston . . . concerts, erudite lectures, poetry readings, et cetera. The whole gang was in on it. Believe me, we had worked up one of the deadliest programs of events that has ever been put down on paper! And it was absolutely no time at all before Kit excused herself and made her proclamation to her hostess."

It's with good reason that John credits Kit for always giving people the benefit of a doubt. On the occasion of their first meeting—after the joke had been explained—she not only gave him the benefit of what must have been a pretty substantial doubt, but she also gave him the opportunity to make it up. What the average person expects out of a blind date is hard to say. What John got, after a week with Kit, was purely and simply the good old-fashioned "bite"—and he's stayed bitten ever since.

"After a week in Boston," John continues, "Kit went back home, and my courtship proceeded along the lines of letters, telephone calls and overnight bus trips from Boston to Washington. Those bus trips nearly ruined me—physically and financially! Finally, it occurred to me that, not only was I unhappy in the wool business in Boston, but I would obviously never be able to save a cent with this expensive-type courtship going on. So I headed for the Capital City."

It wasn't long before he was established in the Capital Transit Company, and in due time had saved enough money to offer Kit marriage and all the luxuries of a one-room apartment—accommodations far afield from the lovely, comfortable home they now own in Rye, New York. But their marriage took place in the slightly post-Depression year of 1937, and they considered themselves pretty lucky.

Honeymoon? Certainly. One week in New York! "That had not been our original honeymoon idea. But, just before we were married, the Transit Company offered me a new and improved job, and I had to get back to Washington earlier than we had planned. So we settled for a week in New York."

But changes in plans have never been anything to stop John and/or Kit Daly. Take John's career, as an example. When he first enrolled in Boston College, he intended to enter the medical profession. This was in the early thirties—right in the heart of the Great Depression. Earning your way through college in those days was *really* tough. After two years of grinding away day and night, John decided it wasn't worth it. There was too little money . . . too many years ahead before he could even dream of setting up an office.

Not that John Daly is afraid of work. Not by a long shot. That one-week honeymoon turned out to be the last vacation John and Kit had for sixteen years. And, since then, they've managed only two five-day trips to Nassau.

No, John Daly is not the man to shirk work. A typical week's schedule should clear up any doubts. Every Monday through Friday, John boards the 9:04 train from Rye and arrives in his ABC office at about ten. From ten to 11:30, he's in his office handling the administrative details connected with his duties as Vice President in Charge of News, Special Events, Sports and Public Affairs. From 11:30 until luncheon—usually a business lunch—he has his first meeting on the five-nights-a-week TV program, *John Daly And The News*. At this meeting, he goes over the news, gets an insight into the films that *might* be used that night and "dummies up" the show.

Back from lunch, he goes into a second meeting for the night's newscast. By now there are some obvious modifications that must be made on the original insight of the program . . . perhaps weather conditions have delayed the flight of previously expected films, or the quality of an on-the-spot film has turned out not to be up to par, or an unexpected news break enters the picture. During this session, the show is re-dummied. At 3:30. John returns to his office.

By 5:30, he shoos his secretary home and returns to the studio, where he works on the news show until air time—7:15 P.M. in New York. After that—it says in very fine print some place—he can then go home. However, this he seldom manages more than three nights a week. But, when he does, he's home with Kit by nine and dining by 9:45 or ten.

Then there's Saturday. All his to devote to his family. Well, *usually* it's his to devote to his family. "Right now the upcoming Presidential conventions are throwing a crimp into my hard, fast rule about having Saturday off. Next Saturday, I'll have to be out of town . and the Saturday after that. But I *think* I'll have the following Saturday at home."

As for Sunday, he has the entire morning and afternoon at home—but must be in New York by 9:00 P.M. for *What's My Line?*—on CBS-TV—and it's apt to be 12:30 A.M. by the time he again sets foot inside his door.

A man to shirk work? Hardly. And, impossible as it may seem, his family will be the first to say he doesn't shirk *them*, either. Despite the fact that his profession has necessitated his being away from the family for periods of time . . . during the war years, he was overseas and, since then, many a good hurricane, flood or political convention has found John Daly reporting from the front lines . . . he has made a concerted effort to remain "one of the family."

During dinner or a midnight raid on the refrigerator, Kit—who has had an evening nap so she can be wide awake for his arrival on late nights—gives him a thorough run-down on the day's events, particularly as they pertain to the three Daly offspring: Buncy, 10, Charles, 15, and Johnny, 18. Of course, when Johnny's away at

Yale and Charles at Phillips-Andover, the news from these two fronts comes via the mails or weekend visits. But Buncy, with her long-standing mania for horses and newly-acquired interest in the piano, keeps the Daly home from really quieting down.

The Daly children, themselves, find it hard to think of their father as a celebrity. To sportsminded Johnny, Dad is a great golf partner and swimmer—even if he is somewhat of a stickler on school grades. To Charles, whose interests lie in mechanics and design, Pop is the guy who has always shown genuine interest in his car and airplane designs, who lost and paid up a fifty-dollar bet to him on an historical question—but is pretty much of a bug on making him pick up his room when it gets to looking like the aftermath of a hurricane. To Buncy, Dad is the man she loves most in the whole world for so many reasons—like taking her to horse shows, encouraging her with piano lessons (in fact, letting her know she's really very good) and not letting her big brothers tease her too much.

As for Kit, John is still the same man she married—although not, thank heavens, the character she first met—the man with the quick sense of humor, the hearty and infectious laugh . . . the man who went to such great lengths to court her and has continued to go to great lengths to keep her and her family happy and content. And, in view of her original mistaken summation, she's quick to modify John's to: "Women *usually* know—but sometimes they, too, must revamp decisions."

Born To Be Loved

(*Continued from page 47*)

The Doctor's Wife, approved my choice of name for her brain-child—if he could be called Adam, too, after her own son. So Timothy Adam Palmer he became. A little more than a year later, when I knew I was going to be a mother, Timothy was the only name I wanted. Eric was delighted, too—it's his first name, although he doesn't use it—and it goes so beautifully with Teran.

"Now, in our script, this wife I play will soon be bringing home a little sister for her Timothy. I want to call the new baby Linda—and someday, when we have a sister for our Timothy, I hope she will be Linda. It would seem that the Palmers and the Terans might have much in common!"

In the meantime, young Timothy Teran is a baby with a personality of his own, and a strongly independent spirit. Already he has a firm, authoritative grasp on everything that comes within his reach, as if assured that all the good things of life are there for the taking. His smile is dazzling for those he loves. There is grave dignity on his tiny face as he contemplates the world from his bassinet—the trees that tower so high above him on the seven and one-half Connecticut acres on which the Terans now live, trees he will soon be skinning up and jumping from, no doubt unsettling his mother's nerves with his daring. The little lake on the property fascinates him, those two acres of sparkling water on which one day he will be sailing boats or skimming a canoe.

At the moment, however, he's a cuddly, blond cherub whose hair has a reddish tinge, like his maternal grandmother's, although Pat's hair is a dark brown and his daddy's is almost jet black. If he has his father's eyes, they will be a deep, intense blue, but they might darken to the hazel-brown of his mother's. Pat's eyes grow darkly purple in certain lights, when she wears certain colors and, against her pale gardenia skin, framed in the masses of soft dark hair, they give her the look of a portrait by Velasquez.

The little boy must surely inherit some of the varied talents of his parents, or have some of them "rub off" on him through the years. Eric Teran is an industrial designer, a consultant for the Bulova company among others, a man who is obsessed with the idea of combining beauty and utility. He works on both packaging ideas and product development, and many of the things in the Teran household reflect his ideas. When he first saw Pat struggling to tie a bib on their squirming offspring, he devised an absorbent paper bib—cut to fit correctly over the baby's head and stay flat and close on the small shoulders—and the problem was solved in a few moments. For her wedding ring (they were married September 27, 1954), he designed graceful spirals of diamond-set platinum, twined around a series of four star sapphires, a beautiful and unique piece of jewelry. Last Christmas, he designed another ring, with the crest of the Alba Teran family engraved on the sapphire itself.

From Pat, too, their son must inherit a love of beauty. In her teens, she studied art and showed great talent for it, before deciding on acting as her career. From both his parents, Timothy will fall heir to a sense of the drama and adventure of life. Both have traveled a great deal, both have cosmopolitan backgrounds and tastes, balanced by a love of home and family life.

The home they bought five months before Timothy was born is an ivy-covered, gray stone, eleven-room house, a copy of a Normandy chateau, complete with little tower. "In the most heavenly setting," as Pat describes it, "and the house attracted me immediately because it has no waste space. There is no real basement. You go down a few steps to a bar and playroom, with laundry equipment, deep-freeze and workshop area just beyond, but separate. Very compact and very moderate, in spite of the classic architecture. Eric has a big studio, with high windows—often cluttered, because the only time I tried to clean it up for him I threw away some newspapers he was saving and needed. So now all I dare do, without express permission, is empty ashtrays."

Timothy's nursery is the room across from his parents'. It was the one good paint job in the house, and it happened to be pink, so they left it. Pat doesn't think he'll mind, although she is introducing some blues into the decor to satisfy his male ego, in case he begins to notice later on. The rest of the rooms had been decorated in strong Western colors—the vivid yellows and bright hues of the Southwest. They seemed incongruous in that French architecture, coupled with the predominance of French furnishings which the Terans both like, so now the colors run to softer shades, the pinks and lilacs and lavenders and blues. "My mother teases us, says these must be Eric's family colors, because they have crept in everywhere. They seem so right, somehow. Our dining room, however, is gold and white and green. But our own bedroom is a pale blue, with raspberry curtains."

When the Terans bought the house, they weren't looking for anything on such a grand scale. Quite the opposite. They wanted a weekend retreat, to get away from their New York apartment.

Pat saw it first. Eric was away, and she

read an ad in the newspaper. Thirty-five miles out of New York, accessible by car or by train. Out of curiosity, she looked at it. She knew at once it was no weekend retreat. She was sure that, under any circumstances, it was not for them. But she wanted Eric to see the divine house in the beautiful setting, the lake, the little bridge to a private island. "Don't get any ideas," she told him. "I just want you to see this place."

She should have known better. Seeing wasn't enough. Or rather, it was too much. Now *he* wanted the house, too. And they decided that if they moved into it as a full-time, year-around home, they could swing it. Besides they were lucky. Many people had the same idea, but now it was fall and the owner had to get away to a milder climate before winter set in. So they made their deal. With Peter, their handsome boxer, they were all established in their new home several months before the Terans became a family, instead of merely a couple.

Now everything was in readiness for Timothy. Early in April, Pat had recorded enough shows to last until she could go back to work. But Timothy decided to take his time about being born, and they got down to two shows. So the night of April 10 was set for another recording.

"When I saw the doctor that day," Pat recalls, "he said he thought I might go to the hospital that night. I told him the idea was just fine, except that I had to do five shows before the day was over. He laughed and said it was all right, but I had better get up to the hospital when I was finished. So I worked until 10:30 in the evening, with the rest of the cast, growing more and more aware of the short intervals between what seemed like little beginnings of pain. Then, with my mother and Eric, we departed for the hospital with all my things—looking for all the world like a gypsy caravan.

"We arrived as the staff was changing shifts and, when I was told to sit down a few minutes and relax until the nurse could get me ready, it seemed to me that no one realized what those pains were beginning to be like. They were all quite calm and matter of fact. The doctor had said Eric could remain with me. But his attitude was obviously, 'What's a mere man doing here?' and I felt he was quite right. 'You get some rest,' I told him. 'This is my job.' So I wasn't at all prepared when I looked up suddenly a little later and saw him, dressed in a white gown, standing over me. It meant more than I can say. He was with me the whole time—except during the actual delivery—and I was deeply touched by it.

"Eric and my mother saw the baby for the first time together," Pat smiles. "'He looks exactly like you,' my husband told my mother. He reported to me that she practically melted on the floor at that and he could have scraped her up with a butter knife. Timothy is the first grandchild in the family, the first of what I hope will be many nephews and nieces, and he stands a good chance of being badly spoiled by idolizing grown-ups."

Pat's mother had a gift charm for her bracelet—a tiny golden turtle, for a little boy who was a bit slow in arriving. "I think that's sort of mean to our Timothy," Pat protested laughingly. Her mother smiled and said, "Well, it was very expensive," as if to make up for her joke.

Eric, too, had a gift charm for Pat's bracelet, the very day their son was born. A little-boy gold cherub. Pat is still trying to figure out if he ordered both a girl and a boy-cherub and is perhaps saving the other one for a later date. Before she left the hospital, she had tiny golden boys put on cuff links for Eric.

Timothy Teran will grow up bi-lingual, even from the first. Eric is a linguist who is at home in seven languages, while Pat speaks French and some Spanish and Italian. Timothy will learn English and French first. "When in doubt," says Pat, "I make up a word in French. Sometimes I make up the grammar, too, I'm afraid, and I get very involved with the idioms. But Timothy will be learning and I shall have to brush up with him."

Because they are busy, home-loving people, the baby has not changed the routine of their lives as much as they thought he might: "The first year we were married, Eric and I went out a great deal. It was fun. We liked eating out in restaurants. We have always loved going to the theater, and always will. But more and more we find ourselves liking to be home. Eric likes good food, and he thinks I'm a good cook. I like to cook. And now we even have a small combination apartment-office in New York, as well as the country house, so that when I have a late show or an early morning rehearsal —or Eric has to be in town very early or late at night—we can go to the apartment and stay overnight.

"I take care of Timothy myself whenever I am home. I want to do this as long as I can. There is a lovely cottage on our property in the country, where a couple with three young children live. And, when I see how beautifully their children are cared for, I have no hesitancy in leaving Timothy with them. I feel that I can continue appearing on Broadway and can make radio and television commitments—before Timothy was born, I did the narration for 'Peter Pan' on TV, and *American Inventory* just before that, and there are many plans ahead for me.

And, of course, I love playing Julie Palmer. I couldn't give her up. Julie is a very real person. I like her point of view about living, about bringing up her own little Timothy. I think that she and Dr. Dan Palmer (that's Karl Weber, who is just wonderful) are a fine couple. I have great respect for them, and for their standards. The things that happen to them are mostly the result of the kind of mistakes we all might make at some point in our lives. The whole story strikes a wonderful balance between humor and drama, a warm intimacy which is delightful. I feel that it is written with respect for each role and each point of view, and I know there is mutual respect among all of us who work on it."

Pat and Eric also have this mutual respect for each other's work. "Eric is intelligent," Pat says proudly. "You see it in his approach to everything.

"Eric is completely in sympathy with my career. I have been an actress since I was thirteen, and he understands my need to continue. He saw me on stage in a Broadway play, before we ever met. He listens to *The Doctor's Wife* or any other program I am on, when he possibly can—there have been at least ten *Studio One* leads, *Kraft Theater,* and practically every other big TV dramatic show. Eric thinks I have a tremendous future in my profession. Isn't it wonderful?" And then Pat laughs, knowing how lucky she is that he feels this way.

As for Timothy, their plans for him center at this moment around a few simple basic hopes and prayers: That he grow up healthy and happy. That he mature into a well-rounded individual, who can contribute his share to the work and the happiness of the world. That he be strong enough and poised enough to work out his own problems, to adapt himself happily to the world he will have to live in. And that he find the kind of love and joy which they have found together.

Man Wanted!

(*Continued from page* 32)

Memphis Tennessee, paid his fee and sang a song. "I didn't even know it was a record company," he says. "I thought it was just one of those stores you can make a record in." The platter was to be his mother's birthday present.

Today, at 21, that same Elvis Aron Presley, who has not yet had either a vocal lesson or an acting lesson, holds impressive recording, motion picture and personal appearance contracts. He also owns a dazzling wardrobe, four Cadillacs, a Messerschmidt sports car and the hottest motorcycle money can buy. He shares his good fortune with his parents. He has given them a $40,000 ranch house and has persuaded his father to retire at the age of 39. He makes light of this largess by saying, "Why should he work when I can make as much in a day as he used to in a year? Besides, look at all they have done for me."

His possession of the voice and style to match the mood of teenagers, who come to a boil over rock 'n' roll, has made him the most-discussed entertainer in America today. Even those critics who turned caustic about his uninhibited gyrations in front of the TV camera must concede his remarkable accomplishment in simultaneously putting—not one—but *four* records on *Variety's* scoreboard of top talent and tunes: "Heartbreak Hotel," "Blue Suede Shoes," "I Was the One," and "I Want You, I Need You."

While calling his style "animalistic" and dubbing him "Pelvis Presley," those same acid commentators had to acknowledge that, not since Frank Sinatra's debut, had anyone approached Presley's direct communication with an audience. One even admitted grudgingly, "Let's face it. He tops Sinatra. Everybody in show business knows that Sinatra, right from the start, had the aid of one of the best press agents. When bobbysoxers swooned in Times Square, that response was 'hypoed.' This kid hasn't even got a press agent. Sure, the publicity crew over at RCA Victor has done a good job putting out stories, but don't forget they have a lot of other artists to handle at the same time. And his managers have done fine with personal appearances—but where has he played? In the sticks. He's done nine network television shots, but he's not yet had a Broadway booking and that's where the big press coverage starts. In other words, he's just a little guy from the deep South who has set the fire all by himself. And no one ever did that before. This kid's a natural."

Although he has become a national legend, the person who appears to be least impressed by this phenomenon is Presley. He regards himself as a novice, eager to learn, to grow, to develop. Asked how he gets a hall rocking, he replies, "I don't know, but I hope it never stops."

Off stage, he would rather sit around with people his own age than garner more publicity by talking to interviewers. Some young relative or long-time friend usually travels with him and his manager, Col. Tom Parker, or Parker's associate, Tom Diskin. Elvis, in a hotel room, is like a caged tiger, restless, distracted, eager to get out where people are having fun. When a carnival or amusement park is within reach, Elvis and friends prowl the midway, often to the distress of concessionaires, who find Elvis has a deadly aim with a baseball and a way of acquiring a large number of pandas and dolls.

Neither engaged nor married, he has an eye for a pretty girl. When, during rehearsal for the Milton Berle show, he learned it was a dancer's birthday, he ordered a cake and candles and surprised her by leading cast and crew in singing, "Happy birthday, dear Millie . . ."

He neither drinks nor smokes, following precepts learned during childhood in Tupelo, Mississippi. Born a twin, he came in for an extra measure of devotion after his brother died at birth. His father was a truck driver and, since both parents sang in the choir of the Pentacostal Assembly Of God church, Elvis joined in, too. He loved the gospel songs, strong in beat and exuberant in emotion.

When he was twelve, they moved to Memphis, where his father worked in a paint factory. Elvis, a child who had played alone in his own back yard, found it hard to make friends. In L. C. Hume High School, he was no big wheel. "The girls didn't go for me," he confesses. He went out for football and baseball but was too slight in build to make the team in either case. He appeared only twice in school entertainments.

At home, however, it was a different story. On his thirteenth birthday, his parents gave Elvis a twelve-dollar mail-order guitar. While other kids swam, he sat out in the back yard picking out tunes. Some were gospel songs, some family ballads, some tunes he learned listening to phonograph records. When kinfolk got together, Elvis suffered none of the shyness which beset him with strangers. He sang out, as he does now, "just the way I feel."

That's the way he sang on the record for his mother—the record which changed his life. As he finished, the man at the controls stepped out of the booth and asked if he were a professional singer, or if he wanted to be.

Elvis thought this no time to speak of dreams he had cherished while strumming his guitar. He laughed it off, saying he didn't especially care. Today, he says, "Singing for a living was the farthest thing from my mind. I just wanted to see what I sounded like."

When the man took his name and address and said he would call if something suitable came up, it became a nice story to tell his mother, not anything to count on. Ambitious Elvis found a job driving a truck for an electrical contractor and studied in night school, preparing to become an electrician.

But the man didn't forget. Sam Phillips, owner of Sun Record Company, called Elvis several months later. "He had a song he wanted me to sing," says Elvis. "It was a real slow-type ballad."

Phillips had a small combo back him—guitar, string bass and drums. Elvis recalls: "We worked three, four hours on that song and never did get it to perfection. Then we took a break and I started kidding around with a tune I knew—'That's All Right.' All my life I've heard stuff with a beat and I get a bang out of it. That's what we finally recorded."

Effects were far reaching. In Memphis, a disc jockey put it on the air. Elvis, afraid his friends would rib him, hid out in a movie house. But, at the station, the phone really started ringing: They had to repeat the record seven times that evening.

Elvis Presley's days as an apprentice electrician were almost over. With disc-jockey Bob Neal as his manager, he

"barnstormed," learning in little shows how to charge a crowd with a different sort of non-wired current. Sun, a small company, sent records to other Southern stations and, everywhere the song was heard, kids started digging it.

One person who heard it with special interest was Steve Sholes, RCA Victor's country-and-Western specialist. (See "Rock 'n' Roll," in this same issue.) Another was Col. Tom Parker, booker of country-and-Western shows. Tom Diskin, Parker's associate, tells their reaction: "In Texas, touring with a show, we began hearing about this new singing sensation, Elvis Presley. We thought it was one of those local-boy-makes-good things—but every disc jockey we spoke to complained he had requests for only four records, all of them by Presley."

They also discovered Elvis drew crowds. "Fans can make requests," says Diskin, "but not until they buy records, and turn out for personal appearances, is a star hot property."

They first booked Elvis into other stars' tours as a supporting act. After five performances, they put him on a tour of his own and discovered they now needed to take precautions for his personal safety: "The kids moved in on him. They didn't mean anything malicious, but they hit him like a wave, grabbing and screaming. We had to put ropes around Elvis," says Diskin.

Steve Sholes' and Presley's paths finally crossed in Nashville, where Steve was recording a number of country-and-Western performers. Presley, who by then had made Col. Parker his manager, was on *Grand Ole Opry.* When, again, the kids went wild, RCA Victor entered negotiations. As the deal was signed, Elvis was given a royalty of four and one half cents on each 89-cent record. He also received $5,000 "spending money"—which he promptly plunked down for the first of his four Cadillacs.

Victor paid Sam Phillips $35,000 for Presley's recording contract, together with the "masters" he had made for Sun—a most unusual arrangement for Victor. They broke precedent again by reissuing the entire group for national distribution.

The timing was perfect. Man, mood and mass fused into an explosion. Teenagers, with rock 'n' roll's tom-tom beat in their blood, had lost one hero when Marlon Brando "graduated" into becoming a distinguished, well-behaved actor. They lost another when Jimmy Dean died so tragically. Now here was Elvis, looking like them both and throwing himself around a tune in a way not previously seen on stage. The new star was on his way.

As it chanced, RCA Victor's "perfect lady" press agent, delicate Anne Fulchino, drew the assignment to cover Presley's ensuing tour. She ticks off milestones of mounting hysteria: "In Jacksonville, they tore off his coat and belt. In Charlotte, about 300 broke through the police line and surged on stage. In the wings, we all screamed at Elvis, 'Get off there!' He ran, but they ripped his clothes. I remember the way he said, 'They even took the tassels off my shoes.' He was like a child who had lost a toy."

By the time he reached New York, the surge even struck RCA Victor stenographers, who normally are immune, thanks to constant sight of top talent. To the astonishment of their bosses, about twenty crashed his recording session.

New York, however, held more than clamoring fans for Elvis. It was his first trip, a time when he discovered that show business in the big town differs somewhat from the southern circuit. Although able to cope with autograph hunters, the crowds in good restaurants appalled him. Rather than wait for a table, he would bolt to a side-street lunch counter for his favorite pork chops, potatoes and gravy. People staring at his ear-muff-sized-sideburns posed a problem. "You're a square if you don't wear them in the South," he explained to Anne. (To compromise, he shaved them a quarter of an inch.)

"Timing" brought a challenge on the *Stage Show* section of Jackie Gleason's big Saturday-night hour. "Because Elvis sings the way he feels," says Anne, "it used to take him several numbers to warm up—and just as long to calm down. I've seen him call the trio around him and sing in the wings until his tension eased off. He knew he would have no such leeway on television and he was scared. We saw him sort of square off and hit it on the first note. It was the first time he was able to turn on the fervor just when he needed it."

Because he was exhausted by the six *Stage Show* appearances with the Dorseys interspersed with trips south for personal appearances, everyone worried when he boarded the plane for Hollywood to take his screen test. Anne fussed: "Oh, Elvis, you'll never be able to learn your script by tomorrow morning." When they saw the film they were amazed. They couldn't believe the vital person on screen was that same weary guy.

Charlotte Clary, who directed the screen test for Paramount, supplies a close-up of what happened: "Seeing him do his rock 'n' roll bit, we all fell on our faces. But we really flipped when he did his two heavy dramatic scenes from 'The Rainmaker.'"

She especially praised his self-discipline: "He had to smoke a black cigar. Since Elvis never touched tobacco, he got greener and greener. Yet he never broke, never missed a line, did not ruin the take."

They saw his will power again in his musical number: "He didn't have his own guitar. The one our music department supplied had a broken string. He tuned it down and used it like a drum. Then the pick flew out of his fingers. He went right on. The strings cut deep, and blood dripped, but he never stopped."

The test was so remarkable that producer Hal Wallis flew in from Las Vegas to meet him. The plan to cast him in a supporting role in "The Rainmaker" has been dropped. He will have a picture of his own, instead. In Hollywood, as well as in New York, the critical professionals are saying, "He's a natural."

Elvis's only comment on the test was: "I guess it was all right." He holds to his caution in revealing his deepest dreams, but his intimates know he would rather be an actor—a good actor—than anything else in the world. "It's an obsession with him," says Tom Diskin.

His ability to grow and develop is his best asset. If, as record sales now indicate, the rock 'n' roll cacophony is moving into a slower, more melodious form, Elvis Presley is not likely to fall with the fad. His last session at RCA Victor was a rugged four and a half hours—twenty-four takes. To make the finished platter, they spliced numbers 17 and 24. The trouble was, Presley didn't sound like Presley. His low notes were full and round. Said the Victor people, "The guy is really learning to sing. He'll move on into the popular music field. This fellow's got a big future."

The teenagers want Elvis Presley today. Experienced prophets in the field are predicting that everyone will want him tomorrow!

Year of Dreams

(*Continued from page 56*)

a bolt of thunder, the roll of drums—or, at the least, a moment of premonition on the part of the man himself. Something dramatic, anyway, something extraordinary. . . . However, there were no stage effects to signal the moment in time at which the pattern of Mike's life changed. Simply and routinely, the phone rang. The Polio Foundation's Ed Franck was calling—as he often did—about the CBS Radio show, *On A Sunday Afternoon*, which Mike was doing at the time.

But Franck's call this Monday morning, February 20, 1955, was not in relation to the show. "Mike," he said, "Bob Young is here in town, has a virus, can't go to Puerto Rico to emcee the March of Dimes dinner dance at the Caribe-Hilton—will you fly down and take over?"

Mike said, "Sure."

Mike has been active in radio and television—as an announcer, actor, newscaster, sportscaster, interviewer, reviewer, moderator, narrator, emcee, host, and even, in his salad days, as a continuity writer and salesman—for twenty years. It follows that, to virtuoso Wallace, emceeing the March of Dimes dinner dance was merely another assignment, which he might well have turned down with the legitimate excuse, "Sorry, too busy." But the assignment involved a trip to the Caribbean. And Mike likes the Caribbean. He also likes and admires TV and movie actor Robert Young. Nor would he willingly miss an opportunity to help the vital cause which is served by the March of Dimes.

So Mike flew to Puerto Rico, emceed the show, then decided he'd stay on a few days, play a little tennis, soak up a little sun. Two days later, he was sitting by the tennis court, resting after three fast sets. when a uniquely attractive girl entered his line of vision.

She looks Spanish, Mike thought. He still thinks so. "Light Spanish," he says. "Light brown eyes—I guess you'd call them amber—hair more light than dark. Hair that comes to *here*," Mike indicated his hipline. "She was wearing it in two long braids that day. And her dress was different from any dress I'd ever seen a woman wear, a sort of one-piece—madras, I believe it was—in shades of brown and white.

"She has the look of a fairly serene woman, I thought. I thought, *She has a look . . .*" whereupon Mike—as of that Wednesday, February 22—rested no more. In less time than it takes to write the words, he was on his feet and on his way around the courts to where the "pro" was engaged in restringing a racquet. Finger pointing, Mike inquired of the pro, an old acquaintance, *"Who?"*

"Lorraine Dora," said the pro. "She runs the art gallery at the hotel here. Don't bother with her. She doesn't go out. She works every night, and—well, forget it!"

The pro's advice was, of course, the equivalent of so much water running off a duck's back. But Mike told him "Okay," and "Thanks." And then, improvising, he said casually, "However, I'm interested in buying some Caribbean primitives for my new apartment, so I'll just wander over to the gallery." "I wandered over," Mike laughs, "and it was closed."

The next morning, as the doors of the gallery opened, Mike went through them. He played the role of a collector of Caribbean primitives with his usual finesse. Then, remarking that he would like to discuss his purchases further with her, he asked, "How about dinner tonight?"

"The answer," Mike recalls, "was something to do with working on the books, accounting, auditing—in short, *'No.'*"

"Don't bother with her," the pro had said. "She doesn't go out." Looks like the boy knows whereof he speaks, Mike agreed ruefully. However one of Mike's many assets is that he has a friend in every port. Born Myron Wallace, the youngest of four children, in Brookline, Massachusetts—May 9, 1918—he has, in the thirty-eight years since, lived and worked in many towns and cities throughout the United States . . . and, during World War II, abroad. After narrating the dramatic series, *First Line*—which was part of a recruiting program for the Navy—Mike himself joined the boys in blue, was assigned to the submarine division and served in Pearl Harbor, Australia and the Southwest Pacific, as a submarine communications officer.

Thanks to the territory he has covered—and to his own gift for friendship—there's always someone he knows, anywhere he may be. Puerto Rico was no exception. There, opportunely, he ran into a girl he used to date in Boston, who was—also opportunely—a friend of Lorraine's. By the end of the week, dinner with Lorraine was "mission accomplished," thanks to the good offices of the mutual friend.

Across a candlelit table, Mike learned that Lorraine is not Spanish, as he had thought, but of French parentage (her maiden name was Perigord) . . . that she was born in Pasadena, California . . . that her father, a retired college professor, lives in Haiti—where she had originally opened an art gallery, then expanded with another in Puerto Rico.

"The talk that night," says Mike, "was mostly of our activities. The ceramics industry Lorraine started in the Caribbean. Her painting; she works in oils and, since she is studying, does a little of everything—portraits, still-lifes and so on. My work in radio and on TV. The books we like and the sports we play. Impersonal talk, an eavesdropper would have thought. As, in fact, it was. The preliminaries," Mike laughs, "the overture . . .

"And then, with my first impression of her unique attractiveness confirmed, I was obliged to go back to New York. But I wrote. And Lorraine, having relaxed a little bit, wrote me. And when, presently, I was due for a legitimate vacation, I flew back to the Caribbean!"

And there, by and on the blue Caribbean, the getting-to-know-you really began—with nothing remotely impersonal about it. They discovered that they shared many of the more vital experiences. Like Mike, Lorraine had been—but no longer was—married. Each has two children: Lorraine, a son and daughter, Anthony, sixteen, and Pauline, who is nine . . . Mike, two sons, Peter and Christopher, aged thirteen and eight, respectively. Their values, they found, are the same: The value and importance of work, *the work you want to do* . . . the deeper value and importance of the life you live in your private world.

"Before I left Puerto Rico this time," Mike continues, "I persuaded Lorraine to come to New York in May. She came up, spent three weeks, and we did all the things you might expect . . . theaters, restaurants—and New York in the spring! Then we decided," Mike laughs, "that we were probably devoted to each other, whereupon I flew to Haiti to ask Lorraine's father for her hand in marriage. A quaint custom required of me," Mike

explains, "because Professor Perigord—a very dignified Frenchman turned American—is still, in his bones, of the Old World. This is a man!" Mike says of his father-in-law.

"And so Lorraine and I, having obtained parental permission, were married, on a day in mid-July, in judge's chambers down on Second Avenue at Fourth Street. Lorraine, who makes all her own clothes, wore a one-piece dress of some loose-woven material that looked," says Mike, looking helpless, "like gilt burlap! And her hair up, high up, as she wears it in the city—though, in the country, she still wears it in two braids, as when I first saw her. Following the ceremony, at which only members of the family were present, we had a reception for about two hundred. Dave Garroway (soon to be a bridegroom himself) was there . . . Mary Stuart, Arlene Francis's husband, actor-producer Martin Gabel, and others, most of them old friends."

And then the just-marrieds went home, home to Solley House, the storybook house in the storybook town known as Snedens Landing.

Snedens Landing, which covers maybe 1000 acres, is part of the town of Palisades-on-the-Hudson, New York," Mike explains. "And why Snedens Landing? One of Lorraine's very good friends in Haiti had lived there and told Lorraine, 'You'd love it.' Houses in Snedens Landing, however, are impossible to find. But since nothing is impossible, seemingly, in the year that is 'The Year,'" Mike laughs, "I found out that a friend of mine had just bought a house in Snedens Landing, wanted a tenant . . . and, five minutes after Lorraine and I crossed the lintel of Solley House, he had one!

"The first, or early part of Solley House," says Mike, "is 175 years old. The last part, built about twenty-five years ago, is a greenhouse which Lorraine uses as her studio. There are tree palms in the greenhouse, orchids and tree ferns and staghorn ferns and geraniums—and ants!

"All of the houses in Snedens Landing are fabled: Chateau Hash, so called because of its conglomerate architecture; Ding Ding House, named for the old ship's bell that hangs above the door and still (by unseen hands) tolls the night watches as at sea; Captain John's House. . . . The whole place is like a legend, with a quality difficult to define, a dream quality, another-world quality, that comes, in part, from being unmarred by New Yorkish conformity for so many years. The paint on the houses is faded. The manicured look of Westchester and suburban Connecticut does not exist here. An old Presbyterian church and parsonage, at the end of a road, have not been touched in fifty years. Noel Coward once lived in Snedens Landing. Katharine Cornell still lives there. And an old lady, a lace-maker by trade, who must be 100, still lives there, too . . . and has for sixty years . . . as we hope to do. And so, against the day when our lease of Solley House expires, we've bought a house right next to the parsonage which we'll use to 'trade up' until, eventually, we get the house we want.

"Meantime, we're enjoying Solley House," Mike grins, "all six of us. My boys are with us weekends. We all swim together in the community pool, with its picturesque pergola which looks like an old Italian villa. We picnic together, browse about. All four kids get along famously, by the way, with Lorraine's Anthony leader of the group.

"And so, one of those dreams that never come to pass," Mike smiles, "did come to pass for me, in terms of personal happiness. . . . And that took the beginning—or, to be exact—the first six months of 'The Year.' During the next six months, the career put forth new branches . . . the kind that flower and bear fruit."

Not that Mike had ever put in much time, if any, "resting between engagements." Or that the engagements had not been tops of their kind. Or that he didn't know, early in life, what he wanted to do. Although he had enrolled at the University of Michigan as an economics major, he soon changed to speech and dramatics and was graduated, in 1939, with a Bachelor of Arts degree. That summer, he got a job teaching radio techniques at the National Music Camp in Interlochen, Michigan. Shortly thereafter, he was employed by Station WOOD in Grand Rapids as an announcer, continuity writer and salesman. Within a year, he'd made his network debut from Detroit, as narrator, announcer and actor on various top-rated series, including *The Lone Ranger* and *The Green Hornet.*

In 1941, he transferred his activities to Chicago, where he did a regular newscast for the Chicago *Sun-Times* and was announcer on such leading serials as *The Road Of Life, Ma Parkins,* and *The Guiding Light.* Returning to Chicago after the war, he conducted a late-night interview from the Balinese Room of the Blackstone Hotel and, during the day, was announcer on so many network radio programs—*Curtain Time,* for one, *Fact Or Fiction, Sky King*—that he was given the unofficial title of "Mr. Radio." He was also a barker on a TV circus series, moderator of a quiz program on TV, and the emcee of a beauty contest.

When did he sleep? Mostly, he didn't. He was, all unaware, in training for "The Year" during which the dream that permits no dreaming—abed, that is—came to pass.

In June of 1951, Mike came to New York. Since then, he has conducted more than 2,000 interviews on local and network radio and TV, hosted any number of radio and TV shows (notably, *All Around The Town*), and was part-time emcee on *There's One In Every Family* and moderator on *I'll Buy That.* In 1952, he covered the political conventions, the election-night returns, the inauguration of President Eisenhower, and—all in one year's time—the Easter Parade in New York. During the 1954-55 season, he came out of the "ether" to make his Broadway debut in the leading male role of the comedy, "Reclining Figure."

A deal of work, these years of work Mike put in on the mike . . . work well done, yet lacking the prestige, the recognition as a "personality" which is now his.

It was October of '55 that Ted Cott, vice-president of Du Mont Broadcasting Corporation, was persuaded (by Mike) to give him the news spots telecast at 7 P. M., and again at 11 P. M.—Monday through Friday over New York's Station WABD—and Mike began to come fully into his own.

"For several years, before and after the war," says Mike, "I'd been doing the news for NBC in Chicago. But, when I came to New York with CBS, they had more than enough newscasters, and I went into the program department—interviews and so on. However, I'd been babying the idea of a TV newscast, for some time. Of the various activities on the air, newscasting is, to me, the most rewarding. For three reasons, all good: For one thing, the fight on TV is for material. As a newscaster, here is your material, readymade—and *what* material! A world, literally *the* world, of it! For another, my turn of mind is such that I am more stimulated by national and international affairs than

I am by theatrical affairs, in themselves. Third, take a look at newscasters—John Cameron Swayze, for instance, Doug Edwards, John Daly—they're not fellows who are flashes in the pan. Newscasting, although poorly paid by comparison, is a self-renewing process. The longer you stay, the more your public likes you—I hope.

"Since the old saw, 'It never rains but it pours,'" Mike adds, "can be as true when it's your year of good fortune as when it's not . . . at about the same time as I started newscasting over WABD, NBC came to me and said: 'How would you like to work, as co-host with Margaret Truman, on our new daytime radio program, *Weekday*?'

"I would. And we did. We cut an audition record, then Margaret went to Europe . . . *and that*, I thought, *is that.* Then Margaret came back from Europe, and the word went out: *Start November 7.*

"We started November 7. Margaret was only on the show four months, but during that time we had a lot of fun. She's a fun girl as well as a serious hard-worker. Being together all day long, five days a week—as we were—we used to get into quite pal-sy conversations. I'd tell her she should get married. She'd tell me," Mike laughs, "that she couldn't agree more! One day, I said, 'Tell you what: Next time I'm in Haiti, I'll try to get you a Ouanga doll, have the witch doctor bless it, then all you have to do is chant incantations over it, perform rites and, before you know it, you'll be saying 'I do.' When Lorraine and I flew to Haiti a few weeks later, I managed to find a Ouanga doll (they're rare), brought it back, presented it to Margaret—and, sure enough, three weeks later, she winds up a bride-to-be! On February 27, Virginia Graham, another great girl, real great, replaced our altar-bound Miss Truman."

Mike felt that, career-wise, his cup was running over, when he and Lorraine flew to Haiti, in late February of '56, for a week of rest.

"I got back," Mike says, "to find that executive producer Steve Carlin wanted to know whether I would be interested in talking to him about emceeing NBC-TV'S *The Big Surprise.* We talked. Two weeks later, in March, I started. And *The Big Surprise* can be no bigger to a viewer watching it, or to a contestant who hits the jackpot, than it is to me," Mike laughs, "to find myself on it!

"It's the contestant who makes the show," the show's emcee adds modestly, "not the emcee. For the most part, contestants on *The Big Surprise* are chosen from among the people who write in stating their qualifications, not only as authorities in the categories they choose, but also as citizens in good standing in their respective communities. The first week I was on, we had a $100,000 question going, with Admiral Redfield, whose category was Greek mythology. I knew the Admiral had a cerebral-palsied child . . . he could use the dough. He won . . . but if he hadn't—! You become involved with the contestants, you really do. You get into the $100,000 bracket. You ask the question. You see the beads of perspiration on the brow, the quivering of the chin. And *your* brow is beaded, believe me . . . your chin wobbles!"

Mike can relax a bit during the summer, with both *Weekday* and *The Big Surprise* on vacation—though he has added a Thursday night show on NBC Radio, called *Stars In Action,* to his schedule.

Asked how he accounts for the fact that the rewards—the richest of them—came so all-in-a-bunch, all in one year, he says, "I believe this: You fill your own personal vessel for a good many years without realizing you are doing so; without knowing *why* you are doing the jobs you do. You sell time on a small station in the Midwest. You write eight five-minute newscasts a day for fifty-five dollars a week. You emcee a beauty contest, play bit parts, announce here, emcee there—on and on—seeming to mark time that stands still . . . until, suddenly, the bits and pieces fall together, the pattern begins to emerge . . . and the pattern is that of a competent, capable performer.

"Selling time taught you, then and there, to understand the problems of the advertising agency and the client, gave you the double-barrelled advantage of being at home on the business (as well as the talent) side of the fence . . . . Because of the things you do on stage, however small—or in college dramatics—you loosen up, learn to use your body, your emotions. I have no desire to be an actor, none at all," says Mike. "But, on *The Big Surprise,* it comes in handy to be able to relax a bit, express myself, as well as use my voice. . . . You go to Australia in the Navy and don't realize you are building a background to use, ten years later, in newscasting.

"On her *Home* program, Arlene Francis says she finds that she uses everything she ever experienced or learned, from childhood on. Dave Garroway says the same of his job on *Today.* Godfrey makes use of every scrap of grist that ever came to his mill.

"So many young people on TV today are too intent on the showcase aspect of show biz, instead of developing and broadening their own personalities by living, and learning . . . .With rare exceptions, the top personalities in show business—any medium—have done a lot of living and learning. And living and learning takes time. . . .

"As for why it all came true this year—who knows?" says Mike Wallace. "Except that, in the course of my own human events, this obviously was The Year. Lorraine, the kids, *Weekday, The Big Surprise,* the WABD newscasts . . . all this and Snedens Landing, too! Mine not to question why," Mike laughs, "but only to say—a statement of fact—that I have never been happier in my life."

In Praise of Parents

(*Continued from page* 59)

tress—in fact, she turned professional at the ripe age of twelve—her adolescence was anything but haphazard, thanks to two unusually understanding non-professional parents.

"Honestly," Mary Linn glows, "my mother and father are the greatest. I know I'm prejudiced, but they really are. They're the type of people to whom I could always take my problems and discuss them freely. You know, none of this treading lightly until I saw which way the wind was blowing . . . and then retracting until a better day. In other words, I never had to think in terms of 'campaigning.' Whatever my problem, right then and there was the time to discuss it . . . clarify it.

"I may be wrong, but it occurs to me that this is the very reason I don't make mountains out of molehills. Disappointments, for example, don't become tragedies. I was raised to look at a problem squarely, face and accept the facts, and then proceed accordingly. And—perhaps of equal importance—I was raised not to *create* problems.

"For instance," she explains, "my wanting to become an actress must have presented a problem of sorts to Mother and Dad. Not being theatrical people, what they knew about the theater was only what they gleaned from newspaper and magazine stories. In a word—'instability.' Mother and Dad could have made a terrible problem out of this lack of knowledge. But they didn't.

"Admittedly, that it was a fact which would have been pretty hard to ignore . . . since, at the age of six, I wrote, produced and starred in my first play. I can remember it as though it were yesterday. It was a play in pantomime . . . mostly . . . and the minor dialogue consisted of handwritten 'yes' and 'no' signs. Just why I thought the signs were more effective than a good nod or shake of the head, escapes me at the moment. It was probably just that I wanted to show off my written vocabulary! . . . Anyway, from that point on, I had stardust in my eyes. And, within the bounds of normal, everyday living, my folks encouraged me."

In the course of growing up, the time came for music lessons. Mary Linn's abilities at the keyboard were such that for a while it seemed she might enter the entertainment field as a pianist rather than as an actress. In fact, for a time she did play the piano on the old Horn and Hardart *Children's Hour* radio program. It was while she was playing for *The Children's Hour* that her parents decided dramatic lessons would help her, and it was a teacher at the dramatic school who suggested she take a CBS Radio audition.

"Despite the fact that I wrote my own script," Mary Linn laughs, "I passed the audition, and CBS put me on their list of newcomers to be called upon for bit parts. It must have been quite a list, for it was a full year before I heard from them. But the day finally did come. I was twelve—and I was to make my professional radio debut on *Our Miss Brooks.* And wouldn't you know . . . the day before rehearsal, I came down with laryngitis! But good!

"Mother must have been beside herself. But, if she was, she didn't let on to me. She just sprayed my throat . . . and sprayed it . . . and sprayed it. And, by the time we got to the studio, I had recovered enough to be audible. However, Mother had agreed to do all the talking, except script reading, of course, so that what little voice I had could be saved. Well, after all that, my part turned out to be one *short* giggle . . . for $7.50!"

Be that as it may, it wasn't long before CBS was calling her for bit parts—and, as Mary Linn explains, "One thing led to another, and you can be sure I never again made a mountain out of a molehill, as I did that first time. I learned to relax and take things as they come."

Two years later, during summer vacation, Mary Linn went to Ridgefield, Connecticut, where Alexander Kirkland operated a little theater. In connection with the playhouse, Mr. Kirkland ran a drama school for young hopefuls. In addition to their studies, these apprentices also had the opportunity of doing bit parts in a number of the summer productions. If you were lucky, an agent in the audience might spot you. An agent did spot her, and the result was better roles.

"Then, the following year," Mary Linn recalls, "along came what, at fifteen, I thought was the answer to my heart's desire—an opening night on Broadway! Funny, the way things work out . . . for almost any actor or actress, the really tremendous thrill is a Broadway opening night. I couldn't have been more excited over getting a small part in a play called 'Leaf and Bough.' We opened out of town and, after playing three cities, it became obvious that our stay on Broadway—assuming we ever arrived—would be, shall we say, brief.

"To make matters worse, it was Christmas and I was lonely and homesick. This was the first time I had ever been away from the family during a holiday season. Well, we did make it to Broadway . . . and I must admit that, despite my state of mind, the opening-night thrill was beyond mere words. But . . . when we closed three nights later . . . I must also admit I suffered no great depression. I had had my opening-night thrill. But, of even more importance, I was ecstatically happy to be home. Someday, I hope to be on Broadway again."

In 1950, Mary Linn was graduated from a New York City high school and, after a family conclave, decided that—even though she wanted to be an actress—she should first complete her education. Bennington College in Vermont seemed to be the perfect answer, since part of the curriculum consisted of "work periods" during which the students actually work in their chosen professions for credits.

During her first work period, Mary Linn was lucky enough to pick up a contract for an important role in TV's first daytime serial, *The First Hundred Years.* It proved to be the end of her college career—and the beginning of a highly successful TV career. "When the time came to return to college," Mary Linn explains, "I just couldn't bear to give up my TV role. At the time we all wondered whether I was doing the right thing. But it was soon clear that the decision had been a good one."

Then came 1952. A red-letter, banner year in Mary Linn's young life. Besides walking off with the title role of *A Date With Judy,* she won the radio role of Babby in *The Brighter Day* . . . eventually annexing the TV role, too. *And* on June 19th, she met a young man at a party! "Bob Pitofsky made quite an impression on me that first night," she grins. "No matter what I did, I couldn't get him to pay one bit of attention to me. I finally resorted to asking my date about him and was promptly told to relax . . . Bob was going steady—and, anyway, I looked too young.

"Up to this point, looking younger than I was had always been lucky for me. What I mean is, when I first got the role on *Brighter Day,* for instance, Babby was supposed to be about fifteen. Well, it's hard to find a fifteen-year-old with as much acting experience as a nineteen-year-old who *looks* fifteen—as I did. The same thing had been true of Judy.

"So, up to the time I met Bob," she says ruefully, "it had never occurred to me to wish I looked a couple of years older! And there didn't seem to be much I could do about it. You know, you are what you are, and that's that. Anyway, if he was seriously dating a girl, that, too, was that. But it didn't stop me from thinking . . . and, the more I saw him at parties and dances, the more I found myself comparing my own dates with this young man I barely knew.

Then, when I least expected it, it happened. Exactly one year to the day after we met, Bob called me for our first date. Believe it or not, we had a miserable time. Everything was wrong. We couldn't, either one of us, be ourselves. By the end of the evening, we were quibbling over everything.

"But Bob, bless him," she beams, "didn't let too much water run under the bridge . . . and, by the time he called for a second date, we had both settled down to being ourselves. The result was a wedding in September, 1954. Forgive me for saying so, but it was a lovely wedding at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel and a scrumptious honeymoon in Florida. And, when we came back, we came back to the apartment we're in now. Of course, there wasn't as much furniture as there is now . . . in fact, there was very little. But Bob and I could come back to our own place, and fix it up bit by bit.

"Neither Bob nor I are very handy around the house, but we do have ideas, and with the help of my aunt—who's a perfectly wonderful decorator—we've wound up with what we think is a really attractive home. We love it and hope all who enter it will love it along with us."

Mary Linn has every right in the world to love her attractive five-room apartment across from New York's Central Park. If things like her wall of bookcases in the living room—which open up to reveal four closets hidden behind them—are the envy of New York, it's with justification.

"Every once in a while," she admits, "somebody questions why two working people need five rooms . . . and aren't we foolish to invest so much in permanent improvements on an apartment we're just renting? I think the idea behind the latter question is: Why make a home out of an apartment? Maybe it's strange to lots of people, but not to me. You see, I was born and raised in a New York apartment. So was Bob. We're not suburbanites. We like the city. Our friends, from childhood up, are here. So, this *is* our home. As for the five rooms and two baths . . . Well, someday we hope there will be more of us and, as far as space is concerned, we're ready for that event. And then there's the park right across the street . . . and that's what city parks are for, isn't it?

"So perhaps now you can see why I think I'm such a lucky girl. I have the happy blending of two wonderful families near by—mine and Bob's . . . a husband I love very much . . . a career that is extremely satisfying—and a future that looks brighter every day. What more is there?"

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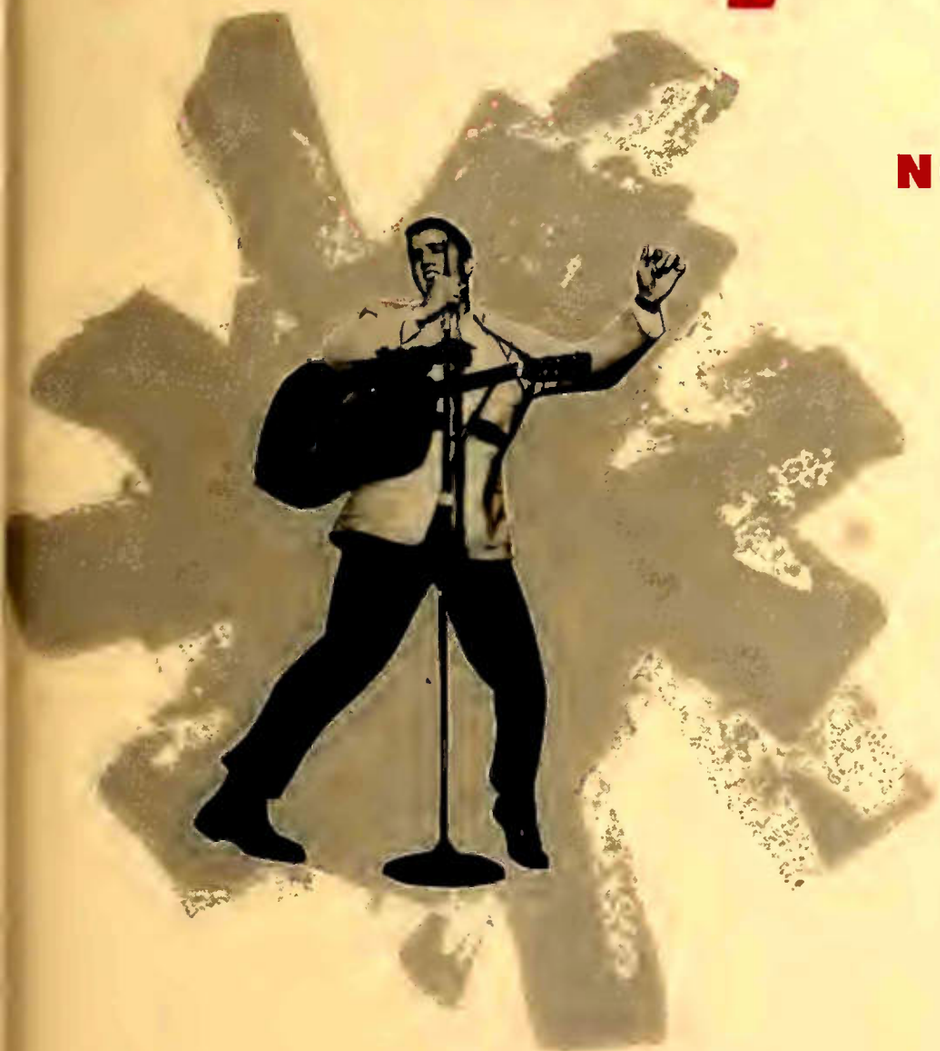

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