TV RADIO MIRROR

ADIO MIRROR
ARCH

SANFORD CLARK
New Teen Idol

•

ERIN O'BRIEN
Lady in Luck

Fabulous Singing Sisters
THE LENNONS
of the Lawrence Welk Shows

IDIANA LOVES SHRINER • MEMPHIS LOVES PRESLEY

THE $64,000 QUESTION: WHAT'S IT LIKE TO WIN?

new and softest ever

New Kotex with Wondersoft covering

– the most comfortable,

most absorbent napkin ever designed

Now Kotex has Wondersoft covering . . . a new open-mesh covering that's incredibly light and gentle. Only new Kotex napkins with this Wondersoft covering can give you softness you thought you'd never have; complete open-mesh absorption that never fails; and a perfect fit that can't ever pull out of shape.

To complete your comfort, Kotex has created a new sanitary belt. Its soft, flexible clasp ends cutting and chafing, yet is actually stronger than metal.

Buy a new Kotex belt, too!

"So much better"

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Now... end dandruff problems

this pleasant easy shampoo way!

new Helene Curtis ENDEN*—the first proven medical treatment in shampoo form! *No prescription needed... 99% effective!*

Quickly ends itching, flaking, excess oiliness—without messy salves, ointments or separate lotions—Here at last is an amazingly effective treatment and a rich-sudsing shampoo all in one. You have never used anything as simple, as pleasant and as easy. ENDEN get results even after other methods have failed. While you shampoo, it penetrates to the trouble spots. Between shampoos, it actually inhibits bacteria growth. Use ENDEN regularly and your dandruff problems will be over.

Proved 99% effective in 2-year doctor-supervised clinical tests—Dermatologists and skin specialists have proved ENDEN's basic ingredients. Clinical tests showed 99% of patients enjoyed positive benefits. While ENDEN's medications have been medically approved for years, science was unable to combine them in a pleasant shampoo until now.

A wonderful shampoo for the whole family—ENDEN is especially good for teen-age dandruff. Even children can use ENDEN safely, for it is a superior shampoo as well as a treatment that prevents dandruff problems from starting. ENDEN helps make hair look "alive" and healthy—leaves it shining. And you'll discover ENDEN makes your scalp feel so fresh—far cleaner than with your favorite ordinary shampoo. To end dandruff problems and prevent their return, switch to ENDEN.

big jar only $1.50 *no tax* at drug and cosmetic counters

*Trade mark

Guaranteed to end dandruff problems

Developed after years of laboratory tests by Helene Curtis, foremost authority on hair care.

use ENDEN *instead of your regular shampoo*—*ends itching scalp and dandruff problems and prevents their return!*

T V R

TV RADIO MIRROR

MARCH, 1957 • ATLANTIC EDITION • VOL. 47, NO. 4

PEOPLE ON THE AIR

FEATURES IN FULL COLOR

YOUR LOCAL STATION

YOUR SPECIAL SERVICES

Cover portrait of the Lennon Sisters courtesy of ABC-TV

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AUDITED PAID CIRCULATION ABC

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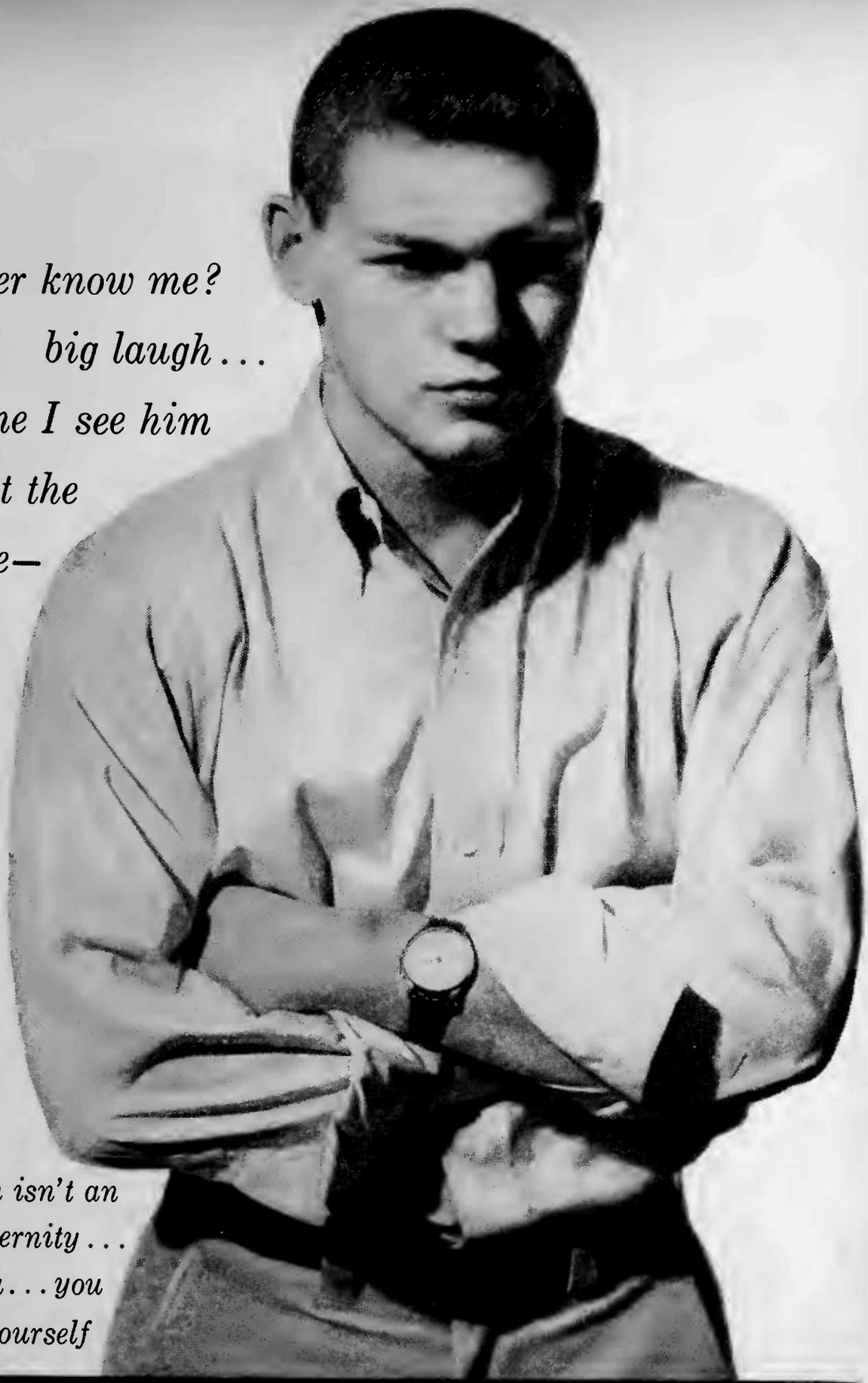


my father know me?
big laugh...
the only time I see him
is at the
dinner table—
or when
he wants
to
bawl me
out

seventeen isn't an age...it's an eternity... nobody knows you...you hardly know yourself

RKO RADIO PICTURES *presents*

THE YOUNG STRANGER

STARRING *JAMES MacARTHUR • KIM HUNTER • JAMES DALY*
WITH *JAMES GREGORY • WHIT BISSELL • JEFF SILVER*
Written by ROBERT DOZIER • Produced by STUART MILLAR • Directed by JOHN FRANKENHEIMER

RKO RADIO PICTURES

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST

Moppet Brenda Lee, the new freckle-faced rock 'n' roll chanteuse, claims a woman's privilege—hiding her age!

Actress Mercedes McCambridge studies a *Wire Service* script with Bart Burns. Mercy will soon turn producer.

By PETER ABBOTT

Top Secret: Top brass at a certain network are debating a TV spec on James Dean. And who would play Dean? Present thinking calls for young, unknown actor. A wag suggests Dunninger as emcee. . . . Believing *tempus fugit,* a bright agency lad is fishing for Mamie Eisenhower's presence on a dignified video stanza to be aired after Ike's present term expires. . . . Hugh O'Brian, ABC-TV's *Wyatt Earp,* is finally settling down. After all, when you've got the kind of looks that make women feel like climbing walls, it's just as easy to be a restless bachelor as a restless spouse. But now, on his own, Hugh is reorganizing himself business-wise and in personal life. He's a different kind of fellow, serious and quiet, who innocently says, "I want to get married very badly. I'm just not running into the right girl." Advice to eligible and eager women: If the iron is hot, now is the time to strike. . . . Nanette Fabray celebrating her thirtieth anniversary in show business, which would make her the most beautiful old woman in the country except that you must keep in mind that Nan went to work at the age of three in "Our Gang" comedies. . . . Speaking of beauties, Anita Ellis, a frequent guest this season with Gobel, has a fascinating disc for Epic titled, "I Wonder What Became of Me." Anita has incredible flexibility and warmth. If her voice haunts you and sounds as if you've heard her before, you have. Anita Ellis has dubbed voices for many film actresses, including Rita Hayworth and Vera Ellen—you saw them "singing," but heard Anita.

Men & Babies: Two of the biggest names in TV will be fathers for the first time—and about the same time. Bald, bold Phil Silvers has let it be known that, come late summer, around August or Labor Day, his wife, former model Evelyn Patrick, will present "Sgt. Bilko" with a little recruit. . . . Our other new father will be Hal March, and the stork for Hal and Candy will arrive a month or so ahead of the Silvers'. Obstetrician will be none other than $64,000-winner, Dr. Francis Salvatore. For Hal, this has been a year of decision and slight confusion. He has given up the title role in the May spec, "The George M. Cohan Story." Says Hal, "There's only one reason. Cohan had a highly individual dance style and I'm no dancer. Never danced professionally in my life and I don't believe I could learn fast enough to do the part justice. That's it." Now, with the new baby coming, Hal and Candy are house-hunting more earnestly than ever, for they do want to get out of Manhattan. Recently they had an appointment to see a house in Connecticut and arrived at a specified time to find a full-fledged cocktail party in swing. The woman admitted that she had planned the party that way, so as to have Hal and Candy as her guest-star attraction. Hal, such a sweet guy, showed no resentment.

Short Stuff: The forecast is that, on Valentine's Day, TV's *Valiant Lady,* Helen Emerson (Flora Campbell) will make Governor Walker (John Graham) the happiest politician in the country when she takes his hand

TO COAST

Husband and wife, Ernie and Edie Adams Kovacs, will bring radio's beloved *Easy Aces* couple to television.

When the stork visits Hal and Candy March, sometime this summer, he'll be assisted by a $64,000 quiz winner.

at the altar. We predict that by 1960 our *Valiant Lady* will mold the Governor into presidential timber. Any bets? . . . The most fun album of any year is titled "Required Singing" (Epic). This is "required singing" for boy scouts, bank presidents, fashion models and just people. These are the best American songs heard at campfires, in the Ivy League and bath tubs. It's all fun. . . . Marv Kaplan, comic of *Meet Millie*, returns to TV in new series, *Tom, Dick And Harry*. Now if we can just get Elena Verdugo back with that tantalizing wink. . . . Next fall, Mary Martin will star on NBC-TV in "Annie Get Your Gun." This should suit her very well. Certainly better than "Born Yesterday." Very few people were satisfied with that performance. . . . Young (24-year-old) Mark Murphy is a discovery on a new Decca platter. No yawns here. His singing is the kind that tickles red corpuscles. Album title: "Meet Mark Murphy." . . . Talking about the high cost of living, sponsors Pepsi and Shulton pay out $555,000 to light up your screen with Rodgers & Hammerstein's "Cinderella" on March 31st. . . . Almond-eyed Melba Rae, *Search For Tomorrow* star, married to artist Gil Shawn. Says Melba, "Our biggest problem to date is trying to share closet space, of which there is none." . . . Martin Block, despite twenty-one years as dean of deejays, calls golf his first love. And that was where he met his new, blond wife, Joyce Davis. They teed off well together.

Moppet Rocket: She's got freckles and mousy brown hair and she's won the hearts of Como and Frankie Laine and Jerry Lewis and just about everyone she's ever worked with. That's "ten-year-old" Brenda Lee, jet-propelled singing satellite, whose rock 'n' roll singing has earned her stardom on Red Foley's *Ozark Jubilee* and made her the best-seller at Decca. Such has been her zoom that she has guested twice on the Como show and spent her birthday as an act in a famed Las Vegas club. Little Brenda, a native of Alabama, now lives in Springfield, Missouri, but you don't have to show her. She knows. She's sharp. She's hep. She loves Como and the affection is mutual, but they made rare dialogue at rehearsal. When Perry first asked, "What can you sing, honey?", she replied graciously, "Depends on what the band can play." But she says it so cute. She is not precocious. Merely incisive. There was the moment at rehearsal when she and Perry were to do a duet, but Brenda didn't know this. So Perry stopped, turned to her and said, "Why don't you join me?" She said, "Why not, honey? I'm just standing here killing time." Perry gave her a hug. Success has been piling up for the 65-pound meteor. She is at the moment under consideration for the starring role of "The Shirley Temple Story," to be filmed by 20th Century-Fox. But Brenda, even at her tender age, turned out to be hoarding her years. When she celebrated her birthday in Las Vegas, instead of having one cake for her eleventh year she had three cakes, for she admitted to thirteen. On (*Continued on page* 9)

HELLO, WORLD

William B. Williams,

the bard of Babylon, carpets

his WNEW world with music

Solo in the evenings, Bill spins records. At noon, he teams with Bill Harrington. Then the music's "live," the mood still offbeat.

Williams' interviews are rare. They happen when someone like Lena Horne comes along "with an interesting story to tell."

WHEN William B. Williams greets his audience with the words, "Good evening, World," he is being deliberately specific. The thirtyish bachelor about music is "fascinated by the fact that there might be intelligent people on other planets than ours." The adjective "intelligent" is also chosen with care. "It may sound like boasting," says Bill, "but I think my audience is more intelligent." . . . But until a transmitter is built to reach a possible outer-space audience, Bill confines his subtle, urbane approach to the Station WNEW wave-length. Seven evenings a week, from nine to eleven, he spins records and transcriptions for earthlings. Once, and only once, has this included an Elvis Presley recording. Bill was making an appeal for a charity when a listener —a man!—offered $250 for the charity, if Bill would spin an Elvis disc. Bill obliged but, he now adds, "I've since been offered even more money if I never play another one." Between records, Bill's attack is casual and offbeat. "Seduction, rather than attack," he says, "would be the word." The tall, dark and handsome product of Babylon-on-Long-Island also turns up Monday through Saturday at noon with *Harrington, Williams & Co.*, an hour show where the music is "live." Once a week, Bill sings. "We also have a singer," he grins, "who is known as a singer." . . . William B. Williams—"The 'B' stands for nothing, it's there to break up the monotony"—could recite the rosters of the leading bands when other kids his age were reeling off the names of baseball players. A former NBC page boy and Syracuse University student, Bill first went to work for Newark's WAAT, then moved over to WNEW in 1944. Eventually, Bill might like to transfer his radio mood to television. "Daytime," he specifies. "It's less demanding and more lasting." . . . Bill is not especially athletic. He exercises his critical faculties on the current crop of TV shows. "Sometimes, though," he says, "I walk to work." (Bill lives some four blocks from the studio.) Having explored the more glamorous aspects of a bachelor's life, there are days when Bill looks with enthusiasm on the prospect of matrimony. "The girl would have to have more patience than any woman has yet been born with," he says. She'd probably be a career girl. "But," Bill adds, "most career girls are intelligent enough to give up their careers if they think they might find happiness in other areas." Meanwhile, the wedding march, like rock 'n' roll, is missing from the Williams microphone.

European Scientist Discovers Food That Makes Skin Look Young Again!

39 YEAR-OLD WOMAN'S FACE LOOKS 14 YEARS YOUNGER AFTER CLINICAL TEST!

Swedish scientist demonstrates how new skin foods formula, based on Scandinavian beauty secret, smoothes away lines, wrinkles . . . improves flabby, dry skin!

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN, (I.M.S.)—At a dramatic news conference today, Dr. Max Laserow, Swedish skin scientist revealed that he had finally discovered how to restore youthful looking beauty to a wrinkled, dry, old-looking skin. The secret is a new scientific development based on age-old Scandinavian beauty methods. A special food formula that works to nourish skin tissues in a completely new and different way!

Dr. Max Laserow, Swediah scientist who has developed a special 'skin food' formula that 'feeds' youthful-looking beauty back into the skin.

Then right before the eyes of the assembled scientific reporters and beauty editors, Dr. Laserow demonstrated how a simple 5-minute treatment program made a 39 year-old woman look 14 years younger! After introducing 39 year-old Mrs. H. Suedlund to the reporters, Dr. Laserow told of the varied skin problems this 39 year-old woman had auffered from . . . skin problems typical of women from age 30 to 65 who look old before their time. Mrs. Suedlund had the usual stubborn wrinkles on the forehead . . . the typical unattractive crows' feet about the eyes . . . an unusual number of ugly lines around the nose and mouth . . . sagging, lined skin under the chin . . . loose, wrinkled flesh at the neck . . . and overall, a tired, dull, lifeless complexion and dry, old-looking skin!

Then Dr. Laserow demonstrated his treatment, he took a soft whitish mixture from a jar and began to lightly spread it over Mrs. Suedlund's face, softly patting it on . . . never rubbing it in . . . never massaging. And as we watched, the whitish mixture began to disappear as it penetrated deep down into the woman's skin. Then Dr. Laserow showed a series of photos made during the test.

First, we saw how those stubborn wrinkles started to smoothen out . . . until Mrs. Suedlund's forehead appeared clearer, less lined and looked almost 14 years younger.

Next, scores of the unattractive crows' feet seemed to melt away . . . so that the skin around the eyes became softer, less wrinkled. Then a number of the ugly lines around the nose and mouth seemed to fade away before our eyes . . . and that whole facial area was smoother, more even. And then as we watched the sagging, lined skin under the chin and the loose, wrinkled flesh at the neck appeared to grow tighter, firmer . . . until the chin and neck looked years younger. And finally, Mrs. Suedlund's whole skin and complexion began to glow with such fresh, vibrant youthfulness that you could hardly believe it had ever been tired, dull and dry.

And so Dr. Laserow's new discovery had transformed this 39 year-old woman who looked old before her time. Yes, before our very eyes she had come to look 14 years younger!

What This Discovery Means To You!

Now, can you imagine what this discovery means to you if you are a woman over 25 . . . if you are a woman who looks older than you have to . . . If you are a woman who wants to look as young as you possibly can? It means that for the first time science has found how to help insure and protect the natural youthful-looking beauty of your skin. It means that at last there is a proven scientific way to help recapture the natural clear, smooth skin that may have been stolen from you. And it means that now with Dr. Laserow's discovery your face can start looking younger again . . . instead of looking older than it really should. But read what Dr. Laserow himself says about your beauty problems. When the almost magical transformation of Mrs. Suedlund had been demonstrated, Dr. Laserow began to talk: "This may seem like a miracle to unscientific eyes, but it is really a simple, natural process based on facts scientists have known for years. What I have done was to provide certain skin foods to an unnaturally wrinkled, old-looking, beauty-starved skin. And this 'feeding' was responsible for the transformation you have just seen. The work and testing of this new skin food formula took over 20 years . . . and hundreds of experiments! But now that it is developed, it is so simple to use that almost any woman could apply it herself in only a few minutes!"

The Beauty Secret Of Swedish Women!

The world has always known that the most beautiful women . . . the cleareat smoothest complexions are to be found in the Scandinavian countries and Sweden in particular. And so when Dr. Laserow began his research into women's skin problems, he first tried to discover the reasons for the unusual skin beauty of Swedish women. He discovered that this skin beauty was usually only true of women from the farm and country areas of Sweden . . . and that most women in Swedish cities suffered from the same skin problems that women all over the world have. But in these farm and country areas he did find amazing and astonishingly youthful looking skins and on women past middle age. He found women of 45 whose faces were as fresh and unlined as some women half their age. He saw women of 55 with as clear, smooth skins and complexions as nature had meant them to have. He even discovered women over 60 who actually looked better than many 30 year-old women. But when he asked them what their beauty secret was, woman after woman told him they did not know.

They regarded their unusual beauty as a gift of God and nature. They used no beauty preparations, no creams, nothing! And so Dr. Laserow began years of experiments, and tests to discover the reason why . . . the secret of these women's astonishingly youthful-looking skin beauty.

Now You Can "Feed" Youthful-Looking Beauty Back Into Your Skin!

After many years and literally hundreds of experiments, Dr. Laserow discovered that part of the secret was in the diet of these Swedish farm women. That all their lives they had eaten certain foods containing special ingredients that gave extra, added nourishment to their skins. And that this extra nourishment helped keep their skins fresh and youthful in appearance long after many women's faces began to look old and become lined. And so Dr. Laserow began another series of tests and experiments to develop a formula that could be applied directly to the skin and would work like these 'beauty foods'. After many years he was rewarded with success. He developed a 'skin food' concentrate that he put into a base with other helpful ingredients. And he found that when this formula was applied to the face, it was absorbed directly into the skin . . . and it promoted youthful-looking skin beauty! You see, this super-powerful skin food concentrate goes to work in an amazingly short time to nourish skin tissues . . . promote fresh, natural youthful-looking beauty . . . and fight lines, wrinkles, crows' feet and so on.

How This Skin Food Works For Beauty Against Lines, Wrinkles, Crows' Feet And Sagging Dry Skin.

Dr. Laserow has named this chemical skin food concentrate 'LIVIGEN'. And LIVIGEN works like a food, such as bread . . . except that it is a special food for the skin. LIVIGEN works in a natural way to give extra nourishment to skin tissues and help make them look young . . . help smooth wrinkles, lines, etc.

The process is a simple and natural one. You see, many women find their skin looks old, wrinkled and sagging, and becomes dry and flaky before it really should. Dr. Laserow's studies indicate that this often occurs when our skin tissues do not get needed nourishment. Deprived of this natural nourishment, our skin tends to look unusually wrinkled, lined and dry. Dr. Laserow found that this happens because the tissues and glands under the surface skin do not function properly to keep the surface skin naturally taut and tight . . . to provide adequate normal oils and fluids. LIVIGEN is a super-powerful skin food concentrate that gives natural nourishment to under-nourished skin tissues. As the skin absorbs LIVIGEN, it provides new nourishment and helps promote normal skin functions. LIVIGEN helps the skin provide the normal oils and fluids it needs for natural beauty.

With this new nourishment, the skin is better able to work toward this natural beauty. It can start to fight against unnatural lines and wrinkles . . . against unusually dry, flaky skin. And so the skin begins to look smoother, and clearer . . . dry, flakiness starts to fade away.

These are the 7 skin problems Dr. Laserow worked to solve.

1. Lines on forehead
2. Lines at corner of eyes
3. Lines under eyes
4. Lines around nose
5. Nose-to-mouth lines
6. Lines around mouth
7. Lines on neck, under chin

Now Look Up To 15 Years Younger with Dr. Laserow's 5-Minute Treatment Program!

Only a fool could expect that skin problems that developed over the years could be reversed or dealt with in a few minutes. However, you have just witnessed the almost miraculous transformation of Mrs. Suedlund. Here is what it means to you! Dr. Laserow's 5-minute treatment program can accomplish wonders . . . but you must use it faithfully, in a scientific way for 30 days. Follow closely Dr. Laserow's four-step method:

ONE: Every night wash your face carefully with warm water. Then dab and pat dry . . . do not rub!

TWO: Next, take some LIVIGEN with your fingertips and softly work your fingers together to reactivate it.

THREE: Softly, lightly, apply LIVIGEN to your face and skin . . . to the wrinkles, lines, to the sagging flesh at the chin and neck! Then watch as it starts to be absorbed into the skin . . . as it begins to go to work for you!

FOUR: Then relax, sleep, dream of beauty . . . because something like a miracle is taking place, you are gaining the youthful-looking beauty nature meant you to have.

Yes, if you follow this scientific treatment for only 30 days you will begin to see astonishing results. You will start to recapture the natural beauty that an improperly functioning skin may have robbed you of. You will stop looking older than you have to . . . older than nature meant you to. If you're 25 you'll know you are helping to protect the youthful freshness of your skin and complexion. If you're 35 you will start to see unnatural lines, wrinkles and crows' feet begin to disappear . . . you'll start to look years younger. If you're 45, unusually sagging skin under the chin, wrinkled, loose flesh at the neck will start to look firmer, tauter . . . those extra years you carried will begin to fade away!

And if you're 55, 60 or even 65, ugly lines at the nose and mouth will begin to appear smoother . . . you'll be astonished to have people tell you how much younger and better you look. And you will feel and look younger.

Yes, as you spread Dr. Laserow's formula on dry, flaky skin, it starts to look smoother, softer. Your whole face begins looking younger. You gain new attractiveness, new irresistibleness. You look in the mirror and you can hardly recognize yourself. And it's so simple . . . so easy . . . so pleasant with Dr. Laserow's proven scientific treatment.

No More Face Creams, Hormones, Face Masques Or Coverups!

LIVIGEN works in a completely new and different way from beauty preparations of the past. It's not a face cream, hormone or face masque. If like many women you have spent fortunes on these preparations and without real success . . . now at last there is a new proven road to beauty! Face creams, masques, etc. often fail because they work only on the surface. They merely cover skin problems instead of really working against them. LIVIGEN is not a cover-up . . . it penetrates into your skin. It nourishes your skin and helps promote the natural skin functions that lead to true beauty!

Doctor's Clinical Tests And Laboratory Test Prove New Formula Successful In Case After Case.

A series of clinical tests by top skin doctors in Denmark and Sweden have proven new formula LIVIGEN works where other methods fail. Independent laboratory test adds more successful case histories.

Case Histories:

A group of women used LIVIGEN under test conditions for approximately a 30-day period. Tests were conducted by medical doctors and an independent laboratory. Improvement was noted in 97% of the cases.

Woman after woman gained smoother skins. Woman after woman praised this wonderful new discovery. And case after case showed more improvement than even the doctors expected.

Case History: Dr. A. P. of Copenhagen, Denmark reports he tested LIVIGEN on 5 women. In all 5 cases, the women's skin looked smoother after the Livigen treatment.

Case History: Independent laboratory test shows LIVIGEN has definite wrinkle-removing effects. Laboratory reports that a special control test was made with LIVIGEN tested on left side of face, and a normal face cream used on right side to determine difference. Results again demonstrated LIVIGEN's effectiveness.

Case History: Two doctors, Dr. P. B. and Dr. H. H. in cooperative test report from Copenhagen that in all cases tested skin looked smoother after LIVIGEN treatment.

Note: Affidavits of the above are available to interested parties.

Livigen Is Not For Sale! Limited Amount Available On Free Trial!

LIVIGEN is so new it is not even available in drug or cosmetic stores yet! However, a limited supply is available to women in this area. You can take advantage of this unequalled opportunity by mailing in a reservation for a 30-day supply of LIVIGEN on the free trial basis. Your 30-day supply will be shipped to you immediately under the terms of the 30-day free trial offer.

Here is all you do. Fill out the coupon below. Then either send $4.98 plus tax . . . or pay postman $4.98, plus tax and C.O.D. handling & postage on arrival. This money is returned to you if desired at the end of the 30-day trial. But we must ask you for it initially as evidence of your good faith. When your LIVIGEN arrives, start applying it with Dr. Laserow's 4-step method. You will start to gain the natural-looking beauty you should have. You will stop looking old before your time . . . older than you have to.

You will start to see unnatural forehead lines, crows' feet, ugly nose, mouth lines look smoother . . . unusually sagging, wrinkled skin under the chin and at the neck appear firmer, tauter, more youthful-looking . . . dry, flaky skin will look softer, more even. Yes, you'll start looking younger, up to 15 years younger . . . and you'll feel so much better. And it will all be so simple, easy and pleasant with Dr. Laserow's scientific treatments.

And remember, if you so desire, if you are dissatisfied in any way, you get your money back at any time during, or at the end of the 30-day trial. Merely send a letter with the cap from the LIVIGEN jar and your full purchase price will be immediately refunded. But keep your LIVIGEN as our gift. So you are not buying . . . only trying . . . and it doesn't have to cost you a penny!

SPECIAL NOTE: The 30-day supply of LIVIGEN will retail for $9.98 when it becomes available at drug and cosmetic stores. So expensive because LIVIGEN'S ingredients are so unusual and costly. Any women who can expect new youthful-looking beauty from LIVIGEN will feel even the $9.98 price is a bargain. But for a limited time you have this special opportunity to get LIVIGEN on the free trial offer and at a 50% saving . . . act now because this may be the last time this offer can be made!

LIVIGEN LABORATORIES SALES CORP.
Dpt. TS3, 31 West 47th Street, N. Y. 36, N. Y.

Please send me the 30-day supply of LIVIGEN under the 30-day free trial plan. I understand that if I am dissatisfied, and so desire, I may get a complete refund during or at the end of the 30 days.

☐ I enclose $4.98 plus 50c tax, complete price to be refunded at my request. (I save approximately 85c in postage, handling and C.O.D. charges.)

☐ Send LIVIGEN C.O.D. (I will pay C.O.D., handling, postage charges plus tax. Same money-back refund policy applies, of course.)

NAME:.....

ADDRESS:.....

CITY & STATE:.....

T
V
R

THE RECORD PLAYERS

Every month, your favorite disc jockeys will go on record with views and interviews in TV RADIO MIRROR's new feature, "The Record Players." Jerry Warren, the all-night emcee of New York's Station WINS, leads off with an interview with Sammy Davis, Jr.

Meet Mr. Wonderful

By JERRY WARREN

An Interview With Sammy Davis, Jr.

Jerry: Sammy, do you ever have that tremendous urge to join a star on stage? If I were a performer with the kind of talent you have, it would sort of burst out every time I'd hear the bell.
Sammy: I think that age and the better part of discretion or valor simmer you down a little bit and you can sit and watch someone else without saying, "Gee, I wish I was up there." I used to be that way six or seven years ago. Now, I can sit and enjoy a little laugh. I can very happily say that I was just about the first to stand up the night Roberta Sherwood opened at the Copa. You know, there was almost a spontaneous reaction from the audience.
Jerry: What do you think was the most outstanding part of her act?
Sammy: It is just the complete sledgehammer effect her performance had on everyone. In this very jaded business, people have preconceived ideas about what a singer of songs looks like or does. Breaking such a preconceived idea is dangerous—unless you do it in such a way that it captures and fires the imagination. And she did just that. She started singing with the mike from the back of the room, walking down with glasses and a little sweater on her shoulders. When people saw it was sincere and legit, they were disarmed.
Jerry: What do you think is the tremendous quality that makes the difference between an amateur and a pro?
Sammy: Many professionals will be amateurs for as long as they perform, and many amateurs have that professional knack. There are many names for it—stage presence, know-how. . . . It is something the performer has within himself and there's almost a chemical reaction from the people sitting in the audience when he gets through to them. This is something very few people have nowadays. Many old and very great performers had it. Certainly Jolson had, and Jessel, Bert Williams, Eva Tanguay. Now in the days of records and everything, it is not a set prerequisite to have it. You can just sing in a mike and that's it!
Jerry: Is the viewpoint that "This is a business and this is the way I make my living, I am going to do a good job"?
Sammy: A kid who wants to be in show business should not confuse himself with glamour and the gaiety and parties. The main purpose is a business and a trade. You know what you are capable of doing and you know what you can do to learn the trade. You try to define, to file off the rough edges. The extra things that happen, well, that's extra. That's like whipped cream on top of already good cake.
Jerry: Speaking of extra good things, what kind of girls do you prefer?
Sammy: Don't pin me down, daddy, I'm engaged. Don't start with me. I can't make any more statements. I can't even say I like girls, or my girl—a really beautiful girl—flies in from Chicago with a hatchet and hits me *pow*, right on the head. No, really I'm engaged and I'm very happy.
Jerry: Has it been publicized? I mean, who but me doesn't know about it?
Sammy: Publicized! We might become the new Eddie Fisher-Debbie Reynolds.
Jerry: Hey, that's very exciting. Do you plan to get married soon?
Sammy: I'd like to wait until our show, "Mr. Wonderful," closes, which will be in February, so I can have some semblance of a honeymoon. I don't want to do the bit where you go out of town for two days and that's it.
Jerry: What will this mean for you, closing in February?
Sammy: I'll probably take a few weeks off, prepare my new act for night clubs.
Jerry: How about motion pictures?
Sammy: I have a couple of motion pictures to do. I'm doing a picture with the illustrious Mr. Sinatra, a picture called "The Jazz Train." Then I'm going to do a picture at Metro called "St. Louis Woman." And, *then*, I'm going to do a picture for Universal-International whenever they get a script for the Bill Robinson story.

LIGHTLY IN THE GROOVE:

Three proposals came her way when **Jill Corey** told **Ken Manley** of WGUY in Bangor, Me., that she might make the money, but the man she marries will spend it! . . . On the air, **Jerry Lewis** had deejays repeat after him, word for word, that they would play his new record, "Come Rain or Come Shine." By the time he got to **Buddy Dean** of Baltimore's WITH, Jerry'd bought a book on hypnotism—and Buddy's been playing the disc twice an hour ever since, even at home. . . . All in one week, **Patti Page, Eddie Fisher, Jeri Southern** and **Nat Cole** guested with **Larry Brown** on his *950 Club* over WPEN in Philadelphia. A dream that he had to pay their going salaries out of his own paycheck is still keeping Larry awake nights. . . . **Annette Warren's** new record, "The Right Kind of Love (From the Wrong Kind of Guy)," voted most realistic new love ballad by **Joe Pyne** of WILM in Wilmington.

WHAT'S NEW

(*Continued from page 5*)

They rock 'n' roll in Panama, too, reports NBC announcer Jack Costello.

this occasion, when interviewed, she admitted to preferring Fats Domino's singing to that of Presley's. When asked her favorite hobby, she drawled, "Well, let me think—I guess it would be catching frogs and climbing trees."

It Should Happen to Me—or You: Marie Wilson goes to work on new comedy series, tales of a gal who inherits a fortune. However, since *My Friend Irma* flopped three years ago, Marie has been collecting 100-grand a year from CBS for doing nothing. . . . Jan Miner gave up role as *Second Mrs. Burton* for reasons to do with time and money, but not necessarily in that order. She retains lead of Julie on *Hilltop House,* continues as frequent dramatic star on the Bob Montgomery show, and is still up to her chin in commercials. Actually, it is the commercials that finally forced her decision. She and hubby, actor Terry O'Sullivan, have been constantly on run and fly between New York City and Los Angeles to do live commercials. And the pay is handsome. For anyone, it is hard to turn down. For actors, who are bred on insecurity, it is nigh impossible. This will give you an idea, although the story is about a young actress who is nowhere near the same class as Jan. The gal, a neophyte, was hired to film a commercial for TV. She worked all day. Got fifty bucks. Not much when you consider it was the first job she'd had in two weeks. But, as she explained to another young actress, "It was only the beginning. Now every time they use the commercial I get another $50. To date, it's come to a thousand dollars." Her friend replied, "It should only happen to me."

For Kats & Kiddie-Kats: For hep cats, blond Chris Connor, a Kenton grad in the June Christy manner. Chris has a great collection of ballads. Honorable mention goes to her platters on different labels. For the Bethlehem label, it is "Chris Sings Lullabys of Birdland" and for Atlantic she is in lower case, "he loves me, he loves me not." You can't go wrong with either disc. . . . And for kiddie-kats there is some happy digging in Coral's "Children's Holiday," a joyful, original batch of holiday songs swung by the McGuire Sisters. Chris is the (*Continued on page 11*)

NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING

7081—Pretty wrap-around halter top. Make it in gay stripes for casual wear; with embroidery to star above dressy skirts. Misses' Sizes 12-14; 16-18 included. Pattern, transfer, directions. 25¢

723—Fashion "must" for the mother-to-be. This graceful top is a wonderfully cool and becoming style for summer. Trim pockets of solid version with embroidery. Maternity Misses' Sizes 10-12; 14-16 included. Pattern, transfer, directions. 25¢

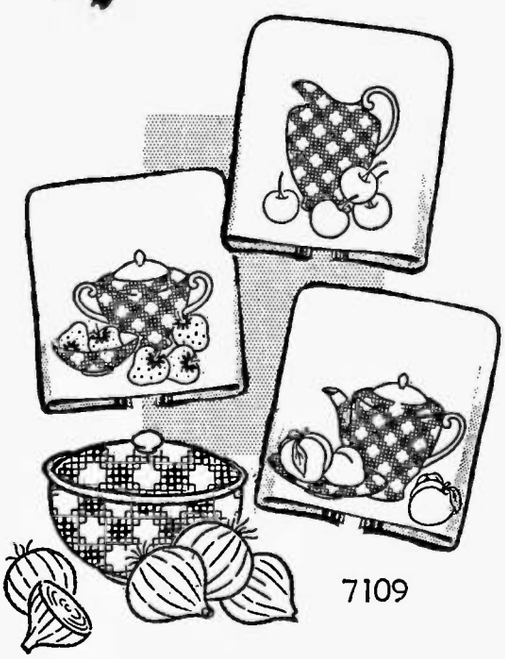
7109—Brighten your kitchen accessories with these gay motifs. These designs look like gingham applique—but are easy 5-to-the-inch cross-stitch. Transfer of six—5½ x 6 inches. 25¢

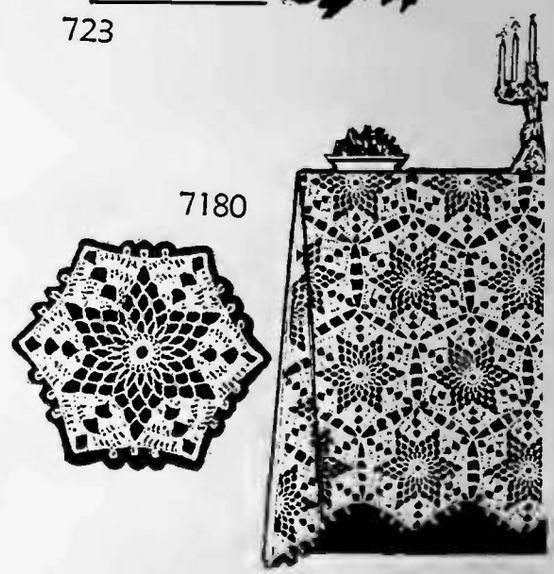
7180 — Quick-to-crochet medallion lends itself to both fine cotton and string. Make small articles, or plan a bedspread or tablecloth. Complete directions included. 25¢

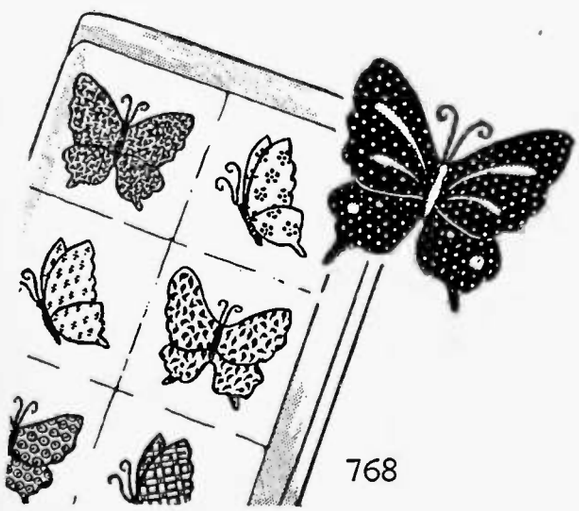
768—Use scraps of many different fabrics to make this colorful applique quilt. Practical! Each butterfly is a single patch. Pattern for applique butterflies, chart, directions. 25¢

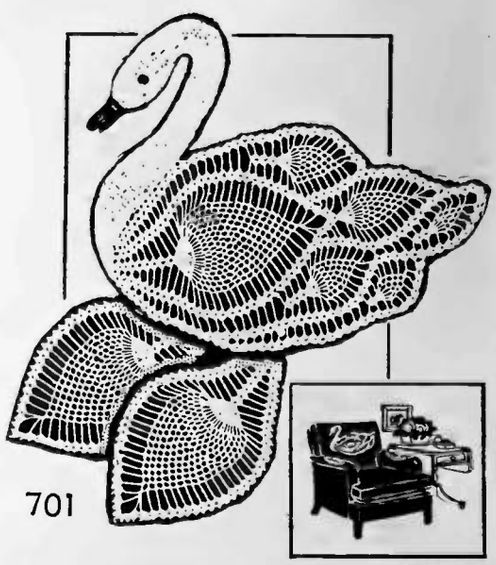
500—Luxurious milk-glass effect is achieved by simple crochet. Jiffy-crochet bowl and doily 13 x 8 inches, or doily alone, 9 inches. Use heavy 4-ply jiffy cotton; starch stiffly. 25¢

701—This graceful swan makes an effective chair or buffet set for your home. Easy crochet; mainly pineapple design. Crochet directions included for chair-back about 12 x 16 inches; armrest 5 x 12 in No. 30 merc. cotton. 25¢









TVR

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

WHAT'S NEW

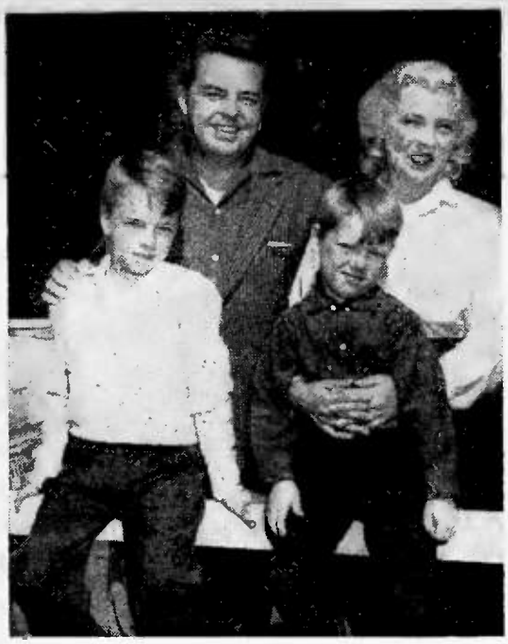
(*Continued from page 9*)

Lee and Gale Storm Bonnell named Susanna for Mom's television role.

only one of the sisters with children. She has two boys. But Aunts Phyllis and Dot know what they're about, too. When the McGuires sampled a couple of these holiday numbers on the Godfrey show, they were avalanched with approval.

Hit & Run: Ernie Kovacs and wife Edie Adams will make a TV version of the once beloved radio series, *Easy Aces.* (Jane Ace is retired, but husband Goodman Ace is still a top comedy writer, at work currently on Como show.) . . . Eve Arden, who has legally adopted several American children, financially "adopted" two French boys through the Foster Parents' Plan. . . . Up at the Garroway penthouse, records are piled waist-high (and Dave has a mighty high waist). Dave continues to try to educate his bride to his taste for jazz, so it is not unexpected to find a Victor release titled "Garroway's Wide Wide World of Jazz." . . . And Leonard Bernstein's appearance on TV's *Omnibus,* to discuss jazz, received such favorable outbursts that Columbia Records has recorded a similar session. Buck Clayton, Satchmo and others contribute the jazz and Bernstein the analysis—and where could you find more erudite musicians for the job? This is titled "What Is Jazz?" and even if you know the answer, you'll be intrigued by this session. . . . And how about this? George Fiala, ABC-TV makeup expert, is marketing eyebrow toupees. The "brow wigs" are for women who pluck not wisely but too well.

Headaches & Bellyaches: Very curious things happen to the stars. Take the present situation of Jack Barry, who is making a nice comeback this season. His morning show, *Tic Tac Dough,* is doing well and the same can be said for his evening session, *Twenty-One.* Matched against *U.S. Steel Hour, Twenty-One* not only held its own but sometimes topped the fine dramatic program in rating. Then what happens? Well, you know. Since the first of the year, *Twenty-One* has been scheduled opposite *Lucy.* It's not a spot to warm the (*Continued on page 13*)



"Take it easy" is a family motto for George, Betty, sons Doug and David.

He catches the 10:25 (A.M.!) train home in time to help with marketing.

Trina's usually the friskier Afghan, all-white Tammy's a retired champion.

SOME LIKE IT STRAIGHT

To praise WABC's George Skinner, just say he's set music back twenty years

THERE ARE four things people want in the morning, according to George Skinner. They're news, weather, time and music. These George provides over Station WABC, Monday through Saturday from six to nine—and there isn't a gimmick or *alter voce* to be heard. "There are lots of people," says Skinner, "who like it straight." The music is in the mood that Glenn Miller and Benny Goodman set from 1935 to 1950. "The greatest compliment anyone can pay me," says George, "is to say that I've set music back twenty years." . . . Born in Oregon, reared in Ohio, George slants his New York show toward the more relaxed mood of the Midwest, where it's the personality and not the format that counts. "You can't be agin anything but sin and Communism," laughs George. With the Midwest still in his voice, he says, "I don't worry about boners. I figure that if I misread the time, the guy listening has probably done the same thing in his day." . . . George is just what the doctor ordered, and he might very well have been that doctor if it hadn't been for an embalmed cat. One look—and whiff—at his first dissection in a pre-med course persuaded George that his inclination toward writing was the one to follow. He became "a dedicated reporter"—and went to jail for it. When the cornerstone of a new jail turned up missing, George uncovered it. Refusing to reveal the sources of his information, he became the jail's first guest. . . . Reporting led to news announcing, then to other radio and TV chores making full use of George's knack for good talk. George, whose past experiences include *We The People, Candid Camera* and *Today,* would like to add news and special events to his schedule again. He's making headway in that direction on *Skinner Spotlight.* He hopes "someday" to get a couple of novels and plays down on paper. . . . Aside from constructing sentences, George actually constructs—such things as a new wing on his Riverside, Connecticut home and a variety of tables and cabinets. With wife Betty and their two sons, Doug, 10, and David, 5, George leads a quiet, comfortable life that is a far cry from "the Connecticut country-club set." "Don't ever tell people about how hard I work," George says. "The guy who shovels coal can't feel sorry for someone who just sits at a mike. Actually, it's a pretty easy life."

WHAT'S NEW

(*Continued from page* 11)

Turban tops Red Skelton, who turns author—of a movie for Mario Lanza!

cockles of any man, least of all Jack Barry, who admires and respects the Arnazes' solid fling. But when network execs say, "Move," you jump. What can you do, if you're suddenly competing with a giant-killer like *Lucy,* but hope for the best? . . . *To Tell The Truth* is another story. Ex-"Superman" Bud Collyer is emcee of the new panel quiz show and is doing a handsome job. Everyone is happy about the new show except, possibly, Walter Cronkite, who almost had Bud's job. Walter auditioned for the role of emcee and the producers were very pleased. But Walter's boss at CBS declared the newscaster ineligible. The exec ruled that Cronkite's prestige or dignity or something would suffer if he became an entertainer. The ruling applies to all news reporters at CBS. Yet NBC news reporter, John Cameron Swayze, is a panelist on the new quiz show. So you see, one man's meat can be another man's ulcers.

Lyrics on Llamas: After TV, perhaps the most intelligent business is songwriting. Take this song titled, "Mama Llama Loves Papa Llama." It is about newlyweds (llamas) who have domestic (zoo) difficulties and solve problem by having a bundle of joy (baby llama). The song is recorded by quiz-winner Dorothy Olsen, who won fame on *Name That Tune,* and let that be a lesson to you.

Men, Coming & Going: The last week of this month, Godfrey begins sweating out flying weather. First good day and off he goes to Africa for big-game hunt. He will fly his own plane. It's his first trans-Atlantic flight and he's mighty thrilled about it all. . . . Sammy Kaye, returning from tour, noted, "I received twice as many requests for rock 'n' roll dance numbers as any other rhythm." And, observed Sammy, "Ninety-nine percent of boys and girls who enjoy it are good kids out to have wholesome fun." . . . Coming attraction, a movie titled, "I'm So Glad I Found You." Role of priest is played by Renzo Cesana, who titillated TV screens as "The Continental." Renny also plays Prof. Andre Martel on *Hilltop House.* Incidental intelligence: Renny's still a bachelor and still (*Continued on page* 16)

Pied Piper of Boston Town

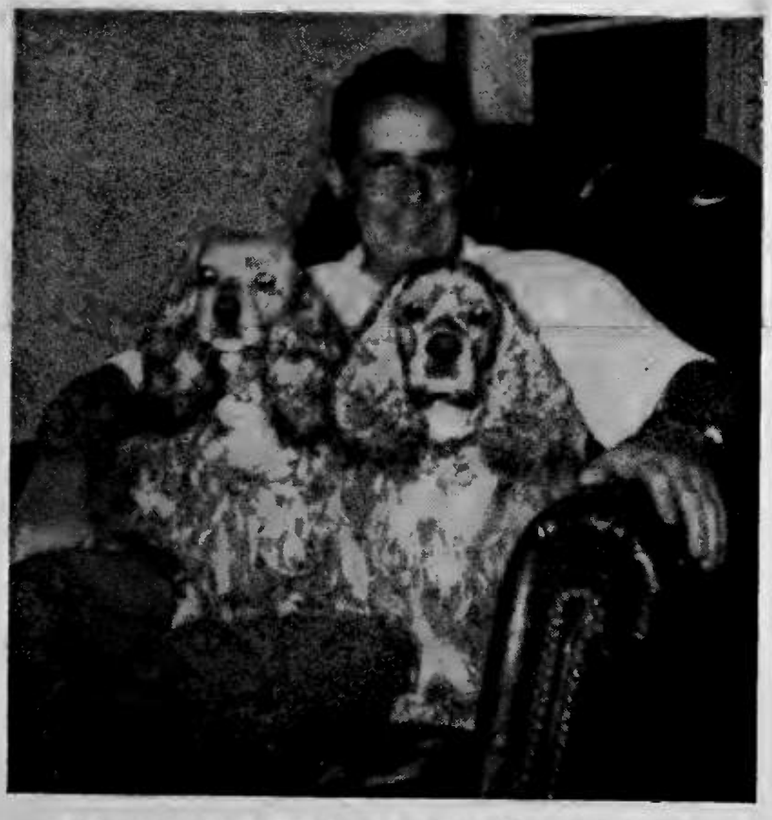
Jay McMaster of WMEX addresses teenagers as "ladies and gentlemen"—and that's how they behave!

Musical good taste is a matter of education, says Jay. Above, the "teachers" are Jerry Vale and Eileen Rogers.

These are Jay's "students." Their requests prove that, given a chance to hear good music, teens will like it.

TEENAGERS in Boston not only follow Jay McMaster—they follow his rules! Known around town as "the Pied Piper," Jay spotted the trend Boston had set in record dances and started his own three years ago. Now, on Saturday nights, some 1200 Bean Towners between the ages of fifteen and nineteen dance to the latest records. Wednesday nights, Jay presides at a dance at a local roller skating rink. Jay's Friday night dances alternate between two large high schools. . . . Jay plays the tunes, and the teenagers pay attention. There are a set of ten "rules and regulations" that apply to all dances at which Jay presides. The young people are screened when they come in. Dances start at 9:30 and latecomers are barred. The last record plays at 11:30 or midnight, "to enable all to arrive home at a reasonable hour." Boys must wear jackets and ties. Slacks are taboo for girls. The dances are run in sets of four slow numbers, two fast, and then specialties. The supervisors at the dances ban all drinking, show-off dancing and loud, brassy groups. . . . If the rules sound strict, nobody seems to mind. The church or school groups that run the dances know the rules insure a successful and good time for all. Parents feel secure knowing that their sons and daughters are at a supervised gathering. And, most important of all, the teenagers love it. They know they can meet their friends and have a good time—and without trouble. Jay addresses them as "ladies and gentlemen," and treats them as such. In turn, that's how the teenagers behave. . . . Jay's theme for living is "Do everything in good taste." On his afternoon WMEX show, now ten years old, he features "all the music in good taste." Beginning at two, he slants his first hour towards the housewife, with show tunes and ballads. From three to five, it's the "Tops in Pops"—with no rock 'n' roll. Then, for the last hour, Jay offers "Band and Ballads" for everyone. "The young people today can't be expected to appreciate good music unless they have a chance to hear it," he says. But while opening his daily stack of mail, Jay must often think how different his life might have been had he followed his father into the "security" of a civil service job at the post office. Instead, the Portsmouth, New Hampshire boy began to earn spending money by ushering at the local vaudeville theater. Show business seemed to offer more "glamour" than a small town post office. The stage-struck youth headed for Boston and a career in radio. . . . Jay and wife Jenny share a home in West Newton with a houseful of animals. As we go to press, the menagerie is down to two blond cocker spaniels and a budgie bird who informs all and sundry that "Pretty birds don't talk—Hello, Baby." But, at one time, the animal population was up to eleven. . . . Jenny keeps busy during Jay's sixty-hour work-week by raising cockers under the registered kennel name of "Merri-Macs." She also acts as advisor to a Junior Achievement Company of twenty-three high-school juniors and seniors who run an actual business. Weekends, Mr. and Mrs. "Pied Piper" McMaster are quietly at-home.

Mornings, Jay golfs—in the 80's. How better to start a day that will end about midnight?



Deejay Jay takes a rare time-out with Princess Juliana and Mr. Buffington. On extra-busy days, Jenny visits by car.

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST

(*Continued from page* 13)

very continental. . . . NBC's Jack Costello returned from an Inter-American Announcers' Congress at Panama City. This is the second time Jack Costello has been honored and designated U. S. rep to the Congress. Jack has quite a reputation. He has announced hundreds of shows, including *Catholic Hour, Voice Of Firestone, Inner Sanctum, What's My Name* and *The Bob And Ray Show.* Currently, he is the mainstay of *Monitor* and *Road Show.* He is a brilliant man, an avid reader. He "looks and feels naked" if he's caught without a book in his hand. His home is in Forest Hills and he has three children—two boys, eighteen and sixteen, and a girl, eleven. In spring and summer, Jack loves to garden. He cultivates Floribunda roses. Jack has traveled widely and says it is impossible to escape American culture. In Panama, he was in a night club divided into two sections, one side for adults and the other for teenagers. He says, "The teenagers wore bright colored shirts somewhat like our sport shirts. They had a juke box and danced to one record over and over. It was Elvis Presley's 'Hound Dog.'"

DATELINE: HOLLYWOOD

Namesake: The most exciting thing in Gale Storm's life these days is her new daughter, Susanna. She made her appearance November 12, at 1:25 P.M., measuring 18½ inches and weighing 6 pounds, 9 ounces. She's named Susanna Jo, the first part coming from Gale's CBS-TV series, *Oh! Susanna.* "I felt the least we could do was to name her after the series, after giving everybody there so much trouble, being pregnant and all," Gale says. "Besides, we like the name. And she was in every one of the episodes, though you'd never know it." Gale and her husband, Lee Bonnell, have three boys and, though they wouldn't admit it beforehand, both had wanted a girl. Their sons are equally pleased. "We've got four daddies," Gale says of her menfolk. "And they love her so, there's really not enough to go around. They have to take turns holding her. Of my three boys, Phillip, Peter and Paul, I thought Paul, being the youngest, might feel a little bad about not being the 'baby' anymore. But he and ten-year-old Peter don't want to miss a thing," Gale grins. "They insist on setting *their* alarm for the two-o'clock feeding!" Most confused member of the household is Jolie, the dog. "The baby talk has always been for him," Gale explains. "Now, everytime we coo, he starts to get up, finds we aren't talking to him at all, and then sits down again, looking—well, sort of strained and self-conscious."

Here Come the Girls: Twenty-five lovely alumnae of the *Bob Cummings Show* have formed a "Bob Cummings Club" in appreciation of the boost he gave them. The gals are all beautiful models and their motto is this: "When a fellow looks a girl in the eyes, it's time for her to do something about her figure." . . . Claudette Colbert plays *Playhouse 90* on February 28. It's a whimsical H. Allen Smith story adapted for TV and should make hilarious entertainment. . . . Dinah Shore's thirty-day cross-country tour won her another million friends. She's at home in Hollywood, but not for long. Next, it's an engagement at Las Vegas. . . . Well-stacked Frances Langford filming a new TV series bankrolled by her well-stashed husband.

Paints and Pastimes: Jack Bailey, NBC-TV's *Queen For A Day* emcee, mentioned on the air that he was painting his house. A few days later, an admirer sent Jack a bucket of paint and brushes. Jack sent it back with a note explaining that, as a hobbyist-artist, he wasn't painting the outside, he was painting a "portrait" of his house on canvas. . . . George Gobel is painting, too. He has just bought a new home in the San Fernando Valley for his parents, who recently moved to Hollywood from Chicago. For two Saturdays, George

Lovely alumnae of his television show formed a "Bob Cummings Girls Club." Left to right: Lois Fern, Bob, Beverly Thomas, Carole Conn, Sue Lass, and, at rear, Ann B. Davis ("Schultzy").

TO COAST

and his brother-in-law, Bob Humecke, put up screens and painted the kitchen. On the third Saturday, George remarked, "This house has minny, minny walls." . . . Tennessee Ernie Ford bought a new bull, a prize Hereford, to go with the twenty-six head of cattle on his northern California ranch. "The cows were lonesome as scarecrows in a corn patch, and everybody knows that unless cows are happy, they don't milk right. We sure got a lot of contented cows now," says Ernie.

On the Run: Gail Patrick Jackson, co-producer of the upcoming *Perry Mason* series on CBS, has beautiful gray hair, but as Gail Patrick, movie star, the tall beauty was noted for her raven tresses. Seeing her on TV recently in an old movie, her two youngsters exclaimed: "Look, Mommy's wearing a wig!" . . . According to the rumor factory, Jan Clayton may be leaving the *Lassie* show. . . . In her forthcoming series for CBS-TV, *Lone Woman,* Kathryn Grayson portrays an Indian. Miss Grayson doesn't sing, but she makes a mighty attractive squaw. . . . Dewey Martin speaking: "My biggest thrill? The time, in Spain, I fought a small but lively bull. My biggest mistake? Not getting out of his way!" . . . *Do You Trust Your Wife?,* the Edgar Bergen quizzer, started its second year on CBS-TV on New Year's Day. During the first fifty shows, contestants collected a total of $345,400 in hard cash. . . . Jeannie Carson's *Hey, Jeannie!* series is now being seen in England and Australia. The red-headed star, by the way, is scheduled to make a movie in England for J. Arthur Rank. . . . Guess who's writing the screenplay for the film Mario Lanza will make in Italy this summer? Red Skelton, that's who. The story concerns an opera singer, with Lanza typecast. . . . Ann Sothern, whose *Private Secretary* series enjoyed so much success through the years, has no future plans for another TV series. And as long as her Sun Valley, Idaho sewing center continues its present thriving pace, she isn't going to be too concerned about finding another video meal-ticket.

All-Star Plans: Ralph Edwards is making secret plans for his 1957 summer vacation. Why secret? It's not that Ralph is trying to hide from fans, he's only trying to guarantee himself a quiet vacation. He is picking some spot miles away from radio, TV, telephone and newspapers, so that, no matter what happens, he won't be able to say, "Why, that story would be terrific for *This Is Your Life*"—and rush back into town to plan it. . . . Academy Award winner Mercedes McCambridge and her husband, Fletcher Markle, launch their own TV production unit soon. With a choice role in the film, "Giant," and rave notices for her starring work in ABC-TV's *Wire Service,* Mercy is busy. But friends notice a change that has come over her recently. She is so happy in her marriage to Fletcher that she has lost the old push that used to be synonymous with her talent. Mercy says happiness has sapped her old aggression.

Three Guys and a Gal: Kuldip Singh (pronounced Cool-Dip Sing) is the former medical student from India who blossomed into a singing star after an appearance as a contestant on Groucho's *You Bet Your Life.* Now seen on ABC-TV's *The Ray Anthony Show,* he was scheduled to appear at twelve o'clock for a rehearsal of the George Gobel show. The cast was assembled and waiting at noon. But no Kuldip. One o'clock. No Kuldip. Two o'clock and still no Kuldip. At 2:45, Kuldip was on the phone explaining that he was late because he was doing an interview for a newspaper. The paper, with a circulation of 500, was the University of Southern California's *Daily Trojan.* . . . Carole Richards of the Bob Crosby festivities on CBS-TV has bought a lodge at Lake Arrowhead for summer vacations. That's one way to beat the problem of reservations. . . . John Lupton and Fess Parker, whose friendship began several years ago when they were struggling unknowns sharing a room together, are just as close now that they are both successful. John, who plays Tom Jeffords on ABC-TV's *Broken Arrow,* has always felt that, to be a "real" cowboy, he ought to be able to play the guitar. He asked his friend to help and Fess brought out his antique dulcimer, an instrument used in the Ozarks around the turn of the century—seventeenth century, that is. After an hour, John decided he didn't take to music quite as naturally as he did to a saddle. "I hope nobody asks me to play in Carnegie Hall," he grinned. "In fact, I hope they don't ask me to play at all!" John and his wife, by the way, are expecting their first child momentarily.

Champagne People: Heart attacks frighten us all, but last month brought good news for Myron Floren, popular accordionist on the Lawrence Welk shows. Myron, who has suffered for the last thirty years with a heart damaged by rheumatic fever, was told by his doctor that the condition had cleared up of itself. Only last year, Myron feared he would have to undergo a serious operation to correct the weakness. "For the first time in my life," Myron says happily, "I've been okayed for a life insurance policy. It's such a wonderful feeling to know that my wife and children have this protection." . . . Larry Dean's fan mail has tripled since he began singing duets with cute Dianne Lennon on Welk's show. The fans don't seem to care that twenty-year-old Larry Dean is married and the father of a four-year-old son, or that Dianne Lennon, seventeen, is more than slightly interested in Bob O'Neil, a Notre Dame student. Bob, in fact, spent Christmas holidays with Dianne. The fan mail shows the viewers don't take the pairing of Dianne and Larry seriously—but, just like a decorative valentine, it's fun to look at, as well as to listen to.

She's Mother Eve Arden as a "foster parent" for Daniel Sens of France.

Knowing that detective James Gregory assumes him guilty, James MacArthur is defiant.

TV RADIO MIRROR goes to the movies

TV favorites on your theater screen

By JANET GRAVES

The Young Stranger

RKO

Introducing the sturdy young talent of James MacArthur to movies, this is another of the excellent films based on TV plays. The eighteen-year-old son of Helen Hayes and the late Charles MacArthur originated on "Climax" the role that he plays in the expanded movie version. As a sensible teenager hauled into a police station after a movie-theater scuffle, Jim gets no understanding from his father, a producer too absorbed in a successful film career. TV regular James Daly does a first-rate job as the stubborn father; so does Kim Hunter, as the troubled mother.

The Rainmaker

WALLIS, PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

Here's a wry, wistful, altogether pleasing comedy-drama, which was born as a TV show, though it later became a Broadway hit, as well. Katharine Hepburn's a delight as a spinster who keeps house for her farmer father and brothers, all lovingly determined to marry her off. Wendell Corey's their choice, but adventurer Burt Lancaster breezes in to break up the pattern. Though all roles are splendidly done, TV viewers will be especially interested in Lloyd Bridges. On a live show a while back, he got so carried away that he forgot to watch his language. It couldn't happen in movies!

Edge of the City

M-G-M

Still another TV play becomes an honest and strikingly simple movie, featuring John Cassavetes as an unhappy youth who can't believe that anyone in the world wants to be his friend. As a fellow workman, Sidney Poitier shows him that he's wrong. It's a gentle story, but violence creeps up and closes in.

The Wrong Man

WARNERS

Just as he does weekly on the TV screen, suspense maestro Alfred Hitchcock comes onto your theater screen to prepare you for a new tale of tension. This one's offbeat for the rotund director. With no whimsical or fantastic twists, it sticks soberly to fact, casting Henry Fonda in the real-life role of a musician falsely accused of robbery, Vera Miles as distraught wife.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

Bundle of Joy (RKO, Technicolor): New parents offscreen, Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher are mistakenly thought to be parents in this gay farce. She's a department-store clerk who gets stuck with a foundling; he's the boss's son. Innocent family fun, with songs.

Hollywood or Bust (Wallis, Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor): Slap-happy comedy, okay for Martin-Lewis fans of all ages. Jerry's off to meet idol Anita Ekberg; Dean flees racketeers; Pat Crowley joins the cross-country junket.

Baby Doll (Warners): Definitely not for the whole family, this one. Trained on TV, Carroll Baker's a sensation as the Southern child bride who keeps husband Karl Malden at arm's length, but has a harder time coping with Eli Wallach.

Don't Knock the Rock (Columbia): Lively rock 'n' roll music dominates the love story of young Patricia Hardy and singer Alan Dale, who innocently starts a campaign against modern rhythms by taking a vacation. Among the many popular groups featured are Haley and his Comets, the Treniers, Little Richard's band.

movies on TV

Showing this month

ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS (RKO): Absorhing, inspiring study of Lincoln's early years, with Raymond Massey as Abe, Ruth Gordon as Mary Todd. The Lincoln-Douglas debate (Gene Lockhart as Douglas) seems rousingly up-to-date.

ASTONISHED HEART, THE (U-I): Adult, witty treatment of a marriage problem, from the English angle. Psychiatrist Noel Coward, happily wed to placid Celia Johnson, grapples with a sudden infatuation for dashing Margaret Leighton.

BERLIN EXPRESS (RKO): Vigorous melodrama of Europe just after World War II. Set mostly on a Germany-bound train, the action involves American Robert Ryan, German scientist Paul Lukas and secretary Merle Oberon.

BIG STREET, THE (RKO): Lucille Ball does an excellent dramatic job in the Damon Runyon story of a gangster's ex-sweetie, crippled, yet rebuffing the friendship of bus-boy Henry Fonda.

CORN IS GREEN, THE (Warners): Another strong Bette Davis portrayal. She is a spinster schoolteacher in Wales, advancing the career of student John Dall, though Joan Lorring interferes.

COUNTER-ATTACK (Columbia): Dating back to times when U. S. A. and U. S. S. R. were allies, this effective war drama casts Paul Muni as a Soviet soldier who subtly pumps captive Nazis.

DESPERADOES, THE (Columbia): Lively Western. Glenn Ford's the ex-outlaw who can't avoid trouble; Randolph Scott, the sheriff; Claire Trevor, the good-hearted dance-hall gal: Evelyn Keyes, nice gal.

HOME OF THE BRAVE (U.A.): Powerful study of race prejudice. James Edwards is a Negro GI; Lloyd Bridges and Frank Lovejoy, fellow soldiers on a dangerous Pacific-island mission.

IF YOU COULD ONLY COOK (Columbia): Up from the Golden Age of movie light comedies comes a pleasant yarn about Depression days. Unemployed, Jean Arthur thinks tycoon Herbert Marshall is also jobless. Both go into domestic service.

INTERMEZZO (U.A.): Touching romance-with-music stars the young Ingrid Bergman and the late Leslie Howard, as a pianist and a violinist, whose illicit love is brief.

KISS AND TELL (Columbia): The teenaged Shirley Temple sparkles in a hilarious, slyly suggestive story of youthful high-jinks. Jerome Courtland's her innocent beau; Walter Abel, her dad.

LADY TAKES A CHANCE, A (RKO): A charmer of a comedy. On a Western vacation, Jean Arthur tries her best to lasso rodeo cowboy John Wayne. Fine character job by some guy named Phil Silvers, as the good-time conductor of a bus tour.

MADELEINE (U-I): Interesting British mystery, based on a real case. Ann Todd is the Scottish lass who may or may not have poisoned her French lover.

MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE (RKO): Any homebuilder will laugh-(tears in eyes) at Cary Grant's efforts to get his house finished, with wife Myrna Loy supervising.

MURDER, MY SWEET (RKO): Fast, tough whodunit casts Dick Powell as private eye seeking a stolen necklace and a missing night-club doll. With Claire Trevor, Mike Mazurki.

PARADINE CASE, THE (Selznick): Another Hitchcock special. Lawyer Gregory Peck's defense of accused murderess Valli affects his marriage to Ann Todd. With Charles Laughton, other top-flight players.

ROARING TWENTIES, THE (Warners): Lusty re-creation of a wild decade casts Jimmy Cagney as a likable bootlegger and Humphrey Bogart as a murderous racketeer. With Priscilla Lane.

SO LONG AT THE FAIR (Eagle-Lion): Fascinating English version of a popular legend. At a 19th Century Paris exposition, Jean Simmons seeks a missing brother—only to be told that he never existed. Artist Dirk Bogarde comes to her rescue.

SPIRAL STAIRCASE, THE (RKO): Splendidly photographed, well-acted thriller. Servant to Ethel Barrymore, Dorothy McGuire is a mute who solves a mystery involving Rhonda Fleming.

STEEL TRAP, THE (20th): Taut tale of suspense. Bank employee Joseph Cotten tries looting the vault as an experiment, gives in to temptation and takes off, deceiving wife Teresa Wright.

STRANGER, THE (RKO): Neat twists in a post-World War II melodrama. Nazi Orson Welles hides out in a New England college town, with Loretta Young as his innocent wife, Edward G. Robinson as the government man on his trail.

TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT (Columbia): Show business goes on in blitz-torn London. Rita Hayworth and Janet Blair are gallant show girls; Lee Bowman, a naturally amorous flyer; Marc Platt, dedicated dancer. Fine musical.

TOO LATE FOR TEARS (U.A.): In a rough action story, Lizabeth Scott plays a dame who just loves money. Arthur Kennedy's her honest husband; Dan Duryea, a hood who's not as tough as Liz.

TRAIL OF THE VIGILANTES (U-I): Highly enjoyable horse opera, with dashes of satire. Tenderfoot Franchot Tone arrives to investigate lawless goings-on in a frontier town. Brod Crawford helps him; oily Warren William opposes him.

A Contract with Connie meant fame for George Hamilton IV.

Star-maker Connie B. Gay acts as emcee for his fast-paced, informal variety frolic. Shown with him: Tiny Jenkins (seated), the Texas Wildcats, Jimmy Dean on accordion.

TALENT, COUNTRY-STYLE

Connie B. Gay's "Town and Country" aggregations sparkle with such stars as Jimmy Dean and George Hamilton IV

They're having a hoedown. Standing are Buck Ryan, Mary Klick, Jimmy Dean, Dale Turner and Marvin Carroll. Down in front are "Elmer," Alec Houston, Billy Grammer, Smitty Irvin, Herbie Jones.

IMPRESARIO Connie B. Gay has hitched a number of stars to his wagon. In the doing, he's created a country-music empire. Its capital is Washington, D. C., and the fabulous "Town and Country" productions carry its banner. Weekdays at 6:30 P.M., *Town And Country Time* originates at Washington's Station WMAL-TV and is carried "live" by WAAM in Baltimore, WTVR in Richmond, and WSVA in Harrisonburg. Forty television stations across the country carry it as a filmed half-hour show and more than 1800 radio stations carry it as a transcribed program. (See your local paper for time and station.) The biggest country-music show on television, *Town And Country Jamboree* is seen on WMAL-TV on Saturday nights from 10:30 to 1:30. Portions of the show are picked up by other stations and thousands of country-music fans jam the downtown Washington Capitol Arena to dance and applaud in-person. . . . The far-flung musical operation had its beginnings when, as a specialist with the Department of Agriculture, Connie B. Gay presented farm reports on the *Farm And Home Hour*. He noticed that, whenever country music was played on the show, the mail response soared. He decided folks wanted more of this music, and he began giving it to them as a deejay on an Arlington, Virginia station. Soon Connie was bringing top hillbilly entertainers to Washington, and operating shows up and down the Eastern seaboard. . . . A prime reason for the resounding success of "Town and Country" concerts, radio and TV shows, and service tours is Connie's eye—and ear—for talent. Jimmy Dean—who now headlines the shows as leader of the Texas Wildcats—was spotted by Connie when Jimmy came to Washington as a GI and put together a group of soldier-instrumentalists. With his "Bummin' Around" near the million-sales mark, the six-foot-three Texan is now at home with his wife and two children on a 75-acre Virginia farm. . . . George Hamilton IV was a student at the University of North Carolina when Connie signed him as a "Town and Country" regular. Now a sophomore at Washington's American University, George has seen his recording of "A Rose and a Baby Ruth," on the ABC-Paramount label become a golden, million-sale one.

New Patterns for You

9280—Most flattering princess lines—proportioned for the shorter, fuller figure. Half Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 4⅛ yards 39-inch fabric. *State size.* 35¢

4523—For half-sizers. Keep cool in this easy-to-sew, easy-to-slip-into style. It's our new Printed Pattern—cut to fit the half-sizer. Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 4⅝ yards 35-inch fabric. *State size.* 35¢

4506—Only four main pattern parts to cut out and stitch, this dress is a cinch to sew with our new Printed Pattern! Its smooth, simple lines are figure-flattering. Misses' Sizes 12-20. Size 16 takes 5¼ yards 35-inch fabric. *State size.* 35¢

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

INFORMATION

Joel Grey

Calling All Fans

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

International Vic Damone Fan Club, c/o Ann Titus, 1188 Bailey Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Tim Considine Fan Club, c/o Suzie O'Rouke, 2437 Auburn Ave., Dayton 6, Ohio.

Gisele MacKenzie Fan Club, c/o Pam Beck, 16229 Schaefer Rd., Detroit 35, Mich.

Beanstalk Jackpot

Would you please tell me something about Joel Grey, who appeared as Jack in NBC-TV's color spectacular, "Jack and the Beanstalk"?

P. W., Winchester, Ind.

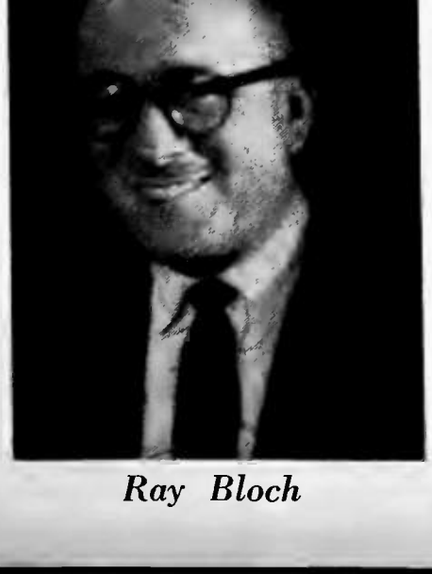
For actor-singer-dancer Joel Grey, the telephone sounded the call to fame and fortune. It was while he was in the phone booth of a New York restaurant that he was spotted by famed Hollywood scripter Helen Deutsch, who did the book and lyrics for "Jack and the Beanstalk." She thought five-foot three-inch Joel ideal for the role, and composer Jerry Livingston agreed. Several auditions and two flying trips to Hollywood later, Joel became Jack. The show was widely praised, has since been referred to as the first successful original TV musical. Joel became a sought-after video guest. . . . Twenty-five-year-old Joel has been preparing for his big break for fifteen years. Cleveland-born, he acted with the famed Cleveland Players at age ten, and when his father, comedian Mickey Katz, traveled to the West Coast, Joel went with him. There, he appeared on small-fry radio shows and acted in school plays. He later joined his dad on a cross-country vaudeville tour and was spotted by Eddie Cantor at a Miami benefit. "Banjo Eyes" began to use him on TV as a specialty singer and dancer, and this led to numerous TV guest shots and a spot in the Warner Bros. film, "About Face." His debut at New York's Copacabana night club was a big success and led, after an equally happy interim booking at Chicago's Chez Paree, to a triumphant return engagement. London audiences applauded his Palladium debut two years ago, and, in last season's off-Broadway "Littlest Revue," he bagged the lion's share of critics' raves. . . . This brown-haired, brown-eyed bachelor likes fine clothes, and is a gourmet with a huge file of recipes. For this reason, single lassies who can turn a skilled hand in the kitchen are apt to rate the most.

Mirthful Maestro

I would like to know something about Ray Bloch.

I. L. B., Bangor, Me.

As millions of televiewers know, the shiny-domed sharpy who trades quips with the head men on CBS-TV's Ed Sullivan and Jackie Gleason shows and on CBS Radio's *Robert Q. Lewis Show,* is none other than composer-conductor Ray Bloch. "I couldn't stand there and grin as they kept hurling one joke or another at me," comments Ray. "I decided it was about time to develop my own sense of humor. Since then, I've found that I get as much pleasure out of throwing back an occasional wisecrack as I do out of my music." And whether conducting his own music or the music of others, Ray Bloch's distinctive stylings have given many moments of pleasure to people everywhere. . . . He was born, in 1902, in the French province of Alsace-Lorraine. At age eight, the Bloch boy-soprano was being heard in neighborhood choirs, and at twelve, Ray gained his first conducting experience at a Christmas festival. But war broke out, and Ray was forced to flee, escaping from Alsace concealed in a wagon-load of hay. Brought to the United States, he continued his musical studies while working for a foreign-language newspaper. Later, he played piano in a music publishing house. Much ballroom band experience came in handy when he organized a jazz quintet and toured the country. Later, his position as director of several choral groups led to his entry into radio. Since then, a busy schedule of conducting, composing, coaching, arranging and choral directing has put him into working relationships with most of the notable names in the music field. . . . An ASCAP member since 1939, Ray has many tuneful hits to his credit, probably the most popular being "The Very Thought of You." An inveterate pipe smoker, Ray remains urbane and amiable even under heavy pressure. He is married to the former Ann Seaton, and, when not trading quips with the funnymen or tending to musical chores, relaxes at his farm in Brewster, New York.



Ray Bloch

Darlene Gillespie

Young Veteran

Could you please give me some information about Tommy Sands?

C. S., Phoenix, Arizona

To young Tommy Sands, singing just came naturally. Tommy makes weekly appearances on NBC-TV's *Tennessee Ernie Ford Show,* and is seen locally on Los Angeles' Station KTLA on *Hometown Jamboree,* Saturday evenings from 7 to 8. The eighteen-year-old troubadour is a versatile show-business veteran whose career got underway eleven years ago. . . . At age seven, back in his native Shreveport, Louisiana, Tommy was given a guitar for Christmas. Before long the "miniature Burl Ives," as he was called, was making local radio and TV appearances which led directly to a three-year contract for twice-a-week TV appearances in Chicago. When Tommy was thirteen, he and his family moved to Houston, where Tommy soon had his own radio and TV

BOOTH

shows. Time out to appear on the local stage was rewarded with an "actor of the year" accolade. But offers to follow up on an acting career were refused in favor of concentration on Tommy's principal goal: To be a top-notch country singer. To this end, he appeared on such leading shows as *National Barn Dance*, *Louisiana Hayride*, and *Grand Ole Opry*. Now, in addition to his weekly TV appearances and ever-growing popularity, Tommy has just signed an RCA Victor contract and is on the way to becoming a popular recording star as well. . . . Off-camera, Tommy enjoys basketball, boxing and other school activities. He's also an eager songwriter, and co-authored the tune "Love Pains." Houston classmates voted Tommy "Most Personable Boy" in the sophomore class. The title holds true on TV, too.

Tommy Sands

Junior Miss

I would appreciate some information about Darlene Gillespie.
A. B., Reading, Pa.

Darlene Gillespie holds the distinction of being the first dramatic star to emerge from the group of twenty-four talented youngsters who comprise the Mouseketeers on ABC-TV's *Mickey Mouse Club*. The freckle-faced 15-year-old was picked by bossman Walt Disney to star in the "Corky and White Shadow" series—about an inquisitive little miss and her dog, who both get involved in a bank robbery. Never one to stint on production, Disney surrounded Darlene with Buddy Ebsen, Chinook (a 145-pound white German shepherd), and a boar, coyote, burro, Himalayan bear, skunk, raccoon, rabbit, several chickens, ducks, squirrels, 25 horses, a rattlesnake, half a dozen blue jays, and an owl! Needless to say, both Darlene and the series were a smash hit. . . . Born in Montreal, Canada, of show-business parents, Darlene gave an early indication that she would follow in their footsteps. The family moved to Los Angeles when she was a year old, and a few years later, Mrs. Gillespie enrolled Darlene in dancing school. "I liked dancing so much that I used to spend most of my summer holidays practicing at dancing school," remembers Darlene. It was there that she got the chance to audition for Disney, and was eventually selected to play "Corky." "Working with Buddy Ebsen was the big thrill of my life," enthuses Darlene. "When he co-starred with Fess Parker in the Davy Crockett film, he became one of my big movie favorites." Darlene had her own chance to co-star with Fess, in the recent "Westward Ho the Wagons!" but a bout with pneumonia forced her to bow out, and she was replaced by good friend and fellow mousketeer, Doreen Tracey. . . . Now the possessor of a long-term Disney contract, Darlene is comfortably settled with her parents and three sisters in a modern, four-bedroom stucco home in San Gabriel. The brown-haired, hazel-eyed lass likes painting and drawing and collects figurines. Though not too sports-minded, she learned to ride a horse for her "Corky" role, but her chief interests are dancing and singing. Her mother says she despairs of ever getting Darlene to help around the house, but that should soon change when this talented gal starts thinking of a homemaking role for herself.

Back Issues

How do I obtain reprints of articles that appeared in TV RADIO MIRROR?
D. P., Salt Lake City, Utah

In many homes, popular TV RADIO MIRROR has a strange way of "disappearing" before the whole family gets a chance to read it. Or sometimes there's a reference to stories about favorite programs and personalities which might have been missed. Then again, if you're a fan club prexy, you know that keeping up a generous file on your hero or heroine is an absolute "must." Whatever the reason, many of our readers will be happy to know that they can obtain previous issues of TV RADIO MIRROR by sending thirty-five cents for each copy to Back Issue Department, Macfadden Publications, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, New York. Please be sure to specify month and year of issue desired.

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.*

Your dreams are getting better all the time!

NOW YOU CAN

WIN $20,000

maidenform dream contest

Dreams were *never* this good before! What's the dream *you'd* most like to see in one of Maidenform's fabulous ads? *Quick*—write it down, send it in! If your entry is accompanied by the word *maidenform* cut from the cardboard tag attached to each bra, or cut from the bra package, *your winnings are doubled!* Yes, your dreams are worth more than ever! Imagine! You can win up to $20,000 for dreaming up a new Maidenform dream. Don't wait...enter today!

242 Prizes! Each can be doubled! First Prize $10,000 cash! Second Prize $3,000 cash! Third Prize $1,000 cash! 4 prizes of $250 each; 10 prizes of $100 each! 25 prizes of $50 each and 200 prizes of $20 each!

Remember, each prize is DOUBLED if you follow rules carefully!

Chansonette*...*the all-time favorite—the bra featured in the now-classic dream ads "I dreamed I was a toreador...", "I dreamed I played Cleopatra...", "I dreamed I was voted best dressed woman..."! You, too, can dream up a dream for this bra! Then look like a dream—wear it!*

$2.00, $2.50

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

1957 MAIDENFORM DREAM CONTEST—OFFICIAL RULES

1. Send in as many entries as you wish. However, each entry must be submitted with an official entry blank. Additional entry blanks may be picked up at any Maidenform retailer. Each entry must be accompanied by a different statement of twenty-five words or less which completes this sentence: "I prefer Maidenform, world's most popular bra, because...".
2. All entries will be judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, aptness and general interest of the dream suggestion and statement which accompanies it. Fancy entries won't count extra. Judges' decisions will be final. All entries become the exclusive property of the sponsor; and all rights are given by the contestant, without compensation, for use of all or any part of his entry in the sponsor's advertising. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. The entry must be the original work of the contestant.
3. Prize awards will be doubled providing the prize winning entry is accompanied by the word *maidenform* in its characteristic script cut from the wash tag on a Maidenform brassiere or from any other paper material accompanying the brassiere. This means, any printed trademark *maidenform* on the individual bra package. A sales slip also will qualify if it specifies a Maidenform bra.
4. Any person may enter the contest, except employees, or members of their immediate families, of the sponsor and its advertising agencies. All members of a family may enter, but only one prize will be awarded to a family. Contest is subject to government regulations.
5. Send all entries to: Maidenform Dream Contest, P. O. Box 59A, Mount Vernon 10, New York. Entries must be postmarked no later than April 13, 1957, and received by April 25, 1957.
6. All winners will be notified by mail within six weeks of closing date. Winners' list will be sent to all who request it with a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Official Entry Blank

MAIDENFORM DREAM CONTEST
P. O. Box 59A
Mt. Vernon 10, New York

"I dreamed I _____

_____ in my Maidenform bra."

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Complete this sentence in 25 words or less: "I prefer Maidenform, world's most popular bra, because

_____

_____

_____

_____

Lawrence Welk with (left to right) Peggy, Dianne, Kathy and Janet Lennon. "They are such sweet girls," he says, "it does your heart good just to be around them."

Fabulous Singing Sisters

Music was just a natural way of life in the Lennons' house of harmony. Now it's proved to be the natural way to fame on the Lawrence Welk shows!

By BUD GOODE

LAWRENCE WELK's biggest Christmas present to ABC-TV viewers a year ago was an enchanting young singing quartet billed as The Lennon Sisters. And sisters they really are, part of a happy, loving family of Lennons who live in a large, welcoming house in Venice, California.

The Lennon sisters come by their singing naturally, since their dad, Bill Lennon, was one of a *brother* singing quartet with *his* brothers Pat, Bob and Ted Lennon. Dianne, Peggy, Kathy and Janet simply grew from a Dianne-Peggy duo to a Dianne-Peggy-Kathy trio to the ultimate quartet when Janet was old enough to join in

See Next Page ▶

Fabulous Singing Sisters

(Continued)

Duo: A family-album picture, taken when Dianne was almost three years old and Peggy was a year-and-a-half.

Trio: And by this time Dianne was a schoolgirl of seven, Peggy was five, and "newcomer" Kathy was just three.

Quartet: Then the "newcomer" was Janet, at three. By now, Dianne was ten, Peggy was eight, and Kathy, six.

Above, Bill Lennon with his four singing daughters. The family has grown and grown, so they're glad to be living in a "new" larger home at Venice, California.

song. Completely without professional training, the Lennon girls just sang—starting with Irish lullabies and working up to more complex tunes and more complex harmonic effects. To this day, they do not work from musical scores but are natural singers for whom, with some rehearsal, the close harmonic blending of voices is as effortless as breathing.

In a way, it is a special miracle that they were ever given the chance to brighten up the lives of the millions

Plenty of room for exercise in the new back yard. Here golfer Dianne practices her driving stance, Kathy and Janet play tether ball, Peggy keeps Billy out of range.

The Lawrence Welk Show is seen on ABC-TV, Sat., 9 P.M., for Dodge Dealers of America. *Lawrence Welk's Top Tunes And New Talent,* ABC-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M., for both Dodge and Plymouth. *The Lawrence Welk Army Show* is heard on ABC Radio, Sat., at 10:05 P.M. Welk and his artists are heard on *Best Bands In The Land,* ABC Radio, Wed., 9:30 P.M., also at various other times and days (see local papers; all times given here are EST).

Music to sing in a circle: Dianne, Janet, Peggy and Kathy gather around Lawrence Welk—whose son, Lawrence, Jr., actually discovered the Lennon Sisters and talent-scouted them for father's TV shows.

Music to dance by: Dianne and Larry Dean can't resist, during rehearsal.

Janet takes a turn with "boss man" Welk, who builds up her confidence.

Dianne with Lawrence Welk, Jr.—who discovered the four Cinderellas!

MY BOY ELVIS

Long before Elvis Presley became a controversial and world-famous performer, the home folks in Memphis, Tennessee, knew and admired him. And, long before he flashed to singing success on TV, his first fans were the students at Humes High School, who bought up the records of the boy they knew as one of the Humes "grads." In this unique and true-to-heart story, the Humes teacher he greatly admired gives a new perspective on Presley. THE EDITORS

Elvis a "bad influence"? Remembering him as I knew him, I can't ever believe that. I'm proud to share my memories with the girls at Humes.

And that's just what I told Jack Barry when I appeared on his *Twenty-One* quiz.

By MILDRED SCRIVENER

History Teacher, Humes High School, Memphis, Tennessee

NOT LONG AGO, I was invited to come to New York to be on Jack Barry's quiz show, *Twenty-One*. The first thing they asked me was if I thought Elvis Presley was a bad influence. To have answered that question the way I wanted to answer it would have taken up the entire program time. For I had in mind what had happened just a short while before in Memphis. Elvis was home for a few days before going over to Tupelo, where they were celebrating "Elvis Presley Day" at their fair.

Elvis had come from Hollywood, where he had almost finished work on his first picture, "Love Me Tender." Had he chosen to sell that time, he could have appeared in any theater in the country at his own price. He was very tired. He could have sat and loafed. Instead, Elvis made a bee line for (*Continued on page* 84)

Humes drill team wears uniforms Elvis donated, are the proudest boys in town!

His parents (below, left) couldn't have been happier, when all Tennessee turned out to celebrate "Elvis Presley Day."

"What THE $64,000

Hal March was as happy as Mrs. De Berry herself, when the 74-year-old widow did so well in her category. She says now, "I would have stood up there for the $64,000 question itself—just for the love of Shakespeare. But . . ."

Mrs. Frances De Berry climbed up to the $16,000 plateau—and stopped there, to enjoy a view of life of which she'd never dreamed

WITH A CATCH in her voice, still unable to believe what had happened, Mrs. Frances C. De Berry said, "Never in my whole life did I dream of such a thing as this!" For five weeks, the 74-year-old widow from Louisville, Kentucky, had been a contestant on *The $64,000 Question*. Five weeks, culminating in the dream Mrs. De Berry had never dared to have. The first time, she had appeared only briefly, in the closing moments of the show, and selected Shakespeare as her category. When she returned for her initial questioning, she reached the $4,000 level. On the next program, she ascended the $8,000 plateau. The following week, the end of the program came before she could tell master-of-ceremonies Hal March whether she chose to attempt the $16,000 question—or retire with the $8,000 she had already won. Seven days later, she announced that she would indeed try for the $16,000. She won, and was content. For her, a whole new vista had opened to view.

"Seventy-four years on the highway of life," she breathed, "and just now, *just now*, this—what shall I call it?—this transition. Yes, *transition*, for it is going to change me. I will never be as I was before. I can't go back to the old life. I will never feel quite so much at home in Louisville again, always thinking of New York, thinking of the strangers who gave me such a break. . . .

"Or could I, without being sacrilegious, call it a *miracle?* During a lifetime of hard work, with the joys and the sorrows that come to all of us, frequently worrying about the future, sometimes I thought maybe He didn't hear me. Now I know He does. I think He was with me on the train from Louisville up to New York . . . with me when the wonderful people who interview you for *The $64,000 Question* said, 'We like you' . . . and when Mr. Mert Koplin, the producer of the show, said, 'You have a great knowledge of Shakespeare,' and I realized that (*Continued on page* 90)

The $64,000 Question, with Hal March as master of ceremonies, is seen over CBS-TV, Tuesdays, at 10 P.M. EST, sponsored by Revlon, Inc.

QUESTION Meant to Me"

Thomas J. Kane

found the route to fortune while driving his cab—and then went all the way, to win top prize of $64,000

By GLADYS HALL

HEADLINES shouted: "Cab Driver Picks Up $64,000!" Reporters spread the news: "A $64,000 fare was registered last night by Thomas J. Kane, 49-year-old cab driver from Lockport, N. Y., who correctly metered the top-money question in his 'English Language' category on *The $64,000 Question.*" And how did Irish-born Thomas J. Kane himself feel about it all, in the daze that followed? Lunching at a Fifth Avenue hotel in New York City, a few afternoons after that memorable night, red-headed cab driver Kane was happily smiling but somewhat wonder-struck, as he regarded the elegant menu.

"The few times I've eaten in a place

Continued ▶

Tom Kane and Hal March can laugh now, as they point out the fifth part of Tom's eight-part final question on the English Language. It's the "only edgy moment" Tom can recall—and, as he says, "The luck of the Irish held!"

Tom Kane enjoys driving a cab, says, "I like people. When you like people, you talk to them." If he hadn't talked to four passengers, one memorable day in Buffalo, the whole neighborhood might not be clamoring for his autograph!

"What THE

(*Continued*)

like this," said Mr. Kane, a quizzical expression in his bright blue eyes, "I have always looked at the right-hand column first—with a very analytical eye. Eighty cents for soup, now! Strikes me with a sort of horror. It takes a man time, I suppose, to get used to such extravagance. For many years, I have worked for the Van Dyke Cab Company in Buffalo, some twenty-two miles from Lockport, where I live. From sixty to one hundred and twenty dollars a week is about the best you can make as a cab driver, and eighty is about average. Come to think of it, I made the hundred-twenty only once, and that by dint of driving a fare from Buffalo to Canada and part way back again!

"It follows, then, that the fare I 'picked up' on *The $64,000 Question* is the biggest I ever metered in my tallest dreams—but no dream so tall as that I would ever be looking at a checkbook, *my* checkbook, with $64-000 entered in it, plain to see. After Uncle Sam takes his bite of it—and welcome!—$27,700 will be left. $27,-700 for five days' fun! And thanks be for it, not only to the program, but to my mother, who was a schoolteacher in Armagh. That's a small town thirty-three miles from Belfast, where I was born and raised in a working-class home.

"My earliest memory," Tom Kane recalled, "is of my mother bringing in the (*Continued on page* 91)

Rembert Wurlitzer understands, as Tom plays the longed-for Stradivarius.

$64,000 QUESTION Meant to Me"

Relatives ond friends help read the mail which has been pouring in on bachelor Tom. Some letters ask for money, others ask how they, too, con get on the program. Tom himself plons to spend his money cautiously—with emphosis on hobbies which olwoys occupied his leisure time.

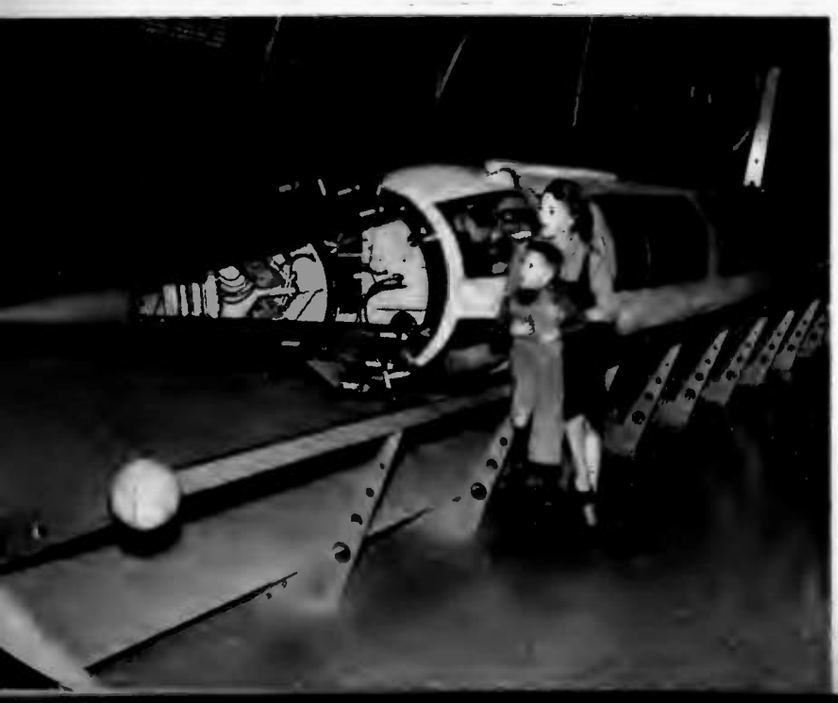
He shows niece, Mrs. Phyllis King, one of the eorly pictures he painted.

At home, he putters around gorden with his sister, Mrs. Chorlotte Coutourier.

Tom shows niece Pat Maher the dictionory given him by ossistont on progrom.

Chris, at five-and-a-half, finds Mommy is a perfect companion, whether they're exploring Central Park together or examining a space-ship-of-the-future at Hayden Planetarium.

He loves the Museum of Natural History and haunts the Hall of Dinosaurs. "I don't know a Stegosaurus from a Steinway," Margaret gaily admits, "but I'm learning!"



PEPPER YOUNG'S WIFE

To Margaret Draper, Linda is more than a part to be played—for acting is just an enlargement of life

By MARY PARKER

THEY ALL love Linda, these devoted listeners to *Pepper Young's Family,* as heard over NBC Radio. Their letters to Margaret Draper prove it. Her voice and inflections have told them that Margaret is perfectly cast as Pepper's wife, Linda. Their own intuition tells them she'd always be perfectly cast as a young wife and mother—a pretty one, too! And it's all true.

A graceful, slender redhead with arresting forget-me-not blue eyes, Margaret finds that her acting career has virtually been dedicated to matrimony, not only on radio and TV but on stage, as well. Two years ago, she achieved her childhood dream of Broadway stardom, when she appeared in "The Gambler"—in the role of Alfred Drake's wife. In another successful venture onto the legitimate stage, "Sing Me No Lullabies," she was again a hit—and again a wife.

"I suppose I'm just naturally the wifely type," Margaret admits, with mock resignation in her melodious, slightly husky voice. "Perhaps it's because I come from a large, very normal, *non*-theatrical family. (*Continued on page* 86)

Margaret Draper is Linda Young in *Pepper Young's Family*, as heard on NBC Radio, M-F, at 3:45 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.

Turnabout: Margaret shares not only his entertainment but his education. She admires the teaching profession, helps out with volunteer library work at Chris's school.

Mommy is a good pal with whom to share an informal picnic in the park. But Chris knows that Margaret's a good actress, too—"because she can read 'Little Lulu' better'n anybody."

People Are Funny — Linkletter knows they can be lonely, too! Gazing at their ring, John and Barbara aren't lonely anymore.

Mr. and Miss Univac

The huge electronic computing machine called Univac bears little resemblance to chubby old-fashioned Cupid with his bow and arrow. But Univac proved a successful matchmaker for young Barbara Smith and John Caran

Through questionnaires, Barbara and John told Univac they preferred owning a home. John had already made his dream come true. Now they discuss furnishings—together.

Barbara first saw John's house the day he gave a big barbecue party. She said, "I like it very much. If I'd done it myself, I wouldn't change a thing!"

Now that they're engaged, they're more interested in kitchens than in dining out. More and more, they find they have tastes in common—as Univac foretold.

By ELSA MOLINA

BOY MEETS GIRL is a familiar theme in Hollywood. But even there, where romance comes by the reel, boy seldom meets girl as John Caran met Barbara Smith on *People Are Funny*—brought together by a "thinking machine"! It was emcee Art Linkletter, of course, who performed the actual introductions on the air. But the real Cupid in the case was an electronic marvel known as Univac. For months, Linkletter and his staff had been "feeding" the machine with personality profiles, in the form of coded questionnaires, to determine whether or not Univac could successfully match the hearts of a boy and a girl who'd never met. And now, after comparing 14,000 pairs, Univac had decided that John Caran (six feet tall, 190 pounds, brunet and 28) and Barbara Smith (five-feet-seven, 130 pounds, brunette and 23) were (*Continued on page* 68)

People Are Funny, as emceed by Art Linkletter, is seen on NBC-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M. EST, for Salem Cigarettes and The Toni Company—heard on NBC Radio, Wed., 8 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.

Erin studies score in her dressing room, but eyes often stray to snaps of her toddler sons, Pat and Greg.

Music has always been an important part of their family life. Husband James Fitzgerald is a singer, too!

After show, Erin and Jimmy stop at a soda fountain, discuss their dream of a musical career together.

Tonight was *the* night for Erin, when Steve asked her to sing, right in the studio audience. Now she sings on *The Steve Allen Show,* Skitch Henderson accompanying.

LADY IN LUCK

With the Irish gift of song—and Steve Allen's show—Erin O'Brien has everything a colleen could desire

By JUDITH FIELD

SOMETIMES luck strikes a lady with the speed of lightning, and with all its electrifying force. That's the way it was with Erin O'Brien. Little more than six months ago, she was a very pretty girl who had once done some singing and now spent all her time taking care of her house and two children. Suddenly, one night, the spotlight singled her out of Steve Allen's studio audience, she sang one little song—and became one of the most popular new singers in television.

"Erin O'Brien has the potential to become a very big star," says Steve. "If I do," says Erin, "it will be marvelous, and I'm going to work hard and do my best. But, if not, I'll still be happy." You know that's the way it really is, when you see her eyes sparkle as she shows you snapshots of five-year-old Pat and two-year-old Greg and her husband, Jimmy Fitzgerald—who is also a singer—and when you hear the warmth of her voice, as she talks about Mom and Dad and the thirteen (*Continued on page 77*)

Erin O'Brien sings on *The Steve Allen Show,* as seen over NBC-TV, Sun., 8 P.M. EST, sponsored by Viceroy Cigarettes, Andrew Jergens Company, Polaroid, Maybelline, and others.

Young Sanford Clark hardly dared to hope. Then a song soared out of Phoenix, and it seemed all America was listening to "Sandy's" voice

Guitarist Al Cosey is an old friend of Sanford's. At left, the two with composer-deejay Lee Hozelwood, near the auditarium in Phoenix where Lee first heard Sanford sing—and suggested they record "The Fool."

By EUNICE FIELD

IT WAS a very ordinary night some eight months ago. . . . a night when thousands of young entertainers throughout the country must have looked into their mirrors and asked the same old heart-breaking question, "Will tomorrow be the big day—and will I be the lucky one this time?" In Phoenix, Arizona, on this ordinary night, three young men stood expectantly around an ordinary piggy-bank as one of them

Continued

Baby-sitter: The Hazelwood youngsters think a lot of Sanford, too.

Collector: He has a big scrapbook —filled with pictures of his fans!

Mechanic: Tinkering with his old car, he dreams of a shiny new one.

SINGIN' FOOL

Phoenix Union High School: It was Phoenix Tech, when Sanford was a student. "Too thin" for athletic teams, he did well at R.O.T.C., later joined the Air Force.

First grief: He was just a bewildered boy when his parents, Connie and Geneva Pool Clark, parted. From then on, he and Geneva lived with Grandfather Pool.

SINGIN' FOOL

(Continued)

raised a ball-hammer and brought it smartly down on the ceramic snout. A jingle of coins fell on the table. Their silence at that moment was like a prayer.

That was the moment, young Sanford Clark has come to believe, when the long whimsical finger of fortune reached out and anointed his forehead. . . . For, with those savings, the three young hopefuls made the great gamble. Early the next day, they rented a studio and recorded "The Fool," a song composed by Lee Hazelwood, Phoenix disc jockey. Sanford did the singing and Al Casey, a lifelong friend, accompanied him on the guitar. . . . And, for each of this trio, the gamble paid off brilliantly. Copies of the record were sent out to disc jockeys and Bill Randall of Station WERE, Cleveland, liked it enough to send it to Randy Wood, president of Dot Records, who snatched it up. On release, it climbed swiftly into the top ten, soaring above the 800,000 mark, at a recent count.

Requests for new songs have showered upon Lee; applause from all quarters has thundered in on Al Casey. And that star of fame, so passionately yearned for by thousands of singers, blazes more brightly each passing day above the handsome head of a twenty-one-year-old lad who, stunned and frightened by the clamor, smiles helplessly at his interviewer with the plea, "What can I tell you about myself? Come back when I've lived a little, please . . ."

This plea of Sanford's is not likely to be honored, especially now that they've waxed their second disc, "A Cheat," and songwriters all over the country are deluging Sanford with special material and arrangements tailored to his distinctive voice and style. The public, which is never inclined to heed the reservations of modesty when it chooses a favorite, has in fact begun to demand that the spotlight be broadened to cover not only Sanford and his two talented friends, but the background of a story glimpsed only briefly in the press so far.

Sorrow came early to the child of Connie and Geneva Pool Clark, born to them on October 24, 1935, on the outskirts of Tulsa, Oklahoma. At the age

New delight: Sanford, at 12, and his youthful uncle, Dan Pool (left), with their cherished guitars. Susie, a neighbor's child, was his first girl—and first fan.

Boyhood treasures: He has tragic memories of his dog "Butch." But the second-hand bike his mother gave him on his eleventh birthday became a constant companion—also a working partner!

Off-duty from his four-year hitch in the Air Force, he makes a surprise appearance with a band in Phoenix —is surprised himself, when the girls gather around.

of nine, his little world broke apart. Grownups have great and mysterious problems which, like powerful tides, carry little boys with them. Connie and Geneva were decent, hard-working people who were operating a small filling station near Winslow, Arizona. But, as with so many others who were fighting the battle of the Depression, their customers diminished with bad times (*Continued on page* 87)

Picture at left was snapped on base—on his twentieth birthday. Picture at right was also taken in 1955 with "best girl" Lucy Thrasher, whose sister is now president of his fan club.

It's normal, says Ozzie, for growing boys to "kick over the traces a little." And unfair, adds Harriet, to judge them by the few who make bad headlines. Sons David (just turned 20) and Ricky (not yet 17) take an even closer view of teen problems.

Don't Call Teenagers "DELINQUENTS"

Ricky likes his rock 'n' roll—whether dancing or jamming on the drums. He can hold open house for his friends, can't get an argument from Mom on r. & r. (But just ask them both about those Presley records!)

David and Ricky can get very excited about cars—and very serious about the world, talking man to man. Ozzie and Harriet are sure this generation has a wider range of knowledge than previous ones.

David and Ricky Nelson have a man-size gripe. Ozzie and Harriet agree, wondering if other parents don't remember when—?

By MAURINE REMENIH

I'M GETTING just a little tired of reading about how the younger generation is going to the dogs!" David Nelson, ordinarily a man of few words (and those few apt to be polite and soft-spoken), was Having His Say. "Seems like these days anyone from thirteen through nineteen is forced to feel apologetic about his age. With the amount of publicity being given juvenile delinquents, a lot of folks seem to have the idea that anyone in that age bracket is hopeless."

Sitting around in an earnest huddle, the four Nelsons, so familiar in living rooms across the nation for their weekly show, *The New Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet,* over ABC-TV, thrashed out this mass indictment of today's (*Continued on page* 80)

The New Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet stars all four Nelsons, as seen on ABC-TV, Wed., 9 P.M. EST, sponsored by Eastman Kodak.

INDIANA Loves Herb Shriner

Here in Fort Wayne, we know our Hoosier humorist doesn't "come back home." He never really left!

By CLIFF MILNOR

***The Journal-Gazette*, Fort Wayne, Indiana**

HERB SHRINER differs from many other entertainers who are always "on stage." He never is. He is scratching the same-sized head, pulling the same ear and piping his own peculiar version of English through the same nasal passages he was using more than twenty years ago. Those who discount his down-at-the-heels grammar and Sinus Belt drawl as the hickish act of a sophisticate don't know Shriner. In Fort Wayne, Indiana, there is a coterie of persons who really know him. They saw him grow up and cock an ear toward Fame's faint call. (It must have been faint. Nobody else heard it.)

Early in 1934, a gangling kid, whose most prominent feature was his Adam's apple, started haunting music stores and the halls and studios of Radio Station WOWO. Herb played the harmonica fairly well and, by his own admission, was getting better at it. What's more, he had some buddies who played, and they were going to start their own band.

Meanwhile, Tom Berry, music-store proprietor, took an interest in the kids. (*Continued on page* 74)

See Next Page ▶

"Harmaniacs," he called them. Just kids, in the '30's, they didn't make the big-time, but Harmonica Herb never lost his enthusiasm. Pictured here are Harold Fritze, Herb himself, Lee Hause, and Richard Alexander (Dick is now secretary of the Fort Wayne musicians' local).

"Happy Herb" Haworth saw a future in Shriner's humor—not his music.

Dorothy Durbin, then WOWO program director, tried to spare his feelings.

Jeanne Brown (now Mrs. Bosselman) let Shriner play the theater organ.

HERB SHRINER Loves Indiana

Sons of Indiana: Herb seldom misses a meeting of these homesick Hoosiers in New York. Loyal Sons reciprocated, staged a hayride for his movie premiere. Dog-catcher electioneer above is Broadway columnist Earl Wilson, ex of Ohio (where Herb himself was born!) but always a booster of home-town boys from all over the nation.

And, to him, it's a real nice state of heart—"to know you have a place where you really belong"

By HELEN BOLSTAD

THE NATION'S most fervid extra-marital love affair is Herb Shriner's romance with the state of Indiana. For all its public character, this is a real love and, as such, it strikes a responsive chord with everyone who has found a place where he knows he belongs—or has wished he might. Herb, via the slow-breaking wise-crack, expresses his devotion to the land and to its outspoken people. "You don't *have* to come from Indiana to share what you might call a pioneer kind of belief that your opinion is just as good as the next guy's," says Herb. "But it helps."

Such candor, he admits, has its hazards. "Gosh, when I'm down home where no one is ashamed to say what he wants to say, it's all my life is worth to mention maybe I'm going to play the harmonica next week. Sure as shooting, some one is liable to remark, 'Do you have to?' "

As current title-holder in a long line of Hoosier humorists, Herb, in reality, is a quipster not without laughs in his own country. "Twice they've had me play the Indiana State Fair," he says with pride. "They've even paid me for it." Yet, in the next breath, he modestly claims he is exiled to New York and television simply because every Hoosier is a humorist. "I couldn't make a living with jokes back home. There are guys just standing around on the street corner who can tell a story better than I can."

He has a theory why "no one," as he says, "takes himself too seriously in Indiana." The state's motto is "Crossroads of the Nation." Herb sees a cause and effect. "In an early day, it sure got crossed. Settlers going west didn't travel the high country to the south of us, they came right smack across the (*Continued on page* 75)

Shades of Indiana tractors! This one, at his Eastern home, totes a precious crew—twin sons Kin and Wil, daughter Indy and wife Pixie. At left, the boys "help" Dad with his film collection. Below, all the Shriners are "Harmaniacs" today.

Midas

To Victor Borge,
it's wonderful—and
sometimes frustrating!—
the way everything
he touches turns to gold

By LILLA ANDERSON

VICTOR BORGE is a man with a genius for turning the improbable into both reality and strange enchantment—through the magic of a laugh. According to all the experts, no single performer should be able to hold a crowd's attention for an hour or two hours on end, but Borge does it. Each time he walks into a spotlight and sits down at the piano, he captures his audience by breaking up his impressive chords with his irrepressible quips. While playing the classics, he also plays the clown.

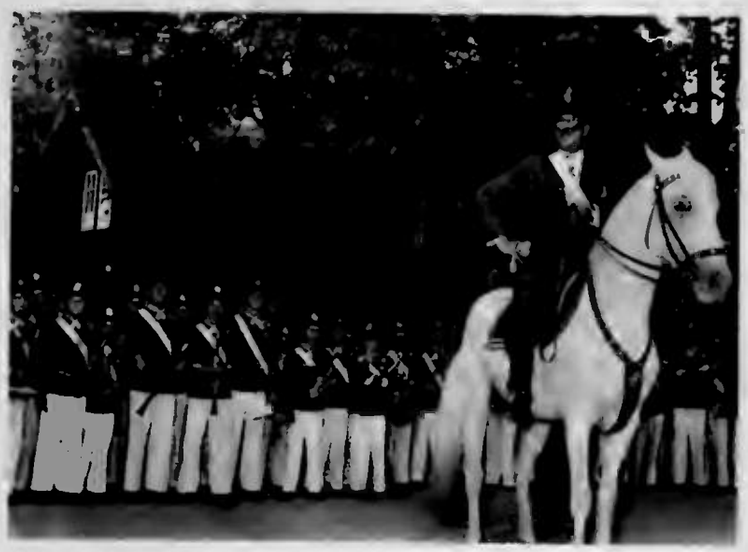
He calls it "Comedy in Music," and jokes about that most solemn thing in broadcasting—money. He insists his greatest achievement in television has been that of (*Continued on page* 65)

Above, the Borges go abroad: Victor and Sanna, with Ronald, young Sanna, Ronnie's twin, Janet, and Victor Bernhardt (VeeBee). Below, at home: The two Sannas, VeeBee, Victor and baby Frederika, who was too young to take to sea.

ViBo Farm: The home which crowns Borge's 450 acres in Connecticut is three-storied, rambling, gracious. "Like most old houses," Victor explains, "this one just grew."

# of Music and Mirth

One-man show: Borge has performed his blithe "Comedy in Music" for small groups of GI's in France, as well as enormous audiences on Broadway, on tour, and on TV.



Sir Victor: Knighted by his native Denmark, the prince of unpredictable piano and puns poses imposingly with a children's band and guard in Tivoli Gardens, Copenhagen.

Business: Before it was ViBo Farm, it was a place to hunt pheasant. Victor decided to raise the birds instead, now packs and ships thousands from his own modern plant.

Decorating: It's his hobby. He redoes "Mama's room" as a surprise, each time Sanna has a baby. For their dining room, he borrowed carved casings from a Southern mansion.

History: The guest house on their farm is a centuries-old cottage which was once the home of Ethan Allen, the Revolutionary War hero who led the Green Mountain Boys.

1. For Kathy Long ond Mork Holden, true love hos come ot last—but o love blocked by the necessity to consider the hoppiness of others.

After many joys and sorrows, Kathy faces her gravest decision—and seeks . . .

THE GUIDING LIGHT

2. Mark is growing increasingly disturbed over Kathy's refusal to set a wedding date—and her obsessive concern over her young daughter Robin.

CHILDHOOD INSECURITY: You see the words often in medical reports of emotionally disturbed people. And the same words are really the key to the complex and troubled character of the girl who was born Kathy Roberts. Beautiful she was, as a child. Intelligent. Charming. Too bad her mother died when she was so young—only ten. Her father was devastated by the loss of Kathy's mother. The home grew quiet and muted with sorrow. But after a time Joe Roberts realized his absolute need for a home, for a woman to care for his daughter, for a normal life. And so—with a fine mature love—he married Meta Bauer and turned over to her the upbringing of Kathy.

Meta, deeply in love with Joe, undertook her role as stepmother with vigor and the high hope that Kathy would accept her as her own mother. But Kathy refused to adapt herself to the new relationship. Her ill-concealed hostility to this family situation really accounts for all that has happened to Kathy in the years of growing up. In these years she has caused herself much pain—she has brought others to disaster.

At seventeen, Kathy's yearning for attention and affection made it easy for her to fall in love with Dick Grant, who was then only beginning medical school. Had Kathy's wish to marry Dick not been frustrated by Dick's mother, she might have made a satisfactory adjustment during those turbulent teen-age years. Her feelings of rejection explained her hasty, secret marriage to Bob Lang—but it didn't take Kathy long to realize she had made a serious mistake for herself and Bob. Driving home one night, Kathy asked Bob for a divorce—he lost control of the car and was immediately killed in an accident which left Kathy unharmed physically but scarred emotionally for years to come. Bob Lang's death left behind him a desperate teenager who was soon to be the mother of his child.

Dick Grant's proposal of marriage seemed to offer her a haven. Not only was she still in love with him, but this might be a way to keep secret forever her disastrous marriage to Bob Lang. Or so Kathy rationalized, confused and seeking a way out of her predicament. So Kathy was married a second time. Her basic insecurity was such that she did not tell Dick of her secret marriage to Bob, and let him believe that the little girl she bore was his own child. Yet the guilt she felt in this falsehood was to ruin her marriage to Dick. When she eventually admitted the whole sorry situation, Dr. Dick Grant forced an annulment of the marriage. Kathy and her child returned to live with Meta and Joe Roberts—and the scarcely hidden resentment between stepmother and stepdaughter was revived and intensified.

It is scarcely surprising that, under these circumstances, Kathy's love for her own daughter became obsessive. Nor is it surprising that Kathy—always attractive to men—should have been sought out by many admirers. But when any of these flirtations seemed to be reaching a serious level, Kathy—still ridden with guilt—broke off the relationship.

So matters stood, until tragedy struck again with the death of Kathy's father, Joe Roberts, when Kathy's daughter was still only a little girl. To Kathy and her stepmother, Joe's death removed the only kindly influence which had permitted them to live under the same roof.

Meta, lost without her husband's love, turned to

See Next Page ▶

3. Bertha and Bill Bauer face a problem. The illness of Grandma Elsie's husband is a concern to all of them.

THE GUIDING LIGHT

(Continued)

4. Kathy's ex-husband Dick Grant faces loss of career as a surgeon. Marie Wallace offers understanding help.

the support and sustaining friendship of her brother Bill Bauer and his wife, Bertha.

Kathy took young Robin and fled to the New York City home of Bob Lang's mother, Robin's true grandmother. It seemed her only refuge. The advice and help of her current suitor, Dan Clark, did little to make her happy. She was still lost and searching for the key to her own personality problems.

Meanwhile, in California, Meta Roberts tried her best to face up to the lonely life of a widow. Her love for Joe had been deep and genuine. And it took months for her normal good spirits to return. Meta's brother Bill and sister-in-law Bertha did what they could. And it was their great joy when Mark Holden, a bachelor friend of Bill's, began to show a growing interest in Meta. All of them began to hope that a marriage to Mark might result.

And so it might have, had not Kathy made a flying visit to California. Because Kathy met Mark Holden. Different in age (Mark is a number of years older than Kathy), the two fell deeply in love. For the first time, Kathy found herself capable of adult emotion. And for the first time she also found herself capable of concern for others than herself.

She felt distress over Meta's disappointment, yet realized that a loveless marriage between Meta and Mark Holden was impossible. She felt concern for Robin. Would a marriage to Mark throw Robin into the same kind of unhappy girlhood as Kathy herself had suffered when her father had married Meta? She felt deep pity for Dr. Dick Grant, her ex-husband, whom she had seen again during her visit. Dick had suffered an injury to his hand which made it impossible for him to continue his career as a surgeon. Although Kathy was impressed by Dick's inner strength, his unhappy plight seemed a direct charge against herself. Perhaps if she had not been so childish during their marriage, all the tragic developments in Dick's life would never have occurred.

Mark Holden's visit to Kathy in New York, at the Christmas holidays, only served to intensify Kathy's troubles. She steadfastly refuses to marry until she can be convinced that the marriage is right for all of them. And Mark is growing increasingly disturbed at Kathy's temporizing about the wedding date.

In California, Bill and Bertha Bauer worry over Meta—unreconciled to her loss of Mark's love. And their lives are further complicated by the serious illness of Bertha's stepfather, Albert Franklin.

But the inner serenity and strength of the Bauers gives them hope that some guiding light will soon alleviate their own problems and the problems of the troubled people they love so well.

Pictured here, as seen on TV, are:

Meta Roberts	Ellen Demming
Bertha Bauer	Charita Bauer
Bill Bauer	Lyle Sudrow
Papa Bauer	Theo Getz
Kathy Lang	Susan Douglas
Dr. Dick Grant	James Lipton
Mark Holden	Whitfield Connor
Marie Wallace	Lynne Rogers
"Grandma Elsie"	Ethel Remey

The Guiding Light, CBS-TV, M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, is sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Co. for Ivory, Duz and Cheer.

5. Kathy's engagement to Mark Holden has brought sorrow to Meta Roberts (Kathy's stepmother). For Meta had hoped to marry Mark herself. Meta turns to Bertha, Bill and Papa Bauer for needed comfort and advice.

I Love to Listen

December Bride helped teach me that a sympathetic ear is rarer than a golden tongue—and far more valuable, to yourself as well as to others

By SPRING BYINGTON

Spring Byington stars as Lily Ruskin in *December Bride* CBS-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by General Foods Corp., for Instant Maxwell House Coffee.

TODAY, I love to listen. But it wasn't always thus! Talking is my business. Actresses know that a cradle-to-grave romance with words is one of the essentials for earning a living in the chatty world of TV, radio, theater, movies. It's a little harder for us to realize that words operate most effectively on a two-way street. At least, it was for me. I had some peculiarly embarrassing experiences (of which more anon, if you'll pardon my Shakespearean) before I learned to listen. And some very rewarding ones,

Like grandmother, like granddaughter: Chris Baxley stages a puppet show for me and her mother, my daughter Phyllis.

Fan mail makes "good listening," too, even when people tell me their problems.

Above, when I'm Lily Ruskin in *December Bride,* my TV family includes Frances Rafferty and Dean Miller (left) as my daughter Ruth and my son-in-law Matt—plus Harry Morgan and Verna Felton (right) as Pete Porter and Hilda Crocker.

after I found out that other people's words could be important, too. How exciting it is, to share their lives and thoughts! How *good,* to discover you can even help them, just by listening.

Oddly enough, I learned to listen—at least chiefly—from reading letters written to me by fans and personal friends. Yes, you can *listen* to a letter. Not by reading it in the usual way, glancing over it, gleaning the gist, then going on to something else. But reading it, as I learned how, once I'd decided it (*Continued on page* 82)

My family includes Phyllis, son-in-law Bill, Christine and S'An Baxley (and I have another married daughter, Lois).

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Oddly enough, I learned to listen—at least chiefly—from reading letters written to me by fans and personal friends. Yes, you can *listen* to a letter. Not by reading it in the usual way, glancing over it, gleaning the gist, then going on to something else. But reading it, as I learned how, once I'd decided it (*Continued on page* 82)

Fan mail makes "good listening," too, even when people tell me their problems.

Above, when I'm Lily Ruskin in *December Bride*, my TV family includes Frances Rofferty and Deon Miller (left) as my daughter Ruth and my son-in-law Matt—plus Harry Morgan and Verna Felton (right) as Pete Porter and Hilda Crocker.

Like grandmother, like granddaughter: Chris Boxley stages a puppet show for me and her mother, my daughter Phyllis.

My family includes Phyllis, son-in-law Bill, Christine and S'An Boxley (and I have another married daughter, Lois).

Don's Reluctant Double Life

Three fine dramas in New York, three fine children in Vermont—all this and Mary, too! Can't you guess where MacLaughlin's heart finds its home?

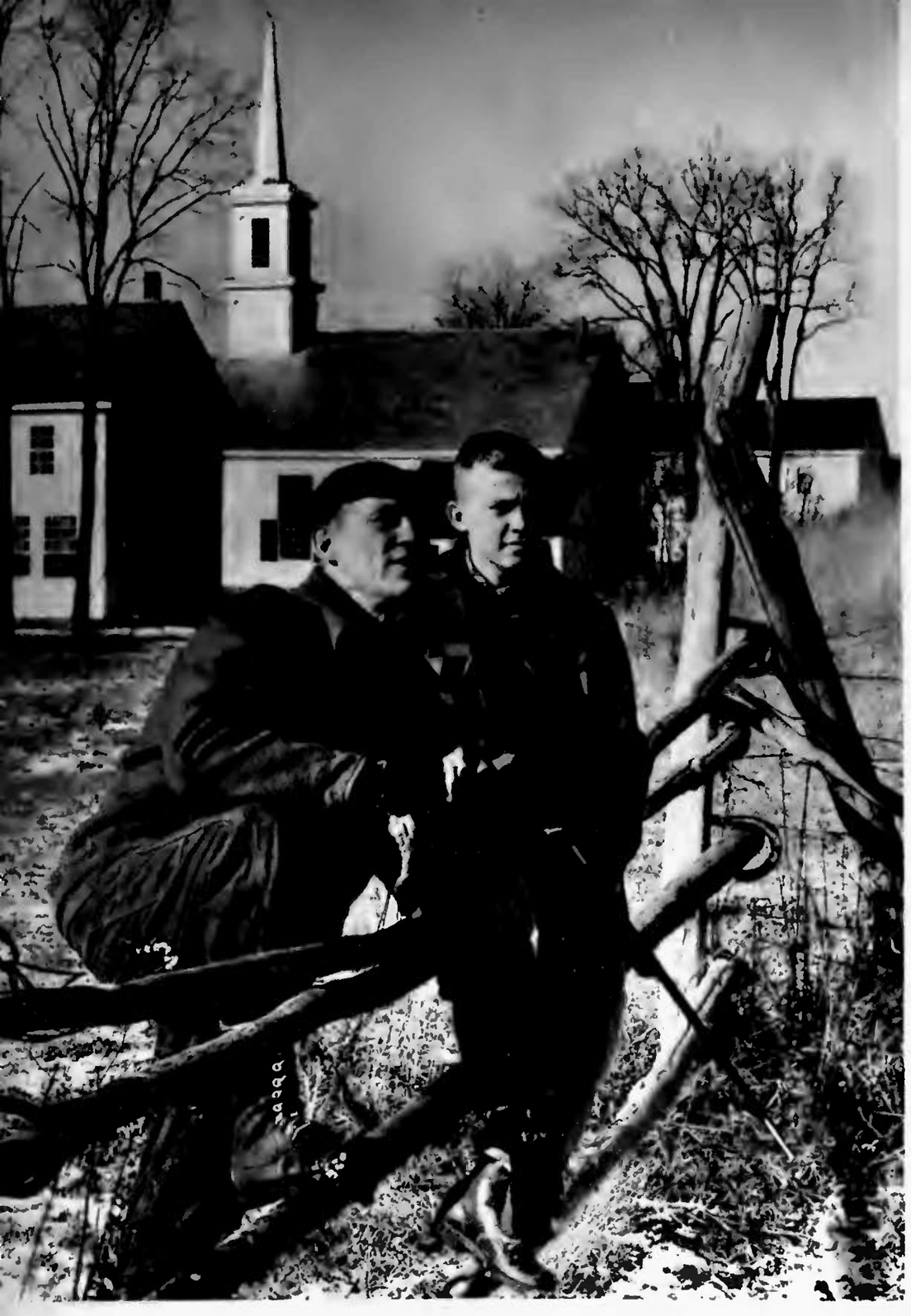
Cozy inside their Vermant hame, Mary and Dan, sons Douglas and Brittan, gather around daughter Janet far a family sing. It's calder autside, sa Dan and Mary bundle up for a romp with "Buttans."

By FRANCES KISH

DOWN IN New York City, Don MacLaughlin has a tiny apartment—and considerable fame. Fame, because he's Chris Hughes on CBS-TV's *As The World Turns,* Dr. Jim Brent on CBS Radio's *The Road Of Life,* David Harding on Mutual's *Counterspy.* A tiny apartment, because it's just a place to hole up at night, study his next day's script and get some sleep. For New York isn't "home." Don's leading a double life! His career takes him to the big city, but his heart abides in a small New England town. And there couldn't be a greater difference between the two.

Up in Vermont, where Don really lives with his wife and family, people aren't impressed by stardom. In their community life, an actor is rated only as a fellow citizen. And, if he rates, he can share their close-knit interests, his family can lead the same well-balanced life,

See Next Page——→



Small-town background is just what Don MacLaughlin wanted for his children. How he enjoys those weekends, roaming the New England countryside with Britt!

his children can grow up with the same high, practical standards. For this—reluctant as he may be to spend the workdays separated from Mary and their three children—Don MacLaughlin is more than willing to divide his life in two.

It was a momentous decision to make, but the MacLaughlins had known the Vermont town for five years before they decided to settle there all year 'round. Originally, Don and Mary discovered the place when one of their youngsters was ill and required a comfortable summer climate for convalescence. Each summer after that helped strengthen the MacLaughlins' feeling of "belonging." Last year, when Don and Mary suddenly faced the truth that the children were really growing up, that the two older ones, Douglas and Janet, would be away at school, and their year-'round house in Connecticut was too big for only themselves and young Britton, they decided it was now time for them to become true Vermonters.

Don had been commuting from Connecticut to New York, having to stay overnight in the city more and more frequently because of some of his late programs. The trip of five hours by train to Vermont didn't seem much more formidable and, as always, he would have weekends at home with the family. So bag, baggage, furniture—including the assorted impedimenta that every family worth its salt collects—domestic pets and all, they moved to their Vermont acreage.

"Ours is a very small, close-knit community," Don describes his town. "We are all (*Continued on page 70*)

Don's Reluctant Double Life

(Continued)

Skiing for Don and Britt—and Janet, when she's home from private school. Below, Doug—who goes to Amherst—admires the baby pigeons Britt is helping Don to raise.

Husky outdoor chores for Doug and Don, at home. All too soon, it's time for woodsman-husband-father MacLaughlin to head back to New York and his double life as an actor.

Don is seen as Chris Hughes in *As The World Turns*, CBS-TV, M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Co. for Ivory Snow and Oxydol. He's heard as Dr. Jim Brent on *The Road Of Life*, CBS Radio, 1:45 P.M. EST, and David Harding on *Counterspy*, Mutual, Fri., 8 P.M. EST.

Don's Reluctant Double Life

(*Continued*)

Small-town background is just what Don MacLoughlin wanted for his children. How he enjoys those weekends, rooming the New England countryside with Britt!

Skiing for Don and Britt—and Janet, when she's home from private school. Below, Doug—who goes to Amherst—admires the baby pigeons Britt is helping Don to raise.

Husky outdoor chores for Doug and Don, at home. All too soon, it's time for woodsman-husband-father MacLoughlin to head back to New York and his double life as an actor.

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Jan Miner gives nature just a little, artful nudge—for lighter, brighter hair beauty

THE HINT OF A TINT

The "ultra-conservative" man in her life, husband Terry O'Sullivan, is proud of her appearance, says Jan always looks "just naturally nice."

By MARY SHERWOOD

JAN MINER is a pretty but *proper* Bostonian, and it took her a long time to decide to add color to her hair. But, now she's done it, she can't imagine why she didn't try that hint-of-a-tint a whole lot sooner. Her once unmanageable, baby-fine tresses are sleek and silky and beautifully behaved and just the subtlest soupcon of a shade lighter and brighter than nature decreed. "It looks better, more becoming, on a kinescope," she sighs contentedly, "and even the ultra-conservative man in my life approves!"

Jan may be more familiar to you as the serene and sympathetic Julie Nixon of *Hilltop House* or in the title role of *The Second Mrs. Burton*, but there's a courtyard apartment house on New York City's East Side where the portly doorman knows her proudly as Mrs. Terry O'Sullivan. And five flights up in a modish modern apartment (ebony and taupe and gold, with a dash of pimiento) lives a man named Terry who is *also* proud to call her Mrs. O'Sullivan! He's proud, too, of Jan's appearance because she always looks "just naturally nice!"

For her many and various parts on the stage, radio and TV, Jan has worn her hair in every conceivable style and shade (she has a collection of *sixteen* switches and chignons to commemorate her career as a chameleon!). But, in her private life, it's Terry who calls the tune. "I please myself by pleasing *him*," she says, "and no man will ever admit that he likes an artificial effect." The trick, she feels, is to avoid drastic changes: Begin with a mild-mannered rinse *before* you really need it, progress by slow and easy stages to your most compatible color and don't be tempted to go beyond. "By all means have your hair tinted," she advises, "but don't have it *over*done!" Jan, herself, features a muted ash-blonde which is so close to her natural coloring that it needs to be retouched only once in six weeks. "My hair has never had so much life," says Jan, "and it looks as natural as all outdoors!"

Midas of Music and Mirth

(*Continued from page 52*)

performing as little as possible: "TV can be the goose that lays the golden egg—but you must be careful not to cook the egg too often." Borge's definition of how much gold and how little cooking are required is measured by his CBS contract. For two hour-long shows and two guest performances, he will be paid a quarter of a million dollars, the highest sum per hour ever earned by an entertainer.

He's a super-salesman who can wisecrack his way through a shrewd bargain, but he is also a man to whom any stubborn situation presents an intriguing challenge. This even includes romance. Take the manner in which he met his charming wife, Sanna. It was in Chicago, when Victor was playing a night club. Sanna recalls, "He had just fired his manager when he encountered friends of mine . . ."

Borge had problems, and the friends were certain Sanna was just the girl to cope with them. She could handle the detail work which Victor hated, for she had majored in accounting at the University of Indiana. What's more, she was probably the prettiest fugitive from a CPA charter who ever turned into a fashion model. She also had proved her business ability by acting as sales representative for a group of fashion artists.

"What a pity," said the friends, "that all this didn't happen sooner. Now Sanna is doing so well with her own business that she wouldn't think of giving it up."

Sanna, in telling the story, short-cuts it with a knowing smile: "But you know Borge. Before very long, he had persuaded me to sell my business and go to work for him. If anything is difficult, that turns out to be the thing he is sure he must have."

Perhaps one of the most difficult things to maintain, in the face of today's all-consuming taxes on high-bracket incomes, is a country estate. To almost anyone else, that lovely place in Connecticut which now is ViBo Farm would have looked like a 450-acre white elephant, a place so expensive to maintain that no one could afford to live there. Borge has made it into a magnificent home for Sanna and children—and even made a profit.

A place of historic interest, the farm had once been the home of Ethan Allen, the Revolutionary War patriot who, with the Green Mountain Boys, captured the British stronghold, Fort Ticonderoga. His cottage is now the Borge guest house. Wallace Nutting, the minister whose fine photographs of the place are credited with having aroused this century's interest in antiques, had owned it, too.

The farm's last owner had made it a hunting preserve—a luxury retreat where wealthy sportsmen came to hunt pheasant. Borge decided to *raise* pheasants instead. When cautious friends questioned what he knew about such an undertaking, Borge had an answer: "I told them I didn't have to know anything. The pheasants already knew all about it."

An important asset which he did possess was a Continental gentleman's knowledge of fine food. Born in Copenhagen, January 3, 1909, his had always been a world of elegance and fashion. His father was a violinist with the Denmark Royal Symphony. His mother was an accomplished pianist, and Victor was a child prodigy. At four, he could read both words and music, and, at ten, he gave his first concert. At eleven, the Borgian wit burst forth right in the middle of a concert in which he was the soloist with the State Symphony. Borge's account of it has become a minor classic: "I came to a long trill which I played with two fingers, the entire string section supporting me. The sight of these serious old musicians grinding away for all they were worth, while I twiddled my fingers, was too much for me. I looked over my shoulder and winked at the audience."

One who never laughed at the Borge jokes was Adolph Hitler, the butt of many of them. In 1940, when the Nazis goose-stepped into Denmark, Borge was high on the extermination list. With his first wife, an American citizen, he caught the last boat out of Finland. Knowing little English, and himself unknown in America, he went through a most unfunny period, living on twenty-five cents a day before Bing Crosby invited him to do a guest shot and discovered the Dane's offbeat interpolations. Crosby threw away the script—and let Victor go solo.

Borge's gourmet tastes having been thus sharpened by hunger, he viewed the potential of those wooded hills on the game preserve with a connoisseur's delight. He announced he would raise pheasant, geese, and Rock Cornish hens—a fancy fowl which he described as having "all white meat and a chest expansion which would do credit to Marilyn Monroe."

He set up his own quick-freeze packing plant, and soon had so many orders that he enlisted neighboring farmers in the operation. Borge buys the birds just after they are hatched, retains some of them on his own place and parcels out the remainder, together with special feed and instructions. He sells more than 10,000 a week and employs forty people. He is just completing a new building which will more than double the plant capacity.

The recipes which Victor supplies with his poultry products give directions for such mouth-watering concoctions as "The Pheasant, Braised Marsala," and "Guinea Hen With Cherries." But, for his prized Cornish Rock, he adds one in strictly Borgese: "Put the hen in a Dutch oven," he advises, "and do him in brown butter for twelve minutes. If you have a piano in the kitchen, play 'The Minute Waltz' twelve times. Then put in a little water. Put the lid on and play half 'The Dance of the Hours,' dragging it slightly. When you've done that, your goose is cooked—and if that isn't clear, the best thing to do is forget the whole thing and go to your mother-in-law's for dinner."

A visit to ViBo farm is an experience in hospitality. It is a breath-takingly beautiful place, high in the Connecticut hills, near the town of Southbury.

In the house, the warmth of the antique meets the comfort of the modern. Periods and styles have been combined with a master hand to create unity and beauty. That hand, one soon discovers, was Victor's. "Like most old houses, this one just grew," he explains. "When they needed more space, they built on an extra room. Then they pushed another house up against it and joined it on. We didn't have to do much for the older house. That was built in the 1780's. But the second house was a mess."

The two houses became three houses after Borge paid a visit to North Carolina. There he discovered a Southern mansion which was being wrecked. Back to Connecticut went some of its most beautiful portions. The hand-carved window and door casings now grace the Borge dining room—a formal room gleaming with crystal, silver and polished wood. "When there weren't enough casings to go around," he adds, "I had them copied—I knew a man who knew a man who could do the work."

The living room, in a perfection of detail, blends antiques with modern and they marry surprisingly well. Again, Borge was the decorator, and the furnishings came from all over the world. "I'm the window shopper," he explains. "Whenever I'm in a city, I watch for things we would want. If I haven't time to buy it, I write. I remember where everything is."

He takes a special delight in showing off what he calls "Mama's room," a dainty boudoir with linen-covered walls, pink brocade bedspread, canopied bed and antique chaise longue.

Sanna waited until Borge was out of earshot to confide the reason for his pleasure in the room: "It's my surprise. Every time I go to the hospital to have another baby, I find it completely redecorated on my return. He has been shopping and planning all the time we waited for the child."

There are two babies in the Borge household. Victor Bernhardt, age three, a twinkling-eyed lad with an eager, outgoing disposition, is called VeeBee to avoid the "junior" label. Frederika has not yet celebrated her first birthday. Sanna's daughter, also called Sanna, is eleven. In summers, Victor's twins, Ronald and Janet, join them.

Only infant Ricky was left at home last summer when the family went to Europe on what turned out to be more of a triumphal tour than a vacation. In Denmark, it was *Sir* Victor Borge—for the Danish ambassador had conferred the honor in Washington, making him a Knight of the Royal Order of Daneborg, in recognition of "his many contributions to his native Denmark." In England, where Borge supplied a sample of his artistry via the BBC, one staid critic headlined his review, "Pardon me while I pick myself up off the floor. I'm still laughing." Another enthused, "For forty-five minutes, Victor Borge held all England in the palm of his hand."

The fact that the same sort of enthusiasm is found across the United States is both the blessing and bane of the Borges' present life. His "Comedy in Music," which broke Broadway records by running for 849 performances at the Golden Theater, is now proving that there are still large, avid audiences to be found on the road, too. From Hartford, where he grossed $30,000, to the Texas Cotton Bowl—where, in October, he played to a crowd of 70,000—the story of packed houses was the same. In Worcester, Massachusetts, so many people were placed on the stage, Borge himself was blocked off from it at the end of the intermission. He finally shouldered his way to the piano—then spent fifteen minutes helping a dislocated lady find a seat.

To Victor and Sanna and the children, the boundless success is wonderful, but it's also a little frustrating. Sanna says wistfully, "He's away so much . . ." and Victor says, in the same tone, "I don't get much chance to enjoy the life I really work for."

Like the fabled King Midas, Borge has learned that having everything you touch "turn to gold" isn't the most precious gift in life. But, unlike King Midas, he's worked hard for that magic touch—and must know, in his heart, the glow of achievement which comes to every great talent that brings both melody and laughter to the world.

Hollywood lends a hand

In the cause of mental health, the stars follow Thalia—the muse of comedy . . . and charity

WHEN the whisper of scandal had reached to a shriek from the expose magazines, Hollywood's younger set decided to do something to offset the unfavorable publicity. They banded together as the Thalians, an organization that had been formed back in 1935 and named after the Greek muse of comedy. But today's generation of performers, writers and publicists knew that Thalia had another attribute—charity. They reorganized the group to emphasize this aspect of their namesake, then chose the cause of mental health as the one that needed their help. Actor Hugh O'Brian is president, singer Margaret Whiting is vice president, and the membership rolls are studded with such names as Gary Crosby, Debbie Reynolds, Barbara Whiting, Natalie Wood and Tony Curtis. Their "advisors" include Jimmy Durante, Frank Sinatra and Danny Thomas. The group appears on telethons, makes speeches, gives luncheons, fashion shows and parties to raise funds. Mostly, these funds go to the Reis-Davis Clinic, a Hollywood institution for research and child guidance. The Thalians wanted particularly to work with children. "We think of defective mental health as cancer of the personality," says Margaret Whiting. "And, like cancer, it has to be found in its early stages and then cut out." The Thalians pitch in everywhere. They will man the switchboard, drive cars, register patients, help with therapy—or stay up three days and nights to buy and wrap 2500 Christmas gifts for patients at the Camarillo State Hospital. But the greatest gift that can be given to anyone, child or adult, is a healthy mind. You, too, can aid in this cause by sending contributions to Thalians, Hollywood, Calif.

With Dr. Motto, head of the Reis-Davis Clinic, Margaret Whiting and Hugh O'Brian (TV's *Wyatt Earp*) meet patients.

As a Thalian, Margaret helps out by checking appointments at the clinic.

She learns from Dr. Motto how "play" is used as therapy for a child's mind.

At the switchboard—or on stage to raise funds—Margaret lends a hand.

GROWING PAINS

Dr. Helen Parkhurst shows the way to a youth's understanding of himself— and a parent's understanding of youth

WHEN youth needs someone to talk to, Dr. Helen Parkhurst listens. World famous as an educator and child psychologist, she is an old hand at listening. She was six when she overheard two teachers chatting about how children felt. "But I didn't feel that way," she still protests. By the time she was fourteen, she was a teacher herself, in a rural school in her native Wisconsin. Here, another protest was born, this one against "the old, uncreative methods" of teaching. Miss Parkhurst founded the Laboratory Plan for elementary education, later known as the Dalton Plan. Her book, "Education on the Dalton Plan," was one of a small number of books the American government recently translated to help fight Communism in Germany. Founder of New York's Dalton School, she is the only U.S. educator after whom has been named a European school, the Helen Parkhurst Dalton School in Rotterdam, Holland. . . . Primarily, Miss Parkhurst's life work is to speak and listen to children. Miss Parkhurst selects groups of children who don't know each other and gathers them around her "ring," a metal circle at which they stand and hear for the first time what the topic for discussion will be. "I am interested in 'why,' not 'what,'" says Miss Parkhurst. "I always keep myself the learner. I never comment, never pass judgment." By asking questions that will make the children see by themselves the advantages and disadvantages, the rights and wrongs, of a particular action or attitude, she brings the children to a point where they can judge themselves. "That's the point," she says, "at which the child meets God." . . . Illuminating, warm, and often funny, these conversations can be heard on the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company radio series, *Growing Pains*. The series is heard on the WBC stations (WBZ-WBZA in Boston-Springfield, KDKA in Pittsburgh, KYW in Cleveland, WOWO in Fort Wayne and KEX in Portland, Oregon) and is available to non-commercial stations (WNYC in New York, WBAA in Lafayette, WOSU in Columbus, WPWT-FM in Philadelphia, and others). With teenagers in different cities, Miss Parkhurst discusses juvenile delinquency, sex, prejudice, going steady, or rock 'n' roll. . . . Miss Parkhurst was the first to take a group of slum children and follow them through to adulthood. "The most extraordinarily beautiful things come from children in the slums," she says, "as if they dreamed of the beauty they wanted." Before moving this winter to a new studio and home in New Preston, Connecticut, Miss Parkhurst lived and worked in the exclusive neighborhood of New York's Park Avenue. Once, when neighbors objected to the rough-looking, ragged boys who would come to visit her there, she avoided eviction by disguising them as delivery boys from the local groceries. . . . "Teenagers," says Miss Parkhurst, "need affection and understanding, and just enough support to make them feel warm and comfortable. The 'growing pains' come from a lack of understanding."

Around the "ring," youth speaks frankly as Helen Parkhurst offers "understanding that will accept whatever they say without admonishing them." Below, she listens to the results with assistant Dorothy Luke.

Mr. and Miss Univac

(*Continued from page* 39)

"made for each other."

But were they? What would John and Barbara themselves have to say about it? The coded questionnaires had told Univac that the youthful advertising executive and the alert young secretary had more tastes in common than they had grounds for disagreement. But how would they react to each other, when they met for the very first time? Linkletter held his breath. If the introduction didn't "take," if it didn't lead toward romance and marriage, embarrassed Univac might blow a fuse.

The idea of using Univac as a mechanical Cupid came to Linkletter and his partner-producer John Guedel as they sat in Hollywood's Brown Derby, sharing a Cobb salad and discussing the foibles of human nature. At that same table, some fifteen years before, producer Guedel had made the sage remark, "People are funny," thus giving birth to the title of the TV-radio show which has consistently proved its name.

But the show has proved more than that. And, once again inspired by Bob Cobb's famous food, Linkletter and Guedel decided to bring an added quality to *People Are Funny*. Conducting an intensive national survey over several months in search of appropriate ideas, Art and John had found that, in addition to being funny, people are *lonely*.

Here was the nucleus of an idea. Perhaps *People Are Funny* could serve some other worthwhile purpose besides making people laugh. Could it in some way assuage a portion of this loneliness? Linkletter and Guedel thought so. Working in their television "garden," these two electronic Luther Burbanks decided to cross thinking-machine Univac with a pair of lonely hearts. Whether the affairs of the heart could be reduced to a series of electronic pulses remained to be seen.

Cupid, in the guise of Univac, first appeared in February, 1956, in a series of Southern California newspaper ads. John Caran and Barbara Smith were only two among the thousands of respondents. The ad read in part: "If you are 21, eligible to be married, and would like the chance to meet your mate on *People Are Funny*, drop us a postcard telling us about yourself."

Barbara, a pert, comely secretary in Schenley's Southern California office was intrigued by the wording. "I don't remember my entire letter," she says, "but I do remember a questionnaire to be filled out came in the return mail."

Meanwhile, John Caran, young advertising executive with National Silver Company's office in Los Angeles, had also written in answer. "I'm generally not inclined to answer newspaper ads," says John. "But, when I saw it was Art Linkletter's *People Are Funny*, I knew it was legitimate. For days I carried the clipping around in my pocket. One evening something seemed to tell me to sit down and write a letter about myself. I did—feeling all the time that nothing would come of it.

"A few days later, I was surprised to receive a call from program writer Lou Schor and Jim Henderson asking me to come in for an interview. I filled out the questionnaire, listing my interests and hobbies, and at the same time, answering a number of questions related to preferences in marriage. We discussed, in short, what I thought my ideal girl would be like. Working in the advertising field and knowing that the odds were about 10,000 to one against my final selection, even after the interview, I still had the feeling that chances were pretty slim I'd be chosen."

Months passed, during which time Barbara made plans to spend her summer vacation in Las Vegas with her sister, and John flew to Detroit to spend his two-week vacation with his parents. Two thousand miles apart by that time, neither John nor Barbara knew that fate had fingered their meeting to take place within the next few days.

On Monday morning of that fateful week, John's returning plane was late landing in Los Angeles. Racing for home, he had just enough time to change and shower before driving to work. The phone rang as he was going out the door. Not wanting to be late for work, he almost didn't answer it. The call? "It was Lou Schor informing me I'd been selected to be on the show. The odds were so long, even the final phone call didn't make it seem real."

Barbara could hardly believe it, either, when production assistant Genie Allen called and asked if she could go on the program that week. The sudden phone call from *People Are Funny* put her in a quandary. "Oh, no, I can't," she said. "I'm going to Las Vegas with my sister. She's coming all the way from Chicago!"

"Don't you want to go on the program?"

Fate put the decision squarely up to Barbara. "Well, yes . . ." she replied, and next day cancelled her Las Vegas reservations. Little did she know that the change in her vacation plans would later change the overall plan of her life.

Barbara and John did not meet until that very moment when *People Are Funny's* national television audience saw Art Linkletter introduce them. In fact, the program staff's biggest job that evening was making sure that John's and Barbara's paths didn't cross until they met

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Univac sorted and matched *People Are Funny* questionnaires and interview data at the rate of 3,000 subjects a minute! You can't get such speedy or accurate results with mere pen or pencil. But you can have fun, filling in the form below, then have your favorite "date" (or mate) answer the questions, too—just to see for yourselves how many interests you share.

PEOPLE ARE FUNNY QUESTIONNAIRE

Instructians:

Please answer all individual questians by filling in the appropriate baxes:

Example: weight [1] [2] [5] ta nearest 5 pounds

Example: height [6] [0] [1] ta nearest inch

Example: da yau want ta get married? yes [x] na [ ]

1. Sex: Male ☐ Female ☐
2. Race: White ☐ Negra ☐ Indian ☐ Asiotic ☐
3. Age: ☐ ☐
4. Hoir: Bland ☐ Brunette ☐ Redhead ☐ Grey ☐ Bold ☐
5. Weight: ☐ ☐ ☐ ta nearest 5 paunds
6. Height: ☐ ☐ ☐ ta neorest inch
7. Da you want to get married? yes ☐ na ☐
8. Are yau going steady? yes ☐ na ☐
9. Hove yau been morried before? Na ☐ Div. ☐ Wid. ☐
10. If sa: (children) nane ☐ one ☐ mare ☐
11. Income: (do yau make) under 100 ☐ 100-200 ☐ aver 200/wk. ☐
12. Sparts: (da you like to wotch) baseboll ☐ baxing ☐ harse rocing ☐
    (do you like ta porticipate in) tennis ☐ galf ☐ swimming ☐
13. Religian: Pratestont ☐ Cathalic ☐ Jewish ☐ Other ☐
14. Children: For ideal size fomily—nane ☐ one ☐ more ☐
15. Home preference: own home ☐ rent opt. ☐
16. Vocotion preference: Mauntoins ☐ Seoshare ☐ Desert ☐ Foreign Travel ☐
17. Occupotian: in business ☐ in prafessian ☐ student ☐ employer ☐ emplayee ☐
18. Morriage ceremany: religious ☐ civil ☐
19. Palitics: Rep. ☐ Demo. ☐ Ind. ☐
20. After morrioge preference: dauble bed ☐ twin beds ☐
21. Educotion: Grommor School ☐ High School ☐ College ☐
22. Music: Clossical ☐ Papular ☐
23. Are yau on only child: yes ☐ no ☐
24. Do you think o wife should wark ofter morrioge: yes ☐ na ☐
25. Do you object to smaking: yes ☐ no ☐
26. Do you abject ta drinking: yes ☐ na ☐
27. Do yau like pets in the hause: yes ☐ na ☐
28. Do you enjay doncing: yes ☐ na ☐

(SAMPLE—DO NOT SEND IN)

for the first time, on camera.

John was sitting calmly in his chair at stageside. "The staff took great precautions to make sure we wouldn't meet beforehand," he says smiling. "I think associate producer Irv Atkins' principal job was to watch me. Once, he even asked me to step outside into the alley and wait until I was called. I later learned from Barbara that this was the moment they took her to make-up. She had to go right past my chair to get to the stairs. At that time, I wondered why they wanted me standing in the dark outside in the alley!"

Once again inside the theater, John finally heard Art introducing Barbara to the audience. "I tried to peek around the wings and take a look, but Mr. Atkins wouldn't let me. He said, 'You'll be on soon enough.' When Art finished with Barbara's introduction, Irv said, 'Okay, *now!*' And the curtains parted. At this moment, I saw Barbara for the first time. My initial reaction? I looked at her, saying, 'Gee, she's beautiful.'"

Barbara herself recalls, "I haven't the vaguest idea of how I looked or how I felt. When you're under tension and pressure, you're not yourself. The first time I saw John, I was numb."

After introducing John, Art Linkletter explained how Univac had picked the young couple as being most compatible to each other according to their likes and dislikes on a variety of subjects. Whether it "took" or not was up to John and Barbara. With introductions completed, Art turned to the show's popular anagram game, in which, working together, Barbara and John could win as much as $1,000 on the first show.

But, halfway through, Art interrupted to say, "If you'd like, you may stop now and come back next week to try for $3,000." He also suggested it might be nice if John and Barbara had a better chance to become acquainted, offering to pay their way to dinner any place in town every night until the next show. Barbara and John accepted the invitation, decided to return and try for $3,000.

Immediately after the show, John and Barbara went into the front office to discuss their meeting. There they decided to call their parents in the East. Barbara's mother in Chicago, informed of the news, replied, "I'm very happy for you both. I certainly hope it works out all right."

John's mother in Detroit said, when awakened from a deep sleep, "I can't understand what you're saying. What do you mean you've met a girl on television?" After John explained, she asked, "What is Barbara like?" John finished the conversation by saying, "Well, I just met her, Mom, but she is very wonderful."

Every night for the next week, John and Barbara dined at a new place. "Friday we went to Mocambo," he said, "Saturday, the Cocoanut Grove. And every other night, some place new and exciting. Each night, as Barbara and I sat ringside eating the terrific food, dancing and enjoying the music, we kept repeating to each other, 'How could this happen to us?'"

On the next week's show, Art asked them how things were going. John laughingly remarked, "I've been driving from my home in Anaheim every night to pick up Barbara in Los Angeles . . . thirty-five miles—quite a distance, but well worth it." The audience roared.

When Art asked Barbara how she felt, she replied, "I'm exhausted." The audience roared again. "But it's so exciting," she continued, "I feel like Cinderella waiting for the clock to strike twelve."

After a second interview with Art, Barbara and John turned to the anagram game, now worth $3,000. Again they were able to play half-way through, at which time Art interrupted asking if they wanted to settle for $3,000 or come back the following week and try for $5,000. Barbara and John, feeling more at home and working even more closely together, decided to return. And what about romance? It seems the electric touch of Univac had sparked more than just a passing interest—for, by the end of the second show, Barbara and John were holding hands.

Meanwhile, back in their respective offices, both Barbara and John were becoming celebrities. John reports, "Mr. Farr, the vice-president of Schenley's, asked us to have lunch with him. And Mr. Ross, vice-president of my company, National Silver, entertained us for dinner one evening." As Barbara says, "This was as exciting for me as meeting the Queen of England.

"Even people on the streets recognized us," she recalls. "Strangers gave us a second look, turning around to say, 'We saw you on TV and wish you lots of luck.' When we were out together, we were dead giveaways. People everywhere recognized us—John especially, because he has such a distinctive face."

In the time between the second and third show, John and Barbara were getting to know each other better. They were together for dinner almost every night, or shared their evening with either John's or Barbara's friends. One weekend, John gave a barbecue at his Anaheim home for a number of guests, including Barbara's sister. "My house had always been a dream until recently," he says. "I saved for it all my life. It was important what Barbara thought of it. What did Barbara think? Well, when she first saw it, the day of the barbecue, she said, 'I like it very much. And, if I'd done it myself, I wouldn't change a thing.'"

On the third show, when Linkletter asked how things were progressing, John answered with amazement: "That Univac is astounding. The questionnaire covered a lot of surface things. But, as we got to know each other, we found we had a lot of little things in common, too. For example, the first time we went out to dinner, after looking at the menu, I knew in my own mind what I wanted. But Barbara, of course, ordered first. She asked for the same things I intended asking for, right down to the dressing on the salad!"

Actually, the questionnaires had shown that John and Barbara had some differences in tastes, as well as similarities. Both had answered that they wanted to get married. But John indicated he was "going steady," while Barbara said "no" to the same question. Both prefer watching baseball or playing tennis. But Barbara also enjoys swimming and golf, and John likes to watch boxing matches. Both prefer a home of their own. But John voted for twin beds, Barbara for a double.

Under "education," Barbara checked off high school, John checked both high school and college. Neither of them gave their religion, though Barbara said she'd like a religious ceremony, while John indicated no choice. Neither had objections to smoking or drinking. Both have a fondness for foreign travel, dancing, popular music, and pets. And they belong to the same political party.

More similar than dissimilar. And, when they again were successful half-way through the anagram game on *People Are Funny,* they agreed to return next week to try for $10,000. Meanwhile, the magic of Univac was taking effect—for, after the third week, they found they were really caring for each other. John had already learned that Barbara liked red roses, and red and white carnations, too—but red roses best. The night before the fourth show, John left his office and, without Barbara's knowing anything about it, walked into Kay's jewelry store and selected an engagement ring.

"I didn't know if she would accept it or not," he admits. "I only knew I wanted to do it. Then I called Barbara, asking if she'd like to go out for dinner. A new restaurant had opened and we had talked about going there. I asked if that would be okay. She said fine."

When John called for Barbara, he handed her two dozen red roses. The ring, in a beautifully-wrapped extra-large box, rested in the back seat of the car. On leaving the car in the parking lot, John brought the box out, saying, "By the way, I was doing a little shopping today and I picked up something for you."

"Oh, let me open it," Barbara cried.

"Let's wait until we go inside," said John.

After ordering dinner, Barbara's curiosity couldn't be contained. "Well, what is it? Won't you let me open it?" she asked.

Teasing, John said, "Let's finish dinner first." He recalls now, "Barbara rushed through hers."

"Then I said," continues John, "'I guess we can have it for dessert.' That sort of threw Barbara off the track, because she knew I wouldn't be bringing cookies into the restaurant, yet she wondered if it were something to eat. Finally finished with dinner, she asked me, 'Now?' And I said, 'Let's go over to the lounge and have our coffee.' And that's where she finally opened the package. I took the ring out, put it on her finger, and that was it. She was speechless."

John and Barbara were engaged on a Monday. The fourth show was filmed the next day, Tuesday. When Art asked what had happened in the interim, John held up Barbara's hand, proudly showing the ring and saying shyly, "We're engaged." Again they proceeded to play the amagram game, trying for $10,000. When they reached the half-way mark, they agreed to come back a fifth and final week for a try at $20,000. This would be a marvelous prize for young newlyweds.

"Naturally," says John, "we discussed what we might do if we won all that money. At first, we were afraid even to think about it. We could use it for so many worthwhile purposes. Even though I have this home and all, it is not completely furnished. And we could use a vacuum cleaner, my car's about to give up, both of us have clothes to buy, and Barbara has to pay off her TV set. Bills—it seems we all have them. So $20,000 certainly would give us a fabulous start."

It is, of course, anti-climatic now, for John and Barbara did not win the $20,000 on the fifth show. Instead, they came up with $2,000 and the promise of a paid honeymoon in Europe when, as and if they get married. "Naturally, we were disappointed we didn't win the full amount," John says. "It's not the easiest thing in the world to be looking forward to so much money and then miss it.

"But we started with nothing," he continued, "and Barbara and I were introduced by Univac. That's the important thing. Just being together will always be enough."

Univac has introduced other couples on *People Are Funny.* But, so far, John and Barbara are the only pair for whom Univac truly proved to be an electronic Cupid. But that fact in itself has been satisfying reward for Art Linkletter's and John Guedel's fond hope for bringing both entertainment and good from Univac. People can be lonely, as well as funny—and John and Barbara are two who are most definitely not lonely now.

"Someday," says John, with a smile, "I'm going to have to meet Mr. Univac."

Don's Reluctant Double Life

(*Continued from page 62*)

mutually dependent. This makes for a neighborly feeling, in the best sense of that word. Our neighbors are much like the people Mary and I grew up with, I in my home town of Webster, Iowa, and Mary in her home in London, Ohio. These people all have a 'live and let live' attitude which we are familiar with, and which we like."

Theirs is a village home, rather than a farm. A green-shuttered white house which has stood up magnificiently to the elements for some eighty years. Its eight rooms seem more compact and cozy than the usual house of this size, but there is room for all their treasured antiques, handed down by both families. An attached shed leading to the big barn opens upon a good-size garden which is protected by a deer fence.

The house has fulfilled all their expectations, and their fondness for it has grown. They kept the old iron wood-burning stove. Don splits wood in slabs to feed it, along with dozens of other home chores. Mary's time is spent in taking care of her home, her two men, Don and Britt—and the older children, when they are home for holidays and vacations—in tending the garden during the week, while Don is away, and in running her little gift and antique shop down in the village. In addition, she is a member of the Ladies' Aid, and she edits the church community paper, a job for which she was fitted by a professional career as a journalist before she turned housewife.

As everyone knows, who watches *As The World Turns,* Don is a six-footer, blond, rugged—a man who seems restless even when seated quietly, as if driven by a constant urge to get things done, and done well. Mary, a little over five-foot-two, is barely shoulder-high to Don, has pretty brown hair and green-gray eyes, shares much of his intensity and vitality. In manners, she is so direct and straightforward that, at first, you don't realize there is a little shyness with strangers—and, by the time you do realize, she has won you over with her quick understanding and interest. Three years ago, she took over her small shop from a friend and has spent the summers working in it and improving it, slanting it more and more toward antiques rather than quite so much toward gifts. It's an attractive place, once the local blacksmith shop, with the old anvil still standing as a landmark.

Britton, who is 12, goes to the local grade school, is more interested at the moment in animals than in acting—although, according to his dad, he is "the best line-reader, and cues me better than anyone else in the family." Britt starts to live the part the minute Don hands him the script he is studying, and both his parents suspect that, if any child of theirs turns out to be a chip off the dramatic block, it might well be this youngest one.

He talks about wanting a goat next summer. "Why a goat I can't imagine," his mother laments, "but we'll probably end up having one!" Meanwhile with his father, he has been expanding the coop of what started out to be a pair of homing pigeons which have produced an ever-increasing family, creating a real emergency housing problem.

The wire-haired terrier, Buttons, is now nine years old, and a bit world-weary at this point, content to stay near the fire and to let the Siamese cats, Cyrano and Roxanne, go chasing madly about the place on their nimble, soft-padded feet. The cats carry on a half-feud with Buttons, but they can't really mean it, because they miss her, when she has to stay at the vet's.

Janet, a boarding student at a private school, gets home for holidays and is enjoying the social whirl of a popular girl in her middle teens. She has the gift of getting along well with practically everyone, of liking them and being liked, and the house brightens up perceptibly whenever she comes home.

Douglas is at Amherst, wrapped up in engineering and music. He wants to go to M.I.T. later, and got practical experience last summer by working in an electrical laboratory. "He has a good head on him," Don says proudly. "He is a good worker, and he won the commendation of the lab heads by doing a good job during his vacation time."

Doug also "made" the All-American orchestra in St. Louis last year. He plays bass viol and sousaphone, has a knowledge of several other instruments. He's a member of the various musical activities at college, including the Amherst orchestra, and plays in a dance band Saturday nights. When Don became fearful that his son was attempting to follow too many extra-curricular interests, Doug pointed out that he would probably be dancing to the band if he weren't playing in it, since Saturday night wasn't the best time for a boy to study, anyhow. It sounded so logical that Don gave in.

In looks, the kids are composites of both parents, except that Janet seems more like Don and Douglas more like Mary's family. Britt is a distinct mixture of both, favoring neither. Oddly enough, they are almost the same ages as Chris Hughes' children in *As The World Turns,* the children to whom Don plays father. On the show, the older boy is eighteen, the same age as Douglas. The younger boy is twelve, the same as Britt. Only the seventeen-year-old daugher is a little older than Janet who is fifteen.

"Chris Hughes' life and my own have some interesting and happy similarities like that," Don points out. "We both have a good family life, which we try hard to keep on an even keel. Sometimes, as Chris, I say things on the show which are not at all unlike the things I have to say occasionally to my own kids. I was bawling out my son one day and, in the middle of my fatherly harangue, the thought suddenly struck me that I was talking and acting just like Chris Hughes. After that, I had a hard time keeping my mind on the thing that was angering me!"

Because Don is the typical "father type," a wise and kind person to whom people turn for advice and help, the crew on the show have a way of calling him "Dad." That's all right with him. He likes being a Dad. "I got the part," he says simply, "because I look like a happily married guy with kids whose life follows a pleasant pattern unless—and until—other people's problems come along to upset it."

Mary used to watch the show, but the mountains which ring their Vermont valley shut out the CBS television network. To see *As The World Turns,* she has to go up the mountain about five miles to visit friends at the top, so—for the most part—she follows the story line by cueing Don when he studies his script, or by listening to Britt and Don. "I miss having Mary's criticisms," Don admits, "although, of course, she listens to the radio shows as often as possible."

Weekends, when Don isn't boning up on next week's scripts, he is doing chores all around the place, getting supplies, visiting around town, swapping information about crops and gardening. Mostly he's on the receiving end of such information, trying to learn, from those who know local conditions, how to get the most from the rocky Vermont soil. "It's an interesting problem," he says. "The gardening season is short in our part of the country, and it's nip and tuck—mostly nip—to get crops in before the first frost, and get things started properly to take advantage of every day of warm weather in the spring and summer. My neighbors are gradually educating me."

Don used to spend most of his leisure with cameras and dark-room procedures, but he is painting now, studying here and there, whenever there is a good class to be found at the hours he can work. An excellent oil of Douglas at thirteen, with his first bass fiddle, hangs in the house, along with Don's self-portrait and other paintings. One day there will be a gallery of the entire family. Don plays a guitar a little, once played accompaniments on the guitar as a singing cowboy on a radio show, but he doesn't consider himself a musician.

The man who is now so much at home in New England is really a Midwesterner, who was graduated from the University of Iowa, got some of his education at Iowa Wesleyan and Northwestern in Chicago, and at the University of Arizona. Like many actors Don has tried his hand at many in-between jobs while he was struggling to get established—from designing miniature-golf courses to illustration, to being seaman on a freighter. About every five years, he has done a Broadway show, for a total of four to date. The last time was in "South Pacific," as Commander Harbison. "I replaced a replacement," he grins, "and liked every minute of it."

While in New York, Don leads quite a different life from the homekeeping one in Vermont. Weekdays in the city, he is up at 6:30, at work by 7:30, and the TV show is on the air at 1:30 P.M., Eastern time. After a short break to take off make-up and have a quick lunch, the cast is back for rehearsal until late afternoon.

When Don takes his scripts home over the weekends, he often wishes he were the kind of actor who can read a script quietly to himself and absorb it. Saying the lines out loud comes more naturally to him and, when he studies on the train, he has to catch himself to keep from declaiming lines to the startled passengers!

"Television," says Don, "has something of the same challenge as the stage. And, once that red light is on the camera and the show gets rolling, everyone is on his own. No one can rescue you by calling out 'Cut.' But there is excitement, and fulfillment, in this. The actors on our show are all such 'pro's' who know their stuff. Such nice people, too. The whole thing is very pleasant, and very satisfying."

Up in Vermont, however, Don tries to forget MacLaughlin, the actor. There is a picture he painted which hangs there, one that Mary and the family wouldn't part with—the first landscape he ever did of their town, at the time when they first began to feel they wanted to "belong" and be part of the community in every possible way.

"Mary has become absorbed in community life," Don says. "She has been able to do that better than I, but I am hoping to do more. I want to be a good citizen, and a good neighbor." It's what you would expect Chris Hughes to say, as well as Don MacLaughlin himself.

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Fabulous Singing Sisters

(*Continued from page* 28)

was supported by Bill Lennon a few years ago by a job driving an early-morning milk truck for Edgemar Farms. He says, "It's logical for the father of a family of eight to be driving a milk truck. The girls each drink a quart a day." Since then, Bill Lennon has advanced to a wholesale selling job for the same company. But he comments, "It still takes one truck to keep the Lennons supplied with milk." In this same time interval, the Lennons have moved from a small house to their present home in Venice, big enough for their increasing family. There is unusual family harmony among them, and sharing of family responsibilities and interests. Yet each remains an individual.

Dianne, the eldest of the singing quartet of Lennons, is a beautiful light blond. She is a sports enthusiast, has been playing passable golf since she was six years old. Last summer, she succeeded in trouncing her mother and father at the game (with the aid of part-time beau Bob O'Neil, a Notre Dame freshman). When Dianne is not singing, swimming, or on the golf course, she is likely to be wrapped up in some historical or romantic novel. And, as oldest of the family, she regularly helps out with the younger children.

Blue-eyed Dianne—who has been nicknamed "DeDe" by sister Peggy—is in love with the color blue. Her bedroom is decorated in blue. Her favorite skirts and blouses are blue to match her eyes. And she loves blue-jeans.

Peggy, next in line, at fifteen, has her mother's coloring—snapping black eyes and brown hair. She is possessor of a wonderfully outgoing personality, yet has a serious side, too. It was Peggy who began several years ago to think about being a nun. It is Peggy who has been nicknamed "The Brain," but in no derogatory way—she earned it by graduating with honors from St. Mark's parochial school in Venice, and was awarded a four-year scholarship at St. Monica's for her straight-A-average grades.

Peggy still hasn't decided definitely about joining a religious order, but she is an avid reader of religious books. Recently, she and Lawrence Welk fell into a conversation about the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas. Peggy's subsequent research into the works of St. Thomas kept this volatile Lennon out of family discussions for a week. Peggy's favorite color is red. And her mother has an interesting comment to make. "I tell Peggy," says Isobel Lennon, "I've never yet seen a nun wearing red." But the Lennons respect and revere Peggy's devout nature.

Pretty thirteen-year-old Kathy, number three of the four singing Lennon sisters, is brown-eyed, has light brown hair. Like all the rest of the Lennons, she's an individual in her own right. And she is the only one of all the Lennons who is left-handed. According to national statistics, about one out of every ten children is a southpaw. Mrs. Lennon says with a laugh, "That means we'll have to have another ten children before we can expect another southpaw in the family." Kathy is a born humorist, according to her dad, who says, "Kathy's gags come straight out of left field." Her hobby time is spent on record-listening and reading "just plain girl books."

Ten-year-old Janet is nicknamed "The Little Child" (from the song she performed with violinist Aladdin on the Welk show). Since the Lennon Sisters first appeared on the Welk show, Janet has come into her own. Mr. Welk has taken to addressing her as spokesman for the group, and this has helped Janet to real self-confidence.

Success is still something new to all the Lennon Sisters. But singing isn't. "Bill and I," says Isobel Lennon, "sang Irish lullabies like 'Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral' to Dianne and Peggy when they were very little girls. They repeated them as they rocked back and forth in their rocking chairs. Then Kathy was born. And, before she was old enough to talk, she was humming along with them.

"When Kathy was six," Mrs. Lennon recalls, "I came in one day to find the three of them singing 'Good Night, Ladies,' in perfect harmony. Bill and I were both surprised and pleased at our daughters' natural musical ability. I told my father about Kathy's attempt at harmony and he, having been a song and dance man, helped her. Even Janet, only two-and-a-half at the time, got into the act. She sang with the others—taking the part of the one she was standing closest to—and, when we had company it was customary for the girls to 'perform.' Dianne was the director.

"But all kids put on shows. We didn't think it was out of the ordinary that our girls sang. Today, never having taken a music lesson, they make their own arrangements without putting a note on paper. They pick their songs from among their favorites on records, radio and TV. Once a song is selected, they play it at home until memorized."

"That's where my brother Pat and I come in," Bill Lennon adds. "When Pat, Bob, Ted and I sang together as the Lennon Brothers, Pat was the only one who understood harmony. Today, he helps the girls straighten out their musical arrangements. After each girl has her melody established, we try for a cute ending, and I help them here, too."

When the girls were younger, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Lennon felt they were polished enough singers to become professionals. "When Janet was six," says Mrs. Lennon, "our church put on a big show to raise money for charity. We hired the Culver City Auditorium and it was suggested the girls sing.

"This was their first public appearance together. The arrangements were made so hurriedly I was still sewing their costumes an hour before the performance. They did two numbers, a Scottish Medley and 'Dry Bones,' which they did with their father and his brothers (who had long sung together as a quartet).

Was the show a success? The Lennons hadn't realized how good their children were. Both song numbers at the benefit were show-stoppers. In the audience were the entertainment chairmen for the Venice Lions Club and the Elks Club. After the performance, these gentlemen asked Bill Lennon if his daughters would be willing to sing for their organizations, too. Bill said he'd ask, and the girls readily agreed—though they were not remotely aware at the time that all this benefit singing might lead them to a professional career.

About this time, Dianne Lennon met Lawrence Welk, Jr., and he heard the girls sing at the Elks Club benefit. Afterward, he said to Mr. Lennon, "Gee, they're great!" And, to Dianne, he said, "I'd sure like my dad to hear you girls."

"That would be fine," said Dianne, never dreaming anything would come of it.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Welk wasn't easy to pin down, feeling, perhaps, that his son was still somewhat young to be acting as a talent scout. One Sunday, however, Mr. Welk was confined to his bed with a bad cold. Knowing his father couldn't escape, Larry called the girls and told them to hurry over after mass.

"I went with the girls," says Mrs. Lennon, "never really expecting that anything would come from the 'audition.' It didn't occur to us that Mr. Welk would want the girls on the show. Actually, we only wanted him to listen to them and give us his professional opinion.

"The girls sang one song, 'He,' during which time Mr. Welk's expression never changed. Right then and there, I was thinking to myself, *I knew nothing would come of this.* But, after a pause, he said, 'Sometimes I'm fooled about these things. Do you mind if I call my agent, Sam Lutz . . . he has a very good ear.' He made a call and said, 'I have some girls here I want you to listen to, Sam . . .' and the girls sang another number into the phone for Mr. Lutz. When they were finished, there was—for us—an endless two minutes of silence, while Mr. Welk listened to Mr. Lutz's reaction. Then he turned to us and said, 'The Cardinal gives a big charity party for children every Christmas. Would you consider singing?'

"'Oh, yes!' the girls chorused. Then, as we left, he added, 'And by the way . . . do you think you could be on my television show on Christmas?'

"The next Thursday, we went down to Mr. Welk's rehearsal at the Aragon Ballroom. I stood in the back, hoping to stay out of the way—but, after the girls sang and the bandsmen took their break, I couldn't help hearing what the men said. Violinist Aladdin was standing next to me talking to Bob Lido. Aladdin said, 'The way those girls sing just makes my heart hurt.' Since then," says Mrs. Lennon with a laugh, "Aladdin and his wife have become two of our most special friends."

The girls were quickly accepted into the Welk band family. "There is one thing about those Lennon girls," says Ed Sobel, the producer, "they are the greatest." And Mr. Welk loves them like his daughters.

The fellows in the band, too, have accepted the girls like their own sisters. "In fact," says Mrs. Lennon, "my husband went with the girls on a two-week tour. When they returned, Bill reported he didn't have to worry a bit about the girls, because they immediately had become great friends with the whole band. The fellows looked after them like brothers. They made sure the girls didn't miss the plane, got to bed at the right time, maintained a proper diet, and brushed their teeth!"

The devotion is two-sided. The girls love Mr. Welk, the band and their work. Agent Sam Lutz told them recently, "There's a good chance, in the not too distant future, for you girls to make a movie. One successful picture and you can all retire for life." They gave this their considered thought for a moment. Then Peggy replied, "We don't care about being in movies. We'd rather work for Mr. Welk on television."

The family schedule today is a far cry from what it was a few years ago, when Bill Lennon was driving that early-morning milk truck. He left the small, two-bedroom home at five in the black of morning, in those days. But, since his promotion he has more "normal" hours.

Today, the family's day begins about 6:15—"when the baby wakes us," says Mrs. Lennon. "The girls get up about 6:45 (or 6:30, if they haven't finished their homework). If I make pancakes, biscuits, muffins or something else they all like, we'll eat the same thing. Otherwise, they are on their own, for everybody likes a different kind of toast, or one wants scrambled eggs and another wants poached. But they all like the same kind of orange juice." As an afterthought, she

adds, "And they all like the same kind of hamburgers—which they could eat morning, noon and night.

"If it weren't for the girls, I don't know what I'd do," she smiles. "Before they go to school, they dress the three little ones, Billy, Pat, and Mimi, while I start the dishes. And one of them will help Danny get his teeth brushed and hair combed—he's a big boy now, insists on dressing himself. After making their own beds and hanging up their clothes, they are off to school.

"The girls get home about four and start their homework. At six, I take Mimi up to bed and dump the boys in a tub to keep them out of the way while the girls start rehearsal downstairs. They rehearse an hour or two a day, helped by their dad, who joins them after he reads the evening paper."

Bill squats on the living-room floor with the girls, listening and making notes while they sing through their number. He then suggests at which points he thinks they can go from unison to harmony and back again. "Speaking of their harmony," says Bill, "it is the old-fashioned barber-shop variety—without mustaches."

The girls have never decided in what key they sing. The closest thing to a key for the Lennon Sisters is their father's trusty pitch-pipe, which determines their "starting notes." Holding up the pitch-pipe Bill Lennon says proudly, "We call it our 'blower.' Someday we're going to have it gold-plated."

After the rehearsal, the girls are on their own. They listen to records—they are fond of Dixieland and think Patience and Prudence are "the end." They do not particularly like rock 'n' roll.

The Lennons live now in a large two-storey clapboard, five-bedroom home (a comfortable increase over the two-bedroom home they recently left). "Best part about it," says Dianne, "is the closet space. Now we finally have room to hang our clothes. What luxury!" Speaking of clothes, the girls are partial to the new Ivy-League look. A blouse just doesn't mean anything anymore if it doesn't have a button on the back of the collar. The clothes for the shows are supplied by Henshey's Santa Monica Department Store. "A fairly neat arrangement," says Mrs. Lennon, "because my best friend and I finally gave up trying to make their costumes every week—our fingers looked like pin cushions."

The "new" house, about thirty years old, has a giant palm tree in the front and a spacious back yard for the children. The kids love to play tether ball. Danny, who may be the next Mickey Mantle, practices pitching, hitting, and base-running while older sister Dianne swings her golf clubs. Pat shags balls.

The house is one short block from their church, St. Mark's. "We just love it," says Mrs. Lennon, "for our religion is the center of our life. It means a great deal to all of us." On the maple bench in the living room rest eight Bibles.

"The children were all baptized and, so far, have made their confirmations at St. Mark's. In fact, all the children were born in this area: Janet in Culver City; Dianne and Peggy in Leimert Park; and Kathy, Danny, Pat, Billy and Mimi at St. John's hospital in Santa Monica. The next one," she says with a smile, "will be born at St. John's, too. Your eighth one, and all those after, are *free*. And, oh, they just treat you like a queen!"

The Lennon fans across the country will be pleased to know that a ninth little Lennon is due in May, thereby guaranteeing the possibility of a Lennon teen-age quartet through the year 1976. Boy or girl, it will obviously be welcomed with love into the Lennon's house of harmony.

Indiana Loves Herb Shriner

(*Continued from page 49*)

Since they spent so much time in his place, he put them in the window on Saturday mornings and let them attract attention. That was the start of Harmonica Herb and His Harmaniacs. According to Eddie Meadows, one of the original Harmaniacs and more recently a TV cameraman, they probably were the most juvenile act ever to book themselves into an Indiana saloon. From club dates in bars, they veered into the wholesome rural business and played many small-town affairs for gasoline money and a good meal.

Berry gave the boys harmonicas. He later provided Herb with an accordion on which Herb took lessons from Al Crowder. Years later, Crowder, now of Mason City, Iowa, was to appear on Shriner's TV show. By that time, neither could play the accordion. About four years ago, Fort Wayne turned out to welcome Shriner at a performance on the courthouse square. Tom Berry presented him with another harmonica, turned to the crowd and said, "I'm not sure about this, but I think he still owes me for that accordion." Shriner said he couldn't be sure, either.

In the mid-1930's, the program director for WOWO was Dorothy Durbin, who now operates a model and theatrical booking agency. By this time, Shriner and his outfit were making spasmodic radio appearances. The kid, who sold baked goods on Saturday to buy gasoline that would take his band to its Saturday-night dates, eyed the radio announcers enviously. They wore suits, white shirts and ties. Why shouldn't he be a radio announcer?

Many times he asked Dorothy for an announcer's audition. She politely evaded him until one day when she carried her problem to the station owner, Fred Zieg. "How can I tell the boy without hurting him," she asked, "that—with his lousy grammar and nasal drawl—there simply is no future in radio for him?"

While Herb and his band were still attending Central High School, he entered an amateur contest. The prize was a week's booking in the Berghoff Gardens, the city's swankiest night club. Herb came in second. The girl who won was another Central student named Marvel Maxwell. She later moved to Hollywood and changed her first name to Marilyn. Years later, says Shriner, he understood the choice that the judges made.

No one ever tried to discourage Herb in his drive to become an entertainer. On the contrary, the friends he had then in Fort Wayne are his friends today. They're the persons with whom he spends his time in Indiana. One of them, Happy Herb Haworth, musician-announcer on WOWO, once took him aside after listening to Shriner's early monologue and said, "You're funny, boy. Fairly funny, that is. So why don't you get somebody to write you a couple good scripts and go out as a single?"

"I was trying to tell him there wasn't much future in his mouthharp band," says Haworth, "but I really did think he had possibilities with his humor."

For a time, the Shriner band played on the *Hoosier Hop*, which was aired on CBS each week. Shirley Wayne—later a member of the Olsen and Johnson "Hellzapoppin'" cast (she played a violin while wearing boxing gloves)—was the foil for all his gags. "He tried them out on everybody in the place," says Shirley, "but particularly on me. His biggest trouble was he couldn't stop talking when he started. He went cue-blind. One night he kept talking until the network cut in. That show *never* was signed off!"

Another great friend of Herb's early days was Jeanne Brown, WOWO staff organist. Jeanne sensed his flair for music, regardless of the instrument. She often allowed him to play the organ in the Emboyd Theater when she was practicing in the mornings. Years later, Herb bought a house near New York City, just because it had a pipe organ in it. When Jeanne and her husband, Dr. Elmer Bosselman, visited there, Herb had mastered "Nola" right hand only—and was working on "Wabash Cannon Ball."

His love for pipe organs is genuine—and so is his love for old "classic" automobiles. That's the kind he always drove. Many an out-of-town show was late in starting because a Shriner-conceived gadget to increase mileage had caused a breakdown. He discovered the tireless tube in those days, too. His tire casings were as threadbare as his elbows.

The Harmaniacs had a Chicago phase, too, though Chicago doesn't talk about it. Members of the group—Eddie Meadows, Dick Alexander, Harold Fritze, Eldon Walker and Bud Landis—piled into Shriner's wreck of the moment and headed for the big time. Herb's first concern was the boys' individual appearance. They needed uniforms, he decided.

He went to the Gretsch Instrument Company, and wangled an audience with the president, Fred Gretsch. The manufacturer heard Shriner's proposition and asked them to play a number. When the Harmaniacs all produced Hohner instruments, he was delighted with their audacity. He didn't buy the uniforms, but he took them all out to dinner and later got them some appearances on Station WBBM which led to a few weeks on the *National Barn Dance* over WLS.

Indiana's favorite comedian always was eager to promote a legitimate buck. He knew a bargain, too, before it bit him. For instance, one bleak winter in the Depression-ridden '30's, he found it cold going on his jaunts to play in Churubusco, Ossian, Bippus or Wawaka, and knew that a heavy coat would solve his problem.

"From somewhere, Herb came up with an overcoat," one of his fellow Harmaniacs recalls. "It was made of horsehide, and he said he got it for thirty-five cents. That night we traveled to some near-by town with Herb wearing his coat, a scarf tied over his hat and under his chin. He didn't wear the coat very long. He probably swapped it for a used tire." (Actually, Herb says today, the coat belonged to his grandfather.)

One Saturday afternoon when he had finished his baked-goods rounds, Herb and Bud Landis sauntered into the bakery operated by Eddie Meadows' father. They wanted to get warm and enjoy the smells. There, a row of two dozen pies took Shriner's eye. He saw a chance to do Mr. Meadows a favor and perhaps earn a small commission.

Taking Landis into his plans, Shriner and his pal canvassed the nearest apartment house taking orders for pies. They sold them, too. Triumphantly, they ran back to the bakery with the news and some down payments. But the pie case now was empty. Herb had only assumed the pies were unsold. But, when Mr. Meadows heard of their unsolicited enterprise, he shook his head wearily and cranked out another batch of pies to keep the kids honest.

Herb's love affair with Indiana is a two-way deal. When he talks about the sheriff back home who never lost an election until the day he showed up sober, the Allen County, Indiana sheriff chuckles. He knows Herb doesn't mean anything personal—he's referring to the sheriff "a couple of counties away."

When Shriner returns to his old home town, he slips in quietly with his pretty wife, Pixie, and heads for the Bosselmans' country home. He may fan out from there with an old crony or two and rummage through some country stores. The passing of the familiar cheese knife and flypaper strips wounded his nostalgic soul.

At the Bosselman home, Herb sees all his old friends, meets the new neighbors and catches up on all births, marriages and building-razings. He scratches his head and pulls his ear, whether he's talking about his latest car or his 1928 Hupmobile.

On his last visit, Jeanne Bosselman wanted to take the Shriners to dinner in a nice restaurant. She let Herb choose the spot. He selected a drive-in hamburger stand downtown. "I'll never forget how good those hamburgers smelled when I couldn't afford one," he said.

Things are different now, but Herb himself hasn't changed. As Mayor Rob-

ert E. Meyers says of his illustrious ex-local taxpayer, "Citizens of Fort Wayne who have followed Herb Shriner's rise to stardom hold him in high regard and warm respect. I know—and I am certain most of them do, too—that, when he tells a whimsical story about his old home town, he is referring to everybody's and nobody's real home town. His real home town is Fort Wayne, and we are proud of the fact."

Congressman E. Ross Adair, of our Fourth Indiana District, says a final word on behalf of all Hoosiers everywhere: "In the several times I have met Herb Shriner, I have been impressed by his easygoing friendliness. It is more than a theatrical posture; its genuineness is quite apparent. To many of us, it would seem to typify a truly Hoosier, warm-hearted friendliness that would explain why so many of his friends of yesteryear are still his friends today."

Herb Shriner Loves Indiana

(*Continued from page* 50)

flatlands of Indiana. It got so as everybody was either trying to sell us something or take something away. In a situation like that, if you win out, you've got the laugh on the other fellow; if he beats you, you might as well admit it and laugh at yourself. So the idea has been sort of handed down. We appreciate what we have."

Herb's birthplace was Toledo, Ohio. "I wasn't born in Indiana," he explains, "but my folks moved there soon as they heard about it." He was then three years old.

They chose Fort Wayne, a mid-state city which then had slightly more than 100,000 population. Today, industrially booming, it approaches 150,000. Its tree-lined streets are too narrow to please a tourist fighting traffic to regain the open highway, but its sidewalks are amply wide for friends to stop and pass the time of day. Good conversation is still a Hoosier's favorite fun.

Herb's father was an engraver of stone. His mother played piano and organ—and, in Herb's words, "had a habit of saying things in a funny way that made her real popular."

He cherishes a story of his parents' romance. "My dad was a kind of stylish guy and a good dancer. Besides that, he was an inventor. Not a full-time inventor, you understand, but a part-time inventor. My mother used to tell me about one thing he made. It was an electric shoe-shiner. That was a big thrill, because in those days anything with electricity in it was like atomic power is today. Mother thought the shoe-shiner was pretty fancy. That's how she first got stuck on him, I guess."

Although none of these part-time inventions brought riches, Herb holds a sincere respect for his father's ingenuity, and an understanding of his place in the world.

Some of the inventions were intensely practical. "Dad knew a lot about stone, so he made up different cements. Then the biggest thing he had was a portable device for engraving on stone. He used an air blast. Of course others had that, too, but his was portable. He never could develop it to the point where he could sell it and make money on it, but it sure was useful. Because it was portable, he could go into a graveyard and cut the letters on a monument right there. It kept him working during the Depression."

No Hoosier of that period, who possessed

sufficient mechanical skill to fold back the open ends of a cotter pin, could fail to center his best dreams around the gasoline engine. Shriner, Sr.—who, according to Herb, was "crazy about motorcycles"—forever sought a way to make automobiles equally economical. "He had hard luck with his gas-saving device," says Herb. "He got it to the point where it was working pretty good, so he made up a couple hundred by hand and was ready to market them when the automobile manufacturers changed to down-draft carburetors and made them obsolete."

Shattering though this was to the family's economy, Herb, when he now views the event, cites the law of increasing sentiment which makes his youthful recollection resemble an up-dated Tom Sawyer. "The further you get from home, the more you forget the tough times and remember what was nice. As a kid, I was exposed to doing lots of things and they have remained with me. Now they're my hobbies."

Automobiles stand high on that list. "Every kid in town aimed to get to the big Memorial Day race at Indianapolis. The Speedway was Mecca." Herb was a grown man before he was able to make that enthralling pilgrimage, but a regular Sunday drive which the family took set the stage for the Shriner collection of classic cars and the show of them which he once toured around the country.

His own first car was a Star, already out of production by the time some one gave it to him. "I traded off my bicycle for a repair job to get it to run." He was then fourteen years old and entitled to a driver's license. His particular pal was Harold Troxell, now a watchmaker at Rockford, Illinois. "He came from a whole family of watchmakers," says Herb, "and that guy could fix anything. The car was a real convertible. We had a collection of bodies. We'd shift them, according to what we wanted to do and how many kids were going along. We could make it a coupe, a roadster or a touring car."

It opened a new world to explore. Earlier, they had been limited to hiking to the confluence of Fort Wayne's three rivers, where—sitting on the high-graded railroad tracks—they would watch and wonder about the hobo jungle below. Or they might wander down to the bakery operated by a friend's parents. "Smelling fresh bread still makes me feel good all over," says Herb.

With a car, they could move, *en masse*. A favorite destination was Trier's amusement park. Herb had fun, but he also looked, listened and began banking observations for his treasury of humor. He recalls, "This old fellow who owned it was a sort of local P. T. Barnum. Every Sunday, he'd be out there in his shirt sleeves, barking for his rides and games. At night, he insisted on shooting off all the fireworks, and I always expected to see him go up with a skyrocket himself."

From Trier's Park came some of Herb's first monologues. "I'd tell about the fellow who wanted to go into show business but as far as he ever got was operating the air blower at the fun house. Then there was the Tunnel of Love where the boats were so leaky that each one had a bailing bucket. You could judge how much smooching a guy had done with his girl according to how much water he hadn't bailed out of the boat bottom."

Herb mourns its ending. "It was sad. I came home once and found out the rolly-coaster had burned down. That was the last thing that worked. The park was gone, lock, stock and barrel. Only trace that was left of it was my monologues."

Even more entrancing was the radio station, WOWO. "We'd got this harmonica group together and we'd head for there soon as school was out. That was the wonderful period when programs just happened. The lobby and the hall would be filled up with entertainers, then some one would pop his head out of the studio and yell, 'Okay, Herb, you're on for ten minutes.' "

His first fan mail turned out to be a borrowed thrill. "The girl gave me these three cards. I read them and my head started to swell. Then I turned them over and found they really belonged to Herb Haworth. He was 'Happy Herb' and I was 'Harmonica Herb.' "

Herb and his Harmaniacs were ambitious. "From local dates, we went on to Chicago and made a stab at it. Then we came home and regrouped. I went to Detroit as a single. The other fellows' folks made them go to work."

The acid test of Herb's Hoosier humor came during a tour of Australia. "Nobody there knew where Indiana was, except it was in the United States. So I just changed my jokes to Queensland and they were good as ever. Name a place where people have got that pioneer independence and you'll find they laugh at the same things."

At the end of World War II, Herb made his bid for New York, Indiana-style. "I got discharged from the Army at Fort Lee, Virginia, so I loaded all my belongings on a motorcycle and headed up coast to see my agent."

His first big booking into the Roxy Theater brought two important introductions —to Pixie and to The Sons of Indiana.

Herb, who roomed out on Long Island, parked his motorcycle at the stage door. Red-headed Pixie, a dancer in the show, was fascinated. "She'd been born in a Chicago suburb," says Herb, "and she was living in a theatrical hotel and she'd get feeling shut in, same as I would, so we'd go whooping all over on my motorcycle."

The Sons of Indiana is a New York organization. The foreword to their membership roster states, "It's true that guys from Indiana invariably like other guys from Indiana. No matter if they've risen to be presidents of something (vice presidents, more often) . . . you've had your moments of loneliness here—of rootlessness where there are no roots—of wanting to talk with some one who knew what a paw-paw was, how it felt to steal along the crick hunting muskrats or through an October wood for persimmons; you've had a hankering for 'folks' again . . ."

Herb will never forget their first invitation to a party. "It wasn't so much meeting influential guys like Wendell Wilkie, General Bedell Smith, and Olsen and Johnson, but here was the same kind of guys I had known at sixteen at home."

He broke out his best stories and he has seldom missed an annual meeting since. Verne Boxell recalls that, when he was president, Herb was ill. Says Verne, "He went so far as to have his doctor call me to say Herb had virus and a roaring fever and had to stay in bed."

Carl Helm, editor of the industrial press service of the National Association of Manufacturers, tells what the Sons think of Herb. "When his motion picture, 'Main Street to Broadway,' opened, we thought that was our chance to do something for Herb. So we staged a good old Hoosier hayride."

Herb recalls it with sentiment. "Here were all these big guys and their wives, in full evening dress. They climbed into the haywagons at the Plaza hotel on Fifth Avenue and we paraded over to Broadway and down to the theater. It sure was something."

He also "feels good" because in 1955 they named him "Hoosier of the Year," and, for the second time in their history, stretched a point to "adopt" a Hoosier—Herb's public relations man, New Yorker Howard Weissman.

Herb has set up his own bit of Indiana near New Rochelle, New York. Pixie—who discovered during their courtship that it was "Love me, love my state"—shares his wish that their children have the same freedom to know their neighbors, the same opportunity to explore the outdoors, the same sort of projects and pets and hobbies that Herb had as a child. That sprite, Indy (named for you know what) is now going on six. The twins, Kin and Wil (named for Hoosier humorist Kin Hubbard and that other homespun guy from further west, Will Rogers) are lively three-year-olds. They have cats and a dog and, for a time, had a mallard duck, sent by an old friend. "People back home don't forget," says Herb. "When that show duck of mine, the one that ate spaghetti, got killed by a neighbor's dog, darned if Mr. Rarick didn't send me the mallard. And I hadn't seen him since he was entertainment chairman for the Eagles at Warsaw, Indiana, and hired us for the very first show we ever got paid for."

As soon as the children are old enough to understand, Herb plans to take them back and "go over the whole state of Indiana with a fine tooth comb." He says, "I want them to see the old things that are left, like a covered bridge. Maybe we'll be lucky like I was last summer at a little lake that's so shallow a life guard would have to wear hip boots. A family was fishing. The man was sitting with the fish pole and the woman was rowing. The boat was covered with moss three inches thick and the oars dripped with it. The woman wore one of those big petal sunbonnets I hadn't seen since I was a kid. That's what I mean by being yourself—they were doing what they wanted to do, the way they wanted to do it."

He expects to see change. "Indiana is no museum; it's a very progressive state. But kids there are having their own kind of fun, same as we had. Last summer, out of MacMillan Park, a man who is soybean king of the section was entertaining everybody. They had ten thousand pieces of fried chicken all ready to serve to ten thousand people. Now some kid is going to remember that, same way as I remember our amusement park."

Herb takes issue with the lost cry of another stone-cutter's son, the late, great novelist Thomas Wolfe, who mourned, "You can't go home again."

Says Herb, "I haven't found it that way. In Indiana, there was room to grow up and there's room to go back. My parents are dead, but these people are my folks."

He runs a list which sounds like a goodly portion of the Fort Wayne city directory, and speaks particularly of his Harmaniacs and those of WOWO who gave him his start on the *Hoosier Hop*.

"Herb Haworth hasn't changed," says Herb Shriner. "He's almost blind now, and I'm sure sorry about that, but he's still independent enough to wear a straw hat in winter if he feels like it. He can run a disc-jockey show from memory and get just as many laughs as he ever did. I can walk into Jeanne Brown Bosselmann's kitchen and raid the ice-box any day or stroll into Dorothy Durbin's office and say, 'You got a booking for me?' They're friends. They're happy people who have good, full lives of their own. And when our paths cross, whether it's in Indiana or New York, we're glad to see each other. As you get older and home seems further away, it's a real nice feeling to know you have a place where you really belong."

Lady in Luck

(*Continued from page 40*)

brothers and sisters back in Long Beach, California. A talented performer, yes. But she's a person, first of all.

"Erin has beauty and a pure, sweet voice," as Steve Allen puts it. "But her chief attraction, I believe, is her old-fashioned simplicity and charm. From the very first—when we discovered her in our studio audience, one night shortly after she had been a winner on *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts*—our audience evidenced a great interest in her."

That was the night the lightning struck. To Erin, winning on *Talent Scouts* had been breathtaking enough, but this was like something in a wild, impossible dream—"I really and truly didn't believe it was happening!" Only ten days before, she had left California for a week's engagement on Godfrey's morning show, her prize for winning on *Talent Scouts*. Now the week was over and she was ready to go home. Visiting the Steve Allen *Tonight* show, which she had often watched on the Coast, seemed like a fine way to spend one of her last evenings in New York. She had, of course, never met or talked to Steve before. Her only personal contact with his program was a casual phone call from a staff member who had watched her on the Godfrey show and now asked her if she'd care to sit in the studio audience on that Friday night.

In her heart, Erin may have hoped that Steve might stop to talk to her, in one of his audience interviews—but she was sure she'd "collapse from embarrassment!" In fact, she almost did, when Steve stopped, asked her name, and then queried: "Aren't you a *Talent Scout* winner?"

"Everyone applauded at that," Erin recalls, "and Steve asked me to stand, so the audience could see me. Of course, I proceeded to drop my purse and gloves—and everything else I was carrying—as I got up. Well, everyone really applauded then and 'oohed and 'ahed,' and Steve pointed to the television monitor in the studio and said, 'Just look at that picture.' It was really embarrassing."

Then Steve asked if she'd sing a little of the song with which she had won on *Talent Scouts*. So, with Skitch Henderson's orchestra playing an impromptu accompaniment, Erin stood there and, in her clear, gentle voice, sang about half a chorus of "Only a Rose," a tender, sentimental song from a bygone operetta.

When she stopped, the applause really rang out, and Steve Allen was beaming. "I don't think we should let this young lady go back to California without appearing on our show," he said to the audience, and the applause started again.

That was a Friday night, and Erin sang on *Tonight* the next Monday. On Wednesday morning, she got another call. Could she possibly go on again that night? One of the singers was ill.

"So," says Erin, "I washed my hair and went on."

From then on, the snowball kept rolling and getting bigger. The studio audience had loved Erin; the television audience loved her and sent in unusual amounts of fan letters to tell her and Steve Allen about it. On September 30th, he put her on his big Sunday-night program for the first time. She sang Noel Coward's beautiful "I'll See You Again," and this time the fan mail was a regular avalanche.

"It was terribly confusing," she says, "and I really was lost for a while—until I got this." And she takes a fat, red appointment book out of her handbag. "Everyone kids me about it, but I never go anywhere without this little book. My whole life is in it."

But not all the problems could be solved that easily. There was, for instance, the problem of what to do about the different offers which were being made to her. There were offers of recordings, modeling jobs, television commercials, night-club engagements, movie tests, even a Broadway musical. Erin just didn't know where to turn. She realized how easy it would be to make a bad mistake. And then she had another stroke of luck.

"I met someone who knew one of the best theatrical managment firms in the business, and I signed with them. They advised me on how to handle all these career details, and they know the score."

No manager, however, could help with the number-one problem which sudden success had brought to Erin O'Brien: "I was so lonesome for my family I just thought I'd have to give the whole thing up. When I had left home, I thought I was just going away for a week."

She knew that Pat and Greg were perfectly well and happy at her mother's bustling household, but that didn't keep her from missing them. "They were having the time of their lives," Erin says. "Mother has a huge yard with every kind of equipment in it, and they had the little ones at home to play with and the older ones to make a fuss over them. It was just like a big party for them. But it was awful lonesome for me."

Actually, this was the first time that Erin had ever been alone in her life, and it was the first time she and Jimmy had been separated in their six years of marriage. They had always been very close. "People usually think we're newlyweds," Erin says.

She spoke to California every day. Finally, when she'd been away a little over three weeks, she was talking to Jimmy over the phone and just couldn't conceal the tears in her voice. Two days later, at five o'clock in the morning, the telephone rang in her hotel room.

"Hello, baby," said Jimmy's voice. Tired and lonely, she thought it was just another long-distance call—until suddenly, there was a knock on her door. And there stood Jimmy, who had made last-minute arrangements and had flown in!

For a month after that, New York looked a lot different, because they were together. At the end of October, he had to go back, but it was firmly agreed that she would come home for Thanksgiving. Then, as Thanksgiving drew closer, Erin saw that it was going to be impossible.

"I was heartbroken," she says, "and I knew that Jimmy was going to be. But I had to make up my mind: Either I was going to do my best to make good, or I wasn't. I was sure he'd understand, because we'd talked it all through."

Still, it was a pretty bad moment when Erin told Jimmy over the phone that she wasn't coming home and heard him say "okay" in a funny voice. "I didn't know it then," Erin says, "but he had already made up his mind what he would do."

What he did was come back to New York. And both Erin and Jimmy had Thanksgiving Dinner at the Steve Allens'!

This time, Jimmy had come to stay. They would find a furnished apartment, then send for the boys when the O'Brien-Fitzgerald careers were firmly established—for Jimmy was also going to follow through on his own career as a singer, here in New York. The main point was that they were going to be together and be a family again.

Doing things in the right way, doing them as well as you can—this is an attitude which has influenced Erin all her life. "It's a feeling I was brought up with and I'm sure I'll never lose," Erin says. "I guess you could call it being a perfectionist. My mother is like that, and I only hope I can manage my life as well as she has."

There are thirteen brothers and sisters, ranging from two years to twenty, at home in the big house at Long Beach now. They're a busy, close-knit brood and "the best behaved bunch of youngsters you'd want to see."

"Mother has an awful lot of work to do," Erin explains. "She puts out about eight laundries every day. But she still is able to give each one of the children her love and attention." Everything is organized and works on a system. Each of the children has certain chores to do each day, and when Erin was at home she had even more responsibility than the others because she was the eldest.

From the beginning, Erin was very pretty and very talented. From the time she was about four until she was thirteen, her parents sent her to a children's dance studio in Long Beach. She had a big, clear singing voice, and, when the school put on programs, Erin not only danced with the rest but was always given something to sing. People started to say that her voice might be good enough for opera. "After a while, Mom decided that the only right thing to do was to give me serious vocal training."

On Erin's eleventh birthday, her mother and Dad had a surprise for her. She was going to have lessons from a famous singing coach, Maestro Segurola, the same teacher who had trained Deanna Durbin. Erin remained with him for a year, studying classical songs and operatic arias. And that is the only formal voice training she's ever had. After a year, her parents simply couldn't afford it any longer. "Dad has always provided very well for the family on his salary as a wholesale milkman, but paying for expensive vocal lessons was just a little too much."

After that, Erin didn't study anymore, but she did a good deal of singing at local gatherings and for women's clubs and organizations. Then, when she was about sixteen, she was asked to sing on the Al Jarvis television program, a five hour, five-day-a-week show on a Los Angeles station. It was to be a three-week engagement, but, when the three weeks were up, Erin was asked if she'd sign a seven-year contract.

"Mother and Dad did a lot of thinking and a lot of talking with my teachers at St. Anthony's," she says, "and finally they decided that I could do it. Fortunately, I had already taken all the credits I needed, and I would only have to go to school for English and Religion."

As it turned out, Erin was with the show for only three years of the seven. During that time, she became a popular personality among Los Angeles TV viewers, receiving almost two hundred fan letters a week. She sang a lot of Irish melodies, of course, but also just about every other kind, too.

And during that time another development took place. Erin had been on the show for about six months when a young fellow named James Fitzgerald turned up as a guest performer one day. "I thought he was very nice and very good-looking," she smiles, "and when he asked me for a date—well, I was up in the sky."

There was only one trouble. Erin didn't go out on dates. She didn't have time because she was working so hard. And, besides that, her parents didn't want her to. "They've relaxed a lot since then, with the younger children. But, remember, I was the eldest. I was sixteen and they thought I could wait a while."

Besides that, Erin's father declared, if she were to go out on dates, it wasn't going to be with "some Hollywood character." When Erin told him that Jimmy wasn't "some Hollywood character" at all, but a boy from Long Beach who went to the local high school, he still wasn't convinced.

Then, as he has a habit of doing, Jimmy took matters into his own hands. There was a get-together taking place at St. Anthony's. Erin was going to sing and her parents were to act as hosts. Jimmy went there, introduced himself and, when the party was over, drove Erin and her parents home in his car.

"He won Dad over completely," Erin recalls, "and after that we started to go out."

Six months later, when Erin had just turned seventeen, they were married. They moved into a furnished room near the studio, because Erin was staying on with the Jarvis show. She meant to have a career if she could, and Jimmy was all for it. Who knows?—they might even be able to team up together they thought. James Patrick came along when they'd been married about a year, and Erin remained with the show for almost a year more. Then she gave it up.

"But I still wasn't sure whether to follow through with a career or not," she says. "That old perfectionist streak kept insisting, *If you've started something, you should do your best to do it right.*"

At about that time, "John Brown's Body" was being readied for a nation-wide tour, with Tyrone Power and Anne Baxter, and they were looking for singers for the choral group that provided background music. Jimmy and Erin decided to try for it. "We thought it would be so wonderful to work together," she explains. "And the play would be good experience, too. We knew that Jimmy's mother would be glad to take care of little Pat."

Both of them were accepted and, for the next six months, they had a marvelous time traveling throughout the United States. Neither of them had been out of California before. Neither of them had ever seen snow. Now they saw the whole country.

That was in 1953. It was the last time Erin worked, until the summer of '56. When they returned to California, she became pregnant. Little Greg was born and she settled down to being a housewife. She and Jimmy found a beautiful apartment in North Hollywood, and they began furnishing it slowly.

She had put a career out of her mind, and she was content to put it out of her mind. "I decided I would be a homemaker and a good mother, and that's what I was."

It was, in fact, a very pleasant life. Like many Hollywood apartment developments, theirs has a swimming pool on the grounds, and Erin and the boys practically lived there. She did her housework in the morning, while the children watched television. By ten or ten-thirty, she was usually finished and they were ready to go swimming. When Jimmy came home, he'd play with Pat and Greg while she fixed dinner, and then they'd work together to do the dishes and put the boys to sleep.

Then, one evening late last June, Erin and Jimmy decided to eat dinner out. As on many an occasion before, they put Pat and Greg in the car and took off for a drive-in restaurant which caters to families with children.

"It's really funny," Erin says. "I suppose you can say that going to that drive-in changed my life."

The next day she got a phone call. It was from Jimmy Joyce, a man who's connected with many theatrical activities in Hollywood. He had recognized her at the drive-in and wanted to know: "Would you like to play a part in a

musical revue that's being put on at the Los Palmos Little Theater?"

What did she think? Well, what did Jimmy think? "I think it's a great idea," he said. "One of your sisters could come over and help with the children. You go ahead."

The revue continued through July and August. Before it was to close, toward the end of August, Erin started hearing from other members of the cast about auditions for *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts.* Godfrey himself was on vacation, and Bob Crosby was going to do the program from the Coast for three weeks. Well, there was no reason not to try out, so Erin did.

"I auditioned once, and they called me back," she says. "So I auditioned a second time. Then there was a third audition. By that time, I was really excited. It would be great just to be on the show. It never occurred to me that I might win."

When the show was being prepared and the contestants were asked what numbers they would perform, Erin said she wanted to sing Cole Porter's "In the Still of the Night," which she has always loved. "To my surprise, Bob Crosby advised me not to. He said that what I should aim at was a response from the studio audience, and that it would be much smarter to sing a song which was simpler and more direct."

Erin took Bob's advice to sing something simple and decided to sing "Only a Rose." Her sister Sheila acted as her talent scout and, according to Erin, had a lot to do with her winning—"She was so sweet and charming." Erin sang her song. The audience registered its applause, and Erin was the winner, which meant heading straight for New York and a week's engagement on Godfrey's morning show.

"You can imagine the commotion!" she recalls. "I was completely unprepared. I hadn't packed. I wasn't even sure where my suitcase was. And, frankly, I had exactly one good dress to my name."

The program was done at 5:30 P.M. in the studio, then a kinescope recording was sent out over the network at 8:30. Erin dashed home, straightened up what she could there, threw some things in a suitcase, watched the program, and raced for International Airport, where the plane was to leave at 10:30. In the meanwhile, her sister Sheila and her parents hurried back to Long Beach, where Sheila packed all the best clothes in the house in one suitcase, and Erin's mother put cosmetics and toiletries in another.

"We met at the airport," Erin laughs, "rushed into the ladies' room and repacked everything neatly in my bag! Then I kissed everyone goodbye and was off. I thought I'd be back the next week."

So Cinderella went to the ball. But she didn't have to leave at midnight, after all. The spell never seemed to wear off. To Erin O'Brien, success came like the touch of a magic wand—suddenly, without effort, as though this were something which simply was meant to be.

But it wouldn't continue without effort. This Erin knows. "Now that this has happened, it's up to me to do something about it," she says. And then she adds, "But if I wind up back home again, just taking care of my house and children—why, that will be pretty good, too." And you are very sure that Erin really means it. Because, as Steve Allen so often has said about her, Erin is indeed "a sweet, old-fashioned girl."

Don't Call Teenagers "Delinquents"

(*Continued from page 47*)

youth, the reasons for it, and the reasons why it is so wrong.

"Of course, I'm not a teenager any longer," David went on. "Had my twentieth birthday just a short while ago. But having been through all seven years of it, I figure I know something about being a teenager. I know how they act, what they feel and think and do.

"We've had a lot of talks about it at home—bull sessions when the fellows come around to spend the evening. Sometimes Mom and Pop sit in with us, and they've told us that, so far as they can see, young people today aren't much different from when they were kids. Even Grandma Hilliard around the corner, and Grandma Nelson back in New Jersey, say that kids cut up plenty when they were girls. So what's all the fuss about? All of a sudden, things that were 'innocent fun' or 'harmless pranks' one generation ago, or two generations ago, are being tagged 'juvenile delinquency.' "

Harriet chimes in, in her quiet, convincing way. "Ozzie and I figure there must be a lot of folks around with awfully short memories. The ones who get so bothered over rock 'n' roll were probably knocking themselves out with the Charleston thirty years ago. They click their tongues over sports cars, but they probably drove a 'tin Lizzie,' painted yellow, with jazzy slogans plastered all over it.

"They forget how much noise *they* made when they were fifteen, how the girls swooned over Rudy Vallee just about the way they're swooning over Presley these days. And before Vallee, it was Rudolph Valentino. You'd never get them to admit their generation has turned out wrong. Why consign today's youngsters to some horrible fate?"

"We had a first-hand experience with that short-memory bit," Ozzie explains. "A couple of years ago, Ricky's gang got in a scrape at school, which nearly got the whole bunch of them in a peck of trouble. Seems they'd been initiating a member into their club, and had plastered him pretty thoroughly with a rainbow assortment of cold-water paint. The kid didn't care—a good shower and the stuff all came off. But the school authorities heard about it, and things were popping around here for a while. This would have been a pretty mild Halloween-type trick, back when I was a boy. But you should have heard the screams of 'potential delinquents' start up.

"Actually, I don't really mind about the boys busting out with a little deviltry now and then," Ozzie chuckles. "I think I'd really worry if they never got into any scrapes—it's just normal for growing boys to kick up their heels every once in a while. Parents should expect a certain amount of it, and accept it as a rule, rather than the exception. And, above all, they shouldn't jump to the conclusion that they're harboring a would-be delinquent if Junior kicks over the traces a little."

Harriet suggests that there undoubtedly was a great deal of true juvenile delinquency then, just as there has always been throughout history. But today, because of the facilities for communications the world over, any misadventure is known around the globe in a matter of hours after it happens.

"What might once have been a purely local incident, known to only a few people," she explains, "today is front page news for millions. And it's just like any other news—the good things rarely make the papers. It's the murders, the divorces, the sensational things in the adult world which make the headlines. And, in the world of youngsters, it's the delinquents who make the headlines.

"People forget that, for every story on two youngsters in trouble, there are thousands of youngsters living normal, well-adjusted, well-behaved lives. It's only a small percentage who break the rules, and make the news. And many times, the things *they* have done are blown up, exaggerated beyond all proportion."

The Nelsons aren't judging the entire population of teenagers by just their own two. They've had a pretty fair segment of that under-twenty population trooping through their living room for the past ten years. It's nothing for David or Ricky to haul eight or ten buddies home for dinner, or for a late snack after the movies. On weekends, there are apt to be sixteen or more guests at the Nelsons' new beach house in Laguna.

"About the only accusation against teenagers that I can go along with is the one about their appetites," Harriet chuckles. "They all eat like starved horses. I'll bet the average adult could exist comfortably for a week on what one healthy teenager consumes in a day. But what's so wrong about that? And since when is it new?"

To meet this problem, Harriet never lets the supply of hamburger and buns dwindle. And she insists that any mass forays on the kitchen be accompanied by "work details" from the gang—to help prepare the food, and help clean up afterward.

"And the thing about the boys today that gets me," she smiles, "they're *eager* to help any way they can. Most of the boys I knew when I was young wouldn't be caught dead in a kitchen. Nowadays, boys see no stigma connected with tossing a meal together, or washing up afterward. This is delinquency? Give me more!"

Ricky, who hasn't been able to get a word in up to now, makes his presence known. "You're always reading some snide crack about rock 'n' roll music, and how corny it is. Who they kidding? I've heard some of those old records, and anyone who thinks rock 'n' roll is corny just ought to give a listen to some of the things they dished out to the public in the '20's. Whew! They're *really* corn!

"Mom likes rock 'n' roll," he adds, "so I never have any fun getting an argument out of her on that one. But, for a while, she was pretty down on Presley. So I'd put a stack of his records on the player while we were around home in the evening, and then just sit there and enjoy hearing her sputter.

"But d'you know what happened the other evening? We were all watching Presley on television, and Pop comes out with 'This guy is here to stay!' And Mom says, 'I'm beginning to think he has a very nice voice!' Now I ask you, what fun is there left when you can't even get a good argument worked up with your parents on such a controversial subject as Presley? I'll bet it's a conspiracy!"

Harriet, elaborating, goes on to explain their belief that many of the short-lived fads high-school students adopt are only a natural rebellion, experienced in every generation, against adult domination: "Consciously or subconsciously, the kids go for something they know irritates the heck out of the grownups. By making it popular, they demonstrate their own power over the grown-up world. It's nothing to get so excited about—these fads generally die an early death. If they linger, it's only because the grownups are putting up such a good fight that the kids hate to call it quits. But rebellion in this form is certainly nothing new. And we think it's a healthy sign that the younger generation has a mind of its own!"

Actually, fads have never plagued the Nelson household unduly. Not, at least, the fads which have caused unfavorable comment in the press across the country—freak haircuts, zoot-suit clothes, jive talk. These, Harriet and Ozzie believe, are apt to be the manifestations of insecurity and attempts to gain attention.

Since the Nelson offspring, and the members of their gang, are about as well-adjusted a group as you're apt to find anywhere, there's been no need for these outlandish tricks. And the Nelsons think the majority of teenagers across the country are much like David and Ricky and their friends—secure in the knowledge of parental love, given a fair share of attention for themselves, and therefore not over-eager to gain it by artificial methods.

One trend the Nelsons have been more or less forced to go along with is the "car of our own" mania which hits California youth at age sixteen. A driver's license isn't enough to satisfy most Southern California kids. Among the boys, at least, each feels he must have a car of his own.

Actually, viewed objectively, this *is* more of a necessity than a luxury in the Los Angeles area. The city is spread out over an unusually large area, distances between various communities are great, and public transportation is woefully inadequate. Often the family car (or cars) is almost constantly in use. So that the teenager, to get from home to school to football field must either hitch-hike, or have his own car. Happily, adults frown more on the former than on the latter.

Many young people end up with jalopies. The Nelsons went through this bit with David several years ago. A 1941-vintage car, after its numerous trips to the garage for repair, ended up costing them almost as much as an expensive new model.

"Actually," Harriet points out, "I think owning their own cars is very good for the boys. They are very careful of those precious automobiles. Too, I think most youngsters today are good drivers. Their reactions are fast, they've been taught in the school driver-training courses how to do things correctly, and they are, in general, more courteous in their driving than many adults. I don't know how the statistics show it, but I'll bet fewer accidents are caused by teen-age drivers than by those in the over 50-bracket, for instance. And I heard just recently that some of the big insurance companies have reduced their rates for teen-age drivers trained in school driving courses. Which shows I'm not the only one with confidence in teen-age drivers!"

After the boys have excused themselves to keep engagements elsewhere, Ozzie and Harriet open up even more in their admiration for today's younger generation.

"The thing I can't get over about young people today," Ozzie muses, "is their grasp of what's going on in the world. Politics, national or international, they've read up on it, and lots of times they have a better fund of information than many adults. Same thing goes for music, drama, art—'most any field. I can't remember being so interested in the whole world as young people are today!"

This is a tribute, coming from Ozzie, for he was a fairly un-typical teenager himself. The youngest Eagle Scout in America at thirteen, he later worked his way through Rutgers with his own dance

band. He was quarterback on the Rutgers football team, and was also a member of the swimming, lacrosse, and debating teams, besides winning the university's middleweight boxing title. Reminded of all this, he still stoutly maintains that today's youth has a broader outlook than those of a generation ago.

Harriet agrees. "I remember current-events class at school. Once a week we brought a clipping, from the local newspaper, or *The Literary Digest*, or the then-new *Time* magazine. We read those clippings aloud in class.

"For an hour, once a week, we gave our attention to what was going on in the world outside of Kansas City, Missouri. Today, the youngsters keep a daily check on the progress of *everything*. Not just the standing of their favorite baseball team, but the proceedings in the U.N., what the critics said about a new play opening on Broadway, the comparative merits of the new-model cars, and the latest discovery in medicine to hit the front pages.

"It's a wholesome awareness that the world is a very small place these days. The fact that these boys must face the draft in a year or so makes them mature beyond their years. They can't go on their carefree way, letting tomorrow take care of itself. They must make decisions—whether to try to get in a few years of college before they're called up, or to enlist right out of high school, get it over, and then go to college.

"They know very definitely that they have a role in the scheme of things," she says, "and they take their responsibility seriously. Although I don't have first-hand knowledge, I think the girls are similarly affected. They may not have the draft hanging over their heads personally, but they realize what it means to the boys they know and like, and they, too, stop and think about the future much more than young people did a generation ago."

Harriet swings the conversation to another phase of the question not yet discussed: "There's a lot of talk about young people nowadays depending on artificial, contrived entertainment for their recreation. That may have been so, a few years back. But, to us, it's very obvious that the pendulum has swung back again, that the youngsters today are rediscovering the pleasures of doing the basically simple things."

Ozzie and Harriet Nelson, as close to being model parents as any couple you're apt to meet, smile as they sum up their case in defense of the average teenager. They obviously feel there is nothing to get so excited about, that things are running pretty smoothly generally, and that the kids will do all right for themselves, if their hecklers will just leave them alone.

"I just hope," Harriet says earnestly, "that, the next time some big headline hits the front pages about a scrape some 'teen-age gang' has got into, the readers will remember that—for every member of that 'gang' involved in trouble—there were at that very moment thousands of teenagers across the country attending some church meeting, or a school dance, or a basketball game, or at home watching TV. Then maybe those headline-readers wouldn't be so quick to brand all teenagers as juvenile delinquents!"

I Love To Listen

(*Continued from page* 59)

was time for me to become a "good listener." From that time on, when I read a letter, I tried to recreate in my mind's ear the voice of the person writing to me. Word for word, I took in the message. And, word for word, I remembered what had been communicated.

What treasures I began to find in letters! Gone forever was the cursory reading I'd habitually given to communiques from my daughters, away at school, or from my sister in Denver. I learned to "listen" for the overtones, the hidden meanings, the laughter or tears sometimes contained in a simple sentence. My fan mail, too, suddenly began to take up and enrich many hours of my life. Through it, I was permitted to live for a few moments in a home perhaps thousands of miles away, and to look into the human hearts under one roof.

Best of all, after such thorough listening—whether in person or by mail—there comes the time when one is privileged to speak at last, giving aid or bringing comfort to a troubled mind. For a year, I had the privilege of writing an advice column for TV RADIO MIRROR's sister magazine, *Photoplay.* During the first month of my "listening" to the problems of distressed individuals, as set forth in a letter, I encountered a legitimate heartwringer.

The note came from a boy who had been maimed in an automobile accident. Every word he wrote bespoke a despair that bordered upon the totally hopeless. I answered, calling his attention to the number of people—such as Sarah Bernhardt, Major de Seversky, and President Franklin D. Roosevelt—who had suffered the loss of some faculty, yet had triumphed in the profession of their choice.

The magazine had not been on the stands a week before I began to receive answers to the boy, addressed to me to be forwarded. The writers were people who were building rich, useful, meaningful lives for themselves and those they loved, and each letter offered a fresh suggestion for the physical and mental rehabilitation of the boy. I believe I forwarded between twenty and thirty of these letters to the boy, and his answering note of thanks was something I shall never forget.

That was a "long distance" case of listening, but several months later I was approached by a girl whom I had known slightly for some time. She explained that she had read my articles, so had been encouraged to talk to me. Hers was not an unusual problem: She was in love with the wrong man. "Sometimes I think the only solution is to lie down and go to sleep, and never wake up," she said.

I listened to my young friend for nearly two hours. Eventually, we reached the point at which she let me make two lists. One list was made up of each of the man's good characteristics as she called them off to me. The other consisted of his faults, described in detail. The statistics set down, we drew off a balance.

Looking at the score, the girl was astonished. It was rather clear that, in black and white, her prince charming was flunking the course. "Perhaps I've been a child," she said, "crying over a broken toy on the fifteenth of December, without realizing that Christmas was only ten days away. Perhaps there's something far better in store. . . . I'll keep you posted."

Naturally, the solution to her problem wasn't that easy; it took time and common sense to end the futile romance. However, the important fact at that period was that she had been able to talk out her love and longing, her doubts and disappointments, and to come to a better understanding of herself and the situation. And to acquire enough poise to *want* to work it out.

Poise is something I myself once had to work for, might and main. I have an idea that young people who dream of making the theater their life's work have a natural inclination to be garrulous. In addition to this built-in tendency toward glibness, I personally had another reason for wanting to hang my tongue in the middle. I had always been an introvert, determined to hide the fact. During high school, I envied the lucky girls who seemed to be able to launch into interesting chitchat with anyone at any time. I yearned for that ability.

It turned out to be fairly easy to acquire, once I had analyzed it. How I did that is quite another story, with which I'm not going to agitate myself now. Suffice it to say that there are ways of entering a room and fascinating all listeners—if one knows when to quit. Trouble was, I didn't learn when to quit. Not then.

One night in Argentina, for instance, I was invited to a glamorous garden party. The host was the British headmaster of the English school in Buenos Aires, which my husband had attended, and his guest list included the most fascinating guests available in that intriguing city. Naturally, I wanted to shine, and I had the brief satisfaction of being told afterward that no Fourth of July sparkled more brightly. Ha! In the same breath, my friend asked, "And weren't you completely enchanted by Mr. Bridges?"

"Mr. Bridges?" I repeated uncertainly.

"He was the rugged chap with whom you sat in the garden swing for so long."

I remembered him very well. Rugged, indeed. Intriguing. Attentive—he had a way of leaning forward to look at his vis-a-vis as if he were impatient for the next word to be spoken. Of course, *I* was the one who was speaking it. When I should have been listening.

Mr. Bridges, it seemed, was the grandson of missionaries who had settled in the Falkland Islands when headhunters had been the chief authorities in all but the coastal settlements. He had grown up in the midst of constant hazard and had learned how to take care of himself in wilderness as the average American youngster learns baseball.

Can you imagine it? I had spent perhaps forty minutes with this man who could have opened vistas of a world known to very few people, but I hadn't allowed him to get a word in edgewise!

And then there was the elegant dinner party in New York given by a friend whom I'd known so long that she and I were extensively familiar with one another's biography. Her guest list, as always, included a number of Great Names from the theatrical, literary and business worlds, so I was glad that I had licked my old-time introversion. I found myself talking to a most distinguished-looking lady of indefinite age; I was delighted by her attitude; she seemed to imply that she found me amusing . . . and perhaps something more. Let's say her expression indicated an almost affectionate interest.

Afterward, I asked my hostess for the lady's name. My friend clapped her hand to her forehead and cried, "Isn't that exactly like me? I meant to tell you in advance, but I was certain you would make the discovery for yourself. That lady was Dr. So-and-so, recently returned from China. Unless I'm mistaken, she and your mother attended medical school together, but she is so shy that a person must pry every word from her."

I might as well admit to my final conversational crash, and have done with it. I was on board ship—a glamorous situation

always—so I felt uncommonly communicative. During my brisk "constitutional" one evening, I met an extremely handsome man—tall, blondish, with twinkling blue eyes.

The gentleman proved to be adroit at encouraging me to talk about myself. There are few subjects as fascinating as one's own history, so I enjoyed every moment. From his laughter and his further questions, I think it is safe to say that he suffered no pain from my anecdotes.

Came the day of docking at Liverpool, hurried farewells, and my surprise to note that my deck-walking companion was greeted by such pomp and heraldry as is accorded only to persons of great rank.

"Can you tell me, please, the name of the tall gentleman?" I asked one of the uniformed chaps who seemed to be in full charge of red carpets.

"That is Lord Halifax, ma'am," was the answer.

If water weren't so wet, I might have drowned myself. At that time, Lord Halifax had served His Majesty's government as undersecretary for colonies, minister of agriculture, governor-general of India, secretary for war, lord privy seal, leader of the House of Lords, and was—at the time of our meeting—returning to his home on holiday from his post as ambassador to the United States.

I may not learn fast, but I learn deeply. The fact had now penetrated to the ninth layer that I was missing some of the large experiences in life because I was on an LT (long-talking) frequency. What I needed to do, I concluded, was to throw away the needle.

"Very well," I told myself, "I'll learn to *listen*, but I don't think I'm going to like it."

But I was wrong. It wasn't long before I discovered that my hard-earned silence was purchasing a knowledge of courage and philosophy which I might never have learned had I not become a listener. Not only chance acquaintances, but people who shared my daily routine began to open windows for me. And I began to *enjoy* dinner parties, whereas—in the yakity-yak days—I had always exhausted myself being "charming." Within my own home, too, I soon found that my personal silence fomented all manner of interesting sound, from family and visitors alike.

One day, after I had repeated an interesting story one caller had told me, my younger daughter said thoughtfully, "Remember how you used to lecture us by the hour? It didn't do much good. Then, something changed you. Instead of telling, you began to ask. Instead of talking, you began to listen, and the things you heard and passed on to us had twice the result that the lectures did."

"Yes, dear," I said meekly.

This is probably as good a time as any to confess that—hard as I try—I don't *always* listen. Several years ago, when I moved into a new house, a friend gave me a handsome teapot, inscribed with the words, "Peace and Plenty," the traditional house-warming gift among the British "because nothing expresses a wish for your peace and plenty quite so well as a teapot."

I was going on about it at a great rate, chatting away happily about the thoughtfulness of the gift, the charm of the thought, my delight in our new home. . . . I turned to my granddaughter, S'An Baxley, who was then only seven, and I burbled, "Isn't it delightful, darling? I mean the new house, and seeing friends, and opening packages, and the thought behind the giving of a teapot. . ."

In a Charles Laughton voice, S'An said coldly, "Sounds corny to me."

Well, as I said, I love to listen. I never know *what* I'm going to hear next.

My Boy Elvis

(*Continued from page* 31)

Humes High School, bringing with him a friend from Hollywood, Nick Adams. Nick caught the spirit. Before a class of eleventh- and twelfth-graders, he did imitations of Hollywood personalities. I wish you could have seen Elvis' face when the students applauded. He was so proud that his friend pleased his "gang." Elvis answered students' questions for a long time. When he broke away at last, he came up to my home room and sat down at his old desk. We talked. And, as he left, he kissed me on the cheek. How can a boy so genuine and lovable be accused of being a bad influence?

On that same trip, he presented a television set to a Memphis teacher to be used for educational purposes. To Humes, where Elvis felt that the R.O.T.C. classes helped him outgrow his awkward age, he made a most important gift. At a cost of about nine hundred dollars, he is outfitting a drill team. The boys who wear those uniforms will be the snappiest, and certainly the proudest, in town. This gift means a great deal to them because it comes from a Humes boy—a boy who remains unchanged by good fortune. They respect the fact that he neither drinks nor smokes. They know of his deep religious feeling. Yet they also know he's no sissy. He can stand up for himself. To them, he's just plain old Elvis—one of the "Humes Gang."

The first time I noticed Elvis Presley, he was eating an apple. It sounded good. Unfortunately, however, by the rules of Humes High School, all lunching is supposed to be confined to the cafeteria. Elvis knew this just as well as I did. Our eyes met. For an instant, I thought he was going to try to hide the apple. Then he glanced up again, grinned, and took a larger and even juicier-sounding bite. It really didn't seem fair for me to say anything when Elvis' mouth was so full he couldn't possibly reply. I never knew whether the bright red apple I found on my desk the next day came from him or some other appeaser. But there it was.

Many of us around Humes first recognized Elvis through just some such little incident. He was, during his first years in our school, a shy boy, slow to gain the feeling that he belonged. But his shyness had a quality which made people want to know him better. Now, when Humes teachers speak of him, many say they first noticed that, with Elvis, it was always, "Yes, ma'am," "Yes, sir." He seemed to feel that teachers are people. At times, he seemed more at ease with us than he did with his fellow students.

Thinking back now, I wonder if he wasn't overly-conscious that he and his parents had just moved from Tupelo, that the other students were familiar with the place and knew each other, while he was strange. If so, it was a typical bit of teen-age nearsightedness. Had Elvis only realized it, a great proportion of our Humes students had the same feeling.

For Elvis and his class were the ones who caught the brunt of being what some people have called "the door-key kids." The war was on. Some fathers went into service, others went to work in distant towns. Mothers, too, took jobs, both in patriotism and to earn the money to better the family's way of living. Many children those days wore a key swinging on a string around their necks. When school was over, they went home to let themselves into an empty apartment.

In all the articles which now have been written about Elvis and his background, you'll find many descriptions of the Humes district. Some people have called it a slum; others have referred to it as a "distressed area." None of us likes this, for it is both unpleasant and untrue. I think a more accurate description would be to say this is a "transition area." It's not very far from the center of our lovely city of Memphis. Beautiful, big old homes line some of these streets. Other large homes are cut up into rooming houses and clap-trap apartments. There also is a really pretty housing development, Lauderdale Court, where the Presleys eventually lived, though when they first moved from Tupelo to Memphis they had trouble finding decent living quarters.

Someone once said of Elvis, "He had every opportunity to become a juvenile delinquent and miraculously did not." The same thing might be said of a great many children in our school, but I wouldn't attribute their "going straight" to a *miracle.* I'd say, instead, that the very fact that many high-school students do need to work and want to work had quite a bit to do with it. Such a child feels important and needed.

But it has its costs, and sometimes they are high. I'll not forget the time when I was aware that Elvis was working too hard. He was in my home room, by then, and he also was in one of my history classes. One thing I've always been very strict about is the matter of sleeping in class. Nothing can spread yawns and boredom so fast from row to row. But the day came when Elvis fell asleep in class. I chose to ignore it. Rules are sometimes best ignored, particularly when they are rules which you have made yourself.

That day, when the class bell shrilled, Elvis, like a little boy, raised his head, got to his feet and wandered out like a sleepwalker. I later learned that the Presleys were having a pretty rough time just then. Elvis, to help out, was working in a factory from 3 P.M. until 11:30 P.M. every night. I think of this, sometimes, when I see him criticized for buying another new car. Personally, I'm glad for everything beautiful which that boy—or any of my boys—is able to get.

Knowing how hard our students work for their education puts an extra responsibility on us who teach at Humes. We want, most of all, to make this a place where they find not only learning, but also enjoyment and peace. Our principal, Mr. T. C. Brindley, and our assistant principal, Miss Eleanor Richmond, work unceasingly to bring this about. Mr. Brindley knows how to make rules and also when to rescind them. He knows when to be firm and when to lend a helping hand.

Often, that help involves a little revolving fund which we have at Humes. We make a special effort to hold down the extra-curricular activities which might cost students more than they can afford. But, once something is scheduled, we also try to make it possible for every student to participate. If a boy or girl can't afford to go to a dance—or if he lacks lunch money or needs a new suit—he goes in and has a quiet talk with Mr. Brindley. The problem is solved and no one is the wiser. Knowing this, all the students take a very special pride in participating in those activities which produce the money to build up the fund.

Elvis began to come out of his shell by his junior year. We had grown accustomed to those sideburns which he sported in defiance of the other boys' trend toward crew cuts. He was growing handsome and, with those nice manners of his, the girls were beginning to regard him as something special. In shop classes, where

Humes endeavors to give the students actual occupational training, he was applying himself with fervor. In academic studies, he did fairly well.

I first found out Elvis could sing when someone suggested that he bring his guitar to our home-room picnic. While the other students were dashing around Overton Park playing games and generally working off their high spirits, Elvis sat by himself, plunking softly on that guitar. The other students began to gather around. There was something about his quiet, plaintive singing which drew them like a magnet. It wasn't the rock and roll for which he later became famous, but was much more like "Love Me Tender." Encouraged by knowing that the other students wanted to hear him, he went on and on, singing his young heart out.

In his senior year, Elvis sang for his first "big" audience—the 1,500 people who crowded our auditorium for our variety show, run annually as a benefit for the Humes fund I've mentioned. As producer of that show, I found I had almost too much talent available. When I listed them all, there were more than thirty acts. More acts than time, really. And what about encores? I solved the problem by calling the cast together and making a little speech. "We just do not have that many minutes," I told them. "People would be here all night. So let's be fair. We'll have just one encore. The person who gets the most applause can go out again at the end of the show."

Backstage that night, tension mounted higher than it ever had. As students do, each one when he came off stage, pretended not to care. They'd say, "Boy! Was I lousy!" And, to another, "Kid, you were the most. You'll get it for sure." But a teacher who knows her teenagers could tell. Each one of them hoped.

And, by now, you know who got it. Elvis was standing alone at the edge of the stage, half-hidden by the curtain, when I told him. "It's you, Elvis, go on back out there."

I know that first success continues to mean something to Elvis, for he has returned twice to appear on the show as our guest star. The last time, he brought his band with him. Of course we sold out solid for both performances.

I'm particularly glad that Humes is continually important to Elvis, because Elvis is important to Humes. Seeing Elvis succeed is an incentive to all. The students feel that, if Elvis did it, they can, too.

They bring me little stories about him, too. One is typically our Elvis. He was walking down the midway at the fair, on one of his trips back home. A very tiny girl was carrying a bottle of perfume she had won at some booth. Noticing her, Elvis stopped and said, "Let me smell it." The child's face clouded as she confessed, "It doesn't have any smell." Elvis patted her on the head. "It doesn't matter, honey," he said. "You're sweet enough for both."

For the sake of the Humes students, as well as his own sake, I'm glad Elvis wants to be an actor. He has common sense enough to realize all times cannot be peak times. Dreamer though he is, he realizes new learning in new fields will bring him new security. Elvis, like the students who are still in school, has something to work toward.

Elvis a bad influence? If I believed for one moment that this boy was undermining the strength and morality of our youth, I would not hesitate to tell him so myself. But I saw him as a decent-thinking, right-living, generous and kind person. And I am convinced he will remain as he is today—one of my very own boys.

Pepper Young's Wife

(*Continued from page 37*)

There were five of us children all growing up together in a nice, respectable home in Salt Lake City. I wasn't exactly *born* a young matron. But I did start baby-sitting at the age of six!"

This wholesome and utterly undramatic background, which would ordinarily equip a girl for a successful career as chief cook and baby-bottle-washer in her own little home, in Margaret's case produced a sensitive and talented artist who performs with equal skill on radio and TV, stage and screen. Dramatic courses at the University of Utah, plus a trick or two in summer stock, certainly contributed smoothness and assurance to her technique. But Margaret believes that her pleasantly unexceptional childhood is what prepared her to give a perceptive and plausible performance in the sort of role she's most often asked to play.

When Margaret first came to New York to make her assault on Broadway—with a brand-new Bachelor of Arts degree from Utah U. and thirty-eight dollars in solid cash—she found the going a little rough. But some "solid Irish stubbornness plus a great many letters-of-application" finally won her a place with the Provincetown Players and she was on her way!

Next came a break with the Theater Guild in the road company of "Papa Is All," a part in the Actors' Equity production of "Peer Gynt" (she was voted one of the most promising actresses of the year for that performance), and radio stardom as Liz Dennis in *The Brighter Day*. Then, about two years ago, when the part of Linda Pepper was being cast, Margaret "Perfect Wife" Draper was asked to audition—and won the role.

In private life, Margaret became the wife of actor Joe De Santis in 1950—and mother of little Christopher Courtney De Santis in 1951. Her home is a charming, contemporary apartment (Margaret calls it "comfortably modern") on Manhattan's Central Park West, featuring several fine pieces of sculpture by Joe, a number of sketches and portraits by Margaret—and a steady stream of five-year-old visitors invited by Chris.

By all odds, Margaret's most ardent admirer is her son Chris. She may have been "wife" to many men, but she's just *one* man's mother, and to this handsome lad of some five-and-a-half summers she is the most fascinating woman in the world. Not, you understand, because she's a famous star—but because "she can read 'Little Lulu' better'n *anybody!*"

"Chris is not a precocious child," Margaret says of her son (who actually has a strictly upper-echelon I.Q. and began to read at the age of two!), "but he's alert and observant . . . and he has the *right instincts.*" As an example, she tells of his reaction to the brilliant woman assigned to teach his five-year-old class at Hunter College's very special school for exceptional children. This truly dedicated teacher, Margaret explains, is "a wide, wonderful person about sixty years old, with a face like the late Gertrude Stein's and a Marie Dressler-ish sort of figure." Yet young Chris, rushing home to report on his first day back in school, said: "Mommy, my new teacher is a kind and *beautiful* lady."

"And, of course, in the deepest sense, he was right!" adds Margaret, who has a very real sense of appreciation for the unsung and undersalaried heroines of our country's classrooms. She has done a good bit of thinking and reading on the subject of education—she can quote fluently and verbatim from all sorts of authorities, ranging from Gesell to Jacques Barzun—and she truly believes that the development and encouragement of fine teachers is the crying need in America today. "I can't actually *be* a teacher," she says regretfully, "because I don't have the training or the temperament. But I can and will do everything in my power to make the sailing smoother for our children's educators."

As a step in this direction, Margaret last year accepted the role of Class Mother for The Fours at Chris's school. In this capacity, she attended parent-teacher meetings, chairmanned the cookie committee, worked in the music library—and even, for a few weeks, substituted in class for one of the assistant teachers who was out with the flu. Here, Margaret's dramatic readings of such items as "The Popcorn Dragon," "Wee Willie Winkie" and "The Little Train Who Won a Medal" were received with overwhelming audience enthusiasm and many high-pitched cries of "Do it again, *please!*"

Although young Chris prefers reading to radio ("He'll read anything from Donald Duck to a dissertation on archeology"), he does like to tune in on "Mommy's program" (*Pepper Young's Family*, of course).

"He adores to chat with grownups, too," Margaret adds. "He's always buttonholing a bus driver or striking up a conversation with the guard at the Museum of Natural History, which is one of his favorite haunts." She confesses that, in the pre-Christopher phase of her life, she wasn't exactly well informed on matters pertaining to science and natural history: "I didn't know a Stegosaurus from a Steinway—but I'm *learning*. A few more visits to the Hall of Dinosaurs and I'll be calling all those prehistoric monsters by their first names!"

In some ways, Margaret feels that the private life she's now leading—"I'm sort of a Main-Street matron from Manhattan"—enhances her understanding of the wifely parts she's given. But she also believes that her experiences as an actress increase her understanding of people and situations encountered in reality, and help her in solving personal problems.

There are times, she admits, when the similarity between truth and fiction can be painfully close. The trouble that is now tormenting Pepper Young's Linda recalls all too sharply a tragic time in the life of Margaret's own family—when her brother was held a prisoner in the Philippines and was finally lost. "In four years," she recalls, "my parents received only three letters, though he must have written hundreds."

Linda's fictional dilemma has to do with the startling reappearance of her first husband, whose imprisonment and death overseas during World War II had been officially announced by the War Department. It is easy for Margaret to convey the compassion and sympathy Linda feels for this man, Jeff, who is the helpless victim of the hideous circumstances of war. It is not easy for her to be reminded, so poignantly and repeatedly, of her own personal loss.

Nevertheless, Margaret is an actress who turns in a completely understanding, completely professional performance every time—even if her assignment is simply to read a bedtime story to Chris. Acting, to her, is not only a proud profession but a way of life.

"I suppose," she muses, "I might someday give up my professional career. It's conceivable that I could. But I'll never give up *acting!*"

Singing Fool

(*Continued from page* 45)

and soon the Clarks were out of business. Economic worries and harassments shattered the serenity of their home.

The boy did not understand what was happening. All he knew was that a sudden end had come to these thrilling nights when he would sit at the feet of his parents, snug, warm and safe, and listen to spine-tingling tales of his Indian forebears. For, although his father was Dutch and his mother Irish, there was Indian blood in both, almost one-fourth on Geneva's side. He loved those stories of war and peace. They were as familiar to him as the very furniture of the house, and now there would be no more of them. . . . No more stories of how his great-grandparents turned from Indian ways to seek prosperity as farmers . . . no more adventures and exploits of a paternal great-grandfather who was the first effective "peace officer" of Oklahoma. The freckled nine-year-old, with the blue eyes that change to green and gray with the changing light, had to learn the bitter lesson of submission to the wayward winds of fortune. He followed his mother, tugging at her hand, to the home of her father.

Those were lean times in Oklahoma, and very soon Grandpa Pool came to a decision. They would try their luck in Phoenix, Arizona. This was a period of great excitement in the family—and, for the boy Sanford, a time of deepening insecurity. Bewildered and scared, he watched the packing of belongings and the gathering of the brood . . . a rather large brood, since Geneva had six brothers and sisters younger than herself—including Dan Pool, who was only ten months older than Sanford but already invested with the superiority of an uncle.

"When I think back on it," Geneva Clark says now, "I realize this is a boy who had to grow up *responsible*. That was a sad time for a little boy, but already he worried more about others than himself. I came into the house one day and saw him looking at his face in the mirror. When I asked him what he was doing, he said, 'I wanted to see if I was getting to look like an Indian.' And, when I asked him why, he answered, 'Mom, I feel sorry for the poor Indians. I wish there were some way I could help.'"

It was during those days, when Sanford attended the Murphy Grade School in Phoenix, that he was recruited to sing a soprano part in "The Grand Canyon," an operetta which he dimly recalls as having been written by one of his teachers.

"I can still feel my blood turn to ice," Sanford recalls wryly, "as I waited my turn to pass through the ocean of curious faces. The signal came. I literally bolted up the aisle and onto the stage. I looked out at a thousand spinning faces, opened my mouth—and gulped. Nothing came out! Not a note, not a squeak! I'd forgotten my lines. Summoning the last ounce of my courage, I yelled to the pianist. 'Stop! Stop! I forgot!' The music halted, and a good-natured tittering arose from the audience. But to me, it sounded like the crash of a million windows."

His mother remembers that Sanford tottered to the wings, where he was prompted in his part and shoved back on. Pale and miserable, he stood there with eyes tight shut and sang his lines. "I tried to comfort him," Geneva says. "I said nothing mattered except that he had the spunk to go on and see it through. His teacher tried to joke him out of it. He told him he'd heard of music stopping a singer but this was the first time he'd heard of a singer stopping the music. Sanford shook his head and cried. He was inconsolable."

Nevertheless, this did not retard Sanford's interest in music for its own sake. At eleven, he was the proud owner of a guitar. Money being short, lessons were rather spasmodic and he learned to play mainly by ear.

Another form of art had caught his fancy about this time and, for several terms at Phoenix Technical High School, he was "up to his neck" in courses that might help him become a commercial artist. He can't remember exactly why this interest languished—but then his sojourn in high school was, he admits, "no great shakes." He was only an average student and was discouraged from trying for football. "Too gangly and thin," the coach said. After failing to make the tennis team, he decided to settle for R.O.T.C., and became one of the Color Guard that opened football games.

"The big things in my boyhood," Sanford reminisces, "were my bike and my dog 'Butch,' my guitar and my rifle. Mom bought me the bike for my eleventh birthday. It was second-hand and pretty beat up, but I thought it was the most beautiful thing I ever saw. I painted it royal blue, saved enough money to buy a basket for the handlebars, and then set out to make my fortune. I would take shopping orders for our neighbors and deliver to their doors. My reward was usually a nickel tip. One day I got a dime and I rode home feeling like Rockefeller. I tried to give all I made to Mom, but she wouldn't take it. She made me save, and that's how I got my second wish—a guitar.

"Dan—my uncle, if you can call a fellow less than a year older an uncle!—and I bought guitars at the same time. We were living in a housing development in Phoenix and, for hours at a stretch, we'd prance around the buildings, playing cowboy tunes. We got a lot of dirty looks for our pains, but we had one loyal admirer. That was my first girl, Susie, a neighbor's child. She would follow at our heels, clapping hands and begging, 'More, Sanford—more!' I guess," Sanford added with a grin, "you might say she was my first fan, too."

The rifle was acquired when he visited his father in Tulsa. It was a joyful reunion: "Dad bought me my first rifle, which I still keep oiled and polished. He taught me to shoot and took me out hunting. He also taught me the principles of good sportsmanship, to kill only as many rabbits and birds as were needed for food. We had some great times together."

The dog? Sanford suddenly loses his look of eager remembering; he thrusts a hand roughly through his hair. "Let Mom tell it," he mutters. Mrs. Clark, who has gone to the window and is staring out at the pleasant residential street stamped with all the traits of lower middle-class suburbanism, doesn't turn as she says: "Well . . . he always had some kind of dog, and he always called it Butch. No matter what the name was, to him it was Butch. The last Butch was his favorite. I think it was the thing he held most dear. Let me see," she puckers her brow thoughtfully, "it was a black and white mongrel with a trick of sitting up and fanning the air with both paws when it was trying to get attention.

"Sanford was never without his Butch. It followed him to school like Mary's lamb, and it waited in the school yard until he got out so that it could see him home. It slept in his bed. And then—well, it ran out into the road one day and a truck passed over its poor little body. When Sanford got out of school that day,

Butch was nowhere to be seen. And then, as he crossed the road, he saw the poor thing all bloody and dead. He came home sobbing. 'Mom,' he said, 'why couldn't they have pulled him off the road? Why did they have to let him die there all by himself?' I offered to get him another pet, but he refused. He's never had one since." She pauses, hesitates, glances uneasily at her son and adds in a subdued tone, "I don't guess any of us like to take the chance of being hurt twice . . ."

There's no doubt that Sanford has such fears. His dark-haired, clear-skinned handsomeness is strung just a bit too tightly. He shows, in his intense look, gesture and speech, the long conditioning he's had in losing loved ones or being parted from them, as well as the day-by-day grinding away of various insecurities which have been at his side since boyhood. It is obvious, and he knows it, that this is what has kept him from giving singing the big try before now.

"I wanted some kind of musical career for years," he admits. "At first, the guitar, and then—when I realized I wasn't in a class with fellows like Al Casey—singing . . . but I didn't dare stick my neck out. I kept my dream under wraps. Only Mom guessed. . ."

Unlike Elvis Presley and Pat Boone, who came from solid homes with all the psychological advantages that go with firm and happy family life, Sanford is still fighting the inner battle for self-confidence. Of the three singers, it is generally admitted that Sanford has had the least chance to develop this quality so vital to a professional entertainer. Aside from being almost two years younger than Elvis or Pat, Sanford has spent the past three-and-a-half years in the U.S. Air Force and will not become a free agent for months to come. Until then, he must content himself with an occasional appearance, or recording.

It seems almost a miracle that, in six months, he has leaped to a level where he is picked by many "in the know" as the coming threat to Elvis's crown. This is not to say that Sanford thinks of himself as a rock 'n' roller. Far from it. Lee Hazelwood, his manager and the composer of both "The Fool" and "A Cheat," and Al Casey, who has been called one of the greatest "finds" in guitarists since Eddie Condon, both agree that Sanford's style is a natural wedding of the hillbilly and lowdown blues, with a sprinkle of something all his own to give it spice.

"He has the classic stance," Hazelwood says of Sanford, "no bumping, gyrating or grimacing. He doesn't need it." And Bill Randall of WERE—the man who pinned the nickname of "Sandy" on him, a name Sanford's seriously thinking of using professionally—has this to say: "He's not a fancy singer like many of the young ones. His delivery is like a straight left. And that's taken many a man to the championship. And yet he's thoroughly modern—he makes you feel the meaning of the words, the philosophy behind them . . . and he only distorts when the shape of the music demands it. This is a kid whom life has taught to feel deeply. He knows the meaning of emotions that kids his age usually don't know exist . . ."

One such emotion may perhaps be highlighted by a story his father tells. When Sanford was fifteen, he was visiting Connie Clark in Turley, Oklahoma. Connie was working on construction of the YMCA in near-by Tulsa. Sanford pitched in to help. At lunch time, he would strum his guitar and sing for the workingmen. They were glad of the break in the day's routine and some of them, in appreciation, told Connie about a local talent contest that was to be staged in the town park. Connie urged his boy to enter. Sanford did—and tied three times with an accordion player. To break the tie, the pair had to step out on stage for a final round of applause. This time, Sanford refused to go out. "Why? Why?" asked his father. "Because," said his son with a candid grin, "you and the men have been whooping it up for me, Dad. But the other kid's really better and I figure he ought to get it. But, Dad," the boy's voice had gone solemn, "I'll make you a promise: When I get good enough for first place—no matter what it's in—I won't step back for anyone."

It will be sixteen months in March that he's been stationed at Williams A. F. Base in Phoenix as a skilled teletyper with the rank of Airman First Class. Because of the necessity for working in shifts, Sanford hasn't had much time for making friends or promoting his career. He himself says, "The Air Force has been a great help to me. It's a way of living that forces you to mature. It gave me the security of a pay check and, small as it is, it helped give me confidence. I've learned teletyping, and that's a trade I can fall back on any time I want to. And it gave me a chance to help support Mom. Of course it's had some drawbacks, as far as making personal appearances is concerned—although they've been doggone generous with time off.

"I'll say this: Unless there's a war—and then, of course, I'll stay in where I'm needed—I'll be glad to become a civilian again and devote all my time to singing. Lee and Al think I can stand up to Presley and Pat Boone, but I'm not sure. I admire both of them, especially Pat. But if I've got the stuff, I don't mean to take a back seat for anybody, and on that I'm sure," he adds firmly. "All I ask is a fair chance to compete . . ."

What, for example, would a fair chance be?

"The same as Elvis got—a crack at the Ed Sullivan or Steve Allen deals," he says, then adds wistfully, "We're trying for it." And, all at once, the little boy he was jumps back into his grin as he exclaims, "Boy, I'd sure be famous then. . . ."

But Sanford, whether he is fully aware of it or not, is already becoming famous. And that brings this story back to its beginnings, and the three lads who gambled everything they had on "The Fool." This is how he himself tells it:

"I was at this country dance, you see. It's called 'Arizona Hayride' and it's run by Ray Odom, from Phoenix. His performers sing both styles, country and rock 'n' roll. Well, my old pal, Al Casey, had got a notion in his head that I'd murder them on this show. Al got this notion one day when I did an imitation of Elvis, just for laughs. He and some friends got after me. They said that Odom's show is informal and anyone can get up there and sing if they have the nerve. Folks just ignore you if they don't like it. So, with Al shoving me from behind, I got up on that stage and sang. The crowd seemed to go for it and, next week, I got up without any pushing and sang again.

"This time, I didn't know that Al had brought along a friend. It turned out to be Lee Hazelwood, who has a popular program here on KTYL. When I got through singing, Al introduced us—and it was the turning point of my life. The first thing Lee said was, 'You've got a little something going for you, kid, and I do mean your voice. It's different.' I thanked him, and then he burst the bombshell. 'I have a song—I wrote it—and I'd like you to record it.' I gave a yelp. 'Record it? Are you crazy, man? I'm no professional. I was only clowning around up there.' And then he put the cap on it. 'Look,

Sanford,' he said, 'I'm not interested in modesty. I've got a good song and I want you to cut it . . . with Al here accompanying. And I'll tell you how serious I am. I'm ready to put my money into it.'"

But the two other boys wanted to contribute their share, and so there ensued a couple of weeks of frantic saving until the night Sanford raised the hammer and smashed their piggy bank. All together, they had something like $215—which was just enough to cover the rental of a studio and cutting of a record.

Never were 215 seeds more fortunately planted. It has blossomed forth into one of the top sellers of the year, expected by many to go over the million mark. Aside from this, Sanford himself—with permission of the Air Force—has made personal appearances in Los Angeles, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Tulsa, Fort Worth, San Antonio, and Omaha, where more than 12,000 enthusiastic fans turned out to cheer him on. According to an Arizona paper, he is commanding $3,000 a week for these appearances, and his price is rising with his zooming popularity.

"I'm not surprised," Ray Odom testifies. "The first time he did his bit on my show, I said this kid should go far."

The sudden vault to fame has not gone to Sanford's head. When he appeared on *Teenage Bandstand,* Al Jarvis, well-known Hollywood television emcee and disc jockey, told him that he had everything but confidence. "You can make the grade," Jarvis told him kindly, "but you must learn to think positively. Remember, the greatest asset of a performer is his authority." Yet, in spite of the "butterflies" within, Sanford's stint on *Bandstand* proved a huge hit. Five hundred letters arrived from Angelenos who had listened to the local program. It was heartening for Sanford to receive this acclaim from fans, but he is too firmly planted on solid earth not to give heed to the advice of more knowing critics to *"study, study, study,"* with the aim of enlarging his tone range and method of projection. He means to follow their advice promptly on leaving the service.

If he has kept his head with regard to his present place in the sun, Sanford is also showing common sense in other things. His taste in clothes has remained conservative . . . solid-colored suits with perhaps a fleck of brightness in them. His only indulgence in the bizarre is his liking for turtle-necked sweaters in his favorite colors of green and blue. He enjoys singing in these sweaters and they may become a part of his legend, as they were with Clark Gable in the '30's. His mother squealed with delight the first time she saw him in a turtle-neck—it brought back memories of her own hero, Gable, and she has insisted that Sanford wear this as a costume in future appearances.

Sanford receives several hundred fan letters a week and the majority come from women. With regard to the opposite sex, Sanford says frankly, "I smoke a little, I drink a little, and I like girls a lot. That's only normal, isn't it, at my age?"

His preference is for the dark, blue-eyed and long-haired type, but the thing he values most in any feminine companion is a sense of humor. That—and the self-discipline to refrain from snide remarks or gossip—is a "must" by his scale of values. An evening out with him will usually include visiting some night spot where there's a good selection of bop and country music. His most frequent date, a girl to whom he has been rumored engaged and even secretly married, he will only identify by the name of "Lou." Sanford's unvarying answers to the strong rumors of a secret marriage is a mischievous smile and the assurance that "I promise to tell all when the right time comes."

There is much precedent for Sanford to marry early. His parents were eighteen and twenty, respectively, when they were wed. His friends married very young. Lee Hazelwood, at 27, already has two children, and Al Casey, only 20, is also the proud father of two baby girls.

Like most young performers, Sanford makes a personal concern of his fan mail. He reads everything that comes in and discusses it with Jewel Thrasher, president of his national fan club. He is having special photographs taken in order to satisfy his fans. Although he is fascinated by his clippings and reads them again and again, he is more interested in looking at pictures of his fans than looking at his own. One afternoon he arrived home dragging two enormous scrapbooks. Geneva stared at them and gasped: "What in the world—?"

"One's for clippings," he explained. "The other's for pictures my fans are kind enough to send me of themselves."

These are signs of youth, which is also betrayed in the lift he gets on meeting a celebrity. He still talks about Denise Alexander, the starlet whom he met on the Al Jarvis Show. To him, she seemed touched with that beguiling luster he recognized as being "what fame can do for you." And he still has the young man's faith that anyone in the spotlight must deserve it.

His own spotlight, small as it may seem, at present, has brought him more money than he's ever known. It has provided a prop for his old tendency toward insecurity. But—in some perverse way he can't explain—it has awakened other dormant anxieties. How far will his talent take him? How long will he last? He is suddenly terrified by something a performer once told him: "It's bad enough to be a might-have-been, but nothing's so awful as to climb to within a few inches of the top and then slide back." Will that happen to him? Will the money he's made suddenly evaporate and leave him penniless as before? He knows that once he is discharged from service these are questions he will have to answer—there is no ducking them. It is why he plans no large expenditures, aside from a family home and a new car.

Geneva Clark and her son shared the lean years together. No matter how difficult their circumstances became, they faced them side by side. A deep affection and understanding exists between them. He brings her every "dub" (test record) he makes. The first record pressed of "The Fool" is now her "most treasured possession." Now they are enjoying the prospect of better years as a family should—together.

At this writing all that is known about the house he has bought is that it is located in the southwestern section of Phoenix and has six large rooms. Sanford refuses to go into details as yet, because he wants it to be "absolutely perfect" when he unveils it to his family.

"One thing can be taken for granted," Al Casey says. "It will be a house of strong timber and firm foundation—the kind of home that will stand up against wind, cold, storm and flood."

Perhaps, in this new home, young, handsome and talented Sanford Clark will at long last find the fortress of security he has been seeking since he was a boy of nine. Perhaps there he'll find the answer to the dream he hardly dared to voice, now that he knows what singin' the blues can do for a young man who has both the dream—and the voice.

Mrs. Frances De Berry

(*Continued from page 32*)

I had been accepted as a contestant. And with me on the show, as I mounted, step by step, to each succeeding plateau. . . ."

A few days after it had happened, Mrs. Frances De Berry said, "What has happened to me can't be described. I have no words. It dropped out of the blue. How *could* I have dreamed . . . ?"

Seventy-four years ago, Frances Carter was born in Nashville, Tennessee. Her parents, Green and Lila Carter, had been slaves. "It was twenty-five years after they were free," said Mrs. De Berry, "that I came along, one of their nine children. When the colored people came out of slavery, they didn't have anything. In those days, three dollars a week kept a family. But, although we were what you'd consider church-mouse poor, my father did better than that. With nine children, he had to. Working as a riveter, bending iron and steel to help build bridges, he made five dollars a day.

"My father was an exceptional man to come out of slavery. He spoke in dialect, but he named his dogs Romulus and Remus. And, although he mispronounced the consonants, calling them 'Robulus and Rebus,' he knew he had named them for the legendary founders of Rome. He knew about Hannibal and Attila the Hun, and Genghis Khan and Alexander the Great. He got a school built on our property for the kids, his own and others roundabout. He had a kind of instinctively cultured mind.

"I'd like to think I inherited my love of reading, of all the arts, from my father," Mrs. De Berry smiled. "McGuffey's Readers were my first books—and oh, they were rich! They were the sources of future riches for me, too. It was in one of them I read about Hamlet's father's ghost. He was marvelous, he just thrilled me, so I looked for more of Shakespeare.

"Then, one day, our family doctor, Dr. Davidson, who had been a slave owner, stopped by and found me reading. He asked what I was reading, and I read aloud the lines which begin: 'Sweet are the uses of adversity. . . .' I can still see Dr. Davidson's eyebrows making little gray exclamation points—bushy ones—over the surprised expression in his eyes, as he said, 'Why, that's from Shakespeare!'"

Little dreaming that the same lines and the same answer would, one far-off day, help her to win $16,000, young Frances responded, "Yes, doctor it's from 'As You Like It,'" and added, "The lines are spoken by the banished Duke." But her answer then produced one positive, far-reaching result. As Mrs. De Berry now recalled, "A few days later, Dr. Davidson stopped by again to bring me a whole book of Shakespeare, the complete Shakespeare. And, in the years between then and now, I have read each and every one of the plays at least twenty to thirty times. Read them just for the love of them."

From the age of twelve on, Shakespeare was literally Frances Carter's life work. She has read and can quote from Byron, Tennyson, Shelley, Keats. She has read the Bible through, more than once—loving, especially, the Book of Job and the Psalms. She read Dickens and Browning and Scott. But, always, her heart and most of her time were dedicated to Shakespeare, whose plays and people seemed almost more real than her own life.

She "continued in school" until she was nearly sixteen. "Later, I went to Fisk University, from which I was graduated. I majored in English—a standard course, and perhaps not up-to-date," she smiled, "but I guess it did me all right!" And then she was married.

"After we were married," Frances Carter De Berry recalled, "my husband and I moved to Louisville, where I have lived for thirty-eight years—most recently, in a little apartment across the hall from my daughter's. My husband was a waiter, but I have been a widow for thirty-three years. Until after my husband died, I stayed home tending my three children. I had two sons, Caswell and Alfred Tennyson, and one daughter, Myra. But I did no outside work. I was reading every spare minute. Reading, book in hand, over the cookstove. Reading, book propped up in front of me, as I ironed or darned. Reading until one and two in the morning. What I couldn't provide for my body—fine clothes and fancy foods and such—I could provide for my mind. Reading has been my life.

"Of course, after my husband died, I went outside to work. For a time, I earned about eighteen dollars a week as a mission worker for the Good Will Industries, going out and talking to people, reading the Scriptures to them. After that, I did cooking and 'day work'—cleaning, scrubbing, washing and ironing for different families. During World War II, I worked as a pants presser for the United Laundry and Dry Cleaning, in Louisville.

"I've done a lot of work in my time," she said softly. "I've had my share of trouble, too, of the kind that is *really* trouble. The death of my son Caswell, when he was thirty-three. The long illness of my younger son, Alfred Tennyson, who died at the age of twenty-eight. Nothing but trouble, it seemed, and no comfort for me but to turn to Shakespeare.

"In 'Julius Caesar,' Shakespeare speaks of 'a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.' And so it was for me, one day last summer, when I was walking down the street. A neighbor friend of mine, Katy Marshall, called out to me: 'Mrs. De Berry, I've been thinking—why don't you try to get on this *$64,000 Question* and make yourself something? I think you could do well.' But I didn't think I stood a chance of getting on the program, and I told her so. A day or so later, another neighbor friend, Juanita Garner, spoke to me about Mr. Redmond O'Hanlon 'He was on *The $64,000 Question* last night,' she said, 'and his category was Shakespeare. I think you could answer those questions.'

"Katy Marshall," Mrs. De Berry smiled. "must have sowed a seed in my mind, for this time my answer wasn't so positive. 'I wouldn't know how to go about getting on the program,' I said. Then, that same week, another lady—one of the white ladies for whom I had done day work—asked me why, with my knowledge of Shakespeare, I didn't try for *The $64,000 Question*. 'I think,' she said, in the self-same words Katy Marshall had used, 'you could do well.'

"Once the tide turns, it seems to come *full* tide. Perhaps I could do well, I thought. When things get in your blood, as Shakespeare got in mine, they stay there. I wrote a letter to *The $64,000 Question*, in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System in New York. Perhaps I didn't say in my letter the things I should have said, in the way I should have said them, for I didn't receive any answer. So I went to my friend, Mr. Edwin Wilson, the principal of Louisville's Central High School, and he wrote a letter for me. The graduating class of that year sent letters, too, speaking of me as I could not have been so bold to speak of myself."

In due course of time, Mr. Wilson received an answer to his letter, and an application form to be filled in and returned.

Word came back that the application had been accepted and that—although the program does not pay an applicant's expenses to New York—they would be pleased to have Mrs. De Berry call them, if she were ever in the city. She came to a sudden decision. "I had a little change," she explained. "My friend, Miss Pearl Mitchell, who lives in New York, had been urging me to make her a visit. I'd go up to New York, make my visit. And while I was there. . . ."

While there, she called the number which had been given her, was interviewed, went through the final screening—and suddenly, one Tuesday night, Mrs. De Berry found herself on *The $64,000 Question.* Why, five weeks later, she stopped at the $16,000 plateau, she still cannot quite explain, even to herself. People had been so kind. And the chance to express her love of Shakespeare had meant so much. "The opportunity to honor Shakespeare," she said simply, "was some small return for the joy he has given me. I fully intended to go on to the $32,000 question. I can't explain why I didn't. Something confused me, something I can't name. And I am hurt over it, hurt bad. I would have stood up there for the $64,000 question itself—even if, by so doing, I had lost—just for the love of Shakespeare. But so much had already happened, that was beyond all imagining. . . ."

Those were exciting days. What, her friends asked, after she had won the $16,000, was she going to do with all this money? "I told them," she said, "I am going to buy myself a very fine cloth coat. I am going to buy myself two or three pairs of the *finest* kind of shoes, and some dresses. I won't buy many dresses, but of the very best. I suspect I may buy myself a piece of jewelry, too, as a keepsake. If it turns out to be possible, I would like to buy a little house in the country . . . have my daughter live with me, if she wants to . . . have friends in, the circle of friends in whom I have worked up quite an interest in Shakespeare . . . and have tea and cakes.

"If I can see my way, of course, I'd love to go to Europe. If I could visit the Shakespeare country, find myself—oh, Lord of Mercy—in Stratford-on-Avon! I have always been interested in anything medieval, especially the great cathedrals in Europe. If I could stand, just once, in Westminster Abbey, visit the great basilica of St. Peter's in Rome, the Duomo in Florence, Notre Dame in Paris. . . .

"I would like to work with children in Shakespearean plays, put on 'The Winter's Tale,' with the children doing the Dance of the Shepherds. Put on Shakespearean plays with adults, too. If all this had happened to me when I was younger, I would have tried to be a Shakespearean actress. . . . But, at the very least—and perhaps for the very best—the opportunity that has been given me may encourage everyone, young or old, to read good books. . . .

"No, the money is not of the first importance. The first importance is that I have found friends, great friends, among strangers. I have nothing but words of praise and gratitude to say of the Revlon people, who sponsor *The $64,000 Question* . . . of Mr. Ben Kagan and Mr. Mert Koplin and Mr. Hal March . . . of all the people with whom I had the honor to be associated.

"And to think it was Shakespeare," exclaimed Mrs. De Berry, "who brought me to this city I had never seen before, this fabulous city with its buildings at night like castles in Spain! I want to stay here longer, and perhaps I shall be here again, on *The $64,000 Challenge.* Because of this great privilege I have enjoyed, so many things are opening up for me. This may be all—or there may be more to come. So be it. Never in my whole life did I dream of such a thing as this!"

Thomas J. Kane

(*Continued from page* 34)

neighbors to hear me read the newspapers. And of the pride she took in me, a child of four, as I read them with a precise understanding of each and every word, no matter how many the syllables. But the pride should have been in herself, for it was my mother who taught me, not only how to read, but also how to look up any word I did not know. A more fascinating pursuit," laughed walking-dictionary Kane, "than the unraveling of any whodunit. Also far more rewarding, as none should know better than I!

"It is a pursuit I have followed all my life. An Oxford dictionary, in ten volumes, is my most precious possession. Along with my violin—but that is a dream of which I shall tell you later," said Tom, crinkling his eyes. "To go back to my boyhood: At the age of eleven, I taught myself to read French. I recall that Alexandre Dumas' 'The Three Musketeers' was the first book I read in the original French. It was just having so many books around the house—more books than potatoes, if a choice had to be made!—which made a reader of me.

"Of them all, Dickens was my favorite. Dickens, I all but memorized. The fact is that, when I was accepted as a contestant on *The $64,000 Question,* the category I wanted was Charles Dickens, not the English Language. However, Mrs. Elizabeth Reed, the 73-year-old widow from Copenhagen, had recently 'closed the book' on Dickens by winning $16,000 in that category."

While the matter was still under discussion, production supervisor Ben Kagan expressed the opinion that Tom Kane could go on the program—and win—in *any* category. Tom himself had never thought of his reading as a means of acquiring knowledge, had no other purpose in mind than the pleasure it gave him. As a youth, he had supposed that, after his three years at Belfast's Harding Street Technical School, he would hold some job which required skilled hands and a knowledge of higher mathematics.

"When I was fifteen," Tom recalled, "I came to America with one of my sisters. During my thirty-four years here, I have turned my hand to many a trade. For years, I ran a riding school in Lockport—the only animals I'm interested in are horses. Later, I was employed by the Harrison Radiator Company in Buffalo. Now, for some while past, I have been with the Van Dyke Cab Company—the biggest cab company in the state, outside of New York City itself. And the finest company of its kind in all forty-eight states, with the greatest guy in the world as its president!

"How is it now, I've been asked especially since I won on *The $64,000 Question,*" Tom winked an eye, "how is it that a man with all my book learning is a cab driver? To tell you the truth, I answer, it's the best job I could get. 'Tis the truth, too, and I'll tell you why: Prove you're smarter than the boss, on a starched-white-collar job, and you'll not hold onto that job. On one job, I showed the company how to solve, in a very simple way, a production problem which had stumped the

experts. And, for that, I was demoted to a much smaller job. As for teaching, I haven't a college diploma and couldn't get a job teaching morons in a reform school!

"Married?" Tom echoed the query with mischief in his eye. "I've never had that misfortune! Once or twice, I've been threatened. For instance, one of my pupils, a young person, seemed to be attending my riding school beyond the call of duty. 'A pleasure to have you around,' I said to her one day, 'but don't let me catch you coming up here with your suitcase and trunk!' A pity, too," Tom sighed, with mock dismay, "for verily it has been said, 'No girl knows what love means until she had been made love to by a red-headed Irishman!' I'm not against marriage, mind you—for someone else. And it's not that I don't admire the fair sex. Now and then, I take a young lady out—'date,' as they call it. And I don't mind that in the least, there being nothing *permanent* about it, so to speak.

"So then, I live alone in the half-finished house on eighty acres of land I bought some years ago in Lockport. And I love it. I read, happily aware that the great advantage of a book is that you can shut it up, if you've a mind to. I play the violin—knowing that, when you play the violin, you've got to live alone! I'm an expert cook, but have very little need to practice the culinary art. Four of my sisters—Mrs. Isabel McDonald, Mrs. Florence Humphrey, Mrs. Kathleen Little and Mrs. Charlotte Coutourier—live in Lockport, too. And what are married sisters for, if not for a bachelor brother to eat with? At the end of the working day, I just drop in on any sister I'm near!

"I enjoy my work. Different people all day, every day. I like people. When you like people, you talk to them. And if I *hadn't* talked to the people I drove," Tom laughed, "I wouldn't be sitting here now, in a hotel on Fifth Avenue, telling you all about myself! For this is how it all began: One day, I picked up four fares—four advertising-agency men, as I found out—at the Hotel Statler in Buffalo. They wanted to be driven to the Erlanger Theater, where they asked me to stand by and take them to the station. When they came out and settled in my cab, I asked them, 'Why don't you boys buy the theater and put on a good version of "Lysistrata"?'

"I could see in the mirror that they sort of snapped to attention. They asked some questions, and I answered that 'Lysistrata' was the title and the heroine of a Greek comedy by Aristophanes. They seemed to be getting quite excited, spoke of the difficulty of getting qualified participants for *The $64,000 Question*, and asked a few more questions. Finally, I gave them my name and address, just before they caught their train. Eleven days later, I myself was on the way to New York City, having received and filled in an application blank for *The $64,000 Question*—and having duly noted the show's invitation to call their number if I should be in town."

Many people, before these four men, had asked Tom, "Why don't you try for *The $64,000 Question?*" As Tom explained, "I never did, because I figured it was impossible, on the basis of mathematical computation—my own computation. A million or more applications. Out of the million, fifty that are good. Out of the fifty, six that are superlatively good. Why should I suppose that I—Tom Kane, cab driver—would be one of the six? As I rode the train to New York, I thought: *If I'm 'consoled' with the award of a Cadillac, I'll ride it up and down Main Street for two weeks, then sell it.*"

But, as of that moment, Tom continued: "I hadn't bought a suit of clothes in I don't know when, so I had to buy *two* suits before leaving for New York—and hated doing it. *What if I missed out on the first question.*"

Once in New York, Tom went immediately to the Y.M.C.A., then "walked that night over every square foot of Manhattan." The next day, he was interviewed by Miss Evelyn Leven, "a very charming, very intelligent young woman." They talked about a number of things, for Miss Leven was checking on the applicant's personality and ability to handle himself, as well as his general knowledge. Next, Tom was quizzed by production supervisor Ben Kagan, producer Mert Koplin, and three others of *The $64,000 Question* staff. It was during this session that Tom chose "The English Language" as his category.

"Then," Tom recalled, "there followed a much more difficult screening. Dr. Bergen Evans, a doctor of philosophy, catechized me—and oh, he really did! He questioned me about unusual words from the works of Edmund Spenser, the Elizabethan poet. Obsolete words, most of which he didn't actually expect me to know. But I must have made a fair showing, for Dr. Evans was kind enough to say that he had never met anyone with 'such an extraordinary vocabulary.' He should hear me when truck drivers try to shove my cab up on the sidewalk! I've never been one to use profanity. I'm able to express myself forcibly without swearing. Telling them 'nicely' how to park their trucks in a small space can be more potent than the most colorful cuss words.

"After that final screening," Tom continued, "either you're on, or you're not. This was a Friday. The following Tuesday, I was *on*. In the meantime, they had me transferred from the 'Y' to a hotel on Madison Avenue. Once you're scheduled to appear, they pick up the tab.

"I had only one edgy moment," he recalled, "and that was when I was asked—as part five of the eight-part $64,000 question—to name 'a generic term for any important Greek temple.' Then I hesitated, not sure whether they wanted the noun *hieron* or the adjectival *hieros*. However, I said 'hieron,' and the luck of the Irish held. When we came to the eighth and last part of this crucial question—'a frame on which skins are dried, as for parchment'—I answered, 'herse.' And, with that last word, I'd won the summit prize.

"As soon as I stepped down from that summit, it was into such a whirl as has to be lived to be believed! In the audience that night were my boss, John J. Montana, his wife, and his chauffeur, Johnny Gervase. Mr. Montana wanted me to go out and celebrate at the famous 21 Club. But—since I neither drink nor smoke—I told him I'd just sit there like a jerk, a cup of coffee before me, while almost everyone else was getting mellow on champagne. So I said thanks very much, but I'll just go to a drugtore and have a cup of coffee with my nephew-by-marriage, Ted Stamm."

But there were other nights, and other celebrations. "Another time," Tom reminisced, "John Downey, vice-president of the Van Dyke Cab Company, took me to the Stork Club, where we got the real red-carpet treatment. And, a few days after that, Mr. Montana took me to the Woodbine Clubhouse in Toronto, Canada.

"Then Frank J. Moyer, Jr., mayor of Lockport, proclaimed 'Tom Kane Day,' and I received the key to the city. There was a parade, a very nice luncheon at the Park Hotel—nicest part of that, I didn't have to pay for it—and there were speeches. I even had some women kiss me! I've also been on the *Good Morning* show with Will Rogers, Jr. And, of course, on *The $64,000 Challenge*, the *Question's* sister quiz. The Revlon people have even said they would like to have me go to England and be on *The 64,000 Shilling* program which they also sponsor over there.

"Other honors have been proffered me," Tom said, with simple dignity. "As was my prerogative at the $64,000 level, I was accompanied in the program's isolation booth by an expert of my own choosing—Mr. David Guralnik, lexicographer and editor-in-chief of The World Publishing Company. They publish the New Webster Dictionary, and have told me they will publish anything I write!

"But, of all the rewarding things that have happened to me, the most rewarding took place on the day I went to Carnegie Hall, in New York, and Mr. Rembert Wurlitzer brought over this beautiful Stradivarius. Now, all my life I have dreamed of touching a Stradivarius—just touching, nothing more. A dream came more than true for me, this day. I not only touched, I played a part of Mendelssohn's Concerto in E-minor on a Stradivarius. A beautiful one which can be bought for $18,000, by anyone blessed enough to be able to do so.

"Other dreams have come true, too—or are about to," said Tom Kane. "Some time in the months to come, two of my sisters and I are going back to the Auld Sod, on which I haven't set foot since I left it as a mere lad. And there is my house, which looks a little like Tobacco Road, in its present condition—not a shingle on the outside. Now it will get a little fixing up.

"Other than the expense of the trip to the Old Country and a few shingles for the house—and perhaps a new TV set—the rest of my prize money will be put into blue-chip securities. I'm not so young but what an assured income isn't indicated. If I should win more on *The $64,000 Challenge*—that is, over and above what I have now—perhaps I'll buy that beautiful Stradivarius. I could make it a sort of 'musical foundation,' to be borrowed by students in the schools or universities who need such an instrument to give a concert."

Tom sighed contentedly, as he momentarily tabled this latest dream. "It's been a wonderful experience, wonderful. I told myself, the other night: If I were only permitted a word to describe it, I'd use one of the most beautiful words in the English language—*memorable.*"

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