

# TV RADIO MIRROR

DIO MIRROR • OCT.

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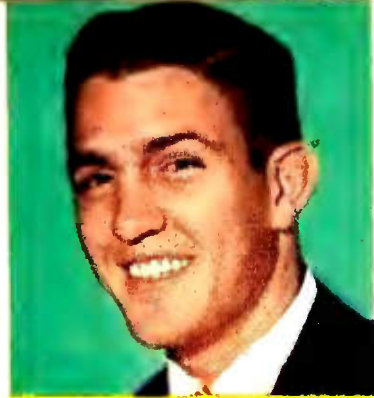
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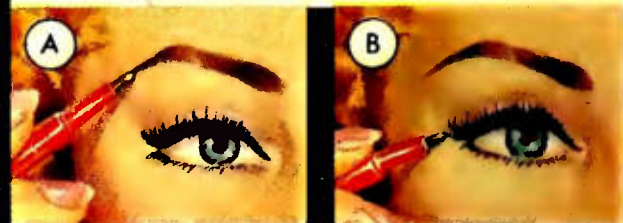
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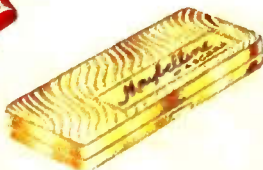
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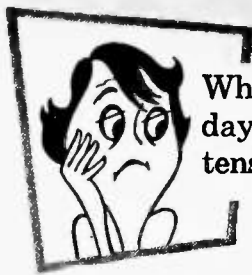
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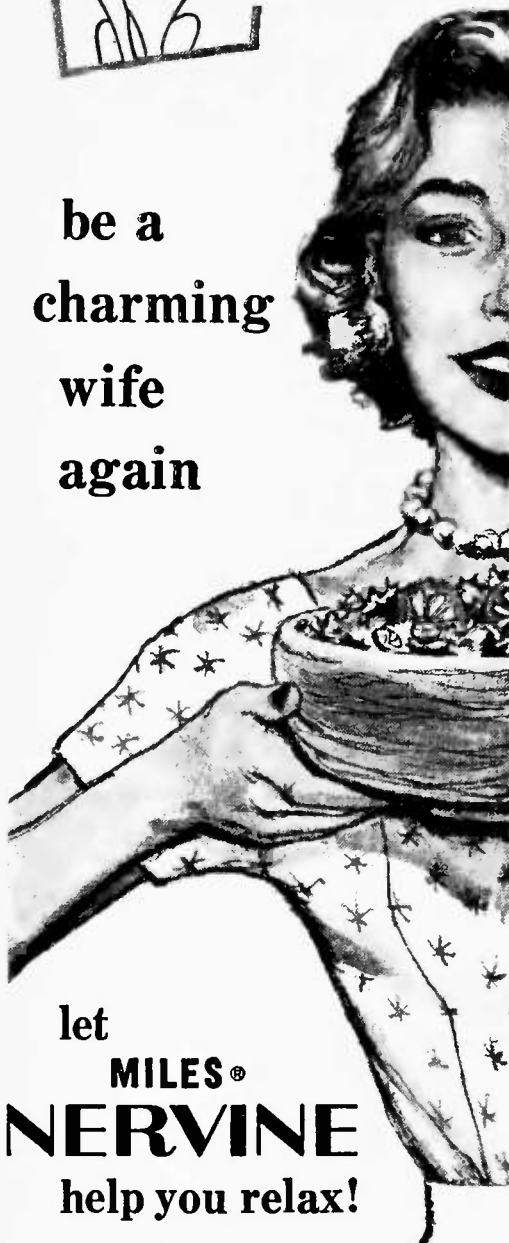
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# TV RADIO MIRROR

OCTOBER, 1957

ATLANTIC EDITION

VOL. 48, NO. 5

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Gay Miyoshi, *Assistant Editor*

Jack Zasorin, *Art Director*

Frances Maly, *Associate Art Director*

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Cover portrait of Gisele MacKenzie by Jay Seymour of Gary Wagner Associates

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# movies on TV

## Showing this month

**DEAD RECKONING** (Columbia): Good, tough thriller in the old-style Bogart manner. As a War II vet, Bogie investigates the mysterious disappearance of a buddy, runs afoul of Liz Scott.

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

**HE WALKED BY NIGHT** (Eagle-Lion): Matter-of-fact crime melodrama, with expert actor Richard Basehart as a crook who uses electronics knowledge to outwit L. A. cops—until Scott Brady gets after him.

**HIGHER AND HIGHER** (RKO): Sinatra's debut film, with Rodgers-Hart score. He's a rich boy chased by Michele Morgan, serving girl disguised as heiress. The Hartmans and Victor Borge add to the fun.

**HOLY MATRIMONY** (20th): Perfectly delightful, delicately handled whimsy. Painter Monty Woolley hates fame, weeps at "his own" funeral when his valet is buried under his name. Then Monty marries Gracie Fields—and trouble starts.

**JANE EYRE** (20th): Elegantly moody version of the classic novel, with Orson Welles as the strange master of the household where shy Joan Fontaine reports as governess. Peggy Ann Garner and Margaret O'Brien, then children, score.

**MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS, THE** (RKO): Unusual, fascinating story of a wealthy family's decline in last century's Midwest, directed by Orson Welles. Joseph Cotten, Anne Baxter head a fine cast.

**MAN WITH MY FACE, THE** (U. A.): Barry Nelson fans get double measure, as he plays an honest war veteran—and his look-alike, who takes over his home and wife (Lynn Ainsley), with crooked intent. Authentic Puerto Rican backgrounds.

**MELBA** (U. A.): Patrice Munsel's lyrical voice and refreshingly natural manner spark up the true story of one of opera's greats. As Nellie Melba, she goes from an Australian ranch to world-wide fame—and heartbreak.

**ROAD HOUSE** (20th): Memento from Richard Widmark's bad-guy era, this suspense item features other appealing performers: Cornel Wilde, as Dick's partner-pal; Ida Lupino, singer who comes to work at their joint and sets off the fireworks.

**STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE** (20th): Reserved, touching account of a real 19th Century adventure. Spencer Tracy does a first-rate job as the American newsman who tracks a "lost" missionary in Africa.

**SUN VALLEY SERENADE** (20th): Glenn Miller's sweet swing, Sonja Henie's ice-skating, Milton Berle's clowning—find them all in the easygoing musical that introduced "Chattanooga Choo-Choo."

**TALK OF THE TOWN** (Columbia): Slick, meaningful comedy casts Ronald Colman as a serious lawyer and Supreme Court candidate, Cary Grant as a liberal framed for murder, Jean Arthur as the girl.

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# WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST

By PETER ABBOTT



On *High-Low*, prof John Van Doren made his TV debut; Patricia Medina showed up as a trans-Atlantic "pro."



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



When the McGuires couldn't sing, there was a howl in Oklahoma City, Says Murray Kane, who manages Chris, Phil, Dot: "The people . . . were for us."

**Dig Me Gently:** Sal Mineo, Bronx's gift to TV, is regularly dating a Manhattan steno. . . . The new NBC show started mid-August by Arlene Francis features a new TV gismo called "Cross My Heart," a crossword puzzle game for studio and home viewers, with daily prizes. . . . Sexy Remy Harrison's new wife, Kay Kendall, has all three networks bidding for her services. She's a terrific all-around performer. . . . Ed Wynn has contracted for three appearances on Ed Sullivan's Show this season. . . . Now that summer is over, singers go off starvation wages; now a guest-star spot is worth \$7,500—same performance draws a measly \$5,000 in summer. . . . And this could be called fighting fire with fire: The proposal that Jayne Mansfield co-star with Elvis in a spectacular. . . . Everyone happy Mrs. Steve Allen (Jayne Meadows) is getting along so well in her second pregnancy. The blessed event is scheduled for October and both Steve and Jayne are hoping for a girl. Steve already has three boys by his first marriage. . . . Funniest record of year comes, naturally enough, from Spike Jones. The Verve label is

titled, "Dinner Music for People Who Aren't Very Hungry." Selections include, "Duet for Violin and Garbage Disposal," "Brahms' Alibi," and "Wyatt Earp Makes Me Burp."

**Highbrows on High-Low:** As we go to press, they're still looking for a time spot for the summer season's new quiz, *High-Low*. One of its panelists, John Van Doren, is turning out to be TV's most bashful expert. John's Other Job is at Brandeis University, where he lectures. John's Other Brother is, natch, Charles Van Doren. Says John, "Charles talked me into taking the job and said I should think of it as an exciting adventure." Charles is thirty, an extrovert; John is twenty-seven, an introvert. Therapeutically, the TV job should be good for him. He says, "First I became accustomed to being identified as my father's son or my uncle's nephew. Then it was as Charles's brother." Now he's got a chance to make it on his own. . . . Another highbrow is lovely, nervous Patricia Medina. She has a standing invitation to be a panelist when not occupied with movie-making, for Patricia Medinas are





On television, Phil Silvers may be a veteran sergeant. Off camera, he's a husband, first-class, to Evelyn and rookie dad to newborn Tracey Edith.



The world of music is comparing Eydie Gorme to Miss Show Business, herself.

hard to come by. There are few beautiful dames with brains to match. Pattie is known for both in her native England. There she was on the British version of *What's My Line?* and there the game is played very seriously. And Pattie was just as nervous. Daughter of a London barrister, her brilliance was first noted when she was graduated with highest honors from the equivalent of high school at fourteen. She immediately began reading for entrance into medical school. A nervous breakdown at sixteen rechanneled her ambition into acting and work on TV.

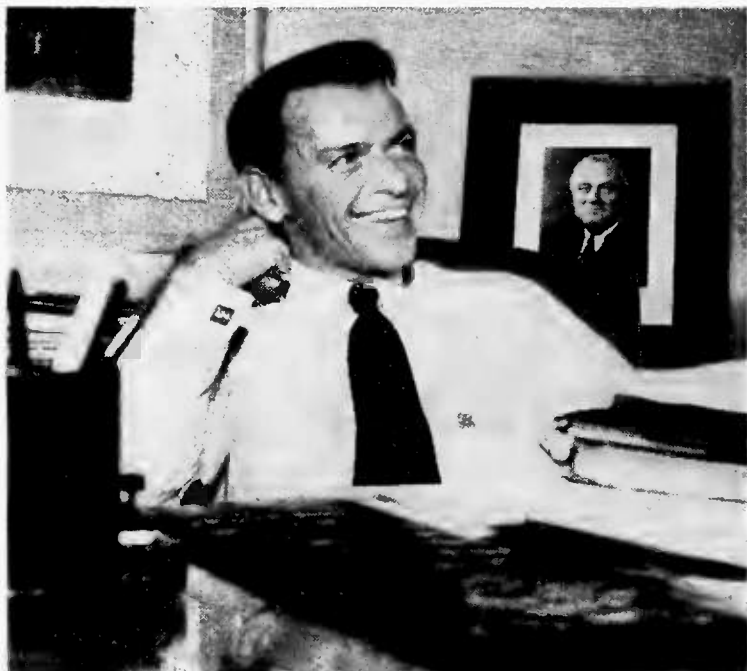
**Short & Sassy:** Barbara Hall, \$64,000 winner, is dating regularly with a commercial pilot for a French line. . . . Sonny James' new disc for Capitol, "Lovesick Blues," surgin' upward. And Sonny knows about "lovesick blues," for he doesn't get to see his true love more than a half-dozen times a year. . . . Oh, my achin' ears—when the new season gets full-blown there will be a total of 40 Westerns on TV. . . . Andree Wallace, the menace (Cynthia) on *Helen Trent*, will be having her

third any day now. Already has a boy and girl. . . . Jay Barney, Kurt Bonine on same serial, contributes his vacation to national defense. A reserve officer, he takes on a tour of duty at Fort Monmouth. . . . A Guy Mitchell intimate explains, "When Guy relaxes, he is full of energy and drive. It's when he's tense that he acts like Como." . . . Singer Mindy Carson flies to London to do a spec on BBC. Mindy, studying acting, hopes to build a whole career in musical comedy for TV and Broadway. . . . Robert Q. Lewis worried himself needlessly. That neck growth was non-malignant, which he learned after a week in the hospital. Bob takes two weeks or so in Europe this month to play. . . . When you see an actor identified as Larry Hagman on a TV drama, you'll be watching Mary Martin's son. . . . And how about this? American Theater Wing, a cultural center, has a course for dramatic students, in TV and radio commercials.

**What Really Happened:** There was a big fuss in the papers about the McGuire Sisters. Some of it not

so nice. The girls were to sing a week at the fair in Oklahoma City and Chris was accused of running out and nasty things were said publicly. What really happened? A few days earlier, Chris had been in bed with a fever and missed a night's work at Lake Tahoe. By the end of the week, she felt so awful she flew all the way to New York to consult her own doctor. It was a very bad strep throat. She didn't get back to Oklahoma City until Tuesday. She insisted she would work, although the doctor said she shouldn't. But, by then, the exposition people were threatening to sue. Then a prominent Oklahoma doctor made an examination and confirmed Chris's condition. Finally, on Thursday, the girls were allowed to sing and at the same time the committee issued a signed statement exonerating Chris as an adult delinquent. Murray Kane, the gals' mgr., says, "It was an unpleasant situation, except that all the time we had the knowledge that the people we met on the streets were for us." . . . While not so far west, the word was out in Chicago that Dennis James and *Club 60* (Continued on page 9)

# WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST



He has scrapped in night clubs and other places, but, now he's at work at ABC-TV, Sinatra's motto is "Smile."



Women are a puzzlement to both these fishing pals, though Hugh O'Brian's a bachelor, John Lupton a husband and dad.



Warming up for laughs on her fall TV series, Eve Arden and her family clowned through Yosemite vacation. Young Connie's "top banana" here.

By BUD GOODE

**The Three R's:** Lawrence Welk's new clarinetist, goateed Pete Fountain, picked up his music in New Orleans and, in jazz-style, never learned to read notes. He now sits-in every day at CBS-Television City with Bob Crosby's Bobcats, who are teaching him how to read. Music, that is. . . . Newcomer to ABC, Frank Sinatra, likes the people around him to smile, even if the grins have to be painted on. Frank believes, apparently, that with sour faces the battle is half lost (not too bad a philosophy). Incidental note: His office is painted in combination bright reds and other happy colors. It would look just right for color TV. Sinatra, going into TV with a heavy-artillery attitude, has hired the highest-paid talent. Writer Bill Morrow, for example, used to be with the fabulous Bing Crosby on radio. Sinatra tells an old story about Morrow and Crosby, hunting and fishing devotees. Bing and Bill came straight off a Sierra safari to a CBS radio studio for a show to be produced within the hour, but not yet written. Morrow sat down at a typewriter and, ten minutes later, had two pages of script completed. Looking at his watch, Bing said that at this rate they wouldn't get on the air. He pulled up another typewriter and started hacking away. After fifteen minutes more, Bing exclaimed, "Look I've written four pages, Morrow's only

**For What's New On The East Coast, See Page 4**





Visiting Rome, the Skeltons—Red, his wife Georgia and their children Richard and Valentina—found new courage.



Bachelor girl and guy, Betty White and Michael Ansara foiled a would-be Cupid by simply swapping autographs.

written three!" We wonder if Sinatra can type?

**The Children's Hour:** Co-star on *Perry Mason*, Barbara Hale, entertained home-town guests, John and Marsha Holmstrom, for a few days recently. She invited a few of their old school friends for an afternoon's catching-up session, "I made the mistake," says Barbara, "of telling them to bring their kids. Marsha had two of her five with her, our three were home and the six other gals brought 17 more. We girls were trying to talk about our personal lives while 22 Indians howled around us. The afternoon's conversation ran something like 'Get off that . . . ' 'Don't do that . . . ' and 'Be careful.' I'm afraid we didn't get much gossiping done." . . . John Lupton, talking about Rollin, his six-month-old daughter, says she's already getting coy. "Acts just like a woman," muses John. "What worries me is, if she's so wise already, what will she be like at eighteen?" John and his wife Anne are avid Dr. Spock and Menninger readers, believe in loads of love and affection for their baby; don't believe in baby-talk. But then "goo-goo's" aren't much in character for Indian Agent Tom Jeffords of *Broken Arrow*. . . . Gale Storm and Mitzi Green, two mothers of Encino's Little Leaguers, joined with all the other moms

in a baseball game—The Encino Cardinals (also known as the Varga Chicks) versus the Petty Girls. The mothers were to wear their sons' uniforms, with sashes at their waists and flowers on the baseball caps. Petite Gale could get into 12-year-old Peter's complete outfit, but some of the other mothers couldn't quite make it. Gale seems to be having a hard time gaining weight, following the birth of her fourth child, Susanna. Her doctor wants her to come into the hospital for a complete rest before she begins filming her fall series. Unfortunately, energetic Gale's a gal who can't sit still.

**Who's Traveling:** This summer, the Lennon Sisters have flown from Oregon to Montana to Ohio to Texas and home to California. Oldest sister, Dianne, isn't too crazy about flying; 16-year-old Peggy doesn't mind it; 13-year-old Kathy likes it; and 11-year-old Janet loves it. On two of the trips, the hostesses let the girls co-host with them, donning their caps and serving lunch. On one trip, the airline was tipped off in advance of Janet's birthday and prepared a big, delicious angelfood cake. Janet came home to tell her mother, "Mommy, if that's flying, I'm for it." . . . ABC's Betty White and co-star Bill Williams are preparing a 22-city tour to introduce the new Plymouth

(their sponsor on *Date With The Angels*) to dealers across the country. Since Bill doesn't fly, he'll drive to five West Coast cities, and Betty will hop to all 17 via the air. Incidentally, when press agents tried to stir up a romance between Betty and Michael Ansara, the pair simply laughed, went on a "date" and, having become good friends, they exchanged autographs for young relatives. . . . The Mouseketeers have completed filming their 1958 series and most of them are off on a vacation. Meanwhile, back at the Disney ranch, there are still a few hard at work on a feature-length, color motion picture based on the Wizard of Oz stories. Title: "Rainbow Road to Oz." "Oz" will star Jimmie Dodd, Annette Funicello, Tommy Kirk, Bobby Burgess and Darlene Gillespie. For these kids, living in the wonderful land of "Oz" is as much fun as a vacation.

**Did You Know:** Michael Ansara, "Cochise" of ABC's *Broken Arrow*, was once a Los Angeles City College medical student. . . . Hugh Wyatt Earp O'Brian was a Los Angeles City College student body president. . . . The Lennon Sisters' family, prior to the girls' stardom, made tamales at home, sold them, while dad was a milkman. . . . The average Lawrence Welk bandsman earns \$20,000 per year. (Continued on page 16)

# information booth

## Four to Make Ready

*We would like some information on The Four Preps, recently seen on The Ford Show.*

*S. J. A. and S. F. J., Spokane, Wash.*

While their li'l ol' saucers fly eastward on the wings of Capitol Records, The Four Preps, in person, are busy getting very well known around their Southern California neighborhood. Ever since they met a few years ago at Hollywood High and got off on the harmony kick, they've been on the lookout for all the experience they could get. Private parties, hotel engagements, school dances, have all been valuable grist for the mill of their show-business know-how. Recently, with a singing-comedy act well broken-in, they backed Ricky Nelson for his first high-school performance following his recording contract. The quartet are: Marvin Inabett, 18, tenor, and student at U.C.L.A.; Bruce Belland, 19, lead tenor, also a student at U.C.L.A. (Westwood); Glen Larson, 19, baritone, and page at NBC in Hollywood; Ed Cobb, 18, bass chanter, and Los Angeles City College man. "Dreamy Eyes" is their recent well-known disc, backed by "Fools Will Be Fools."

## Still Raining in Spain

*Could you tell me something about Edward Mulhare, who had the lead in "Eight Feet to Midnight" on CBS-TV's Studio One?*

*G. M., Buffalo, N. Y.*

When Irish-born Edward Mulhare finally got to explain the phonetic niceties of "rain in Spain" to the little Cockney flower-

seller, it was after a long battle waged for his option by "My Fair Lady" producer, Herman Levin. Actors' Equity Association had ruled the tall bachelor would not be allowed to play "Professor Higgins" on Broadway while Rex Harrison vacationed from the role, because he is neither "a U. S. citizen, a Canadian citizen, nor a resident alien." Levin threatened to close the most fabulously successful musical in American history, if Equity would not permit Mulhare to go on. The Association relented when Mulhare was granted the saving grace of "star status" as a result of his TV and movie work, already highly reputed in this country. . . . A native of Dublin, Edward was 19 when he won his first roles at the Cork Opera House. But he went back to school for a while, just to be absolutely certain of his decision. After a fling at medicine, he joined the Dublin Theater Guild and played Bill Walker in "Major Barbara" and Horace Giddens in "The Little Foxes." His first appearance in England was with an ENSA unit in "Rebecca." In 1951, he became the leading man of the Liverpool Repertory Company, where Rex Harrison got his early experience. The same year he was Lodovico in an Olivier production of "Othello." Several important repertory roles followed, after which he was cast in the Israeli film, "Hill 24 Doesn't Answer." Levin auditioned Mulhare in London, and, after the hard-won triumph of Edward's "'enary 'iggins" debut last winter, the producer signed him to take over the role in December for an expected run of three years. On TV, Mulhare has appeared several times in the British-made *Robin Hood* series, carried by CBS-TV, and starred, last spring, in a *Kraft Theater* full-hour



Star status on TV solved Broadway problems for actor Edward Mulhare.

dramatic colorcast and a *Studio One* production, "Eight Feet to Midnight." He has filed, by the way, for his American citizenship and doesn't anticipate further Equity complications.

## Confident

I have just finished reading "Are We Afraid of Our Teen-age Kids?" (August, TV RADIO MIRROR) by Gladys Hall. I don't know when I have read such an interesting article. I have three sons and, though the oldest is just ten now, I think I have learned a great deal through reading this which will help my husband and me to prepare for their "teen-age."

*Mrs. M. M., High Point, N. C.*

In this article, Sam Levenson suggested that parents "unite," as their teen-age children have already done. Judging from the many letters we've received, the parents are taking Sam's advice.

## Calling All Fans

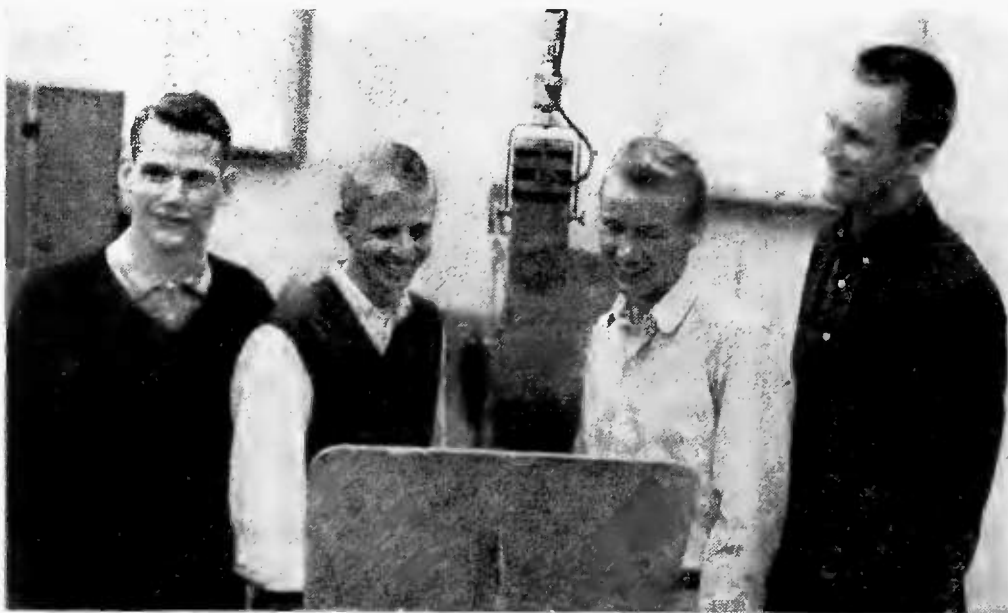
The following fan clubs invite new members. If you are interested, write to address given—not to TV RADIO MIRROR.

*Official John Wilder Fan Club, c/o Alice McCracken, 4931 West 14th St., Indianapolis 24, Indiana.*

*Elvis Presley Fan Club, c/o Rosemary McGlenny, 362 Main St. North, Weston, Ontario.*

*Dinah Shore Fan Club, c/o Kay Daly, Pres., 3528 Greenfield Ave., Los Angeles 34, California.*

**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.



**T** The Four Preps are making records that sell like records are supposed to.  
**V** Left to right, they are Marvin Inabett, Bruce Belland, Glen Larson, Ed Cobb.  
**R**



# WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST

(Continued from page 5)

were in trouble when Dennis announced he would leave the show in mid-August. Well, he did quit, but not before he saved jobs for the Mello-Larks, the other singers and the orchestra. Seems NBC thought no one was watching the show and planned to knife it. Denny started a campaign to pull mail. He brought in 80,000 pieces. Pollsters figure about one out of every 500 viewers will write, but even if you figure it at one out of 100 it showed there were some 8-million viewers. So the show stays on and everyone keeps their job but Dennis, who's replaced by Howard Miller. He quit out of sheer homesickness for his house and friends in New York City. His first new assignment is as TV spokesman for Kellogg on all of their programs.

**With Onions & Relish:** Gisele MacKenzie turned down Broadway offers to give her all to the new TV show. . . . One of Godfrey's prettiest *Talent Scout* finds, Nancy Adams, signing a Decca contract. . . . Actor Paul McGrath (*My Son Jeep*, *Nora Drake*, *FBI In Peace*, etc., "Face in the Crowd," scads more) will be absent from TV and radio for a long time. He's one of two Americans (other, Evelyn Varden) honored to open and star in a new London production. If you get over that way, the play is called, "Roar Like a Dove." . . . TV producer Phil Barry, Jr., is a new father. The mother, actress Patricia Barry, gifted with a girl. . . . Item: We have 42,500,000 TV sets in U.S.A. But radio still holds lead over TV in daytime attention. . . . Speaking of fall, Tin Pan Alley will be foisting on us a new brand of sound called "Rockabilly." This is Hawaiian music with a big beat. . . . But rock 'n' roll hasn't lost its steam. Dig this title featuring Tennessean Jimmy Donley, "Kickin' My Hound Around." Arf! And it's no sillier than some ballads. How about Sunny Gale's new item, "My Arms Are a House." What's that mean, teacher?

**Listen to Harry Silvers:** Quote: I'm Phil's oldest brother, but in all of his life I never saw him like this. You would almost have thought he was the "mother." All the time Evelyn was pregnant he stood by, suffering, considerate and expectant. You know, he's on a tough schedule making the Bilko series, but when he got the eight-week lay-off with the rest of the cast he just stayed home. Sat around in his carpet slippers with Evelyn. No other comedian like that. When the baby was born he made one mistake. He announced she was six pounds. It was six plus eleven ounces, but he didn't know how important ounces are to

a mother. They call the baby Tracey Edith. Tracey is just a name they pulled out of the hat. They both liked it. I know Phil was glad to have a girl. His own life has been tough-going. I'd guess he thinks for a girl life is a little easier. You should see Phil pick the baby up. Every time the baby gets a burp-smile, he says, "See, she knows it's me." The way Phil holds that baby in his arms—I've been his personal manager for seventeen years and never before saw him like this. Unquote.

**Pass the Pepper:** Biggest single smash in summer was the fantastic comedy bit of Sue Carson on Sullivan's show. Ed immediately signed her for six more times this season. . . . And, this summer, Ed became a grandfather for the third time. . . . And a grandfather for the second time is *Big Payoff* host Randy Merriman. . . . Barry Sullivan, star of the new series *Harbourmaster*, has taken on directorial chores for another new TV series, *The Joyce Kilmer Story*. . . . When Eddie Bracken winces into the camera, it's because he's having real bad trouble with a knee. . . . Eddie Fisher (age 28) is being described as a middle-aged Tommy Sands. . . . Envy Carmel Quinn. She has slimmed down from a size 14 to ten. Carmel and spouse Bill Fuller are close friends and neighbors of the Pat Boones and are looking forward to their fall reunion. . . . Actress Joan Tompkins (*This Is Nora Drake*) commuting between New York City and Hollywood, where hubby-actor Carl Swenson is engaged in movies. . . . The thing that would make Julie and Rory LaRosa happiest would be to find themselves a threesome. . . . And doesn't time fugit—Mason Morfitt (Garry Moore's big boy) enters Yale this fall to study journalism.

**Dig Me Deep:** Eydie Gorme actually outgrossed Belafonte at Palmer House in Chicago. And, day by day, more and more people are convinced she will develop into a very great talent, like a Judy Garland. But Eydie will not be contracted exclusively to Steve Allen this season. Wants to move around. . . . Claire Niessen returns to her role of Mary Noble in *Backstage Wife* after an extended vacation in Europe.

**Bergen's Big:** Polly Bergen stunned them with her Helen Morgan opus and has further set 'em back on their heels by proving she meant what she had been saying—the family comes first. No night clubs. She turned down Las Vegas money. No Hollywood. Of eight film roles offered, she is considering only two, for they will be made in Manhattan.

Let me  
tell  
you



You owe it to yourself to give Tampax a trial, this very month . . .

- **Because** it was invented by a doctor for the benefit of *all* women—married or single, active or not!
- **Because** with Tampax® internal sanitary protection, nothing can show and no one can know your secret!
- **Because** Tampax is so *comfortable*—you hardly realize you're wearing it! No chafing pads. No chance of odor forming.
- **Because** Tampax is the last word in *daintiness*. Easy to use, change and dispose of—your fingers *never* need to touch it!
- **Because** it helps you forget about differences in days of the month! Gives you so much *freedom! Poise! Confidence!*

For so many reasons—so important to you—try Tampax. Use Tampax. In Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies, wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Invented by a doctor—  
now used by millions of women

# So you want to be a STAR



What's it like to be on TV? Pauline arrives to find out. Below, with husband Daniel, she meets Garry Moore.



Fittings, rehearsals . . . then tips on TV make-up from Polly Bergen.



She plays scrub-woman on *Love Of Life*, with director Larry Auerbach, Jean McBride.



Now a "celebrity" herself, Pauline meets such VIPs as Ed Sullivan.



*In the supermarket, she was skeptical . . . then Mrs. Pauline McCarthy found out what it's really like to be on TV*

**I**N A LETTER to Garry Moore, a housewife glumly compared her "ordinary, everyday" existence to the round of glamour she imagined belonged to TV stars. The crew-cut humorist answered by sending scouts out to find a typical housewife. They interviewed many women, finally came upon Mrs. Pauline McCarthy in a Cleveland supermarket. When they asked her how she'd like to be a TV performer for a week, she was skeptical. They liked that. They liked, too, the fact that she drove a moderate priced car, that she had her three children well under control, that her husband Daniel was a bricklayer foreman, and that they lived in suburban Middleburg Heights in a home they built themselves. But, when Mrs. McCarthy arrived in New York, she gave Garry a few uneasy moments. At their first meeting, they sat down to "talk"—only she didn't. After a few minutes, though, Mrs. McCarthy had made up her mind in Garry's favor. She leaned over, patted him on the shoulder and said, "You're just like you are on TV." From then on, they were friends. Mrs. McCarthy began her whirl—meetings with celebrities, glamour lunches and dinners, but also fittings, make-up sessions, rehearsals, publicity meetings, conferences and all the roll-up-your-sleeves work that went into appearances on *The Garry Moore Show* and small roles in two daytime dramas, *The Edge Of Night* and *Love Of Life*. Through it all, Mrs. McCarthy was a good sport but, after it all, she was happy to get back to the peace and quiet of a housewife's life.

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





A good sport, say the Moore gang of their Cleveland housewife. Above, l. to r.: Announcer Frank Simms, Garry, Durward Kirby, Pauline, producer Herb Sanford and Ken Carson. But, below, Pauline looks forward to the calm and quiet of home.



Directed by Richard Sandwich (in shirt), Pauline is a counter girl at a hotel cigar stand in *Edge Of Night*.



With columnist Earl Wilson to point out celebrities, Pauline and Daniel McCarthy "do" the swank spots.



# THE LIFE HE LOVES

*The music is lush and listenable as Jay Clark spins it over WAVZ*



Actor Robert Taylor heads the list of Jay's favorite guest interviews. "A gentleman . . . and a man's man," Jay says.



No matter whether it's Satchmo or Stravinsky, music has always been Jay's closest companion.



On the air, Jay programs soft violins, sweet ballads.

**N**EW HAVEN can thank a tough Army sergeant for the lush music that now comes its way courtesy of Jay Clark and Station WAVZ. Looking as smooth as he sounds, Jay presides over a morning music show, from nine till noon each weekday, and then returns for *Dinner Date*, evenings from six to eight. At dawn or dusk, Jay features strings and ballads by such as Mantovani, Les Baxter, Percy Faith, Gordon Jenkins. Saturdays, with the help of listeners who bring him records dating twenty or thirty years back, Jay programs *Old Timers Day*, from nine to noon. "No matter the vintage," he says, "good music should be heard and not forgotten." . . . Yet it all began on a sunny day back in 1945 when, as Jay grins, "Uncle Sam was footing the tab for all three F's—food, footwear and furnishings." Jay, as an unsuspecting Private First Class, accompanied a buddy who hoped to win an audition for an announcer-narrator on an upcoming all-Army radio show in Newport News, Virginia. When the friend developed a severe case of the jitters, a protesting Jay was literally pushed into the studio to substitute. A piece of paper was thrust into his hands and an irate sergeant barked a one-word command: "Read!" "Read I did," Jay laughs, "on and on, for the next twenty weeks on the radio." . . . Twelve years later, Jay is no longer reading. Comments and commercials are ad-libbed. "What continues to amaze me, to this day," he says, "is the fact that I'm able to buy groceries and make my offering to the landlord doing what I've always cared for most, listening to and playing records." . . . When bachelor Jay winds up his musical chores, he makes his way around the golf course—"much to the chagrin of the players behind me," he grins. Sundays, once the weekend papers are out of the way, it's concert time at the Clark residence. "Just recently, my lease was renewed for two more years," he says. "I chalk this up to the fact that my landlord is a music lover. That, or else he is buried under the debris caused by the cannon fire from Tchaikovsky's '1812 Overture.'" . . . Jay dreams of early retirement to Florida—with records, a typewriter and a cranium full of ideas for stories. "Life has been too good to me," says Jay, "to worry or fret, or ever hurry to get anywhere, especially career-wise." No need to hurry—as WAVZ listeners will testify, Jay Clark has arrived.



## goes to the movies

TV favorites on your theater screen

By JANET GRAVES

### The Careless Years

UNITED ARTISTS

Responsible for building many new stars in recent years, TV scores a double play with a touching drama of youthful love. Once a child actor in movies, Dean Stockwell hit the comeback trail in TV plays and filmed series. Natalie Trundy made her TV debut at ten, later did top child roles in important shows. Now seventeen-year-old Natalie and twenty-one-year-old Dean co-star in the story of teenagers whose need for each other drives them to plan elopement. The decision they reach provides thought for all families.

### No Down Payment

20TH, CINEMASCOPE

Usually identified with comedy, Tony Randall does a fine job of serious character portrayal in this close-up of a suburban housing development. And Joanne Woodward, also TV-trained, creates an equally arresting personality. The story is actually an intimate portrait of four young couples, close neighbors whose lives intertwine. Each pair faces individual problems: Tony and Sheree North (also taking time out from comedy); Joanne and Cameron Mitchell; Jeff Hunter and Patricia Owens; Barbara Rush and Pat Hingle. The varied situations finally explode in violence.

### The Pajama Game

WARNERS, WARNERCOLOR

Here's the happiest musical that Doris Day has turned out in a long time. It's packed with lively tunes—the popular "Hey There" and "Hernando's Hideaway" being only two in the rhythmic crowd. For Doris and handsome John Raitt, the labor-management quarrel gets translated into terribly personal terms. As employee and new boss in a pajama factory, Doris and John make the pleasant mistake of falling in love. There's a rowdy second romance between Carol Haney and Eddie Foy, Jr.—expert comics both.

### The Young Don't Cry

COLUMBIA

Familiar faces on your TV screen, young

Sal Mineo and sturdy James Whitmore make an interestingly contrasted pair in an odd but convincing story of the South. Sal is a self-reliant orphan; James, a rebellious convict working in a road gang near the orphanage. Bullies in the group make the boy's life uneasy; the prisoner is plotting escape. On hand, too, is TV grad Roxanne, looking decorative as wife of Gene Lyons, the orphans' benefactor.

### That Night

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL

Stars, producer, plot—all the elements of this quiet yet strong family drama stem from TV. First seen on the home screens, the story centers on John Beal, as a TV-commercial writer. The pressure he works under partly accounts for the heart attack that forces him to face the possibility of death—then a changed life. Augusta Dabney plays his wife; Shepperd Strudwick, his honest, sympathetic doctor. Throughout, the acting and the picture's general handling create a firm sense of reality, increased by the fact that the whole movie was shot in New York, where its events take place.

### At Your Neighborhood Theaters

**Loving You** (Wallis, Paramount; Vista-Vision, Technicolor): Drama-with-music shows off Elvis Presley at his best, as a lonely young drifter boomed into fame in the singing business. Liz Scott, Wendell Corey, Dolores Hart share his fate.

**Sweet Smell of Success** (U.A.): Tony Curtis and Burt Lancaster zestfully play a pair of heels in this bitter, biting New York story. Columnist Burt assigns publicist Tony to break up the new romance of Susan Harrison, Burt's sister.

**Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?** (20th; CinemaScope, DeLuxe Color): Hollywood attacks TV in a roaring farce—all in fun, but not for kiddies. Tony Randall displays his comedy skill as a timid ad man snared by film queen Jayne Mansfield.



Emotion bewilders Dean Stockwell and young sweetheart Natalie Trundy.



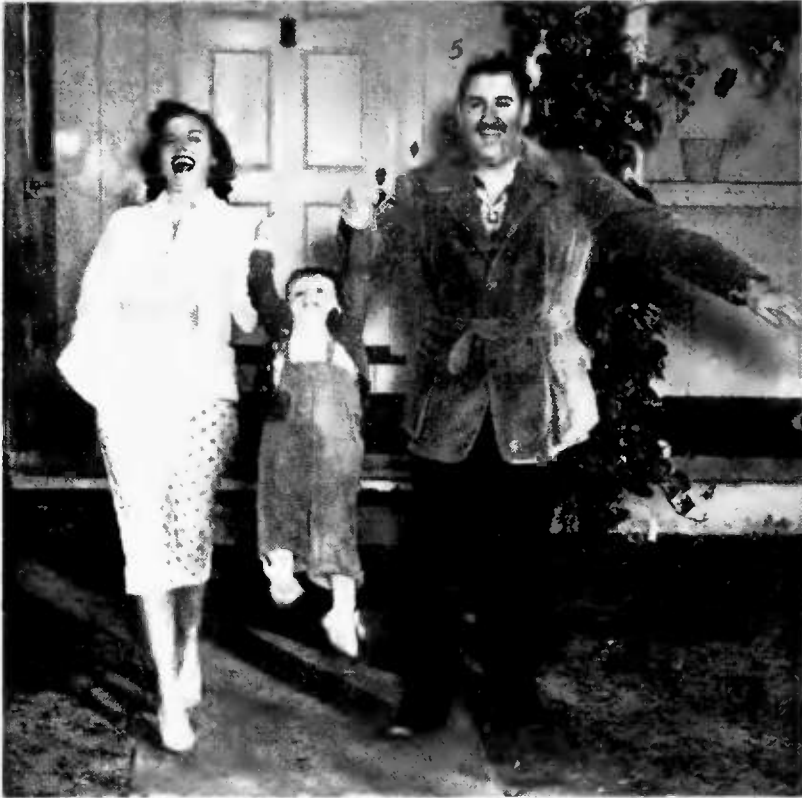
Party quips tossed by Tony Randall amuse Sheree North, Barbara Rush.



After a business fight, Doris Day and John Raitt enjoy reconciliation.

# JUST PAT BUTTRAM

*His homespun humor has its roots  
in the rich Alabama soil*



Laughter was made to share. Pat shares his with Sheila and Kerry—and with a coast-to-coast audience on CBS Radio.



Cute as a bunny, little Kerry was dressed like one to celebrate Easter time with Sheila and Pat.



Student of history, Pat Buttram often draws on the lore of Americana for his homespun whimsy.

**B**ORN Maxwell Emmet Patrick Buttram, the Alabaman claims to be the only man in the world with a pink barbecue . . . and is acclaimed by others as one of the top twenty authorities on the Civil War. More to the point is a dictum from Robert Benchley. "Don't let them label you a comedian," Bob told Pat Buttram. "You are something deeper than that. You are a humorist." You can hear the difference in a whimsy and a fresh-air philosophy that is rooted in the rich Alabama soil and is aired coast-to-coast on *Just Entertainment*. . . . A veteran wit of Western films, stage, night clubs, radio and TV, Pat is one of seven children of the Reverend Wilson McDaniel Buttram, a Methodist circuit-rider who carried the Word throughout Alabama as far as a lean horse and a rickety buggy would travel. With dreams of being a minister like his dad, Pat enrolled as a theology student at Birmingham Southern College. But, while there, he was spotted in a college play and hired by the manager of a local radio station. Still a teenager, Pat became one of the first disc jockeys. . . . Then, visiting Chicago, he dropped in on a broadcast of *National Barn Dance*, where it was a regular practice to interview two or three members of the audience. Pat's comments brought laughter from the audience—and a regular place on the show that he kept for thirteen years. Then Hollywood called and Pat moved into pictures, was featured in the film of "National Barn Dance" and in numerous TV Westerns, notably as Gene Autry's sidekick . . . Married to film actress Sheila Ryan, Pat is at home in a comfortable ranch-style house in Van Nuys, California. The house offers lots of play space for their three-year-old daughter, Kathleen Kerry. There's also a swimming pool, tennis court, and a stable housing one horse and one mule. Inside, the decor is Early American and Pat's favorite room is his study, with the walls covered with Civil War relics, including the Confederate bonds and currency acquired by an optimistic Southern forebear. Here's where Pat Buttram creates *Just Entertainment*, out of the heritage of humor that is his, too.

*Just Entertainment*, heard on CBS Radio, 2:45 P.M., EDT, is sponsored by William Wrigley Jr. Co. for Doublemint Gum.



## THE RECORD PLAYERS

*This space rotates among  
Gene Stuart of WAVZ,  
Art Pallan of KDKA,  
Al Collins of WRCA and NBC  
and Bill Mayer of WRCV*



When Frank Sinatra's selling a song, I'm in a buying mood.



# the Kid from Jersey

By **BILL MAYER**

**R**ECORDING stars may come and go, but there are a few "old timers" who still keep rolling along . . . retaining a high level of popularity . . . periodically coming up with a top disk . . . making new fans every time they cut a new platter. For instance, in my book—and I've been a radio music man for the past fifteen years—no one can replace Mr. Frank Sinatra when it comes to selling a song.

Perhaps my opinion is a bit influenced by the fact that I enjoyed the fun of youth during the era of the big bands and the various singing "specialists" that went with that period of music-making history . . . Skinny Ennis and Bob Allen with Hal Kemp . . . Helen Forrest with James . . . yes, and even Ish Kabibble, Harry Babbitt and Ginny Simms with Kay Kyser, and the Three Kaydets with Sammy Kaye. I remember a thin, gaunt kid hugging a mike and sending millions of teen-age gals into the screaming meemies with "I'll Never Smile Again," "Just as Though You Were Here," etc., etc. And I've had the pleasure of watching this kid from Jersey grow into a singing phenomenon, miss his stride for a while when he hit the peak, then taper off and mature into both an actor and a singer who has carved a unique and exclusive niche for himself.

As an early-ayem disk jockey who plays five hours of music per morning, I must of necessity play all types of music for my audience. And I sincerely enjoy most all categories of music. However, I admit my personal choice in popular melodies is that which is classified as "sweet." Thus, my preference of Sinatra performances is when he is weaving a romantic spell via his vocal pipes. Although when he picks up the beat and sticks with the melody—as in such tunes as "Tender Trap" and "You're Cheating Yourself"—he sure doesn't do himself any harm.

I think you can follow the ups and downs of Sinatra's career via his records. I don't mean in choice of tunes, but in the quality of his voice. In my library there's a short-cut disk featuring Dorsey with Sinatra, called "Poor You." Every time I play this record, I see a youngster, starting to climb but still a bit unsure, performing in his first movie . . . remember? Next was the host of big sellers, "Smile" and so on, when the boy was enjoying the popularity and idolatry that comes with success. Then came the gap, when it seemed Sinatra was either fading or, of his own choice, giving up vocalizing for a film career. When he once more took on recording chores, Sinatra was making head-

lines, and not very pleasant headlines. His personal life was hitting a snag and the press was riding him hard. The records he cut at this time had an element of "so what" about them. He kicked around the melody, ad-libbed the lyrics, and the sincerity of the Sinatra voice was missing. Somewhere along the line, the boy grew up and became a man aware of his talents and his responsibilities as the possessor of these talents. What happened? He cut "Young at Heart" and he was really off to the races again as a top pop singer.

What makes a Sinatra stay up there while hundreds of other hopefuls are hit-and-run victims of fame and fortune? Who can really tell? The come-and-go-ers receive as much, if not more, big play today, via the thousands of disk jockey programs throughout the country, as Sinatra. That powerful monster known as TV affords today's aspirant an outlet never available to the Sinatras in their heyday. So what's the answer? I certainly don't know. But I do know this: Throughout the years I have played and plugged a host of "hot" vocalists. After a few months, most of these records go on the discard pile while the Sinatra file just grows bigger and bigger. And, for my choice, just let it grow and grow!

(Continued from page 7)

# NEW! Clearasil Lotion Medication



Doctors' Scientific Formula

## 'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED . . . hides pimples while it works

CLEARASIL is the new-type medication especially for pimples. Clinical tests prove it really works. And now you can get CLEARASIL as a smooth, soothing lotion in handy squeeze-bottle! In Tube or Lotion, CLEARASIL gives you the medications prescribed by leading skin specialists . . . works in a way no so-called "medicated" cosmetic or skin-cream can!

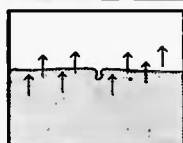
### How Clearasil Works Fast:



1. **Penetrates pimples** . . . 'keratolytic' action softens, dissolves affected skin tissue so medications can penetrate . . . encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin!



2. **Stops bacteria** . . . antiseptic action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spread pimples . . . helps prevent further pimple outbreaks!



3. **'Starves' pimples** . . . oil-absorbing action 'starves' pimples . . . dries up and helps remove excess oil that 'feeds' pimples . . . works fast to clear up pimples!

Also, the penetrating medical action you get with CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they 'float' out with normal washing. And CLEARASIL works at the source of the blackhead problem by drying up

excess skin oil which may clog pores. Skin-colored CLEARASIL blends with any complexion, hides pimples and blackheads amazingly while it works! It's greaseless and stainless, pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

**Proved by Skin Specialists . . . Guaranteed!** In clinical tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases of pimples were completely cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (either Lotion or Tube). It's guaranteed to work for you or money back! Economical, long-lasting Lotion squeeze-bottle, only \$1.25 (no fed. tax) or Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Get CLEARASIL at all drug counters.



**Largest-Selling  
Pimple Medication  
In America  
(Including Canada)**



**Clearasil**  
guaranteed medicine for internal application to  
PIMPLES and ACNE

**Private Audience:** When the Red Skeltons, with their nine-year-old son Richard, a leukemia sufferer, arrived in Rome on their round-the-world tour, Pope Pius XII ignored protocol to grant them a fifty-minute private audience. The Skeltons are Protestant but Richard, a student at a Catholic school where his favorite subjects were history and geography, had once expressed an ambition to become a priest. Red and Georgia Skelton wept as the 82-year-old Pope invited their son to sit next to him. "From this hour on, it will be a holy hour for you," the Pope told him. "From now on, you shall live for Eternity." Said Richard after the meeting, "I felt good."

**That's My Pop:** Handsome Guy Williams, Zorro star, has confused his 4-year-old son, Steve, with talk of his new acting assignment. Steve now calls his dad, "Zorro Daddy." Still not too impressed by Zorro, Steve inquisitively tried to find just exactly what his dad did. It was only when he was told that Guy worked side by side with such Disney stalwarts as Jimmie Dodd and the Mouseketeers that he was finally impressed. . . . There's an engineer on the ABC-TV Lawrence Welk Show named Marvin Jacobs. His wife is a truly devoted fan. One Saturday, Marv brought Aladdin home for lunch. Soon, word of Marv's wife's cooking reached the ears of other band-members and now, every Saturday, Mrs. Jacobs shops for at least a dozen. All gratis. Such is the devotion of the Welk fans for members of the band.

**Love Their Work:** Dinah Shore wanted to see Europe. General Motors put a Chevrolet at her disposal on the Continent. Husband George Montgomery gave her a camera. In Paris, Rome and London, Dinah will shoot pictures. Next season you will see Dinah's vacation in Europe. That's right, they'll be part of the Chevrolet commercials. . . . Eve Arden and her husband, Brooks West, will erect a small summer-stock theater on their Hidden Valley property. It will be a weekend theater for professionals, playing to almost a closed-circuit audience. The main idea is to give the old pros a chance to vent their secret ambitions, such as singers to dance, dancers to act, actors to sing. . . . Gunsmoke's Jim Arness has always wanted to sing. Roulette Records signed him to do a series of Western and pop ballads. But Wyatt Earp, (Hugh O'Brian) who has already recorded an album for Am-Par, beat him to the draw. Now big Jim isn't so sure he wants to do the songs because he wouldn't want to be accused of 'copying.' That's the way the ol' roulette wheel goes round.



# PAY-TV:

## WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO YOU?

By HELEN CAMBRIA BOLSTAD

**W**HAT IS this pay-TV hassle all about? Who started it? What will it do for you—or to you? Will pay-TV—as its supporters claim—herald “the dawn of a new day in TV programs”? Or—as its opponents assert—will it destroy the present no-charge system and divide the nation into those who can afford to see a show and those who can't?

The issue, long controversial and confusing, became crucial in June when the Federal Communications Commission stated it had the power to authorize subscription television and called for new briefs which would spell out in detail the conditions under which extensive field trials could be held to determine its acceptance or rejection by the public.

Proponents of pay-TV—Zenith Radio Corporation, which owns Phonevision; Skiatron, which has Scriber-Vision; and Paramount, which has Telemeter—hailed this as a victory. Pay-TV is inevitable, they claim.

Opponents—the National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters, theater owners and others—object even to the tests. Bills have been introduced in Congress to prevent them. Senator Strom Thurmond (D., S.C.) has stated, “Permitting pay television to be used generally would be the same as having the Congress impose a new tax on the people of this country.”

The convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs also became a battleground for the issue and the ladies passed a resolution which was so intricately phrased that both sides claimed endorsement. The chairman of the Federation's Communications Committee, however, interpreted it as giving her a clear mandate to campaign against pay-TV.

Where do you stand? As a member of the American viewing public, you have a right to an opinion. Your investment in television exceeds that of all the stations and networks. You have spent some fifteen billion dollars to buy the sets which now bring entertainment into your living rooms without charge. You also own the air over which the signal is transmitted. The Federal Communications Commission is your means of regulating its use.

Your opinion counts, for what you decide now may well determine how much use your TV set will be to you five years hence—and what it will cost you to use it. To find your answers, since you have the highest stake in this matter, you might just as well start where both the broadcasters and the toll-TV advocates do, and pick up a hand in the big numbers game.

The big numbers game provides the most intriguing coffee-break conversation in broadcasting today. It is based on the old American folk-phrase, “I wish I had a dollar every time someone . . .” Complete that sentence with the words, “turns on a TV set,” and you deal in dazzling digits. The population of the United States is now 171 million. About 40 million TV sets are in use. Next, consider how many hours approximately 500 stations are on the air. Mix them together and you can come up with a collection of dollar signs which has intoxicated many an imagination.

There are two ways to play the big numbers game. The advertising men play it by long division and call it “cost per thousand.” The guy with the lowest number wins. The pay-TVers, in contrast, aim high and use multiplication signs to pyramid potential wealth.

Here's an extremely simplified illustration of the way it works: The “cost-per-thousand” figure comes from *The Billboard*, which each week indexes the Top Twenty shows. This show-business newspaper defines it as: “The sponsor's cost of reaching 1,000 TV homes per minute of commercials.” To secure the figure, they divide the show's total program and net time-cost by the number of homes which the American Research Bureau reports were tuned in. Thus, during a given week toward the close of last season, it cost the sponsor, Dodge Motors, 96 cents per commercial minute to put *The Lawrence Welk Show* into a thousand homes. Revlon's figure for *The \$64,000 Question* was \$1.67; Lincoln-Mercury's, for *The Ed Sullivan Show*, was \$1.78 per thousand.

It takes another transaction to produce the actual revenue. The sponsor gambles he will sell enough merchandise in those homes to (Continued on page 61)

# Forecast



Robert Horton in *Wagon Train*



Walter O'Keefe of *Nightline*

**P**IONEER of "spectaculars" on TV and "continuous programming" on radio, NBC offers even more this season. *Monitor* fills the air with news and novelties on weekends, *Nightline* has taken over all the other evenings, expects to blanket the "prime" hours in each. That will be just fine with listeners, who can never get enough of Walter O'Keefe, the Hartford, Conn., boy who made good on Broadway and is tickled neon-pink to be back on Times Square. . . . For top TV specials, watch for *Texaco Command Appearance* (Sept. 19), in cooperation with the American Theater Wing—Standard Oil's big variety show (Oct. 13)—*General Motors Jubilee Of American Music* (Nov. 17)—"Annie Get Your Gun" (Nov. 27). Latter brings back beloved Mary Martin, pictured below with husband Richard Halliday and daughter Heller. And note that "Pinocchio" (Oct. 13) will star Mickey Rooney on both TV and radio. Most NBC specials will be in color, and so will many regular TV shows. . . . Perry Como not only returns to his Saturday show (Sept. 14), but may also do a couple of special musicals. Dinah Shore gives up her midweek song program to make more full-hour appearances on *The Chevy Show* (Oct. 20), which becomes a Sunday regular and will "rotate" other stars—possibly including Ginger Rogers. Bob Hope will do six shows for Timex, irregularly scheduled, using some material he's collected in Europe. First will feature a Casablanca locale (Oct. 6). . . . Under

strictly separate contracts, Jerry Lewis will do at least six shows (first, Nov. 4), Dean Martin's apparently set to sing every other Saturday night—with Polly Bergen being mentioned as the alternating star (Sept. 21). Rosemary Clooney will probably headline the big variety show (Sept. 26) replacing *Lux Video Theater* for the same sponsor. . . . There'll still be plenty of drama on TV. Shifting overnight from Sundays, *Alcoa-Good-year Anthology* (Sept. 30) takes over part of the Monday time left vacant by Bob Montgomery. Loretta Young comes back to her Sunday series (Oct. 6), but Jane Wyman will start a new run on Thursdays, in half of the old *Video Theater* time. Her summer replacement, *Meet McGraw*, is expected to be permanent. So is *Manhunt*, which replaced *The Big Story*. . . . Newcomers in the adventure field include: *Wagon Train* (Sept. 11), with veteran actor Ward Bond and Robert Horton, the U.C.L.A. drama-school grad who may become this year's Western idol—*Restless Gun* (Sept. 23), with film star John Payne in a role made famous on radio by Jimmy Stewart—*The Californians* (Sept. 24), about San Francisco at the turn of the century—*Suspicion* (Sept. 30), a full hour of mystery by masters of the suspenseful art. The lighter side of crime detection will be taken care of by Peter Lawford and Phyllis Kirk as Nick and Nora Charles of *The Thin Man* (Sept. 20). The serious side will be represented by *Court Of Last Resort* (Oct. 4), based on real cases

Mary Martin, Richard Halliday and Heller Halliday



# t for FALL



Eddie Fisher and George Gobel



Charles and Geraldine Van Doren

with Lyle Bettger as chief investigator. . . . Radio drama settled down to a new daytime pattern on NBC this summer, when the ever-popular *One Man's Family* left its night-time spot to join a strong afternoon line-up of continued stories. There'll be a similar boost to the morning schedule next month, when *My True Story* moves to NBC Radio; same time, new stations, beginning early in October. . . . *Caesar's Hour* has struck, but Sid may be back on NBC-TV—and reunited with Imogene Coca, if present plans materialize! A big new Tuesday-night hour (Sept. 24) combines the humorous talents of George Gobel and vocal magic of Eddie Fisher. Both will appear each week, but alternate as host and guest star. . . . There's been no further schedule talk of *Follow That Man*, the Milton Berle series. (Everybody likes what they've seen—till they look at the price tag. But Miltie, cleaning up in the clubs, is feeling no pinch in the pocketbook.) *Washington Square* is now a historic memory; Ray Bolger's probably doing a Broadway musical. Ernie Kovacs just wants to free-lance between movies; says it's fun to relax and let Edie Adams bring home the bacon from "Li'l Abner." . . . Compensat-

ing for the absence of such independent males is the welcome return of both Joan Caulfield and Marion Lorne in *Sally* (Sept. 22), with Joan as traveling companion to a giddy matron played by Wally Cox's former pal. . . . Charles Van Doren, hero of *Twenty-One*, becomes special commentator for *Wide Wide World* (Sept. 15). It's been quite a year for the Columbia professor's entire family! His brother John—also a college instructor—made his TV debut as a *High-Low* panelist. Their famous father, Mark Van Doren, took part in a summer series on NBC Radio's *The Eternal Light*. And Geraldine, the pretty girl who first urged Charles into the quiz game, is now a Van Doren, too—they're pictured at right on wedding trip! . . . *Wide Wide World* will be seen at least twice a month, with *Omnibus* alternating (as of Oct. 20). Both 90-minute programs will occasionally relinquish their Sunday-afternoon spot for specials. Tennessee Ernie Ford, returning to *The Ford Show* (Sept. 19), has given up his daytime stint, with *Bride And Groom* expected to be permanent replacement. Meanwhile, it's a homecoming for *The Bob Cummings Show* (Sept. 24), back on the net where it made its TV debut.



Joan Caulfield—alias "Sally"



# Forecast



Stan Freberg and Peggy Taylor



Richard Boone with Western gun

**T**HERE'S new menu magic at CBS, where variety has always been the spice and comedy a basic ingredient. Radio started serving its new dishes before Labor Day, though times may change as old favorites return to familiar spots. Big new singer is the guitar-swinging lad who came out of Kirksville, Mo., to head *The Rusty Draper Show*. Raves also greeted the offbeat humor of Stan Freberg, melodiously supported on his own program by Peggy Taylor. The long-awaited returns of Bing Crosby and Rosemary Clooney make welcome headlines, too. . . . They all join such master chefs of music and humor as Amos 'n' Andy and Robert Q. Lewis. But the real stop-press flash is Arthur Godfrey, adding to his daily radio schedule with a late-afternoon stanza for Ford (Sept. 16)! . . . There's plenty of news on TV, of course, though dates are less definite because so many summer replacements continue into September and even October. *Hey, Jeannie!* is gone, her place being taken this fall by a rugged Westerner, *Have Gun—Will Travel*, in which Richard Boone (a descendant of Dan'l) drops his familiar scalpel for a six-shooter. *Harbourmaster*, a new seafarer starring Barry Sullivan, replaces Bob Cummings (moving to another net). *Trackdown*, a Western series, takes over for *West Point*. The eagerly-awaited *Perry Mason* (see story, this issue) becomes a Saturday-night regular—but the oft-promised Gary Cooper series is now a project for 1958. . . . No one will want to miss the debut of *Du Pont Show Of The Month* (Sept. 29). Stars of "Crescendo," its first 90-minute extravaganza in color, are the extravagantly talented Ethel Merman

and Rex Harrison—Broadway's "Professor 'Iggins," who just married his own fair lady, Kay Kendall, this summer. . . . *The Seven Lively Arts* (Nov. 17), emceed by TV-radio critic John Crosby, opens its hour-long Sunday series with "The Ways of Love." Also scheduled for a November debut is *High Adventure With Lowell Thomas*, which will preempt other shows at various times to present 60-minute sagas of travel with the noted explorer-reporter. . . . No dates or plans have been announced for versatile Mickey Rooney, pending completion of his one-shot on another net. But subjects are already being lined up for a unique documentary called *The Twentieth Century*. First topic for the latter, which replaces *You Are There* for same sponsor, will be that great man-of-our-times, Sir Winston Churchill (Oct. 20). The similarly named *20th Century-Fox Hour* departs, with *Armstrong Circle Theater* moving from another net to alternate with *The United States Steel Hour* early in October. . . . There's been quite a re-shuffle for CBS-TV's famed comedy kings and queens. Jackie Gleason has given up his big variety show to go golfing or make mood music for more albums—he can afford time off, having sold *The Honeymooners* for a figure 'round the million mark (the-39 films will be re-sold for local-station viewing). Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz have stopped making further *I Love Lucy* films, and *The Danny Thomas Show* moves into their Monday slot. But Lucille and Desi will do five big variety hours for Ford during the coming season—and *Lucy* re-runs will be seen on Wednesdays (Sept. 30). . . .

"Crescendo's" Rex Harrison and bride Kay Kendall



cbs

# tfor FALL



The Eve Arden Show—with Allyn Joslyn

The Eve Arden Show, with Allyn Joslyn, will see America's favorite schoolteacher in a new guise, as a traveling lady lecturer (based on Emily Kimbrough's book, "It Gives Me Great Pleasure"). But *Our Miss Brooks* lives on—not only in TV reruns, but the continuing series on CBS Radio. Jack Benny comes back on radio, too. The Waukegan wonder's TV series (Sept. 15) will have a new alternate in place of *Private Secretary*—a brand-new situation comedy (Sept. 22) variously referred to as *Bachelor Father* and *Uncle Bentley*, but quite definitely starring John Forsythe, TV's own matinee idol from Penns Grove, N. J. Other situation-comedy newcomers include *Dick And The Duchess*, starring Patrick O'Neal and Hazel Court against an international background, and *Wally And*

*The Beaver*, which teams Paul Sullivan, 12, and Jerry Mather, 8. . . . For Patti Page, this is the year of years. First, her marriage to Charles O'Curran; then, a delayed but glorious honeymoon in Europe; now, stardom in one of CBS-TV's most cherished projects. On the premiere of *The Big Record* (Sept. 18), she'll be hostess to headliners ranging from Sal Mineo to Eddie Cantor—with David Wayne and Ella Logan teaming up, for the first time on TV, to sing the songs they made famous in "Finian's Rainbow." . . . Another must-see will be the teaming of Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra for one big splash (Oct. 13)—Bing Crosby will do the show "live," for the greater glory of his alma mater, Gonzaga U. Meanwhile, Bob Crosby has relinquished his daytime show, in hopes of a night-time spot.



Patti Page, Charles O'Curran



John Forsythe in new comedy

cbs

# Forecast



Guy Mitchell and his bride, Else



Kathy Nolan—"Real McCoy"



James Garner in *Maverick*

TELEVISION history has been made by ABC, with its trail-blazing programs for children and the mighty Westerns which created new matinee idols. Walt Disney's *Mickey Mouse Club* and *Disneyland* are now "musts" in any household containing small fry—and it was the latter series which put coonskin caps on young America, thanks to Fess Parker's lusty portrayal of Davy Crockett. Clint Walker, as *Cheyenne*, Hugh O'Brian, as *Wyatt Earp*, increased the roster of he-man heroes—and you can be sure there'll be more Western stars in the galaxy, this coming season. . . . But ABC is also long famous for its music, from Metropolitan Opera to Lawrence Welk. The TV net's biggest of all fall plans are built around top singers. Judging from the line-up, this should surely be music for all the family, too—because families mean so much in the personal lives of these stars themselves. . . . Guy Mitchell—who was born Al Cernick in Detroit, and who will have his own live show (Oct. 7)—is understandably proud of his beautiful Danish-born bride, Else. Pat Boone, whose big show will be on Thursday nights (Oct. 3), is married to Red Foley's daughter Shirley. They're devoted to their youngsters, Cherry, Lindy, Debby, and are now expecting a fourth addition to the family. . . . Patrice Munsel—first Metropolitan Opera star to head her own regular TV series (Oct. 18)—is prouder of her husband, Robert Schuler, and their babies, Heidi and Rhett, than of the brilliant high notes which have made her internationally famous since leaving her native Spokane. Her new show, which promises to be more "pop" than classical, immediately precedes the spectacular series (also premiering Oct. 18) which stars Frank Sinatra—whose marital fortunes haven't been anything to write home about, but who expects to have the three children of his first marriage guest-appearing on the new program, which will combine music and drama, live and on film. . . . Getting back to those new Westerns, *Maverick* (Sept. 22) will bring us tall, dark and handsome James Garner, Korean War veteran from Norman, Okla. *Sugarfoot* (Sept. 17)—replacing *Conflict* on alternate weeks with *Cheyenne*—stars blue-eyed, sandy-haired Will Hutchins, a "Will Rogers" type born right in Los Angeles. *Zorro* (Oct. 3) naturally headlines a fascinating Latin hero—Guy Williams, who started life as Armando Catalano, back in New York. . . . Western in locale but humorous in type will be *The Real McCoys* (Oct 3), starring great character actor Walter Brennan with Kathy Nolan—the green-eyed, red-haired beauty from St. Louis who



# t for FALL



Patrice Munsel and her family

played Wendy to Mary Martin's unforgettable Peter Pan. No casting reports, at this writing, on Wednesday night's *Tombstone Territory* (Oct. 16) and Friday's *Colt .45* (Oct. 18). But *O.S.S.* (Sept. 26) will have Ron Randell as the dashing hero involved in mystery and intrigue. . . . Adventure, big-city style, is the keynote of *The Walter Winchell File* (Oct. 2), presenting the rapid-fire columnist as host-actor-narrator for dramatized news stories of the kind so familiar to him, from his long coverage of the bright and seamy sides of Broadway. For theatrical fireworks, be sure to watch *Telephone Time* during October, when an offbeat story will co-star Ethel Barrymore and Billie Burke, for the first time in their distinguished careers! . . . And, if your youngsters have been missing some of their favorites—*Superman*, *Wild Bill Hickok*, *Sir Lancelot*, *Woody Woodpecker*, *The Buccaneers*—just dial ABC week-day afternoons, beginning the very first week in October. Meanwhile, *Circus Boy* (Sept. 19) will have moved in to stay on Thursday evenings. . . . Radiowise, there are great plans in the making at the American Broadcasting Network. No more day-time drama, but fresh formats for sparkling new personalities—so keep listening for latest announcements.



The Walter Winchell File



Pat Boone and his four favorite girls

abc

# Who could ever be lonely?



Gisele has always cherished those precious moments alone in her New York apartment—the first home of her own she's had, since leaving her native Canada.

Jack Benny, master showman, believed in Gisele's star talents, is responsible for her big new program.



Plenty of dates, both personal and professional. Out in California for her show, this nature-lover's also looking forward to an outdoor life in the sun.

By GLADYS HALL

**W**HAT A YEAR this has been for Gisele MacKenzie! A year of changes, of new experiences and adventures. Just about the only thing Gisele *hasn't* done, in these crowded months, is to fall in love and get married—the dark, dynamic singing star has had much too much on her mind for that, as the magic hour drew nearer and nearer for the debut of *The Gisele MacKenzie Show*, September 28, at 9:30 P.M. EDT, over NBC-TV.

"It's one thing," Gisele points out, "to be one of four singing stars on *Your Hit Parade*, as I was until last June. It's quite another thing to be the star of your own show. The very first show of your own you've ever had. And scheduled for Saturday night, too, the night when so many TV Bigs are seen and heard! It's a terrible responsibility, rather frightening—and altogether wonderful."

For this delightfully pulse-stirring development, Miss MacKenzie and her fans have a certain fellow fiddler to thank, Mr. Jack Benny by name. Ever since they first worked together, some three years ago, Jack has felt that Gisele should have a specially (Continued on page 66)

*The Gisele MacKenzie Show* is scheduled to be seen on NBC-TV, Saturdays (beg. Sept. 28), 9:30 to 10 P.M. EDT, sponsored alternately by Scott Paper Co. and Schick Razors.





*This has been Gisele MacKenzie's Big Year.  
New show, new trips, new plans. Everything  
except love and marriage—but, as Gisele says . . .*



Canine pals Wolfie and Bruna know they'll be with her wherever she goes, aren't a bit afraid to see her pack up.



Gisele thinks every woman should have time alone with her thoughts each day—preferably relaxed in a rocking chair!





# Young Woman of TODAY



Helen O'Connell kept a date with destiny—and met the man who made her happy home complete

By FRANCES KISH

ON THE twelfth day of last April, when Helen O'Connell kept a lunch date with two of her *Today* co-workers, she had not the slightest premonition that she was also keeping a date with destiny. She would have laughed her mellow ripple of a laugh, now so happily familiar to her early morning viewer-listeners, at such an awesome idea. Her hazel eyes would have crinkled characteristically until only the fringe of dark lashes could be seen, and her dimples would have danced with amusement and disbelief.

Wasn't this simply another lunch, after a busy morning of last-minute briefings and what passes for rehearsals on a spontaneous show like *Today*—of going on the air as singer and featured cast member, and after that of sitting in at the usual conference about next day's show? Wasn't this just the usual Monday-through-Friday kind of routine, and the usual break for lunch with a friend or two?

The fact is, it wasn't. This day she was to meet a deeply tanned six-foot ex-soldier of Greek descent by name of Tom T. Chamales (pronounced Sha-moll-ess), author of "Never So Few," a first book, a war novel of such power that it immediately swept into all the best-seller lists. And, four weeks later, on the ninth day of May, she was to marry him—to the great delight of her three young daughters, Jackie, Joannie and Jennie, aged 13, 10 and 9.

Helen was seated this day, with the two other girls from the show, in a corner of Toots Shor's restaurant, close to the studio from which *Today* is broadcast. Tom and another man, a friend of Helen's, came into the room. The friend brought (Continued on page 82)

*Today* is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, from 7 to 10 A.M. EDT. Helen has also had her own singing show on NBC-TV, Wed. and Fri., at 7:30 P.M., during the summer months.



Helen's girls—Jennie, 9; Joannie, 10; Jackie, 13—are fascinated by the family's newest member, too. They coaxed writer Tom Chamales into proposing to Helen all over again for their benefit—five times, on bended knee!

Tom admires the girls as distinct individuals: "Each has something of Helen, some of her traits, but none has all of them." And Helen's grateful to Joyce Mayo, the "stand-in" for a busy wife and mother who goes to work about five A.M.







# Jan Davis:

## TALENT SCOUT



Ann Leonardo, 19, of Fresno, California, duets with the nicest *Talent Scout* of all. Like Jan, she studied music early. Like many another contestant, she also appeared on Godfrey's morning show—and a thrilling new career began.

Danny Costello seconds Ann's notion that no one could be more helpful than Jan. The *Talent Scouts* winner, his wife Mary and two small sons make their home in Jersey City, where he was born and reared among opera-loving Italians.

The saga of six exciting "discoveries" reads like a letter of thanks to the bright little songbird—and to that fabulous redhead, Arthur Godfrey

By MARTIN COHEN

WHEN Arthur Godfrey and Jan Davis read this piece, they will be delightfully surprised. In the past year, Arthur has said repeatedly that the big incentive for continuing his TV programming is the thrill and satisfaction in discovering new, young talent. Now, Arthur is going to find out what the young talent think about Arthur Godfrey—and what they have to say about the pretty gal he appointed producer of *Talent Scouts*, Janette Davis.

To make it clear, Janette Davis, producer, is the same decorative redhead who sings so well herself, on both TV and radio. It is an exception for a woman to be a performer on one network show and the producer of another, but then, Jan is an exceptional woman. She began to sing before she could talk and, from the time she was a toddler, sang at church meetings and school

**Continued** →





Anita Bryant, 17, is one young singer who has special reason to be grateful that Jan remembers her own early struggles, tries to make it easier for out-of-towners to audition for *Talent Scouts*.



New York—whether window-shopping or snatching a coffee-break at Colbee's, near CBS—is not quite real to Anita, who was born in Bornesdole, TV-debuted in Oklahoma City, now lives in Tulso



## Jan Davis: TALENT SCOUT

(Continued)



Miyoshi Umeki, 22, has come for from Hokkoido via TV, records, films. She still performs in Japanese costume—but odores "American" pizza.

functions in Humphrey and Pine Bluff, Arkansas. At fourteen, she had her first radio contract singing and playing piano over a Memphis station. Jan's professional activities, from fourteen on, included much radio work ("some of it for plain experience") and a lot of club work. She sang with such bands as Joe Reichman's. She starred on radio shows out of Shreveport and Cincinnati and Chicago. She had her own network series before Arthur asked to have her on his new network program when he joined CBS.

"But, for years, I've had this yen to work with new talent," Jan says. "New, young talent helps to make the Godfrey show exciting. But, in a personal sense, too, it is a very exciting and satisfying experience to work with the newcomers."

Since Jan took over (Continued on page 63)



Tommy Common, 24, is the youthful pride of Canada—a title which he and his wife Doreen would more quickly bestow on son Jamie, at home in their native Toronto.



Talent Scouts gets the special blessing of Tommy and Doreen. "The public should know what a wonderful, hard-working person Janette Davis is," Tommy will tell you.



Steve Karmen, 19, is a native New Yorker, blond, and a bachelor. Jan suggested that he keep his guitar with him on the program, for confidence. "But mostly," says Steve, "it was her manner that made me feel at ease."



*Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* is seen on CBS-TV, Mon., 8:30 P.M., for Thomas J. Lipton, Inc., and The Toni Company. *Arthur Godfrey Time* is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 10 A.M., and seen on CBS-TV, M-Th, 10:30 A.M., under multiple sponsorship. (EJDT)



# Truth—and Its Consequences



Truth Or Consequences and its audiences are pure delight to Bob, who says, "When it goes well, I'm flying!"

*Bob Barker's success story verifies the enduring values of hard work and honest interest in his fellowman*

By GORDON BUDGE

TALL, HANDSOME Bob Barker, new emcee of *Truth Or Consequences*, has a smile as fresh and bright as one of the quick-current trout streams sparkling through the Washington north woods where he was born. On the surface, he has a jolly, devil-may-care personality which perfectly fits the laugh-a-second situations spawned on *T Or C*. But underneath the laughter is a serious, hard-working young man with an intense desire to give his very best to the audience he feels is responsible for his success. And, after eleven years in *(Continued on page 68)*

Bob emcees *Truth Or Consequences*, seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 11:30 A.M. EDT, and heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 10:05 A.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.

Bob, DJ, and Ralph Edwards—the show's creator—in *Truth Or Consequences*, N.M.

At home, Bob and DJ (Dorothy Jo) each have own cooking specialties.

1944: Just commissioned in Navy, just wed to his DJ for three days.







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Seven pussycats share the small apartment where a young idealist studies hard, makes her plans, builds her dreams.

## “THE BEST I CAN BE”

*Norma Moore, of The Secret Storm,  
has clear ideas of what she wants—  
and the prices to be paid for them*

**By MARY TEMPLE**

**S**OONER OR LATER, every woman learns that being an idealist about love, about life, about one's work—whether it's homemaking or a career—has its price. For Norma Moore, who is Susan Ames in the CBS-TV daytime drama, *The Secret Storm*, this kind of integrity may be costly, but she is determined to protect it, nevertheless.

Youthful as a teenager—born February 20, little more than twenty years ago . . . lovely to look at—auburn-brown hair that curls, blue-gray eyes that pay you the compliment of *(Continued on page 72)*

Busy with her career, Norma still finds time for dating—mostly with actors, though she isn't planning to marry one.



Norma feels she understands the heart problems of Susan, daughter of Peter Ames (Peter Hobbs, above), in *The Secret Storm*—but hasn't fallen in love yet.

*The Secret Storm* is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 4:15 P. M. EDT, sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway.







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# JACK OF HEARTS



*Too young for marriage—at 19? But later this year, Linkletter's eldest son will be 20 . . . with Art's and Lois's wisdom—and Barbara's love . . .*

By FREDDA BALLING

**F**OUR YEARS AGO, Jack Linkletter, aged sixteen, descended from the stratosphere, flew into the living room where his parents were reading one peaceful Saturday night, and announced: "I've met her! Just as you always predicted, when it hit, I knew what it was. Love. This is the girl I'm going to marry."

Art and Lois Linkletter glanced up from script and newspaper and gave Jack their full but unalarmed attention. Coming to a safe landing on the sofa, Jack supplemented his original report. "This'll kill you: We're in the same math class at school, but somehow I never noticed her until I danced with her at the party tonight. Man, she's neat. There goes that bachelor apartment I always planned to furnish."

Art asked the name of the divine one's father

These are "fun" days for Jack and his charming fiancée, Barbara Hughes. But both are serious in facing the responsibilities that lie ahead of them.

Together on *House Party*: Art's proud his eldest son has chosen the same profession. But Jack had to remind him that he's only following in father's footsteps, too, wanting to marry so early!

Art Linkletter's *House Party* is on the air Monday thru Friday—on CBS-TV, 2:30 P.M., sponsored by Pillsbury Mills, Kellogg Company, Lever Brothers, Campbell's Soups, Swift & Co., Simoniz, Standard Brands—on CBS Radio, 3 P.M., sponsored by Pharma Craft, Lever, Standard Brands, Swift, Simoniz, A. E. Staley, Sweetose, Sleep-Eze. Art also emcees *People Are Funny*—on NBC-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M.—NBC Radio, Wed., 8:05 P.M. (All EDT)





Jack was attending U.S.C., Barbara at U.C.L.A., when they met. Both will continue their studies after the wedding this December. They've already taken a marriage course, learning to handle those minor grievances which can count so much. (Barbara's tardiness, Jack's carelessness in losing things).

and where the family lived. Having elicited that concrete information, he said, "I've heard of those people—they're substantial." And went back to his reading. "They'd *have* to be, to have parented a girl like the future Mrs. Jack Linkletter," sighed Jack, soaring out of the room and up the stairs.

Seven weeks later, Jack limped home one October afternoon, slightly damaged by football scrimmage, and propelled himself to his private phone. A date arranged—even if the girl had to wheel him in an invalid's chair—he dragged his contusions to the dinner table and beamed. "This is it—love," he said, a pair of shiners only adding to the glow of his eyes. "We're going to a movie tomorrow night—whether I can see anything or not. She's a livin'

doll." Art and Lois smiled as they passed the salt.

Ten weeks later, there was a new goddess—a blonde. Five months later, a redhead with freckles and a tendency to giggle. Eight months later, a beautiful starlet. These transient romances had one quality in common with true love: They did not always run smoothly.

Taking up his quandaries with his father, as usual, Jack said uncomfortably one Sunday morning, "I could be wrong, but I thought last night that I was being conned . . . well, this is a corny thing to say, but . . . see, I don't want to be unfair . . ."

"Dialogue like that will never earn you an Emmy," observed Jack's father, grinning. Then, in swift, concise sentences, Jack explained that (Continued on page 70)







The very house he wanted, the big family he hoped for: Dick and Pat—expecting another baby soon—pose at left with sons James and Nels (foreground) and nephew Casey.



Nephew and Nels and neighbor's son can expect all the best, going Dick's way. Van Patten loves the old-fashioned flavor of the "home town" he picked for himself while still a boy.



# Dreams do come true

Dick Van Patten's always had all the luck—but he wasn't so sure he could win Pat!

By ELIZABETH BALL

**T**HE HAPPIEST story of the month is the story of a young man who hasn't a complaint or a grudge or a frustration or an unfulfilled desire to his name; the story of a young man who is completely happy now and who—with the single exception of six desperate months when love seemed out of reach—has always been completely

happy; a young man for whom every dream he ever dreamed has come true. He's blue-eyed, fair-haired, twenty-eight-year-old Dick Van Patten, long seen as *Mama's* son Nels and frequently heard on such popular dramas as the American Broadcasting Network's *Whispering Streets* and *My True* (Continued on page 78)

Dick Van Patten is frequently heard over ABC Radio on *My True Story*, M-F, 10 A. M. EDT, and *Whispering Streets*, M-F, 10:45 A. M., under multiple sponsorship. He is also seen as Nels in the TV dramatic series, *Mama*—consult local papers for time and station in your area.

Pets for Nels, handyman chores for Dick, wide community interests for a volunteer fireman and his "wonderful cook" wife.

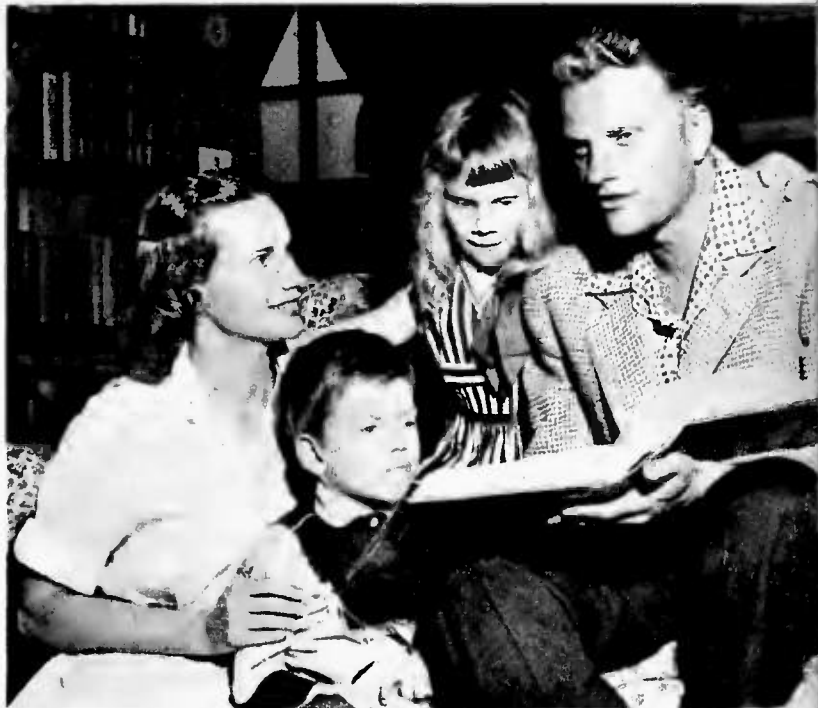






# Crusader's Wife

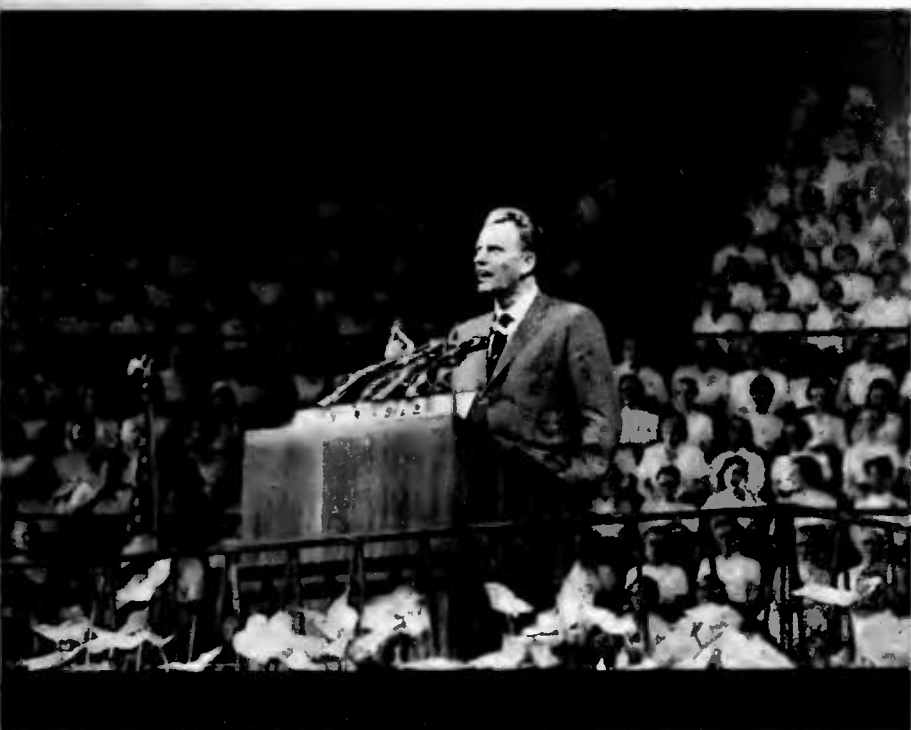
Evangelist Billy Graham and his true helpmeet, Ruth, have proved that "two hearts are better than one" for building a heaven here on earth



Home in Carolina: Wife Ruth, her namesake daughter and son Franklin listen as Billy gives daily Bible lesson. When he's away, Ruth also reads Scriptures regularly, striving to balance love and discipline.



They frown on family publicity—but had a smile for cameras as Ruth and the girls (Anne, now 9; Ruth, 6; Virginia, almost 12) greeted Billy on his return from successful European tour a couple of years ago.



Graham's Crusades for Christ call him far from home to such vast, overflowing arenas as New York's Madison Square Garden.

By GREGORY MERWIN

RELIGION and romance unite to form a perfect combination in the happy marriage of Billy and Ruth Graham. As proof, Billy has been moved to say, during one of his inspiring sermons, "After living with Ruth, I think I know now what heaven will be like." And Ruth, asked to comment on being separated so much of the time from Billy, has said, "I'd rather see a little of Billy than a lot of anyone else." They have been married since August 13, 1943.

"I think we have an unusually happy marriage," Ruth says, even while indicating that she considers Billy's praise, comparing life with her to living in heaven, a little far-fetched. "It's no ivory-tower existence," she notes. "With four children, two dogs, a car and five kittens and four sheep and a few (Continued on page 86)

Billy Graham's *Hour Of Decision* is heard Sundays on varied networks: ABC Radio, 3:30 P.M.; NBC Radio, 10 P.M.; Mutual, 10 P.M. (All EDT; consult local newspapers for correct time and station in your area.)

# Stand Up and Be Counted!

*The story of a TV program devoted to the problems of people everywhere—a program developed with the single purpose of helping troubled men and women to decisions*



A good paying job in Ireland or American citizenship for his child—the dilemma of Brendan Ward. Introductory letter was followed by interview with producer Robert Wald, Frank Wait (standing) and Chris Carroll (seated at desk).



On the air, Brendan Ward (right) tells his story to Bob Russell, host of CBS-TV's *Stand Up And Be Counted*, and they discuss the difficult decision that must be made. Home and studio audience also recorded their opinions.

**E**VERY DAY, people must make decisions, many times involving nothing more serious than whether to do the dusting *before* or *after* making the trip to the supermarket. Or whether to berate your neighbor, whose dog has been digging up *your* tomato plants. But, occasionally, everybody is confronted with a real dilemma—a problem which presents alternate decisions, each having both happy and unhappy aspects. Neither decision, therefore, is the perfect answer to the situation. For this reason, confronted with a true dilemma, many men and women stand confused and frustrated, wondering which way to turn.

To offer help to these people, the TV program *Stand Up And Be Counted* was devised. Its format was built on the idea of sharing, in order that the troubled individual might benefit from the opportunity to talk with those who had faced identical or comparable situations.

Men and women from all walks of life and from all parts of America have been selected to appear on the program. These guests are chosen through the letters they write, the cards they fill in at the studio, or through researchers who work all over the country seeking out people who face dilemmas. The guests on *Stand Up And Be Counted* are carefully screened by personal interview. Those whose problems are valid

then present their dilemmas on the show. This is how it works:

In first appearance on the show, the guest reveals details of his or her dilemma, guided by Bob Russell, who acts as host. Since, in each case, he is dealing with a person heavily troubled in heart and mind, Bob faces a difficult problem himself—how to make it easy for the person to speak out frankly and effectively. Bob manages very well, since he came to this show after a wide experience as master of ceremonies and quizmaster. Beyond this specialized training, however, Bob brings to his job a capacity for friendship which draws out the best and clearest presentation of the guest's problem.

After the story has been told, the members of the studio audience voice their opinions. This segment of the program has an informal "backyard fence" feeling—a friendly wish to help others.

After the opinions have been expressed, a poll is taken which results in a majority recommending one action and a minority taking the other point of view. At this point, the home audience is invited to write in their opinions, too.

Bob Russell then points out to the guest that he or she is free to make whatever decision seems best.



**Happy beneficiary:** Ann Marie Ward, born on December 13, 1956—and an American citizen, as her parents wished. *Stand Up And Be Counted* was instrumental in getting father a job to keep him in the United States.

This ends the guest's first appearance on the show.

At each of the shows, however, a previous guest who has now had an opportunity to ponder all opinions—verbal on the show, or written in—re-appears to state the decision arrived at. Bob Russell then presents the guest with such gifts as will, in the opinion of *Stand Up And Be Counted*, do most to make the decision work out to a happy conclusion.

A few brief summaries of the dilemmas of people who have appeared on the show will serve to illustrate: Take the interesting story of Brendan Ward, Irish-

born musician. He and his wife came to America a short time ago. Lacking a job in his own field, he got a job as stockboy. Mrs. Ward worked to supplement the income. Their combined salaries let them get along, and they grew to love their adopted country. Then Mrs. Ward became pregnant and was forced to stop work. Brendan's own salary was inadequate. Just at this time, the man who had employed him in Ireland offered him his old job. The Wards were tempted—but more than anything in the world they wanted their child to be born in the United States and be a citizen of this country.

**Continued** →



# Stand Up and Be Counted!

(Continued)



Ed Siebert's problem: A job as long-distance trucker which kept him away from family. Should he change jobs? As result of appearance on show, he has new and better job. No longer a part-time father and husband, he's shown (below) with Ed, Jr., 7, Wilbur, 3, Mrs. S., LaVonne, 6.



Approximately 30 seconds after John Manic decided he wished to see his mother again after estrangement of 23 years, he was reunited with her. Picture (right), taken while program was on the air, shows reunion. (L. to r.) Mrs. John Manic, John and his mother, Mrs. Ernest Mastoras.

The dilemma Brendan faced: "Can I be justified in refusing a good job and gamble on the future in the United States?" When the voting was done at *Stand Up And Be Counted*, the majority opinion was overwhelmingly in favor of his remaining to take the gamble. The show management followed through in its usual helpful way. Maternity clothes were supplied for Mrs. Ward, a complete layette was bought for the coming child. Mrs. Theresa Dorsey appeared on the show and arranged a meeting with Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey, the famous musicians whose death has since saddened everyone. With such encouragement, Brendan Ward and his wife decided to battle out their problems right here. As a happy ending: Ann Marie Ward was born on December 13, 1956—an American citizen who can be very proud of her daddy, who is now leader of the band at New York's famous City Center Ballroom.

The dilemma of Ed Siebert of Pocahtontas, Illinois, was quite different from that of Brendan Ward. Mr. Siebert was driver of a huge trailer truck which kept him almost constantly on the road between St. Louis and New York, his regular run. His dilemma: "Shall I give up a job which keeps me away from my family but provides them with the material benefits of life?" With the help of the audience and write-in response to his problem, Ed Siebert decided that it was wise to continue on his job. But airing his troubles had given Ed Siebert confidence and courage. Other miracles promptly occurred. The American Trucking Association awarded Ed a check for \$1,000 on the show as a reward for his perfect safe-driving record. Refrigerated Transit, Inc., appointed Ed as Eastern Manager for the company. So, today, Ed Siebert's life has changed completely as a result of his *Stand Up And Be Counted* appearance.

The case of John Manic was completely different from that facing Ed Siebert. John had been raised by his father, who led him to believe his mother was dead. Seven years ago, when he was dying, the elder Manic revealed that John's mother had left her husband and boy when the child was only two. A deathbed promise was made by John never to search out his mother. A few years ago, John married—and told the story to his bride. Since then his wife had continually urged him to learn to know his mother (whose whereabouts they had discovered). John's problem: "Is a deathbed promise binding?" An overwhelming 96% of the audience of *Stand Up And Be Counted* said, "No!" John's comment, "I'm going to call my mother tonight. I can't go to see her until next summer because of my job." It wasn't





Personal responsibility vs. civic duty was problem of Marle Fedoronko of Detroit, Michigan. Serious illness of wife threatened volunteer work with teenagers of the city. On show, Fedoronko gains advice from Jackie Robinson and James B. Nolan, executive director of New York's Police Athletic League. Bob Russell, host on show, stands at left.

necessary to call—the program had counted on John's warmhearted decision, and had his mother in his arms only a moment after he made the decision.

Still another kind of dilemma—conflict between civic duty and personal responsibility—was highlighted in the touching story of Marle Fedoronko of Detroit, Michigan. Mr. Fedoronko has worked for 23 years as an employee of Detroit's Department of Parks and Recreation. On the job, he worked with youngsters from all over the city. But he also spent every spare moment initiating and guiding sports activities for the girls and boys who would otherwise have been playing on the streets. He started girls' softball teams, an effort which has led to an all-state league. He organized basketball teams, talent shows, teen-age dances. And in all this work he was encouraged by his wife, who well realized the worth of his volunteer efforts.

Recently, personal tragedy struck in Fedoronko's own home. His wife has become critically ill and is invalided for life. Marle was at once impelled to relinquish his work with teenagers in order to spend all his time with his beloved wife. But he met unexpected opposition. Mrs. Fedoronko strongly urged him to continue his work. Unable to make up his mind, Marle brought his problem to *Stand Up And Be Counted*. On the show,

to add the weight of professional opinion, were Jackie Robinson and Director James B. Nolan of the New York Police Athletic League. Over 94% of the audience agreed with Mrs. Fedoronko that Marle should continue. When he appeared on the show to announce his decision, Marle Fedoronko quoted his wife. "Mary feels," he said, "that we only pass through this world once, and any good we can do—well, we've got to do it now."

The unselfish devotion of both Fedoronko and his wife did not go unnoticed. Governor G. Mennen Williams of Michigan lauded Fedoronko in a special tribute. Mr. Fedoronko was given (by the show) a check for \$500 to buy additional sports equipment for his projects with teenagers. And *Stand Up And Be Counted* established an annual "Marle Fedoronko Youth Leadership Award" to be sponsored by the Detroit Department of Parks and Recreation and awarded each year to the man or woman of Detroit who contributed most vitally to the welfare of teen-age boys and girls. First winner of this signal honor? Marle Fedoronko, of course—the man who stood up to be counted in his community.

To all of these people, and to hundreds of others who have appeared on the show, *Stand Up And Be Counted* offers an inspiration in time of need, a living testimony to the fact that help always comes to those who seek it.



Betsy Palmer enjoys everything about cooking, from choosing the right spices through every step of preparing a meal.



# Dinner at Betsy's

Good cook in glamour-girl disguise,  
Miss Palmer of Masquerade Party invites  
you to share her favorite recipes

**I**F YOU'RE LUCKY enough to be invited to dinner at Betsy Palmer's apartment in Greenwich Village, you're in for a treat and will surely want the recipes to take home. Betsy—who was born in East Chicago, Illinois, and graduated from De Paul University—is a dramatic actress, as well as sparkling panelist on *Masquerade Party*. But she's proudest of being Mrs. Vincent Merendino, preparing her specialties for her doctor husband and their friends. Here's a whole menu of her favorite recipes, adapted for use in your own kitchen. (Betsy points out that the appetizer is also savory without anchovies, and the salad bowl doesn't have to be rubbed with garlic. Of the artichokes-and-peas, she says briefly but fervently, "This dish is the end!")

Betsy Palmer is a regular panelist on *Masquerade Party*, as seen on NBC-TV, during the summer season, Wednesdays, at 8 P.M. EDT.

## APPETIZER

Makes 6 portions.  
Break open and toast:

3 English muffins

Drizzle each cut surface with olive oil.  
Place neatly on each half:

slice of mozzarella cheese    sprinkle of fresh ground  
2 fillets of anchovy                    pepper  
drop or two of olive oil            sprinkle of oregano

Place on cookie sheet or broiler pan, put under broiler heat until cheese starts to melt. Serve while very hot.

## GARLIC BASTED STEAK

Makes 6 portions.

Select a 4-pound steak for broiling, and cut away fat and bone. Combine:

½ cup olive oil  
juice from 3 cloves of pressed garlic  
1 teaspoon salt

Mix briskly with a fork, and brush over steak. Put under broiler flame, cook 2 minutes. Brush with garlic oil, cook 2 minutes longer. Turn steak, brush with garlic, broil 2 minutes, baste and cook 2 minutes longer. If steak is to be served rare, it will be ready. If it is to be cooked longer, lower heat, and baste frequently, turning once again, until steak is as done as desired.





### ARTICHOKE HEARTS WITH PEAS

Wash 6 artichokes. Remove outer leaves. Then, holding the bud by the base, tear off the tough tops of the leaves, until you reach the more tender inner leaves. Cut the artichoke in quarters, and then cut out the spiney center. Cut quarters in slices.

Chop fine:

3 peeled cloves of garlic      4 peeled shallots

Place in skillet with a little olive oil and brown over low heat. Add:

liquid from 2 (No. 2) cans of peas  
sliced artichoke hearts

Cover and simmer about 30 minutes. Add peas, simmer 5 minutes longer. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

### ROMAINE SALAD

Makes 6 portions.

Wash and crisp 2 heads of romaine. Drain well, or dry. Tear into pieces and place in a garlic-rubbed salad bowl. Add 1 avocado peeled and cut into wedges, if desired, or sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese.

To prepare dressing, place following in a bottle:

1 cup olive oil	dash cayenne
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup wine vinegar	1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
2 teaspoons salt	
1 teaspoon white pepper	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon paprika	2 cloves peeled garlic (can be omitted)
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard	

Shake well, pour a little over romaine just before serving. Toss well, adding more dressing, if needed.

### LEMON AND LIME ICE

Makes 4-6 portions.

Combine, and stir until mixed:

1 teaspoon unflavored gelatin	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup light corn syrup
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar

Place over low heat, bring to a simmer and cook for 3 minutes. Prepare and strain juice from:

2 limes	1 lemon
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Add to sugar mixture with a dash of salt. Pour into freezing tray and put in refrigerator, in freezer section or with control set to coldest point. When frozen to a mush, remove to a cold bowl, whip until foamy, return to tray and freeze until firm. Cover tray with metal foil and return freezer control to storage temperature.

# HE-MAN'S HOLIDAY



Jim and Virginia Arness enjoy an occasional "vacation from marriage"—and love the reunions even more

By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

**C**LAD IN blue jeans, rainbow-hued sports shirt, sandals, and wide-brimmed straw hat, Jim Arness strolled down Kalakaua Avenue in Honolulu. Stopping in front of one of the more fashionable stores on Oahu Island, he ran into an old friend from Hollywood. "Jim, old boy, it's good to see you," the other man cried out.

"Good to see you, too," Jim agreed.

"What'ya doing here?" (Continued on page 84)

James Arness is Marshal Dillon in *Gunsmoke*, on CBS-TV, Sat., 10 P.M. EDT, sponsored by L&M Cigarettes and Remington Rand.



**Sauce** for the gander: Jim's had his outing "away from it all," insists that Virginia have a holiday, too. But Craig, Rolf and Jenny Lee are somewhat skeptical of his housekeeping talents—the Old West was never like this!



**Praise be** for the beach, only a mile from home! That should keep the young 'uns busy for most of the morning. So Jim piles 'em into the car—along with a young pal of Jenny Lee's, bathing gear, and "Major," their shepherd.



**Back** from their swim, it's into the washer for their beach wear—though Jim allows he knows a lot more about a horse than a new-fangled machine.



**Like** many a "nomad," Jim fancies his own cooking. But his hamburgers take time. You can't blame a hungry horde for raiding the refrigerator!



**No man**—nomad or not—enjoys dish-washing. Even Jenny Lee, temporarily the only woman of the house, isn't too happy helping with such a chore.



**Dad** helps daughter with her skates. They get along fine, any time. But nothing can beat the day when Mom comes home again and takes over, for an outdoor spread—while Jim "r'ars back" and relaxes as a he-man should.







# Adopted

*Sherry Jackson has two wonderful dads—on *The Danny Thomas Show* and at home—and both came into her young life just in recent years*

By MAURINE REMENIH

WHEN *The Danny Thomas Show* began its fifth season this fall, Danny's TV offspring, Terry and Rusty, were in the throes of adjusting to life with their new stepmother, played by Marjorie Lord. It was a new and different idea for a television series, and particularly so because the children had a hand in picking out their stepmother.

The switch on the standard story line may have been a new one for television audiences, but it was old stuff for Sherry Jackson, who plays Terry on the series. Step-parents are nothing new to her—she's had a stepfather for five years now. And the script writers may have thought they had an original idea when they had Terry and Rusty engineering the match between Danny and his new wife—but Sherry herself put a similar plan into action in her own household more than five years ago.

Before Sherry was five, her father was killed in an automobile accident. Her mother was left to rear the three children as best she could. Besides Sherry, there were two boys—Curtis, five years older than Sherry, and Gary, two years younger than his sister.

The first year or so after Mr. Jackson's death, things were pretty rugged, financially speaking. Then, one day, the driver of a sight-seeing bus, himself an ex-actor, spotted Sherry and liked her cute grin. He suggested that Mrs. Jackson take Sherry to an agent who specialized in juvenile talent. The young widow was highly dubious that anything would come of it. But, figuring she had nothing to lose, she followed the suggestion.

Thus, Sherry's debut into movies was launched at the age of six. There followed some thirty pictures, including such notable ones as "Miracle of Fatima," "The Lion and the Horse," and "Trouble Along the Way." In addition, Sherry has been in the cast of the Danny Thomas show since its beginning. And

TV daddy: On *The Danny Thomas Show*, Sherry and young Rusty Hammer are children of the great comedy star. Script recently had the youngsters playing Cupid to help Danny pick a new wife (Marjorie Lord, below at left)—a situation Sherry had really lived five years ago.



*Continued* →

# Father



That phone's the only thing about Sherry her own "new" dad doesn't admire—he can't get it long enough to call his studio! But he thinks she's mighty cute, all dressed up for a date.



Sherry chose Monte Pittman to be her stepfather before her widowed mother, Rita, had even met him. She introduced them, was flower girl at their wedding, now takes pride in part-ownership of baby brother Robert John (pictured below between mother and grandmother).



# Adopted Father

(Continued)



Sherry lures Monte out for a walk. Sherry and brother Gary once did this to test Monte as a stepfather-candidate—but their "trial run" backfired!

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Sherry Jackson is Terry in *The Danny Thomas Show*, which will be seen over CBS-TV, Mondays, at 9 P.M. EDT, beginning October 7, as sponsored by General Foods Corp.

she's appeared on more single television programs than she can remember—Ed Sullivan, Jack Carson, *Fireside Theater*, *Private Secretary*, *Lux Video*, Roy Rogers, Gene Autry—name it, and she's probably been on it at least once.

It was back when Sherry was about ten years old that Montgomery Pittman made his entry on the scene. Sherry was working in "The Lion and the Horse," in which Steve Cochran was playing the male lead. Monte, a former actor turned screen writer, was a pal of Cochran's, and visited the set often. Sherry fell for him—hard. She decided that *this* was going to be her new stepfather.

"Sherry would mention this friend of Steve's whom she'd met on the set, but I never paid much attention," Rita Pittman recalls. "For several years, all three of the children had been working hard to marry me off, and I'd grown accustomed to their big buildups for whatever new candidate they'd picked.

"I remembered humoring Gary once, when he insisted that I meet the driver of his school bus. I knew what he had in mind, though he thought he was being awfully subtle about the whole thing. When I did meet the driver, it was all I could do to keep from giggling. He was every bit as nice as Gary had claimed, but he couldn't have been a day over twenty, and I got this hilarious mental picture of him 'fathering' three youngsters aged 8, 10, and 15. But the children were serious about it. They wanted a father (Continued on page 76)

Monte's writing and directing talents are of real help to the teen-age actress.







Left to right: Sherry, Rita, Monte, baby Robert John and brother Gary. Word games are a popular pastime in a family which has two "professional" members vitally interested in direct communication of ideas. They make up crossword puzzles, play their own version of a strictly personal quiz program.

Ironing isn't Sherry's favorite sport. She'd rather watch television—if she can't be on the phone, chatting the hours away with friends.

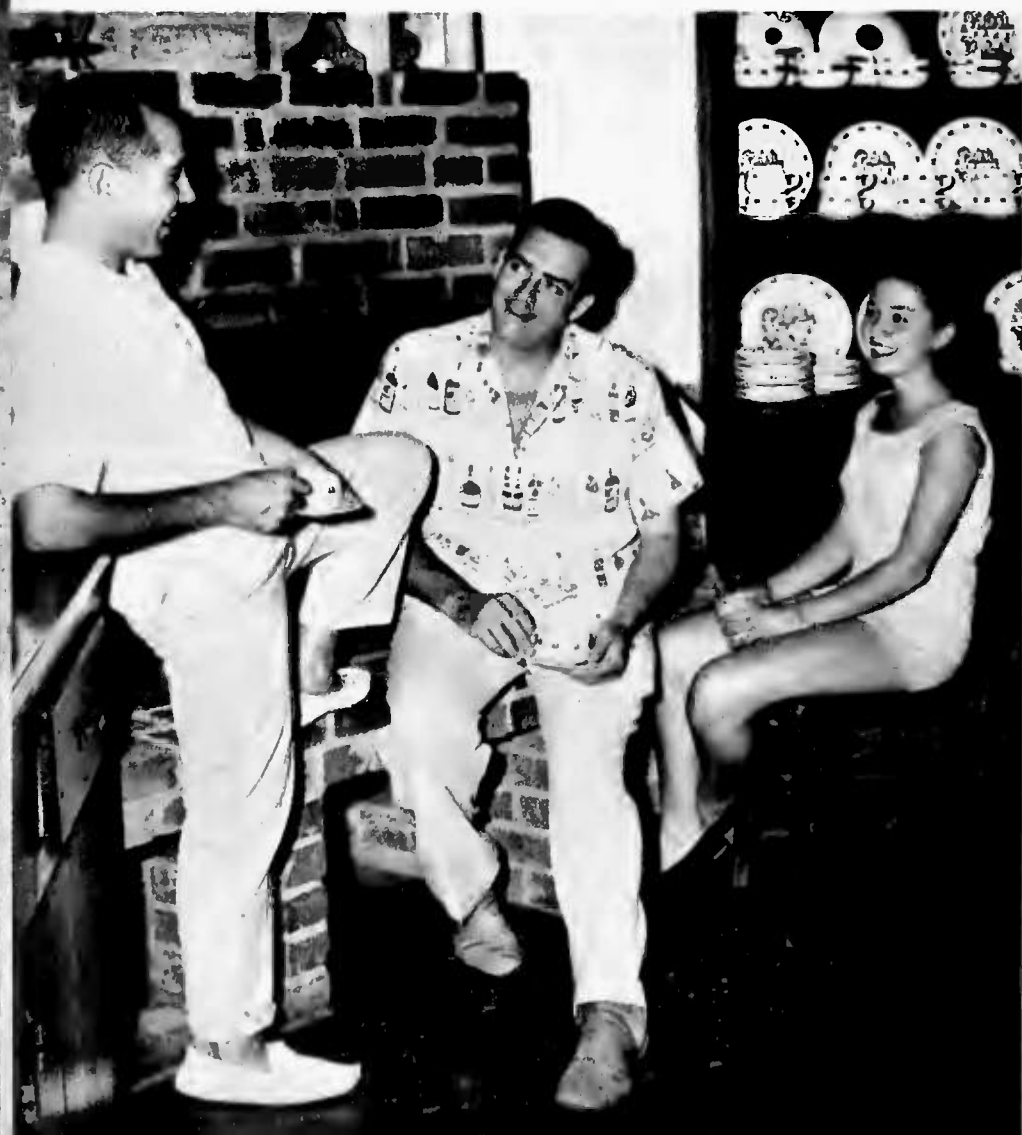
Best of all, she likes to be with little Robert John, guiding his uncertain steps.



# Paging PERRY MASON



Home by the sea is a haven of peace, after many adventures and much tragedy. Here Raymond relaxes, entertains his friends, shares family jokes with nephew and niece, Frank Vitti and Phyllis Zillo.



*Physically, Raymond Burr fits Erle Stanley Gardner's description to a T. Emotionally, he has lived the lives of ten exciting men*

By PAULINE TOWNSEND

WHEN mystery fans all over the country turn their television sets to CBS channels for the debut of the network's long-heralded *Perry Mason* series, they will see in the title role a man whose life has been as colorful, as adventure-packed as that of Erle Stanley Gardner's famed fictional attorney-sleuth himself.

His name is Raymond Burr. He is forty-one, his 185 pounds tightly stretched along a massive six-foot-two frame. Piercing blue eyes challenge you from beneath expressive, dark eyebrows. He controls his voice in conversation (otherwise, it would boom at you). About his long and varied life, he talks easily and confidently.

"I never doubted that I would succeed," he says, after recounting a series of moments in his life when he (Continued on page 74)



Food once almost cut short Burr's career—he enjoys eating, is an excellent chef, now raises much of his menu ingredients.





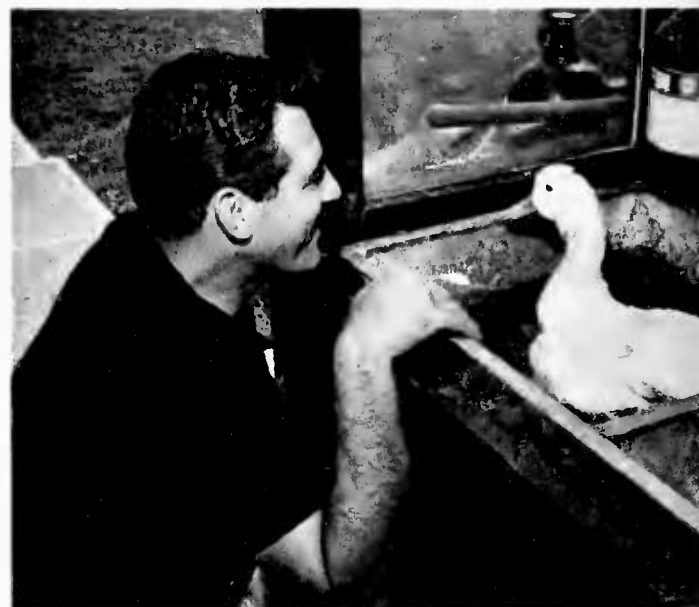
Lawyer Perry Mason (according to author Gardner) is a fighter—"happy-go-lucky, carefree, two-fisted." That's Raymond. Barbara Hale is also well cast as Perry's quick-witted, attractive secretary, Della Street.



Raymond Burr is *Perry Mason* in the new hour-long dramatic mystery series seen on CBS-TV, starting Sat., Sept. 21, 7:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Purex and others.



Seldom in one place for long, Burr enjoys being close to the earth today—and is even raising livestock. Duck (below) is Louie.



Logs for his own hearth—evenings can get chilly, there by the sea. But new home and career bring a glow to a wanderer's heart.







## Can you be too understanding for your own good?

Your heart says, this is the man you love, all that matters is your happiness together. But now he's deeply troubled. He needs time to work things out. Do you quietly put aside *your* yearnings and *wait*, knowing that "just a little while" might mean forever? When you're Wendy Warren, you can't do it any other way. Your tears are secret tears. You face tomorrow with faith. You can get the *whole* story—even while you work—when you listen to daytime radio. Hear **WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS** on the **CBS RADIO NETWORK**.

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

*Anne Burr's slim figure  
begins with her  
wise selection of meats  
and groceries, continues  
with her original approach  
to low-calorie cooking*

By  
**HARRIET  
SEGMAN**



The slender TV actress climbs the stairs to her apartment, carrying the raw materials of health and beauty—fresh fruit, greens, lean meat, poultry, fish.

## **A Beauty of a Cook**

**H**ow do you keep a husband happy and a feminine figure pared to slim TV size—on the same diet? Anne Burr, seen daily on *As The World Turns* over CBS-TV, has the answer. Her technique? No butter or fat in cooking. Are the results dry and tasteless? Not on your taste-buds! Anne's methods make delicious sense for every calorie-counter. To broil chicken, she rubs a cut-up broiler with half a lemon ("My greatest single prop is lemon juice," she says) and bastes with a beef or chicken-extract cube dissolved in a half-cup boiling water. The chicken browns more slowly this way, so cook it a little longer and on a lower shelf than if rubbed with fat. For "Burr London

Broil," Anne uses a slice of round steak, instead of the fattier sirloin, seasons it with meat tenderizer for at least an hour, then sears it in a hot skillet without fat. When done, the meat is sliced diagonally. "The secret is a good sharp knife," confides Anne. The calorie-trap with fish, she feels, is the accompanying butter, hollandaise or mayonnaise sauce. She poaches or steams fish gently in a little water, so that it stays moist and needs only lemon juice for garnish. To "sauce" veal or fish, she simmers chopped tomato, onion and green pepper until soft, or uses a can of stewed tomatoes prepared with peppers and onions. She flavors vegetables with canned or fresh mushrooms,

grated onion, buttermilk, or lemon juice. "And I always have fresh or dried mint in the house—delicious on peas and carrots." An herb collector, Anne counts on their sparkling flavor for menu excitement, sprinkles basil on tomatoes, tarragon on green salads (instead of oil dressing), marjoram on lamb and veal and chervil on fish. She rolls tiny boiled potatoes, fresh or canned, in parsley or fresh or dried dill. Dessert: Ices, fresh fruit, Jell-O with dietetic-pack fruit. Lunch used to be a problem, with sandwiches ordered during rehearsals. Now Anne carries hard-cooked eggs, left-over chicken or sliced meat, with a small tomato, celery, carrot sticks, lettuce, a few rye crackers and an apple.

# Q. marks



Entertainment Press Conference: Herb Kamm, Mary Margaret McBride and Art Ford put Eartha Kitt on the spot.

By CLAIRE SAFRAN



Both Herb Kamm and Mary Margaret McBride began on newspapers. He's an editor now, but she switched to the spoken word.

SOCRATES had a method for it. To get to the truth, ask questions. In a lineage as direct as the questions they ask are the panel of interviewers on *Night Beat* and *Entertainment Press Conference*. The questions—the basic one is “why”—are hard-hitting and searching. The camera, close up and recording every expression, is itself an interrogator. . . . On *Night Beat*, the guests may come from any walk of life. To get to the core of their stories, John Wingate does the large share of the interviews, with Al Morgan handling most of the rest. For an inside view of show business, *Entertainment Press Conference* is made up of a varying panel of three, with Herb Kamm, Art Ford, Bill Kemp, Henry Morgan, Mary Margaret McBride and Al Morgan turning up most frequently. . . . Many's the guest who's squirmed under the tough questions asked on both shows. Still, the top names in all fields of endeavor have appeared. “Some have to be coaxed,” says John Wingate of his *Night Beat* guests, “but there are also some who are hurt that they haven't been asked before.” Tall, slender, with sensitive good looks, Wingate claims his theory of interviewing is simple. “Just ask them the hard questions, the direct ones,” he says. “If they don't answer, then they expose themselves

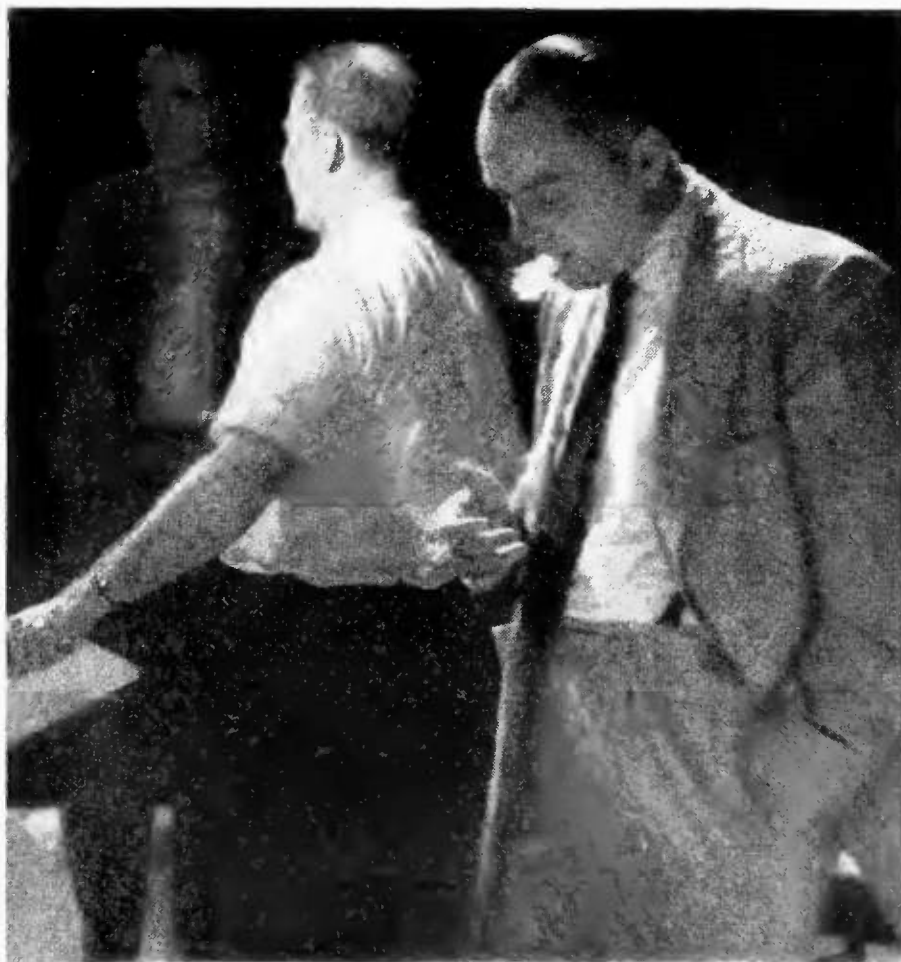


# the hot spot



**Night Beat:** At an hour when people are more off guard, John Wingate keeps cameras close up, questions tough.

by what they don't say. In other words, nail them." Actually, Wingate's manner is quiet, often gentle, but, for anyone with something he'd rather conceal, there's a disquieting way of looking his vis-a-vis straight in the eye. Born thirty-two years ago in Framingham, Massachusetts, he took his degree at Harvard. He wanted to write, "but not necessarily news." This, though, is what he wrote and reported, first for a Worcester paper, then for the A.P., and now for WOR, where he delivers the *News Extra* at 6:15 and 7:20 P.M. and does *The John Wingate Show* from 8:35 to 9 P.M. daily. This last show features hard-hitting editorials and the same sort of probing interviews as on *Night Beat*, with both shows designed "to bring to light things that are little known." John won a George Peabody Award for his expose of a vicious narcotics racket in New York, has published fiction and such criticism as "The Lack of Humor in F. Scott Fitzgerald" in *Kenyon Review*. His bachelor apartment is furnished in French and English Directoire and his hobby is cooking. At Toots Shor's, he consumed eggs Benedict, then hazarded that he could do as well, or better, with the sauce. . . . Best-known for his novel and screenplay, "The Great Man," Al Morgan has an interview technique



Author Al Morgan rocked the radio industry with "The Great Man." With Wingate, *Night Beat* director Wes Kenney, he still hits hard.

**Continued** →

# Q. marks the hot spot

(Continued)

which is as relentless as the way the figures mount up on his long and varied career in broadcasting. Born and educated in New York City, Al sold his first radio script to a network when he was 17. Since then, he estimates that he has written or produced some 5,000 radio and TV programs. Al has been an announcer, director, producer, actor, newscaster, quizmaster and script-writer. He is married to the former actress, Martha Falconer, and, with their three children, they make their home in Bronxville. . . . "The Lord has blessed me with an ability to speak off the cuff," says **Herb Kamm**. "It's something you're born with, like black hair or red hair." The ability, so handy on *Entertainment Press Conference*, has made Herb the unofficial jester of the *World-Telegram and Sun* office, where he's worked for 14 years and is now editor of its Saturday Magazine. A New Jersey native, Herb wanted to be an accountant. "I'm so glad now," he says, "that there was no money for me to go to college and study that." Instead, he got himself a job as a stringer on a local newspaper, moved upward steadily to his present job. He has done much radio and TV work in the past ten years and is a frequent panelist on CBS-TV's *Let's Find Out*. He married his high-school sweetheart at 19 and they have three sons: Larry, 17, Lewis, 12, and Bobby, 10. "If I had it to do all over again, I'd marry the same girl," he says, "and if she were twins, I'd commit bigamy." . . . Still unmarried, but very eligible, **Art Ford** has been asking



Says Art Ford of guests he quizzes on *Conference*, "They're asking for it."

questions for a long time as WNEW's multi-talented deejay. "But, there the star is my guest and I have to be polite," he says. "On *Entertainment Press Conference*, they're asking for it." Art's mother, Mary Elizabeth Ford, was one of radio's first woman commentators and Art literally was brought up in a radio studio. Art, still in his teens, became New York's unofficial night-time mayor on *Milkman's Matinee*. Now, on *Make Believe Ballroom*—heard Monday through Saturday from 10 to 11:30 P.M. and from 5:30 to 7 P.M.—he enjoys the largest audience of any local radio voice. Art's apartment has a private control room and also a private zoo. He's looking for "the perfect pet," has tried a cinnamon, monkey, ocelot, antelope and dik-dik, and has a lion cub on the way. When Art closes the door on the nets and traps for recapturing frisky pets, he heads for Greenwich Village. "This is my hobby," says Art, who wrote, directed and filmed the upcoming "Johnny Gunman" along his favorite streets. Starting this month, on Channel 5, he'll share the folk music, bongos, dancing, art and new talent he loves on *Art Ford's Greenwich Village Party*. . . . **Henry Morgan's** favorite corner has a cigar store on it. It's the mythical intersection from which he used to broadcast daily portions of anarchy. Today, the satirist travels the panel circuit and winds up his week as a *Monitor* communicator. Born Henry Lerner von Ost, Morgan claims the date was the day before All Fools Day, 1915, in New York City. At 18, he was the youngest announcer in the business, but a few years later he lost a job when he included another announcer's name on a list of missing persons during a newscast. He's been the terror of sponsors and broadcasting big-wigs ever since. . . . Less cutting than some of her fellow

panel members, **Mary Margaret McBride** is friendly, homey—but she's also from Missouri. She's been called "the first lady of broadcasting" and is the only radio personality whose fans ever jammed Yankee Stadium and Madison Square Garden on her anniversaries. Her twenty-three years in broadcasting began with her rebellion against the cooking-cleaning-children format on women's shows. Instead, as "Martha Deane" and then as herself, Mary Margaret McBride interviewed the newsworthy, talked about herself and presented her listeners with the interesting, the amusing, the unusual. . . . As an actor, **Bill Kemp** mouthed the words of other people. He's happier framing his own questions of his show-business confreres or ad-libbing his own sentences on his "live" music and guests show, from noon to two on WNEW. Bill was in London awaiting his discharge when he met Sir Laurence Olivier, who was struck by the handsome, well-spoken Canadian. He offered Bill his first acting role in "Born Yesterday." Back in Canada, Bill got himself a radio job, because "they liked my voice and besides, I worked cheap." In the States, he's toured with national companies of several hits and has been seen on almost every major dramatic TV show. Bill, who calls himself "the poor man's Jack Paar," plays the piano and also sings, "more a joke, really." He lives in a three-room hotel-apartment and refuses to keep a pet. "I have enough trouble living with myself," he says. Of *Entertainment Press Conference*, he says, "Anything can happen." . . .



It's unrehearsed, gloats Bill Kemp. He prefers ad libs to authors' scripts.



Here's Morgan, but Henry finds this whatsis subtle as one of his own gags.

# Pay-TV: What Does It Mean To You?

(Continued from page 17)

pay his advertising investment and make him a tidy profit on his products. Because the advertising cost is thus passed on to the consumer, the pay-TV advocates object to the term "free" television. Nevertheless, the fact remains that no one has ever had to feed an automobile or any advertised product into a decoder in order to watch either the Welk or the Sullivan shows.

For the pay-TV viewpoint in programming, switch from long division to multiplication signs. Here the show itself—not cars nor nail polish nor hair lacquer—is the product. You pay to see the program. American Research Bureau estimated that, in that given week, the Welk show was seen in about twelve million homes. If figures fascinate you, you will enjoy computing what kind of fortune it might gross on a single Saturday night if each of those families had paid a dollar . . . or fifty cents . . . or even a dime.

## Millions Multiply Fast

If the home TV set is to carry a toll charge, there is big, big money at stake. When NBC-TV won what was then TV's largest audience with its production of "Peter Pan," Commander E. F. McDonald, Jr., president of Zenith, estimated that, if each family had paid twenty-five cents to view it, the network, the producers and the stars would have grossed five million dollars to divide among themselves.

Commander McDonald was one of the first to be concerned about the big, big cost of television production and to seek a way to pass this cost on to the viewer. An inventive electronic genius, he built Chicago's first TV station, away back when.

In the 30's, when CBS and NBC were happily pumping a daytime drama onto their radio networks every quarter hour—and paying, as production costs, only the price of having an actor walk up to a microphone in a bare studio and, by words alone, paint exciting scenes and action—the Commander was finding out, via the Zenith-owned and operated television station, that cameras eat dollars.

On TV, even in those early days, you couldn't merely say, "Justin is seated at a table." You had to have a table, a chair, a backdrop and a Justin. The man cost nothing—TV actors were not paid in that era—but someone had to buy, beg or borrow the props and move them in place. That cost money. Money which Zenith had to make through sales of radios and other equipment. Because the station was experimental, no sponsor could buy time.

## Zenith Was First Advocate

McDonald continually assured the public that television could never draw its support from advertising sponsors (as had radio from its inception). In a 1947 letter to the city editor of *The Chicago Daily News*, he wrote: "Many times since 1931 I have told you not to worry about the American advertisers' being able to finance the cost of shows necessary to make television a national institution. I have said that television required a box office to pay for the type of programming that would give it mass appeal, and events have borne me out."

To supply TV with a box office, Commander McDonald invented a scrambling-unsrambling gadget which he first called "Phonovision" and later changed to "Phonevision." In 1951, Zenith, which had not entered the commercial televising race, gained F.C.C. consent to test Phone-

vision for ninety days in Chicago. They lent Zenith sets, equipped with unscramblers, to three hundred families. These test families then paid a \$1.00 charge each time they wanted to see a movie. A series of pre-1948 films was used.

American curiosity and American inventiveness being what it is, those Chicagoans who were shut out were soon swapping methods to peek through Zenith's knothole. Some advocated viewing through the whirling blades of an electric fan. Others favored jiggling a comb in front of your eyes. Neither method was very successful. Young men with Army and Navy radar training had quite a bit to say about how easy it would be to whip up an unscrambler of their own, but the ninety-day test did not allow much working time.

Phonevision, ScriberVision and Telemeter are the systems concerned in the present petitions to the F.C.C. for full field tests. You can explain their mechanics (to anyone other than an electronics engineer or an inquisitive husband) by the simple statement: They work. Proponents of each assert their patented gadgets are foolproof.

Both picture and sound arrive in your home as scrambled as an egg. Video shivers. Audio quivers. You put this particular humpty-dumpty back together again by means of their decoder and your cash. Any child who can dial a telephone, or any housewife who can change speeds on an electric mixer, can operate it on first try. Follow directions and the picture and sound come clear.

Details for transferring the cash differ. Phonevision originally linked the telephone to the TV set. The local telephone company was supposed to add the cost of your entertainment to your phone bill, collect from you and remit to the broadcaster. In the 1951 Chicago test, however, the rate-conscious, cost-conscious Illinois Bell Telephone Company balked. Zenith then had to set up facilities to take its own orders, send out its own bills and make its own collections. Today, its decoder works on a dial system and there seems to be a multiple choice in methods of payment.

## Cash Clears the Scramble

Skiatron depends on automation and the United States mail. The subscriber feeds a program card into the slot of the decoder and pushes a button which punches the card which completes the circuit which unscrambles the show. Come the end of the month, you mail in your card. (They don't say what happens if Junior or Tower chews it up.) On receipt, an I.B.M. machine sorts the cards and zips out your bill. Quick as you send in your check, you get a new card.

Having long operated theaters, Paramount Pictures, owner of Telemeter, knows there is no substitute for cash at the box office, even when that box office is in your own living room. Telemeter is calibrated from five cents to two dollars. You pop the price of the program, in coin, into Paramount's parlor piggy-bank. If you lack the correct change, just overpay. Telemeter will record your credit. Once a month, the man comes around to pick up your dough. He also has, through your agreement with Telemeter, the right to inspect your home to make sure no neighbor is hitch-hiking his set on your decoder and that your family holds no unsung electronic genius who can change a wire and cheat the box.

No one has yet mentioned who will have

to give the government its due. It could be that you will also pay a theater admissions tax to enter your own living room and watch your own screen.

What NBC and CBS have up their corporate sleeves to garner their shares of the revenue, when pay-TV becomes a reality, has not yet been announced. The trade takes it for granted that each has a system, ready to go. Although they are outspoken in their opposition to pay-TV, it is only reasonable to presume that their engineers can scramble a picture as well as the next fellow and that, if called upon to do so, their sales-brains would find a way to collect.

At American Broadcasting—Paramount Theaters, the corporation which includes ABC-TV, there is no doubt the code box exists. In June, at the annual meeting of stockholders, Leonard Goldenson, its president, bitterly attacked pay-TV, asserting that it would only result in the public paying for the same kind of programs which it now gets for free. However, back in March, AB-PT authorized another of its divisions, Interstate Circuits, Inc., to conduct exploratory investigations and made plans to test closed-circuit TV in Texas.

"Closed circuit" systems are now being tried out in a number of cities. Theaters have secured rights from city councils to run their cables through the streets. Usually this is done in association with the local public utility company. Families buying the service attach a device to their television sets and pay a fee per show or a monthly charge. In addition to charging for the program, some proprietors carry advertising—the familiar commercial which pay-TV advocates have long implied would never sully their prepaid air.

## Calls Pay-TV "Inevitable"

Mr. Barney Balaban, president of Paramount Pictures, told his stockholders, "There are many persuasive reasons for believing that the cable approach will be more effective in getting pay-TV off the ground quickly." Pay-TV is inevitable, he stated. "It's television economics. [TV] Production costs have risen astronomically, TV set saturation is being approached and the problem of reconciling TV ratings with higher costs to the sponsor is becoming discouraging to advertisers."

There is no doubt that pay-TV could make money for its proprietors, but would it benefit the public?

This is the key question which the F.C.C. must decide before authorizing nationwide pay-TV. Americans have a broadcasting Bill of Rights dating back to 1928, when the regulating body was still designated the Federal Radio Commission. The case, for those who want sources cited, is *In Re Great Lakes Broadcasting Co.*, F.R.C. Docket No. 4900. It reads:

"Broadcasting stations are licensed to serve the public and not for the purpose of furthering the private or selfish interests of individuals. The standard of public interest, convenience or necessity means nothing if it does not mean this . . . the entire listening public within the service area of a station . . . is entitled to service from that station. In a sense the broadcasting station may be regarded as a sort of mouthpiece on the air for the community it serves, over which its public events of general interest, its political campaigns, its election results, its athletic contests, its orchestras and artists and discussions of public issues may be broadcast. If the station performs its duty in furnishing a well-rounded program, the rights of the



community have been achieved."

Commercial radio and TV have, by regulation, a built-in conscience. A station holds or loses its license according to the way it serves public interest, convenience and necessity.

The pay-TV advocates stake their claim and promise to serve public interest, convenience and necessity on three points: (1) Additional income will permit stations to operate in areas which are now uneconomic. In particular, it will solve the UHF problem. (2) It will supply programs which TV cannot now afford. (3) It will not interfere with free TV. It will be only a supplemental service, taking fifteen percent of the broadcast time of certain stations.

Some pretty fancy promises and some exceedingly heated rebuttals have been fired from both sides. How many more stations could go into service is a question engineers and economists can battle out from now on. The awful basic truth here is that nature made TV an economic problem. Whereas radio waves follow the curvature of the earth, VHF waves beam straight and UHF even straighter. The earth's curvature starts to be effective interference at the distance of thirty-five miles from a transmitter. The height of the transmitting antenna and of the receiving antenna permit some extension, but, sooner or later, the old earth itself is going to get in the way. It would be ideal if there could be a television station every fifty miles, but, in some of the vast stretches of the United States, there wouldn't be 5,000 people to support it.

#### Promises vs. Performance

In programming, the pay-TV people speak of movie premieres, Broadway first nights, cultural programs and sports. To these projections, the broadcasters reply "What could you do that we haven't already done?" The supply of motion pictures, they point out, no longer is limited to those British wartime epics which were put together with a sixpence and a prayer. *Variety* estimated on May 1 that Hollywood has sold more than \$150,000,000 worth of films to television, and more are being put on the market, some of them box-office bests dating as late as 1955. A new film network went into operation last spring with 133 stations on its list. Movie fans now have plenty of choice.

Opera is another point of promise. Pay-TV advocates all say toll would bring the Metropolitan to the nation, citing it as a supreme attraction. The networks hold varying opinions about opera's popularity with the public. Last spring, Ed Sullivan of CBS-TV called it a point-killer and cancelled further appearances of opera stars on his shows. ABC-TV has signed Patrice Munsel as one of its fall attractions. And, at NBC-TV, opera is a proud part of its stock in trade. NBC has brought grand opera a larger audience than it has had before in the history of the world.

#### Nets Stand on Record

Not only has NBC commissioned new productions, such as "Amahl and the Night Visitors," it has also broken the language barrier so that the average viewer can, for the first time, know what an opera is all about without consulting program notes. They are the first to provide acceptable, not-silly, English translations, sung with perfect diction. Their productions have quality to satisfy even the most critical music lover. One devotee, of my own acquaintance, who goes to the Metropolitan as frequently as others go to the movies, feels NBC has topped the Met. He calls

their "Tosca" "the most dramatic ever seen," their "Madame Butterfly" was "the finest production ever," and "La Traviata" the "most beautiful."

NBC, through its own exchequer, knows the truth of the old adage, "No one makes money on opera," yet it carried its public service on this score even further. In 1957, it toured its opera company through forty-seven cities to give fifty-four performances. In the coming year, they will go to fifty-five cities. Both on the air and on tour, a brilliant season is scheduled.

NBC also has brought the public plays direct from Broadway. "Peter Pan," starring Mary Martin, reached living-room screens with never the clink of a coin or the punch of a card. The Lunts starred in "The Great Sebastians"; Julie Harris, Boris Karloff and Basil Rathbone ended their run of "The Lark" on television.

CBS-TV commissioned Rodgers and Hammerstein to produce "Cinderella," which may become a stage musical or a movie. Their plays "Patterns" and "Marty" already have become movies. Their most spectacular public service, perhaps, has been to send Danny Kaye on a UNICEF tour to visit the children of the world and to show that wonderful visit on TV screens. CBS footed the entire bill.

The list of great entertainment and great public service by all of the networks is a proud record. The coming season holds more than it is possible to list here—such things as a notable public affairs program at CBS and many musicals at ABC. NBC will produce both Wagner's monumental work, "Die Meistersinger," and Poulenc's modern, controversial opera, "Dialogues of the Carmelites."

General David Sarnoff, now chairman of the board at NBC once summed it up: "The richest man cannot buy for himself what the poorest man gets free by radio." TV has continued this tradition.

What will happen to free television if pay-TV is authorized? Its proponents say nothing will happen. They assert that pay-TV will be a supplementary service, leaving people free to choose whether they want to subscribe or watch the free shows.

#### Pay or Black Out

The broadcasters candidly state that this is an unwarranted assumption. They point out that a station can transmit only one program at a time. In one-station areas—the communities which the proponents say most need the help of box-office television—the non-paying public would be blacked out entirely. At present, 140 cities have but one channel; 68 have two; 38 have three and only fifteen have four or more.

The broadcasters take issue, too, with the statement that pay-TV would ask for only 15 percent of a station's time, thus leaving a generous free period. The broadcasters point out that fee service doubtless would be in the three hours of top audience-time from eight until eleven o'clock. Again, the non-paying public would be blacked out.

They also state that free programs inevitably would decline in quality. With the audience split, advertisers could not afford such heavy appropriations. Further, pay-TV would outbid sponsors. General Sarnoff has stated, "Those who offer their services in the entertainment business are affected by precisely the same economic incentives as those who offer their services in any other kind of business."

Perhaps a prediction of things to come can be found in the current negotiations about two of the New York baseball teams moving to the West Coast. The prospect of pay-TV is said to be an important consideration and there has been talk of

a closed-circuit system going into Los Angeles ahead of any F.C.C. authorization of a televised system. Walter O'Malley, president of the Brooklyn Dodgers, is just one of the sports promoters who ardently supports the campaign for pay-TV.

He has stated that he believes the owner of a television set should pay fifty cents, the price of a bleacher seat, to watch a game. The Dodgers this year received \$750,000 for TV rights. How much more pay-TV might bring them depends upon what set of audience multiplication figures you use. It is easy, however, to translate it into personal terms. If you happened to have a small boy in your family who just had to see every game, the Dodgers seventy home games this season would cost you a viewing bill of thirty-five dollars to keep Junior from feeling he was the most neglected kid in the block.

Because pay-TV raises so many unresolved questions, some members of the F.C.C. have said that the only way to find accurate answers is to authorize a test in a few typical cities to find out whether the public would pay for the programs which the pay-TV people promise. The broadcasters, however, say that such a test would really be a trap.

The president of the National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters, Harold E. Fellows, says, "The so-called experiments that have been proposed would not show the real dangers of pay-TV. The promoters might well offer some very attractive bait, in the form of novel and unusual programs, during such a test. They might not try to lure away the great events such as the World Series or the most popular performers who now appear on the free channels. But once a nationwide system of pay-TV was authorized, there would be no way to stop pay-TV from outbidding free television for its best programs. The destruction of the American system of free television would then be under way and it would be too late to stop it. Our association believes that the American people, through their elected representatives in Congress, are the ones who should decide it."

#### Predict End of Free-TV

How would the stations themselves react to pay-TV? For the viewer their unanimity of expression is ominous.

Frank Stanton, head of CBS, prefaces his statement by saying, "It is difficult to believe that the Federal Communications Commission would authorize a scheme which seems to be so clearly contrary to public interest." He then adds, "However, if pay television should become established, economic necessity will force CBS to participate. We could expect to operate profitably under a system of pay television."

General Sarnoff, speaking for NBC, said, "Free television broadcasters would inevitably be forced by economic necessity to engage in pay television and this . . . would ultimately mean the end of our American system of free television."

Leonard Goldenson, of ABC, at the last annual meeting of stockholders, took the position that toll-TV would lead to the withdrawal of all top sports events and the top comedy and drama shows. People would have to pay for what they now get free, plus having to purchase and maintain their sets. He also stated that news and public service programs would vanish for lack of commercial support.

Mr. Fellows, too, was equally frank. Addressing the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, he said, "Do not assume that, if pay television is authorized and successful, the broadcasting industry . . . will be standoffish. As businessmen, we

would be foolish to turn our backs on a successful business venture . . . the free broadcaster, whether he desires to or not, will be forced to jump on the bandwagon."

Lest such predictions be regarded as a cry of "Wolf! Wolf!" from the broadcasters, it should be added that a number of very responsible people share the same view: That pay television means the end of free television.

Representative Emanuel Celler (D., N.Y.) certainly cannot be regarded as a spokesman for the networks. As Chairman of the House Judiciary Antitrust Subcommittee, he recently conducted exhaustive hearings on broadcasting practices and turned in a report which absolutely walloped the nets for certain practices which the committee considered monopolistic and in restraint of trade. Yet Mr. Celler has also introduced in the House a bill to prohibit the charging of a fee to view telecasts in the home.

Senator Strom Thurmond (D., S.C.) introduced a similar bill in the Senate. After stating that he had come to the conclusion that permitting pay television would be the same as having Congress impose a new tax on the people of this country, he also said, "In effect, the people who now view television without additional cost, after the purchase of their sets, would have to start paying additional fees or charges or be denied the privilege of seeing their preferred programs.

"Perhaps this would not take place immediately with the institution of pay tele-

vision, but I am sure it would soon follow, once pay television were approved."

He also opposed field tests of pay-TV with the statement: "If we permit the Federal Communications Commission to grant approval for experimental pay television programs, as the Commission has decided it presently has authority to do, then we must face the fact that it would be most difficult later to tell the experimenters, who had spent millions of dollars, that pay television had been classified as against the public interest.

"Persons who had invested their money without being warned by the Congress would then have cause to complain because they had not been stopped.

"If there were any assurance that pay television would be provided purely as a supplement to present service and that no person would be deprived of the privilege of viewing programs now being shown free, then we would not have to be concerned about this matter. But there is no assurance and there can be none that programs now seen free would not soon be bought up by the producers of pay television programs.

"There is no proof that pay television would provide the public with better programs. The one sure thing about pay television is that it would cost the public more than the present system costs."

What Senator Thurmond omitted stating, when he referred to the authorizing of pay-TV being comparable to Congress imposing an additional tax on the public,

is that these moneys would be paid not into the treasury of the United States but would go instead to private enterprises.

### Your Opinion Counts

The subject of pay-TV remains complicated and confusing. This information, however, is drawn from public statements, official briefs, and printed material which has been issued by each side. It provides as much of a summary as can be given to date and is offered with the hope that, from it, TV RADIO MIRROR readers can reach an opinion.

The F.C.C. decision on authorizing the field tests of pay-TV will probably be made sometime this fall. This regulating body is responsible to Congress and responsive to the desires of the American public which owns the broadcasting frequencies.

In this controversy, every one's opinion counts. If you wish to express yours in the direction which counts the most, write to your senator and congressman. If you don't know their names, send your comment to Senator Warren Magnuson, chairman of the Senate Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, Senate Office Building, Washington 25, D. C., or the House committee's chairman, Representative Oren Harris, House Office Building, Washington 25, D.C. What you have to say about the matter now may well determine what television you will view, and at what cost you will view it five years hence.

## Jan Davis: Talent Scout

(Continued from page 30)

*Talent Scouts* production a year ago, certain changes have been made. Prior to J.D., if you wanted to try out for the show, you had to come to New York. Now Jan has an assistant, Mark Russell, who travels about the country auditioning. ("Back in Arkansas," Jan recalls, "my great ambition was to get on the Major Bowes' *Amateur Hour*, but it was just a daydream—because I knew I'd never get money enough to make the trip.") Contestants for *Talent Scouts* get a great deal of help in dress, presentation and building of arrangements. ("In the beginning," Jan says, "I always hoped I'd meet someone who would give me the benefit of their professional experience and tell me what I was doing wrong.") And one of the best things Jan has done as producer is to emphasize talent rather than flash or "gimmicks."

"I would never hire someone on the strength of a record, for a record doesn't necessarily show the natural voice. You can use too many tricks in recording." Jan adds, "Of course, we will audition records for *Talent Scouts*, but the performer must still have an in-person audition. You see, records mean so little to a professional for, these days, it seems that everyone has a guitar and microphone pushed at him and he sits down and records. Why, I've heard new songs with as few as three chord changes. A singer learns a 'gimmick,' and then develops the gimmick rather than his talent. But our top performers, our Comos and Shores, have developed talent through years of work and preparation. That's why they last."

It sometimes happens that a *Talent Scouts* contestant who has scope and range, who can sing several dozen different songs, will lose out to an act that has a flashy novelty number. "Sometimes," Jan says, "an act has one terrific number, and that's about it. He captures the audience's applause. A singer with much more on the ball can't express it all in one number."

Jan smiles and says, "Well, in that respect we are thankful for Arthur's presence. His sense of appreciation extends beyond the original promises of the program. Frequently, he'll invite two of the contestants, or all three, to appear on the show."

To be on *Talent Scouts*, you must be a professional—which means that you must have earned your living as a professional entertainer, or at least have worked frequently for pay, no matter how small. "The size of income and age of the performer have little to do with his or her worth," Jan says. "I've seen teenagers who have as much poise as old-timers. Some have been working professionally since the age of nine or ten. Maybe pay was small, but the experience is invaluable."

Experience is where you find it—in choirs and choral groups, with bands or a barbershop quartet, on a small radio station or in listening to records. "Imitation of a professional," Jan notes, "is a big mistake of youngsters. Sure, you learn by listening—but don't copy. And you might look at the personal qualities of a performer you admire, for you'll find guidance there, too. Our best performers are nice people." She adds, "TV has had its effect on singers. It's not enough to know how to sing. You're also seen, so you must look good. You must know how to walk, dress, use your hands. Dancing and dramatic lessons don't hurt."

Jan began to work hard at an early age, but her experience wasn't unusual. It isn't even unusual for the youngsters of today. For a good starter, there is Ann Leonardo, very cute and very talented. Ann was born June 11, 1938, in Fresno, California, where she still lives with her parents. She has two older brothers, one who is a lawyer and another who is a year ahead of her in Fresno College.

Like many other girls, Ann had dancing and piano lessons as a young child. She began on the piano when she was seven and, by the time she was in high school,

she was showing real musical talent. Four years in a row, she won superior ratings at the Music Festival held by the California Music Federation.

"I was hoping to be a concert pianist," she recalls, "but my parents didn't push me. I played popular music, too, because I liked it. At parties, or just for friends, I'd play and sing. When I was a freshman in Fresno High School, some friends teased me into singing at an assembly."

That little bit of teasing changed the course of Ann's life. She sang well at the assembly and was asked to sing again. On exchange programs, she was sent to sing at other schools. As a school representative, she sang for the Kiwanis. There she was heard by the manager of KMJ-Radio and TV. He put her to work. She did an hour radio show once a week for \$8.50, and a fifteen-minute weekly TV program for \$25. Both shows were called *Rumpus Room*. And, while she was doing these shows, she was studying piano, singing with the school choir, keeping up dancing lessons and participating in school dramatics. In 1955, she entered Fresno College as a music major, studied a little dramatics and continued her radio and TV work, as well as in-person dates. In July of 1956, she came east to Manhattan, with her mother, to await her father's return from Europe.

Ann recalls: "We stayed with relatives in New York who coaxed me into trying out for *Talent Scouts*. I auditioned once and was called back to sing for Jan. I was told that I'd be on the July 30th show. From the moment Jan took over, I knew that she was interested in seeing that I would look as good as possible. She was worried about my pony-tail hairdo, and we discussed it and decided I should change it. She helped me select the right dress for the show. We went over my repertoire and decided that I should sing 'The Breeze!'"

In spite of all the work and preparation,



Ann lost. "I felt terrible. The elevator girl told me to stop crying. She said, 'Honey, a boy who lost on the show a couple of years ago comes on TV in fifteen minutes with his own show! She was talking about Vic Damone."

The next morning, the sun came out again, when Arthur invited Ann to appear on the morning show for a week, and then a second week. She was signed by Capitol Records and, this past summer, she began a series of club dates.

"That's the great thing about *Talent Scouts*," says Danny Costello. "Even if the audience doesn't vote you in, you have a second chance, for Arthur may ask you back. Besides, talent scouts for the movies and recording companies, talent buyers for clubs and TV have great respect for the Godfrey show. They watch, too."

Twenty-seven-year-old Danny Costello, handsome six-footer, was a winner on *Talent Scouts*—but he auditioned six times, over a period of several years, before he was accepted as a contestant. Danny, for all his charm, has guts and perseverance. He was born and raised in Jersey City. "I lived in an old-world Italian neighborhood," he says, "and the people had great love and respect for operatic music. Music was not something incidental. Singing was an art to be appreciated and taken seriously. At ten, I was put in the Holy Rosary Choir. It was a fine group. We had two choir-masters who gave us special tutoring. Look—anyone who can sing Gregorian chant can sing anything."

But Danny was also a top-flight ballplayer. He was playing "pro" ball from seventeen until twenty. He was under contract to the Pittsburgh Pirates when he broke his arm. That did it, and he made up his mind to be a singer. He sang in clubs and local radio. He got experience with a G.I. dance band. He began to audition for *Talent Scouts* about 1951 and in August, 1955, got on the show with the song, "Something's Got to Give." Something did—he won. The thrill was shared by his wife, the former Mary Truitt, of Tallahassee, who now lives in Jersey City with the Costellos' two boys. Danny says, "I owe a lot to her putting up with me for the past seven years. Sometimes there was very little money. Or I was on the road and she had to care for the kids all by herself. But, most of all, she had the right words at the right time."

Danny speaks of Arthur with real affection. "I remember," he says, "the first day I was in his office asking for advice on a recording contract. Not only did he put on his glasses and read all of the little type, but he spent an hour explaining the recording business to me." Danny adds, "And Jan, well, she's the greatest. Any problem I have—whether it's with a new sheet of music or a job—I go to her."

One of the newest talents on the Godfrey show is Anita Bryant, who was born March 25, 1940, in Barnesdale, Oklahoma, and now lives in Tulsa. If you're going to be guided by Anita's career, you might as well give up if you haven't succeeded by the time you're ten. Yet Anita herself hasn't been pushing—she's been enjoying herself. "I'd give up a career instantly for marriage. I've been thinking that I might give up 'pop' to sing with an evangelist. But, no matter whether I'm married or sitting at a typewriter, I'll be singing."

They say that when Anita was a toddler, not too long ago, her grandfather bounced her on his knees and said, "Sing!" and she did. At six, she was among the first-grade children auditioned for a high-school operetta. She got the role and, during the following three years, she was asked to sing at high-school banquets. When she was nine, she won a talent contest and became Red Feather Girl for the state.

"I was eleven when my father took a cut in salary to move to Oklahoma City so I could study voice with Allen Clark, who is my manager," says Anita, who is as vivacious as she is pretty, with brown hair and very big and dark brown eyes. "Mr. Clark," she continues, "is head of music at WKY-TV and Radio. He was once arranger for the Phil Harris band. He knows music and singing. Every Saturday, we worked five hours."

At twelve, Anita made her TV debut on the Scotty Harrell show in Oklahoma City. Mail response was such that she was invited back week after week. When Harrell went off, Anita starred on her own show for an additional six weeks. Her sponsor paid her twenty-five dollars a week for the fifteen-minute show. She also sang in church, in school and with dance bands. She took dance lessons and played in every school dramatic show she could.

"When I heard auditions for *Talent Scouts* were being held in Oklahoma City, I wrote in, asking for a date and stating my experience. It was last winter that Mark Russell came out. I sang for him and he told me then that I'd be among the finalists. In April, I sang again and this time I was among the several people chosen to come to New York as a contestant." Anita smiles as she recalls, "We all won that night, May 20th. Arthur said it was so close that there'd be no losers."

A gal who remembers very little of what happened when she appeared on *Talent Scouts* is Miyoshi Umeki, a pert Japanese doll who sings jazz ballads with a husky, intriguing quality. "Everything got started from the Godfrey show," she says. "That was January 9, 1956. I didn't feel anything, I was so scared and nervous. I was petrified. That night, I sang, 'If I Give My Heart to You.' Afterwards, my agent, Edna Whiting, told me I had won. I couldn't believe it. I said, 'It's not true. Don't tell me.' When I got back to the hotel, I sent telegrams back to Japan. Then I believed it."

Miyoshi, with black hair and lovely black eyes, is a fragile five-foot-one. She still sings in a kimono, but her favorite dish is now pizza, and her favorite singer, Frank Sinatra. Her admiration for Sinatra dates back to her residence in Japan. Miyoshi was born twenty-two years ago on the small island of Hokkaido. Until she was fifteen, her voice was so husky that she could hardly talk, let alone sing. She went on to music college after high school, and it was there that she learned her first American song, "I Walk Alone." Her brother, an interpreter for the American Military Government, brought some G.I. friends home to hear his baby sister. Some of the Americans played in a band. They, in turn, arranged for Miyoshi to sing with them on a radio program.

"I had my first job at seventeen," she smiles. "I never worried about how much I was paid. I liked to sing. I worked wherever there was music and a microphone. My mother didn't object to my singing with bands. She had put all the children before me through school, and my father died when I was thirteen. I was the last of nine children and I think she was too tired to tell me 'no.' I was lucky and could do anything I wanted."

Miyoshi practiced hard and listened long to American records. She began singing with top Japanese jazz bands. She became the first Japanese singer to record for RCA Victor, and made some forty "sides." She was in five Japanese movies. And then she gave in to an urge to visit America. Shortly after she arrived here, she had a chance to audition for *Talent Scouts*. She won on the show. And Arthur was so charmed by her that he has called her back many times. Miyoshi believes the Godfrey appearance led to all

of her recent breaks. She has been singing in the best clubs in the country, and has a starring role in the Marlon Brando film, "Sayonara," to be released in December.

It was just about a year after Miyoshi's debut that Arthur reached outside the States for another exciting talent. That was and is Canadian Tommy Common. Tommy is twenty-four, born on September 21, 1933, in Toronto. He is good-looking, with blue eyes and light brown hair. He stands five-seven. And, like Miyoshi, Tommy is indebted to a brother for his start.

Tommy was eight and his brother ten. One day, the brother bowed out of a singing spot at church, explaining, "Tommy is better." From that day on, Tommy was singing. He worked in a church choir. At ten, he sang a solo before fifteen thousand people. "I was saved from stage fright," he notes, "by the glare of footlights—I couldn't see anything." At Boy Scout age, he was singing for hospitalized war veterans. As he got older, he sang with dance bands. He was in the University of Toronto, studying electrical engineering, when he began to realize he had bitten off more than he could handle. Class work took thirty-three hours a week, and the dance bands kept him up until two in the morning. He quit school. But then he had to fortify his income, and he went to work in a Ford plant as a press welder.

The turning point in Tommy's career came about when he appeared on a Canadian TV talent show, *Pick The Stars*. Tommy won the first night and came back, five weeks later, to appear in the semi-finals. He lost. Two weeks later, however, the Canadian Broadcasting Company signed him to a year's contract. Since then, he has become one of Canada's brightest TV stars on *Country Hoedown*.

"I was accomplishing some of the things I had hoped for," Tommy says, "but one of my ambitions was to get on *Talent Scouts*. Well, I had auditioned twice in New York and had been turned down both times. But when auditions were held in Toronto—at a time when I had the benefit of more experience—I was chosen to come to New York as a contestant." Tommy won, and he says no small part of it was due to Jan's help. "You know," he says, "even though I'm on TV every week in Toronto, there were still things Miss Davis pointed out that helped my presentation. I'm sold on her. I doubt that you'll find a more able, sincere woman in the entertainment business today."

Though admitting that he is serious by nature, Tommy notes that he is happy and content with his life. Three years ago, he married a girlhood sweetheart, Doreen Stevens. They have a year-old son named Jamie. "My philosophy toward show business is simple enough," he says. "I've heard that, if you can start at the top, then start at the top. But, if you can't, then start at the bottom."

The only complaint many gals have had with Tommy Common, Danny Costello—and Pat Boone, too, for that matter—is that, although they are handsome and personable and young enough, they have wives and children. But, this past spring, *Talent Scouts* came up with the answer to a maiden's prayer. He is nineteen-year-old Steve Karmen, born in Manhattan and raised in the Bronx, a blond six-footer with blue eyes. With him, music is a must. "Music is my hobby, my work and my life," says Steve.

Steve was one of the losers on the show of April 15, 1957. That night, the winner was a singer, Bob Dini. "I was watching off stage when Bob's name was announced," Steve recalls, "and my face fell a mile. Then I heard Mr. Godfrey saying, 'You don't mind if I take this other young fellow along to the morning show, too.'"



And he called me out and I just lit up like a Christmas tree."

That night, and for the following few nights, no one slept at the Karmen apartment. Teenagers were calling all hours. Finally, the phone number had to be changed for the sake of his parents' nerves. "I got a big kick out of the calls," Steve says. "Just talking to teenagers. That's the part of show business I like. It's the relationship to people—entertaining them, traveling and meeting different kinds."

Steve lives with his parents in the Bronx. His one brother is a doctor. His father is a civil engineer employed by the City of New York. Steve's parents have so many brothers and sisters that Steve figures he's got close to fifty first-cousins—but, out of the whole mob, he is the only one in show business.

He has a natural aptitude for music. At eleven, he got a hand-me-down saxophone. Ten days later, he gave a recital in public school. He had two years of formal lessons on the sax and then, on his own, picked up flute, mandolin, piano, clarinet, drums, bass viol and guitar. He reads music for all the instruments, plays well enough to work with a dance band. For example, the guitar—which he picked up within the past year—he plays in any key. "I learn by watching," he says. "I'll see a guitarist do something I'd like to do, and I'll ask him to show me how he does it, then I go home and practice."

Steve thought he wanted to be a doctor and he tried to stick to pre-med at New York University. His grades were good, but he transferred over to the Manhattan School of Music. He had stayed only a half-year when he decided that loving music didn't necessarily mean he had to be a teacher. In the fall of 1956, he began to study acting at the American Theater Wing. Just a month before he had happened to become a professional singer.

A Calypso singer at The Living Room, a Manhattan club, took ill. A friend who had heard Steve sing Calypso at parties recommended Steve—who showed up for one night, "to fill in." He was invited back the next night, and lasted fourteen weeks. After that, he sang at another club, Le Ruban Bleu. He was at the Velvet Club, when he appeared on *Talent Scouts* and lost. But Arthur took him on the morning show for two weeks, then talked him into "goofing off".

"Well, you see," says Steve, "Mr. Godfrey kidded me about the fact that I sang Calypso but had never been in Trinidad. Then Moore-McCormack Lines offered me a free sixty-day cruise. Well, I was hesitant about going. It sounded like goofing off. So I talked with Mr. Godfrey about it. He told me to go. He said there are so many people in show business who know show business and that's all. And he said it isn't enough. You've got to be something else, too."

"Miss Davis agreed with Mr. Godfrey about the trip. I have a lot of respect for her. She had a problem in getting me ready for *Talent Scouts*. I have nerves. I just about shake all over, every time I get in front of the camera. I was about to work without my guitar, but she insisted it would be a good anchor for me, since I was used to working with it. But mostly, it was her manner that made me feel at ease. Show business is like anything else in life. You do your best when you can feel that people like and appreciate you. Well, that's the way everyone has been in the Godfrey office. I'm just a kid, but they worked on my arrangements as though I were a star. They all want to help me."

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| 25. Dale Evans       | 143. Pier Angeli              | 224. Shirley Jones   | 253. James MacArthur  |
| 27. June Allyson     | 144. Mitzi Gaynor             | 225. Elvis Presley   | 254. Nick Adams       |
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| 35. Sunset Carson    | 147. Tab Hunter               | 228. Clint Walker    | 257. Jim Lowe         |
| 50. Diana Lynn       | 148. Robert Wagner            | 229. Pat Boone       | 258. Luana Patten     |
| 51. Doris Day        | 149. Russ Tamhlyn             | 230. Paul Newman     | 259. Dennis Hopper    |
| 52. Montgomery Clift | 150. Jeff Hunter              | 231. Don Murray      | 260. Tom Tryon        |
| 53. Richard Widmark  | 152. Marge and Gower Champion | 232. Don Cherry      | 261. Tommy Sands      |
| 56. Perry Como       | 174. Rita Gam                 | 233. Pat Wayne       | 262. Will Hutchins    |
| 57. Bill Holden      | 175. Charlton Heston          | 234. Carroll Baker   | 263. James Darren     |
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# Who Could Ever Be Lonely?

(Continued from page 24)

designed showcase all her own. From the beginning, he was keenly aware of her rich contralto voice . . . her versatility in singing everything from ballads, rhythm tunes, blues and rock 'n' roll to folk airs in equally fluent English and French . . . her chic and charming personality . . . not to mention her talent as a violinist, which gave her a strong additional claim to virtuoso Benny's attention!

As long ago as January, 1956, Jack told Gisele—and continued to tell her—that the time had come for her to quit the *Hit Parade*. "He said," Gisele recalls, "Don't let the boat sail." Sounds cryptic, but I knew what he meant . . . that, if you stay too long in any one place, on any one job, you may miss the chance of going on to new experiences, new challenges . . . the chance of widening your horizons, of growing. I didn't quit then. But, when my contract was up, this past January, and I was asked whether I was going to remain with the show, I said, 'No, a change is long overdue . . .'

"The long overdue change began when I signed with Jack's company, J & M Productions, and plans for the show—my show—were begun. Jack is acting in the capacity of adviser. He picked the writers and the director. He also chose the format for the show . . . sort of a loose format. Some weeks, we may have a story line. Other weeks, I'll work more with the guests. Some weeks, Jack will be on with me—I hope. Some weeks, I'll sing more than other weeks . . . the idea being that viewers will not be able to say, in the first five minutes, 'She's going to do this or that.' Fluidity—the 'surprise' element—is what we're striving for and hoping the viewers will enjoy."

A network show of this caliber takes a deal of preparation and, during the months before its premiere, other experiences and excitements made headlines in the accelerated life of Winnipeg's increasingly famous daughter. Right after *Your Hit Parade* finished its season last June, Gisele went off to Las Vegas to play a three weeks' engagement at The Flamingo with—you've guessed it—her favorite partner on any stage . . . the thirty-nine-year-young Mr. Benny.

"Love working with Jack," she sparkles. "Working with him is like going to school. You learn something all the time. You sense his infallible sense of timing. His waiting for an audience to react is so perfect. You learn that this man is so perfect professionally. Apart from being a born comedian, Jack is also a born director. He communicates his matchless sense of timing to you. The exact purpose of reading a line this way, instead of that way, becomes clear—when he reads it. . . My only complaint about working with Mr. B.," Gisele laughs, "is that it's sometimes quite unbearable when he turns those big blue eyes on you . . . you know what I mean—you've seen him do it on TV . . . and I break up, crumble up inside! As an instance of the type of person Jack is . . . he insisted on co-billing for our act at The Flamingo. You would naturally assume, as I did, that the billing would be: 'Jack Benny' in big letters, followed by 'with Gisele MacKenzie' in small letters. But no. 'Jack Benny and Gisele MacKenzie,' share and share alike, is the way the act is billed. At one point, he even thought it would be fun if we were billed: *Gisele MacKenzie with Jack Benny.*' Jack is like this. Pretty perfect personally, as well as professionally."

Just before doing her last show for *Your Hit Parade* and leaving for Las Vegas,

Gisele spoke eagerly of the summer's plans, both work and play. "Immediately we finish our three weeks at The Flamingo," she glowed, "I go on to Dallas, Texas, for the lead in 'Annie Get Your Gun.' And then—then I go to Europe. My first trip to Europe. A first anything is exciting," Gisele took a deep, deep breath, "but a first trip to Europe. I'm going by boat—just because, to me, there'll be more feeling of really going to Europe on shipboard . . . especially, the first time.

"While there, I'll make a few appearances, such as on the BBC in London, and an in-person appearance in Monte Carlo. Other than this, I'll just vacation. I'll go to all the places—or most of them—I've dreamed of all my life . . . Paris and Rome and Venice and Naples and Florence and Zurich. But, if I were told I could visit only one place, one city in all of Europe, that one city would be Paris. I'd rather see Paris than any place on earth. I have a special feeling about Paris, and feel it will not be strange to me . . . as if I had been there before. This may be because of my French background and because we spoke French at home," explained Gisele, whose father is Dr. George MacKenzie La Fleche of Winnipeg and whose mother is a former concert singer and pianist who was known as Mme. Marietta Monseau.

"Paris clothes?" Gisele echoed. "Not many. I may buy one dress—just, you know, for the sentiment of the thing. But I can see myself loose in the perfume shops of Paris," she added, with a glint in her brilliant brown eyes. "I'm so crazy about perfume, I'll be going right out of my head! Love all perfumes, especially Vert Vent—I use gallons of it, but it's hard to get here in America, and very expensive. I'll probably be brought home floating in a tank of it!

"I'll come home, by the way," Gisele wound up her pre-vacation anticipations, "by the polar flight . . . leave from Paris, a stopover in Copenhagen, then around the North Pole and on to Los Angeles . . . where, within a week, I'll start working on—here come those lovely, scary words again!—my show."

With *The Gisele MacKenzie Show* being telecast "live" from Hollywood, she has just one regret in this wonderful year. She'll be leaving behind her new apartment, sixteen stories above New York's Central Park. Gisele leased it, a little more than a year ago, and took such zestful delight in furnishing and decorating it to her own taste, in her favorite colors. This, too, had been a "first" for Gisele, the first place of her own she has ever had.

"Since I am, by nature, a mobile unit, easy to uproot," Gisele smiles, "I really don't mind leaving the apartment . . . although there'll be things I'll miss. Since I love to cook—and even love to eat what I cook!—the things I'll miss most are my familiar pots and pans . . . familiar pots and pans being as indispensable to anyone who really loves to cook as good brushes and palette are to the artist who really loves to paint. However, I'm keeping the apartment, not even sub-letting. The pattern might change next year. And, meanwhile, it will be a convenient place for my relatives to stay when they come to town—my mother and father, perhaps my two brothers and two sisters.

"Actually, I'm glad to be going to California. I used to live there and, being a nature lover, I love it. Love having flowers the year 'round, love being able to be outdoors and in the sun the year 'round. I'll have Wolfgang von Bagel and Brunhilde—my two long-haired dachshunds, commonly called Wolfie and Bruna—with me. Otherwise, I'll live alone . . . and love it!

"I do like living alone," Gisele says, with all the sincerity which is so much a part of her nature. "I enjoy it. It gives me a lot of peace, gives me freedom from the tension of being obliged to adjust my way of life to that of another individual. Under present circumstances, I have enough tension to overcome, enough adjusting to do in my work. Once you are obliged to adjust to another person—especially, I'm sure, if the other person is a husband—your joys may be doubled, but so are your problems, responsibilities, and the demands made upon you. If I had a husband—particularly, if we had children—I would want to give them much more time than a 'career girl' could manage at this point in her career.

"You hear and read quite a bit," Gisele says soberly, "about stars who can't be with their husbands or wives because 'our schedules don't permit.' Sometimes, they've even had to postpone their honeymoons because of 'prior professional commitments.' I'd rather be a bachelor girl to the end of my days than be a party to such a way of life. Yet," she sighs and shrugs her slim shoulders, "what to do about it? I'm afraid any man I marry would have to be willing to let me continue with my career . . . I don't think I could live without it now. If I were obliged to give it up, I would really be miserable. But, you ask, doesn't love compensate? Not entirely, I suspect. Part of love is joy in what you are doing in life. And, if you are not doing what you have most loved doing for as long as you can remember . . . with me, it was always music—piano, violin, singing . . . you are going to be pretty unfulfilled, love notwithstanding.

"Perhaps I feel this way because I have never really been in love?" Gisele ponders the question. "Perhaps. Perhaps not. Either way, I would still feel as I do because it seems to me that, so often, the very women who give up their careers for love are the very women who cry on your shoulder, once the honeymoon is over, and the first thing you know—boom—they're right back there on stage or camera again! In my opinion, only a woman who genuinely dislikes her career and is glad to have a man take her out of it—who's been waiting for a man to take her out of it—is wise in bowing out of her career. Otherwise, she's kidding herself.

"To be married to another singer—which has been suggested to me as an idyllic arrangement," Gisele laughs, "this, I think, would be terrible! I can just imagine the daily dialogue: 'Let me teach you how to sing this song.' 'Teach me? Why, it's my song, I introduced it!' 'No, no, phrase it my way—much better phrasing.' Oh, no," Gisele shudders. "Someone in the business, yes, possibly . . . a writer, producer, director . . . but not a co-star. For the danger in that is—how long do you remain 'co'? All at once, one goes ahead of the other, one is in demand, the other is not . . . and the ending to that little story is not, in a word, idyllic.

"A doctor? Perhaps—ever get laryngitis, he'd be right there! A lawyer? A veterinarian? With any professional man, you might well strike the snag that he's not willing for his wife to continue her own career. Unless a man is very, very understanding and can laugh at being called—well, *Mr. Gisele MacKenzie*, for instance—he doesn't take kindly to the life of a career woman's husband. Especially, if he is the strong, masculine, normal-type guy you would naturally want him to be.

"Still, why worry about it?" Gisele laughs. "Usually, love happens to you when you least expect it . . . and with the

one you least expect—or want—it to happen with. The tall, good-looking fellow, friend of the family—they like him, you've known him all your life—just the right one for you to marry . . . you don't fall in love with him. The one you fall in love with is a stranger, a naughty fellow, the one the family doesn't like, the one you shouldn't marry. So I," Gisele grins impishly, "shall bide my marryin' time . . . and, since I have a lot of men all around me, painlessly!

"I actually do have a lot of men around me. My manager, Bob Shuttleworth. My agents at Music Corporation of America. When I want tickets for a Broadway show, all I need do is call Lee Shepp at MCA and he gets them for me. Any trips I make, Lee gets the tickets, delivers them by hand, arranges transportation to the station or airport. If I travel anywhere alone, whatever the destination, I am met by one of the MCA men. Always a man to help me, no matter where. My business manager, George Gottfried of Beverly Hills, handles all my money. Since I'm not a homeowner, if the roof leaks or the plumbing fails, it's the superintendent's headache, not mine. All of which means that I'm not obliged to do any of the things about which women who live alone—and hate it—complain.

"As a matter of fact," she adds, "when you're on television, you soon find out you are very seldom alone. If a movie star is in Saks Fifth Avenue, all people do is point to her and say, 'Ooh, there's Deborah Kerr!' They don't go near her. Just stare. But, if I'm in there, it's the slap on the back and a cheery, 'Hey, Gisele, how're the dogs?' Same with taxicab drivers, truck drivers, waiters, grocery clerks, housewives, teenagers. TV is so *personal*, you see. You're in people's homes. They feel they really know you—so why not? I find it very warming.

"Nevertheless, I've been asked if it isn't lonely when I close the door of my apartment—or wherever I happen to be living—and there's no one there. No, not for me, it isn't. I repeat: I like to be alone. I think every woman should be alone, and quiet, some part of every day. Often, I find I don't even turn on the radio or TV—can't hear my thoughts. I like to hear my thoughts. They are, for the most part, pleasant ones. I don't get gloomy or blue very often, or for very long. A day or two, perhaps, and then—'All right,' I say to myself, 'that's enough of that, pick yourself up!' And I do.

"I don't worry too much. Right now, of course, I'm both scared and glad that my show is my show—*The Gisele MacKenzie Show*—which means terrific responsibility and a lot of hard work. I'm not going to let it throw me too much, not going to think at all about the ratings. To heck with them! Like so many others, I think the rating system should be dispensed with altogether. Too nervous-making for performers . . . which doesn't do anyone any good, audience or advertiser.

"To sum up, I'm happy," Gisele smiles. "No, not completely happy—is there any such thing as a completely happy human being? It's simply not in human nature . . . and, I suspect, not meant to be. The best you can achieve is contentment . . . which is better, because it's calmer, more stable, more lasting than happiness. My father taught me how to be contented. He hasn't got much, but *he likes what he's got*. That's the secret of contentment. If something extra is handed to you, it's just that much nicer!

"Meanwhile," says Gisele MacKenzie, from the heart, "I like what I've got. I couldn't—how could I, at this moment?—ask for more."

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# Truth—and Its Consequences

(Continued from page 32)  
radio and television, Barker's "big chance" has finally come along—proving, once again, that hard work pays off.

Though Bob describes himself as one who is unable to sing, dance, or tell funny stories, he is a dedicated showman, waxes most enthusiastic when he is entertaining people. How did this enthusiasm develop? On his first radio job. . . .

As Bob recalls his first day at KTTS, the Springfield, Missouri radio station where he got his start eleven years ago, "I was working with an old grizzled engineer who wondered about my starting radio work on one hand and, on the other, studying economics at Drury College. He said, 'Boy, what are you planning to do with yourself?' I answered, 'I'm going on to graduate school . . . maybe join a big company as an administrator.' He looked at me for a second and said, 'Listen, youngster, if you stick around here for six months, you'll never want to do anything else.'"

The engineer was right. After working at KTTS for six months as news writer, announcer, disc jockey and handyman, Bob never wanted to do anything else—he eats, sleeps and breathes radio and television. In his spare time, he watches other TV emcees ("It's like going to school") and listens to the radio in bed at night. Radio and TV are Barker's primary interests—his job is his hobby.

Bob's rewards come from the success of the show. "I read something of Al Capp's once," says Bob, whose favorite comic strip is "Li'l Abner." "Capp said that, when his cartoon is doing well, he feels like a young man, like a million dollars, like his clothes look good on him. But when 'Abner' is going badly, he knows that he is getting old, he's grumpy in the morning, and he's sure his suits don't fit. I feel the same way. When a show doesn't quite come off, I'm at my lowest ebb; when it goes well, I'm flying."

One great reason for Bob's interest in his work is that he loves meeting people, and each day he greets dozens as guests, plus hundreds in his audiences. It's an interest he's always had. When Bob and his lovely wife Dorothy Jo first came to Hollywood, they did a show in San Fernando Valley for an appliance dealer whose display was set up in the Department of Water and Power. Later, the Edison Company asked him to do the same show in their auditoriums throughout Southern California.

At their first show in Alhambra, one of Bob's guests was a sprightly, seventy-five-year-old lady by the name of Maude Hall. "Maude," says Bob proudly, "is now in her 80's, but hasn't missed a show of ours at the Alhambra Auditorium in seven years. I call that friendship. This may sound corny to some, but our dearest friends are made right on our show. Our guests are the most important people in the world to us. Let's face it—I'm not a 'stand-up comic.' Yet I am making a living with a microphone. It stands to reason, the credit goes to the folks on our shows."

Eleven years of hard work on Bob's part paid off one day last December, when *Truth Or Consequences* executive-producer Ralph Edwards—driving his two daughters, Chris and Laurie, to their Christmas shopping—chanced to pick up the Bob Barker radio show on KHJ. "I heard a solid thirty minutes of audience laughter," recalls Ralph, "and the emcee work was so good I thought it was a series of clips from one man's best work. The way Bob drew laughs from that crowd was sheer artistry. Not hearing his name, I

asked Chris and Laurie to listen for it—and I called him the next day."

"The call was placed by Ralph's brother, Paul," Bob remembered. "When I returned the call, the operator said, 'Ralph Edwards Productions,' and I wondered what they wanted with me. When I told the secretary that Paul had said it was important, she replied he was in conference with Ralph, but she'd try to get through to him. Then it was Ralph himself who said, 'Hello.' You could have knocked me down with a feather."

Ralph asked Bob if he were the Bob Barker of the radio show. Bob said yes. "I want you to know," said Ralph, "I think you do an excellent job." Bob will remember his reaction: "This bowled me over . . . I had been a fan of Ralph's for years, he had been my model, so the compliment was like having Joe DiMaggio tell a rookie he knew how to play ball well."

Ed Bailey, *Truth Or Consequences* producer, describes the staff's first meeting with Bob: "When Ralph mentioned to us he had heard this terrific radio emcee," says Ed, "I remarked that, on radio, he could be fat and have two heads. But how would he come across on television? Since none of us had seen Bob, we were thunder-struck when I walked this tall, good-looking young man, with a smile that made you glad to be in the same room with him.

"The more we talked," Bailey continues, "the more sure we were he'd be right for *T Or C*. Yet, as producer, I had the normal apprehensions about a relative newcomer stepping into a five-a-week national television show. After the audition, though, I threw my worries to the winds. Ralph had kept saying, 'I wish he would do something wrong . . . he's just too good!' Within thirty minutes, we agreed the national television audience was about to meet a personality destined for stardom."

Producer Bailey loves to blow the trumpets of praise in Bob's favor: "In all my years of show business, I've never worked with anyone who impressed me more on a first audition, and who continued to improve as we did more shows. Bob has great intelligence, can grasp the content of a stunt in seconds. We go over an act with him once, then he goes ahead and ad-libs it. He has a pin-sharp memory—and it seems to improve as we continue doing more shows."

Bob's reaction to this first chance at his own national television show was one full week of nerves. "I lost ten pounds," he admits. "But Ed Bailey looked after me like a father. Ed's a great gourmet, knows all the best eating spots in Hollywood and took me out to lunch every day. I soon gained back the ten pounds. If I'm not careful," Bob says with a wry grin, "I'll be heavier than Mr. Bailey."

Bob Barker was born some thirty-four years ago in Darrington, Washington, but spent the bulk of his early childhood in the Midwest. His father worked as a high-lineman. The big construction jobs he followed through the Northwest kept the family constantly on the move. Too many moves in early life make it tough on youngsters, and Bob admits the constant changes didn't help him develop a feeling of permanence or security.

And then, when Bob was six, his father died. "That was the beginning of the Depression," Bob recalls, "and it was Mother who supported us. For a while, we lived in hotels. Then, when things got rough, we went back to my mother's home in Mission, South Dakota, where she taught school on the Rosebud Indian Reservation." Bob's father was part Sioux; his mother, raised in the area, knew enough

Indian lore to write a book on Dakota history. A story-teller by nature, she kept Bob's little-boy interest captured by her tales of the old West. He says shyly, "I suppose every boy thinks his mother is the greatest mother in the world . . . I'm no exception."

Bob's father had been a great sports enthusiast. Before he died, he had taken Bob to every available football, baseball and basketball game. "When I was ten, and old enough to play the games myself," says Bob, "I most admired the fellows on the Rosebud Reservation basketball team. Jimmy Bartlet and Chris Yellow Robe were my heroes."

With a love of sports in his blood, Bob's childhood ambition was to become a pitcher some day for the St. Louis Cardinals (the team his dad had liked). "I had pictures of every baseball player tacked up in my room," he remembers with a faraway look in his eyes. "I played baseball from morning to night, read every sports magazine and every book on baseball. All I cared about was pitching for the St. Louis Cards."

But the time came when Bob had to make a choice—he had an opportunity to continue with his baseball in a summer league, at no pay, or else give up his dream and take a job as a bellhop to help out financially at home. It was a hard decision for a young man to make, but Bob, always more mature than his years, knew which way he would go. "As it worked out," he smiles, "the three summers I spent at Lake Taneycomo, in Missouri's Piney County, were the happiest of my life. Our high-school history teacher, Mr. Charles White, was in charge, and took a number of boys from school to help out at the hotel. But we were unlike any bellhops you ever saw—the boats at the resort, the swimming, dancing and our meals were all free. We had a ball."

When Bob was in his teens, he and his mother moved to Springfield, Missouri, where she continued teaching school, and where Bob met and married his high-school sweetheart, Dorothy Jo Gideon. "When we moved to Missouri," says Bob, "I met Jim ('Green Door') Lowe. We became high-school chums. At the time, he and Dorothy Jo were friends, lived a block apart, and had been buddies for years.

"Jim introduced us. He had a spur-of-the-moment idea to go hear Ella Fitzgerald at the Shrine Mosque, asked me to go along. 'I don't have a date,' I told him. 'I'll fix you up with Dorothy Jo Gideon,' he said. I'd admired 'DJ' from a distance. But, not wanting to look too eager at the time, I wasn't about to tell Jim I was all for it. Crossing my fingers I un-enthusiased, 'Oh, I don't know . . . I've never met Dorothy Jo.' 'Leave it to me,' Jim said. 'DJ is my oldest friend.'

"So that's the way we met—double-dating at an Ella Fitzgerald songfest. On our second date, we heard Russ Morgan's band. I didn't need Jim to ask DJ for me this time—we had hit it off just right on our first date. And, when Russ Morgan played 'Does Your Heart Beat for Me?' I knew that Dorothy Jo was the girl for me. She went home that night to tell her mother she was going to marry that new boy, Bob Barker. Since she was only fifteen at the time, this came as a shock to her mother."

Dorothy Jo explains, "I had known Bob from a distance, too. What I knew I liked: He was sports editor on our *Hi Times* newspaper, co-captain of the basketball team, and announcer at the football games. But none of that made any difference to

me. He was ever so romantic . . . I knew that after our first date. I just thought he was pretty—that was my entire interest. It's what I told my folks, who were waiting up when I returned home. I didn't know what Bob intended becoming after school, didn't care. I just wanted to marry him. But it was a long courtship. Even in Missouri," says Dorothy Jo with a laugh, "you can't marry until eighteen—a three-year wait."

"After our second date," Bob says, "we were going steady. Like most kids, we broke up now and then, but we always went back together. Why the breakups? It's normal for kids, I suppose. For one thing, I started calling her 'Tubby'—and she started calling me 'Skinny.' At the time, I weighed 135—DJ, 142."

"There are two very simple reasons for the weight," explains Dorothy Jo. "For one, Bob and his mother live close to Drury College. I ate lunch with him—and, frequently, a second lunch put out for me at home. On the other hand, the only time Bob came over to our place for dinner, he got the mumps, and never came back! The second reason for the weight was a plain cheese sandwich . . . with butter. Talk about calories! At Bob's place, those cheese things were all we ever ate. I don't mind—the cheese sandwiches make him the world's easiest man to cook for."

Bob and Dorothy Jo were married when he won his Navy wings in 1944. "It was a hectic affair," remembers Bob. "I left Corpus Christi to meet Dorothy Jo in Springfield. If you've ever tried to get hotel reservations in wartime, you know what our problem was. . . . A flyer friend of mine, Howard Hessick, finally made reservations for us at a small hotel."

"Poor Dorothy Jo had to make all the arrangements for her own wedding—I was

on duty at the Air Base. She bought the ring, arranged for the license, even bought my train ticket. When I joined her in Springfield, we had everything but a minister. Had to look in the yellow pages to find one. The ceremony took place in his home, with a record machine in the next room playing 'Make Believe.' It seemed so, too. Poor Dorothy Jo didn't even get flowers, and nobody threw rice—we didn't have the food stamps. Speaking of food," Bob concludes, "since our earliest days, I've put on a little weight—now weigh 170—and Dorothy Jo has a lovely 107-pound figure. Don't let anybody kid you into thinking people don't change after marriage!"

After the war, Bob, still in uniform, tried for several other jobs before he walked into radio station KTTS one day. "I simply stopped in to see if there were a vacancy," shrugs Bob. "I didn't care what I did, I was just looking for a paycheck to help me finish school. The station manager asked me if I would like to audition. Not knowing exactly what that was, I said yes, I was all for it. Every audition since then has scared me to death. But ignorance being bliss, this one fazed me not. The manager gave me a sheaf of news and commercials to read. When I was through, I had the job."

Since KTTS was a small station, Bob worked as a news writer, announcer, disc jockey and general handy man. It was weeks before he was given his first chance at announcing. "I had a sneaking suspicion that this would be the day Bob was to read his first newscast," reports Dorothy Jo, who was then teaching school. "I was the one with stage fright. I didn't know if he could get through a sentence without a struggle. So I listened to every

newscast—then there it was. No mistaking that Barker voice. I was pleasantly surprised to find he could read from one comma to another. Seriously, I was quite impressed and proud of my husband."

From KTTS, Bob and Dorothy Jo went to Station WWPG in Palm Beach, Florida, where DJ taught in the local high school while Bob picked up general announcing and disc-jockey duties at the station. It was here that he began putting together the format of his current Bob Barker radio audience-participation show, and DJ began spending more and more time helping with the production chores and less time teaching.

The Barkers left Florida, chased out by the area's greatest hurricane. Bob had been feeding the story of the big wind to the NBC radio network from the station's beachfront building (reputed to be the safest place in town) when the chandelier filled with water and came crashing down on a divan Bob and DJ had been resting on only a moment before.

They arrived in Hollywood with a dwindling bank account and no immediate prospects. Bob's first try for a job in Hollywood was as a time salesman for a local radio station. Three hours later, an appliance dealer agreed to sponsor a show, but insisted that Bob star as the emcee. *The Bob Barker Show* was born and, since then, has been heard on a number of local Hollywood stations, most recently on KHJ, five days a week.

It was this show which Ralph Edwards heard while out Christmas shopping with his daughters, and this show which catapulted Bob into his current starring spot five times each week on *Truth Or Consequences*, over NBC-TV and Radio. Bob's eleven years of hard work, his abiding interest in his fellowman, has paid off.



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# Jack of Hearts

(Continued from page 37)

he didn't want to seem conceited, and he didn't want to do the girl in the case an injustice, but he had detected in her conversation a broad hint that if he would advance her career. . . .

Art explained that the experience was not unusual for anyone who had a "name" in show business—there would always be those who imagined that talent and hard work were secondary, while "contacts" and a "sponsor" were of top importance. "It's just as well that you've met up with the theory now, instead of later, when love and trust might have been involved. Now you know what to guard against."

Jack was a woman-hater for almost a week. Then he met a young singer. "You'll be crazy about her," he told his parents. "She believes in getting where she wants to go under her own power. Work! That girl studies, take lessons, practices. . . ."

"How about double-dating with us at the Cocomat Grove Tuesday night?" Art asked his son. He was taken up instantly, as he had been many times in the past—and was to be often in the future.

Jack's first year of college (at U.S.C. where his social fraternity is Beta Theta Pi and his scholastic major is Telecommunications) was a repetition of high school, romance-wise. Each girl, in turn, was the most beautiful, the neatest, the sweetest, the greatest. Matrimony was always just around the corner.

During the summer of Jack's eighteenth year—1956—he spent three months in Munich working for Radio Free Europe. Inevitably there was a girl. Brilliant. Competent. Flaxen hair, flawless complexion. The goddess had but one almost invisible flaw. She always decided where she and Jack would dine—and she ordered the dinner. Also, she coached Jack in politics, in diplomacy, and in German grammar. He reported that his ego had sunk so deep he was beginning to yearn for the good old U.S.A.

One of Jack's first activities, after returning to California, was to join a group of his fraternity brothers in a patrol of U.C.L.A. terrain. The occasion of Jack's crosstown trip was "Presents" (accent on the last syllable)—the presentation of pretty, new sorority pledges to all interested observers. Unfortunately, Jack & Brethren were a little late for dates. After covering Sorority Row, the tardy Betas returned to a favorite staging area, the Alpha Chi Omega house. "We're desperate," they confessed. "We're in need of dates—with the result that we will be kind to some of your Older Types. How about lining up some seniors, preferably without crutches?"

A senior named Barbara Hughes (so recently returned from a vacation in Honolulu that her usual dates hadn't caught up with her yet) was available. However, she knew that a sorority sister had dated Jack in the past, so she checked with a chapter heartbreak authority for clearance. She was told that there was no conflict, and that Jack was a "fun" date.

The evening proved to be a Royal Ball. The orchestra at the spot where they stopped for a dance played "Friendly Persuasion." The juke at the hamburger haven played "Friendly Persuasion." Even the car radio tuned in on "Friendly Persuasion." Appropriately, Jack—in friendly manner—tried to persuade Barbara that a summer in Munich was the greatest (such gorgeous girls) . . . whereas she insisted that Munich was Germany, but Honolulu was paradise (those boys on the beach!).

Jack kidded Barbara about her age.

"You're pretty well preserved to be a senior," he told her. "How old are you, anyhow?" She said she was twenty. She would be twenty-one on October 24. How old was he? Eighteen-year-old Jack said without hesitation, "I'll be twenty-one on November 20"—carefully neglecting to specify what year.

Fleetingly, Barbara wondered how it happened that a boy so bright should be two years behind her in school, although he was less than a month younger. But, later that night, she told her roommates that she had enjoyed her date with Jack very much. He seemed, she said, amazingly down-to-earth. He was fun, he was attentive, and not even Arthur Godfrey could have discerned any lack of humility.

"And he's so mature to be only eighteen," piped up an ever-helpful freshman. "He's how old?" demanded Barbara. "Eighteen," stated the freshman flatly. "I was in high school with him, so I know."

For the first time in her life, Barbara felt that twenty-five months was roughly equivalent to a twenty-five-year seniority. She scanned her mirror for signs of wear and tear on her ancient, twenty-year-old countenance.

As for Jack, after his first date with Barbara, he decided to spend the week-

Dark brown hair, worn short. Wide blue eyes. A cute little heart-shaped face. But the fact that she is so pretty is just an added attraction. The first thing you begin to realize about her is that she has quality. Dignity. A sort of womanly pride and sweetness. I think you'll like her."

Swallowing hard, Father Linkletter suggested that he and Lois join Jack and Barbara for an evening at The Grove the following weekend. Standard procedure, of course, so Jack accepted it happily, pretending that he had not noticed the slightly greater-than-usual emphasis placed upon the meeting.

Came the great night, bringing together three separate attitudes toward the same event. Jack thought, *Everything will work out great. I know the values that are important to the folks. I have confidence in Barbara.*

Barbara, knowing that a double date with the Linkletters was standard operating procedure, thought it would be an interesting evening—if she could control the tendency of her hands to tremble.

Art and Lois told one another: This seems to be somewhat different from the roller-coaster romances of the past. *We shall see what we shall see.* What they saw was a remarkably pretty girl, poised, serene, and—a vital but often underrated quality—sensible. Only her toying with an earring (the clasp, she explained, was too tight) betrayed a minor nervousness.

She danced with Art and answered his questions frankly and without affectation. She said she loved children, hoped someday to have a large family of her own. Her father was not living, but she and her younger sister were fortunate in having one of the world's unheralded saints as a mother. Yes, she knew she would enjoy teaching; she felt she had a knack, and one should make use of whatever gifts were accorded one. No, she had never considered a show-business career; she felt she had no talent in that field, but she was happy to be a small part of that largest ingredient essential to all show-business success—an appreciative audience.

Art was impressed. "She has substance," he told Lois. "She just might be the girl for Jack. She'd fit into the family comfortably, I think." They took Barbara to Alisal on a weekend outing. Barbara rode a horse for the first time and "wound up as stiff as an ambassador's shirt at a coronation." An excellent swimmer, however, she quickly learned aqua-lung diving with Jack, and joined the family on seaside expeditions. The "fit" was comfortable indeed.

Even so, when Jack began to talk of immediate marriage, father and son went into conference. First, there was that question of age. "Nineteen is awfully young," Art said, inwardly smiling over his use of the world's oldest-known parental objection to the mating of the younger generation.

"You were twenty when you married," Jack countered with a grin.

"If Lois and I had known before marriage what we know now, we would have panicked before we reached the altar," Art admitted.

"Wouldn't everybody?" asked Jack perceptively.

Well, what's a father to say?

They discussed all the usual problems summoned by a serious approach to marriage: Income to support a home? No real problem, as Jack has been working off and on, since he was ten and the income had been invested so wisely that it brings in regular dividends nowadays. . . . Military service? Jack is a member of the Naval R.O.T.C. at U.S.C.; chances of

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end at home, in preference to returning to the apartment he shared with two fraternity brothers near S.C. Next morning, he told his parents, "I met a very interesting girl last night."

This mild statement elicited more response than all Jack's years of announcing ebulliently that he was balanced on the brink of marriage. The senior Linkletters exchanged glances and Art asked, "Interesting in what way?"

Jack tried to particularize. Barbara was quiet but, when she had something to say, she spoke up briefly, concisely, and with humor. She was part-paying her own way through college by driving a school bus and by teaching dancing. She was a Physical Education major and had already arranged to serve as counselor at a girls' camp the following summer, after graduation, and she was going to start her teaching career the succeeding fall.

This description was so thoughtful and so far afield from Jack's usual recommendations that his mother inquired, "How come no rhapsodies over eyes, hair, teeth, hands, and so forth? Is this a girl who must be appreciated for inner worth?"

"Who said Barbara isn't beautiful?" was the astonished reply. "Of course, she is.



his being called to active duty are remote, except in case of war. . . . Religious considerations? Both Jack and Barbara are Protestant. . . . Background? Both were born in Southern California and have grown up in the midst of the same general geographical and cultural influences. . . . Children? Both think in terms of a family of at least four, possibly more.

Obviously, there were none of the celebrated major conflicts between them. "But don't forget that, in marriage, it is often the minor and the unpredictable that cause difficulty," Art said wisely. "The mere friction of daily living scrapes up all sorts of controversy. I'd appreciate it if you two kids would postpone marriage for at least a year, get to know one another through the association of a long engagement. How about it?"

It seemed fair. Today's young lovers know that a love unable to endure the simple test of time is no love at all.

Inevitably, problems—as they have since time began—began to present themselves to the two people planning a life together. Jack is a clock worshipper; he has had to be, because of the facts of his home environment. Regard for the split-second becomes a hard-and-fast rule for the family of those working in radio or television. If there is anything that sets Jack's teeth on edge, it is perennial tardiness. Unfortunately, Barbara had fallen into the habit of many a member of her sex: She was always a little late.

Perhaps she didn't start early enough; perhaps she had to take a last-minute phone call; perhaps her delay was caused by traffic—she usually had an excuse. But excuses failed to mollify Jack when he had agreed to pick up Barbara at a certain time and place and she arrived thirty minutes late. Unwilling to shout at the

soft-eyed, contrite creature who had set his blood a-boiling, Jack would sulk.

In her turn, Barbara objected to sulking. Personally, she is inclined to say what she thinks, get it out of her system, and forget it. When Jack sulked, Barbara would pretend to ignore his silence and his thunderous face. She would hum. She would gnaw her lower lip, clear her throat, play with a paper clip or an earring.

Thinking of ways in which to defend herself from Jack's dark mood, Barbara would review some of her own complaints: Sometimes Jack was careless with valuables. For his birthday, she had given him a valuable billfold, which he had left—unthinkingly—on the seat of his car in a parking lot. Naturally, it was stolen. Also naturally, he was heartsick. But Barbara had said candidly that it was a wonder Jack didn't suffer constant losses as a result of his irresponsibility. The criticism infuriated Jack. For nineteen years he had managed to get by without the guidance of Miss Hughes, so what made her think. . . .

Marriages, to say nothing of engagements, have been wrecked by less.

Jack talked to his father about the slightly foolish but oft-repeated storms. As usual, Art came up with a suggestion. At U.S.C. he reminded Jack, there was a wise and understanding man at the head of the Education for Marriage Department. Dr. James A. Peterson. Why not enroll in some of his classes? Barbara agreed to the plan, so the battling beloveds attended a three-hour evening class once a week, for an entire semester, and consulted a marriage counselor as well.

Barbara learned to understand and to appreciate Jack's attitude toward punctuality, and to be on time (well, on most

occasions). Jack learned to speak up when he was annoyed, but to be objective about it and courteous in explaining his complaint. ("Look, honey, I love you and I'm determined to take care of you. You've procrastinated long enough about that tooth. I've made an appointment with my dentist for three on Wednesday afternoon: I'll drive you and pick you up at four.")

He learned to hang up coats, fold up sweaters, take care of valuables. ("How about me, Barbara? I haven't mislaid or lost anything for over a month!") Barbara learned to channel her energy into some such useful occupation as knitting when she was tempted to release tensions in some meaningless activity.

Of course, they made family jokes of their discoveries: "Look out for Barbara when she starts to hum; she hums for the same reason a pup growls." And, "Jack will never allow me to have a sun-dial in our garden. It would be an hour slow during the daylight-saving months, and that would drive him wild."

"The important thing isn't your having solved these minor problems," Art told the teasing sweethearts. "It's that you've learned *how* to go about tackling the threats to happiness in marriage."

Jack and Barbara plan to be married on December 21, 1957. After a two-week honeymoon, Barbara will return to her school, and Jack will continue his classes at U.S.C.—for two more years. Then he hopes to step into a show of his own.

Next thing you know, Art Linkletter will be interviewing his own grandchildren on *House Party*—and serving as guide to a second generation with the some success he is enjoying the first time around. People are funny, but children are wonderful. Especially when they're such a credit to a devoted dad.

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it had ever used. Norforms are deodorant—they *eliminate* (rather than *cover up*) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

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# The Best I Can Be

(Continued from page 34)

looking directly at you when you talk, a classic nose and mouth, a slim and stunning five feet, four inches shaped to flatter the most fetching fashions . . . you wonder why a girl such as this need be quite so uncompromising about the things that would come her way easily. The best roles. Romance. Glamour. Life served up on a silver platter.

She explains her point of view: "I must do something completely, or not begin it. With all my heart, or not at all. I have a sense of truth about my work, as I hope I have about everything important in my life. Don't think for one moment that I believe my ideas should apply to anyone else. Others have their own ideas, make their own compromises, and are happy that way. Only—for me—it must be like this."

She has been in one motion picture, the feminine lead with Tony Perkins and Karl Malden in the story of Jim Piersall, "Fear Strikes Out," playing Jim's wife, Mary. Hollywood has been dangling attractive contracts in tempting array before her, but so far she has fought to remain free of long commitments, free to choose her parts, to keep on in television, which she loves, and to think ahead to stage roles, possibly in musicals.

"If my insistence on doing what seems right for me should keep me from certain roles in television, in movies or on the stage," says Norma, "it will have to be that way. But I don't believe our business is like that. There is room for glamorous, enigmatic movie stars—I admire them—but I don't want to be one. Recognition is important to me, of course. An actress must have it—how else would she know she is reaching people?—but the first recognition I want is for my work. I certainly do not want to be built up as a personality, always perfectly groomed, beautifully made-up, gorgeously dressed—much as I would love this from a woman's point of view. My aim is to be a good actress, the best I can be, and to look like the woman I am portraying."

In the television part of Susan Ames in *The Secret Storm*, Norma is a motherless girl in her early twenties who has tried to take over as homemaker for her father, Peter Ames, and for a younger brother and sister. "Susan," she points out, "is the kind of girl of whom any parent would be proud. Uncomplicated, not the least bit neurotic, in spite of the many problems she has to face. Difficult problems for so young and sympathetic a girl. Because she is sensitive and generous, so open and responsive to others, she is always in danger of being hurt; not mature enough, not experienced enough, to cope with some of the people who come into her life. She has been dazzled by Alan Dunbar, an engaging young man whose motives and thinking are very different from her own, and this has brought about situations and emotions she is not equipped to handle.

"I think I am more experienced than Susan. I have been on my own as an actress, away from my home and parents," Norma explains, "but I understand her and like her. I think I understand her feelings about Alan . . . although the right moment has not yet come for me to fall in love. Of course, that could change any day, and all my own theories about the kind of man I will love and marry could be swept away!"

At the moment, the theories add up about like this: She would like to be even more firmly established as an actress, is

not certain yet how much of her career she would be willing to give up. She meets actors mostly, dates actors mostly, but believes it would be better for her to marry someone connected with the profession in some other way than acting. Someone who knows enough about her kind of work to speak her language, to understand the demands on her time and be patient with them, and to understand what she is trying to do with her talent.

When Norma is most serious about this subject of love and marriage, she suddenly breaks into a laugh, says: "Things are not like that yet. I have known boys I liked very much, but I haven't been really in love. I know all these things would depend upon how flexible we both are. A man has to find a woman who first appeals to him as a woman, not as an actress. And a woman has to find a man who is, first, the man she loves. I don't suppose anything else would matter too much, if that happens."

In Hollywood, she dated Tony Perkins, was photographed with him wherever they went, written up in the columns: "The whole idea of being in Hollywood, the whole experience, was breath-taking. Something happened every day at the studio—everyone was so kind—it all meant such a lot to me. And Tony was so wonderful."

She shares a small apartment with an actress friend—and seven cats. She kept one cat for a woman who belongs to The Gotham Cat Club, and, as a result of this foster-mothering, was asked by the Club to care for two others, pets of an elderly woman who was being sent to the hospital. Her heart melted when she heard they had no other home. So, rather reluctantly, she took on the responsibility of the two animals—and suddenly, last Easter Sunday, found herself presented with a litter of five kittens.

Ask her if they are "alley cats," and her eyes darken with belligerence. "They're beautiful hodgepodes," she corrects you. "Beautifully marked, each different from the others in personality. People come to visit, push a cat away, tell me how much they dislike having even one cat around, and end up by cuddling at least one in their lap, stroking a silky ear. They always say the same thing: 'This is the first cat I ever liked.' It happens regularly."

One kitten with a lovely, long slim neck is named Audrey, for La Hepburn. The four others, because of their Easter arrival, are jointly named "Allelujah"—Al, Le, Lou and Yah. Pop's name is Farouk and Mom's is Mama.

Norma's family name is Veney, and her parents are Margaret and Carl. Her father is of Swiss origin, associated with the textile business. The name Veney seemed difficult to use professionally, hard to remember, so Norma took the name of Moore, but she is proud of her parents, as they are of her, and didn't like making the change. She is an only child.

"My parents are non-professionals," she says, "but they had faith in me and encouraged me. Had I wanted to be a nurse, or a stenographer, or do any other work, they would have felt the same way, as long as I did a good job and was happy in it. They are really extraordinary. I believe they are proud of me now—not because I am an actress instead of something else—but because, in a highly competitive and difficult business, I have made a small place for myself.

"I have had so much encouragement and help, from many people. I doubt that Karl Malden, who was in 'Fear Strikes Out,'

has any idea to this day how much he helped me and what a good friend he was. He talked to me about the picture business, explained things I didn't understand, gave me pointers on how to handle myself and the new situations in my life in Hollywood. Of course, there was Tony also. And the people I know in New York. The producers and directors who have helped me, my fellow actors. Peter Hobbs, who plays my father in *The Secret Storm*. Haila Stoddard, who plays my Aunt Pauline. I admire her so, have learned from listening to her, watching her work. In the show, I am supposed to dislike her thoroughly, and this isn't easy, because in reality I like everything about her. Her lovely face, and her own ideas and ideals about her work, and the sense of truth she brings to it."

How Norma became an actress is all tied up with this strong feeling she herself has about "truth." She never decided to be an actress, but rather decided to go on being what she had been as far back as she could remember: "There is an important distinction here. It brings us into the whole idea of what makes people want to act. I decided, at fourteen, to act professionally, but that was the only change. I had been amusing myself, and my friends and schoolmates, from the time I could talk. It was my natural expression and I don't know why it should have been, or don't care to know. It was just *there*."

She was acting all during the years she went to the Poplar Street grade school in Hazelton, Pennsylvania—she was born in Chambersburg—and she acted when she went to high school in Greensboro, North Carolina, from which she was graduated in 1952. She believes now that her first leading role, at fourteen, in a high-school play, "Mother Is a Freshman," was a turning point, because it marked her decision to keep on acting and make it a profession. The second turning point was at the end of her first college term, at the Women's College of the University of North Carolina, at Greensboro. A dramatics teacher told her about a job at Flat Rock, apprenticing in a summer stock company called the Vagabond Players. She got the job, worked with the Players two seasons, did all the things apprentices do—worked on props and lights and sets, painted, ushered—as well as acted.

The director persuaded Norma that she should go on with acting, rather than continue college, and he gave her a letter of introduction to Paul Morrison, set designer at the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York. Morrison in turn introduced her to Sanford Meisner, director at the Playhouse, who accepted her into the highly selective circle of young players, where she worked for two years. Then came her first big professional break, as understudy to Mary Martin's daughter, Heller Halliday, in the Theater Guild's Salute to France production of "The Skin of Our Teeth." She went to Paris with the company—where the play was presented for two weeks at the International Drama Festival—and, besides being understudy, had five small roles of her own.

Staying over a third week, to visit Switzerland and her father's relatives, was one of the biggest thrills of her life: "It had been forty years since an aunt and uncle had seen any member of the family and they were as thrilled as I was. They lived in Züg, right outside Zurich, and I fell in love with them, with the town, and with all of Switzerland."

She played Broadway in "The Skin of

Our Teeth," two weeks in Chicago and two in Washington, D.C. For the television spectacular of the show, she acted as Mary Martin's stand-in—on only a day's notice, so it was lucky she knew Mary's part thoroughly. It was a complete run-through for the benefit of cameramen and lighting men, for producers and director, and had to be performed exactly as if it were being broadcast to an audience. In the actual broadcast, she appeared only in her own little group of parts, but the whole experience was a great thrill.

Her eyes widen with excitement when she talks about the unexpected way she got the part in "Fear Strikes Out." Paramount wanted someone outside the circle of young faces familiar to movie-goers. An "unknown" face, not associated with previous pictures. Norma's was far from unknown in television. She had been on many important dramatic programs. But she wasn't a motion-picture face.

"Many, many girls—hundreds of them, I suppose—were auditioned," she recalls. "I was simply one of them. After my interview with Bob Mulligan, the director, I happened to get a call to do something else. Thinking the Paramount job was just another one of those times when they talked about casting from New York and ended by taking some well-known Hollywood actress, I signed a contract with the man I saw second. I no sooner got home that I found I had a message from Paramount. As I walked in the door of their office, I was told they were going to fly me out to the West Coast immediately for a screen test. I still didn't take it too seriously—except the trip itself, since I had never been farther west than Chicago."

She flew out on the following Sunday morning, arrived in Hollywood Sunday

night, rehearsed Monday, made the test Tuesday, left immediately after, and was back in New York Wednesday. Thursday night she got a telephone call. They wanted her for the part.

It had never occurred to Norma that, with proper notice to the people with whom she had signed a contract, she could not be released. They wanted her badly, weren't thinking of her good fortune in being given such a good part in an important movie. They were businessmen, she had put her signature to a contract. She was an actress, young enough to be terribly indignant that anyone would try to thwart her progress. Finally, they came to an understanding that cost her some money and injured feelings. But ten days later, she was off to Hollywood.

After it was finished, a photographer friend of hers saw it and was most unhappy about the way she looked. "You weren't beautiful," he said. "You didn't use enough make-up. You weren't photographed to show how you really are. How could you let them do it to you?"

Here, again was this question of integrity, of truth, of reality. Norma had to explain that she had used a minimum of make-up because this was no fiction or fantasy, but really a documentary-type of film, about real people. About a real woman she was playing, a woman who was worried, and frequently unhappy, and unconcerned with glamour. That the wonderful part of this, her first Hollywood experience, was having producer Alan Pakula and director Bob Mulligan see the part exactly as she had and letting her play it with all the reality that was in her.

The day she auditioned for Susan Ames, in *The Secret Storm*, was exciting, too. She read with Peter Hobbs, says he was wonderful to her, helped her do the best

possible job. Now, busy as she is in a daytime dramatic serial, she is still studying drama with a former teacher at the Neighborhood Playhouse, Charles Conrad, who has his own classes now. She works at singing and dancing, hoping some day to star in a stage musical. "Dancing is like acting, with more movement—perhaps an extended form of acting, in which you must learn disciplines and techniques."

She paints (in oils). Something else she has always longed to do. She loves to be outdoors, adored California for its sunshine and open spaces, but tries to get in some swimming and water-skiing wherever she is, whenever she can find time. Besides, she wants the exercise, for her passion for truth makes her admit that she has to fight weight a little.

"When I was around nine years old, I began to read romantic tales of maidens who fell in love and could no longer eat, and began to waste away, and I thought how divine that must be. Alas," she grins, "I'm not the wasting-away kind. If I splurge on food one day, I must be terribly abstemious the rest of the week, so mostly I am careful every day—knowing that, for any picture medium, such as television or movies, I should be even slimmer than ordinary."

Right now, this seems about the only conflict in Norma Moore's life, this matter of loving good food and knowing she dare not have too much of it. Not a very important conflict, surely, compared with the ones she has made for herself—of knowing what she wants from life, from love, from work. Of clinging to some idealistic yet (she believes) realistic promises she made to herself when, at the age of fourteen, she decided to go on and on being an actress.

# Magic Touch

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The Make-Up of Young Moderns





# Paging Perry Mason

(Continued from page 54)

had come close to the depths of failure.

About the dramatic highlights of his personal life, he is more reticent. New to the rarefied atmosphere of TV stardom, where every breath a man draws is legitimate news, he opens with reluctance the chapters of his life—some of them tragic, all of them dramatic—preceding the present triumphant one, which finds him a gentleman-rancher ensconced in a magnificent adobe-block house on a bluff over the Pacific above Malibu.

There's a year's pressing, highly paid work for the weekly *Perry Mason* hour ahead of him, and the incoming mail basket is crowded with offers of work in films, the theater, television, radio—most of which he must, for the moment, turn down. "The Mason job," he says, "will mean twelve hours of work a day, seven days in the week. As the star, I have a tremendous stake in the success of the show; it has to have number one priority."

He may be able to squeeze in the *Fort Laramie* radio series for CBS, in which he has starred so successfully in the past. Despite the fact that, to many of his viewers, Raymond Burr will be a "new" face on their screens, he has had a long and impressive career as an actor. And has sandwiched jobs in between incidents of a crisis-studded personal life which only a man of his physical energy—and enthusiasm—could have survived.

Raymond was born in New Westminster, British Columbia, the first child of William Johnston Burr, a thriving import-export merchant, and Minerva Smith Burr, a concert pianist of repute, but he was to spend less than a year in the peace and security of a stable home before life began to get complicated.

When Raymond was just a year old, his parents moved to the Orient. The family were never in any one place for long. They hopped from Chefoo to Shanghai, from Peiping to Hong Kong, and back again. Since no consistent schooling was available, Raymond—and his two brothers and young sister—were educated by tutors. When Ray was eleven, they returned to Canada.

That was the black year of 1929. Suddenly, after affluence, there was no money. The strain of events produced a more personal tragedy. William and Minerva Burr were divorced, Ray's mother departing, with her four young children, for northern California.

There was ultimately, however, a happy ending: The elder Burrs were re-married last year—after twenty-six years of separation. "They both realized they had been very foolish," Raymond says. "They live very modestly now—my father works for a very low salary in a hardware store. But they're happy."

These later years have provided another happy conclusion to a tragic experience for Raymond's mother. "She was blind for a number of years," he says, "and suffered an agonizing series of operations. Now she can see, enough to teach. And she is a magnificent teacher, both of the piano and the pipe organ."

Upon settling in California, Mrs. Burr enrolled her son in the exclusive San Rafael Military Academy. Annapolis, she hoped, would be the next stop for Ray. But soon "no money" became less than no money. Ray had to go to work.

He was never to go regularly to school again, not even to finish high school. But, many years later, after successfully passing college entrance examinations at Long Beach Junior College, he proceeded to plow through what amounts to about six years of college education. "I have a

degree in psychology from the University of California," he says, "and a degree in English Literature from McGill." And he has taught, in the theatrical field, "at Amherst, Columbia, the Pasadena Playhouse." He himself has never had one hour of formal dramatic training.

That necessary first job, at twelve, was a poser for young Raymond Burr. He had no saleable skills, no "pull" anywhere. But he was big for his age, and brawny. He lit out for Roswell, New Mexico, and hired out as a ranch hand. When he returned, in two years, with a hunger for a more cerebral kind of life, he was big-

ger. And brawnier. Still with no definite goal in mind, he began drifting from job to job. Mostly sales jobs.

Raymond Burr apparently could have been a very rich salesman. But, along about here, he stumbled onto radio—and knew definitely, and at once, what he wanted to do with the rest of his life. He wanted to be an actor.

Since his dramatic force was immediately apparent, he moved quickly from radio to the legitimate theater—first, summer stock, then a go at Broadway. In the late '30's, he went to England to star in "Night Must Fall," and subsequently toured Australia

## Vote FOR YOUR FAVORITES

Each year TV RADIO MIRROR polls its readers for their favorite programs and performers. This year, for the first time, the polling was begun in the July issue and continues until the end of the year. Results will be tabulated after December 31, and award winners will be announced in the May 1958 issue. So vote today. Help your favorites to win a Gold Medal.

### TV STARS and PROGRAMS

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Female Singer .....

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Dramatic Actor .....

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Daytime Emcee .....

Evening Emcee .....

Musical Emcee .....

Quizmaster .....

Western Star .....

News Commentator .....

Sportscaster .....

Best New Star .....

Daytime Drama .....

Evening Drama .....

Daytime Variety .....

Evening Variety .....

Comedy Program .....

Music Program .....

Quiz Program .....

Women's Program .....

Children's Program .....

Mystery or Adventure .....

Western Program .....

TV Panel Show .....

Best Program on Air .....

Best New Program .....

### RADIO STARS and PROGRAMS

Male Singer .....

Female Singer .....

Comedian .....

Comedienne .....

Dramatic Actor .....

Dramatic Actress .....

Daytime Emcee .....

Evening Emcee .....

Musical Emcee .....

Quizmaster .....

Western Star .....

News Commentator .....

Sportscaster .....

Best New Star .....

Daytime Drama .....

Evening Drama .....

Daytime Variety .....

Evening Variety .....

Comedy Program .....

Music Program .....

Quiz Program .....

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and then New Zealand with the company. By this time, Hollywood had pricked up its ears, and he was summoned for a screen test. But he became seriously ill. "I guess I'd been living it up too much," he says. He turned his back on Hollywood, and joined the U. S. Forestry Service—for whom, for two years, he conducted a weather bureau and snow survey in Oregon. They were lonely years, with plenty of time for contemplation. He recovered his health. He took up writing and, much to his surprise, sold several of his articles and stories to magazines. But the lure of the theater was still dominant, and he returned to the stage, appeared in a New York musical-comedy hit, "Crazy With the Heat"—and "twelve million radio dramas."

Once, briefly, he was an explorer: "I went to Yucatan with some archaeologically minded friends of mine. One day, I fell in a hole and accidentally discovered some ancient Mayan ruins."

Archaeology is fascinating, but Raymond—with responsibilities for many people other than himself (once there were eleven relatives living in his house)—had to get back to work.

Once again: Hollywood calling. R.K.O. tested him, signed him, agreed to pay him \$450 a week, and then—the old story again—forgot him. Raymond Burr had never been so rich, nor so unhappy.

Out of frustration, he ate—and drank—until his heft rose to a dangerous 325 pounds. (Burr is a great cook and an avid gourmet, and gaining weight is easy when he lets himself go.) Disgusted with Hollywood, and himself, he asked for and received his release from the studio and started over the old path—radio, to stage, back to movies.

The official record takes up after the war. ("I did a stint in the Navy in the

Pacific.") On January 14, 1947, he married an actress, Isabella Ward. "It was my second marriage," he says, expressionless. "My first wife went down in the same plane with Leslie Howard. Our son, just a year old when she died, died three and a half years later of leukemia."

About his more recent marriage, he is equally taciturn. "We were separated after a year, divorced in Maryland in 1952. We had no children."

Since the war years, Raymond Burr has worked steadily and profitably—and with the character actor's usual anonymity—in films, some of them very big: "A Place in the Sun," "Rear Window," "Cry in the Night."

And he has given more time and energy than any other performer to entertaining the Armed Forces overseas. At one time, he spent a solid six months with a troupe in Korea—giving up about \$75,000 in available jobs in order to do it.

With the discipline and satisfaction of work, the pounds that used to haunt him melted away, until Burr—today—has a leading man's physiognomy and a character actor's skill and finesse.

Erle Stanley Gardner has described Perry Mason like this: "Tall, long-legged. Broad powerful shoulders. Rugged faced, clean-cut, virile features; patient eyes. Heavy, level eyebrows. Well-shaped hands, strong fingers. Hand could have a grip of crushing force should occasion require. Wavy hair. . . . Fighter, happy-go-lucky, carefree, two-fisted—a free-lance paid gladiator. Creed—*results*."

This could be a description of Raymond Burr himself.

At the top of the heap, at last, Raymond Burr is living the rich, full life of the man "who has got it made," in his rambling ranch house over the sea. He loves it there, seldom ventures into the city

except to work—that means frequently now, of course, and sometimes he has to arise at 2:30 A.M. to make the hour's drive into the studio in time for early rehearsals of *Perry Mason*. (Barbara Hale plays Della Street to Raymond Burr's Perry; Bill Hopper is Paul Drake, Mason's detective ally.)

Raymond's house is dream stuff. From the front terrace, stone stairs—built, stone by stone, by Raymond himself—lead to a luxuriant grassy slope to the edge of the bluff over the sea. Old trees give welcome shade. New flowers bloom in profusion everywhere. To the rear of the house is the "working area"—kennels for Ray's pure-blooded Australian Silky dogs, pens for chickens, ducks, geese. "We don't eat the birds, we're too fond of them," he says. "Just the eggs."

The house has an informal but beautiful living room, a den, several sea-facing bedrooms. But the center of life is the big cheerful kitchen. "Come on into the kitchen" is the usual greeting. There, with chairs drawn up to an enormous rough-hewn table, you can share one of Ray's chilled, expertly mixed gimlets and then choose between hot and cold canapes.

To Raymond Burr—who has been all over the globe, more than once—this spot above Malibu is the loveliest place in the world, and truly his "home" base from now on.

"I don't want to live like a rich man. Come to think of it, I'm *not* a rich man. I've made a lot of money in my life, but managed to give it all away. Big money, for me," he adds wryly, "will mean only that I won't leave owing anybody."

If *Perry Mason* catches on—as there is every reason to believe that it will—Raymond Burr will keep on living it up on his beautiful seaside bluff, the country squire at home, for a long, long time.

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T  
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# Adopted Father



224 pages  
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(Continued from page 52)

and they didn't think I was spending enough time on the project, so they pitched in to help!

"With all that having gone on before, you can understand that I didn't think too seriously of Sherry's build-up after she'd met Monte. Mother was taking Sherry to the set in those days—one day I let Mother stay home, and I took Sherry. That's when I first met Monte. And, as is obvious now, Sherry knew what she was doing. Monte and I started dating, and within a few months we were married. With, of course, Steve Cochran as best man and Sherry as flower girl."

Before that, Monte's suitability as stepfather had been put to the test, one fine Sunday afternoon, when Gary and Sherry pulled him out of the house for a "walk to the corner" to buy a balloon. Only there was no balloon man at the corner, nor at any of the corners for a mile down the street—a distance they conned him into trudging in search of the elusive balloon man. Then they confessed it was all a plot to get far enough away from home so that they might ride the bus back. He fixed that one with characteristic firmness—suggesting calmly that, since they'd walked there, they could walk back. They did. Monte loved walking; the children, somewhat less than enthusiastic about it, learned their lesson.

Still another test came shortly after Rita and Monte were married. Rita, busy with other duties, was unable to accompany Sherry to the studio, so Monte was drafted as a stand-in for "stage mother." This was a new bit for him, and he confesses he was plenty nervous as they drove onto the lot, and headed for the parking area. So nervous, in fact, that he had some difficulty getting the car parked properly. In lining it up, he bumped into the curb rather sharply, and he and Sherry both got something of a jolt. Momentarily dropping back into his uninhibited bachelor habits, Monte let out a couple of deeply expressive curses.

Sherry, her pigtailed literally stiffening at the sound of his swearing, sat primly on her side of the front seat. Looking straight ahead of her, she remarked in a quiet little voice, "Daddy, if you must swear, it's all right if you do it while we're alone. But please don't ever do it in front of anyone. They might not think you're a proper father."

Monte remembers that, at the moment, he couldn't decide whether to howl with laughter, or to weep. What she said was so true, and summed up so thoroughly her reactions toward him, and his responsibilities toward her. And yet it sounded so incongruously *adult*, coming from this tiny, owlish girl.

The five years since Rita and Monte have been married have been happy, eventful, fruitful years. They bought a lovely little home in the Valley, complete with swimming pool. Located in North Hollywood, in the San Fernando Valley, it is about a ten-minute drive from Hollywood over the pass through the Hollywood Hills. Like many typically California houses, it is rustic to the point of picturesqueness.

Sherry's career prospered, and Monte began his steady climb upward in the ranks of Hollywood screen writers. He worked for a year or so at Warner Bros. studio, where he turned out, not only screen plays, but also a number of episodes for the Warner Bros. Presents television series, "Cheyenne" and "Conflict." It was there that he established the precedent of always writing into his TV plays a bit part for himself—so that he appears

in each one he wrote, as a sort of signature or trade-mark. Monte is now writing for Universal-International studios, and will sign a writer-director contract soon.

While the professional-type production was prospering, so was another "production" at home. In January, 1956, Monte's and Rita's first son, Robert John, was born. "The fellows at the studio couldn't understand why I could get so excited over this baby," laughs Monte. "They knew I had two sons and a daughter. They figured, by now, such things should be pretty routine with me. It was a little tough explaining that, while I did have three children, this was the first baby I'd ever been around!"

Sherry's attitude toward her new baby brother would be almost comical, if it weren't so heartwarming. Having had three before him, Rita has the relaxed attitude which comes with rearing a large family. If Robert John wants to crawl up the stairs, for instance—let him learn by crawling up the stairs, Rita philosophizes. But not Sherry—she hovers. "Be careful or you'll fall and bump yourself," she clucks.

"If that baby gets spoiled, it will be no fault of mine," Rita vows. "You'll be able to trace it all to Sherry. 'Nasty old mother won't give you a bottle?' Sherry says. 'Your big sister will take care of you!' Wait till *she's* had three of her own—I'll bet she won't be so fussy about the fourth one!"

Probably one of the outstanding things about the Pittman household is that you see more family feeling here than in many a home where the father has always been with them. The Pittmans really do things together. Both Monte and Rita, though their lives have been linked closely to television for years, believe that the old-time, creative activities should be part of their children's growing up, too. "We let them watch a few shows which are their favorites," Rita explains, "but there's none of this camping in front of the set, hour after hour, watching just anything which happens to come on."

Instead, the Pittmans make up family-participation games of their own. At first, these started out to be story-writing sessions. They'd choose an object—say, the front door, or an interesting piece of bric-a-brac. Each of them—Gary, Sherry, Curtis, Rita and Monte—would write a short-short story around that object. Monte confesses that these evenings proved more profitable than he had dreamed they would. The family hatched several plots which he subsequently turned into screenplays. Later, the Pittmans turned to making up crossword puzzles. "We turned out some doozies in those days," Rita recalls with a chuckle. Currently, their evenings at home are often taken up with quiz sessions, right in line with the national craze for such programs. Only the Pittmans keep their quiz on a purely personal basis. "What day, month, and year was Daddy born, and where?" is the panel stumper Gary turns out. Sherry is apt to come up with "What did we give Monte that first Christmas?"

"On the surface, it's a game," Rita explains. "But we've discovered that it's done a lot for us, as a family—more than most games do. It's amazing what strangers members of the same family can be to each other. With our little old quiz game, we really get to know the facts!"

This do-it-yourself fun spills over into the gifts the Pittmans give each other for Christmas and birthdays. Many of them are home-made and singularly appropriate for the recipient. There was the scrapbook Monte concocted for Sherry several



years ago. Faced with a pile of old publicity photos, which it seemed a shame to consign to the incinerator, Monte set to work with scissors and pen. The scrapbook is a series of cartoon-type pasteups—poking gentle fun at Sherry, other members of the family, their friends, and the institution of stardom itself.

This refusal to take the status of "movie star" seriously is one of Sherry's most charming characteristics. She's never affected the off-screen bearing many actresses employ, queening it up in real life. Off the set, she's always been a pretty average little girl, just as nowadays she's a pretty average teenager.

Happily for herself and Monte, Sherry is primarily an actress, and rarely an "idea woman." In other words, she doesn't go around telling Monte just what sort of a scene, or what type of a play, she would like him to write for her. "I know her so well by now," he says, "I'm sure, while I'm writing, that she'll be able to interpret whatever character I'm creating for her—and will undoubtedly make it more real, and believable, than I ever could on paper.

"There was a good example of this while we were shooting 'Come Next Spring.' In this, you may remember, Sherry plays a mute child. This is a demanding part, even for an adult actress, but this girl has a sensitivity far beyond her years. Of course, while I was writing the play, I kept Sherry in mind. And before shooting started, Rita and Sherry and I would have long talks about this little mute girl, Annie. What sort of a little girl she was, the kind of a life she'd lived, the way she felt about things. So, when Sherry stepped before the cameras, she stopped being Sherry, and became Annie.

"Actually, this threshing out a character before shooting starts on a picture is one of the reasons Sherry always does such an excellent job. This is something for which I can claim no credit. Rita was doing it with her long before I arrived on the scene. Now, when we get a script, we read it through, then start analyzing the characters. Not only Sherry's part, but all of the parts. By the time we're through, we know the life history of every person in the plot—why they act the way they do—all about them.

"There is one character we don't do much briefing for, however. That's Terry, on *The Danny Thomas Show*. As Sherry points out—she bones up on that character, just breathing. Actually, the part is so close to Sherry's own self that sometimes it's hard to tell where Terry stops and Sherry starts. And, just occasionally, Sherry is apt to bring Terry home. For a few segments last year, the writers let Terry get a little snippy, and when these things started showing up at home, too—we had to point out right quickly that, just because Terry was allowed to get away with such action, it was no sign Sherry could.

"I probably shouldn't say that Sherry has never told me what she'd like me to write in the way of a play for her. She has vague, general ideas of roles she'd like to play. Only I've learned not to take them too seriously. I learned the hard way. Last year, she was all enthused about doing a Western. That's all she could talk about—how she'd like to play a part in a real, historical Western picture. I had a number of commitments to get out of the way at the time, but as soon as I could get at it, I started a Western script with a part in it for her.

"Not long ago I got the thing polished off, and brought it for her to read. And what was her reaction? 'That's very good, Daddy. But I really don't think I'd much care to do a Western. Now if you could just write something with a sort of "Snake

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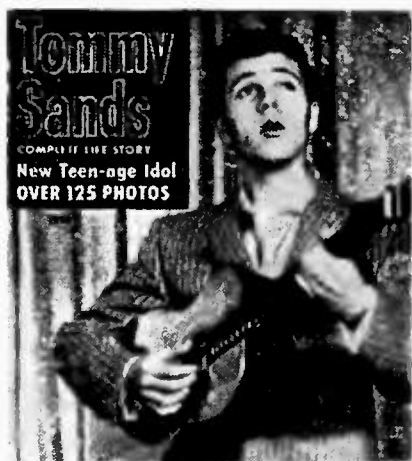
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There was one time, Monte remembers, when Sherry did make a specific request for him to write something for her. Her club at school was scheduled to put on a playlet at some school program, and she airily volunteered his services to write the production. This, of course, without consulting him first. "I remember I was working at Warner Bros. at the time. I hadn't the fuzziest notion of what to write for the girls, and mentioned my dilemma to some of the other writers. That evening, after work, four or five of us retired to a near-by restaurant, where we kicked around a few ideas.

"We did this for the next several evenings, and finally came up with a playlet which we gave the girls. One of the fellows figured it out—just for laughs—that the amount of time we spent on that project, at our going hourly wage, would have brought the total cost for writing alone to about \$4,000. And do you know what? The thing fell flat on its face when they put it on! We never have figured out why. I like to think it was just too professional a production for a group of amateurs, and young girls, at that. Any other conclusion is too unflattering. Anyway, I doubt that Sherry will ever ask again."

As in many homes where there's a good-sized family, the Pittman home is seldom populated solely by Pittmans. Gary has the customary thirteen-year-old mob, which gravitates regularly to the pool in the back yard. Curtis, now away in the Air Force, rarely gets home. But, before he left, his chums were generally all over the place—or, as Rita claims, all over the kitchen.

And Sherry, who has just wound up the most thrilling year of her life thus far (simply because her schedule was arranged so that she could spend six whole months attending public school) brings young folks home by the score. She has made good grades at school, and is allowed continued social privileges so long as she sustains those grades.

In many ways, Sherry is mature beyond her years, largely because of the years she's been in such close contact with the adult world making movies and television films. But Rita claims you'd never know

that, once Sherry gets with a group of girls her own age. "She can be as giddy, as scatterbrained, as light-headed as any girl of fifteen has a right to be," Rita laughs. "She told an interviewer once that her hobbies were boys, records, boys, dancing, and boys, in that order. And I guess that was correct. We have a never-ceasing, ever-changing parade of boys through that front door.

"People are always writing and talking about father-daughter relationships, and how fathers are supposed to 'screen' the young men their daughters bring home. So far as I can see, the same thing goes for stepfather-stepdaughter relationships. You should hear what Monte has to say about some of the boys Sherry brings home. He says it to me, and in private—but I swear he couldn't feel more violently about the subject if Sherry were really his own daughter!"

Monte has become philosophical about such things, however. "At first, I got all excited when she'd bring home someone obviously unsuitable for her. But I kept myself under control, never came out with any flat directives, never told her she couldn't see such and such a boy again.

"And the funny thing was—after I'd seen a lad a couple of times, I'd mellow a little, and he wouldn't look so bad, after all. Then maybe I'd say to Sherry, 'You know that Pete you brought home last week? I didn't like him much at first, but he doesn't seem such a bad lad now!'" And invariably her reply would be "Oh, him! That was last week!"

"So I've just sort of given up. The way we figure it, if Rita and I haven't been able by now, to teach her how to behave, how to judge people, and how to pick friends wisely, it's a little too late to start!"

There are a lot of people who would tell you Sherry Jackson is a lucky girl. They may be referring to her fresh good looks. They may be referring to those thirty movies, and those television shows, and those five years on *The Danny Thomas Show*. They may be referring to her income, which amounts each month to more than many heads-of-the-house make in a year. But the biggest piece of luck Sherry Jackson ever had was in being born to a mother like Rita—and being able to fill a gap in her life with a stepfather like Monte. That kind of luck more girls should have!

## Dreams Do Come True

(Continued from page 39)

Story. Dick's very happy about that, too, even though he feels more sure of himself in comedy.

"All the important things I've done in the theater," says Dick, "have been comedy. In 'Mr. Roberts,' for instance, I was the third replacement for David Wayne as Ensign Pulver—one of the funniest parts ever written for an actor. So I just feel a little better in comedy than I do in a straight romantic part like Ted Bond, which I recently did on *My True Story*. But playing opposite Rosemary Rice in that one made it easy. I've known Rosie for eighteen years. When they were kids, Rosie and my sister, Joyce Van Patten, were in a show together. Rosie and I have been playing the sister and brother roles of Katrin and Nels on *Mama* for some ten years (we're the only members of the original radio cast they kept on for the TV show), so we're almost 'family' really. And we've always liked each other, worked well together, been good friends. So, of course, I'm happy that Rosie's playing my

sister on TV—and my girlfriend on radio."

Things work out this way—happily, that is—for Dick. And always have. "It's true," he says, "that I haven't a frustration or an unfulfilled desire to my name. How can I have, when everything I wanted as a child I've got? I'll tell you a story—my true story—in proof of what I say.

"When I was a kid, I used to ride my bike from Richmond Hill, Long Island, where I was born and grew up, out to Bellerose—also on the island—which was my favorite place of any place I'd ever seen. In Bellerose, there was one section I liked the best of all. The houses there looked like the houses in the 'Andy Hardy' pictures—remember? Picket fences. Children playing in the yard. Geraniums in the window. Flower gardens. On Huron Road, there was a three-storey white-shingled house which I liked best of all. I used to park my bike against a tree and stand there, looking at it. I liked the school, too, the Floral Park Bellerose school, with trees all around it and everything. When I get married, I used to say

to myself, here is where I am going to live—in Bellerose, on Huron Road, in this house—And my kids will go to the school with the trees around it. And I hope I have a whole lot of kids. My mother, who is Italian, was one of thirteen," he explains, "and I think big families are fun."

Today, Dick and his golden-haired lovely-to-look-at Pat and their two small sons, Richard Nels, who is two, James Tyler, seven months (and another baby due this very month of October) are living in Belle-rose, in that very house. If this isn't dreams-come-true, storybook stuff, it will do until something dreamier comes along.

Furthermore, Dick's hope of having "a whole lot of kids" seems more than likely to be fulfilled. "With three babies, one right after the other in less than four years, we've made a good beginning," Dick says, understating the matter.

It seems strange that a boy who chose the house in which he would live when he got married—who dreamed of "the whole lot of kids" he would have—never visualized the girl who would be his wife and the mother of the whole lot of kids. But he never did. How could he dream so tall, he asks, as to suppose that She would be a ballet dancer, graceful as a willow branch, and "the most beautiful girl I have ever seen in my life"?

Nor did he dream of what he would be when he grew up . . . for, at the tender age of five, he entered a children's amateur contest in a Richmond Hills neighborhood theater, and—before he'd had time to dream about it—Dick was on his way to being what he was going to be when he grew up.

"The contest, sponsored by Loew's Theaters, was held in neighborhood theaters all over Long Island," Dick explains. "Hundreds of children competed and the winner in each district was given a final audition at Loew's State in New York. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and the late Mayor La Guardia were the judges. (This was about 1935). The prize was a trip to Hollywood and a six-month contract with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios—and I won! It was really rather silly. That I won, I mean. I just recited a poem about my mother. I can't remember it now, but it was something about how Mommy gets you up in the morning, makes you eat your breakfast, wear your rubbers—that kind of thing.

"Anyway, I did win and I did go to Hollywood (my grandmother Van Patten took me) and we lived there six months, waiting for M-G-M to give me a part in a picture. They didn't—but they found a play for me on Broadway, 'Tapestry in Gray,' which starred Melvyn Douglas and the late Elissa Landi, and I played their son. The play was a flop—lasted only four weeks—but I went immediately into another show, 'The Eternal Road,' directed by Max Reinhardt and Kurt Weill. After that, I was always in a show—always, with never more than a two weeks' interim between engagements. Of course, I played just kid parts—bellhops and things like that—but the plays were not unimportant, nor the stars. There was 'The American Way,' for instance, starring Fredric March and Florence Eldridge."

Dick was ten when he joined the cast of "The Woman Brown." A year later, he appeared in a revival of "Ah, Wilderness!" He was twelve when his outstanding performance in Guthrie McClintic's production, "The Lady Who Came to Stay," won him a *Billboard* award. That same year, he played in the Kaufman-Ferber comedy-drama, "The Land Is Bright." The importance of the parts he played, and his ability to play them, clearly grew with his own growth.

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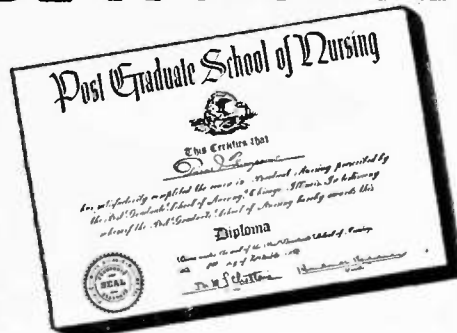
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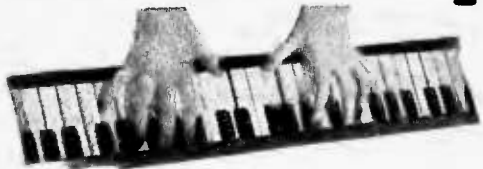
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everything personality belies the human dynamo he actually must be—for, despite his fifteen or so roles in major stage productions and the good average he maintained in his school work, he also rolled up a sizable stockpile of work in radio, television, films and summer stock. In 1941, he starred as Jimmy Dugan in *Regular Fellows* on radio, then played the same part in the film version the following year. Other radio credits have included running parts on *Young Widder Brown*, *The Aldrich Family*, *David Harum*, *Miss Hattie*, (with Ethel Barrymore) and *The Right To Happiness*.

Come the hobbledehoy, early teen-age period and most juvenile actors find themselves "at liberty." But not young Master Van Patten, who was sixteen when he got the biggest part he'd ever had—or thought to have—that of Michael, son of the fabulous Lunts, in "O Mistress Mine," which he played on Broadway for three seasons, then on tour with the road company.

Dick's modesty, the complete lack of anything actor-ish in his manner or speech or behavior, in the way he dresses or in the way he lives, is probably due to the fact that—although he was a "child actor"—his home-life was always that of any normal-average American youngster. "We lived in a big old house in Richmond Hill," Dick says. "My father, for whom I was named—(Dad is Holland-Dutch, and I resemble him)—is an interior decorator. My mother, who is now a theatrical agent, was a Physical Ed. instructor at the Richmond Hill High School. My sister, Joyce—who is five years younger than I—made her stage debut when she was seven, in 'Love's Old Sweet Song,' which starred Jessie Royce Landis and the late Walter Huston. At home we never did any play-acting, either of us—probably," Dick laughs, "because we worked at it! Besides, there were too many other things to do. "I went to public school for five years, then to Holy Child in Richmond Hills through the sixth, seventh and eighth grades. Except that I had to miss some classes on matinee days, and take naps from five to seven every afternoon, I did pretty much what the other kids did—played baseball and football, went swimming at Jones Beach, rode my bike.

"After I got out of grammar school, I went to the Professional Children's School in New York for two years—then, when I got the part in 'O Mistress Mine,' I quit. And never went back to school again. It was when I started working with the Lunts that I really began to get excited, for the first time, about acting. I'd always liked it, it was fun, it was sort of second nature to me ... but, now and again, I'd think that maybe I'd be a jockey when I grew up." (A strongly built young man—height, 5-foot-10, weight, 150 pounds—a jockey?) "Once I'd worked with the Lunts, though, watched them work, I knew that I was doing what I wanted to do. I'd settle, I decided, for owning a couple of race horses which—another dream come true—I have done.

"At the Professional Children's School, another dream began to come true for me—although," Dick laughs, "there was to be a period of nightmare before it did! In one classroom, a girl named Pat Poole and I sat right next to each other. I liked her. She says now that she liked me, too. But that is as far as it went. We never had a date. I never asked her for one. She was so very pretty, I never thought she would. Besides, I was only fourteen and she was only twelve, and both of us young, in the boy-meets-girl department, even for our young ages. A few years later, we have since discovered, we were near neighbors—when I was living at 1 West Sixty-seventh Street in New York,

where I had an apartment, and Pat was living at 128 West Sixty-seventh, right down the block—but I never ran into her, not once. All that time *wasted*.

"More time passes—wasted, too!" sighs Dick, "and now it's 1953 and the *Mama* show is rehearsing in Studio 41 at Grand Central Station. We rehearsed from ten in the morning to one, then Jackie Gleason and his cast came in and rehearsed from one to five. As the June Taylor Dancers came in with the Gleason outfit—about twenty-five of them, all very pretty—I sort of hung around one day, took my time getting out. And, as I was taking my time, there, among the June Taylor girls, I saw her. But, although I recognized her, I couldn't place her.

"After what seemed a lifetime but was probably three minutes, I walked over to her and said, 'Don't I know you?' 'I'm Pat Poole,' she said. 'I'm Dick Van Patten,' I said. 'The Professional Children's School!' we both said. Then I asked her—and my heart was really jumping around—'Are you married?' She said, 'No, but I'm engaged.' I really got dizzy. My heart dropped like a stone, down to the floor. I don't remember what I said next. Nothing, I guess.

"That evening, and for the next several days, I went around to everyone I knew and asked, 'If a girl's engaged, does that mean there's no chance?' 'Doesn't mean a thing,' I was told, 'ask her out for lunch—engaged girls will go out for lunch.' But I didn't ask her for lunch. I didn't have the nerve. I was going crazy.

"Then a terrible thing happened. Rosemary and I had to do the Turkey Trot in one of the scenes on the *Mama* show and someone had to teach me how to dance. Someone suggested that we try to get Pat Poole. And, every morning for a week, she taught me how to dance the Turkey Trot. As the week drew to an end, I was still going crazy."

"Rosie was a big help. On the last day, she went to Pat and said, 'Why don't you come up to my house for dinner tonight?' Pat accepted. And I was there. Rosie's date was there, too, and it was all very casual. We had dinner. Afterwards, we played Monopoly and Go to the Head of the Class. As we were leaving, I whispered to Rosie, 'I'd marry her tomorrow!' But I had very little hope. The wedding date wasn't set, she'd said, but she'd talked about where they were going to live after they were married—and every word was like a nail in the flesh. Oh, it was an awful feeling!

"And then I didn't see her for two weeks. By this time, everyone on the *Mama* show knew I was going crazy, including my TV parents, Peggy Wood and Judson Laire, with whom I have a very warm and personal relationship. And everyone was trying to help—including Carol Erwin, our producer, who came to me at the end of the two profitless weeks and said, 'We need a can-can dancer on the show. Why don't you call Pat Poole and ask her to audition for us? Make you look good.' I called Pat and she, along with seven other girls, came in for the audition. While she was auditioning, I was walking up and down the hall praying she'd get it. I shouldn't have worried. Pat had been in the ballet corps at the Music Hall for three-and-a-half years. She'd been one of the June Taylor Dancers for three years. She'd been on Broadway in 'Me and Juliet.' She's terrific. Her audition, as I might have known, was terrific.

"So, that week on the show—another whole week of being with her part of every day—I really opened up. Might as well find out if I really had any chance. We went for coffee, a sort of light lunch date, in Grand Central Station. I told her she was the most beautiful thing I had ever

seen. I told her I loved her. 'Sounds silly, I know—you're engaged. But I just wanted you to know.' When she didn't say anything, just looked at me, I asked, shaking in my shoes. 'Can't you go out on a date with me—say, once a week? Go to a movie, maybe?' I don't remember what she said. But, if it wasn't yes," Dick laughs, "at least it wasn't no. On our first date, we had dinner at Cherio's, a little Italian restaurant, and then to a movie. After the show, Pat said her mother loved ice cream, so I bought some and we went home to her house. A few weeks—and a few dates—later, Pat said, 'I think my mother really likes you better than she does my fiance.' Then," Dick laughs, "I bought her mother more ice cream!

"But whether or not Pat liked me better, I didn't know—nor, I suspected, did she. At the end of about six or seven weeks, I said, 'We can't go on like this.' That evening, Pat said she thought she did like me better than her fiance and that she would tell him so. She didn't tell him that she liked me better—but she did tell him that she had been seeing me, that she was confused about the way she felt and was going to Europe with her godmother, to make up her mind. She went to Europe. She stayed in Europe for two months. Two awful months for me and for the other fellow—both of us waiting for her to return with her mind—and her heart—made up.

"It was September when Pat got back. Six months later, on April 25, we were married in the Actors' Chapel of St. Malachy's Church in New York. Pat wore the traditional white satin, the veil, the orange blossoms, the 'something borrowed, something blue,' and was the most beautiful bride—so ethereally slim, so gold and white—a bridegroom ever beheld.

"Am I as much in love now as I was four years ago? More in love now—oh, more, much more!" Completely happy as of now, there isn't the slightest change Dick would make in the life he lives, or in where he lives it. Bellerose is still his favorite place of any he has ever seen. And the house on Huron Road is the one he did buy when he got married.

"In Bellerose," Dick says, "you live very simply, which is the way I like to live and intend to live, always. We don't keep any help. Pat has a dish-washer, clothes-washer and dryer—which is as good, she says, as having three in help. I sometimes do charcoal-broiled steaks and hamburgers on the grill outdoors. Otherwise, Pat does all the cooking, and she's a wonderful cook, wonderful. Which certainly contributes to my happiness," Dick laughs, "since I live for food—especially spaghetti and Chinese food—and for a bed, a good bed, to sleep in! I've never been much use as a handyman, but I'm learning—I built the picket fence. I mow the lawn. I pull the kids around in a cart.

"On Huron Street, most of our neighbors live pretty much the same as we do. In Bellerose, neighbors are really neighbors, too—the kind that are always willing to turn a hand and help a fellow with a job of work. We all do our share of the community work. I'm a volunteer fireman. Pat is a member of the Women's Club. When our kids start going to the Floral Park Bellerose school, which is where they will be going, we'll be active members of the P.T.A. Pat almost never goes into the city—and, except when I go to work, neither do I. For amusement, we get together with some of the neighbors and play games like Monopoly.

"I've had a terrific life," Dick says then,



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and gratefully, "in every way there is. In the theater and on radio and TV, I've worked with really great actors. And I couldn't have learned anything like as much if I'd gone for years to the greatest dramatic school in the country. I learned the tools of my trade, and a respect for my trade, from all of them. Lots of actors have a tendency not to respect an audience. I will never have that tendency. The Lunts drilled it into me that an audience pays their money and must get their money's worth.

"But I think the most important thing I learned from Mr. Lunt is that you have to know when you are happy. Mr. Lunt didn't say that," Dick explains, "not in so many words. He was talking about acting one day and he said 'When an actor gets a laugh, he should leave it alone, know when it's just right, not try to do it better.' It amounts to the same thing.

"A lot of people think I'm foolish," Dick said, "to have stayed with the *Mama* show for as long as I have, they think I should have gone to Hollywood, should have gone further than I have. But I never really wanted to be a star. Right after I opened with the Lunts in 'O Mistress Mine,' three Hollywood contracts were offered me. Miss Fontanne advised me against going to Hollywood. 'I'm telling you this as a friend,' she said. 'I think you'd do better

to stay with us. In Hollywood, you'll be one of many. You may stay six months. There is no way of knowing. If you remain with us, you will be a solid actor by the time the play closes. My advice is to stay here.'

"I took Miss Fontanne's advice and I'm glad I did. I'd rather be a solid actor than a shaky star. I've always had a great respect for actors who are solid—people like Jessie Royce Landis, for instance, and Dorothy Stickney. They work all the time, all the time. They have all the glory of the theater, yet they have their own life, too, not recognized by everybody, not always in the limelight.

"I like it this way," says Dick, "in radio, on television, in the theater. My most recent stage credits are 'Mr. Roberts' and 'The Male Animal.' And, although I'm hoping for another play soon, I don't worry about it—for, in between Broadway shows, ABC and CBS keep me busy.

"You have to know when you are happy," Dick repeats, "and I do know when I am. I am happy now. Right now. Completely happy. And I intend," he adds, with his bright smile, "to leave it alone."

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**Young Woman of Today**

(Continued from page 26)

Tom over to be introduced, explaining that, on the following Tuesday, Tom was going to be interviewed by Dave Garroway on the show, about his book and his war experiences as a commander of guerrilla troops in Burma during World War II. Helen looked interested, said that should be exciting to listen to. The men sat down with the girls, the lunch for three became a fivesome, and two of the five very quickly became less and less aware of the three others!

Tom had come to New York from his house in Sarasota, Florida, and was planning to leave quickly for Mexico City and Taxco after keeping some engagements and clearing up some business details. Movie rights to his book had been sold to M-G-M for the second-highest sum ever paid for an original novel. The book itself was now being published in France and Italy, as well as this country, and there were arrangements being made for England, Spain and other foreign editions.

Helen was busy with her job on *Today* and her plans for the summer NBC-TV *Helen O'Connell Show*, her own fifteen-minute, twice-weekly program of songs and talk. She had her busy life of work, her home on Long Island, her three interesting schoolgirl daughters, her friends. Her life seemed full and happy and, at the moment, marrying again had no part in her plans.

And so they met—the intense-looking, very dark and serious man, and the slim blond girl with the quick sunny smile. And as they talked, and looked at each other across the table, destiny took over. Only the touch was deceptively light, and they scarcely knew what was happening.

"Except that I tried to get close to Helen the first day I met her, but all those people she worked with formed a kind of protective blockade around her," Tom says today. "Oh, they didn't. You know they didn't," she laughs at him. "We had lunch together the day you came on the show, and were going to see each other later—except that my littlest, Jennie, developed a temperature and I had to take her home from school. But we had lunch and

dinner the next day, and then the next. That's when we decided to get married."

"That's when you proposed to me," he grins.

"It's what he told the children," she explains. "They just giggled and said 'Mother wouldn't do that.' When I broke the news that Tom and I were going to get married, they made Tom propose to me all over again, in front of them."

"Five times—and each time on my knees," says Tom, adding, "according to the way it's done in books, or in the romantic minds of little girls."

"Jennie, my youngest, insisted that I say 'Yes' almost before Tom got the words out," Helen laughs. "And this was all staged in Joannie's bedroom—she's the middle one—because she had the measles and was in bed at the time. Fortunately, no one else caught it!"

"When I kissed Helen lightly on the cheek, after her 'Yes,' Joannie reached over and pulled my ear close and whispered, 'Kiss her on the lips!'"

The wedding was a simple affair, at the St. Moritz Hotel in New York. Helen did her usual stint on the *Today* show that morning. She got the next day off, and the next two days were Saturday and Sunday, but she had to be back Monday morning. Tom's best man was James Jones, his close friend and literary "mentor," author of "From Here to Eternity." Tom had written his book at the same writers' colony—the Handy Colony at Marshall, Illinois, where Jim had previously worked, a camp-colony dedicated to helping serious young writers of realistic material, giving them a place to work and freedom to work.

"Jim Jones and I had both been through a great deal," says Tom Chamales. "We had seen the hard things of life, the war, the misery and pain. We still saw plenty of it around us. Jim had recently been married, and now he was telling me not to be afraid of any of this new happiness that had come to him and to me. 'It's all right to be happy. No one is going to hold it against you,' he kept saying, and it broke some of the tension for me.

"The way he handled everything, he



must have looked up Emily Post on how to be the best man," says Tom, "because ordinarily he isn't the kind of guy who would care about such things. He wouldn't let the bellboy carry our bags to the car. He answered the phones himself. He did everything."

Alta Mooney, wife of Helen's musical arranger, was matron of honor. Tom's father and Helen's mother came for the ceremony, and there were a few close friends, including Frank Blair and others from the *Today* show. Dave Garroway broke away from a *Wide, Wide World* rehearsal in time for the reception.

The bride wore a navy-blue silk sheath dress with a little jacket, navy satin sling pumps, a pink flower-trimmed hat and pink gloves, and carried a bouquet of pink flowers. The bouffant pink dresses of the three girls quivered with the excitement of their wearers at acquiring this fascinating new member of the family.

Equally entranced by this trio of daughters, Tom was already calling them "Sarah Bernhardt"—all three of them!—although their greatest interests still are in their school grades and social activities with their friends, and the house on Long Island has spilled over with their comings and goings all summer long. Now they are all moving into a seven-room New York apartment, and everyone is busy deciding on color schemes, what will go with what, who gets which for her room, and where each precious possession should be put. Helen still owns the home in California where she lived with the children until the *Today* show brought her to the East Coast, and Tom still has his house in Florida.

"I like antiques," Helen says, "but not the kitchen furniture kind. I love the fine old woods, the expert craftsmanship. Tom had collected some beautiful things during his travels all over the world, but has very little left. He gave them up, because things began to get bigger and bigger, until they owned him, instead of his owning them. He gave most of them away, before we ever met."

As a child, Helen lived in Lima, Ohio, and she started a career as a dancing teacher. "Singing was never a planned thing, as far as I was concerned. Neither was going into show business. It was my older sister, Alice, who became a singer, and I would replace her sometimes when she couldn't keep a professional date. Our father died early, and all of us did what we could to help along, and gradually I drifted into more and more singing. Alice was going with a fine pianist and organist—to whom she is now married. He was musical director of a Toledo radio station, and he was the first person to put me on radio. We girls performed throughout the Toledo area, yet neither of us had ever really studied music. We were just a family who loved it, and I can't remember a time when there wasn't a radio going in the background, or a record playing somewhere in the house."

Alice gave up her professional work after a while, in favor of home and family, and Helen went on to become a band singer. Later, after she too, married, she quit the business for seven years, devoting her time to the home and the children. When her marriage ended, and she had to go back to work, she returned to singing. That was in 1950.

In her background now are four years as featured vocalist with the late Jimmy Dorsey, who heard her sing in a night club and signed her at once. With Bob Eberly, she did a series of boy-girl recordings while she was still in her teens, great hits like "Green Eyes," "Tangerine," "Amapola." She went on the Australian tour with Johnnie Ray, she has done many night-club dates in many cities, had a

year of touring with Martin and Lewis, with Vic Damone. During her last year of travel, she figured she had been away from the children ten months out of the twelve, and she wasn't happy about it, even though she had left them in competent care.

"Last summer, the summer of 1956," she recalls, "I did the Russ Morgan show. I did filmed and live commercials, and someone from NBC took note of them and I was approached about going on the *Today* show. That was when I was working from the West Coast and had developed a little interview program of my own, as well. My home was established in California, the children were happy there, and I wondered if it would be wise to move us. Then I began to think how much time I was spending away from my girls, how tired I was getting of the constant travel, and how much more fun we could have as a family if I could stay in one place for any length of time.

Her first day on *Today* was December 7, 1956, and the broadcast had been moved down to Florida for a week. Helen did the show three days from the Miami Beach—Palm Beach—Fort Lauderdale area under the unusual conditions of doing a remote. But the three-day trial convinced her she would like it even more under the usual studio conditions, and it evidently convinced the NBC brass that there was no doubt of her being the girl for the part. So, children and luggage and household paraphernalia were all moved East, and the family has been together ever since.

She likes the variety of things she can do on *Today*. Everything from songs to weather reports, from interviews to commercials. Helping Garroway introduce the recordings. Ad-libbing with him to fill a few seconds. Having a hand in everything that goes on. And she thinks her training as a band singer has had everything to do with the ease with which she now does all these other things.

"The girl who sings with a band gets great experience," says Helen. "She plays night clubs, intimate and big rooms, hotel dining rooms, theaters. She performs for all types of people. She makes records, does radio and now television also. She learns to follow a script and she also learns to ad-lib when occasion demands. She meets many different people of all ages and backgrounds, and she gets a chance to travel. I believe that any girl who does band singing over a period of time is ready for almost any other branch of show business."

Helen's own taste in songs runs to those with good lyrics, songs that tell a story, no matter what the tempo. She was known mostly for her rhythm numbers when she did shows with Bob Eberly, because he handled the ballads. On her own *Helen O'Connell Show*, this summer, she has done all types of things. Tom and the girls like anything Helen sings, although each has special favorites. "That's the great thing about the girls," Tom observes. "Each has her own individual ideas and tastes. Each is completely an individual. Helen has told me she was worried in the past because she couldn't be with her children all the time, but the marvelous thing has happened that not one of the girls is molded in Helen's image, or in the image of the others. Each has something of Helen, some of her traits, but none has all of them. It's a very refreshing thing to find three such distinct individuals."

Helen laughs at this, says, "Tom took on, not one, but four different personalities to get used to, when he married me. Myself, and each one of my daughters."



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**He-Man's Holiday**

(Continued from page 48)

"Taking a vacation."  
 "That's the idea, old boy. Nothing like the Islands for a good rest." He looked around. "Where's Virginia?"

"Home."  
 "You mean at the hotel?"  
 "No. Home. In Los Angeles."  
 His friend's expression became very sober. "I understand," he said. But he didn't understand at all.

Jim had been in the Hawaiians for two weeks—living in a small shack right on the beach, fifty-some miles from Honolulu, cooking his own meals, reading, loafing, swimming and surfing. The place was so isolated that, when Virginia Arness tried to let him know he'd been nominated for an Academy "Emmy," it took her three days to get hold of him—by way of a friend on the other side of the island who had to drive four hours to reach Jim!

Now, as Jim continued along Kalakaua Avenue, he couldn't suppress a smile. Who would ever believe that these "vacations from marriage" have done more to keep him and Virginia together than all the dresses, jewelry, and cars he could buy her?

He thought back to the day they got engaged. He hadn't wanted to get married. Virginia knew it. She also knew what was bothering him. Most men have pangs of uneasiness at the thought of being tied down, no matter how much they're in love.

This held even more true for Jim who was used to bumming around since he first ran away from home at fourteen. He'd awakened at five, one Saturday morning, with a sudden urge to wander off. Didn't matter that it was ten below freezing, the snow three feet deep, his total cash less than a dollar.

Jim got dressed, wrapped a few necessities into a bundle, then sneaked out of the house to the highway leading out of town. It was barely daylight when the first car came by. A burly truck driver rolled down the window and leaned out of the cab. "Where 'ya goin', son?"

"Where are you going?" Jim came back. "Headin' for Des Moines."  
 "So am I . . ."

When the truck driver had said "headin' for Des Moines," he meant just that. Not getting there. At dusk, and still seventy-five miles out of the city, he stopped at a deserted junction to let Jim off. "I'm livin' a few miles down the dirt road," he explained.

Unable to get another ride, Jim walked to the nearest railroad tracks and followed them till he came to a siding, where he found three boxcars. He climbed into the first—and faced three railroad bums who threw him right out again. An hour later, he did manage to get a ride on a coal tender. And at four the next morning—cold, hungry, and exhausted—he called his family from Des Moines.

"You got there on your own," his father snapped. "You get back the same way."

When he walked into the house, his mother exclaimed that he'd grow up into a delinquent. His father—now that Jim was safe—wished he could have gone along. And Jim, undaunted by the experience, kept taking off again, year after year. Hitching rides, sleeping in the fields, bumming freights, working on steamships, loving his freedom, hating to be tied down.

Virginia knew all about it when they got married on Valentine's Day, back in 1949. That's why she was convinced that the best, the only way to hold on to Jim was to give him enough freedom to keep him from feeling imprisoned.

His restlessness became obvious about four months after they were married. Jim was working as a real-estate man, a task that nearly drove him out of his mind. All day long, he was sitting in a sparsely furnished office or an empty home. In six months, he didn't sell a single piece of property! They spent their evenings in the tiny apartment above the china shop of Virginia's father, in which she worked during the day to help pay for the groceries. The world was beginning to crowd Jim.

One evening, he came home restless, fidgety, on edge. He kept pacing through the living room as though it were a prison cell, but didn't complain.

"You need to spend some time at the beach," Virginia suggested. Before they were married he'd spent practically all his time at the surf.

"You know we can't leave now. Nobody would miss me at the office, but you . . ."  
 "I didn't say we," she cut in. "I said you need a change . . ."

The next morning, Jim loaded a sleeping bag, portable stove, extra clothes and a few cans of food into his rattley old Buick sedan, tied his surfboard on top, and took off for San Onofre Beach near San Clemente, two hours south of Los Angeles. When he came back four days later, he was a changed person.

There is no set frequency for these excursions. Seldom—as in the case of his Hawaiian jaunt—any pre-planning. When he reaches the point where pressure builds up to where he "has to get away," he leaves, and his family understands. In recent years, in fact, Jim has begun to take his oldest son with him, as he did on his Hawaiian jaunt.

In a way, Jim's case is no different from that of most husbands. In other ways, it is. Not just because of his personality, but because of his work as well. He gets restless during long periods of lay-offs and inactivity. He gets tense when work piles up faster that he can handle it.

Like a few weeks ago, when he came home with a particularly difficult script. He sank back on the living-room couch, slipped off his shoes, and started to read his lines. Before he reached the third page, Virginia asked him what he wanted for dinner, if he'd like to attend a party the following Saturday, and could she please buy a new dress at Bullock's Westwood. Craig needed help with his schoolwork, Jenny Lee needed a dress hooked up, and Rolf's bicycle had a flat tire to be fixed.

Unable to concentrate, Jim went to his bedroom, closed the door and continued to read his lines. Five minutes later, a rubber-tipped arrow flew through the window and hit the tip of his nose. Jim let out a bellow that could be heard a block away, picked up his script, got into his car, and drove to a lonely knoll in the Malibu mountains, overlooking the Pacific. There he studied his part till it was too dark to go on.

Lack of privacy in a home that is really too small for his purposes—he's now planning to add on three rooms—is one of the reasons that Jim reaches the breaking point faster than some men. He needs time by himself to study, to think, even to loaf. "Everybody does," he explained to a friend one day. "Well, what about Virginia?" the other man asked. "Don't you think a housewife is entitled to a break, as well, once in a while?"

Sure he knew. But Virginia hadn't agreed—till he literally forced the idea on her! It happened a couple of years ago. Exhausted from a more-than-usually hec-

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tic Christmas rush, she was beginning to show the strain of the holiday season. She grew irritable, looked tired, felt worse.

"You need a vacation," Jim suggested on New Year's Day. "By yourself."

"That's ridiculous. I can't go away . . ."  
"I did."

"That's different. Where would I go? How would you get along? And who would look after the children? Their vacation isn't over for another week . . ."

"You can go to Palm Springs and we can manage very well."

"But, Jim . . ."  
He wouldn't listen. Instead, he called a friend in Palm Springs. "Virginia is coming to town tomorrow morning. Find her a nice place to stay, will you? No, she's going to be by herself. No, we did not have a fight!"

The more she thought about it, the less she liked the idea. And finally she broke down and cried. . . . Jim walked over, sat beside her on the couch, and gently lifted up her chin, which she'd buried in the palms of her hands. "If you weren't tired, darling, you wouldn't be crying. This isn't like you . . ."

Reluctantly, she gave in. The next morning she flew to the desert resort. She rediscovered the pleasure of being alone, of having time for herself, of reading, of doing nothing. The day after she arrived, she felt better, more relaxed, than she had in weeks. But, on the evening of her second night away from home, her conscience started to bother her again. She called Jim to say she wanted to go home.

Jim later admitted that a man doesn't really have the slightest idea what a wife is up against all day long—till he finds out by experience. The first day, father and children had a ball. They went to the beach, had hot dogs and Cokes, went to the amusement park in the afternoon, to the movies at night. They sank into bed exhausted by ten-thirty, with Jim being more tired than the three others combined. The second day proved more difficult. It started when Rolf couldn't find his levis, and all four of them spent an hour looking for the pants till they finally located them in the dryer.

Keeping house, the children busy—and out of trouble—proved progressively more difficult as the days went by: Jim had to do his own shopping. Since he wasn't used to it, and not well organized in the first place, he always made at least one, usually two extra trips. Cooking, always a hobby of his, was fun. But his dislike for dishes was evident in the pile of dishes stacked up on the sink. He asked for volunteers. No offer was forthcoming. He tried to bribe them with an extra allowance. No luck. Finally, he ordered Craig and Jenny Lee to dry dishes after he'd washed them. Result: they broke so many that he couldn't afford to let them finish.

The night Virginia called, the house was a beehive of activity. Only the organization was lacking! Rolf was yelling in the bathtub that he had soap in his eyes. Jenny was playing a new game—jumping on the couch till two springs shot through the material. Craig was nursing a cut toe, moaning as he dipped his foot in hot Epsom-salts water. Jim could hardly understand what Virginia was saying.

"Don't you want me to come home, darling?"

And how he wanted her to come home! Instead he said, "Of course not . . ."

Virginia, uneasily, "How are you getting along?"

"Fine," said Jim. "Just fine."

"What's all that noise?"

"Television," Jim insisted. "I better turn it down. Bye, dear."

Six days later, Jim drove to Palm

Springs, to spend a night with his wife before taking her home. Ordinarily, he can't stand the resort town. But after a week of having the full responsibility of running a home—any place looked good.

And his wife looked even better. He hardly recognized the tanned, vivacious girl who raced over to hug him the moment he walked into her bungalow. She looked relaxed and happy. The change was obvious, not only to Jim, but to the rest of the family, too . . .

In fact, Jim was so enthusiastic about the results that he insisted Virginia take off every month—an idea she promptly banished. However, she is willing to take off occasionally, just as he does.

Not all their "vacations from marriage" are taken singly, of course. In addition to a "family vacation" once a year—when all five Arnesses leave together—Jim and Virginia go away together occasionally, leaving the children in the capable hands of their grandmother, Jetty Chapman. The youngsters enjoy it, too. It gives them a relief from parental authority. Grandma is a lot less strict than their own folks.

While Jim and Virginia feel that every couple should get away by themselves once in a while, their interpretations of "by themselves" have differed considerably. Jim doesn't mind having others along. Virginia thinks three's a crowd and four a mob: "When we go with someone, no matter how nice they are, invariably Jim and the others start talking business. Half the time, I don't understand enough about it to take part in the discussions, if indeed they even know I'm around . . ."

She gave a recent trip back east as a typical example. Jim's sponsor, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., sent him to Durham, North Carolina, for a personal appearance, then let him take a few days to drive to New York, where he spent another week. When he got through in Durham, Jim, Virginia, and Milton Weiss, Jim's friend and publicist, rented a car and took a leisurely three-day trip to New York City.

According to Jim, "We had a wonderful trip. No pressure from anyone. Just enjoying ourselves." Virginia's version lacked her husband's enthusiasm. "Jim and Milton had a great time. They were sitting in front, talking a mile a minute. I was in the back. When the wind didn't blow me to pieces, the baggage nudged me from both sides. Every once in a while, one of the men turned around to see if I was still there! It was no better in New York. Sure, we went sightseeing—Jim, Milton, two people from the network, a reporter, and at least one photographer."

It's different when just the two of them go away together, as they did last fall, when they drove to the Mother Lode country in Northern California. Well-supplied with maps and guide books, they visited the Western historical spots like a couple of typical tourists. Or honeymooners. . . .

Whether Jim's and Virginia's vacations from marriage would hold just as true for other couples is a matter of conjecture. They don't advocate the idea, yet they don't minimize the effect on their own marriage. "Every couple has different problems," says Jim. "In our case it has worked out well. Furthermore, I'm convinced that we see as much of one another as most married couples, taking into consideration that I have no desire for evenings out with 'the boys' to play poker or pool, and that Virginia no longer cares for any women's activities which would keep her away from home. In fact, I'm convinced that we enjoy each other's company more throughout the year, because of the few days we are apart."

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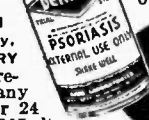
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## Crusader's Wife

(Continued from page 41)

other four- and two-legged things, you can imagine that it isn't exactly quiet. But we are unusually happy, and I think that's because of the faith we share in Christ. We live with and try to live by the Bible, for, to us, the Bible isn't merely a book. To us, the Bible is God's word and our final authority." She goes on, "Bill and I have no major disagreements, but I don't say we haven't disagreed. We do differ on a number of things—but then I remember a shower friends gave for me during our engagement. Each wrote a bit of advice on a slip of paper, and one woman wrote: *When two people agree on everything, one of them is unnecessary.*"

Being married to Billy Graham is no light responsibility, for he has proved to be one of the most persuasive evangelists in history. Each of his crusades, in the U.S. and abroad, has reached hundreds of thousands, with the total running into the millions. His weekly broadcasts go into every corner of the world. His sincerity and his purpose—both beyond reproach—have brought him recognition from royalty and heads of state. In England, he was received by the Queen Mother and Queen Elizabeth. The Archbishop of Canterbury gave the benediction at one of Billy's meetings. He has prayed with Presidents Truman and Eisenhower. Chief Justice Earl Warren has helped Billy promote a crusade.

Today, at thirty-nine, Billy's reddish-brown hair is graying but his six-two frame stands as tall and lean as ever. Of course, millions know what he looks like. Not so many have seen Ruth. You have heard she is a beautiful woman. She is, beautiful and chic. She is five-foot-five, has brown hair, a tanned complexion and very bright eyes. There are vivacity and self-sufficiency in her manner, but also real evidence of humility and simple kindness. Billy recalls that, when he met her at Wheaton College, she was the campus queen.

"I was no beauty queen," she says. "Bill just says that. When a man's in love, even a cow would look pretty."

Billy will tell you that Ruth knows the Bible better than he does and that she's the brain in the family. Ruth extends her privilege to disagree, saying, "Perhaps, when we were first married, I knew more of the Bible. I had studied more as a child, and in college my major was the Bible. But now Bill has passed me up. And, so far as being a genius or smarter than Bill—well, that isn't so. Just go back and look at my school records. They don't indicate that I'm a genius." She notes: "I give advice only when asked. And, when you consider that Billy is away so much, that couldn't be very often."

One year, Billy may be home about four months. The next year, it may be three months or five. Ruth seldom travels with Billy or stays with him for the duration of a crusade. What she will do is fly to whatever city he is in, for a four- or five-day visit, then hustle back to home and the children.

"When Bill is in the midst of a crusade, he is very busy," she explains. "Throughout the day, he has appointments, writing commitments to finish. And, in the evenings, of course, there are the meetings. His work is seldom over before midnight. His work is so pressing—well, there was the morning during the New York crusade. School was over for the kids and I had parked them with their grandparents and gone to New York for a week. We were living at the New Yorker Hotel and, that morning, Bill had to get off for Phila-

delphia, where he was to meet Dr. Dan Poling. Well, Bill was so occupied with what he had to do and was thinking so hard that he went out of the room and locked me in. He forgot that I was even there.

"Bill loses ten to fifteen pounds during a crusade," she continues. "When he gets home, we try to let him catch up on his sleep. He gets a chance to relax and soak up sun and get back his energy. He spends a lot of time with the children—and I don't have to tell you what this means to a father who has been away from home for months—or to the children."

The Graham home is on a mountainside, about 3600 feet above Montreat, North Carolina. This is their second home near Montreat. Their first was smaller and at a lower altitude. "In one respect," says Ruth, "I liked the smaller house better, for it was easier to keep up. But we had to have more space. Not just for the children, but because, when Billy is at home, he works right in the house. Even his *Hour Of Decision* broadcasts originate from his study."

Ruth made the house. She did everything but put it together with her bare hands. Before friends sent an architect to help her, she knew exactly the kind of house it would be, the materials to be used, the kind of flooring and walls and ceilings she wanted, everything. "Above all," she says, "I wanted it to look a hundred years old or more, when finished. It almost does!"

In her jeep and jeans—her "work horse" and her work clothes—she chased around the mountains looking for old log cabins that had fallen into neglect. When she found one, she bought up the hand-hewn chestnut, pine and poplar logs which would have been impossibly expensive if she had bought them new. "I could just about tell whether I would get them," she smiles. "If the roof had caved in, then I knew the owner would sell me logs. If the cabin roof was intact, it was still worth more to him than I could pay." She bought up about five cabins, then went over to Asheville and bought the flooring and paneling of a 96-year-old house which was being destroyed: "I paid one-third the price of comparable new lumber."

While the house was going up, she recalls, "One workman quit outright because he was so disgruntled with my ideas. 'I wouldn't hang them doors on my chicken coop,' he complained. 'A man can't take no pride in this sort of work.' The contractor was goodnatured and a friend. Anything I wanted to do was all right with him. But some of the men found it outrageous that what new lumber we bought went into the framework of the house and the old stuff became the floor and paneling. I guess they thought I was out of my mind when I laid a brick floor in the living room!"

"Most of the workmen are mountain people and, if they had their way, they would have had linoleum on the floor, the new lumber out in the open where people could see it. And they would have replaced my 'junk' furniture with new red plush chairs from Sears. But, when the house was finished and furnished, some of them came calling to see how it looked. 'It kind of grows on you,' said one. 'First thing you know, you catch yourself liking it.' Another said, 'It puts me in mind of when I was a boy.'"

Ruth hunted down furniture as she did logs. She wanted authentic antiques. Not French or English, but, rather, early Carolina furniture. But the furnishings and

home were not matters that Ruth and Billy agreed on. "I don't think the average man has a feeling for antiques," Ruth says, tactfully. "Men like things modern and new. But Bill likes the home now. It was built for a family. There is nothing expensive in the house and the kids don't have to be afraid to play. There is plenty of room for them to be noisy. But it was designed, too, so that Bill can get away from their noise. His study is soundproof for the quiet he may need for rest or deliberation."

The Grahams have four children. Virginia will be twelve on the twenty-first of September; Ann was nine this past May; Ruth will be seven in December; Franklin reached his fifth birthday in July. "They are all live wires," Ruth says, "but so different. Bill says, 'Gigi (that's Virginia) stimulates me. Ann relaxes me. Ruth tickles me. And Franklin, well, he's a sight.'" Ruth notes: "Franklin is completely boy. So self-assured. No tendency to brood or be petulant."

And there is the menagerie: "I don't know why we have the sheep. I've yet to figure that out. Even the parakeets and turtles keep you busy. You just don't know. I got all the way up to New York this past summer and then, from some corner in my mind, came the reminder that one of the turtles had been misplaced in an old wooden churn which we use for a wastebasket.

"I don't think there is any work harder than that of being a mother and homemaker," Ruth says honestly. "Too much is expected of the woman—cleaning, cooking, washing, sewing, raising kids, being a wife, et cetera." Ruth adds, "And there is nothing stimulating about wiping noses or cleaning muddy shoes and the dirt they leave. But a mother must realize God put her there, because it is the most important job in the world.

"The Bible has plenty to say about self-control and self-discipline. Nowhere is it more important than in the life of a mother—and nowhere is it harder to achieve. I'm not saying we should never be angry with our children. When they have done something particularly outrageous, it's a good thing to let them know, in no uncertain terms, just where they stand. But the important thing is to distinguish between serious moral issues—wilful disobedience, disrespect to elders, irreverence concerning things holy, lying, cheating—and the simple, annoying things children do in the natural process of growing up—carelessness, noisiness, and so on.

"A mother can't afford to be lenient where a moral issue is concerned," Ruth points out. "But she should always be loving. And, when it is a matter of growing children being clumsy and breaking something accidentally—being noisy—being untidy—I think it important that a mother be firm and loving, but not peevish. Nagging and peevishness, along with unfair discipline, can leave scars on a child's life. But it is amazing how children can forget your mistakes—and what parent hasn't made any?—when they know they are loved."

Billy and Ruth have definite ideas on discipline. Billy says, "For disobedience and dishonesty, I'm not above putting a little switch to their bottoms." Ruth says, "We believe in love and discipline. For discipline, I use a belt and don't mean maybe. I have heard Gigi say, 'After Mother whips me, I'm good for three days.' That's the way she responds to a licking. But the second child, if you just look at her, she begins to cry. So I think you have to judge each to know what is needed. Punishment must be fair and it must be explained. But we insist on obedience and honesty."

Billy is home so little that he does little of the switching, for he doesn't want to be remembered as an ogre. But, if he hears one of the children talk back to Ruth, he takes the child immediately into the library for a talking: "We want them to reason with us but not sass back. It's a matter of learning the difference."

Billy is a thoughtful husband, and perhaps the most thoughtful gesture he ever made was the year he bought Ruth a dishwasher. "I could never get to like dishwashing," she says. "No future in it. I tried everything to change my attitude, but it was no use. You see, Bill is no soup-and-sandwich man. He likes three square meals a day. So, by the time I had finished the breakfast dishes and pots and pans, there was dinner to get ready. By the time the noon dishes and pots and pans were cleaned, it was time to start supper. And, after supper, back to the sink again. So, eventually, Bill got me a dishwasher. And then, I do have help in the house now. I never know when I'll be leaving to join Bill for a few days—but, when I do, the house must continue to function for the sake of the children."

Ruth goes on, "Even if a woman has help, even if she has unlimited help and unlimited money, she needs Christ in her home. I try to get up every morning before the children, to pray—although it's nip-and-tuck with Franklin, for he is up between five-thirty and six. But Christ is with me all through the day. That's where I get my strength and patience. You know, Christ is not just an historical person who died two thousand years ago. He rose again, and His last words to us were: 'Lo, I am with you even unto the end of the world.' And that goes for the housewife, too."

Although Ruth and Billy are as one in their acceptance of Christ, actually they are of different denominations. Ruth calls him a "backslidden Presbyterian." Billy's father, a dairy farmer in North Carolina, was a very religious man, as was Billy's mother; both are Presbyterians. Billy chose the Baptist Church when he was a young man. Ruth, on the other hand, was raised and still remains a Presbyterian. Her father, Dr. L. Nelson Bell, was a medical missionary in China, where Ruth went to school until she reached college age. Her aim, as an undergraduate at Wheaton College, was to go to Tibet as a missionary. Billy's proposal of marriage changed her mind. "I have no regrets," she says, "and, so far as the difference in our choice of church is concerned, we believe that a family should be united, and so we are. We attend church together. When Billy is home, he usually goes to the Presbyterian Church with us, there being no Baptist Church in Montreat. The children aren't aware of denominational differences. There will be time enough for that later. The children are just conscious that Christ is their saviour and friend."

Billy seldom preaches in Montreat, but his work goes on at home. There is preparation for a new crusade, conferences with men of the church, the writing of his daily column and his articles and always the broadcasts. He tries to make up as much as possible to the children for the months he's been away. They hike and play together. A brook has been dammed and they swim together. On Sundays, the children are not allowed television and movies, but, after church, they usually have a family picnic. On a recent Sunday morning, Ruth had let Billy sleep on, for he had just returned from a trip. But, when she and the children got back from church, they found he had a picnic basket packed for them.

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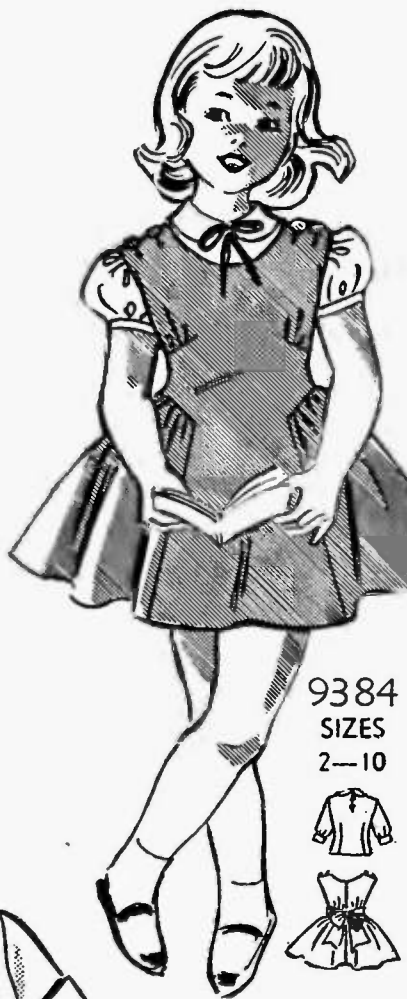


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SIZES  
14½-24½



9384  
SIZES  
2-10



4500  
SIZES  
10-20

dren of Bill when he's away," Ruth says. "Well, I don't have to. We all talk about him. There are occasional pictures in the paper. We listen to him on the radio. We watch whenever he's on television. But I remember when the situation was reversed. Bill almost lost touch with them. A friend took a picture of Franklin when he was between two and three years old. Bill hadn't seen Franklin in five months. The friend had the picture enlarged and sent it to Bill in Europe. He looked at the picture, and asked, 'Now, why would anyone send me an enlarged picture of his son?' He didn't recognize his own."

Ruth and Billy try to keep the children away from reporters and photographers. They don't believe in publicity for them and, besides, they've already had more than their share of public exposure. Their last home was on the highway. Tourists stopped by continually to ask for souvenirs or just look. During the peak season, as many as four busloads a day emptied their passengers at the Graham home to sight-see. They came onto the lawn, peeked into windows and focused their cameras in hope of candid shots. Billy himself recalls days when he could move from room to room only by crawling below the window sills.

Matters have not improved much, now that they have moved from the highway to the mountain top. Hikers appear at dusk to camp. Ruth was putting one of the children to bed and saw a face at the window. No kidnapper. Just a tourist. She was getting dressed in a downstairs bedroom when she heard a rustling outside the window. Again, tourists. One neighbor has taken pity on the Grahams. When a car stops him and asks where Billy lives, the neighbor says, "Billy Graham? Who's Billy Graham?" But Ruth and Billy have instructed the children to be courteous to tourists. Ruth herself observed Gigi being stopped by a car and asked, "Where does Billy Graham live?" Gigi didn't look enthusiastic about it but she pointed in the right direction.

It's not pleasant to live in a fishbowl. It's particularly hard on the Grahams, for they enjoy informal living—and it's hard to relax when you're being stared at. They would not be rude to tourists, but are eager to point out that the scenery in North Carolina is beautiful.

The Grahams have good times at home and remember in particular the days they were snowed-in last winter: "A weekend at the longest, and that wasn't nearly long enough. You've no idea how beautiful all that snow and quiet can be." But, year around, there is a lot of horseplay and laughter about the house. Even at Christmas. "This past Christmas," Ruth smiles, "I bought Bill a two-hundred-year-old spinning wheel I'd been wanting a long time. The Christmas before that, Bill bought me a German radio he wanted so badly." She grins as she recalls, "His gifts can be outlandish. I mentioned that I could use a cotton quilt housecoat. He gave me four at one time—including cotton, rayon and nylon."

Ruth thinks that one good reason for her happy relationship with Billy is the absence of criticism in their home. "It's difficult to criticize without hurting someone's feelings," she explains. "Bill and I do little of it. God can tell us off when no one else can. In the Bible, He reveals our shortcomings and, at the same time, encourages us. That's the way the Bible is, and it is as up-to-date today as it ever was. No day goes by that I don't turn to it for guidance." Ruth concludes, "We are an unusually happy family because we live with Christ. It was said by someone—I don't know who, but it's true—'The family that prays together, stays together.'"

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