TV RADIO MIRROR

ADIO MIRROR

OV. • *25¢*

EXCLUSIVE

What have they got against Girl Singers?

hakespeare and the Show Girl

ew Voices on Your Hit Parade

Big Year for the Steve Allens

ne Meadows and teve Allen

Beautiful Hair

B R E C K

4 ounces 60¢

THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

It is important to use a shampoo made for your own individual hair condition. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A Third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. Select the Breck Shampoo for your particular hair condition. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair soft, lustrous and beautiful.

New packages marked with color help you select the correct Breck Shampoo.

● *Red for dry hair* ● *Blue for normal hair* ● *Yellow for oily hair*

JOHN H BRECK INC · MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS · SPRINGFIELD 3 MASSACHUSETTS
NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · LOS ANGELES · OTTAWA CANADA

Beth felt a wave of envy

for the woman in the green sedan

Beth knew the couple with the green sedan had been married for years. Yet he was attentive as a bridegroom. "If only George were like that", she reflected. But George was not—and there was a "why". Halitosis—bad breath.

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

The most common cause of bad breath (halitosis) is germs in the mouth. Tests show Listerine kills every germ found in the mouth instantly, on contact—to help keep breath fresher, sweeter, longer.

Tooth paste can't kill germs the way Listerine does

Tooth paste can't kill germs the way Listerine does, because no tooth paste is antiseptic. That's why Listerine stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Gargle Listerine full-strength, morning and night.

Listerine
Antiseptic
stops bad breath
4 times better than
tooth paste

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste

T
V
R

TV RADIO MIRROR

NOVEMBER, 1957 • ATLANTIC EDITION • VOL. 48, NO. 6

PEOPLE ON THE AIR

FEATURES IN FULL COLOR

YOUR LOCAL STATION

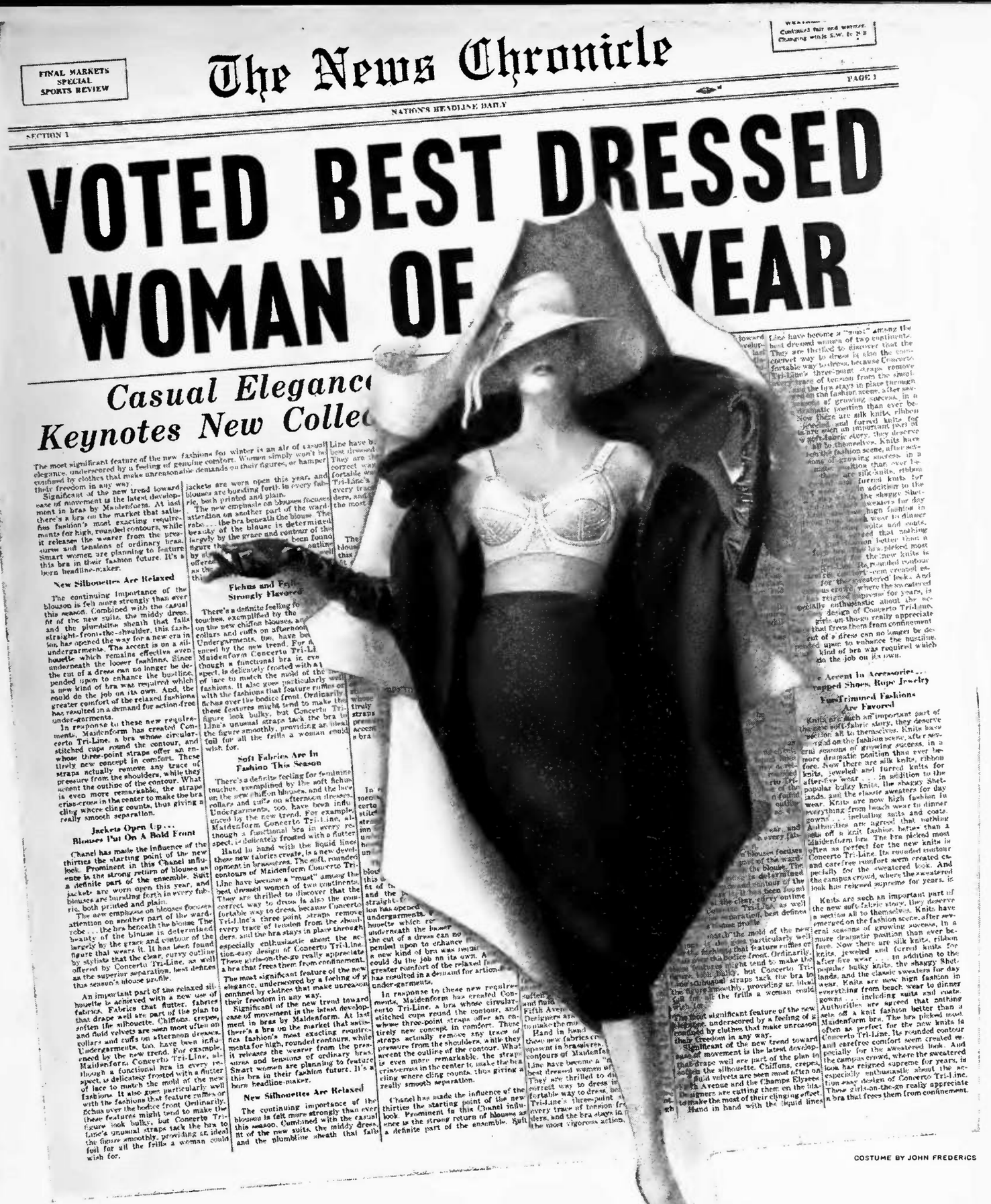
YOUR SPECIAL SERVICES

Cover portrait of Steve Allen and Jayne Meadows by Gary Wagner

BUY YOUR DECEMBER ISSUE EARLY • ON SALE NOVEMBER 5

ABC AUDITED PAID CIRCULATION

PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y. **EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES** at 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial Branch Office, 6269 Selma Ave., Hollywood 28, Calif. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Lee Andrews, Vice President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices also in Chicago, 221 North LaSalle Street, and San Francisco.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $3.00 one year, U. S. and Possessions and Canada. $5.00 per year for all other countries.
CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil impression address from a recent issue. Address changes can be made only if you send us your old, as well as your new address. Write to TV Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
MANUSCRIPTS: All manuscripts will be carefully considered, but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or damage. It is advisable to keep a duplicate copy for your records. Only those manuscripts accompanied by stamped, self-addressed return envelopes or with sufficient return postage will be returned.
FOREIGN editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice President.
RE-ENTERED as Second-Class Matter, June 28, 1954, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as Second Class mail, P.O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada.



I dreamed I crashed the headlines in my *maidenform* bra

Isn't it fitting! I'm so high in fashion circles, I'm front page news wherever I go! Of course I'm supported in style with Concerto* Tri-Line*, the bra that gives the most flattering build-up a woman ever had. The secret's in the three-point miracle straps that *lift* and *accent* and *float* away every hint of shoulder strain. And the circle-stitched cups hold and mold curves as *nothing* else can! White cotton broadcloth in A, B, C and D cups. 3.50

MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC. *REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST

By PETER ABBOTT

Talker Gaten Drake, often called "radio's most convincing voice," yields to wife Anne, who speaks her first on-stage lines in "Ziegfeld Follies."

For What's New On The West Coast, See Page 14

"Romeo" Ron Randell takes himself a Javanese Juliet, dancer Laya Raki.

Short & Sassy: Mike Wallace gets thousands of letters asking that he put Elvis on the grill, but Teddy Bear says, "No, thank you." . . . The Dave Garroways will be hosting the stork in March. . . . Always something new, and NBC-TV is scheduling a "spec" out of Las Vegas on November 16. A bra-maker will be the sponsor and, if the show holds up, will sponsor again from the desert oasis. . . . Steve Allen appears to have the inside track to Belafonte, although Harry can just about write his own terms wherever he decides to guest. . . . Women's gowns will get sexier this season on panel shows. Producers expect more than brains of female panelists. Next year, perhaps, men will get taller. . . . What's happening to Dorothy Collins —looking more glamorous and grown-up and going to Hollywood to play a lead in pic, "Mr. Boston." . . . Cute Nina Wilcox, ingenue in *Harbourmaster,* the new CBS-TV adventure series, becomes an October bride. Groom is Mark Merson, casting director at CBS. . . . Gene Sullivan, Columbia recording artist, comes up with what may be the most inspired musical recording of the season: Pairing of "Please Pass the Biscuits" and "Wash Your Feet Before Going to Bed."

Fantabulous He-Man: Promising entry in TV excitement is the brand-new *O.S.S.* series starring Ron Randell. Australian-born Ron is Americanized (drives a pink convertible) and is a V.I.P. in English theatrical circles. Actually, he commutes between New York, London and Hollywood. He has made many movies and this fall he will be released in an M-G-M production, "Davey," in which he plays the

Two alter-egos for Jack Webb. Sgt. Friday plays it cool, but Pete Kelly blows it hot.

Comic Jerry Lewis is singing it straight again. Eydie Gorme is singing it blue—and watching the clock. Her TV songs keep getting ticked off.

title role and, also, in Joan Crawford's "The Golden Virgin," in which he doesn't play the title role. Throughout England, Ron is famed as actor and TV personality. Couple of years ago, he caused a furor in London. He was doing the John Daly bit on the British version of *What's My Line?* and signed off with a Dinah Shore-type kiss. This public display of affection so startled the British that newspapers front-paged the story. Ron earned the nickname of "Romeo" and kept the title by squiring international beauties such as Rita Hayworth, Bettina, et al. But this past August he married a breathtaking beauty, Laya Raki, a Javanese dancer. Ron, himself, no pretty boy, is under six feet, has short black hair and brown eyes. But his subtle charm and boyish quality, it is reported, shatter the gals. The stunts he is required to do in *O.S.S.* are so dangerous that a doctor is on the set during some of the shooting. In one week's filming in London, he came close to eternity three times. First, he was required to climb hand-over-hand up a rope to the top of a bridge. Director wasn't satisfied with the first three takes and, on the fourth, Ron lost his grip, got a bad rope burn and dangled by one hand until the crew moved in a contraption to hold him up. Another day, he was riding a kayak down river in full uniform when the boat turned over. Ron got himself zipped out only just in time. Third incident occurred when faking a bridge explosion. Dummy bricks (weight ½ pound) were dropped from top of bridge and gathered up so much speed they laid Ron out cold. So tune in Thursday, ABC-TV, at 9:30 P.M. Right after Pat Boone.

Inside Out: Billy Graham plans for a regular TV show have been scrapped. Instead, live telecasts will originate when and wherever a crusade is held. . . . Betty Furness opened in Westport, Connecticut, in one of September's last summer-theater tryouts. Betty's hoping the vehicle, "Minotaur," will get her back on Broadway. . . . If you missed Charlie's brother, John Van Doren, on *High-Low*, it's doubtful you will see him again. He didn't score like good old Charlie. . . . Mort Lindsey, Judy Johnson's hubby, will be musical director on Pat Boone's new show. Incidentally, Pat will make few personal appearances during the TV-collegiate season, but he will be in Dallas the 12th of this month. . . . Godfrey will be coaxed back to night-time TV to do holiday spectaculars. . . . Networks have dumped any plans to do anything special with Calypso themes. Figure the trend is trod. . . . Kathryn Murray's summer show went over the top, making the top ten and even beating out Ed Sullivan's show. An offer of fall time for the show was made but refused. . . . Shirley MacLaine's brother, a very good actor active in New York TV, hides the relationship, for he doesn't want people to think he's trading on his sister's prestige. This doesn't make much sense. No one minds that the present John Barrymore is a junior or that the current Rin Tin Tin is a grandson of the original. And now, even worse, we can't remember what brother's name is. (Editor's Note: It's Warren Beatty, which is Shirley's real surname.)

The Philosopher & The Show Girl: Renowned Galen Drake has been married just about eight years to the former Anne Shavers, formerly of Cleveland. The Drakes have two children and make their home in Riverdale, New York, where Anne blisses in domesticity. But Anne is also a showgirl, chosen "Miss Ziegfeld of 1957." She is a redhead with gray-green eyes, one of the nation's true beauties. Galen reports, "John Robert Powers told me that Anne was the most beautiful model he ever saw." Galen and Anne met in a rare setting. Galen recalls, "I was sharing an apartment with a psychiatrist. Same building as his office and that's where I met Anne. She was waiting for the doctor, for mutual friends in Cleveland had told her to look him up socially. But I thought she was a patient and she thought I was one." That was in July of '49, and six months later they married. Anne became a successful model, but acting has been her ambition since she was three. She got her foothold in theater by becoming a showgirl with lines in some of the skits of the current "Ziegfeld Follies." Yet, with all the ambition, she is quite a homebody, wholly devoted to her children. At present, Mrs. Galen Drake is on a limited tour with the "Ziegfeld Follies" and you'll find her billed as "Anne Drake."

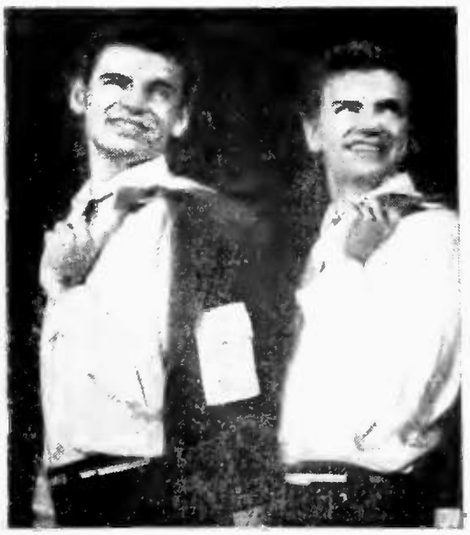
Silver Threads Among the Brass: A guy named Sgt. Bilko, alias Phil Silvers, got the idea he wanted to make an album dedicated to the Army bugle, and he did and it swings like the gates of heaven. He got a mess of cool Gabriels blasting at arrangements by Nelson Riddle. Columbia titles it, "Phil Silvers and Swinging Brass." . . . (*Continued on page* 11)

Kentucky Cadence

Please give me some information about The Everly Brothers whom I've seen on TV.

D.S., Springfield, Mass.

You have indeed seen them on television. At this writing, the Everly Brothers have appeared three times on the Ed Sullivan show, twice on *Big Beat*, at least once on the Vic Damone and Julius La Rosa shows and numerous others. And, of course, they are regulars on *Grand Ole Opry*. . . . It all started on February 1, 1937, when elder brother Don was born in Brownie, Kentucky. Phil arrived not quite two years later, on January 19, 1939. Their parents were both musical and, though they've retired now, they were active for years in the country-music field. In fact, the boys' dad was reared with Merle Travis and worked with him for some time. Don and Phil were only eight and six respectively when their parents included them on their "live" show over KMA in Shenandoah, Iowa. Since then, the four Everlys have played and sung all over the country as a family group. . . . Arriving in Knoxville a few years ago, the parents decided to retire and make a home in one place so that Don and Phil could finish their education. Once the book larnin' was accomplished, the brothers took off for Nashville to test their chances for recording a single. Their friend, Chet Atkins, knew talent when he heard it and it was through him they were signed by Archie Bleyer for his new country-and-Western department of the successful Cadence label. Their first platter, "Bye Bye Love," was a hit in three fields, pop and rock 'n' roll as well as country, and that's fair proof of the boys' versatility. "Wake Up, Little Susie," their second contender, is waking "Little Susie" with a bang. Sometimes taken for twins, Don and Phil look very much alike. Both stand 5 feet 10 inches and weigh in at 150 pounds. They live in Madison and work out of Nashville, but they're seen and heard all over the land.



Don and Phil Everly

A Sailor's Life

I would like some information on Maxwell Reed, who stars as Captain David Grief *on TV.*

R.N., Berkeley, Calif.

Maxwell Reed's casting as star of the *Captain David Grief* series is no accidental authenticity. The producers of the series based on the Jack London stories searched the world over for a seaman-actor such as Maxwell, then discovered he'd been right there in California all the while. . . . Though just 34, the licensed merchant-captain has had a very adventurous life. Born in London, Maxwell was barely out of school when he decided the cure for his wanderlust was a life at sea. Within a year of his hiring on board a tramp steamer as an ordinary seaman, World War II was declared and all merchant mariners were "frozen" to their jobs. Maxwell was on ships which were torpedoed and once floated ten days in a raft off the coast of Ireland. . . . The freeze for the duration proved a good therapy for Reed's wanderlust. When the happy "thaw" started, Maxwell enrolled post haste at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts. When Old Vic called, he had the chance to play with the greats of the London stage—Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Dame Sybil Thorndike. His movie credits commence with "Daybreak" and go on to the role of Ajax in the Warner Bros.' production of "Helen of Troy." In '56, Reed, remembering a Hollywood visit of some years' before and his liking for the "climate, people, and pace," procured a regular immigrant visa and applied for U.S. citizenship.

Facing the Music

I would like to know something about Don Agrati of The Mickey Mouse Club.

J.K., Mishawaka, Ind.

One of the latest additions to the Mouseketeer fellowship is a thirteen-year-old California lad of many talents, Don Agrati. Don's specialty on the *Mickey Mouse Club* programs is tap dance and modern ballet, but enormous musical versatility such as Don's won't stay put in a single specialty. As a dancer, Don moves well; as a musician, he *sounds* well on the accordion, ukulele, clarinet, trumpet, drums, piano, the harmonica and—remember the sweet potato?—the ocarina. . . . There's partial explanation for this 75-pound, 56-inch brimful of musical abilities in the fact that Don "faced the music" at age two-and-a-half. Born in San Diego on June 8 of 1944, the light-haired, blue-eyed youngster

Don Agrati

is the son of Louis and Mary Agrati, both entertainers. Don, their first-born, made beating the drums his pre-nursery school specialty. . . . At three-and-a-half, the toddler was taking his singing and dancing lessons as regularly as vitamin pills. At nine, he had a year's instruction on the accordion and began playing at civic and fraternal doings. While living in Lafayette, near San Francisco, Don organized an orchestra, "The Junior Sharps," and arranged, composed and conducted for the eight-"man" group. But Don has the nucleus for a junior-senior orchestra right at home, where the whole Agrati family is musical—parents, sisters Marilou, 9, and Lani, two-and-a-half. No wonder that Don, a straight-A student in seventh grade, lists "music and dancing" as favorite hobbies.

The High Road

Would you please give me some information on Jeff Morrow, who appears in many TV plays?

K.S., St. Petersburg, Fla.

Though seen from time to time on the syndicated television series *Crossroads*, Jeff Morrow is well past the crossroads in his career. He's on the high road to success. Jeff debuted as Tybalt in the '36 Broadway production of "Romeo and Juliet" that starred Katharine Cornell. Roles in two Saroyan plays led to his initial screen offer, but Pearl Harbor intervened. Jeff took on a very "straight" role, served in the Air Corps for three years before returning to the Great White Way. His first memorable screen performance was as the scarred, bearded and half-blind centurion in "The Robe." . . . In "Tanganyika," Jeff played the half-mad African outcast. Other films have cast Jeff as a cowboy, comic heavy, and wealthy industrialist. He was radio's *Dick Tracy* for two years, played innumerable leads in TV dramas for *U.S. Steel Hour*, *Cavalcade Of America* and other series. Jeff's rich and rugged voice and tall, dignified good looks make him a natural for clergymen roles in *Crossroads*

BOOTH

Jeff Morrow

and for the Abraham Lincoln portrayal on *You Are There*. . . . The brown-eyed, black-haired, 180-pound actor is a sort of walking embodiment of the United Nations. On his father's side, he's English-Scottish-Irish; on his mother's, French-Swiss-German. Where the thespian leanings derived from is still something of a mystery. Jeff went to school in Brooklyn, graduating from the Manual Training High School. After two years at Pratt Institute, he worked as a commercial illustrator to pay for drama school. . . . Morrow is married to the former Broadway actress, Anna Karen. They have an eleven-year-old daughter, Lissa, and live in Sherman Oaks. By the way, don't try to light Jeff's cigarette for him. He gave up the habit, but still carries one—unlighted—as a sort of prop. He has no intention of smoking it.

Calling All Fans

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

Elvis Presley Fan Club, c/o Wanda L. Grubb, 504 Moody Ave., Bradford, Ohio.

Darlene Gillespie Fan Club, c/o Bill Ziebach, Rt. 2, Box 551, Theodore, Ala.

National Lennon Sisters Fan Club, c/o Jacquie Tufts, Secretary. 4495 East Clinton Ave., Fresno 3, 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.*

Up with the Chickens

Jack O'Reilly, WPEN's man of the morning, loves those farmer's hours!

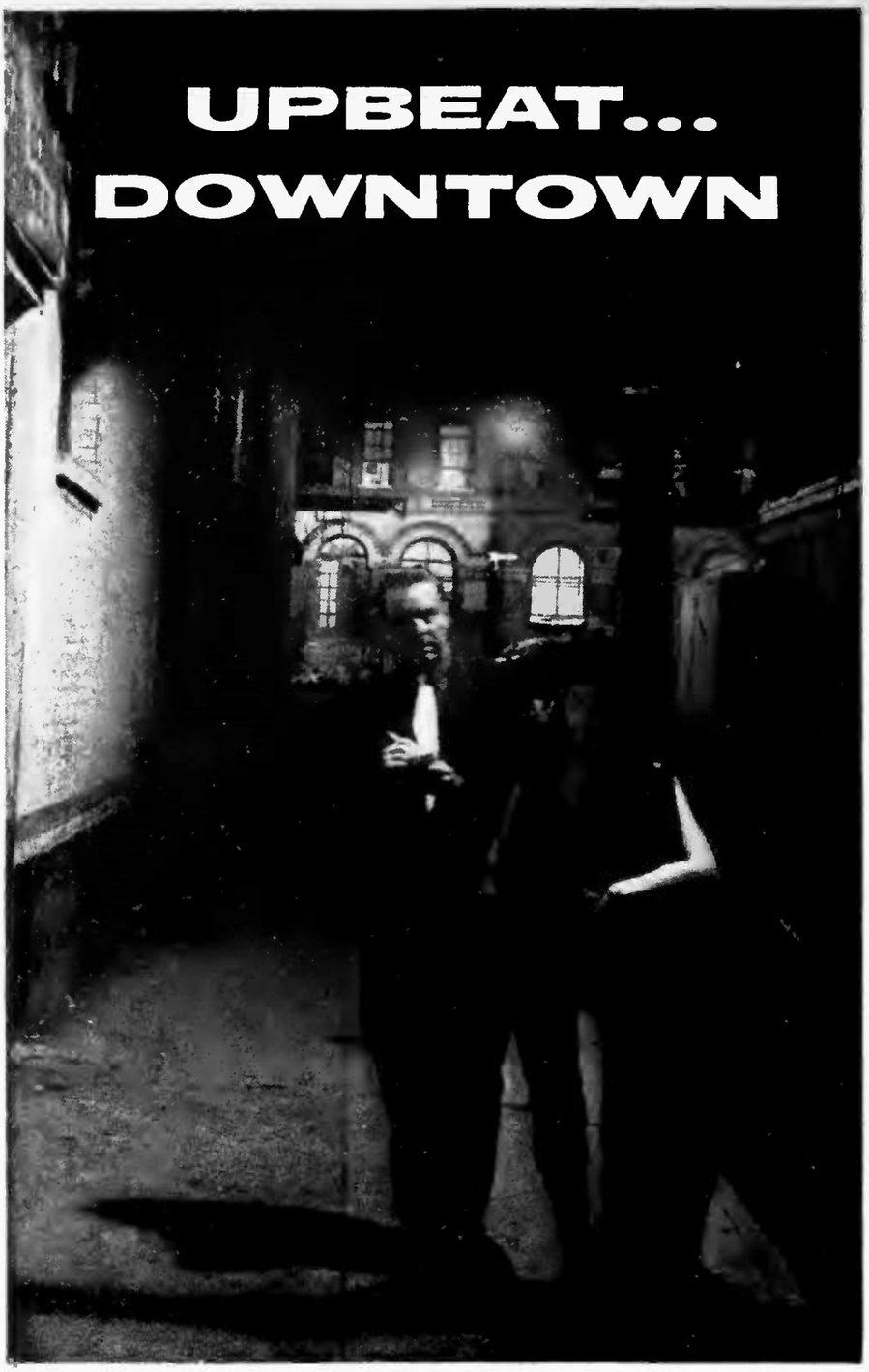
THE WAKE-UP MAN at Station WPEN, Jack O'Reilly grew up in Brooklyn, but he is willing to leave that borough to the Dodgers (who may leave it any day themselves). Jack likes his ground unpaved, his grass green, his air fresh, and his hours early. The farmer's life is for him. And, now that he's helping Philadelphians to rise and shine, six days a week, from five to nine ayem, Jack feels that for the first time in years he has "decent working hours." . . . This means that Jack now rises at 3:30 each morning, in time to feed his cattle, dogs and chickens, and then drive the thirty-six miles from his Bucks County farm to Philadelphia. He also free-lances in radio and TV in New York. This time last year, Jack was commuting to New York six times a week to handle shows, particularly college and pro football games, for Mutual and WOR-TV. This year, only an occasional film job in New York keeps Jack from his family and from the chores on his beloved farm. . . . Born in Glen Ridge, New Jersey, Jack grew up in Brooklyn and, while at Brooklyn Prep, was football quarterback, a national quarter-mile champion and held the New York State backstroke record. Dramatics and debating were keen interests of his, too, as Jack studied at Georgetown University. Jack's dad was a well-known after-dinner speaker and his grandfather was a diplomat. Jack was just following family tradition in speechifying when he won the NBC Announcing School audition to act as a junior announcer in New York, assisting Bill Stern in sports at the same time. After fifteen years of around-the-clock shows, Jack has made a host of show-business friends, many of whom guest on his program. Jack has one special favorite, Guy Lombardo, for whom he was personal announcer on radio for ten years. . . . Another very special friend was made when Jack was in prep school. A little girl named Marguerite proved she could play tennis, swim and run as fast as any boy, so she was permitted to tag along when Jack and the older boys went on hunting and fishing expeditions on Long Island. Then Jack went off to college and various radio jobs. But auld lang syne was not forgotten. Some years later, while doing a morning show at WNEW in New York, Jack received a call from the little tomboy who had grown up. One date followed another, right up to the wedding date. . . . The O'Reillys' farm was originally built in the late 1780's and, although Jack and Marguerite have modernized it, they have kept the gracious Colonial feeling. With their children—Marguerite, 10, Jay, 8, and Robby, 6—the O'Reillys have made the farm the greater part of the their life. They also raise English setters for show and hunting purposes and many of the dogs are blue-ribbon champions. As a farmer—or as a radio personality—you'd have to get up early in the morning to beat Jack O'Reilly.

Records are part of the program at home, too, as well as on Jack's morning wake-up show for Philadelphians.

Music is "live" as daughter Marguerite strums, wife Marguerite plays piano, and Robby, Jay and Jack sing.

Farmer Jack feeds his livestock before he drives to the city to become a deejay. He's back at the Bucks County farm in time to go hunting with his son Jay, wife Marguerite and the champion English setters they raise—or to check on the cattle.

UPBEAT... DOWNTOWN



Greenwich Villoge is my hobby, Art has alwoys said. Naw, it's his jab, taa, as he taurs its streets for talent, finds such newcomers as dancer Nancy Miller. Thase Art didn't find himself sought him out in the "affice" he set up ot a table in Rienzi's famous coffee shop.

Art Ford searches for talent for his Greenwich Village Party

THE FORTY-FOOT midtown living room that is home to Art Ford has, at one time or another, also been the residence of such offbeat pets as a lion cub, an ocelot, an antelope and a dik-dik. "Wild animals are to domestic animals what show-business people are to ordinary people," says Art. "They have more spirit, more tension, more fun. I watch them, study them—and I like their excitement." Familiar to New Yorkers as host of WNEW's *Make Believe Ballroom* and as a frequent panelist on WABD's *Entertainment Press Conference,* Art claims that he's quieter, more relaxed, less of an extrovert than most of his performing confreres. "But it's the 'ordinary' people," he explains, "who find the show-business people most interesting." Thus Art toured Greenwich Village in search of new and different talent in show business and all the lively arts. He'll star the discoveries over WABD, each Friday at 10 P.M. on *Greenwich Village Party.* Everyone's invited.

All the orts are invited to the *Party.* Each week, there'll be a shawing, with maad music ta fit, by such Villagers os painter Vincent Graccina.

Art's lage is a window, ane flight up, os Larri Scatt, a dancer too, beats the bangas far the *al fresco* leaps af Audrey Lowell.

Young Ellen Adler auditians at the Falk Lare Center. Art plans an all-city TV audience far the sangs that have made Ellen the talk of dawntawn.

At their Mexican art shop an MacDaugal St., Art queries Mr. and Mrs. Al Bank far leads an talent, meets their pet mankey, "Hamlet."

What's New on the East Coast

(*Continued from page 5*)

More TV in hi-fi with *Dragnet's* Jack Webb harking back to his favorite fictitious character, Pete Kelly. Pete is Webb and vice-versa. What Pete, or Jack Webb, did was order in eight Dixieland sidemen and six pounds of pastrami. Jack picked out twelve great tunes and the boys began blowing at six P. M. and knocked off at dawn. Victor calls the result, "Pete Kelly at Home." . . . So fantastic was the success of Jerry Lewis's first straight-song album that Decca has issued more of the same and logically titled it, "More Jerry Lewis." It's like a second helping of your favorite dish.

Money, Marriage, Murder, Etc.: Speaking of $$$, Victor Borge gets $200,000 for his February show—but, of course, he has to bring his own music. . . . Lovely Helen O'Connell and her three daughters return from Hollywood vacation on October 7. . . . Bells ring for vocalist Betty Johnson October 4. Betty and bridegroom Charles Grean, her manager, take two-week honeymoon abroad. . . . Speaking of TV programming, Madison Avenue mumblings indicate the next dramatic trend will be toward horror. Next year, watch for blood to spill out of your screen. . . . Toll-TV running into all kinds of expensive problems. You could get bald waiting for it. . . . Walter Cronkite, already the possessor of two young females, got himself a male heir whom he duly named Walter Leland Cronkite III and then remarked, "With a moniker like that he can't miss getting into an Ivy League school." . . . Garroway gang worried about their crew-cut buddy, Kokomo, Jr. Chimps are particularly vulnerable to respiratory diseases such as Asiatic flu. . . . Jack Paar's & *Monitor's* weather gal, Tedi Thurman, whose voice is to radio what Jayne Mansfield's sweater is to movies, favors Dick Kent for dating.

Arf & Ouch: Showmanship on independent radio stations still tops the networks. Cleveland's Bill Randle, of WERE, continued to deejay his show while in hospital for facial surgery. His show goes on in the P.M., so the operations (two of them) were scheduled for mornings, when the surgeon would be least in the way. The plastic surgery was not Randle's attempt to correct nature's errors but rather to remove scars suffered in a series of racing-car accidents. Randle has no intention of giving up racing, radio or surgery. No dullard, he. . . . By comparison, a dog's life is rather tedious. Take handsome, lithe Steverino, the greyhound on Steve Allen's stanza. Steverino has no trouble getting a vacation or taking time off to get over a head cold. Steverino has a stand-in. Seems that when the agency went looking for a greyhound they went nuts, for the breed isn't plentiful in this country. Just a couple days before they went on the air, a pair arrived from Kansas City. Incidentally, and

Pup Steverino has a stand-in—and a "stage mother," Debbie, besides.

this is very confidential, but Steverino and his stand-in are not really brothers. They're really sisters.

Singing the Blues: The predicted mortality rate of TV singers would freeze your blood into cubes, but a lot of people think Guy Mitchell is the season's dark-horse entry. He could emerge the top name of the year, for he has an elfin energy that may make the bland, relaxed boys look like wallflowers. . . . A lot of people bothered over Nat Cole's sponsor troubles. His ratings are high, his guests are top drawer, and he's scheduled in Class A time, but there's no sponsor. Why? . . . The only female TV personality to be named anywhere in the Jazz Critics' Poll conducted by *Downbeat* magazine was Eydie Gorme. The winner was Ella Fitzgerald. The male winner was the Slender Sender, with Satchmo a lagging runner-up. But, getting back to Eydie, the gal has been having her blues. The big *Edsel Show* on October 13, which stars Crosby and Sinatra, asked Eydie aboard. She turned it down and rumor was that she wanted more money, more than the $2,500 they offered. Some guys thought she was nuts to turn down a chance to sing with the Groaner and the Sender for the sake of money, but dollars weren't the problem. All Eydie wanted was a guarantee that she'd get three minutes. Seems that on the last big Jerry Lewis show she was promised three and got cut short when show ran long. On a Como show, it was worse. There were some Hollywood stars ahead of her and everything was so late she didn't even get to show her pretty face. So that's all Eydie asked of the Edsel producer—a three-minute guarantee in writing. Anyway, Eydie has already made a September showing with Steve Allen and guests with Patti on *The Big Record* come November 20. . . . Abbe Lane will only guest-shot on TV this year, for she has a big part in a big upcoming Broadway musical, "Captain's Paradise." And, in concluding, would it be fair to say that Abbe Lane has the kind of voice that has to be seen???

They're personal friends, says Mark Evans of the WTOP viewers and listeners he invites for . . .

THAT SECOND CUP OF COFFEE

Guest stars such as Kim Novak shine early in the morning for their host, Mark Evans.

Mark's style is easy and his manner casual. His humor is quick as he trades quips with newscaster Roger Mudd, right.

Good things come in threes. On the air, that's the number of Mark's shows. Home, it's three girls—Nancy, Penny, Wendy.

THERE were some doubts about *Panorama Potomac,* but emcee Mark Evans insists they weren't his. Seen weekdays from 8 to 9 A.M. on Washington's Station WTOP-TV, this program features unusual and informative local, national and international stories and features; stories for youngsters; films of local news; and guest stars. But, when it was first scheduled, the upper echelons buzzed with questions. Would viewers, accustomed to network productions and nationally-known television figures, take to a locally produced program? Did enough top-rate material and capable performers exist locally to sustain such a program? Would sponsors like the idea? Mark answered yes—and the ratings have backed him up. . . . A man with a strong conviction that his audience is made up of personal friends, Mark Evans was the man who should have known. He learned the art of reaching the public with a sponsor's message in a most unique manner—as a church missionary. He entered broadcasting on the advice of a college professor. "My TV debut to the nation," he recalls, "was made over a cup of well-known coffee. They had insisted on tremendous heat for my 'steaming' cup of coffee . . . I smiled from here to San Francisco, I adored the aroma, I savored the flavor. As I proceeded to sip, I looked down at the cup and found the intense heat had melted the plastic and glaring up at me was a mixture of paint and coffee!" . . . Currently, Mark's *Panorama Potomac* is encouraging people to linger by the TV set for a second cup of coffee. He's around for the first one, over WTOP Radio, with *Sunrise Salute,* heard weekdays from 6 to 7:30 A.M., and he's the voice of the *Housewives' Protective League,* weekdays at 1:30 P.M. . . . Mark and his wife Lola have three young daughters to keep them hopping and Mark, an energetic man, somehow manages to stretch the hours to fit in such hobbies as travel, golf, hunting and fishing. Born in Ogden, Utah, Mark came to Washington in 1945 and has been active in its community affairs from the first. In the capital, Mark Evans is capital.

18 GLAMOR-AIDS FOR FACIAL BEAUTY

TO GLAMORIZE YOUR LIPS... YOUR EYES...YOUR EYEBROWS

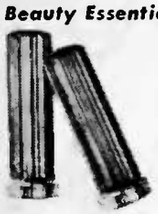
ALL 18 YOURS FOR THE MIRACLE PRICE OF $1.00

Once In A Lifetime Offer that can Change your Whole Appearance. Not 10, not 15, but 18 thrilling Beauty Aids at the sensational price of $1.00. Each one promising you alluring enchantment... The Expensive "Beauty Shop" Look Every Day.

Study each one of the 18 separate beauty aids in this amazing $1.00 offer. Picture the breath-taking change they'll make in your appearance the very day you receive them. Then try these 18 individual beauty essentials entirely at our risk. You must be completely delighted in every way or you receive every penny of the purchase price back.

Just look at these 18 essentials you get for only $1

Beauty Essentials #1 and #2: Your choice of 2 Patricia de Paree stay-on lipsticks. You can have one for daylight excitement, one for romance-filled evenings.



1. ORANGE — A sun-kissed color charred with excitement;
2. SCARLET — High-voltage red with electrifying appeal;
3. RASPBERRY — Luscious as sun-warmed berries;
4. PETAL — Petal pink . . . youthful and enchanting;
5. ROSETTE — Press a rose petal to your lips;
6. MAGIC RED — Eve knew its secret;
7. CYCLAMEN — Pulsating hue with tremendous lavender impact.

The 2 lipsticks alone are worth $1.00, but they are only a small part of this sensational $1.00 offer.

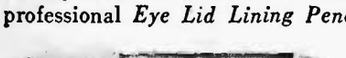
Beauty Essential #3:

Your choice of one of the 3 special Patricia de Paree *Lip Lining Pencils*. The type used by Hollywood make-up men on Movie Stars to make the perfect pencil outline needed for teasing lips.

1. PINK; 2. MEDIUM RED; 3. DARK RED.

The special *Lip Lining Pencil* is yours not for $1.00 itself, but as 1/18th of this sensational $1.00 offer.

Beauty Essential #4: Your choice of one of the 5 Patricia de Paree professional *Eye Lid Lining Pencils*. Glamourous women use it to dramatize eyes, bring out every bit of the hidden excitement lurking in their depths.



1. BLUE — A beautiful hlue that harmonizes with shadows.
2. GRAY — For the conservative lass who needs no color.
3. SILVER — For the girl who wants to be different.
4. BLACK — A standard color for all occasions.
5. GREEN — Dramatic, the latest fashion.

This special *Eye Lid Lining Pencil* is yours not for $1.00 itself but as only 1/18th of this sensational $1.00 offer.

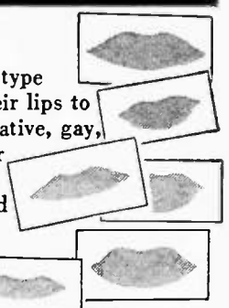
Beauty Essential #5:

Your choice of one of the 5 famous Patricia de Paree *Hollywood Eyebrow Pencils*.
Choose the exciting color that blends into your personality.
You'll love the natural look of your glamourous new eyebrows.
Your friends will be amazed at your "Beauty Parlor" appearance.

1. LIGHT BROWN, 2. MEDIUM BROWN, 3. DARK BROWN, 4. AUBURN, 5. BLACK

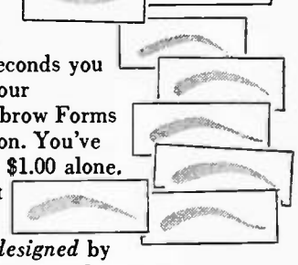
This special Eyebrow Pencil is yours, not for $1.00 itself, but as only 1/18th of this sensational $1.00 offer.

Beauty Essentials #6 — #11:



You receive *6 exquisite Lip Outline Forms*. The type make-up men use on Movie Stars to change their lips to fit the mood of the picture. Do you feel provocative, gay, carefree, serious? It will be easy to change your lips to match your mood. There's a Lip Outline for each. You've seen these Lip Forms advertised for $1.00 alone. Now they are yours as just one small part of this sensational $1.00 offer.

Beauty Essentials #12 — #17:



Six specially designed Eyebrow Outlines. The perfect mates to the Lip Forms. In seconds you create chic, perfect eyebrows, matching your glamourous personality. Six different Eyebrow Forms to add just the right touch for any occasion. You've seen these Eyebrow Forms advertised for $1.00 alone. Now they are yours as just one small part of this sensational $1.00 offer.

Beauty Essential #18: *A Beauty Course designed* by Patricia de Paree, beauty consultant to the most glamourous women in the world. Jammed with beauty hints and information showing you the professional way to determine your type of face . . . proper make-up and hair styling for each of the 7 basics; technique for perfect lip shaping, eye lining; adding the doe-eye dash; applying eye shadow; mascara techniques; eye shadow coloring; and creating the perfect brow outline.

Forget about *expensive Beauty Parlar treatments.* You'll *save plenty* and you'll *look* as *beautiful* as the *Mavie Stars.* You can *change* thin, wide or heavy lips to *lusciaus perfect* lips; you can *change* shapeless mismatched, straggly eyebrows to perfectly formed *face flattering* brows. Just think of it . . . you get beauty perfection that will last years . . . perhaps for a lifetime with the 18 piece Patricia de Paree Beauty Essentials Kit. A *miracle value* at only *$1.00 plus 25c ta cover pastage and handling.*

Try the 18 piece Beauty Essentials kit for 10 days at our expense. You must find you have a new enticing romantic appearance, or return the kit for full refund of purchase price.

MAIL TODAY FOR IMMEDIATE BEAUTY!

PATRICIA DE PAREE • DEPT N-58 • 228 LEXINGTON AVE. • NEW YORK, N. Y.

Rush ta me the 18 piece Beauty Essentials Kit. I am enclosing $1.00 PLUS 25c ta cover pastage and handling for each set I arder. Here is $.....please send me .....sets at $1.00 plus 25c (ta caver pastage and handling) far each. If I am nat completely satisfied I will return the kit(s) far full refund af purchase price.

Enclosed is ☐ check ☐ cash ☐ money order

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

I get my chaice af 2 Lipsticks
1.....*(arder by color)*
2.....

I get my chaice of 1 Eye Lining Pencil
1.....*(arder by calar)*

I get my chaice af 1 Eyebrow Pencil
1.....*(order by calar)*

I get my chaice of 1 Lip Lining Pencil
1.....*(arder by color)*

And I get 6 Lip Outlines, 6 Eyebraw Outlines, and 1 Beauty Perfectian caurse.

T V R

Her work went to somebody else's head, but Dinah Shore really raced back to plan new home with George Montgomery.

Wild West still is—as *Broken Arrow's* John Lupton found out when a bucking bronc bucked at El Toro Marine Base.

WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST

By BUD GOODE

Tennessee Ernie Ford was home early from his New England vacation in order to run up to his ranch in Northern California. Ern gave ranch foreman, Gene Cooper, a three-week vacation and got up himself at 5 A.M. every morning to feed the pigs, cows and horses, mend fences, paint barns and race around his 540-acre paradise on top of the new Ford tractor, feelin' every inch the King of the Tennessee Smokies. Ol' Ern loves the ranch, where the only ratings are those the local cattle buyers give to his herd of prime beef.

When Ernie Ford heard that his life was to be one of *This Is Your Life* reruns this summer, he wired **Ralph Edwards** and asked if there would be a party again after the show. His grandmother was ready to fly out from Tennessee.

Art Linkletter believes in the good life: In the middle of winter, he was off for two weeks in Mexico with wife Lois; in the spring, he took in the beauties of the green East Coast at the Pillsbury Bakeoff; early summer (this year's vacation), he and Lois visited the Far East; and the top of the summer found Art and Lois on a private yacht for a week of fishing Alaska's inland waters. Art caught his limit, but Lois won the prize—a 42-pound salmon. Before they left, these perennial youngsters found time to dance it up at **Don Fedderson**'s party for new *Do You Trust Your Wife?* emcee, **Johnny Carson.**

Jack Linkletter's fiancee has begun teaching Physical Education at Beverly Hills High School. Herding a bunch of kids around, she'll be getting ready to raise a family the size of her father-in-law's . . .?

Big year for **Molly Bee.** Her first motion picture for Universal-International is now out and is such a big hit they've asked her to do two a year. Ernie Ford has signed Molly for thirteen appearances on his night-time show. **Tommy Sands** gifted her with a two-diamond "friendship" ring. And now she has graduated to an all-dramatic, no-singing, starring role with TV's **Ronnie Burns**, in the Columbia picture, "Too Young." Tommy Sands, meantime, in search of new material for his 20th Century-Fox picture, "The Singin' Idol," decided to do his own cleffing. Perhaps this material will hit the million seller circle, as did last summer's "Teen-Age Crush."

Just before **Dinah Shore** took off for Copenhagen, **Mary Benny** called and asked Dinah for her hairdresser. Dinah said that, unfortunately, the girl had been in an accident and wasn't available. So Dinah went over to help set Mary's hair. When Dinah arrived in Copenhagen, she received the following unsigned wire: "Come back, come back. Mary Benny needs a hairdresser!" Incidentally, work on the new home Dinah and George Montgomery are building is proceeding apace.

Wonderfully wise and kind, **Eve Arden** is the sort of gal whose eyes light up whenever anyone begins talking about children, kittens, puppies, baby chicks, little lambs or ponies. She and husband **Brooks West** were married on the Bruce Amsters' farm in Connecticut. Last year their good friend Bruce suffered a heart attack, moved his family into a New York City apartment. To help Amster rest, Eve sent for his youngest daughter Mary, asking that she be allowed to stay on their Hidden Valley ranch along with her own four children. Watching Eve's joyful expression as

Bellissima, said a guest at Las Vegas's Flamingo Hotel, and he could have meant any Alberghetti: Mama, Anna Maria, Carla.

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

she describes young Mary Amster's growth on the ranch is a treat in itself: "Mary arrived, not awkward, mind you, but like a city gal on a farm —coltish is the word. She couldn't run as fast as our kids (though by the end of the year she beat them). It was wonderful watching her in the spring as she learned to care for the little lambs; and Brooks took a complete movie called 'Mary of Westhaven,' which pictures her from the day she arrived coming up the path to the house and follows her all through the year—to the waiting-room Brooks built for the kids to wait for the school bus in, to the spring animals, and with us on our Yosemite vacation. We even have some film on the arrival of her mother and father—now we're just waiting for the last title (Brooks is making it) showing all of us waving goodbye to the Amsters as they take their new Mary home to New York."

The cameraman on the **Frank Sinatra** set also was responsible for the camera work on **Otto Preminger's** movie, "The Man With the Golden Arm." Whenever they fell behind schedule, Preminger would growl at him. "Don't talk mit de actors. You schlow hus hupp." Today, it's Frankie. "The Man" himself, who growls at his cameraman, "Don't talk mit de actors . . ." The crew falls apart. Contrary to popular rumor, it's this rolling sense of humor which keeps the Sinatra troupe in high good spirits. As a consequence, they seldom fall behind.

Always a heavy smoker, **James Mason** finally forced himself to shake the habit. He didn't reckon, though, with the CBS-TV photographers who requested that he pose for an upcoming *G.E. Theater* show with a cigarette dangling from lips. P.S. He did.

The chips were down at the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas, as people deserted the gambling tables to shout "bravas" for **Anna Maria Alberghetti,** the gal with the classic voice and measurements to match. Anna Maria received the ovations with two other members of the talented family act, Mama Alberghetti and sister Carla. They were on the same bill as comic **Alan King**. . . . Another comic, **George Gobel,** doing the best business in Las Vegas, has this observation about the gambling town: An entertainer doesn't play Las Vegas; it plays him.

(*Continued on page* 71)

Home from her day's chares at a mavie studia, Mitzi Gaynar finds husband Frank Sinatra is still a gambling addict, with paker pals.

TV RADIO MIRROR

goes to the movies

TV favorites on your theater screen

By JANET GRAVES

The Joker Is Wild

PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION

Here Frank Sinatra combines his imposing talents as singer and dramatic actor. He plays Joe E. Lewis, night-club star whose life is twisted after an assault by Chicago gangsters of the twenties. Alcohol both hampers and advances his new career as comic, complicates his relationships with friend Eddie Albert, sweetheart Jeanne Crain and wife Mitzi Gaynor. This is a strong, wry, offbeat music-drama.

The Three Faces of Eve

20TH, CINEMASCOPE

Often acclaimed for her live-TV shows, Joanne Woodward realizes an actress's dream with this spectacular assignment. It's three parts in one, for she plays a colorless Southern housewife who lapses at times into an evil alternate personality, a reckless hussy. In her mental torment, she gets no understanding and little sympathy from husband David Wayne. But psychiatrist Lee J. Cobb uncovers another hidden personality—a normal woman.

Hear Me Good

PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION

Two years ago, at advance showings of the movie musical "It's Always Fair Weather," M-G-M didn't even give screen credit to the new actor who played a comic menace, a punch-drunk pug. Sure, he did an excellent job—but the part was too small. By the time the picture was premiered for the public, the studio had corrected its error and given the newcomer billing, because he had meantime made a name for himself on TV. The name was Hal March. The genial emcee returns to Hollywood now as star of this lively Broadway comedy, done in the Damon Runyon manner. With pal Joe E. Ross (you know him as mess sergeant in Bilko's company), Hal tries to clean up by betting on a fixed beauty contest. Merry Anders and Jean Willes are rival lovelies.

Johnny Trouble

WARNERS

An also-ran in movies until her hit in "The Bachelor Party," Carolyn Jones got that second chance partly because of her good showing in TV dramas. Now she has rare fortune and a sharp challenge, cast with that great lady Ethel Barrymore. Miss Barrymore plays a widow who refuses to give up her apartment even when the building is turned into a college men's dormitory. For personal reasons, she takes a grandmotherly interest in trouble-making student Stuart Whitman, beloved of the flighty Carolyn. It's sentimental but affecting.

The Helen Morgan Story

WARNERS, CINEMASCOPE

Songs that are part of the all-time Hit Parade come thrillingly from the screen in this touching, fanciful tribute to a beloved singer of the twenties and early thirties. As the film's Helen, Ann Blyth gives her love to young TV grad Paul Newman, though she is also wooed by lawyer Richard Carlson (another TV regular). The movie is less realistic than the television version that starred Polly Bergen, but music's full of life.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

The Pajama Game (Warners, WarnerColor): With Doris Day and John Raitt, the labor-management quarrel is translated into personal, musical, highly entertaining terms.

No Down Payment (20th, CinemaScope): Problems of young-marrieds get ruthless scrutiny, with fine work by Joanne Woodward, Tony Randall.

The Careless Years (U.A.): Youthful Natalie Trundy and Dean Stockwell portray teenagers who consider elopement. Their decision may rouse family argument.

movies on TV

Showing this month

CORNERED (RKO): Tough, fast-moving mystery stars Dick Powell as an ex-flyer of World War II who seeks the murderer of his bride, heroine of the French resistance. Walter Slezak's a sleek heavy.

FORT DEFIANCE (U.A.): Vigorous, unusual Western set in post-Civil War days. As a blind youth, Peter Graves escapes the influence of ornery brother Dane Clark and finds a friend in young Ben Johnson.

I, THE JURY (U.A.): Slaphappy, punch-drunk Mickey Spillane yarn presents Biff Elliot as private eye Mike Hammer, trailing the killer of a wartime buddy. Peggie Castle, a psychiatrist, is among the lush ladies; Preston Foster's a police captain.

ISLAND OF DESIRE (U.A.): Tab Hunter's debut film shows off his torso to good advantage. As a youthful sailor, he's cast away on a South Sea island with the older but attractive Linda Darnell, Navy nurse.

JOURNEY INTO FEAR (RKO): Wild fascinating thriller of World War II plots. American Joseph Cotten, armament expert, is shadowed by Nazi assassins in Turkey. Orson Welles is a local police officer; Dolores Del Rio, a dancer.

MAN WITH A MILLION (U.A.): Gregory Peck plays the adventurous Yank in an engagingly whimsical Mark Twain tale of London in 1900. Dead broke, Greg is given a million-pound note—but he mustn't spend it. How far can he get on credit?

MOULIN ROUGE (U.A.): Brilliant and colorful story of 19th Century Paris. As the deformed genius Toulouse-Lautrec, Jose Ferrer paints the night life of the city, loves street girl Colette Marchand.

MY LIFE WITH CAROLINE (RKO): Flimsy comedy sparked by a charming and expert cast. As a shrewd husband, Ronald Colman copes with flighty Anna Lee, who flirts with Reginald Gardiner, Gilbert Roland, her casual beaux.

NIGHT TO REMEMBER, A (Columbia): No, this isn't the story of the *Titanic*. It's a frivolous, farcical whodunit, with Brian Aherne as a writer, Loretta Young as his bride, in wacky Greenwich Village.

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

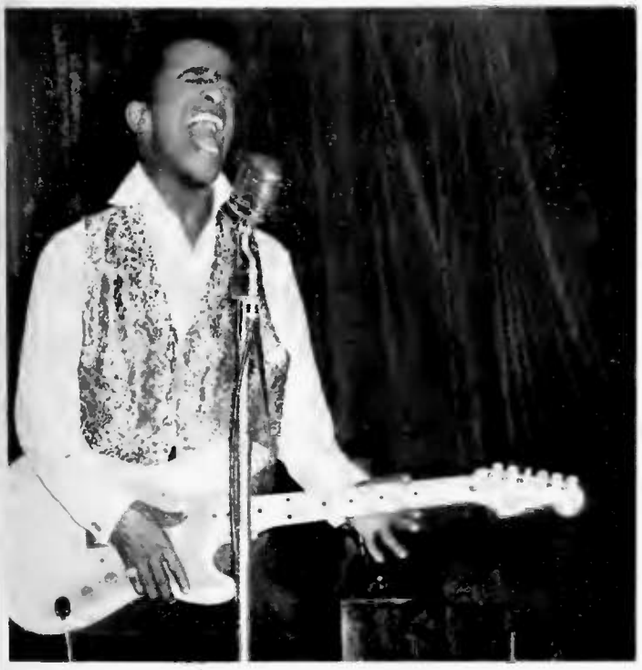
PENNY SERENADE (Columbia): Honestly sentimental, beautifully done story of a marriage. To a series of "*our* songs," Cary Grant and Irene Dunne court, marry, adopt and lose a child, courageously face the future together.

SEALED CARGO (RKO): Strong action movie spotlights a Nazi plot in Newfoundland. Dana Andrews leads the fishermen who outwit Claude Rains, German Navy officer posing as a Danish merchant captain.

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

Stars of the Evening

Lauren Bacall is typical of Sammy's top-flight talented guests. He knows many such stars—can imitate most of them amazingly.



"Coffee Corner" grew out of a talk with William Kaland of WBC, who realized Sammy would be good host—as well as guest.

Sammy Davis, Jr. shares his "Coffee Corner" with top celebs, in WBC's plan for dynamic radio programming

THERE's still magic in radio! Potent magic, with at least 80% as many listeners as there are TV viewers every night. Starting from that premise, Westinghouse Broadcasting Company has created *Program PM*—two hours nightly, seven days a week—for five key stations from Massachusetts to Oregon. WBC calls it "lateral programming," combining features of top local interest with national series starring such top names as Sammy Davis, Jr. . . . Sammy's weekly hour features a "Coffee Corner." But Mr. Davis, Jr. is really the man who came to dinner—and stayed on to become a permanent fixture in the Westinghouse family of stars. Originally scheduled as first guest of noted deejay Jerry Marshall's own segment, "Music Beat," Sammy got the ball rolling so entertainingly that the tape couldn't be cut down to size. William J. Kaland, WBC's National Program Manager, listened with delight, asked Sammy, "How come you're not doing a regular radio series of your own?" Said Sammy, "Nobody asked me." Said Bill, "So I'm asking." . . . Sammy's a natural for the present series. *Program PM* believes in going behind-the-scenes of everything provocative, from the arts to the atom. No one knows backstage life more intimately than Sammy, who was born into show business—December 3, 1925, in New York City—began mimicking the family act at two, joined them on stage at four. . . . *Program PM* believes that big names make big entertainment news. Sammy has not only been a star of The Will Mastin Trio (with his uncle and father) ever since 1936—and "Mr. Wonderful" in person on Broadway last year—he has also worked with and knows well most of today's greatest performers, can thus share his "Coffee Corner" mike with such headliners as Sinatra, Crosby, Nat "King" Cole, Lauren Bacall, Judy Garland. . . . *Program PM* believes in radio as a dynamic, exciting force in American life. For all his success on stage and screen, night clubs and records (Decca), Sammy has a very special spot in his heart for radio. It was by listening constantly—over the air and around the studios—that he developed the amazing gift for mimicry which adds the touch of genius to Sammy Davis, Jr.'s position as a leading song-and-dance man in the show-business world.

The Sammy Davis, Jr., Show is a part of *Program PM*, heard over Westinghouse Stations WBZ-WBZA, Boston and Springfield—KDKA, Pittsburgh—KYW, Cleveland—WOWO, Fort Wayne—and KEX, Portland, Ore. Consult local papers for time and day in your area.

Must you always be cast as an outsider when you're married to a star?

A million women envy you. You, wife of Larry Noble... actor, star, dazzling image of everything they want. But they never guess your loneliness–Larry wrapped up in a play, Larry infatuated with a leading lady, showing her the devotion that should be yours. You alone know the pain...waiting in the wings for love, for the man who is your *world.* Can you ever be a part of *his?* You can get the *whole* story–even while you work–when you listen to daytime radio. Hear **BACKSTAGE WIFE** on the **CBS RADIO NETWORK.**

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

New Voices on

YOUR HIT PARADE

From all across the nation—Pennsylvania and Missouri, California and New Jersey—come four talented young stars to sing the nation's favorite songs

By LILLA ANDERSON

NOW THAT Tin Pan Alley is a street which runs past everyone's door, the songs of America come from many sources . . . Texas, Tennessee, Trinidad . . . New York, North Hollywood, South Philadelphia. Their ranges, their rhythms, their styles, are as varied as the places from which they came and the singers who introduced them. Yet each aims for a single accolade of popularity—performance on *Your Hit Parade.*

To convert such songs into colorful radio and television presentations—and to stage a fresh, new presentation each week, no matter how long a number remains on the popularity charts—calls for the utmost skill and imagination from that show's production staff. From the singers, of course, it demands almost immeasurable versatility. Vocally, they must be able to switch from rock 'n' roll to a tender ballad, from a novelty tune to a semi-classic. Further, they must be able to dance and dramatize their numbers. It is the most challenging entertainment assignment in America today.

This season, four new singers are taking up the challenge—and they have backgrounds and talents as varied as the music they perform. Tommy Leonetti comes from New Jersey and Jill Corey from the Perry Como coal country in Pennsylvania. Virginia Gibson is a graduate of St. Louis Municipal Opera and Broadway musical comedy, and Alan Copeland learned some of his show-business knowhow in Hollywood, from the Crosby clan. Together, they all meet the *Hit Parade's* high standards by being healthy, happy, talented young entertainers.

You can expect rumors of for-real romance to burst out with every duet which Tommy Leonetti and Jill Corey sing, for here's a pair to flutter any matchmaking imagination. Tommy is tall, dark and handsome; Jill is petite, pert, and pretty. Each comes from an Italian family where every member loves music. Each has a warm, outgoing personality, and both have reached that level of professional achievement where one lucky song, one hit record, will bring the blazing glory of top stardom.

To compound the inevitable conclusion that these two belong together is the fact that they have gone out on a few dates. "That was in Hollywood, a couple of years ago," says Tommy, with a hint of happy memory in his voice. Jill says, with a touch of nostalgia, "Long before we ever guessed we might be singing together on *Your Hit Parade.*" Then, almost instantly, each assures you, with a shy charm, that the association had no serious connotations.

Says Jill, who has been going through a period in which columnists linked her name with that of virtually every interestingly eligible young man on Manhattan: "Don't believe what you read in the papers. I'm not in love with anybody . . . but I do think Tommy is a lot of fun." Says Tommy, who has squired many a glamorous lass, "Jill's a sweet girl. But my first record was called 'I'm Available,' and that still stands."

Tommy won his *Hit Parade* assignment in an audition which considered more than a hundred singers, but he has been preparing for it as long as he can remember. Born in North Bergen, New Jersey, he is the son of Dominico and Dominica Lionetti. (Tommy changed the spelling to make certain people could pronounce his name correctly.) His parents came from Bari, Italy, and Tommy now shares their home in Cliffside, New Jersey, a town within commuting distance of New York. He is the youngest of nine children.

"All of us sang," says Tommy. "And what a noise they could make," says his mother. "But I always enjoyed it. It was a good sound and a happy house."

One of their teachers (*Continued on page 64*)

Your Hit Parade is seen on NBC-TV, Sat., 10:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Hit Parade Cigarettes and The Toni Company.

ALAN COPELAND

JILL COREY

VIRGINIA GIBSON

TOMMY LEONETTI

Adams Has Two Lives

Mason thinks the staff and cast of *Pepper Young's Family* are tops—particularly that fine actress, Margaret Draper, who's heard as Pepper's wife Linda.

Pepper Young's Family, written by Elaine Carrington, directed by Chick Vincent and starring Mason Adams, is heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.

By ALICE FRANCIS

WHEN YOU'VE played a man for twelve years on radio, as Mason Adams has played Pepper Young on NBC, it would seem only natural to develop a real affection for him. An "empathy," to employ that now over-used and often abused word. A bond of ideas, a similarity of manners and mannerisms and of speech. You may even get to look like him—or, more properly, he may look like you.

Adams tells the story of one of the thousands of listeners to *Pepper Young's Family* who have written to him over the years. "This man said he had been blind and regained his sight. He wanted a photograph of me to see how close I came in appearance to the mental picture he had built up over a long period of tuning-in during his sightless years. He described me as he had 'seen' me, and it was fantastically correct. Dark hair and brown eyes, wearing glasses (tortoise shell-rimmed). About my size (five feet, nine-and-a-half inches, to be exact).

"He said that usually I had a serious expression (I am afraid I do), but that I brightened up enormously when I got enthusiastic about something or was amused (which I also do). He said I moved in a hurry, but in general liked mental activity rather than physical exercise, and he was right about this, too.

"Even my mother occasionally identifies me with Pepper, to her own amusement and mine," Mason adds. "She will be working around her home with the program tuned in, suddenly hear me call 'Hey, Mom,' to Marion Barney—that wonderful and delightful older actress who plays my *Young* mother—and will automatically turn to answer me herself!"

Elaine Carrington, creator and writer of *Pepper Young's Family*, probably by now also identifies Mason (*Continued on page* 63)

Mason Adams, that is, who's better known—even to himself!—as Pepper Young, of the famous family

True, Mason prefers mental activity to physical exercise. But he also enjoys a game of tennis—whether visiting his folks out on Long Island, or playing with such friends as mystery-writer Harold Q. Masur in the very shadow of Manhattan's great bridges.

Books and music are this bachelor's favorite companions for a quiet evening at home. Mason, who has a Master's degree from Wisconsin U., is proud of his library and record collection.

Joan loves to learn—and her "favorite teacher" is her husband, Frank Ross, noted TV and movie producer.

OUR GAL SALLY

New role, new viewpoint . . . husband and friends have more reason than ever to be proud of Joan Caulfield today

By EUNICE FIELD

SOMEWHERE in Benedict Canyon, looking out on the Hollywood hills, lovely Joan Caulfield is pouring iced tea. In that setting of emerald lawns, glittering pool, French gardens and marble patio, her blond hair seems blonder than ever and her blue eyes bluer. Her movements are graceful and quick, her smile vivid and winning, and out of her there flows an excitement that always seems on the verge of bursting forth. It seldom does, however . . . and, to her friends, this is a fact of great significance. Joan had always been a creature of sudden moods—sudden in her spells of sunshine, sudden in her spells of storm. . . . "Yes, we've had this place a couple of years now," she is saying to a guest, "but Frank and I still think of it as new."

"I hear there's a new (*Continued on page* 85)

Sally is seen on NBC-TV, Sun., 7:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by the Chemstrand Corporation and Royal Portable Typewriters.

Young and impulsive Joan is growing up, now that she's a part-owner of *Sally,* as well as its star.

More mature, more responsible, yes. But as lovely as ever, and just as ready for a romp with "Missy."

Lucky LeMond

Bob fell in love with a picture—and won the girl. He wanted a boy child—and got three. Thanks to shows like The Big Record, they live in the house of their dreams!

By GORDON BUDGE

From left to right—Barry, Stephen, Robin. "Our friends say we should have had a girl," Barbara laughs. "But Bob and I are used to little boys, think they are wonderful."

THIS YEAR, popular and handsome Bob LeMond is being seen weekly on Patti Page's *The Big Record* over CBS-TV, and almost every month on Jerry Lewis's special shows for NBC-TV. Every year, he's been on view with some of television's biggest stars and, by now, peripatetic Bob has visited as many millions of living rooms as any other topflight announcer. But genial, dark-haired, brown-eyed LeMond, who claims he's just an average guy, never planned on becoming a bigtime announcer. Five feet, eleven inches and 175 pounds of (*Continued on page* 74)

The Big Record, starring Patti Page, CBS-TV, Wed., 8 to 9 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Oldsmobile Div. of General Motors, Armour and Co., Kellogg Co., Pillsbury Mills. *The Jerry Lewis Show* will be seen Tues., Nov. 5, on NBC-TV, at 9 P.M., as sponsored by Oldsmobile.

Bob and Barbara met in the South Pacific, were married in California.

Eldest son Robin has special privileges, goes fishing with Bob, is learning golf.

Playing with Dad and "Lancer," Barry doesn't mind being the baby!

A HOME OF HER OWN

That's what every grown woman wants, says Carmel Quinn—who traveled from Ireland to America to find it

Happy with her flowers, her husband Bill, babies Michael and Jane, Carmel could sing all day long. Album-cover picture below shows her with Godfrey, whose programs launched her on TV, radio, records.

Carmel and Bill in front of their New Jersey home—the "house on a hill" she dreamed of as a little girl.

By MARY TEMPLE

SURE, and Dublin-born Carmel Quinn can weave the same spell around you while you're just sitting across from her, talking and visiting, as she does on the Arthur Godfrey show or in a night club or on records. It could be the lilting Irish voice, as musical with talk as it is with notes, and the titian hair with the soft waves that have nary a hint of being set that way but hang careless-like at her neck. Or the blue eyes that change to green and back to blue, according to the colors around her.

The spell grows even stronger as she talks of home and husband and children and her new life in America, and every word underscored with emotion and love. As she talks about the house in Leonia, New Jersey, just across the Hudson River from New York, where she lives as Mrs. Bill Fuller, mother of two children, Jane and

Continued

A HOME OF HER OWN

(Continued)

With Irish blood—and with both parents "in show business"—Jane's bound to sing and dance! Below, Carmel tests a new number on Bill's tape-recorder.

Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts, CBS-TV, Mon., 8:30 P.M., is sponsored by Thomas J. Lipton, Inc., and The Toni Co. *Arthur Godfrey Time* is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 10 A.M.—seen on CBS-TV, M-Th, 10:30 A.M.—under multiple sponsorship. *The Ford Road Show Starring Arthur Godfrey* is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, at 5:05 P.M. (All times given are EDT)

Michael. Where the Fullers are neighbors to the Pat Boones and to other delightful people who have become their friends as well as neighbors.

"When I was a small girl in Ireland, I used to think when I got married I would live in just such a house on a hill as I have now," she says. "And isn't it strange, and wonderful, that I do! In this wonderful America, where I came only three-and-a-half years ago and where everyone has been so kind to me."

The house on a hill, stoutly built by a former owner, is red-brick, roomy. "Not a ranch house, not a modern house, but up-to-date in every way," Bill Fuller finishes the description. "A fine house for us," his wife continues. "With a big, big kitchen. We had to have that. You may start off in style as a guest in the dining room, but you will still wind up in the kitchen, having cups of coffee or our good tea. Pretty soon, the women are kicking off their high-heeled shoes, and the men are taking off their jackets and getting comfortable and feeling at home.

"When Shirley and Pat Boone are in the East—we missed them sorely when Pat was doing his latest picture out in Hollywood—we breeze over to their place or they come over to ours, and there we sit, almost always in the kitchen, Pat drinking milk and my Bill, a real 'tea shark,' having his cups of tea, and Shirley and I comparing notes about our kids and the cooking and the plans we have for doing things in our houses."

Except for the house in which her father was born and still lives, in Dublin—and (*Continued on page* 72)

Nora Blewitt—the colleen "who takes care of us and runs everything" and is a trusted "second mother" to the baby, Michael—is now an American citizen. That's a future dream-to-come-true for Bill and Carmel, too.

Kitchen is the heart of their home, where Carmel and Bill serve tea to such good neighbors as Bob Gallen (left) and his wife, and Mike McDonagh and his daughter Clare. Another neighbor's busy out in Hollywood, so Jane—who's all femininity and frills—fondly kisses Pat Boone's picture to show how much she misses him.

Shakespeare and the Showgirl

Barbara's knowledge of "the Bard" brought fame and fortune, as Hal March quizzed her on *The $64,000 Question.*

By IRA H. KNASTER

TIME: A mellow summer evening, in the hour that precedes curtain-rise in the many theaters around New York's Times Square. Scene: Sardi's famed restaurant just off Broadway, in the heart of the theater district. Main character: A lovely girl of twenty-four, seated at one of the tables with her escort. Quote: "I'm the luckiest woman in the world."

Viewers of CBS-TV's enormously popular *The $64,000 Question* would have immediately recognized the pretty speaker as Barbara Hall. On that particular evening, less than three weeks had elapsed since Barbara's familiarity with Shakespeare's writings had brought her triumph in *Question's* isolation booth . . . triumph, a Manufacturers Trust Co. check for $64,000, and an invitation to pit her knowledge of the Bard against all comers on *The $64,000 Challenge* this fall.

Barbara herself is now a celebrity among the many celebrities there at Sardi's . . . as further dialogue soon proves. A smartly attired woman, just leaving an adjoining table, pauses to say (*Continued on page* 88)

The $64,000 Question is emceed by Hal March over CBS-TV, Tues., 10 P. M. EDT, sponsored by Revlon, Inc. *The $64,000 Challenge*, emceed by Ralph Story, is seen on CBS-TV, Sun., 10 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by both Revlon and P. Lorillard Co. (Kent Cigarettes).

From a "Ziegfeld Follies" line to the heights of The $64,000 Question—from lonely obscurity to bright romance —the modern saga of Barbara Hall

Letters from the one-and-only are as exciting as that $64,000 check to the romantic ex-showgirl of "The Ziegfeld Follies" and the Copacabana Club.

Busy. phone now, with congratulations—and those long-awaited "casting calls."

Same modest apartment—where a young girl saved toward a career in drama.

TV break—acting assignment with Tom Poston in a play on *U.S. Steel Hour.*

Who's Who on
The Robert Q. Lewis Show

Crowds queue up for Robert Q. at CBS Radio, to share his show's fun and music in person.

Ray Bloch, conductor of top programs on both radio and TV, gives the downbeat on *The Robert Q. Lewis Show,* to such talented men as Art Ryerson, trombone; Toots Mondello, both sax and clarinet; Sam Schoobe, bass; Jim Nottingham, trumpet; and Howard Smith, drums.

THE LETTER "Q" may be the secret to the fascination audiences feel for that Wonderful, Xcintillating, Yakking, Zany fellow called Robert Q. Lewis. While Lewis admits the middle initial doesn't stand for anything, he says, "It reminds me that shirts should be full of people and not of stuffing." This crack—quick, quizzical and Robert Q-ish—holds more than a little sound sense. Because, if there's one thing Robert Q.'s life is full of, it's "people." The people who queue up daily at the CBS Radio studios in New York get a free and easy laugh by watching the Lewis group perform. Thousands of home listeners have grown to love Lewis as the pleasant fellow able to milk the last ounce of humor out of both prepared show material and the unforeseen incident which simply pops up during show time. And beyond these two groups of radio "friends" are all the people who are members of the Robert Q. Lewis team.

Robert Q. has been polishing up the high glossy perfection of his satirical variety show for years, getting his experience the hard way—by working. In 1941, having had courses in drama and radio production at University of Michigan, he decided to get out of school. Station WTRY at Troy, New York, gave him a job. Then so did Uncle Sam. Following service, Robert Q. got back before the microphone at WNEW, where he began to formulate the amusing variety style for which he is now famous. CBS Radio network signed him in 1947, and his tenth successful year is rocking along in high gear.

Judy Johnson, Richard Hayes and Ray Bloch—all regulars on *The Robert Q. Lewis Show*—have one thing in common, despite their separate excellence as performers. Each one of them was apparently born with show-business inclinations and got off home base and into the profession at startlingly early age. Judy was a regular on radio stations in her native Norfolk, Virginia, when only nine. She sang with bands around Virginia at eleven, signed with Les Brown as a singer when she was fourteen. Richard Hayes started singing while at Boys' High School in Brooklyn, N. Y., and had his own radio show five days a week on a Long Island station at that time. As for Ray Bloch, he was a choir boy at eight, directed his first choral group at twelve, has been conducting major orchestras for over twenty years.

With this talented nucleus, further abetted by the many other performers who appear in guest spots, it's small wonder that crowds queue up and dials switch on for Robert Q. Lewis, the best patented chuckle-maker you can possibly hear in the radio business.

Mirth and melody: Lewis provides most of the mirth, Richard Hayes and Judy Johnson, most of the melody—though Bob himself warbles in his own carefree style.

Continued

Who's Who on

The Robert Q. Lewis Show

Crowds queue up for Robert Q. at CBS Radio, to share his show's fun and music in person.

Ray Bloch, conductor of top programs on both radio and TV, gives the downbeat on *The Robert Q. Lewis Show*, to such talented men as Art Ryerson, trombone; Toots Mondello, both sax and clarinet; Sam Schoobe, bass; Jim Nottingham, trumpet; and Howard Smith, drums.

THE LETTER "Q" may be the secret to the fascination audiences feel for that Wonderful, Xcintillating, Yakking, Zany fellow called Robert Q. Lewis. While Lewis admits the middle initial doesn't stand for anything, he says, "It reminds me that shirts should be full of people and not of stuffing." This crack—quick, quizzical and Robert Q-ish—holds more than a little sound sense. Because, if there's one thing Robert Q.'s life is full of, it's "people." The people who queue up daily at the CBS Radio studios in New York get a free and easy laugh by watching the Lewis group perform. Thousands of home listeners have grown to love Lewis as the pleasant fellow able to milk the last ounce of humor out of both prepared show material and the unforeseen incident which simply pops up during show time. And beyond these two groups of radio "friends" are all the people who are members of the Robert Q. Lewis team.

Robert Q. has been polishing up the high glossy perfection of his satirical variety show for years, getting his experience the hard way—by working. In 1941, having had courses in drama and radio production at University of Michigan, he decided to get out of school. Station WTRY at Troy, New York, gave him a job. Then so did Uncle Sam. Following service, Robert Q. got back before the microphone at WNEW, where he began to formulate the amusing variety style for which he is now famous. CBS Radio network signed him in 1947, and his tenth successful year is rocking along in high gear.

Judy Johnson, Richard Hayes and Ray Bloch—all regulars on *The Robert Q. Lewis Show*—have one thing in common, despite their separate excellence as performers. Each one of them was apparently born with show-business inclinations and got off home base and into the profession at startlingly early age. Judy was a regular on radio stations in her native Norfolk, Virginia, when only nine. She sang with bands around Virginia at eleven, signed with Les Brown as a singer when she was fourteen. Richard Hayes started singing while at Boys' High School in Brooklyn, N. Y., and had his own radio show five days a week on a Long Island station at that time. As for Ray Bloch, he was a choir boy at eight, directed his first choral group at twelve, has been conducting major orchestras for over twenty years.

With this talented nucleus, further abetted by the many other performers who appear in guest spots, it's small wonder that crowds queue up and dials switch on for Robert Q. Lewis, the best patented chuckle-maker you can possibly hear in the radio business.

Mirth and melody: Lewis provides most of the mirth, Richard Hayes and Judy Johnson, most of the melody—though Bob himself warbles in his own carefree style.

Continued

Who's Who on

The Robert Q. Lewis Show

(Continued)

Words: Lee Vines, announcer on *Robert Q. Lewis Show,* got his first radio job as high-school student in Camden, N. J.

Music: Richard Hayes had a radio show while still at Boys' High in Brooklyn. Judy Johnson had own program at 9, down in Norfolk, Va.

Quartet of Lewis regulars: The Crew Cuts—Raymond and Arthur Perkins, Rudolph Maugeri, and Patrick Barrett.

SONGSTRESS JUDY JOHNSON was born in Norfolk, Va., has been singing since she was three, and barnstormed the country with such notable bandsmen as Les Brown, Jan Savitt, Frankie Carle and Sammy Kaye. She's appeared in theaters, night clubs, summer stock and in the touring company of "High Button Shoes" and the New York City Center production of "Guys and Dolls." Married to musical director Mort Lindsey, she now lives in Nutley, N. J., with son Steven and daughter Bonney (Judy's own maiden name) and an enormous collection of four-footed friends. Her present assignment with *The Robert Q. Lewis Show* suits her to a T, giving her ample time for her home, along with radio and TV.

BARITONE RICHARD HAYES was born in Brooklyn in 1930. A professional singer from high-school days, he was hired after graduation by Teddy Phillips' orchestra. *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* awarded him top honors, and Hayes won his first recording contract. Hayes' first record, "The Old Master Painter," was a big hit. Work with CBS Radio's *Songs For Sale* and *Jack Paar Show* kept him busy until joining the service. In the Army, he wrote radio scripts for recruiting purposes. Discharged in 1956, he returned to radio and TV, has appeared regularly as a singer ever since. Richard and Monique (just wed this summer) live in Manhattan.

MUSIC-MAN RAY BLOCH was born in Alsace-Lorraine in 1902, but his father brought him to the United States while still a lad. Ray's music talent was quickly evident and, with family encouragement, well developed. First job of importance musically was as pianist for a music publisher. Band work came next, then a switch to radio in the late 1920's as pianist, arranger-accompanist, leader of choral groups and conductor. Bloch has also conducted on top TV shows. He's married to Ann Seaton, singer, and they have a farm near New York.

The man who started it all—with a fistful of mikes—Robert Q., broadcasting's humorist extraordinary.

ROBERT Q. LEWIS, humorist, appropriately burst into the world in April, year 1921. The world has been a happier place since then, starting with a Lewis garage-circus production starring a tattooed lady, a weary warrior-horse and some jungle-type-domestic-cat kittens. Since that early effort, Robert Q. has parlayed through DeWitt Clinton High School in New York, the University of Michigan (part-way), jobs at a Troy radio station, with the Air Force, and various New York radio stations—until CBS Radio tapped him in April, 1947. Since then, Lewis has worked almost every time segment of the broadcasting day and week over CBS Radio (as well as TV), experimenting with variety formats and materials. He even became a singer—carefree style—or, as he prefers to classify it, "slightly-flat" style. It's popular with the customers, and—so long as it is—Robert Q. will continue to send on such old ballads as "Cecilia" and "Paddlin' Madeline Home."

The Robert Q. Lewis Show, with its variety of top entertainers and guests, is heard over CBS Radio—Monday through Friday evenings, from 8 to 8:30 P.M. EDT—and on Saturday morning, from 11:05 A.M. EDT to 12 noon—under multiple sponsorship.

True Story

OF A HAPPY WOMAN

Success has come to Kathi Norris on TV for the same reasons it has blessed her private life

By MARTIN COHEN

Home, children and career have developed almost simultaneously for Kathi. But the children have always come first —starting with Pamela, then Bradley, now baby Kathleen.

THE PRIVATE LIFE of Kathi Norris is closely parallel to her professional career. Every time she's had a baby (and she's had three), there's been an important change in her career. Less than a month after the birth of her third child, she joined the high-rated TV dramatic series, *True Story,* as hostess, but not just as "another hostess." Kathi is not the kind to stick to an old formula. Instead, she upset the established conception that a hostess on TV must be chichi-charming. Instead, she insisted on establishing a link of reality with the TV audience.

Kathi explains, "*True Story* on TV is based on actual experiences of real people. The TV episodes are not concoctions of a professional writer. Instead, they reflect the real problems, hopes and dreams of *True Story's* readers. Well, it's my job to establish (*Continued on page* 68)

Bright young Bradley treats parents Kathi and Wilbur Stark as "walking dictionaries"—so they introduce him to the real thing, quick as can be.

Kathi Norris is story editor of *True Story,* on NBC-TV, Sat., 12 noon EDT, as sponsored by Sterling Drug, Inc. and others.

For Steve Allen and Jayne Meadows, a march of TV triumphs, a lilting serenade to marriage—and a tender lullaby for an eagerly awaited event

YEAR of FULFILLMENT

(Continued)

Holiday: Steve and Jayne went boating, watched the changing sea—and dreamed ahead. Even more exciting than the success of *The Steve Allen Show* and *I've Got A Secret* was that eagerly awaited November "premiere."

Good sport though she is, there was no football for Jayne! But the two Steves practiced throwing passes—with no signs of interference from Brian.

Steve's Sunday-night program on NBC-TV, *The Steve Allen Show,* zoomed up into the heady heights of the Top Ten of Television long before its first anniversary last June 23. And, of course, *I've Got A Secret,* emceed by Garry Moore over CBS-TV with Jayne as a panelist, has been in the top-ten category steadily for more than three years; it marked its fifth triumphant anniversary on the air June 16. Two red-letter days in one week for the Stephen Valentine Allens. And all this only a part of their cause for rejoicing.

"I knew all along this would be a good year for us," Jayne said, as she came in and sat down on the long, low beige sofa, her Chinese-red house robe making a bright splash. A rather tall, extremely feminine woman, vivid and vivacious, with red-gold hair almost hidden under a tightly wound scarf to protect her "set" for a dinner date with Steve later. She laughed a little at her reason for believing in this year. "I'm Libra. My birth date is September 27. Steve's birth date is December 26, which makes him Capricorn. This is a good year for us." (Astrology fans take note and check for yourselves.)

The baby, expected this November, came into the conversation from the beginning. The converting of Steve's den into a nursery. The love that Steve's three young

Round-table discussion of the most intriguing subject of all: Jayne was sure the new baby would be "just like Steve." But the young Allens—like Steve himself—were hoping it would be a miniature of their beloved Jaynie.

sons by a previous marriage (Stevie, 13; Brian, 10; David, 7) have for this child. The love Steve and Jayne are prepared to give, the extra joy this baby will bring to this home.

The summer vacation visit of the boys and their mother, Dorothy (now happily re-married, just as Steve is happily married to Jayne). The delight of having the big house on a cliff overlooking Long Island Sound, rented for the summer months so the boys would not miss the freedom of their home in California. Their own boat dock, and (*Continued on page* 66)

The Steve Allen Show is seen on NBC-TV, Sun., 8 to 9 P.M. EDT, sponsored by S. C. Johnson & Son, Greyhound Corp., Pharma-Craft Corp. Jayne is a regular panelist on *I've Got A Secret*, CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 to 10 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Winston Cigarettes.

This Is Your Life—

Here, in the memories of those who know him best, is the story that will never be told in front of TV cameras

You're a happy man today, Ralph Edwards, with your wife Barbara, daughters Christine and Lauren, son Gary. There are others who've helped you, from early boyhood until success, and you'll never forget—though you can never reveal your gratitude on *This Is Your Life*.

Barbara herself has not heard all the out-ot-school anecdotes told here, but she remembers that courtship!

Ralph Edwards emcees *This Is Your Life*, NBC-TV, Wed., 10 P.M. EDT, for Procter & Gamble (Crest, Ivory Soap, Lilt, and Prell). *Truth Or Consequences*, created and produced by Ralph Edwards, emceed by Bob Barker, is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 11:30 A.M. EDT.

RALPH EDWARDS!

By DORA ALBERT

EVERY WEEK, about 5,000 fan letters pour into the office of Ralph Edwards, genial master of ceremonies on *This Is Your Life*. Most of them suggest names of individuals who would make stirring subjects for *This Is Your Life*—and, of all the life stories requested, that of Ralph Edwards heads the list.

Often, his staff has been tempted to put Ralph's life on TV, but Ralph himself has squelched all such attempts with one vigorous, sincere statement: "Don't ever do it, if you want to be around working for me the day afterward." On this point, he is absolutely adamant.

Why does Ralph object so violently to his life being put on his TV program? "I have the feeling it would distort my position," he says earnestly. "As it is, I come up to the glass window showcase of life without cracking it and coming through. But if I were the subject, the viewer, on seeing me, would feel that I represented a conflicting force on the stage. Never again would I be regarded as merely a narrator on *This Is Your Life*. Having stepped through an invisible glass wall, I would be in the position of competing with the very people I was presenting.

"Besides, if I knew that my life were someday going to be presented, it would make the show unendurable to me. It would be impossible for me to come into the studio, Wednesday after Wednesday, wondering if this would be the night my staff was going to surprise me. I just couldn't stand the suspense!"

Since you'll never see Ralph's life on his TV show, here in TV RADIO MIRROR we present the kind of information about Ralph you'd get if he were the subject of *This Is Your Life*. To get this story, I lunched with a half-dozen people who know Ralph well, and I (*Continued on page* 79)

What Have They Got

Are teen-age girls really jealous? Are they buying only male-voice records? Such songbirds as these may prove "the experts" wrong!

By HELEN BOLSTAD

ABC-Paramount, distributing Jodie Sands' Chancellor recording of "With All My Heart," proved right-girl-and-song could be a hit.

HER VOICE might hold the hopes, the frustrations, the tenderness and the protest of young love . . . her fresh beauty might be the stuff that dreams are made of . . . yet, for the past year, the aspiring young girl singer might as well have hidden her head in a barrel and put her ambition in her pocket. The popularity charts were flying "For Men Only" flags labeled Elvis or Pat or Tab or Guy or Sonny or Buddy. A new girl alone just couldn't get a hit.

It was all the girls' fault, too, said some experts. Not the girls who made the records, but the ones who listened. "It's the girls who phone the deejays, the girls who form the fan clubs, the girls who buy the records," they asserted. Where once girls found in a Patti Page, a Teresa Brewer, a Dinah Shore or a Lena Horne the vision of a singing "second self," they now preferred to hear the direct, if disembodied, wooing of the male.

As a result, a whole crop of young newly starred, rocking, rolling glamour boys have had a field day. So have the psychologists, pseudo and scientific, with their surveys, studies and explanations. Some took the tack that to swoon with Boone or palpitate with Presley was just another normal reaction to the way kids were going steady. Tied to one boyfriend from first date to the big I-do, a girl had to find some variety, if only in her imagination.

Following the same vein, other elders thought it was the boyfriends who intensified the trend by finding the male singers as helpful as a John Alden. Out on a date, they have a way of popping a dime into a juke box to ask some recording star to convey in song the romantic message they are too shy to speak themselves.

But there were also those who found sinister the femme fans' fervor for the boys who give a passionate beat to ardent lyrics. They berated the recording companies for catering to the un-understood sex urges of adolescents. In a recent "expose," a Chicago music critic charged that pop hits are the product of "manipulation by money-hungry adults of the half-felt cravings of teenagers."

To this, the recording companies could give a tart reply. If such "manipulations" existed, the cravings indeed must be only half-felt . . . by half the teenagers. The boys who might be yearning for a vocalizing dream-girl weren't even represented.

A more sound explanation of what has been happening is to be found in the frank acknowledgment by some of the wiser recording executives that they themselves

Against GIRL SINGERS?

might have been somewhat carried away. The search for "another Presley," who might rival the Memphis marvel's profit-making ability, had concentrated the attention of both talent scouts and songwriters on the male vocalist, thus limiting the opportunities offered to teen-age girl singers.

It was time, many felt, to do something about it. The new girls should be ought out and, when one was found, the song should be styled to suit her way of expression. Girls' songs should not be mere "covers" of ones boys had made popular. Once recorded, the girl should be introduced with the same promotional fanfare accorded a male singer.

Among the first to prove that the right girl with the right song could reach the hit lists was ABC-Paramount, which distributes Jodie Sands' Chancellor recording, "With All My Heart." Jodie, in turn, had something special to give. In her Philadelphia home, the classics were as essential to the family's life as the spaghetti on the table. Her father had sung opera in Italy. From the time dark-eyed Jodie could read a note, her objective had been the Metropolitan Opera. It was her father's ambition for her and she made it her own.

But, in between the adolescent dream which began in Italy and the generation-later dream fostered in America, came a

Continued

RCA Victor believed there was a star spot waiting for a teen-age girl. Now Bonnie Scott, 16, is so busy her young feet need a rest!

Barbara Allen has more than justified faith of Decca's Paul Cohen (left) and songwriter Vic McAlpin.

What Have They Got Against GIRL SINGERS?

(Continued)

"Sixteen" is Joy Layne's new Mercury disc—also her age. Deejays can't believe it, keep Joy flying from Chicago to prove in person that she's younger than she sounded on her first record last year.

modern-day miracle, television. The prospect of entertaining an audience of millions proved more alluring to Jodie than the hope of facing the Golden Horseshoe at the Met. By learning to sing popular music, Jodie earned a place on a local TV show. Singing at teen-age hops around Philadelphia gave her a chance to work with two young men who believed in her, Bob Marchucci and Peter DeAngelis. Bob, a lyric writer, and Peter, a composer and arranger, are now co-presidents of Chancellor Records. Sharing Jodie's Italian tradition, they knew how to translate her classic training and full, controlled vibrato into popular terms.

As with Johnny Mathis, who also was once an opera student, the quality made the hit. "With All My Heart" is based on an old Italian folk song. Its novelty is the chorus, which Jodie sings in English against the contrapuntal background of a male quartet singing in Italian. Teen-age America found it an interesting change. When her record climbed on the popularity charts, Alan Freed invited her into the cast of his summer rock 'n' roll show at New York's Paramount Theater.

For all her new-found success, Jodie retains her modest manner and her charm. In fact, she's a little awed by all the acclaim. When she finds time free from her night-club engagements and her promotional tours on the disc-jockey circuit, she's happy to return to the Philadelphia home which she shares with her mother and brother. A chance to go bowling or horseback riding with her friends is her reward for the hard work which has gone into making her

Gayla Peevey sang "I Want a Hippopotamus for Christmas." What she got was Columbia contract—now, at 14, she sings of first love.

Dot Records has high hopes for Carol Jarvis, who does such message-ballads as "Rebel" in style as sultry as her own dark, willowy beauty.

first record such a hit on the pop song charts.

At RCA Victor, Joe Carlton's conviction that there's an actual shortage of teen-age feminine talent in all entertainment fields has led to what he calls, "my private Ladies' Day promotion." He says, "Sure, I know that it runs counter to what has seemed to be the teen-age preference. But I figure, if I stick my neck out, others will get on the bandwagon and the girls will get a break."

Joe, as artists-and-repertoire man for pop single records, is in a sensitive spot to predict trends and also has had much to do with crystallizing them. When RCA Victor first signed Presley as a country-and-Western artist, Joe supervised the promotion which swung Elvis over into the popular recording field. Now he believes that young record buyers want more than just rock 'n' roll. "It's no longer a fad nor a rebellion. It's an accepted form and kids have begun to look for something new. There have been ripples which indicate that they want more quality and also more variety." Recognizing that no teen-age girl held star status, he began his search. "It only makes sense. We need a broad base of interest in recordings. A girl singer has her own emotional message to give."

Joe found his candidate for RCA Victor stardom in Bonnie Scott, a Philadelphia-born sixteen-year-old who grew up in Hollywood. Bonnie had begun dancing lessons at the age of two-and-a-half; at three, she performed in an Atlantic City theater and, at thirteen, she began to get minor roles in movies and to win TV talent contests.

Demonstration records which she had made led to an interview and, when Joe met Bonnie, he called her, "the sweetest little schizophrenic I've ever seen." To Joe, dark-eyed Bonnie looked as child-like as his own daughter, Pam, (*Continued on page* 83)

Capitol Records helped Sue Raney celebrate both her high-school graduation and eighteenth birthday, just last June, with release of "The Careless Years" and "What's the Good Word, Mr. Bluebird."

Most work goes into the main dish—but Agnes Young prepares casserole far in advance, stores it till cooking time.

HOT CHICKEN SALAD

Makes 6 servings.

Prepare:

2 cups cubed, cooked chicken

Canned, commercially cooked, leftover or specially prepared roasted or boiled chicken can be used. 1½ pounds of canned or purchased sliced chicken will be needed, or the meat from a 4-pound roasting or stewing hen. Remove skin and any fat before cubing meat.

2 cups diced celery
1½ cups slivered blanched almonds
2 teaspoons grated onion

Put all ingredients in a large bowl. Mix lightly.

Add:

½ teaspoon prepared mustard ½ teaspoon salt

Mix:

1 cup mayonnaise 2 tablespoons lemon juice

Add to chicken, again mixing lightly. Turn into a 2-quart casserole. Top with a mixture of finely crushed potato chips and a little grated American cheese. Place casserole in a large, shallow pan of hot water, and bake in a hot oven (425° F) 12 to 15 minutes, or until mixture is heated through. Serve at once.

CRANBERRY-ORANGE RELISH

Makes 1 quart of relish.

Wash and pick over:

4 cups fresh cranberries

Discard any berries that are soft. Wash, cut into quarters and remove any seeds from:

2 large oranges

Put cranberries and oranges through a food grinder, catching all the drip in a small bowl. Add drip to ground fruit and stir in:

2 cups sugar

Cover bowl and chill relish in the refrigerator. It can be served the same day it is made, or it can be stored for several weeks before serving.

"Come for Supper"

Agnes Young's favorite buffet menu features recipes which let a hostess relax enough to enjoy her own party!

TO A WHOLE generation of listeners, she'll always be *Aunt Jenny;* more recently, radio and TV audiences have come to know this talented actress by her own name, Agnes Young. But, in Danbury, Conn., where she lives in a charming 200-year-old "saltbox," she is Mrs. J. Norman Wells, whose cheery invitation to "come for supper" is always eagerly accepted. . . . Both Agnes and husband Jimmie love to cook—an art they've also taught their actress-daughter Nancy (now married, with a baby girl of her own). To them, cooking is fun, and "entertaining" something which host and hostess should enjoy as much as guests. In fact, one of their favorite buffet menus is so deliciously simple (and simply delicious!) that Agnes can put it together with a minimum of time away from her guests, even when director-acting-coach Jimmie can't be home to help. . . . Her basic recipes have been adapted here, for use in your own kitchen. The unusual casserole can be prepared in advance—even the night before—then stored in the refrigerator until company comes. The relish, of course, can be made 'way ahead of time. With these, Agnes serves tiny French peas and, sometimes, a tossed green salad. The Wellses bake their own "old-fashioned" bread, but brown bread or crusty rolls make a good accompaniment, too. For a gala finish to a Saturday- or Sunday-night buffet, Agnes tops everybody's favorite—ice cream—with hot butterscotch sauce, two "light or dark" versions of which are given here.

Agnes Young is frequently heard on *F.B.I. In Peace And War,* on CBS Radio, Sun., 6:05 P.M. EDT. She also appears occasionally with her daughter Nancy Wells in *Ma Perkins,* CBS Radio, M-F, 1:15 P.M. EDT.

Agnes gets her dishes—and what goes in 'em—all set before company comes. Chicken-salad casserole goes into oven only minutes before serving.

Actress Laurett Browne and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Newman—who run dancing school in Danbury—agree no "fussed-over" meal could taste better.

LIGHT BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

Makes 2 cups of sauce.
Measure into a heavy saucepan:

1 cup dark corn syrup
1 cup sugar
½ cup light cream
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
½ cup water
¼ teaspoon salt

Stir until sugar has dissolved.
Then stir over medium heat until mixture boils, then cook slowly until a small amount forms a soft ball when dropped into cold water (230° F). Pour into a silver bowl and serve while still warm.

DARK BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

Makes 1 cup of sauce.
Place in heavy saucepan or in a double boiler:

½ pound caramels
½ cup hot water

Heat very slowly, stirring occasionally. When caramels are melted and mixture is smooth, pour into a well warmed silver bowl, and serve hot.

Double Trouble

Bob Cummings took the resemblance to heart, when my sister Harriet came on the set dressed up like Schultzy. Me? I took a good, long look—and felt it was about time to trade places with Harriet again.

By ANN B. DAVIS

MANY'S THE TIME I get up at night and look into a mirror. This is not, believe me, because I think I'm so enchanting. Nor is it some kind of voodoo ritual. I'm simply wondering: *Is this me or that other girl?* That "other girl" happens to be my twin sister, Harriet. By the narrowest of margins, she missed being me. In fact, for quite a while she *was* me—and, to fracture the grammarians even further, I was *her*.

Now I'm going to let you all in on the deep, dark mystery of the Davis girls. We switched places in my third year at college. It was then I began leading the life Harriet had started out to live, and she began leading the life I had meant to live. Simple, isn't it? Like differential calculus!

Let me give you a brief rundown on our background before I unravel this riddle for you. We were born May 3, 1926, into the middle of a middle-class family in the industrial city of Schenectady, upper New York

Continued

I'm really not Schultzy. I'm not even ME. Confusing? Well, that's only part of what happens when you change lives with your own twin sister!

We twins started entertaining as soon as anyone would listen. Above, we're describing—with gestures, yet!—how our pet rabbit ran away. Below, dead-on-target at Girl Scout camp in 1940. (Who's at left? Li'l old me.)

Which twin has the curls? Ha! But that's Mother between us —as she often had to be, those days. Picture below shows I was a mite plumper than Harriet ("mighty" plumper, says she) when we acted up at Strong Vincent High School, Erie, Pa.

Double Trouble

(Continued)

Michigan U., 1946: from left, Ed Sheffel, Ann B. you-know, Corinne Stevens, Perry Norton, Harriet. (Yup, I got us straight. Harriet married Perry just the next year, leaving the stage—and acting—to me.)

state. There has always been a slight disagreement between me and my twin on who came first. We once put this question to my father. He said, "As the years go by, women start worrying about their age. Now, which one of you girls wants the responsibility of being older?" We studied his wise face a moment and decided it might be better not to know. But Harriet got around this hurdle. She whipped up a little something along these lines: "I'll trade you," she said to me, one day, in an airy manner. "You can be older and I'll be prettier."

Twins can be like that, you know. When we were nine, my sister pointed to a picture in a magazine and said, "Mumbledy-bumbledy, I'm going to look like that." It was a picture of Joan Crawford. "How about me?" I said. She turned a page and said, "Mumbledy-bumbledy, Crosseyes-hex, you're going to look like that." It was a picture of Groucho Marx. With cigar yet.

There's a record of twins on my mother's side. Father always held a theory that it was clear proof of a two-headed strain in the family. That was his little joke. Mother never laughed at it. She said it was most unwise to encourage people to make bad jokes. They might turn out comedians. I guess she feels justified now. Anyway, she has five cousins (all from the same set of grandparents) who have had twins. So far it has skipped the current generation. Maybe we aren't eating right.

We not only go in for looking alike, we go for the same names. It's probably a form of inbreeding. We have a baker's-dozen of Harriets, Anns, Elizabeths, and so on. When we get together for a big reunion—which isn't so often anymore, with all of us spread over the map—things get very confusing. We have to preface every remark with, "I mean Harriet's Ann," or "I mean Ann's Elizabeth." My father was given the formidable title of Cassius Miles Davis, after a Civil War hero. I'm named (*Continued on page* 77)

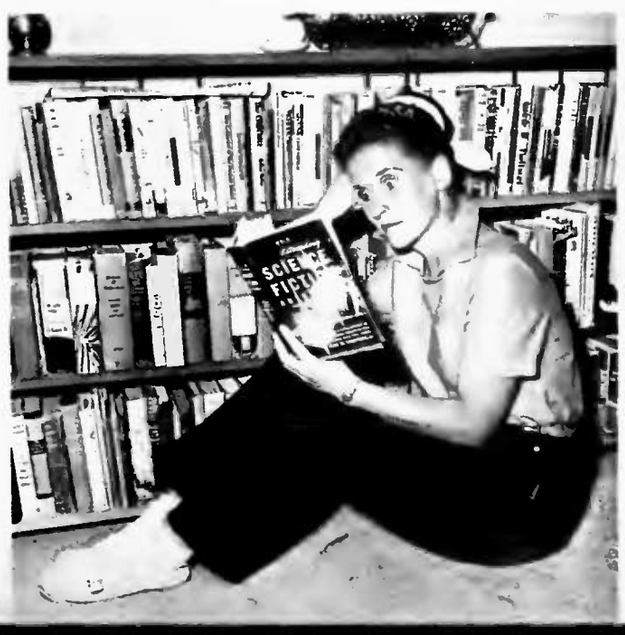
When Harriet was a bride, guess who was maid of honor? And, when her first child was born, guess who was godmother? Right! Below—again from left—sister Elizabeth Davis Keene; Cassius M. Davis, our dad; Harriet; baby Ann with doting godmother.

Ann B. Davis is "Schultzy" in *The Bob Cummings Show,* as now seen over NBC-TV, Tuesdays, at 9:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Winston Cigarettes and Chesebrough-Pond's, Inc.

Above, my own little rosebush. Below, my own little phone—with the big, big bills.

Maybe I'm not a "homemaker," but I make a lot of things for my home.

Love those letters from the fans! Incidentally, I made the desk above (as well as the Dutch doors at left). Hi-fi fan? It's "sci-fi" for me! Reading about spacemen and rocket ships, I could go right out of this world—and take my "double" with me.



Madeleine Carroll's own gallantry and warmth enrich her favorite roles today—as Dr. Anne Gentry on radio, as wife and mother at home

By CHARLOTTE BARCLAY

THE SCENE was the 17th General Hospital in Naples, Italy. The time, late 1943. Litter cases from the battles of Anzio and Cassino were coming in fast. Already, 1,500 wounded GI's had been crowded into a building meant to accommodate 800. Red Cross hospital worker Madeleine Carroll brushed a strand of blond hair from her eyes as the ack-ack of the anti-aircraft guns started up again. This was no Hollywood movie. This was the real thing.

A thin-faced boy with trembling lips put his hand out to her and she took it, holding it firmly in both of hers. She smiled—that famous smile which had flashed across a thousand screens—and the boy smiled back. The lips were moving now, she bent closer to catch what he was trying to say. "Would you —write my mom. Tell her—I'm okay. She'll think—it's some war—if she gets a letter—from a movie star."

"That sort of thing happened time and again," (*Continued on page* 91)

Reading is an "essential" to Madeleine—

More than a "MOVIE STAR"

both as actress and as publisher's wife.

Madeleine's career—unlike Anne Gentry's—allows much more time to be with daughter Anne-Madeleine, more sunlit hours in the garden of their Connecticut home.

Madeleine Carroll stars in *The Affairs Of Dr. Gentry*, produced and directed by Himan Brown, NBC Radio, M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT.

More than a "MOVIE STAR"

Madeleine Carroll's own gallantry and warmth enrich her favorite roles today—as Dr. Anne Gentry on radio, as wife and mother at home

By CHARLOTTE BARCLAY

THE SCENE was the 17th General Hospital in Naples, Italy. The time, late 1943. Litter cases from the battles of Anzio and Cassino were coming in fast. Already, 1,500 wounded GI's had been crowded into a building meant to accommodate 800. Red Cross hospital worker Madeleine Carroll brushed a strand of blond hair from her eyes as the ack-ack of the anti-aircraft guns started up again. This was no Hollywood movie. This was the real thing.

A thin-faced boy with trembling lips put his hand out to her and she took it, holding it firmly in both of hers. She smiled—that famous smile which had flashed across a thousand screens—and the boy smiled back. The lips were moving now, she bent closer to catch what he was trying to say. "Would you —write my mom. Tell her—I'm okay. She'll think—it's some war—if she gets a letter—from a movie star."

"That sort of thing happened time and again," (*Continued on page 91*)

Madeleine's career—unlike Anne Gentry's—allows much more time to be with daughter Anne-Madeleine, more sunlit hours in the garden of their Connecticut home.

Reading is an "essential" to Madeleine—both as actress and as publisher's wife.

Madeleine Carroll stars in *The Affairs Of Dr. Gentry*, produced and directed by Himan Brown, NBC Radio, M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT.

Rehearsals are traditional at weddings, but Elinor Jean Wrubel has a camera—and hosts Bob Paige and Byron Palmer—at hers.

Pilot David C. Spohn and "retired" airlines hostess Elinor Jean are married by the Reverend Joe E. Elmore.

Bride and Groom

Shout your love from the

WEDDING BELLS ring out from coast to coast on *Bride And Groom*. The newly-returned program, which has married more than 2,500 couples in the past ten years, provides everything from clothes and confetti to gifts and guests and honeymoon. More important was the reason David Clifford Spohn, 33, was so happy to marry Elinor Jean Wrubel on the program. "There are all kinds of weddings and all sizes," said the pilot for Allegheny Airlines, "but this chance . . . why, this is the biggest chapel in the world." . . . David and Jean met at Newark Airport when the Utica, New York girl was just beginning a career as stewardess with Mohawk Airlines. It was her roommate whom David knew, but it was Jean he took out, first for a cup of coffee and then for a series of dates that started in January, 1957, and continued to their wedding on July 23. . . . Two days after the Spohns' wedding, *Bride And Groom* married Margaret Waters, 21, and Jimmie Lee Collins, 22. Both from Huntington, West Virginia, this couple want four children—one more than Jean and David. But they're a flying family, too. Jimmie, just graduated from Marshall College, is going into the Naval Air Cadets, then will pursue a commercial artist's career. The Collinses met five years ago when Jimmie, hitchhiking to go swimming, picked up a ride with friends of Peggy's. They had their first date that night, then dated off and on. The Christmas before last, as Jimmie says, "We really found each other." *Bride And Groom* set the date. Love and television—something old and something new—make a perfect marriage.

Bride And Groom is seen over NBC-TV, Mon.-Fri., at 2:30 P.M. EDT.

For that most important dress of all, Margaret Waters, who works in a dress shop, has a wardrobe mistress's aid.

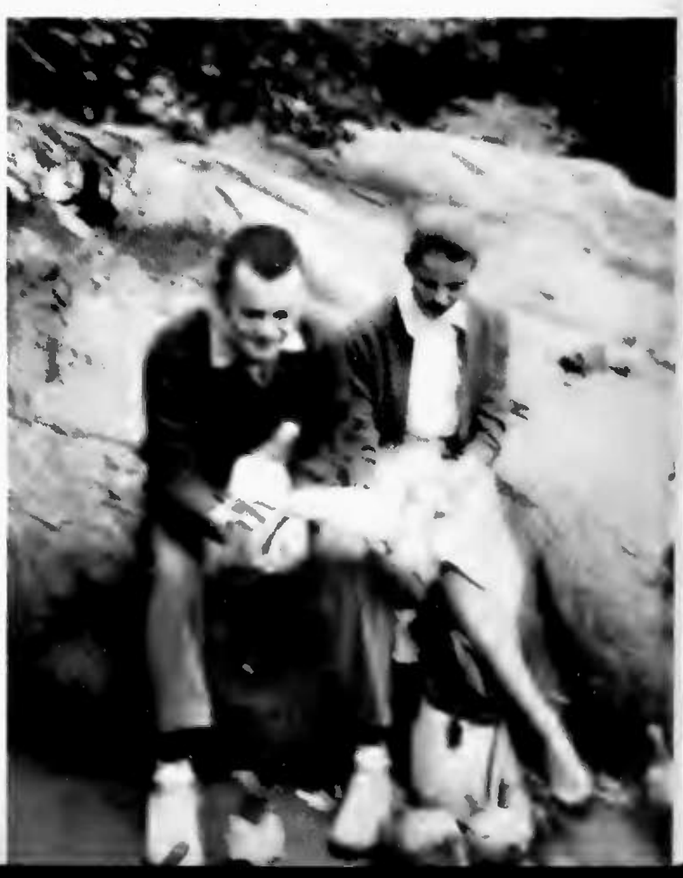
Amid wedding gifts, a cake and champagne, Bob Paige toasts David and Jean as Byron Palmer chats with Georgianna Carhart, special guest of the day's *Bride And Groom.*

The Spohns, Mr. and Mrs. now, honeymoon at Saranac Lake.

housetops? No need, when NBC-TV provides "the biggest chapel in the world"

The brothers are watching, said Jimmie Lee Collins of his Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity. So were millions, as Rev. Brock joined his hand to Peggy's.

On a New York honeymoon, they looked at the birdie (pigeons), but this one "didn't come out."



Rehearsals are traditional at weddings, but Elinor Jean Wrubel has a camera—and hosts Bob Paige and Byron Polmer—at hers.

Pilot David C. Spohn and "retired" airlines hostess Elinor Jean are married by the Reverend Joe E. Elmore.

Amid wedding gifts, a cake and champagne, Bob Paige toasts David and Jean as Byron Palmer chats with Georgianna Carhart, special guest of the day's *Bride And Groom*.

The Spohns, Mr. and Mrs. now, honeymoon at Saranac Lake.

Bride and Groom

Shout your love from the housetops? No need, when NBC-TV provides "the biggest chapel in the world"

WEDDING BELLS ring out from coast to coast on *Bride And Groom*. The newly-returned program, which has married more than 2,500 couples in the past ten years, provides everything from clothes and confetti to gifts and guests and honeymoon. More important was the reason David Clifford Spohn, 33, was so happy to marry Elinor Jean Wrubel on the program. "There are all kinds of weddings and all sizes," said the pilot for Allegheny Airlines, "but this chance . . . why, this is the biggest chapel in the world." . . . David and Jean met at Newark Airport when the Utica, New York girl was just beginning a career as stewardess with Mohawk Airlines. It was her roommate whom David knew, but it was Jean he took out, first for a cup of coffee and then for a series of dates that started in January, 1957, and continued to their wedding on July 23. . . . Two days after the Spohns' wedding, *Bride And Groom* married Margaret Waters, 21, and Jimmie Lee Collins, 22. Both from Huntington, West Virginia, this couple want four children—one more than Jean and David. But they're a flying family, too. Jimmie, just graduated from Marshall College, is going into the Naval Air Cadets, then will pursue a commercial artist's career. The Collinses met five years ago when Jimmie, hitchhiking to go swimming, picked up a ride with friends of Peggy's. They had their first date that night, then dated off and on. The Christmas before last, as Jimmie says, "We really found each other." *Bride And Groom* set the date. Love and television—something old and something new—make a perfect marriage.

Bride And Groom is seen over NBC-TV, Mon.-Fri., at 2:30 P.M. EDT.

For that most important dress of all, Margaret Waters, who works in a dress shop, has a wardrobe mistress's aid.

The brothers are watching, said Jimmie Lee Collins of his Pi Koppa Alpho fraternity. So were millions, as Rev. Brock joined his hand to Peggy's.

On a New York honeymoon, they looked at the birdie (pigeons), but this one "didn't come out."

Teal Ames models one of her TV hairstyles—"o ponytoil thot isn't o ponytail," soft, romontic, feminine ond easy.

Teal Ames

LETS HER HAIR DOWN

—then puts it back up, to show readers of TV Radio Mirror how she's learned to be her own hairdresser

By HARRIET SEGMAN

FIVE DAYS a week, pretty Teal Ames plays Sara Karr on the CBS-TV drama, *The Edge Of Night.* Like any newly-married girl, Sara Karr knows how important it is to stay wedding-day pretty. Cooperating with her role's requirements, Teal Ames has mastered special beauty skills, particularly in the hair department. Shown on this page is one of her recent TV hairstyles. Describing it as "a ponytail that isn't a ponytail," Teal here demonstrates the simple steps leading up to the camera-worthy result. Medium-long, in tune with Sara's romantic character, this style is particularly good for thin hair—note the special trick of back parting that gives the illusion of lots of hair. Teal has some natural wave, which she reinforces with a loose permanent. Because her audience really notices her hair (she receives a sack of mail whenever she changes the style), Teal is meticulous about weekly shampoos and regular brushing, and counts on spray for day-long neatness—cues every girl can use for her own private audience.

Brush hoir back ond moke horizontal part holfwoy up across bock, onchor top with rubber band ond pin. Comb bottom, bringing lower sides up and bock to meet knot on top. This forms a full bose, like a "petticoat." Comb top, teasing from under for odded bulk.

Fan out the top holf so thot it spreods out over the full bottom section of hoir, and pin in ploce ot eoch side. To conceal the rubber bond, toke strond of hair from the underneoth section and wrop it like o ribbon oround the rubber bond. Secure the end with a hairpin.

Front hair is cut short and set with three rows of pin curls, oll wound toword the face. To comb these out, brush the hair bock, first, for fullness. Then pull tendrils forword ond orronge them on forehead ond temples to frome the foce softly—os Teal Ames does.

Adams Has Two Lives

(*Continued from page 22*)

with Pepper, fitting one neatly into the pattern of the other. "The great thing to me about her writing," he says, "is the light and shade with which she paints all the characters. They have warmth and feeling. All are three-dimensional. As Pepper, I went through a phase of being quite irritable, almost rudely irritable—and who has not been, at times? I went through another phase of being somewhat unreliable, and most of us go through a similar period, at one time or another, especially when we are young. As Pepper, I have also tried to shape the lives of others to my own mold (most recently to run my radio sister's life) and who does not sometimes make that same foolish mistake?

"Basically, however, Pepper is a man of enormous good will. As the editor of a newspaper, he is a cultivated human being, kind at heart, with intense loyalties. An interesting and likeable man. I enjoy playing him." The fact is that Mason Adams enjoys acting. Enjoys being in show business. He chose theater and speech for his Master's degree from the University of Wisconsin, although the family trend was toward medicine. His brother is a professor at Stanford University Medical College. His sister is a professor of physiology at New York University Dental School. He is the only actor the family has produced, but he, too, began as a teacher —of theater arts, that is—at the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York, where he had studied prior to going to Wisconsin.

On Broadway, where he got his first professional experience, he was in five flop shows during his first season, one right after the other.

It might be said that a miracle launched his radio career, a play called "Miracle for Christmas." This was in 1945, when he was making a radio debut on a program called *The Sheriff*. The producer of another series, *Grand Central Station*, happened to hear him that night and tapped him for the starring part as the ambulance-driver in his Christmas miracle play. The role was so poignantly performed by Adams, and the play so popular, that thereafter he was asked to do it as a Christmas special, year after year.

His success in radio now assured, he played major parts in other *Grand Central Station* dramas; in *City Hospital, Gangbusters, Big Sister, Aunt Jenny,* and many others. On television, he has been on most of the big night-time dramatic shows—such as *Robert Montgomery Presents, U.S. Steel Hour, Kraft Theater.* And on many daytime dramatic serials, among them *The Brighter Day* and *Love Of Life,* on which he played important running parts.

Currently, in addition to his alter-ego Pepper Young, Adams plays psychoanalyst Dr. David Wells on CBS Radio's *Road Of Life,* and he has been embarking on a new phase of his show-business career, an adjunct to acting, in which he performs the duties of spokesman for large industrial firms, on television and radio, talking about products and policies.

Straight acting, however, is the work close to his heart, as is his long identification with Pepper Young. Although he almost missed out on that. Before he was asked to audition for Pepper, he had just signed a run-of-the-play contract with the Chicago company of the stage play, "Dear Ruth." A non-cancellable contract. When he won out over about a hundred aspirants for the Pepper part, he was a most unhappy young man.

"I could get out of the contract only by

(*Continued on page 63*)

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

When Jerry Lewis visited, I was all set to turn into his straight man. But the comedian-turned-singer was serious.

a Real Sweet Guy

By ART PALLAN

Art: That strange sound you just heard was not a bird—it was Jerry Lewis, one of the warmest, very finest persons in show business.

Jerry: Well, I'm glad to hear you say that. You know, every once in a while someone sounds off that I'm hard to get along with. I don't try to, but I guess sometimes I do get a little excited when things are hectic.

Art: Well, Jerry, I've known you for a long time, and I'm sincere in saying that you are a real sweet guy to work with. But I can see that you might be tired on occasions. Those hours you keep!

Jerry: Art, days were made to work and enjoy yourself. Six hours' sleep out of twenty-four seems to be plenty for me. I like to keep going at a fast pace. If I sleep too late, I feel that I'm missing something.

Art: Let's change the subject for a minute. A short while ago, we at KDKA had a Gold Record Spintacular. The only records we played all day were those that had sold a million copies or better. One of those records was your "Rock-a-Bye." How did a serious-type record like this come about?

Jerry: I made the record as a present to my wife, Patti, and she loved it—thought it was good enough to sell commercially. So she sent it off to Decca, they pressed it and signed me up, and there you are.

Art: It was released as a single, as I remember. How did the album happen?

Jerry: I've always wanted to do serious music. I had done comedy tunes for the past seven or eight years, and was never happy about it. Comedy can't be thoroughly projected on wax. Once you've heard a funny tune, that's it. For Mr. and Mrs. Public to buy a dollar record, it should have more value than one play.

Art: So you decided to record eleven more tunes and make your first album?

Jerry: That's right, and I really enjoyed singing with feeling, without using any gimmicks or trick voices.

Art: What's your favorite song, Jerry, and have you ever recorded it?

Jerry: My favorite song is "I Dream of You," and both Patti and I have recorded it.

Art: Quite a coincidence—or is it?

Jerry: It isn't a coincidence at all. Thirteen years ago, when Patti and I were just married and I was out of work, she recorded the song for Decca with Jimmy Dorsey. I was in the studio during the session, and I can't ever remember feeling any more despondent. Not that I minded Patti working. I just didn't like to have her being the only breadwinner in the family.

Art: Then thirteen years later you recorded the same number, huh?

Jerry: That's right. For the same label. And Patti was in the studio, listening to me this time. It was a high point in our marriage. I asked to make the record . . . I did it for her.

Art: Jerry, you aren't often this serious.

Jerry: Well, then, on with my bird calls. Ever hear the Canadian Red-Backed, Hairy-Nosed Full-Bloomer? It goes like this. . . .

Art Pallan is heard over KDKA in Pittsburgh, Mon. through Sat. from 10 A.M. to noon and Mon. through Fri. from 3 to 7 P.M.

Adams Has Two Lives

(*Continued from page* 61)

providing a suitable replacement, and I sweated it out, wondering whom to suggest. Just the day before the play went into rehearsal, I thought of an actor who seemed right for the part. I got hold of him, he was interested, he read for it, and was signed, and I was free.

"I have always felt close to this family of Youngs, which has grown so familiar to me since that time. I think of their town as real Middletown, U.S.A., an average kind of town, in an average state. Inhabited by average people. In spite of having been born in a big city, New York, and of growing up in a metropolitan and cosmopolitan atmosphere, I and my family have always been somewhat small-town in our attitudes. Closely knit, having great interest in everything that happens to one another. Having an interest in the community."

He is no apologist for radio, although his work in television has become increasingly important. He feels that radio fills a need in the lives of many persons and that it calls for the best any actor has to give. "Listeners," he says, "might get the idea that, because radio acting is done with scripts in hand, there is no real contact between the actors, as there is on the stage, in motion pictures, or on TV. This is completely erroneous. As with all acting, there is the all-important contact of the eyes, the play of expression, the lift of the head, the variation of voice. If the actor doesn't feel emotion and show it, the whole scene becomes static."

Nothing of this sort ever appears to happen on any Mason Adams show. There seems to be a fine rapport between him and those with whom he plays, especially so in the case of Pepper's wife, Linda, played by Margaret Draper. In his voice, there is affection for her, and great respect for her talent, when he talks about her work, just as there is for many of the actors whose names enter into his talk.

There seems to be unanimous opinion that Chick Vincent, who has guided the *Pepper Young* show from the beginning, is the perfect director for this program. As Adams says, "Chick has a genius for interpreting the kinds of situations that appeal to listeners. A better director doesn't walk the earth. All of us have enormous affection for the man."

As a busy actor who practically runs from show to show on days when rehearsals and broadcasts almost overlap, and as a bachelor who likes his own quiet home surroundings in the heart of New York, Mason Adams turns to books and music for relaxation, and to radio and television. When he goes out, it is usually to see a new play or a movie, or to have dinner with friends at a restaurant. But, mostly, he reads a great deal, is rather proud of a good library, collects recordings, plays around with a tape recorder that is useful for working on new roles. It seems rather a shame that he has no special hobbies or do-it-yourself projects —he could have a really good shop, well equipped, since this is his dad's business. "I wouldn't have the time for it, anyhow," he says.

His small apartment is typically masculine, furnished in functional modern, with light woods and simple lines. "There's no trouble keeping this kind of place clean, and no wasted space," is his comment. The colors are warm and restful, the greens and bronzes and oranges of autumn; the mood is relaxed. Weekends, he usually goes to Long Island—except when he's working—to his parents' home, where he plays tennis and leads a more active outdoor life.

Some months ago, the employees of his father's business gave a testimonial party for their "boss." "It was quite a tribute," Mason recalls, "considering that these are men who belong to what is considered one of the 'toughest' unions to deal with, and it only points up the kind of man my father is. They asked me to help and we worked out a surprise type of *This Is Your Life* program, inviting close friends and others important in his life story. I was emcee, and at one point called upon a doctor, one of my father's friends. In the course of his little speech, he mentioned the children my father had brought up, and when he got to me became confused and referred to 'Pepper Martin.' Everyone laughed before he corrected himself, knowing that Pepper Martin is John Leonard Martin, former ball player with the St. Louis Cardinals."

It was a natural slip for the speaker to make, but it set Mason Adams to thinking. Was it important to be Pepper Young? Were the things the rest of the family had accomplished of greater value?

"I sometimes feel sadly inadequate when I think about the work they are doing," he has said. But, even while he is saying it, you have the feeling that he wouldn't exchange his work for any other. That he gets his satisfaction from knowing how many millions have been entertained, and often comforted and sustained through dark periods in their lives, by a familiar voice coming through a loudspeaker. The voice and the personality of a friend.

New Voices on Your Hit Parade

(*Continued from page 20*)

thought so, too. Sister Helen, a nun who learned what the youngsters could add to a church choir, wrote their first popular arrangements. Tommy and his four sisters, Etta, Kay, Sandy and Jackie, formed a unit. Tommy was sixteen and admittedly starry-eyed about show business. "Tony Pastor was at the Paramount," he recalls, "when I went backstage and gave him a record we had cut. He liked us and hired us."

They toured until one sister fell ill and another fell in love and married. The girls were replaced by two newcomers—Rosemary and Betty Clooney. Billed as Tommy Lynn, he sang with the girls and was "sort of adopted" into their family. "Their uncle George, then about twenty-eight years old, was their manager, coach and guardian. I roomed with him and he kept an eye on me, too."

Then the band broke up and Tommy didn't know what to do. "It hurts your pride to come slinking home after everyone has been saying you're doing great." Yet home he came, and was welcomed into the fuel business which his father and his brothers own. Tommy swept floors and drove trucks. Eventually he was promoted to salesman.

But singing was still his business. Tommy wanted to learn to sing correctly and chose as his teacher the renowned Vincenzo DiCrescenzo, a composer who had coached the great Caruso. Tommy is still devoted to DiCrescenzo, who sought to teach him to use his natural sound to the best possible advantage. "When I did right," Tommy recalls, "he would beam and exclaim *'Molto bene!'* and be so pleased."

The maestro imparted some of his magic of manner, as well as music, to Tommy. A period of singing with Charlie Spivak's orchestra was followed by a time when bookings were scarce. Tommy took to the night-club circuit. "I worked the plush ones, and I worked the joints. It was good training. If an audience gets noisy, you have to understand they're out having a good time. You learn how to get the whole crowd on your side."

Tommy has done some radio and television shows, but *Your Hit Parade* is his big break. "I'm happy about it as much for my folks' sake as my own," he explains. "If you're in the business, you expect to take the rough times in stride, but it is hard for parents to understand this. They want the best for you always."

Unless his schedule of rehearsals and acting and dancing lessons becomes too demanding, he intends to continue to live at Cliffside in the midst of a family which now includes nineteen nieces and nephews. He likes the fun of the big family and the informality of suburban living. He describes himself as "a bad golfer and an eager bowler." He likes to get together with a group of young entertainers for a few hours away from the spotlight.

His biggest personal dream is "to find enough security in this insecure business so that, when I find the right girl, I can think about getting married. I want a good life for my family." His professional hope centers around his new Vik recording, "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain." If it climbs on the popularity charts, the night may come when he also will sing it on the show. "And that," says Tommy, "would be the real thrill."

Jill Corey's career is also a family affair. She was born twenty-one years ago in Avonmore, Pennsylvania, the youngest of the five children of Mr. and Mrs. Dominick Speranza. Her father and her brothers, Earl and Dominick, own the King Coal Mine. Her brother Bernard is now in the Coast Guard. Jill, too, is surrounded by adoring nieces and nephews.

Closest to her is her sister Alice. Their mother died when Alice was fourteen and Jill four, and the older sister quit school to take care of the child. Despite their loss, theirs was a happy, musical family. Says Jill, "Everyone played some instrument—trumpet, clarinet, drums, piano. We had a music room, instead of a playroom, and there we all could make just as much noise as we wanted to."

She had a radio show when she was twelve, and she began singing with a band when she entered high school. "For the first two years, one of my brothers turned up to take me home. But, after that, my family trusted the boys in the band to take me home." Throughout this, she kept up her grades. "I graduated ninth in my class—but I had missed more days of school than anyone else in the class."

The manager of a Pittsburgh radio station arranged for her introduction to Mitch Miller, artists-and-repertoire man for Columbia Records in New York. "My sister Alice and her husband, Dr. William Yockey, were with me. I would never have dared go alone. I expected Mr. Miller would say, 'Go home, little girl, and study hard . . .'"

The marvel of what actually happened will never fade for Jill. "When they asked me what key I sang in, I didn't even know what to say. I just sounded a note. My accompanist was wonderful. He said, 'That's C,' and went into my number." And, instead of the "Go-home-little-girl" speech she expected, Mitch Miller said, "You're for us—and how would you like to go over and audition for the Garroway show, besides?"

Since then, she has added *The Johnny Carson Show*, *Robert Q. Lewis Show* and others to her credit. She has had a disc-jockey show of her own and now stars in a syndicated film series sponsored by the National Guard. Each year, her income has doubled. "I've been fortunate in my work," says Jill. Her manager, Lloyd Leipsic, says, "I've never seen any young singer work so hard and study so continuously—voice, dancing, acting." Jill enlarged the scope of her capabilities with two summer-stock appearances. In Kansas City, she sang the lead in "High Button Shoes" and, in Cincinnati, she played a straight dramatic role in "The Reluctant Debutante."

Through all her swift rise, Jill has remained as sweet as when she came from Avonmore. She's an appealing little creature. She stands only five-foot-four and weighs 108 pounds. (She diets on steak.) Her hair is dark brown and her eyes are a liquid brown. She moves with grace and has a shy smile which makes everyone in a room smile right back at her.

She lives, at present, in a sublet apartment on New York's east side and looks forward to finding one of her own. She does not feel she is particularly domestic—"I've yet to find nerve enough to give a party." But her manager comments, "She's fantastically tidy. Every paper on her desk is squared away, and I swear she files her clothes rather than merely hanging them up."

The motion-picture offers which have come Jill's way form an important part of her long-time plan. "I just haven't yet met love," she admits. "But, when I do, I'd like to settle down in Beverly Hills and have a nice, big family. I'd like to do a picture now and then. But if that interfered, I'd drop that, too. My family will always come ahead of my career."

Virginia Gibson came to *Your Hit Parade* direct from Broadway—where, until recently, she was the ingenue of "Happy Hunting," playing the role of Ethel Merman's daughter. She has done motion-picture roles at Warner Bros. and appeared in a TV series, *So This Is Hollywood*.

Virginia, who is five-foot-three, blond and blue eyed, was born in St. Louis, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gorski. She has a brother, Bill, and three small nieces.

Because she was a frail child, she started dancing lessons at the age of four. "My parents thought the exercise would make me stronger."

She was in St. Alphonsus High School, and fifteen years old, when the dancing began to turn into a career. "I discovered that all the girls who studied dancing and did well were hired by the Municipal Opera Company." This famed St. Louis organization stages a spectacular series of outdoor shows each summer. For Virginia, it was an education. "We gave a performance every night, and each day,

from ten to four, we rehearsed the next week's show."

This training proved to be her passport to Broadway. When she had saved a couple-hundred dollars, Virginia and a girlfriend set out for New York. Immediately, she got parts in shows, and the big city is still a great delight to her. That five-cent "ocean voyage" provided by the Staten Island ferry is a favorite excursion, but her favorite of favorites is the boat ride out to the Statue of Liberty. "Whenever friends come to town, the first thing I do is to take them to the Statue. The view is so beautiful. From there, the harbor, the Hudson River and the buildings make a wondrous picture."

Virginia now lives in an apartment hotel. "When you have shows and rehearsals to do, it's most convenient. All the housekeeping is done for you." The situation may be subject to change, for Virginia confesses there is a big romance in her life. She's not engaged to be married, she says —but neither is she making any pronouncements about single blessedness. "The future?" says Virginia. "Let's see what happens."

Alan Copeland, the *Hit Parade's* new anchor man, is a singer, composer, lyric writer, arranger, conductor, mimic, musician and vocal arranger. TV fans, of course, have already seen him on *The Bob Crosby Show*. For fifteen years, he's been a member of The Modernaires—but he claimed his first audience at the age of three, in Los Angeles, under conditions which made his mother frantic. After searching for him for hours, she found her cherub caroling "Free Blind Mice" for the entertainment of customers in a neighborhood butcher shop.

Alan turned his vocalizing into a sales gimmick when he started selling papers after school, tossing in a few bars of a popular song with each paper he sold. One of his customers proved to be choral director Bob Mitchell, who invited him to join his Mitchell Boys' Choir. There he learned sight-reading, vocal arranging and conducting. When his voice changed, he concentrated on study of piano and arranging. He then made his first ventures into song writing.

He served in the Navy as an aerial gunner and radio operator, and, after his return to civilian life, organized his first vocal group, the Twin Tones. Alan refers to that period as his "peanut-butter days," for that was his staple diet during the difficult time of getting started. "We had hundreds of doors slammed in our faces," he says. Then Jan Garber signed them to sing with his band, and they did a year of one-nighters, cross-country. "When you've had a year on the road," says Alan, "you're ready to sing in Madison Square Garden or Macy's window."

Joining The Modernaires came next. And, on the strength of their going on Bob Crosby's *Club 13* radio show, Alan married Dolores Barty. The Copelands now have three children and have been living in a ranch-style house in Van Nuys, California. His offer for *Your Hit Parade* called for very careful consideration, because it also meant the family must move to New York. "I guess every performer gets the urge to go out on his own," Alan says, "but it's a tough decision to make when you have a family."

Because he has maintained a full schedule of arranging, making records and writing music—Sinatra, Jo Stafford, Frankie Laine, Betty Hutton, are just a few who have sung his songs—there's a strong possibility that one of those now in the works will follow the path of its predecessors and go into the Top Seven Tunes of the Week—and that Mr. Copeland himself will have the pleasure of presenting it on *Your Hit Parade*.

Year of Fulfillment

(*Continued from page* 43)

Steve's boat which had been held at the factory for many months because, up to then, he had no way of using it. Equipped for water sports and fun for the whole family all summer long.

The fabulous things that have happened and continue to happen to Steve and Jayne career-wise. Steve's lyrics and music for a new song, "But I Haven't Got Him," recorded last June by the McGuire Sisters, who did the sensational recording of "Picnic" for which Steve wrote the lyrics. His forthcoming play for Broadway, a comedy called "Jose," with two feminine roles, in one of which he would like to see his wife (she would like it, too), if the play isn't already cast and in production by the time she is ready. Another play, called "Immanuel," done in verse, for which Steve has written a complete score along classical lines.

Steve's two recent albums, "Venetian Serenade" and "Romantic Rendezvous," following half a dozen others he has recorded. The songs he is always composing, on bits and scraps of paper, whenever an idea or melody comes into his head.

This is the year, too, when his successful career as a literary man continues with articles in national magazines, book reviews, columns, and a new book underway, subject undisclosed as yet. These follow his book of "Bop Fables," the collection of some of his short stories called "Fourteen for Tonight," his analysis of comedy called "The Funnymen," and a book of poetry titled "Wry on the Rocks," culled from some more of those bits of paper he is always writing on and stuffing into his pockets, or between the pages of a book he is reading (or rescued by Jayne from the waste basket). It's also the year when Steve wrote words and music for "The Bachelor," a TV spectacular which starred Hal March and won Steve a Sylvania Award.

As one of the busiest males in show business, he is married to one of its busiest girls—because, in Jayne's case, as with all wives, there is the double and triple job of homemaker and mother, housekeeper and cook, added to actress and recording artist and writer.

Jayne's career as an actress started on Broadway when she was seventeen, playing lead parts in six comedies, all of them bringing her good notices. She made eight movies in Hollywood, the first being "Undercurrent," with Katharine Hepburn and Robert Taylor. Included were "Lady in the Lake," with Robert Montgomery, "David and Bathsheba," and the last was "Enchantment," with David Niven and Teresa Wright. She saw two of her old pictures re-run on television in one day last summer—and for weeks afterward, people stopped her on the street to talk about Jayne Meadows, the movie actress, instead of Jayne Meadows, the TV star, and she was thrilled at the recognition. The Hollywood parts had been dramatic ones and her personal success in them was attested by the reviews, but she was unhappy and lacking in self-confidence during this period of her life.

All sorts of stage offers have been coming her way recently, based on all this stage, movie, and a varied radio and television background. Last spring, she did the kind of dramatic role she likes, portraying the editor of a woman's magazine in the *Studio One* production, "The Drop of a Hat." Guest-starring with Red Skelton was a big success, and she will probably do more of that. Nothing that takes her away for more than a few days from Steve and the baby will be considered.

"Steve and I have talked this all over," she says. "Perhaps a very little baby can spare its mother a short time, if left in competent hands. But we talk and talk about how everything can be arranged so our child will see us all the time and feel our love every moment."

There is a filmed situation comedy in the offing, but that will be a reality only if it can be made in New York The recordings she did with her sister, Audrey Meadows—their biggest success, "Dungaree Dan," for which Steve wrote the lyrics—have led to others. Steve and she did the talking record "What Is a Husband?" and its flipover, "What Is a Wife?" And, recently, she recorded her first vocal solo, out this fall and expected to be pretty sensational. ("If it is, it will be because Steve gave me confidence I would never have had without him.")

Jayne talks about her records as if they belonged to someone else, objectively, slightly amused at the way the whole thing began. "Audrey was the one who always had the singing lessons. She studied with good teachers, at the Juilliard School and elsewhere. I just sang. The first time we were to do a recording audition, we didn't even know what to choose. We asked Daddy (the Reverend Francis Cotter, former missionary to China, where both Jayne and Audrey were born) to translate a song into Chinese for us."

If you can imagine the effect of the Meadows girls getting up and rendering "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town" in Chinese, you get a little idea of the commotion their first audition caused. Nobody understood a word of it, or could quite figure out the why and wherefore, but the sheer novelty knocked them flat, and the girls got their first recording date.

Jayne had to stand about two feet behind Audrey because her voice came out so strongly, a completely unexpected development so far as she was concerned. "She sings melody like harmony," someone remarked, a good description. And, last winter, Jayne attended Stella Adler's dramatic classes, her first formal drama instruction.

Steve got her started on a professional writing career. She always had ideas for short stories, put them on paper, showed them reluctantly to a few close friends, was encouraged to send them out to magazines—and too sensitive to risk possible rejection slips. Steve is changing that attitude. Together, they wrote the first of a series of programs called *The Psychiatrist,* two of which Steve used on a show a few years back with good response from viewers. They hope to do the whole series one day.

Jayne has been doing a few guest columns for newspaper friends—for Nick Kenny, for Faye Emerson when she was on vacation, and for Bill Ewald of United Press. She is hard at work now on an article about Steve, has gone back to work on a book she once started called "Audrey and Me." The trouble with the latter is that it is meant to be serious—but, as Jayne describes it, "there are so many heartaches in it that it comes out funny." Somehow, everything that has ever happened to Audrey and Jayne Meadows, and especially to Jayne—no matter how difficult or even tragic at the time—turns out to be funny when she tells about it later.

This summer, she went back to painting, one form of artistic expression she has always loved, along with interior decoration. Early in the season, she began to plan how she could bring the boys into her magic world of color and line and mass, by planning "group" exhibitions, marking progress and making sales to encourage them. Prices from about fifty cents to a dollar top.

Jayne is a born teacher—she started out to teach dancing and formed a school in Connecticut with one of her brothers when she was still in her teens, has assisted in a progressive school for small children, been a camp counselor and swimming instructor, adores all kinds of kids of all ages, thinks that love for children was one of the things that helped Steve and her get along so well from the first. She adores his children, as he does. When she did a summer stock tour as the star of "Tea and Sympathy," during a time when the boys were visiting in the East, she took them along as much as possible. "They didn't understand the play at all, of course, but they loved the sets and thought it was the greatest fun."

The boys have been eager for a small "Jaynie," as they call their father's wife. Jayne has been partial to having a little boy "just like Steve," a boy they could name William (for Steve's father) and Christopher (because it sounds like a writer's name, Jayne thinks, and writing was really Steve's first love).

Steve, because of the three sons, has looked forward to a daughter, to be named Barbara. There is a story attached to this name. When he was still quite young, his mother bought a framed picture at auction, because she wanted the little frame for a picture of his. She noticed that the little girl in the frame, in old-fashioned dress, bore a striking resemblance to Steve and thought how someday his own little daughter might look like that. Removing the little girl from the frame later, she found the name "Barbara Allen" on the back.

This coincidence always impressed Steve, as it did Jayne when she heard it a long time later, so the name Barbara seemed foreordained for a daughter.

Both subscribe to the notion that children should be both seen and heard—within reason. When the boys are with them, Jayne makes it clear that invitations which don't include the boys must be put off until another time. They take the boys to lunches and dinners to meet their friends, sometimes even to their broadcasts. Steve has had them on the show, buys little jokes from them, makes them a part of everything for which they are old enough.

Making every child as self-sufficient as possible is Jayne's idea. "Steve is literally the only man I ever knew who couldn't boil an egg. He's helpless in a kitchen. We are teaching the boys about cooking and cleaning up. When they were smaller, I started with the two older boys during a visit with us and, even though it took twice as long to assemble a meal and they were underfoot every minute, and trying so terribly hard to help, they had so much fun. Steve had so many doting relatives when he was small that there were a few things he never learned to do for himself."

The new little child will have the benefit of all the things they have learned from the boys and from their own memories of childhood. Jayne remembers herself as a super-sensitive and introverted girl, although that is hard to believe now of this self-assured and poised woman. During the Hollywood phase of her life, in particular, when she made an unhappy marriage—and later in New York, during the years before she met Steve—she leaned heavily on psychiatry for help.

"I had no self-confidence, no belief in my own powers," she says. "Psychiatry taught me, as it has many others, to accept myself. I tell Steve that I am glad I had problems in my life, glad for the years when I tried to shut myself up in a shell, when I threw away my successes in motion pictures because I never thought I did well enough, wasn't beautiful enough,

wasn't happy enough. Every experience I have gone through that has been painful has made me not only stronger but more compassionate. But I don't want any daughter of mine to go through as much as I did. We want to tell our little girl, whenever we may be blessed with one, how much she means to us, how lovely she is. To build up her self-confidence and her belief in herself. This is what Steve is doing with his sons."

The fifth anniversary of *I've Got A Secret* was also the fifth anniversary of the night Jayne and Steve met, although they weren't married until two years later, on July 31, 1954. Audrey had asked Jayne to go with her and a few friends for a sandwich after the show. Jayne was tired and wanted to go home but reluctantly went along. Steve and a few others joined them at the table. "He hardly said a word the whole time, but when they all decided to go on to another little place they had heard about, he asked Audrey to bring me along. And, when we got in his car, he insisted that I sit up front with him. Then I didn't see him for two weeks, because his boys came next day and he was devoting himself to them.

"We grew together in what I like to think of as a mutually helpful way. Steve introduced me to what I call his 'vaudeville world,' the world in which he grew up with his vaudevillian parents, Belle Montrose and Billy Allen. His world of jazz and all the modern musical tempos. I had never bought anything but a classical record in my life. Audrey and I went to symphony concerts and the Metropolitan Opera. We knew Gilbert and Sullivan, hymns, folk songs, but I didn't know one jazz record well enough to hum it.

"I think I helped boost Steve's self-confidence, which was at a lower point than his talents should have allowed, when I first met him. He had been extremely successful on the West Coast but was still finding his way in the East, trying to work out some of his own ideas, which he has since done with such success. He ate irregularly and erratically. One day, when I first knew him, he came to dinner without having had a mouthful of food all day, and I had to get him some tomato juice in a hurry because he began to feel faint. After that, I saw that he got proper meals, at least when he was around me. Now he dislikes going out to restaurants, comes home to a meal on every pretext, thinks there is no cooking in the world as good as is done at our house, whether I do it or our capable maid Mildred is presiding! In spite of liking home cooking, he has lost all the superfluous weight he once had, because he eats so sensibly.

"When I first met Steve, I saw what seemed like one of the most gentle and sensitive men I had ever known; his eyes were so soulful. As I got to know him better, I realized that he wasn't getting his due as a wonderful human being, although he was beginning to as an artist. Now I know that both things are happening.

"When he is with the children, Steve is another child. And the boys are so like him. Stevie is a replica of Steve in looks, and has his father's scholastic mind and his curiosity. Brian has Steve's poetic side, his artist's approach to life, and his own pixie sense of humor. The little one, David, has Steve's original and logical mind. He makes little jokes all the time just as Steve does.

"But the great thing about my husband is that, even while he is making little jokes and seeing the world in all its humorous aspects, he is really such a serious and adult man. It will be so wonderful to watch him with our baby—his pride, his love, his tenderness—and to plan with him for all the busy, wonderful years ahead."

True Story of a Happy Woman

(*Continued from page* 38)

for viewers the fact that they are to see *true* experiences of *real* people." At the beginning and close of the show, Kathi interviews the people involved and then concludes with a capsule moral. She writes all of this herself and does so with great thoughtfulness, for behind TV's most beautiful eyes is a keen brain.

Kathi is a high-spirited beauty, five-feet-five, with dark brown hair, fair complexion and deep blue eyes. Her TV career began in 1946. Most of her shows have identified her as a woman's woman, but she is a man's woman, too. The man in question is her husband Wilbur Stark, co-producer with Jerry Layton of many radio and TV shows, including *True Story, Rocky King, Detective, Humphrey Flack, Ladies' Choice, Mr. Feathers, Scattergood Baines, Escape With Me,* and *Hollywood Love Story.* Wilbur Stark has been a producer for eleven years. He has been married to Kathi for thirteen.

Wilbur says of Kathi, "She is very adaptable. When we were first married, I was making a lot of money and we could do whatever we pleased. It wasn't hard to adapt to that situation. But, when I went into business for myself, we had to give up almost everything. She had just as much fun on our lessened income. And she's both a friend and a wife—and sincere and loyal, too."

Kathi is no sugar-coated beauty. For all her vivacity and femininity, she is a woman of conviction. For this reason, Producer Wilbur Stark hired Mrs. Wilbur Stark as hostess of *True Story.* "When we do a *True Story* program," he explains, "we try to bring to viewers the greatest sense of reality. It is necessary, of course, to use professional actors to play the parts, and we use the best—people like Jerome Cowan, Connie Ford, Meg Mundy, Jan Miner, Biff McGuire and Staats Cotsworth. Because they are good, they are also on many of the big night-time dramatic shows on TV. Therefore, *True Story* viewers might tend to recognize them as actors rather than real people. Well, the feeling of true reality, rather than stage reality, is what the program *must* have. That's where Kathi comes in. A glamorous actress couldn't establish this bridge of reality with the audience, but Kathi isn't glamorous and she couldn't act if she had to. Everything she says on the show reflects her personality and beliefs. If she can't believe it, she can't say it. That's the way she is. That's why she writes her own lines. And that's why she convincingly moves the audience to a genuine belief in the validity of the material on the show."

TV's best writers are used to adapt *True Story* material to television, but Kathi always writes her own commentary material. "I draw on my experience and feelings," she explains. "I think I use the insight of a mother and wife. For example, there was a true story of a widow and her son dramatized on one show. The widow married an athletic coach. Friction developed between the new stepfather and the son. Shortly thereafter, the field house storing athletic equipment burned down. The cause of the fire was undetermined. The anxious parents suspected the son of having set the fire as a spiteful act. They later learned that, on the afternoon of the fire, the boy had been taking an examination for a college scholarship. In the interview with the mother after the show, I was to say 'Aren't you proud of your son?' And the mother was to answer, 'Yes—for, besides winning the scholarship, he is president of his class, which shows he is as popular as he is bright.' Well, I thought that over and didn't agree with the implications. I couldn't argue with the facts, but it seemed wrong to give the impression a child has to be bright and popular to be loved and admired by his parents. What I wanted to say—and did say—was that parental love and trust should be the birthright of every child, regardless of his capabilities."

It should come as no surprise at this point that Kathi has made her way, at times, by brains alone. Before she got into TV, she was an account executive in an advertising agency, a copywriter, a secretary, a student dietitian. But 'way before that, she was just a pretty little girl who was always being cast as an angel in school pageants.

Kathi, born in Newark, Ohio, was the youngest of nine children. "It was fun being the last," she recalls. "When I was a child, one brother was at Ohio State University, another was getting a taste of show business. And my sisters were old enough to spoil me. Mother therefore went really maternal with me. I got all the *don'ts* from A to Z—but I also was babied right up into my teens. When I was fifteen, my mother was still cutting my meat for me. I remember that I went to New York to visit one of my brothers. He took me out to dinner and ordered a steak. The waiter served me and I just sat there. Finally, I realized I'd have to cut it myself! What a mess I made of it."

On the other hand, Kathi's mother didn't put up with vanity. Even as a child, Kathi's eyes were remarkably beautiful —but Kathi wasn't allowed to know it. As she recalls, "I'd come home and tell Mother that Mrs. So-and-so told me I had such beautiful blue eyes. Mother would merely ask, 'And what color were *her* eyes?'"

But, mostly, Kathi is remembered for her supercharged motor. She never walked. She was either running or jumping. She barely touched a stairstep when she came downstairs. And she flew off the porch, never using the steps. She was always being sent on errands by her brothers and sisters—to a bedroom for bobby pins or to a store with a nickel to buy a bar of candy. But, as much as she was "used," she was also loved. At the age of twelve, she won a popularity contest held by a drug store—because her older sisters went out and solicited votes for her.

Kathi spent one year as an undergraduate at the University of Chicago. She was studying dietetics and working part-time as a beanpot demonstrator at Marshall Field's when she was rescued by Bob Elson, one of Chicago's ace radio men. Elson met Kathi when he happened to use the members of one of her university classes on a quiz show. He proved to be remarkably intuitive in recognizing Kathi's natural talent for communication. "He told me I should become a copywriter. I was so naive, I thought he was talking of the kind of copyrighting they do at the patent office! But he patiently explained how commercials for radio were written. I was awed, and it all sounded better than demonstrating food."

She hoped to get a foothold in advertising as a secretary, so she took a course in speedwriting and rented a typewriter to practice her typing. Finally, she went to the Grant Advertising Agency, where an account executive was looking for a new secretary. "He asked me if I knew what an atom-smasher was, and I told him. Then he asked me to define and spell 'atom,' which I did. He was amazed. It seemed that the girls who had been working for him had spelled it 'Adam.'"

Kathi became a copywriter by not minding her own business. "I was sitting in on a conference when they discussed a new advertising campaign. I went home and wrote up a few ideas of my own and brought them in, the next morning. Overnight, I became a copywriter, and I was sent to the New York office in January of 1942."

Her first year in New York, she won a signal honor when she received the *Tide* magazine award for one of her campaigns. She became an assistant account executive and then an account executive. She would probably have stayed in advertising and become a vice-president—and, likely, president—if a couple of things hadn't happened to her. One of these was TV, and the other was Wilbur Stark. Wilbur came first.

They first met in June of 1942. He was a time salesman for Station WMCA, New York, and had been in Kathi's office on business. A few days later, they met under less formal circumstances. "We lived within a block of one another but didn't know it," Kathi says. "I was coming out of a grocery store, loaded with stuff. Just as I passed him and said hello and smiled, a roll of toilet paper popped out of one bag and went rolling into the street. Well, he retrieved it, and then offered to help carry some of the packages home. Somehow he made the comment that it was a lot of food for one little girl, and I invited him to come to dinner and share it with me. Instead, he took me out. I remember he ordered lobster. I'd never eaten lobster and he had to crack mine for me and get the meat out. I thought he was just magnificent."

It was two years before they married. "It was an interesting relationship," Kathi recalls. "I wanted to be a career girl only —so I thought. He wanted to be a successful bachelor. We had great times together but, supposedly, we weren't serious. Then I went home on vacation and an old boyfriend proposed to me. I came back to New York and told 'Sweetie' about it and that I might get married. He said, 'That's wonderful,' and that made me furious! But, in the end, he came to his senses and proposed."

They were married June 15, 1944, in the Episcopal Chapel in Elmsford, New York, and then moved into Kathi's apartment, because it was more comfortable than Wilbur's. Kathi was still working at the agency. She had never worked as a performer. Wilbur had radio and

some stage experience. Out of high school during the Depression, he had done a variety of things—selling, trucking, boxing, "pro" ball and acting—until 1936, when he began a ten-year hitch at WMCA. In 1945, when Kathi created a radio show, *Teen Canteen*, it was Wilbur who went on the air as emcee. He continued on the TV version. But on January 17, 1946, their first child was born. Three months later, to the day, Kathi's TV career was born.

It happened that Wilbur had to be out of town, and he asked an announcer to do the TV version of *Teen Canteen* during his absence. The show was informal, requiring the emcee to get a bunch of teenagers to relax and talk and play a couple of games. The substitute announcer was too stiff, and the director asked Kathi to get the kids in the right mood before the show. "I was having a ball with them," she recalls, "and the director asked me to do the show, instead of the announcer—which was all right with him, since he wanted to get out of it, anyway."

That was Kathi's debut in TV. Within a year, she was one of TV's brightest stars. From 1948 to 1953, there was the Du Mont network's *Kathi Norris Show*, a daily full-hour for women. Concurrently, she was on *Leave It To The Girls* and *Spin The Picture*. She did a regular commercial on the Godfrey show. On radio, she femceed *Anybody Home*, for NBC, and *Escape With Me*, for ABC. In August of 1952, she retired temporarily to have another baby. When she came back to work in 1953, it was with a different kind of job. She then began her four-year association with General Electric as their TV representative. This came to an end in 1956, when daughter Kathleen was born. Then Kathi came back to TV as hostess for *True Story*.

"I like to work," Kathi says, "and I especially like working with Sweetie. It's more than stimulating. It's the necessary requisite of a completely companionable marriage. If Sweetie were a chemist, I'd be knee-deep in test tubes."

Kathi always refers to Wilbur as "Sweetie." This has been going on for so long that some people don't know he has any other name. On the street, strangers often call him "Sweetie," since that is the way Kathi refers to him publicly on TV. Even Pamela, their first born, grew confused by the nickname. "Poor Pam," says Kathi. "I guess she was about two when she came to us and said, 'You're Mommie and he's Sweetie, but who's my daddy?'"

Pam, a very pretty eleven-year-old, spent much of her first five years in TV studios with her mother. Kathi says, "If I had toys to demonstrate, or children's clothes to be modeled, I'd let Pam do it. Of course, not exclusively. Other people who worked on the show brought their children in, and sometimes we'd bring in children from an orphanage. But I did have Pam with me a lot, just watching, most of the time. I remember once I was doing a live commercial, for doughnuts, when Pam walked right onto the set. She loved doughnuts, so I said, 'You can have one, honey.' She took a doughnut, looked at it and bit into it and then I said, 'Do you like it?' and she said, 'No, it's awful.' Well, she had picked up one with cinnamon. It was the cinnamon she didn't really like. But I had to talk my way out of that one."

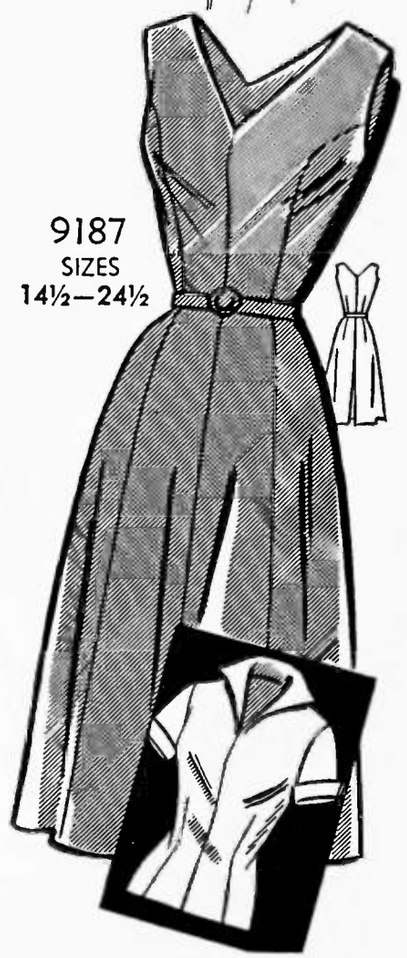
Pam is her mother's best critic. "She knows clothes," Kathi says, "and will remind me that a dress may be too dark for TV. Or say, 'Your hair looks good enough for the house but not for the cameras.'" Kathi continues, "I remember one day I was rehearsing my lines and Pam said, 'Mother, you're selling too hard when you

New Patterns for You

4592—Tailored sheath is a becoming fashion for every figure. Easy sewing with our Printed Pattern. Misses Sizes 10-20. Size 16 takes 4½ yards 39-inch fabric. *State size.* 35¢

4626—Doll wardrobe to thrill a special little girl on that very special day of Christmas. Coat and beanie, school dress, sack dress, party frock, petticoat and panties. Printed Pattern for dolls 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 inches tall. 35¢

9187—Lovely princess fashion to wear as dress or jumper. Neat companion blouse. Printed Pattern in Half Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ dress takes 3⅜ yards 39-inch fabric; blouse 1¾ yards. *State size.* 35¢



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

should just be talking.' And, when Sweetie came in, he listened and agreed with her."

On the other hand, Bradley, their five-year-old, hasn't reached the critical stage. He is rather inclined to treat his parents as if they were walking dictionaries, and at any time will demand the definition of three- to six-syllable words. He is too young to have a dictionary in his room, but the room itself is unusually attractive. The walls are covered in red-and-white stripes. A peak in the ceiling gives the illusion of a tent. The floors are red vinyl.

"Some of the house is gay and nice, but I wouldn't want to take on an old place again," Kathi says. "They just made them too big. Why, there are six rooms on the first floor and that includes the laundry, Sweetie's workshop, the recreation room, et cetera. Look at the cracks in my fingers—I just got through cleaning there. It's ridiculous, you know. Sure, I've got help but it would require a regiment. I've got, all told, five bathrooms and two powder rooms and who needs them? But, if you've got them, you keep them clean."

Kathi doesn't pretend to get any pleasure out of housecleaning, but she does take a very personal interest in the kitchen and in nutrition. It started when she decided to have her third child, Kathleen, by natural childbirth. She went to the Manhattan Maternity Center to take the course for expectant mothers and was then introduced to several books on nutrition. She became an enthusiast for natural foods. This accounts for the rather bracing formula she feeds the baby, certified raw milk mixed with blackstrap molasses and brewer's yeast.

The whole family participates in the food planning. Breakfast for the family might be wheat germ cooked in milk with blackstrap molasses and brown sugar. Or it might be yogurt and pot cheese with sesame seeds and bee jelly. The children's peanut butter is fortified with vitamins. Kathi is not without humor in discussing nutrition. "I stocked in some cabbage juice for a brother who had an ulcer," she notes, "but he preferred an operation."

Kathi tries to practice what she preaches. For years, as a TV personality, she had emphasized woman's place in the community, in volunteer jobs outside her home. Kathi, herself, works closely with the Adoption Service of Westchester and makes frequent public speeches for them. She is very active in church programs. For years, she has been a Sunday school teacher at the Dutch Reformed Church in Bronxville. This fall she became co-superintendent. "For us," she says, "religion is a cooperative endeavor. We take the children to Sunday school with us, where other parents just drop off the youngsters." Kathi likes a good sermon and was a frequent attendant at the Billy Graham meetings in Manhattan this past summer.

"I like what Billy has to say about the family," she observes. "I like what he has to say about the husband-wife relationship. Well, in our home, although Sweetie is a real homebody and very relaxed, he is still the master. I'd be inclined to say that he has the last word, but neither of us is really a boss of the other. As Billy Graham points out, when God created woman, it was not from Adam's head or foot—but his side. It means that husband and wife are supposed to work side by side. For example, I know that it's always been interesting to watch actors work together when they are husband and wife. On *True Story*, we've had Ann and John Seymour, Loretta Daye and Lin McCarthy, June Dayton and Dean Harens. I have the feeling that they particularly enjoy working together."

This comment about other couples well sums up the happy cooperative team of Kathi Norris and Wilbur Stark themselves.

WHAT'S NEW—WEST

(*Continued from page* 15)

Bing Crosby called **Nat "King" Cole** and told him that if he was going to be on in the fall season, he wanted to be on his show and would work for scale. With Nat's show moved into the *Panic* spot, you can look for Bing in the fall.

John Barrymore, Jr., with a profile as attractive as his dad's, is seriously thinking of forgetting acting and turning to directing. *Matinee Theater* producer **Al McCleary** has taken young John under his wing, and next season John will be directing several more *Matinees.* His first was seen last July.

Alice Lon's three youngsters, Bobby, Clint, and Larry, spent most of the summer with their grandparents in Kilgore, Texas. During their absence, she was lovingly reminded of them by the little gifts they sent: 1 bull frog, 2 spiders, 3 butterflies, etc.

John Lupton, star of ABC-TV's *Broken Arrow,* has had more than his share of precarious adventures during personal appearances. For instance, during a recent El Toro Marine Base benefit, John's bucking bronc threw him, but luckily John wasn't hurt. Another time, he agreed to be pulled up by a winch into an air-seas rescue helicopter and, a third time, he volunteered to ride in a jet. Says John, "They told me when I got into TV it was going to be exciting. I should have believed them."

When the *Millionaire's* **Marvin Miller** is recognized on the street, he is always asked, "Have you got one of those million-dollar checks for me?" Marvin has taken to carrying a blank checkbook made out on the Bank of Goodwill, and has written 25,000 million-dollar checks to date.

It's interesting to note that at the recent party given by producer **Don Fedderson,** some of the biggest TV names in Hollywood wanted some of Marvin's paper largesse . . . "for the children, you know."

At Fedderson's catered affair, with servants standing around by the score, **Lawrence Welk,** always the gentleman, insisted on carrying a chair for Mrs. Fedderson, who had no place to sit at their table. Same party found **Johnny Carson** busy trading houses with a New York actor who was on his way to Hollywood for a picture. "Jody and I," explained Johnny, "wanted to make sure and get somebody with kids, for our house with three kids is already baby-proof. We wanted to make sure the house we moved into was baby-proof, too. I'd hate to come home and find someone's rare vase smashed against the wall." Kids or no, trust Johnny to be a big smash on *Do You Trust Your Wife?*

Cochise and calomine lotion: **Mike Ansara,** who plays Cochise on *Broken Arrow,* doing his own realistic bare-chested fight at the ranch, was knocked into the bushes—and came up with poison oak from waist to windpipe! Never heard of an Indian allergic to poison oak, but then anything can happen in Hollywood!

A Home of Her Own

(*Continued from page* 30)

in which she, in turn, was born and reared —this is the only house where Carmel has ever lived. After she married Bill in London on April 20, 1953, they had apartments over there and later in New York, but no settled home.

"I married a gypsy in Bill," she smiles. "He has always been in the entertainment business, with ballrooms in Dublin and London—a huge one in London—and now such a lovely ballroom in City Center in New York. About 1,400 come Saturday nights, and it would do your heart good to see all the nice boys and girls dancing. Maybe they had nowhere to go before, but now they all meet for Irish and American dancing, and it is run very nicely. Bill has promoted tours of big bands all over Ireland and Scotland and England, in the big cities, and he himself loves to travel. We didn't think he would ever want to settle down any one place, but now there are the children and we want a home for them. And, I think, for ourselves, too."

The family consists of small Jane, born June 6, 1954, three months after her parents' arrival in New York and about four months before Carmel won an Arthur Godfrey *Talent Scouts* audition and made a first appearance, about a week after that, on the Godfrey morning show, on October 18, 1954. Baby Michael arrived August 21, 1956. In addition, there is Nora Blewitt ("who takes care of us and runs everything") with the charm of County Mayo, Ireland, written all over her and the enthusiasm of having become a United States citizen early last summer—something to which Carmel and Bill look forward when they have been here long enough to qualify. "Nora used to go around the house singing patriotic songs all the time, but lately it's love songs she's adding to the patriotism, so who can tell?" Carmel twinkles.

Jane's name was chosen because they liked a plain, old-fashioned name. Michael was named for Carmel's father: "And a proud man he is over that—but, half the time now, I am using pet names for the baby, as we mothers do for the littlest ones."

Bill says it is the kind of household where everything gets beautifully tidied up one minute—and, ten minutes later, it gets untidy—and then it gets very tidy again, as Jane is admonished to pick up her toys and Michael is rescued from piles of overturned blocks and toy trains. But it's a happy house, and that's what they think really matters. "We don't try to keep everything nice for the future. We use the whole house and we enjoy it. It's a house where you can go in and drop down anywhere and not be wondering, Should I sit here, or there? A *homely* house—and in Ireland, they would know exactly what I mean by that, although I know in America the word has another and less lovely meaning."

Carmel learned about that other meaning in an amusing way. She got off a plane in Minneapolis one day and was asked to say something for radio and television. "I told them how much I loved coming back to Minneapolis because the people were all so *homely*—and I heard little gasps from those near me. They were thinking of the word in the sense that it means 'not beautiful,' but I was thinking of it meaning 'homey' and friendly and hospitable, which the dictionary says is also correct. The people who were listening knew what I meant, but it caused great fun. It is what I mean when I talk about our home."

During the first months in the house, they were both so busy with their work that they hardly had time to buy anything. They sat on boxes for a while, until the novelty of that wore off. So one evening they stopped on the way home and bought furniture for almost the whole house at one time, except for the fine authentic Early American dining-room set which a friend got for them in Massachusetts. "It has a hutch—which you would now call a buffet, and in Ireland we would call a dresser—and real beautiful it is. And would you believe me, I was that tired when we were shopping for the bedroom furniture that, when I lay down on a bed to try it for softness, I dozed right off in the store!

"We didn't care what we might lack, so long as we had a rocking chair, so we got that, too. And everything in Early American, with the wood that lovely golden color. Stores asked me if I wanted a decorator to come look at the house and see what we should have, but Bill and I and the house knew what was needed to be right for it. Nothing too fancy, so the children would have to be told to be careful every minute."

There is a big garden at the back which, so far, gets the minimum of attention because of lack of time, but the rockery in front, planted with flowers, is lovely. Roses bloom three times a year. The first time Carmel was back in Ireland with Bill, she was sad at leaving her childhood home. But last year, and this year, maybe because of the house, she felt a little different: "Wherever a woman has house and children, that becomes home to her, I think. The first time I came back and found our own roses waiting in a riot of bloom, I didn't even wait to get a scissors, but grabbed a handy knife and started to cut them, I was that eager to have some inside. I cut the tip of my finger and had to be rushed to the drugstore for first aid, so that taught me a lesson. But it didn't change my feeling for my house and my garden."

Late in July of this year, the family went over to London and to Dublin, the latter for a wonderful visit with the family. With Carmel's father, eager to see the small boy who is his namesake. With her sister Betty and Betty's husband, Christy Keough, and their two children about the same ages as Jane and Michael. With her brother Kevin and his wife and their five, the last of them twins, and her brother Naoish and his wife. And friends everywhere, in Ireland and in England, eager for a look at them all and talk of old times and new.

Jane, who talks "non-stop," her mother says, was in her element, explaining about the house in New Jersey and about her own little room, and her girlfriend Jamie, the same age, who is her constant companion at home. About the canaries, Ginger and Paddy, who start to sing the moment the teakettle begins to whistle and hardly let up all day. About how she sings little Irish ballads to Michael when it's time for him to sleep ("And she sings them dead in tune," Carmel said proudly. "Although she didn't tell how sometimes she sings to Michael when he's playing on the floor and she's minding him for a few minutes, and when she gets tired of it she is just as apt to drag him along to the kitchen by one chubby leg and dump him at Nora's feet or mine, and him looking up at her and laughing and thinking it's some kind of game!")

They try not to encourage Jane to be too grown-up, or to show their surprise when she says unexpectedly mature things, or even when she amuses them with some droll comment. Nora has to turn her face away to hide her smiles, and Carmel and Bill pretend often not to hear, so the little girl will not become self-conscious.

"Jane was watching her mother put on lipstick one morning," Bill said, "and suddenly she looked very serious. 'You have a nice clean face now, Mommy,' she told Carmel. 'Why do you want to put that on and dirty it?' We hope she will feel that way about lipstick for quite a while yet, but we imagine this will not last too long."

Friends took Jane to the seashore one day last summer, the longest time she had ever been away from them. She came home full of stories of being in the sea and building sand castles, but she ended by saying "I missed you so much, Mommy." Carmel thought she had talked all the homesickness out of her before she went to sleep, and she had said what a good day they would have together when they woke in the morning. Later that night, she found Jane curled outside their bedroom door, fast asleep, like a little puppy who wanted to feel close to those she loved.

Carmel's work schedule brings her home shortly after lunch, most weekdays, and the rest of the day and evening belongs to the family. She is away from the home and children much less than mothers who must work from nine to five, has most meals with them, is there to tuck them into bed and hear their prayers. When she leaves the house, she explains why she must go, and reminds Jane that sometimes her daddy and Jane go off and Mommy stays with Michael, and sometimes it is Jane who must stay home with the baby and let her mother go out. If any fuss is made, such logic usually clears the air.

"Bill and I keep every promise we make to her," says Carmel. "If we promise her a sweet, she knows she will get it. If we say she cannot do something, she knows

we mean that, too, and it works very well because we are honest with her."

Bill Fuller thinks that one of the wonderful things about life in this country is that women can now work part-time and be with their families a great deal also: "A woman can work a few hours a day and it gives her an interest and keeps her in trim and happier. It breaks the monotony of housework and shopping and taking care of children every minute, yet she has the pleasure of that, too."

People who see Carmel Quinn in person for the first time, especially in a night-club appearance, are struck by several surprising things. Her slender figure, because the television cameras add some pounds, and because to listeners on radio her low-pitched voice seems to come from a much bigger woman. So the graceful woman, who is five-foot-six and wears a size-10 amazes them. They are struck by the lovely coloring, which only color TV could do justice to. And her sense of comedy, and her simplicity.

The word *refreshing* is the one most often heard to describe her work in clubs. She wears simple dresses. "I don't think extravagantly fancy costumes would suit me, and I don't think the people would like me in such clothes. I talk to them, and I sing. I find they like me in comedy, so now I do a great deal of that, and I like it, too." She sings the lovely Irish and Welsh and Scottish tunes so long identified with her on the Godfrey shows and on records, from the day she made her first big hit doing "How Can You Buy Killarney?" But she also sings the modern American songs.

This year Carmel made her first recording of a popular type, on the M-G-M label—"Who Are You Fooling Now?" and the flipover. "You Can't Run Away From Your Heart." She would like to do more songs like these, to add variety to the earlier recordings she made of Old Country tunes, some of them with Arthur Godfrey.

"He has been very good to me, Mr. Godfrey has," she says earnestly. "If it were not for him, I would not be known at all. He gave me the chance to sing, and he gave me the chance for a little bit of talk and fun always on the show, so that I learned what I was able to do. He is so natural, and he never has done anything to embarrass me, even at the beginning, when I was a bit shy in front of a big American audience. I have found him a wonderful boss. Bill admires Mr. Godfrey. He finds him a man of many interests. He has been with him on his boat, his plane, his helicopter, and always found him a man who doesn't know the meaning of fear. Bold and calm in the face of danger, Bill thinks him."

As Carmel Quinn, she is marking her third anniversary on the Godfrey programs, known now to millions as that lovely girl with the haunting voice and the quick wit and soft speech of Erin. Known happiest as Mrs. Bill Fuller, with a house set on a hill, and a family of her own. With the kettle boiling for tea the moment she hears Bill coming up the walk, and the cheery, inviting kitchen always open to the friends who come to visit.

"At home in Ireland," she always says, "many's the crisis that has been settled by a cup of tea. Someone will want to tell about something that's troubling him and we say, 'Wait until we put on the kettle and have our tea,' and it's taken for granted you can't talk until you have your cup.

"That is the way we would like it to be always at our home. People who are troubled or worried can have their tea and talk. But we hope that mostly they will come just to be happy and comfortable with us, and to find us *homely* people."

Lucky LeMond

(*Continued from page 27*)

high-school football star, Bob left California's Long Beach Poly High in the mid-'30's to sell advertising for the Los Angeles *Examiner*. Never having been in a school play or even taken a public speaking class, Bob was surprised when his brother-in-law, Clarence "Bud" Fisher, called him one day. "We're starting a half-hour record program," said Fisher, who was advertising manager for Foreman and Clark. "Do you think you could read the commercials?"

Bob—who confesses he was never great as a newspaper space salesman—jumped at the opportunity. But, even though his brother-in-law represented the sponsor, Bob still had to audition for the job. When he walked into the KEHE radio studio, he quickly learned the meaning of "butterflies in the stomach," for this was no ordinary audition. The traffic manager handed him the commercial copy—and ten minutes later, he was reading into a live microphone, with thousands of people in the Los Angeles area listening in. His brother-in-law heard the program from his downtown office. He called right after the show: "That sounded all right to me. You start tomorrow." Bob's first salary was twenty dollars a week.

Then, one day just three months later, when Bob went in to do the show, the traffic manager surprised him with the news that it had been cancelled. "My brother-in-law had neglected to tell me," says Bob. "Out of a job and with nothing to do, I went home. The next morning, I returned to the station to apply as a staff announcer. Since I was still relatively new, I didn't know what sort of a reception to expect. I'd no sooner come into the studio than I ran into the program director, Mayfield Kaylor. I felt I should have prepared a sales spiel. But—before I had a chance to open my mouth—he said, 'You're hired!' I almost fell over the microphone.

"'Thank you very much,' I said. 'I just came in to ask for the job. What happened?' He explained that one of the announcers suddenly had been taken to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy. The station needed someone who knew the board and who could go to work immediately."

Ex-footballer Bob quickly developed into radio's triple-threat man. Not only was he staff announcer, but, in 1937, he also handled publicity for KEHE and did the sound effects on a show called *The Story Of A Modern Girl's Romance*. "This last job," he says, "came mainly because they couldn't afford the luxury of a real sound-effects man. Frequently, I put the sound-effects record on at one mike, ran to another to read a few lines, and then back to pull off the record—at the same time cueing the other actors . . . it was kind of hectic."

In 1938, Station KEHE was sold to Earle C. Anthony, and Bob again was out of a job. He next spent a year at San Francisco's Station KYA, then joined the Hollywood staff of the Columbia Broadcasting System—where, for the next thirteen years (with three out for the service), he became one of their top announcers.

As in many a modern American romance, Bob met his wife, the former Barbara Brewster, while he was in the Army. At the outbreak of World War II, he enlisted as a private, was advanced to sergeant, and given the responsibility of helping to establish the famed Mosquito Network, an inter-island system of Pacific radio stations.

Bob and Barbara met in New Caledonia. Barbara had the lead in the USO show, "The Dough Girls." Bob was working at the radio station at Noumea. "As usual," he explains, "the traveling USO troupes visited the station—we were all sort of in the same business. My reaction to Barbara? First of all, I was prepared. Before the troupe arrived, our special services officer brought around a brochure with pictures of the six girls in the show. I had the average sergeant's interest in an attractive girl and, when he asked me which one I liked, I pointed to Barbara's picture and said. 'This is the one for me.' He guaranteed that, when the troupe arrived, he'd bring them over to the station. And he did. Right away, Barbara and I established a sort of rapport."

Barbara agrees. Blue eyes sparkling, she says, "I was sure we'd met before. Honestly, it wasn't a line either. Bob did look so familiar to me. He said, 'No, we've never met.' That's when it all started. Our first date? It took a week before he even asked! He had been a sergeant when we met, was then promoted to warrant officer and wanted to celebrate. He came to rehearsal and asked if he could drive me home.

"I must say the Islands were romantic," Barbara admits. "It was very exciting, because not every girl has a chance at courtship in the splendor of a South Pacific setting. Bob generally picked me up after the show, and, though we didn't go walking hand in hand under the moonlight, we did go jeeping side by side."

Barbara stayed in the Islands for three months. After their first date, they saw one another every day—with the exception of a two-week period shortly before she returned to the States. They had a battle royal that made war itself look like a sandlot squabble! Like most young lovers, neither Bob nor Barbara remembers what the fight was about—but they do remember how they made up.

"We were doing a hospital show the next night," Barbara recalls, "and I found I'd run out of stage make-up. Somehow, Bob found out about it and volunteered to sacrifice one of his free days to fly down to New Zealand—the only place you could buy make-up—to get what I needed. After such a generous offer, how could I be angry? We made up over the make-up."

Barbara returned to New York, where she went into a Broadway show, "Fox Hole in the Parlor." She says Bob was a good correspondent—between them, they kept the Pacific mails busy. With the invasion of the Philippines, Bob moved up to Lingayen Gulf and Manila—then came the surrender and work with Radio Tokyo. In March, 1946, he was hospitalized with jaundice and was transferred to the United States, where he was honorably discharged in June, 1946.

Following her Broadway show, Barbara moved back to California's San Fernando Valley. As soon as Bob returned, he called her. "A week later," she recalls, "we were visiting with some friends, when Bob suddenly said, 'Will you marry me?' I'll have to admit I wasn't surprised—I was hoping he'd ask me. And I said yes."

Bob picks up the story: "The wedding took place at Barbara's mother's home in Encinitas. I had gone back to work at CBS and had two days off. We spent one day getting married, and one day honeymooning at the Del Mar Hotel. That was eleven years ago."

When Bob and Barbara were first married, they lived in his Los Feliz hills home, into which Barbara transferred her New York apartment furniture. She was especially proud of an 18th-century dining-room suite and desk—which they still have in their current Palisades home.

Barbara and Bob had wanted to move to the Palisades for some time. After a great deal of searching, they finally found a house they both liked. "But," says Bob, "we couldn't get it until we had sold our Los Feliz house. In the meantime, we had gotten into the habit of taking a house at Malibu Beach for the summer months. When we moved in, a couple of summers ago, we asked my mother and Dad to stay at the hill house and watch over it during our absence. When I stopped by to pick up the mail one day, Dad—an ex-real-estate man who has never given up—asked if I still wanted to sell it. I answered yes, and he said, 'Well, I'll run a little ad in the paper and see what happens.' Two days later, he told me he'd sold the house.

"That was mid-August. We were to leave the beach house the first of September, and the buyers wanted immediate possession of our hills home. That was fine by us—because it gave us the opportunity to buy the house we'd been looking at for two years. But, when we went back to close the deal, we learned that house had been sold two days earlier. So—we needed a home immediately. We saw the place we're in now was up for sale, walked in, priced it, and bought it. Liked it better than the other one!"

Like all other American parents, Bob and Barbara feel that their three sons, Robin, 9, Stephen, 5½, and Barry, 4, give a special meaning to their lives. When the LeMonds learned about their first expected baby, Bob was convinced it was going to be a boy! "In fact," says Barbara laughing, "Bob wouldn't even go to the trouble of picking out a girl's name. He told everyone he was going to have a son, was going to name him Robin, and that was it! Boy or girl, I, for one, didn't care. Just so long as the child was healthy. But nothing anyone said could convince him there was a possibility the child might be a girl. I'm glad for Bob that Robin *was* a boy. He would have been terribly embarrassed otherwise."

When Robin was born at the Good Samaritan Hospital, Bob, acting like an average new father, was more nervous than Barbara. "I'm a cigarette-smoker and a floor-pacer," he says. "You can imagine the condition of my nerves when, after eighteen hours, the baby still hadn't arrived. Barbara entered the hospital Saturday morning at 9:30 and, all that day and night, I greeted new fathers as they came and went. Finally a doctor, whose wife was having a baby, too, became concerned over my lack of food and sleep. 'It doesn't pay for us to deliver the children,' he said to me, 'if we starve the fathers to death in the meantime . . . come on, now, let's have some coffee.'

"Reluctantly, I went out with him. Wouldn't you know? During the ten minutes I was gone out of the eighteen hours, our baby, Robin, was born. When I came back, the nurse was looking for me in the hall. She said, 'Your wife has just given birth to a boy. Would you like to see him?' We walked down the hall and looked in the nursery window. He looked pretty much as I expected. In fact, I'd been so looking forward to a boy that, when I first saw him, it seemed as if I'd known him always."

When the second LeMond baby was expected, Bob and Barbara thought they'd like the next child to be a girl. In fact, up until the time Stephen was born, they fully expected a girl. After Stephen arrived, they admitted to each other that they couldn't be more pleased.

So, when the third child was on its way, Bob and Barbara were in agreement that there was no sense in changing the pattern. "But most of our friends," laughs Barbara, "said that, this time, we *really* should have a girl. But Bob and I were used to little boys, thought they were wonderful. We wouldn't know what to do with a girl. Sure enough, Barry was a boy.

"Fortunately for us," says Barbara, "Bob has the kind of schedule today which allows him to spend a great deal of time with the boys. He loves it. The first thing he says, when he comes home, is: 'Hello, darling—where are the children?' Then he's out in the back yard helping them tear their bikes apart and putting them back together (I secretly suspect that, like most fathers, he's bought the bikes more for himself than for the boys). Or he's playing tag with the boys. In fact, I often think I have four boys instead of three.

"Since Bob films a great many of his commercials here in Hollywood, going to New York only infrequently, he can devote much of his free time to the boys. He's a good father, loves his children, loves to be around them. If Robin, Stephen or Barry is sick in bed, Bob will keep the young invalid occupied by playing checkers or any one of a hundred boys' games.

"He also spends some time with them watching their favorite TV shows—especially, the comedians, like Jerry Lewis, Red Skelton, George Gobel and Danny Thomas. It just so happens, of course, that these are the shows Bob has done 'live' and filmed commercials on, along with his 'spots' for Robert Montgomery and Perry Como. Come to think of it, I'm not sure whether these are the boys' favorite shows —or Bob's."

"What do you mean?" Bob comes quickly to his own defense. "Every time one of our filmed commercials hits that TV screen, the kids shout, 'There's Daddy!' Doesn't that show their interest? Of course, they proceed to talk all the way through the commercial, but I feel certain it proves something." Then Bob adds, laughing, "You know, I actually thought the boys were interested in my commercials on *The Danny Thomas Show*—then I discovered them, one day, in a heated argument over Danny's TV daughter, Sherry Jackson!"

In describing Bob's schedule, at home, Barbara says, "If he's not with the boys, and he does have some free time, Bob—like every other do-it-yourselfer—will refinish a piece of furniture.

"Bob also spends much free time on the golf course and fishing. He usually invites Robin, the only son old enough to enjoy going along with him on these jaunts. Though Robin doesn't play golf—yet—he is aware of the fact that his seniority has privileged him in this respect. Robin says proudly, 'The *babies* aren't old enough to go fishing and golfing with us.'"

Occasionally, like other husbands and wives, Barbara and Bob go out dining and dancing. Barbara says, "I'm reminded I have a sentimental husband—when I left him overseas, the hit song of the day was 'I'll Be Seeing You'; and the night he proposed to me they were playing, 'The Girl That I Marry.' Whenever we are out together and we hear these songs, we always share a look . . . and know what the other is thinking."

Bob is truly sentimental, the sort of guy who not only carries pictures of his family in his wallet, but insists they be *up-to-date* pictures. He doesn't brag about his family, though, and has to be encouraged to pull the wallet out of his pocket. Bob's real luck isn't in pictures or pockets. It's in his heart—and the home he shares with his wife and sons.

NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING

Give Smart Hand-Made Gifts For Christmas

7354

7354—Inspiring devotional picture—easy to "paint" with simple embroidery stitches, colorful thread. Transfer of picture 16 x 19 inches; color chart, directions. 25¢

7100

7100—Greet guests with the merriest "Merry Christmas" ever in this gay Santa apron. Give it to your friends, too! Directions, embroidery and applique transfers for 16-inch long apron. 25¢

7329

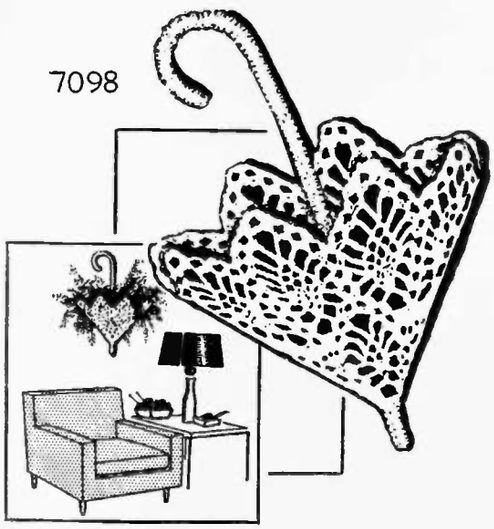
7329—Bright Eyes, the merry clown, is sure to delight some lively tot. He takes lots of rough treatment. Use a Size 12 man's sock to make him; scraps for clothes. Directions for clown, pattern for clothes. 25¢

513

513—Takes just a short while to crochet one of these pretty squares. Join squares for a scarf, tablecloth, bedspread—many large and small articles. Directions for 7-inch square in bedspread cotton. 25¢

770

770—Joseph's Coat is a fascinating quilt to make in many colors. Just three patches, repeated, form the interlocked design. Charts, directions, pattern for patches, yardage requirements. 25¢



7098

7098—Crochet a "flower garden" for your wall. Planter is done in unusual parasol design; fill it with artificial blossoms. Directions for planter 15 x 10 inches in heavy jiffy cotton or 3 strands of string. 25¢

544

544—Brighten kitchen towels with these gay animal motifs. Done in easy six-to-the-inch cross-stitch. Transfer of 6 different motifs. 6½ x 7½ inches. 25¢

T
V
R

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

Double Trouble

(*Continued from page* 54)

after Ann Bradford, of a famous pioneer family.

Harriet and I were always alike as two peas. But even peas aren't identical. I was a mite plumper. (It was pronounced "mighty" plumper by Harriet.) We both had chicken pox, but it left me with a small scar on my forehead. We wore bangs as children and people would come over and lift our bangs to see which twin had the scar. Harriet was always a doll. She would say, "You're fatter, but I'm prettier. I didn't get a scar." Another word, and I'd have seen she got one.

I'm only joking, of course. Being twins is very handy. You only need one friend between you to jump rope. You can play casino instead of solitaire. You don't have to borrow a neighbor's kid to play catch. If you broke a dish, you could sigh and exclaim loud enough for the folks in the other room to hear, "I wish I were more like Ann, instead of being clumsy old Harriet . . ."

We were terrifically psychic, and still are. We could read each other's mind and could nearly always finish each other's sentence. Still can. In fact, we can be separated for years and pick up a conversation at the exact point where it last broke off. This isn't so easy, when you have two minds without a single thought. Once we were parted for more than a year and, as she caught sight of me getting off the train, she said, "But then, you never give a wooden nickel for my advice—"

"Hold on," I told her, "That's not fair, I was talking last."

"Oh?" says she. "What were you saying?"

"I was saying," says I, "that I wouldn't give a wooden nickel for your advice . . ."

We were apt to be critical of each other's friends. Harriet had several chums that I couldn't see for sour apples. Sour apples were my chums, according to Harriet. I was particularly jealous of her skill at climbing trees. She could shinny up a tree faster than a fly with a flea in his ear. But we were both great tomboys. We were the only girls in junior high the boys would play football with (it has just occurred to me that they may have thought we were boys). I was definitely better than Harriet in football. She said it was because I was better padded, and she didn't mean my uniform.

That's a twin for you, all right. Harriet had one rule she swore by. When she was up for punishment, she simply said she was me. When I was up for a gift, she also said she was me. When I said I was me, I got spanked for lying. It was things like this that made me want to be *her*.

Dad was an engineer for General Electric in Erie, Pennsylvania, where the family moved when I was three. He took a scientific tack with us. (If this were Harriet writing, she'd say "to" us. Anyway, we both agreed it felt like a tack.) Dad once referred to the "second law of thermodynamics." Mother asked, "When did they repeal the first one?" Mother had a marvelous philosophy. "It might never happen," she used to say, "so why worry?" When it did happen, she used to say, "Well, it's too late now, so why worry?"

If there were any problems in the family, Harriet and I never knew about them. Mother and Dad always solved them in private. Harriet and I took a dim view of this. We felt the public had a right to know about everything. We filled the Erie airwaves with a constant exchange of "You did," "You didn't," "I dass," "You dassn't."

We had what we fondly called a "twin kiss." And we bestowed same liberally on all within reach of our wet little lips.

In time we got to know our own power and people had to pay off so we'd lay off.

To break up our closely intertwined natures—Mother had read a book which said this was not practical to meet the individual hazards of life—I was sent to the University of Michigan a whole year before Harriet. She vowed it was a plot to make her look stupid. This tickled my fancy—until I realized that, if she'd look stupid, so would I.

I majored in pre-med for two years. Doctoring fascinated me. I guess I was a cut-up from the first. Harriet held a loftier aim in life. She was dedicated to restoring the old lost glories of the legitimate theater. She took the liberal arts course, majoring in dramatics. We were thrilled at the idea of emerging as the Davis Sisters—stars of theater and amphitheater.

Our change-over came in my junior year. Our brother Evans, then the lead dancer with the national company of "Oklahoma," came to Chicago. We were very proud of him, and we journeyed to the windy city to see him. Each night after the show, Evans took us around to meet members of the company. Sometimes we went out together for a sandwich and coffee. I adored them all, the singers, the dancers, the stage hands, the works. I went ga-ga over the comradery, the fun, the color, the activity, the pre-curtain jitters and the after-curtain exaltation and exhaustion. To my amazement, Harriet was not with me in this. She had suddenly cooled on the entire proposition. She seemed to enjoy the *idea of* the theater a good deal more than the reality. Where I luxuriated in the sweat and greasepaint, she recoiled. By then, she had met Perry Norton, a student with ideas on sociology and city planning. She felt she was in love with him, but she was not sure he would understand the theatrical way of life. "I'm not sure I understand it myself anymore," she would complain.

Back at college, neither one of us could settle down to work. We were both dissatisfied with what we were doing. Harriet kept talking about the concerns of marriage, homemaking, raising children, building security. All I could talk about was the glamour of the stage and of the people of the stage.

One night Harriet said, "Remember when we were fourteen? You said you wanted to marry a nice man with a lot of brains and live in a quiet college town and have three or four kids?" I gave a laugh that was decidedly weak. "Well, you said you were going to be the next Sarah Bernhardt," I retorted. She gave an even weaker laugh. "If Harry asks me," she said, "I'm going to say yes and devote myself to raising a family to be proud of." The next day I dropped my pre-med course and acquired a fine chest tone and a broad "A." I was going to be the next Sarah Bernhardt. In this respect, Harriet and I were alike, too. Neither one of us became the next Bernhardt.

But we did switch roles. It was Harriet who married a nice man with brains and lived in a college town and is raising three wonderful children. True to the family tradition, one of them is named Ann Davis Norton for you-know-who. Latest news from them is surrounded by an aura of adventure. Perry is taking the family with him to Bangkok, Thailand, in connection with his work as a city planner.

On the other hand, I left college and immediately jumped to Cleveland, where I lent my talents to the Cain theater for a season of summer stock. They returned the loan after a while and I then lent my talents to the Erie Playhouse for a year. That's my advice to young players. Don't wait to be asked before lending your talents, and never call in the loan until requested. At Erie Playhouse, I had varied roles, from teen-age harridans to simpering grandmas. A poet once said that Helen of Troy had a face that defied time. I guess mine does, too. There's nothing I'd have liked more, in those days, than one of those Alec Guinness parts where I could play grandmother, mother and child all at once.

In 1949, after Father retired, we decided to find a wider world deserving of my peculiar gifts, and we took off for California. Thus began a saga that needs a better pen than mine. We packed a station wagon with personal belongings, a tent, and a few cans of Sterno to cook with, and boldly set forth across-country. I got to be the best tent-pitcher this side of the Pecos and could set one up in nothing flat. We were in a saving mood. In plain words, we had only a little money, which we were in no mood to waste on restaurants and motels. We met no Indians, gunslingers or buffalo. But we were scared plenty by a succession of jackrabbits, kangaroo rats and plain old pussycats. Once we were nearly drowned when our tent collapsed during a rain storm. We were frizzled by the sun, peppered by the sand and blasted by the wind. I don't think I'll ever enjoy a Western again. Its fun to be a pioneer—once. After that, you asked for it.

Mother and Dad had heard about the San Joaquin Valley. Mother said it sounded so romantic. Dad had a hundred well-chosen scientific reasons for settling there. All I wanted was a barn that looked like a theater. I finally found one —the Barn Theater in Porterville. Three of the most wonderful years of my life were spent there. I did everything they'd let me do—acting, directing, collecting tickets, making off-stage noises. . . .

From there, I traveled down the coast to Monterey and joined the Wharf Theater for a spell. By then, theater was in my blood, but good. The only trouble was that my blood was getting kind of thin from dieting. This is a thing with me. I always diet when my paychecks are low. On occasions, my paychecks were fair. That's when I chuckled sneakily and hoarded every dime I could for the moment. The big moment was when I'd march into Hollywood and sweep the town off its feet. I'm still waiting for that moment. No town is going to outwait me.

In Hollywood, I lived for about a year and a half at the Studio Club. I was anxious to make a dent in the industry, and I did. Only the dent was in my head from banging it against closed doors. Just to prolong the agony, I got three days' work in three different pictures. I was an extra in the first, and can't even recall its name. The other two were "Strategic Air Command" and "A Man Called Peter." Nobody can say I haven't been in the best.

Looking back on the course of events, I can see I was luckier than most. I had my share of trouble and heartache, but, as my mother used to say, "It's too late now, so why worry?" I'd rather forget and enjoy the prospects of the future. I really have nothing to complain about. I got here in July and, by the following September, I had my own apartment and a job on *The Bob Cummings Show*. The once-in-a-hundred had happened. Good fortune claimed me for its own.

The break came rather suddenly. I was appearing in some sketches at Cabaret Concert, a small showcase for talent in Hollywood. Bob Walker of the McCadden Corp. staff—it's on their lot *The Bob Cummings Show* is filmed—happened to be looking for a comedienne. A comedienne is a funny lady, and ladies do not like to admit they are funny, so comediennes are as tough to find as horse-cars in a modern city. Be that as it may, Bob's eyes (bless them!) chanced to light on me. Briefly, when he came back to see me, I thought I had made a conquest. *Well, well,* I thought, *but where's the candy and flowers?*

He began auspiciously enough. "Miss Davis," he said, "I like your face."

"Well, gee, gosh," I said, turning in my toe bashfully. It is actually breathtaking how eloquent I can get, if I put my mind to it.

"It's the kind of face—" he paused to ponder, and I threw myself into a more alluring pose—"it's the kind of face that can make people laugh."

At this, I had a sequence of thoughts that can only be expressed with blank spaces, asterisks and exclamation marks. I drew myself to my full height and delivered the retort proper. "Oh, yeah?"

I was at the studio next morning at 10 A.M. sharp. By noon, I was feeling dizzy with hunger, thirst, tension and waiting. At 2 P.M., there was no doubt about it. I was dizzy. I had landed the job! On January 2, 1955, I went on the show for the first time.

So here I am, a regular feature on *The Bob Cummings Show*, my part being that of Schultzy, the secretary who has a couple of man-hungry hooks out for her photographer boss—played, of course, suavely, handsomely, magnetically (Mmmmm!) by Bob. Among the players who appear regularly in featured roles are Rosemary De Camp, as Bob's sister; Dwayne Hickman, as her young son whose growing pains in matters of education and romance involve Bob in some merry antics; and Kathleen Freeman, who plays my friend, confidante and chief conspirator. There is also a steady parade of lovely young models of all types and nationalities who wander in and out of the studio and Bob's hectic life. All the members of the company, including the office and technical staffs, are wonderful people . . . wonderful to know . . . wonderful to work with.

Having spent seven years in little-theater work, where I learned the cardinal rule of doing it yourself if you wanted to get it done, I know this must be fame. What else can it be, when I can blithely turn to the prop man and warble, "Hey, Charlie, dah-ling . . . where in the world, my deah, is that crosseyed parrot the script calls for?" Such pretty courtesies are certain to endear one to all and sundry —and, if a sandbag doesn't drop on my noggin one of these days, I'll know that, in his own cantankerous way, Charlie loves me.

I got a note recently from a youngster attending my old alma mater, the Strong Vincent High School. She wanted to know what was the best way to break into show business. I answered as best I could. But, if I'd told the truth, I would have said simply, "Get yourself a twin like Harriet." (At this juncture, it's only fair to point out that both Harriet and I came by our theatrical urge honestly. My mother, whose full name is Marguerite Stott Davis, appeared quite frequently in a variety of character roles at the Erie Playhouse. Casts were generally made up of talented amateurs with one or two paid performers but the shows, under the guiding spirit of the playhouse founder, Harry Vincent, were full-fledged professional theater.)

I'm always on the phone with members of the family. My bill has never hit lower than seventeen dollars a week. I'm thinking of buying some AT&T stock. Mother comes to visit frequently and rolls an alert eye over my little rented house. I don't know whether she's trying to determine whether I'm an honest housekeeper or a *femme fatale* who's been entertaining men. Father is now seventy-three, and still on

the go. He came to California to vegetate in the sun. But he couldn't stay put. He took a full course in insurance, passed without trouble, and is now in full cry after clients. He operates out of Porterville, in the San Joaquin Valley.

I'm in constant touch with Harriet and her family. She told me a cute story about my namesake, seven-year-old Ann. As soon as *The Bob Cummings Show* is announced, she trots over to the TV set and puts her finger on my name. "This is *The Aunt Ann Show,*" she announces. Then, turning to the set, "You can call it *The Bob Cummings Show,* but I call it *The Aunt Ann Show.*" Her brother Arthur, 5, and sister Elizabeth, 3, clap hands and cheer her on. I visited them two years ago. The children tuckered me out in a day. What a routine! Talk about the toil of show business. It's not in the same league with homemaking. I told Harriet that she didn't get the best of the change-over. She just smiled wisely. I have a feeling she and Perry will wind up with eight or ten little darlings.

Harriet's life is interesting and busy. She sings in the church choir, belongs to discussion groups, works at leather craft for a hobby. When either Perry or the children get, as the saying goes, out of hand, she arises and makes a dramatic threat to join a local theater group and give her time to restoring the art of acting. She never does, and I don't think she ever would, even if the theater beat a path to her door.

Here's why: Last spring, she was out here for a visit. She got into the spirit of things pretty quick and, when we journeyed out to Fresno to see a home show, Harriet removed her glasses and got a big bang out of being taken for Schultzy. Seeing how keen she was to step before the footlights, we all got a notion to use her on *The Bob Cummings Show.* Bert French, the hair stylist, put her hair up like mine and it was set for both of us to appear. At the last moment, however, Harriet decided against it. When we were both on set, everyone was fooled, including George Burns. He started talking to Harriet, thinking it was me. When she started to explain, he barked, "I suppose you're going to tell me you're her twin sister—" Harriet laughed, "I was going to tell you that *she* was *my* twin sister."

In reply to a question asked me very often, I can truthfully say I'm happy playing supporting roles. Maybe that's my football training, because I was always a linesman. The parts of a supporting actress may be smaller than the lead, but they are usually more "unique" and so more memorable. Also, she doesn't have the entire burden of the play on her back. There is almost no excuse for a supporting actress to turn in a sloppy job. I'm happy, my older sister Elizabeth is happy, my brother Evans is happy, my miniature French poodle Bijou (the larger size intimidates me) is happy, and even my little parakeet, Westly Weathercock, is happy.

But I'm not so sure my twin sister Harriet is happy. I have a hunch she is humiliated to look like anyone that plays a minor role. Sometimes I think she toys with the notion of throwing another hex on me and resuming her Joan Crawford personality, while I am relegated to the part of permanent baby-sitter. But as I have explained, this is only a passing mood. I'm willing to strike a bargain with her. If she will refrain from giving me advice on acting, I'll promise never to tell her how to raise a family.

I suppose, when all's said and done, I haven't made a very good *her.* Perhaps, after all, she would have done it better.

How does it feel to be a twin? Having been one always, let me ask, dear people: *How does it feel not to have been a twin?*

This Is Your Life—Ralph Edwards!

(*Continued from page* 45)

also talked to Ralph Edwards himself.

Let's start the story with a flashback to a scene ten years ago. At the time, Ralph, you're the brilliant creator, producer, emcee of *Truth Or Consequences.* All over the country, the radio program has created a sensation.

You have a chance to get a very fine layout in *Photoplay,* the leading movie magazine, with one of your favorite actors, Bing Crosby. *Photoplay* is running an exciting series, "Play *Truth Or Consequences* with Ralph Edwards," in which you interview a big movie star each month, asking him interesting personal questions. For every question they fail to answer, they have to pay a consequence.

To launch the series with a bang, *Photoplay* wants Alan Ladd and Bing Crosby. You've already done the Ladd layout. Crosby is next. Bing is one of the busiest stars in the movies, engrossed in starring in one of his biggest productions at Paramount. Every lunch hour, he has to go to Decca to make recordings.

Consequently, he's as hard to land as the toughest marlin for which you ever fished. *Photoplay,* of course, is doing the fishing. So crowded is Bing's schedule he has a very difficult time finding a spot in the day when he can pose for a layout. Deadline time is very close. Finally, Bing finds that he can spare twenty minutes, just before his shooting for the day begins. The pictures have to be taken then; otherwise, it will be very difficult to fit them into the production schedule. Bing says to Sue Clark, the girl who handles your public relations, "I have twenty minutes to give to this layout, from 9 A.M. to 9:20. Please ask Ralph not to be even one minute late, or there won't be enough time."

"Okay," says your faithful public-relations girl. "He'll be there at nine sharp." Half an hour later, her phone rings. "Sue," you say, "about that appointment with Bing tomorrow. We'll have to lose it. Christine"—that's your oldest daughter, now fifteen—"is reciting at kindergarten tomorrow morning, and this I can't miss for anything or anyone. I'd have to be about forty-five minutes late. We'll just have to lose the layout. Please call Mr. Crosby and tell him."

So Sue calls Bing and explains.

For a second, Bing explodes. Then he says, "Ralph is the smartest man I ever met. He must know that the only thing I'd stand still for is something like this. Darn it, he's right. A father should be there listening when his daughter is reciting. Let him come at ten. I'll do my best to get twenty minutes for the layout."

So, Ralph, you get the big layout with Bing in *Photoplay.* But, much as you desired that publicity, you would have given it all up, if it had meant missing Christine's kindergarten speech. . . .

For that is the kind of man you are, Ralph, the kind you've always been. You're nuts about your work; but your family—Barbara and your three children, Lauren, Gary and Christine—come first. And for kids—your own or someone else's—you'd make almost any sacrifice.

Only recently, Ralph, Sue booked you for a portrait sitting. She knows she can always count on you for such sittings. Sensibly, you realize that they are part of your

job. But, that day, you called Sue and said, "I hate to do this to you, but I can't keep that appointment for the portrait sitting. You've booked me on Harvard Day. I couldn't possibly put Gary in the position of having a father who was too busy to show up at the Harvard Military Academy on Harvard Day."

But it isn't only for your own youngsters that you'll give up portrait sittings, let desirable publicity go hang, or even, if necessary, give up badly needed sleep and rest. . . . Remember the time when you had those five little farm children from Iowa on your show? Your show fell on Hallowe'en night, and you were worried that these youngsters might miss the thrill of wearing Hallowe'en costumes and of going "trick-or-treating." So you asked someone to go shopping personally for their costumes, and to make them the most extravagant, gayest costumes money could buy.

But you didn't stop there. You said, "Be sure somebody takes them out Trick-or-Treating." Ordinarily, Janet Tighe, the production assistant—the first person your guests on the program meet in Hollywood—plays hostess. So you wondered if she could take the children out, then realized she couldn't, since she had to be hostess at the big party at the Roosevelt for your guests who had been on the program. Sue said she'd be happy to take the youngsters with her, along with her son.

You thanked her, but you were still worried. The kids hadn't met Sue, and they were very bashful. You were afraid that they wouldn't enjoy their Trick-or-Treating if they went with someone they didn't know ahead of time.

Finally, you decided that there was just one thing to do. Though you were almost completely exhausted after putting together and narrating *This Is Your Life*, you were determined that the youngsters would have someone whom they had met and knew to take them Trick-or-Treating. So you cancelled all your other plans for that evening, gave up the chance to take a quick, restful snooze, so they wouldn't miss the Hallowe'en rituals. You personally accompanied them everywhere. . . .

You're a very sentimental man, Ralph. Not sentimental about things, as a rule. But about people and, occasionally, about places. When I asked a close associate of yours what your favorite treasure was, she promptly replied, "Barbara." . . . You're sentimental, however, not only about your intimates like your wife Barbara, but about everyone who has ever played an important part in your life . . . like Miss Effie, your first-grade teacher.

But let's start at the beginning, Ralph, and see what made you the kind of person you are. . . .

You were born, Ralph, the youngest of three boys, in a small-sized white farmhouse with green window-facings, outside Merino, Colorado. Merino had a population of only 169 people, and, as you sometimes said, three dogs. You were born on a sunny morning. . . . How well Paul, your oldest brother, remembers that morning. He was pretty chagrined with you at the time—for, instead of having a bed in the front parlor to sleep on that night, he and Carl, your middle brother, were sent off to the bunkhouse.

He is ten years older than you, and remembers you as the kid brother who tagged after him whenever he was going out for track. You followed him rather worshipfully; but he was so much older than you, he would deliberately lose you for a while, and then come back later, to pick you up before dusk . . . Today, the two of you work in close harmony, for Paul is the executive producer of your daytime shows and in charge of the planning of new shows. Paul says that he now knows you better than he ever did when you were younger.

Though Paul and Carl regarded your birth with mixed emotions, your mother and father were unqualifiedly happy about it. They proudly announced the facts to their friends. It may have taken your mother a little time to make the announcement, since she was an extremely busy woman. Only recently, Ralph, you received a memento you will always treasure. It came in the mail from Mrs. White in Indianola, Iowa. She had received it in August, 1913, from your mother. The card announced: "There is a new visitor, Ralph Livingstone Edwards, 7 lbs. 6 ounces, born 13 minutes after 9, June 13, 1913. He's a dandy. Won't he be lucky!" On the other side of the card is the Benediction from Second Corinthians, chapter 13: "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen."

And the love of God was with all of you, Ralph, and you were lucky. Of course, there were some who might not have thought you so very lucky, because the family was poor, the farm small, and your father had to fight Colorado blizzards in the winter and hot, dry spells in the summer to wrest a living from the farm. You were quite young, Ralph, when you learned to weed the garden, hoe the beets, milk the cows, and act as a janitor in church and school, along with your two brothers.

Still, you were lucky to have been born the son of two fabulous people like Henry Livingstone and Minnie Mae Edwards.

Your father, fifty-one when you were born, was a fine, debonair man, a real cattleman, the best roper you've ever seen. Part Welsh, part Scotch-Irish, he was slight and wiry, and very active. When you were only about five, he put you on a horse behind a saddle and taught you to ride, flinging up one arm to hold you safe on Molly, the family horse. Molly was really a very faithful animal, even though indirectly responsible for that very slight, almost invisible scar over your right eye that you got when Carl put you on Molly at the age of three, before your dad had taught you how to ride. You fell on the railroad tie in the corral, and Carl got the lecture he deserved about not turning three-year-old boys loose on a horse, before they'd learned to ride.

Your mother was German on her father's side and American clear back to the Indians on her mother's side. In spirit, Minnie was a pioneer woman. Before her marriage, she had driven all over Colorado in a horse and buggy, as a kind of traveling saleswoman, and also as a collector of money for a collection agency. In spite of this practical background, she had a vivid and powerful imagination and, during your early boyhood, used to tell you fantastic stories that stirred up your own latent imagination.

When you were about ten, Ralph, you and your mother moved into town to take care of your grandmother, and later your mother took care of the local creamery. Brother Paul was away at college then, and your father and Carl moved to the homestead about six miles from town, to prove up on their claim. Your mother and father didn't like being separated, and, twice or three times a week, you and your mother would hitch old Molly to a buggy, and drive out to the homestead.

It was on one of the visits that you, Ralph, received one of your greatest lessons in faith. You'd passed the farm and gone through a gate when a terrific hailstorm came up. The hailstones were the size of golf balls. When you'd gone one mile, the hail really poured down.

Your mother was driving Molly through the blinding storm. Molly raised herself on her hind legs, rearing as if she were going to come back into the buggy. The buggy shafts came up. For a moment, Ralph, you were terrified. Then your mother said calmly, "God will take care of us." And, with those words, she gave Molly a crack across her back. With the help of God and your mother's strong buggy whip, you both came through safely.

Even in those days, Ralph, you knew that there were two you could always rely on—God and your mother. In coupling them together in your thoughts, you weren't a bit irreverent. Didn't they both pour love upon you—and couldn't you believe very naturally that you were always safe in God's arms and in your mother's care? Your earthly father could always be depended upon, too. Before the end of that hazardous trip, he met you at the gate. Seeing the storm come up, he had gone out looking for you.

However, as a boy, you learned to depend, too, on your own resourcefulness in an emergency. About the time of the storm and buggy incident, you encountered another emergency when your mother and father weren't nearby. . . . Merino had its main street, a couple of side streets, and an alley behind the main street leading to a pasture. Every day, you used to have to go, bucket in hand, to milk a cow kept near Pawnee Ditch. You used to take the bucket and go up the bridge to where the cow was kept, milk her, then bring the milk back. Each time you would walk terrified past a big Airedale tied in the back yard of the house next to yours, by a rope just long enough to allow the dog to come to the edge of the alley. You have always loved dogs, but you were scared of this one, for every day he would snarl at you; you could feel his breath on your legs, and your childish imagination would paint a vivid, terrible picture of what might happen if he could break loose.

One particular day when you were coming back with half a bucket of milk, you suddenly found yourself practically on top of the dog in the middle of the alley. To your horror, you discovered that he had broken the rope, and was now free to go anywhere he pleased. The fact that his owners had always thought it necessary to keep him tied up seemed to you to prove that he was really dangerous. You would have run, but you had heard that if a dog sees you running, your fear may make him violent. You put it this way, "I was afraid if I ran, it would be the end of me—or at least of my pants."

You frankly admit that for the next few minutes, fear dictated your actions. You let a dribble of milk pour from your bucket, and the dog went for it. You dribbled your way back home, drop by drop, to the screen door of the house. . . . When, finally, a frightened kid of ten, you reached the door, you wondered what would have happened if the door had been a few feet farther away. If it had been, you would have run out of milk!

You always say, Ralph, that—next to your mother and father—the greatest influence in your boyhood was Miss Effie, who was your schoolteacher in the first, second and third grades. In that schoolroom, Miss Effie took the children in imagination to the four corners of the world, though she herself had never been out of the state of Colorado. She gave you great vision and much encouragement. When you wrote a composition, she would say, "Ralph, that's very good." She let you produce your first play, with four lines and two actors.

Years later, you had a chance to pay a great tribute to Miss Effie. . . . Remember the day, Ralph? It was the first and only time anyone ever put on "This Is Your Life, Ralph Edwards" in public—and it was done as a tribute to you by the school in Merino you had attended. That day in Merino, you put Miss Effie on your show, *Truth Or Consequences.* As her "consequence," you sent her on a six-weeks' tour of all the places in Europe she had talked about when you were a child.

And that day in 1950, when you showered honors on Miss Effie, was the day the townspeople of Merino put on their own show about you on the steps of the old schoolhouse. . . . You had been a very red-headed boy, Ralph—and let's not have any nonsense about your hair having been "auburn." So all the five boys who represented you at different ages were redheads—three natural, two with dyed hair.

One of them presented the episode of the day you were supposed to recite one of the psalms, one Easter morning in church. You had memorized it thoroughly, line by line. But, when the time came for your appearance on the rostrum, someone thrust a lily in your hand. From that moment on, you were a dead duck, because you didn't know what to do with the lily. . . . Another boy told about your experiences at the creamery where you'd worked with your mother. . . . The oldest child in the group was twelve, and he waved goodbye, just as you did when, at twelve, you and your family moved to Oakland, California.

So let's see what happened to you in Oakland, Ralph.

Your very first Sunday there, you and your mother and your two brothers went in search of a church. And in that church, you found a sort of second home. You sang in the choir there, though you claim you can't carry a tune in a bag; you wrote plays for the church and performed in them; and, on Sunday mornings, you did pantomimes.

In high school, you were an honor student. But, as you got toward your senior year, you began to take more and more part in extracurricular activities. You were writing and producing plays for the school, and appearing in them, too. You were the yell leader, putting in lots more time on student rallies than on studies. You were very popular with your fellow students. In fact, you were so popular that you were elected president of your student council.

The very next day, you were summoned to appear before the principal and the student council. Elated, you entered the principal's office, expecting to be congratulated. But, instead, you were confronted by students with solemn, unhappy faces, and your art-appreciation teacher was sitting there, tears streaming from her eyes. You couldn't understand all this weeping. Then the principal said very solemnly, "It is the unwritten law in our school that no boy may remain president who has received an F in any of his studies."

And your art-appreciation teacher blurted out, between tears, "Oh, Ralph, I feel so terrible that I did this to you. It wasn't because you're a poor student. But you were spending so much time on extracurricular activities, I thought giving you an F would encourage you to work harder on your studies. That's why I did it, Ralph. I never dreamed it would cost you the presidency." You were so popular with the students, Ralph, that they all went on strike to try to compel the principal to reappoint you as president of the student council. But he wouldn't. . . . Ironically, your very next mark in art apppreciation was an A.

Honestly, Ralph, being kicked out of the presidency is the only real hint of failure I've been able to find in your life. Oh, there have been times when you struggled hard and were down to your last dime—but never in your life have you been fired from a job, once you got it.

You've been in radio and TV since the tenth grade. You got a job on Sundays for KROW, a radio station, in Oakland, standing by for the Tenth Avenue Baptist Church. There was a wonderful minister there, whose speeches were so impassioned they shook the rafters. If his sermon ceased to come through or went off the air, it was your job to play appropriate records. When the volume indicator was not moving, showing the sermon wasn't coming through, you would reach for the records with one hand, and open up the mike with the other.

One day when this had happened, you said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I regret that our program from the Tenth Ave. Baptist Church has been interrupted, but we shall put on some appropriate sacred music." So you reached in for the music, and the next moment, over the airwaves blared the words, "Hold That Tiger!" Since the records were alphabetically arranged, the hotcha music was right next to the holy music, and you had made a very natural mistake. For the sake of speed, you had automatically put on the record without looking at its title. . . . You usually conclude this story by saying kiddingly, "So I went to San Francisco." Actually, Station KROW did not hold your mistake against you.

In San Francisco, you were successful in radio, but you wanted to try new fields of showmanship. So, when you heard of a role in a Broadway play that you might be able to get, you decided to go to New York. . . . When you left Oakland, your mother's parting words were, "Son, go to church." This was your whole background. Your mother, encouraging you, showing you the right path to follow.

So, when you came to New York, one of the first things you did was to look up the Union Methodist Church, commonly known as the "Actors' Church." And it was a lucky thing you did. For you found not only spiritual sustenance in the church, but, when you were down on your luck and living on Bernarr Macfadden's two-cent meals, you were mighty grateful for the opportunity to sleep on the church cots for twenty-five cents a night, and to cook some of your meals in the actors' kitchen there.

But, even with food and lodging provided for, you had very tough going in New York for a while. Your funds were so low that you had only one presentable suit, and finally you wore a hole through the right sleeve of the jacket. When you auditioned, you used to try to stand in such a way that you'd be able to cover the hole with your other hand.

After three months of struggling and getting nowhere in New York, you began to think that perhaps you had taken on a town that was much too big for you. You wondered if you should have remained a bigger frog in a smaller puddle. . . . But you were wrong. One day, an audition was held at CBS. There were sixty-nine announcers trying out, and you got the job. And this in spite of the worn sleeve you tried so desperately to hide! Something about your voice and your spirit enabled those who were auditioning you to rise above such considerations as the lack of newness in your clothes. If they saw the torn spot in your sleeve they admired you all the more for the pluck with which you conquered temporary poverty.

You became a very, very successful announcer. You were still an announcer, the day you met Barbara, who was to become the heart and core of your life. . . . She was then a very pretty, wholesome-looking but radiant, vibrant freshman studying child psychology at Sarah Lawrence College. You met on a blind date arranged by the boy you'd driven to New York with. The moment you saw Barbara, you tumbled for her.

From then on, you kept planning ways to interest her. Learning that her grandfather was a radio fan, you began pelting him with tickets to radio broadcasts, hoping Barbara would go with him to them. Grandfather came in several times alone, but, finally, Barbara couldn't resist any longer—and went with her grandfather to a Ben Bernie show, one of the shows on which you were the announcer.

You hadn't wasted those hours when you and her grandfather were left alone with each other, but had learned a lot about his granddaughter from him. You courted her with fervor and enthusiasm. And she, in turn, fell in love with you, and finally said "yes" to your marriage proposal. You were married on August 19, 1939.

By this time you were one of the most successful, sought-after announcers in New York. At one time, you were announcing forty-five radio shows a week, a fantastic number for anyone to undertake. . . . But you grew restless. Your deep love for Barbara made you feel that you weren't spending enough time with your wife. You wondered if it wouldn't be better to be responsible for one show on radio, instead of doing the announcing for so many.

Besides, your deeply creative nature

wouldn't rest. You wanted to create a new show. One day, you suddenly had an idea. In church and at parties, when you'd been a boy, you'd often played a game called "Forfeits." You'd be blindfolded and somebody would hold something over your head. You had to guess what it was, or do a stunt. . . . It occurred to you that this game might make a very good radio show. You decided to call that show *Truth Or Consequences.*

When you told friends about this new idea, most of them scoffed at you. Alex Gruenberg, director of a radio program on which you were then announcer, and now producer of *This Is Your Life,* was appalled when you told him about your plans. He thought you were mad to give up a lifetime of high-paid announcing for such an untried venture. "You're out of your mind, Ralph," he said. . . . Disregarding the advice of friends and associates, you managed to sell the idea, prepare the show, emcee it and make it a tremendous success.

It was *Truth Or Consequences* which was eventually responsible for *This Is Your Life.* Through your extremely successful program, you had raised millions for the American Heart Association, the March of Dimes, and other charities. To raise this money, you created the first of the mystery-voice contests, like "Mr. Hush," "Mrs. Hush," and "The Walking Man." General Omar Bradley of the Rehabilitation Department suggested that you could help paraplegics and their relatives by telling the story of a paraplegic on your program.

That was how *This Is Your Life* really began . . . as part of the *Truth Or Consequences* program. You brought Lawrence Trantor, a paraplegic at Birmingham Hospital, to the show. Through his old basketball coach, his mother, his twin brother and others who had been close to him, you told the story of his life. You told of the stray bullet that had ended his services to his country during the war and that had put him into a wheelchair, and made it difficult for him to earn a living.

When Lawrence Trantor first appeared on your program, he was a depressed, discouraged man. But you buoyed him up with new hope, by giving him many generous gifts, the most important of which was an expense-paid year at the Bulova School of Watchmaking in New York. Two years later, he returned to *Truth Or Consequences* in a wheelchair, pushed by a redheaded girl, his wife. After months of defeat, he had found the courage to attend the school. . . . When you told him that you were now presenting him with a completely equipped jewelry store in his home town, and offered him the key to that shop, he got up out of his wheelchair and walked to the mike! The audience stood up and bravoed.

Here was the greatest inspirational story you had ever presented . . . and, in turn, it inspired you. For, after that, you knew that someday you would have to put on radio and TV the great inspirational stories that the world seeks and our hearts hunger for. . . . It has been said that being the son of Minnie, who always wanted to help others, you can do no less.

Has it ever occurred to you, Ralph, that your story, like theirs, might inspire many who are downhearted and downcast? For yours is a story of faith and a mother's love surging through, overcoming material difficulties, and pointing the way to fulfillment. That is why, Ralph, we have chosen to tell your story . . . the story our readers will never see on *This Is Your Life.*

What Have They Got Against Girl Singers?

(*Continued from page* 49)

who is two years younger. "But when she sang . . . wow! She has the intensity and the mature quality of a Teresa Brewer or a Kay Starr. Yet she is not an imitator. Her sound is her own."

The Victorians had a sentimental little phrase to describe this quality in a young girl. They spoke of her as "standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet." In Bonnie, the blend of naivete and sophistication is charming. Her favorite colors are pink and blue. She still collects stuffed animal toys to toss across the coverlet of her bed . . . but she also chooses as her favorite automobile a pink Thunderbird.

When she recorded "Deep Within Me" and "Kill Me With Kisses," Victor gave her record top importance. Carlton, whose duties usually keep him studio-bound, decided to introduce Bonnie himself. Said Joe, "I hadn't taken an individual artist out on a disc-jockey tour in ten years, but I figured this was the time to get a girl singer going. Bonnie has a star potential for television, movies and the stage, as well as for recordings."

Their tour took them to seven major cities and for Bonnie, away from home for the first time, it was quite an initiation. Never had she been so closely chaperoned. In each city, the wife of the RCA Victor distributor or one of the firm's women employees met the plane and remained with her throughout the visit. But never had she been so completely the center of attention. There were flowers and photographs and interviews with disc jockeys and reporters. It was a whirl which could turn the head of many a girl and tire her, too, but Bonnie went through it like a veteran. Joe reported, "She charmed everyone she met, and she was just as fresh and pretty and vivacious at the end of nine hours of such work as she was when she started out. The kid's a trouper, and I believe she will become a big star."

Decca Records' entry in the glamour-girl sweepstakes is a nineteen-year-old, four-foot-eleven-inch bundle of energy who takes her professional name, Barbara Allen, from the frail heroine of one of the oldest and best-known ballads, but in private life she bears a closer resemblance to that famed sure-shot charmer, Annie Oakley. The blue-eyed, dark-haired girl loves to hunt, and her .22 rifle carries a deadly accuracy. She also can thump a bass fiddle, twang a guitar or play piano. "I like anything that lets me get a beat."

Barbara was born on a farm near Zuni, Virginia, about fifty miles from Norfolk. In her family, music just comes natural. Her father, Elisha May Luter, can, in Barbara's words, "play most anything he puts his hands to." Barbara sang duets with her cousin "since we were knee-high to a duck." Her first audience was in her country church. "I was the only one who could play piano and fan the preacher at the same time."

Her entertainment debut resulted from the frustration of another ambition. With her cousin, she went to Washington, D.C. "We had it in mind to be airline hostesses, but then she up and got married on me. Well, I wasn't going to let myself get licked, so I went to Norfolk to sing with Chuck Bland and His Chuck-a-Lucks."

At one of their dance dates, the bass player from another band, Albert Woodroe Tunnell, stopped in. Barbara was not impressed. "I didn't like him a bit at

first. I thought he was quite a square." Just as with little Miss Oakley in "Annie Get Your Gun," there was a period when each shouted at the other: "Anything You Can Do, I Can Do Better." When he was called up for Army duty, Barbara found she missed him. "Romance," she says, "was one of those things that sneaked up on me." On August 12, 1956, they returned to Barbara's home church at Zuni, and this time Barbara was in white satin. She covers her sentimental attachment for the place by saying, "I'd played piano there so long I figured they owed me a wedding."

With her new husband in Korea, Barbara continued her career on the *Garland Abbott Show* on WTAR-TV in Norfolk. Last spring, she went over to Nashville to visit friends who were appearing on *Grand Ole Opry*. Again, a chance encounter proved eventful. Vic McAlpin, a free-lance songwriter, stopped in at a little cafe near the WSM studios where Barbara and her friends were having coffee. Impressed by her zest and vitality, he suggested she come over to the studio and try out a few tunes. Barbara kicked off her shoes, faced up to the mike and started to sing.

Paul Cohen, A & R man at Decca Records, agreed with McAlpin that Barbara was a discovery. When Decca released "Between Now and Then" and "Make Up Your Mind," *Billboard*, too, was enthusiastic in its review. Remarking that she sang with "plenty of heart and feeling" on the first side—and, in a contrasting mood, exuded vitality and showmanship on the second—they passed the judgment: "A sock new voice for the country-and-Western market, with marked appeal for the pop field as well."

The future looks bright for Barbara Allen and equally happy for Mrs. Albert Woodroe Tunnell. Al completed his Army service last summer. They took a second honeymoon and went to visit his parents in Arizona. In September, they settled down in Nashville. Al thinks one musical career is enough for one family. "Would you believe it?" Barbara says, "He's studying to be a mortician!"

At Columbia Records, too, the equal-rights policy is in effect. Famed A & R man Mitch Miller says, "I don't believe in song cycles or singer cycles, either. To get a hit, you must create, not imitate. There's no rule except to make a good record. If the girls make good records, they'll get their share of the popularity." Mitch has the satisfaction, this season, of seeing one young singer whom he signed as a teenager graduate, at twenty-one, to top star status. Jill Corey drew one of the most sought-after assignments in TV when she was chosen to be one of the four leads in *Your Hit Parade*.

Mitch has another ready to make a bid for the Top Tunes. Remember little Gayla Peevey? She's the ten-year-old from Ponca City, Oklahoma, who, in 1953, sang: "I Want a Hippopotamus for Christmas." Gayla got the hippo—and gave it to a zoo. She also got a flock of television engagements, a Columbia recording contract and offers for motion pictures.

Her parents believed that Gayla had some normal growing-up to do, before getting too much caught up in the big whirl, and retired her for a time. Now that she is fourteen, she has stepped out with two swingy new tunes, "I Want You to Be My Guy" and "Too Young to Have a Broken Heart." Gayla is still more interested in high school than high scoring on the record charts, but she's getting the experience which could well make her a star.

Mercury Records' chips are down on a disc called "Sixteen," rocked and rolled by a pert little Chicago miss who is exactly that age herself. Joy Layne's father is a construction supervisor who plays violin and piano. Her mother takes an active part in community theater productions. Joy's favorite childhood game was imitating famous recording stars.

Joy was a fifteen-year-old student in Lyon Township high school when she secured an audition with Art Talmadge, A & R chief at Mercury. Art is a man who plays his hunches about new talent. Patti Page, Frankie Laine, Jim Lowe, Ralph Marterie, The Crew Cuts, The Diamonds, are just a few he started to fame.

He also was ready to play his hunch about a tune called "Your Wild Heart." Art and a musical director, Carl Stevens, were trying to determine whose voice would be right for the wild new song—when Joy walked in. Art says, "She was bouncy and bright-eyed and carrying her mascot." The mascot was a squeaky toy dog called "Brownie."

Joy tried some ballads. When Art heard how she belted them out, he had her try "Your Wild Heart." Joy gave it a fresh, new ring. Art says, "Our search was over. This was our girl."

When the record was released, disc jockeys flipped at the sound, but they questioned promotion director Kenny Myers' word that this big, mature voice came from a fifteen-year-old girl. Myers mailed out pictures. They still couldn't believe it. Myers then found the convincer. He sent out photostatic copies of Joy's birth certificate.

"Your Wild Heart" was such a hit that Joy has followed it up with "My Suspicious Heart" as the flip side of her new birthday record, "Sixteen." With such a combination, she's sure she again will be lucky.

At Dot Records, a tall, willowy young brunette named Carol Jarvis has a song made to order for the girls to play when they want to send a musical message to that certain boy. The title is "Rebel," and it tells the story of a boy everyone warns the girl to avoid. She, however, sees deeper. She adores him and believes in him. The reverse side is "Whirlpool of Love." Carol delivers the ballads with a slow, sultry, emotional beat.

Away from the microphone, Carol herself bubbles. She was born in Chicago, the daughter of a police officer. Because of her mother's health, the family moved to California. Carol's singing career started when the Sisters at St. Bernardino asked her to put on the junior play.

"I immediately appointed myself the star," Carol confesses. "We did a take-off on *This Is Your Life*. In it, I was supposed to be a singer, so naturally I had to sing a few numbers. People started to applaud and, from then on, I wanted to sing. My family encouraged me, but I really didn't know I wanted to be a singer. It just worked out that way."

Her first professional job—"where I got paid and had a union card"—was Art Linkletter's show. She also did a few shows with Lawrence Welk. It was all a lark to Carol. "I was eighteen and didn't stop to think what I sounded like. It was just new and fun. I liked the applause and the glory. It was simply smiling at people and singing." Now she wants to be a polished entertainer. "Somebody who can get up and be very relaxed and still know exactly what I'm doing and get the audience over to my side every time. I understand what I want to do. Now I'm trying to find out how to do it."

Carol continues to live with her family in Covina. Her room, which she decorated, is very frilly. "It's the odd-ball room of the whole house." Where the

other predominating scheme is Early American, highlighted with copper and brass, Carol went to wrought iron in white and gray. "I just wanted to be different. And I love color, all colors."

She hopes some day to sing in musical comedy. "I'd like to try it when I'm ready. I don't even think I will go to New York. I would rather start out in summer stock, somewhere little, to see if I can handle it and feel good in it."

Carol has only one complaint about the busy life she leads. "Romance? I haven't any. It is very dull. I really mean it is horrible. I am very discouraged." But, in the next breath, she forecasts what will happen when the right boy comes along. Among her favorite songs are "I Could Have Danced All Night" and "You Made Me Love You." Says Carol, "I like happy songs the best."

Capitol Records' strong contender as teen queen is Sue Raney, born June 18, 1939, who was graduated in June from Hollywood Professional School—and celebrated the event with the release, "What's the Good Word, Mr. Bluebird," and "The Careless Years." She also was guest star on Tennessee Ernie Ford's final show last season. She had her own TV show on KGGN in Albuquerque.

This lass with the delicate air was born in McPherson, Kansas, and she's a second-generation thrush. As Sue tells the story, "All my coaching came from my mother. She used to sing around Nebraska, under the name of Mildred Marie, with my uncle Arnie Vanderbilt's orchestra. Then she fell in love and got married."

Sue's voice lessons began when she was five. They then lived in Wichita, Kansas. "We went up to see Sue Fulton, who was a voice coach. Because she wouldn't take a student younger than twelve, my mother took the lessons. Then she taught me." Came the day when there was no baby sitter to be had, and young Sue tagged along to class. Miss Fulton, making a pleasant little fuss over the child, asked if she liked to sing. Sue promptly demonstrated. "She was very surprised to hear I had such a mature voice," Sue recalls, "but then she didn't know I had been having her lessons. After that, although she did not include me in the class, she did give me some coaching and put me in some of her little shows."

Sue still remembers the thrill of one program: "It was for the Miners' and Prospectors' Association out in Albuquerque. I was seven or eight, and they were so sweet to me. When they threw money on the stage, I saved it all. I put it in a big tin can and kept it for years. I finally spent it on a vacation to California."

Sue's first attempt to enter the movies was a failure. She found she was five inches too tall for the child part in "Mother Wore Tights." The family made its permanent move to Hollywood about two years ago, when Sue went on the Jack Carson radio show. She says, "It was tough for my parents to pick up and leave, but they did it for me and I think it was wonderful of them." She adores her parents and thinks her sisters and brother are pretty nice, too.

Of Gary, the seventeen-year old, she says, "We get along like downtown. He plays drums, we go to shows together, we went to professional school together. We have fun." Her sister Carole "has great musical ability. Mother taught her to play piano, and she's a real good classical pianist. We're very proud of her work, too. She started on the lowest possible job at KNXT. Now she is executive secretary to Don Heinz, the program director." Candy, the two-year old, is "real cute. She sings and dances and seems to have a lot of rhythm. Every time one of my records comes on the radio, she recognizes my voice."

Sue does her share of the housework and she takes a hand in making her clothes. "I design them and cut them out, then, when Mother has time, she sews them up." Sue writes poetry and songs. She would like to study music theory. "Songwriting is fun," she says, "and I think it will help me to pick my own material." She has her eye on the movies. "I'd like to be in pictures. I would like to be able to dance, to act and to sing. I think a performer should be all-around."

In romance, Sue tempers her wishes with wisdom. "I don't go out very much. I don't have a steady boyfriend. When I do go out, I think it is a better idea for a girl my age to double-date. If it's a blind date, or if you don't know the boy well, you have more fun when you double. But, if you like him very much, it is nice to be alone."

At almost every recording company, the young girls are beginning to get attention. Already, they are the darlings of the A & R men. One of these days, the other young girls are bound to become their fans and find in their records the vision of the singing "second self." RCA Victor's Joe Carlton summed it up, saying: "It's bound to come. A young girl has her own emotional expression to give."

Our Gal Sally

(*Continued from page* 25)

viewpoint to go with the view," jokes one of her friends.

Joan considers this a second, smiling across half an acre of greenery to where Marie Windsor, the film star, and husband Jack Hupp are making a merry splash in the pool. . . . "If I answer that directly, it'll sound like I was bragging," she finally replies. "I'll quote Marie there, instead. She told me, a few days ago, that the old Caulfield may have had her head in the clouds, but the new one not only has that, but her feet on the ground, besides. That was the grandest compliment she could have paid me. I was flattered." She pauses long enough to pass around a plate of fresh-baked cookies, then adds: "I think I still need a few moorings to hold me down."

With regard to the "new Caulfield," her friends and fans insist that there weren't any flies on the "old Caulfield," either. It's just that the glamour girl, as she became a woman, began to see the need of responsibility and self-control. The girl who parlayed her beauty and enthusiasm into fame and a fortune, as a model, actress and entertainer, has come to the turn in the road where exuberance, however charming, can no longer serve as a guide.

An incident that occurred during the making of her latest television series, *Sally*, should tell the story. . . . Shortly after lunch one day, Joan came bouncing onto the sound stage. In a huddle over the setting up of a shot were her husband, producer Frank Ross, whose movie productions of "The Robe" and "Rains of Ranchipur" were memorable hits; director William Asher; veteran actress Marion Lorne, the rich matron who employs mischievous *Sally* as her traveling companion; and various members of the crew. "Listen, everyone," Joan bubbled, "I've got a terrific idea. Wouldn't it be great if—"

Here she stopped, embarrassed. The

group had turned toward her with an expression that she herself wryly admits she would use toward "an overplayful child or pet." She glanced guiltily at Marion. Her friend was making with "the violin routine." This is a signal, she explains. "Marion crosses a finger over her thumb and saws it back and forth as if playing 'Hearts and Flowers.' It's a way of letting me know I'm off the ground again, a sort of equivalent of 'You're breaking my heart, girlie.' I shut up then, except for begging pardon and saying my idea could wait." Ten minutes later, she was glad she had waited. Her idea didn't seem quite so hot.

To those who knew her well, this is indeed a change. Only a year ago, she would have paid little attention to Marion's signal. She probably wouldn't have noticed it at all. She'd have been too wrapped up in her super-duper idea, and would have put her faith in enthusiasm to carry the day. Not that she had no regard for other people's ideas and opinions. She simply was too used to rushing in where angels fear to tread and—as she states it—"all too often I'd be left standing with egg on my face."

The art of disciplining her emotions took "a painfully long time," she recalls. She didn't learn easily and a lot of people and things came together to bring about the transformation. People like her husband Frank and her friend Marion. Things like owning a share in a video series which is sponsored alternately by two of the nation's leading industrial firms.

Joan had every right to feel the zest of living. Nature had endowed her from the start with health, beauty, intelligence and the love of a fine and comfortably-fixed family. Born and raised in East Orange, New Jersey, the Caulfields (Joan, her parents and two sisters) moved to New York when she was fifteen. One year later, on the wave of a sudden impulse, she stormed the ramparts of Walter Conover's model agency and made an ardent plea for a job. Conover saw in her an unspoiled and overflowing vibrancy that he knew would register on photographs, especially those in color, and he gave her a job at once. With some training, she soon stepped into the front rank of the younger models, especially in teen-age fashions.

It was at this time that she was discovering the theater. Suddenly, she felt herself lifted on to a new wave of enthusiasm. Wouldn't it be marvelous to be an actress! To stand before the footlights, the center of a thousand eyes, and then—presto!—change into another person entirely! She had visions of herself in heavy tragic roles. The dying Camille! "I'd have given my teeth to play a crotchety grandma—the idea of playing anything like 'The Petty Girl' never entered my mind. . . ."

Since she was a student at Columbia University, the shortest distance to get on stage was by way of the Morningside Players, the University's dramatic society. She joined and was soon—if not the most important—certainly the most dedicated member of the group. . . . Opening night, she developed "a bad case of butterflies in the tummy." Once again, she staked everything on vim, vigor and enthusiasm. She figured that, as long as she kept busy and buoyant, nobody would notice her nervousness. From entrance to exit, she kept moving around. It came as a horrifying shock afterward to hear one of the lead actors accuse her of upstaging him.

"I was so green I didn't know what the term meant," she confesses. "But that wasn't the half of my sins. One of my beaus sent word backstage that his father was in the audience and wanted to meet me. Promptly with the first act curtain, I dashed out front to play the gracious artiste for the benefit of a prospective papa-in-law. My fellow players were scandalized and Dr. Milton Smith, head of the Drama Department, informed me that, while exuberance and impulsiveness were good qualities in an actress, you just don't allow them to carry you away—particularly not into the audience, and most especially not between acts."

In her own frantic way, Joan was even then aspiring toward a meaning and purpose in life. "I had the funny illusions of a kid. I actually thought I was being very dignified and thoughtful." In any case, she'd had her taste of the limelight and she would be haunted by the magic of the theater from then on. Armed with a number of magazine covers for which she had posed, she walked into producer George Abbott's office one day and boldly assured him that she was exactly what he was looking for. He replied that he was looking for a song-and-dance girl. She'd never had a lesson in music, but the vigor of her avowals won him over in spite of his better judgment. She played a Marilyn Monroe-type of secretary in his production of "Beat the Band" and it turned out to be one of his rare flops. Joan's luck held up; her notices were first-rate.

Next season, Abbott called her. "I have a real part for you," he said. It was the part of Corliss Archer in "Kiss and Tell," and it proved to be one of her most sensational hits. After fourteen delightful months in the role, she bowed out to accept a Paramount contract. Her career was moving along in Horatio Alger style.

The only note of dissent came from Abbott. He gave her a piece of advice she now wishes she had followed. "Get a few more seasons of Broadway experience," he said. "You're not really ready to tackle Hollywood." Undeterred, Joan answered that, if the film executives felt she was ready, they must know best. It was some time before she learned what had really led to her contract. The late Buddy de Sylva had seen her in "Kiss and Tell" and wired Paramount that she was "a lively young actress—with very good legs!"

Joan's fib about being a trained singer and dancer had paid dividends once; she tried it again at the studio. The results would have deflated another girl for good. Following her first movie, "Miss Susie Slagle," in which she did a variation on the Corliss theme, the studio heads remembered what she'd told them. She was cast in a series of routine musicals, each leaving her more miserable than the one before. "I was in a constant state of nerves. I knew I couldn't dance, and the sound of a musical bar would tense every muscle in my body. When I was cast for 'The Petty Girl' at Columbia, I was pretty blue and most of the bounce had gone out of me. I dreaded doing another musical."

Now, in her dark moment, fortune's child sat down and took serious stock of herself. The girl who had never doubted that youth, good luck, a little rashness and a lot of enthusiasm could take her to the heights was now faced with the plain hard fact that all was not going according to Hoyle. The old magic was simply not working. She was puzzled, unhappy, lost. "For the first time in my life, I was frightened."

Then came a rift in the darkness; she met Frank Ross. Joan had confided her fears about doing "The Petty Girl" to her good friend, Benay Venuta, who was also a friend of Frank's. Benay knew he was one of filmland's best social dancers and she asked him to help Joan. In two days, according to Joan, he had succeeded where high-priced teachers had failed. "He taught me that you just can't dance gracefully until you know the difference between a beat and an off-beat."

They began dating. "You know, we were

introduced two years ago at the Bel Air Country Club," Frank told her.

"I remember," Joan laughed. "I'm curious to know what you thought of me."

"You looked so healthy," Frank replied, "I thought you were probably president of the 4-H Clubs."

Joan went on to do a topflight job in "Petty Girl" and—as she once put it—"I'd not only gotten the beat, but a husband to boot." Naturally, Benay was maid of honor, and the wedding was held at the home of Armand Deutsch. Joan still cherishes Armand's gift, a pearl French poodle pin which she wore on her wedding dress and still keeps as a luck charm. She wore it at least once during every segment of her smash TV series, *My Favorite Husband*, and is now carrying on that tradition in *Sally*. She has only two other treasures to match it. The first was given her by Michael Chekhov, the great actor who was one of her earlier teachers. It is a gold medal which was presented to him by the Moscow Art Theater. The other is a diamond bracelet, the gift of her husband, on completion of "Rains of Ranchipur," for being "such a wonderful Fern."

She was happy again. Being Frank's wife was "the red-letter event" of her life. But it was not the same Joan. She had learned a lesson and she was not likely to forget. Now, under Frank's guidance, she began the search for a more mature approach to things. She began to surprise her friends by asking questions about their attitudes, opinions, actions. She showed an interest in politics and philosophy. She was still leaping, but not without trying to think first.

And Frank was working with her patiently and wisely. She came home from a hot day of filming, tired and exasperated. Frank was dressed, ready to take her to a dinner party. "I can't do it," she protested. "I look terrible. I have lines to learn and I just can't face a roomful of people tonight."

"I know you've had a bad day," Frank said gently. "But most of the guests have probably had a hard time, too. They'll come because they don't want their hosts to be disappointed. How you look is not as important as how your hosts will feel if you don't show up at their table. Not to go because of how you look is only another way of thinking exclusively of yourself. It's a form of selfishness."

Frank's chiding reminded Joan of something Michael Chekhov had said. "A truly fine artist has control over his medium and his emotions at all times. He doesn't have to live his roles at home."

"I suddenly realized," admitted Joan, "that I had been bringing my roles home and playing them day and night. I saw that this, too, was a form of thinking only of myself and my career. It was not great art. It was only self-indulgence."

Through Marion Lorne, Joan grew to admire the subtle and quiet manner of presenting an idea. Before working so closely with her, Joan had been inclined toward the theory that "bubbling vivaciousness" was equivalent to youth. If you plunged in with enough exuberance, she felt, people would listen.

"Marion's a real trouper, a bundle of energy who never gets dull or complains, and who's always giving off ideas," Joan pointed out. "But more important, she knows how to curb the energy, and how to put these ideas before you. She makes her suggestions calmly, listens carefully to criticism, holds no grudge if another viewpoint wins out. This is discipline. This is maturity in action. And yet she is younger in spirit than any of us."

Marion and Joan begin their day together. They begin early—at 6:35 A.M., to be exact—when Joan picks up Marion at the Beverly Hills Hotel. They drive together to the Paramount Studios where Caulross is shooting the *Sally* series. "Marion's bright frame of mind, along with her complete calmness, starts my day off sensibly," Joan confesses. They pick up coffee and chocolate doughnuts, then head for the make-up department. Shooting begins at nine and continues until six, with one hour for lunch. By the time Joan drops Marion off at the hotel, it's after seven and Joan usually isn't through with dinner until nine. It was a question of either learning a measure of planning, control and discipline—or allowing her home, family life, and career to fall into a chaotic mess. Joan set her pretty head and learned.

Making *Sally* has also taught Joan some stern lessons. "Being the star of a show is one kind of responsibility. Being the wife of the producer is another." When Frank was casting for the show, Joan noticed the names of certain actors on the call sheet. Forgetting, for the moment, her resolution not to go off half-cocked, she generously urged that these actors be given an extra bonus as they'd been out of work for some time. Frank had to put his foot down. "I appreciate your kindness, Joan," he told her, "but this is business. The agents and I settle on a price and that's what we pay. I'm always for a good price for a good job, but if we start tossing bonuses around, we'll soon be short of capital and everyone will be out of work."

Learning not to be self-conscious about being both star and producer's wife came hard to Joan. At the beginning, she felt called on to be extra nice to all the cast. She began to overdo the compliments and praise. "She nearly ruined a few fine actors," Frank laughs. "She made them feel so important that, by the time we got around to shooting, they were telling the director how to direct and the cameraman how to take pictures."

Joan likes to tell one on herself which evidently has some special meaning for her: While doing *My Favorite Husband*, she had to change clothes and hop from set to set so quickly that a screen was placed on stage to expedite matters. She would step behind this screen, change, then rush into the next scene, sometimes with only one shoe on. Since it was done "live," the audience would greet these flurries with loud bursts of laughter. One night, something happened that was far from funny to Joan. She had to change from a heavy wool ski suit into a slinky black dress in thirty seconds. She slipped behind the screen, tugged at the zipper—it was stuck, but good. She and the wardrobe girl worked frantically until the assistant director hissed, "Rip it—rip it off!"

Joan still shudders at the memory. "Have you ever tried to rip off a heavy ski-suit? Well, sometimes I think of that when I let my enthusiasm run away with me and do something foolish before I can catch myself up. I think that ripping off one set of habits and replacing it with another is very much like trying to rip off that suit with the zipper stuck. But I managed then. I'll make good on this more important change . . . if trying can do it."

In planning *Sally*, Frank felt that her clothes should be kept simple and average, to fit the pocketbook of a paid companion. Joan took the view that the show's Mrs. Banford, being wealthy, would want her companion to look well and so would be willing to pay for it. "Frank argued that *Sally* had been a shop girl before going with Mrs. Banford," Joan explained. "I answered that the modern American shop girl is very smartly turned out and Sally should show this trend. Frank made some good points but I really felt I was right and could convince him if I didn't press too hard. I decided to win, but softly."

Joan knew that Audrey Hepburn is one

of Frank's favorite stars. When it came time to make a series of trailers for *Sally*, she reported to Paramount wardrobe and picked a hat to wear in each trailer that would advertise the coming episode. When she got home that evening, Frank asked her what sort of hats she had selected.

"I picked the ones you admired on Audrey Hepburn in 'Funny Face.'"

"But those were models' hats—creations for display, not for a woman to wear in ordinary circumstances."

"You loved them on Audrey—I think the audience will like them on Sally. Besides, the hats models wear today will be worn by the working women of tomorrow."

Frank threw up his hands. "All right, darling. We'll give it a chance."

For a finish, many of Joan's outfits for the show were designed especially for her by Maxwell Scheiff, one of Hollywood's top designers.

When Frank had first come up with this idea for a TV series and had hired one of video's cleverest scriptwriters to do the job, it became necessary to find a name for the producing company. Since they were both putting money in it, Frank at first suggested Rosscaul Company. Joan opened her mouth at this, but caught herself and shut it again. "If you think that's got the right sound, it's fine with me," was her only comment. A few days later, he told her it had been decided to name it Caulross. More euphonious. "So, without a fuss, I got top billing after all," she laughs gleefully.

On a marble patio surrounded by four acres of tastefully landscaped green and growing things, one of Hollywood's loveliest ladies pours iced tea for a circle of friends. They relax with her, chat, laugh, share fond memories. Suave and handsome, her husband has just come out with a guest. He has been showing this friend through the white stucco house—it was designed in the modern French manner by architect John Woolf and decorated by Loretta Young's mother, Mrs. Gladys Belzer. Both these newcomers stand listening to the conversation. Marie Windsor and husband have come out of the pool and are resting in the sun.

The new guest, as the talk comes to a lull, approaches his blond hostess and kisses her on the cheek. "So, Joan . . . you've got yourself a mature philosophy," he teases. "So what does it get you?"

Her skin glows; her blue eyes go large and electric; her reply is swift, eager and sincere. "I hope it will get me happy," she retorts, smiling up at her friend. "I hope it will get me the respect of my husband and my friends and the people I work with. And I hope it will get me the approval of my fans. Isn't that worth trying for? Isn't that enough?"

A soft wind is rising; shadows from the French garden are beginning to scallop the edges of the lawn. The household dog lopes on to the patio and settles at his master's feet. Frank watches, listens, nods his head. An expression of tender enjoyment is deepening on his face. His wife is smiling at him and he answers with a smile of his own. He is content. The loveliest girl in the world is growing up. . . .

Shakespeare and the Showgirl

(*Continued from page* 32)

hesitantly, "Miss Hall, I hope you won't mind my interrupting like this—but I think you're about to lose that button!" Barbara looks down at one of her dress buttons, dangling by a single thread, blithely tears it loose. "Thanks for your kindness," she smiles at the unknown woman—who replies, "Not at all. And *congratulations!*" It's the third time during dinner that a stranger has come over to the table, on one well-intentioned pretext or another, to say, "Congratulations, Miss Hall."

The button incident points up one interesting fact. It has now been some fifteen shopping days since Barbara Hall deposited her $64,000 winnings. Fifteen days since she became able—if she chose—to swoop down on Saks, Bonwit Teller's or Bergdorf Goodman's and buy the sleekest, chic-est wardrobe ever dreamed up by any young woman. Instead, there she is, dining out in a button-shy number she probably bought long ago, off some rack marked "drastically reduced."

How come? After all, clothes, like diamonds, are a girl's best friend. But Barbara has a simple explanation.

"Oh, I've shopped," she says. "Window-shopped, that is. But somehow I haven't really been consumed by a need for splurging on clothes." She adds, reflectively and seriously, "You see, this incredible, fabulous break has a very unique value for me, a very personal value which simply doesn't translate into ownership of things or possessions. A chi-chi evening gown wouldn't express it. No, the real value in this is the long-range security it has brought me. I can study now—continue the training I need to make the grade in my chosen field. The true value of this sudden fortune is that it's like breathing oxygen after being confined to a windowless room."

The "windowless room" is Barbara's figure of speech for a long, long stretch of striving to gain acceptance as a professional actress. If one could draw a chart of Barbara's morale during her quest for the recognition she seeks, the graph lines would show up as steep-angled peaks and valleys representing a jittery mixture of encouraging plus-es, of frustrating minuses, of many compromises and second-bests—not to mention times when Barbara didn't know where the next day's meal was coming from.

The highs and the lows require very little strain of Barbara's memory. She can still vividly recall the optimistic beginnings as a girl in suburban Pittsburgh. Well-to-do family . . . nice, substantial home in middle-class Mt. Lebanon . . . the usual crush on the boy next door (although "next door," in this instance, was a whopping big farm adjacent to the Halls' own seven-acre property). She can never forget the muscle-ache and sweat of six of her young years while training for ballet at the best private school Pittsburgh could boast. She can still savor the thrill of that first applause cascading across the auditorium footlights when she and her junior-high classmates acted "A Date With Judy" and, later, "Little Women."

"When I was graduated from high school, I wanted to continue with my ballet training but couldn't find a college that had an adequate dance department," she says. "I enrolled in the Drama School at Carnegie Institute of Technology, one of the country's finest."

Definitely a top-ranking school; clearly the explanation for her excellent background in the work of Elizabethan dramatists. "I took courses in Shakespeare," Barbara smiles, "but I was just a C-plus student."

Above and beyond her academic endeavors, Barbara was chalking up some professional acting experience between terms. In 1953, she was resident ingenue

with the William Penn Playhouse. Ditto, in 1954, with the Little Lake Arena Theater. She played a supporting role in "The Little Hut" at the Pittsburgh Playhouse in 1955—the year she earned her Bachelor of Fine Arts degree and was graduated from Carnegie Tech Drama School.

A decent enough start for a young hopeful . . . but now, having bade fond adieu to her ivy-covered temple of Thespis, what next? More to the point—how? Barbara had been backed up by a wealth of moral and material support from her family. Mother, dad, sister—all of them had been unstinting in their approval of Barbara's intense drive to find her place in the theater world. Barbara agreed wholeheartedly with her dad's summing of the situation: She had had every possible advantage; she'd received a superlative education; from now on, it was up to her. She'd have to go it alone.

Go she did—alone and quite far from home, for the first time in her life. The place? East Hampton, nestled on the Atlantic near the eastern tip of Long Island. Ironically, East Hampton is a village where the natives point with pride to the historic house of John Howard Payne—who wrote "Home Sweet Home." But Barbara's reason for going there was the John Drew Theater (very prominent in the straw-hat circuit) . . . where a summer-stock job kept her happily if not wealthily busy during July and August of 1955. As resident ingenue, her salary was twenty-five dollars a week.

"After paying for my room, my meals and all other expenses," she says, "I'd have just about three dollars left. I spent that three dollars on a rented bike—one particular bike that was assigned to me all that summer. I used to tell myself, *this bike is my very own.* When I got time away from rehearsals and other daytime chores at the theater, the bike symbolized freedom. I'd ride it all around the picturesque East Hampton vicinity, visit spots like old Hook Mill, a windmill built in 1806—or pedal along those narrow paths out on the sand dunes, drinking in that marvelous tawny seascape."

July and August were golden months that passed all too swiftly in the quaint seaside village. A hundred miles or so due west, Broadway was astir with plans for the 1955-1956 theater season. The John Drew Theater put up its shutters and Barbara came to New York. She soon had to accept the fact that none of Broadway's plans included her. She soon began to wish that she hadn't squandered her three-dollar-a-week cash balance on a rented bike.

"There were times when I wrestled with the temptation to write home for money," Barbara admits. "Despite Dad's philosophy about going it alone, he would have sent me a thousand dollars at the drop of a hat. But I knew that was no solution. I knew I wouldn't be proving anything about myself with a handy crutch like that. I just had to hang on. It was a case of survival—of remaining within reach of theater opportunities—and so the 'next best' job would have to be considered."

The "next best" job turned out to be one in a supermarket. Before a series of select, limited audiences, Barbara Hall demonstrated paper towels. Grubby, completely alien to her acting ambitions, the work nevertheless held the specter of hunger at arm's length. Weeks and weeks of that grind—then Barbara lined up a part in a Washington, D. C. production of "Oh, Men! Oh, Women!" It opened in January, 1956, and by no means threatened any existing records for long runs. Before many weeks went by Barbara was back in New York, again making the rounds.

Her next role was another non-theatrical one. She worked as a model in Saks Fifth Avenue, where the hours were in direct conflict with the hours she should be spending in search of another acting job. In May, she switched again, this time to a job with evening hours. She became a hostess in Stouffer's Restaurant.

Such was the pattern of promise and frustration . . . the treadmill that demanded a firm, purposeful stride and led her nowhere. Barbara won't deny that there were times when self-doubt occupied stage-center in her private thoughts. She could have got considerable comfort out of gazing into a crystal ball, though . . . with a glimpse of events taking shape in the new year of 1957. Events—one very public, the other very personal—were definitely taking shape.

It's in the light of all that preceded these momentous events that Barbara comments, "Yes, I'm the luckiest woman in the world. This wonderful stroke of good fortune really makes it complete. Now I have an enormous sense of security—and I also have Lucien."

Lucien is the magic name which Celeste Holm (subbing for Hal March on the night the $64,000 check was presented) tried to elicit from Barbara but couldn't. Modesty, an unwillingness to place his name in the public domain—call it what you will—Barbara side-stepped that question. However, she left no doubt in the minds of several million viewers that there was someone special in her life. As to his identity . . . Celeste tried hard, a large slice of our population listened hard . . . but the name was not spoken.

To understand the significance of that name in Barbara's life, the spotlight must shift to April, 1957—to a brisk evening that began without even a suspicion in Barbara's mind that either a Lucien or $64,000 would ever happen to her. "I'd been standing at the entrance to Carnegie Hall on West Fifty-seventh Street, waiting for my date—a nice young man with a pleasant personality and an interesting job on the staff of a New York art museum. It wasn't anything in the 'romance' department—just a comfortable, casual friendship. One notable thing about my date, though. He was always remarkably punctual. I remember glancing at my wristwatch and realizing that something must be very wrong. There it was, more than fifteen minutes after our six-o'clock appointment. Something drastic must have changed his plans."

Another five minutes, Barbara told herself. Meanwhile, she strolled around to the Seventh Avenue entrance just in case her friend meant that spot as the meeting place. No sign of her date. However, she couldn't help noticing another young man standing there. He, too, had that "waiting" look.

"I sensed immediately that he was not an American," Barbara recalls. "It was something about the cut of his clothes, I guess. He was tall—almost six feet tall, I'd say—slim, and blond. Extremely attractive. I would have bet that he came from one of the Scandinavian countries. He stood there, seemed to ponder his course of action. Like me, he seemed sort of cast adrift. These were mere impressions, of course—quick flashes that probably reflected my own state of mind."

An awkward moment, indeed. A delicate (and fateful) moment. Modesty and all the tenets of Barbara's suburban Pittsburgh upbringing should have prompted her to move quietly onward, demurely in search of an eatery where she could have her lonely dinner. Matter of fact, that's exactly what she had begun to do when the young man spoke . . .

"Pardon. . . ."

The accent was French. Barbara experienced an inward jolt of surprise. And she had had the chap pegged as a Dane or a Norwegian!

Gesturing toward a telephone booth inside the building entrance, the young man said, "I am trying to make a call. Please, could you give me change for a half-dollar?" Barbara obligingly dug into her coat pocket, opened her purse and fetched out a quarter, two dimes and a nickel. The blond young man exchanged coins and uttered profuse thanks.

"He spent a remarkably short time inside that phone booth," Barbara recalls—adding, "and I suppose I lingered outside too long a time. Maybe I rationalized it by telling myself I'd wait just a few more minutes for that date of mine to show up."

Voila. In no time at all her French-accented Scandinavian again was standing near, looking even more lost, more forlorn. Obviously, his call had resulted in a "doesn't answer." Now he brought out a pack of cigarettes and fumbled elaborately and unsuccessfully for a match. His blue eyes caught Barbara's. He shrugged his shoulders. The gesture seemed to say, "Again, I need a small favor. . . ."

Barbara dug into her pocket a second time and took out a book of matches. A flame was lit. It has been burning intensely ever since. . . . Looking back at that strange moment, Barbara insists she was determined not to reveal that her own date had failed to show up. It seems that her determination wavered somewhere during that fateful little interval of cautious small-talk after the blond young man lighted his cigarette. It seems that he intuitively understood the situation and quickly made it clear that he, too, had been left stranded. Then he put forth the philosophical argument that it would be wasteful and unintelligent for each of them to go their separate ways—alone and forsaken—and would she please have dinner with him?

Barbara Hall—the gal for whom poise and nonchalance are a professional "must," the gal who was later to stand up before an audience of millions, calmly answering difficult posers concerning the works of Will Shakespeare—was panicked and flustered by the sudden suggestion.

Dinner! And there she was, wearing faded blue jeans and a vivid Italian-styled sports blouse under her camel-hair polo coat. What's more, she had precious little ready cash in her change purse—and it was a rule with her not to let new acquaintances pick up the restaurant check. . . . However, even the most stringent rule had its exceptions, she reasoned. And she was faced with the alternative of a cheeseburger, eaten in lonely silence. And—that was a charming accent accompanying the young man's otherwise excellently spoken English. And—he did have that small-boy air of helplessness, of aloneness in a strange city.

After thus weighing the various factors, Barbara said yes, she would accept his invitation to dinner. A strange encounter, she told herself. In a way that was hard to define, it contained more than a small tingle of excitement. Sensing it but not actually knowing it yet (not any more than she could know of the other good fortune destined to come her way), Barbara Hall had begun her climb to a plateau loftier, even, than any that Hal March would ever point to.

And so she dined with the stranger, the handsome young Frenchman—whose name, she learned, was Lucien Verdoux. His home was Paris. His second "home" was New York and, approximately every six days, the duties of his job set him down in either place. Lucien's job? Trans-Atlantic airline pilot.

The food they ate in a little restaurant in Manhattan's West Fifties is scarcely remembered by Barbara. Vividly stamped in her memory is Lucien's word-picture of his own Paris. Lucien's words became a window through which she saw the wide boulevards, the gaiety of night life in boîtes like La Lune Rousse on the Rue Pigalle . . . places like the Cirque Medrano drawing crowds in another part of Montmartre . . . or gory melodrama being enacted at the Théâtre du Grand Guignol. Of the art galleries and the concert halls . . . of the beauty of Notre Dame seen from a bridge on the Seine.

Understandable for a Lucien Verdoux to speak with such love about his native city. After all, Barbara had known fellow-Americans who described Paris in glowing phrases. Presently, though, she and Lucien were discussing New York, and other aspects of America. A delighted, fascinated Barbara sat listening as Lucien spoke with the same ardor, the same first-hand knowledge about the joys of Jones Beach, about a pilot's-eye view of stately Washington, D.C., at sunset, about American movies—"I am mad about your Westerns!"—and especially about jazz. She learned that, for Lucien, jazz was not merely another enthusiasm—it was almost a way of life. He had heard every style of it played, listened to it in every kind of place in the States and on the Continent.

And they discussed Barbara, too—with Lucien's eyes intently and seriously on hers as she traced her job-by-job, frustration-by-frustration journey to nowhere. She spoke of her more recent steps in this journey, spoke of the expediency that caused her to take a job "on the line" at the Copacabana—one of Manhattan's smart-smart night spots, but certainly not her true goal . . . and then to her present, bread-and-butter job again as a showgirl in the 1957 edition of the "Ziegfeld Follies."

And so, on an evening in April, the first momentous event had taken place . . . the personal one. Shortly after, Barbara was saying to herself, *Only a few hours, and I feel I've known him all my life.*

Now to the second, the public event. It is June—some weeks later—with the sun bravely trying to brighten the drabness of an old five-storey tenement house not far from a bridge that spans Manhattan's East River. On the top floor, inside her $26-a-month cold-water walk-up, Barbara answers the telephone. It is a call from the *$64,000 Question* office. Listening to the voice with combined elation and disbelief, Barbara hears the producer's Girl Friday say, in effect: "Got your interesting letter. Saw your photograph. Come on over and fill out an application."

That was Barbara's "ready" cue. Waiting in the wings, so to speak, she did some prodigious Shakespeare cramming and presently went "on stage" for a performance that won the hearts of millions.

Barbara Hall—actress, showgirl, scholar—regards herself as a double winner. Of her other prize, she says, "I've had romances with young men during college, but they are paled to insignificance by my relationship with Lucien. We have this constant sense of instinctively sharing the same appreciation for things, thinking the same ideas, enjoying the same things. We have no need for glamour. Why, we can be dressed in blue jeans and sitting on a junk heap and feel we're on top of the world!"

And Barbara also says, "I'm going to study up on jazz as I did Shakespeare. I'm going to work twice as hard so that I can match Lucien's appreciation of jazz."

And Barbara further says, "I want our children to speak French—and I'm going to speak it along with them."

More Than a "Movie Star"

(*Continued from page 56*)

Madeleine recalls. "I was always happy to write those notes, but I couldn't have felt less like a movie star. As a matter of fact, I never meant to be a movie star at all. I wanted to be a doctor. Nothing dramatic, just a general practitioner like Anne Gentry, the part I play five times a week on radio. This role is, in a way, a childhood dream come true."

The war years were not exactly the sort of stuff that dreams are made of, but Madeleine, like countless others who went through them, emerged with an entirely new approach to life, with a deeper understanding, not only of the needs of the body but the needs of the human heart.

Proof that this feeling she has for people comes across in her NBC Radio show, *The Affairs Of Dr. Gentry,* is evidenced in the fan mail, so different from most of the letters she got in Hollywood. These are from serious, intelligent people, some of them in the medical profession. Madeleine is particularly proud of those from doctors' families, who tell her they've "never sensed a false note." Others comment on Anne's professional manner with her patients—her warmth and understanding. If there were awards for "perfect casting," *Dr. Gentry's* producer, Hi Brown, would be collecting them all.

"There's hardly an incident in the Anne Gentry scripts that doesn't ring a bell in my memory of those war years," Madeleine reports. "I particularly enjoy the rivalry between Anne and Philip Hamilton, the surgeon. I saw so much of that sort of thing in hospitals overseas. Even though they must work together, the two great powers of medicine and surgery seem always in conflict. The surgeon is inclined to think of himself as godlike—which isn't strange, I suppose, when you have the skill to tie a bit of brain together. The physician feels that he is the one who cures, and thinks of the surgeon as a good carpenter or technical man. They'd rather die than admit it, but it's true, and it's fascinating to watch and listen to."

The Gentry show premiered in January of this year and, from the beginning, Madeleine has been delighted by the literacy and charm of its scripts. She made only one suggestion. She thought Anne was "a little too antiseptic" at the start. Too holier-than-thou. She called writer David Driscoll and said, "Now that Anne has been established as a very moral person, can't we pep her up a little? Let her fall on her face or something? She ought to buy a silly hat once in a while, have a harmless flirtation. After all, she is a widow." David agreed, and that's how art-dealer Paul Luger was born.

Madeleine has affection for all the characters in the show, and a deep respect for the actors who play them. "They are all so good. That's one reason why the recording sessions go so smoothly. I've gotten so I look forward to Thursdays, when we record all five episodes for the following week. The studio is very relaxed and very quiet. So concentrated it's almost like prayer."

No Trappist monk, the sound engineer took occasion at least once to liven the proceedings. One day, while the cast was rehearsing a scene in which Paul Luger is showing Anne a delicate, priceless Ming bowl, the sound man deliberately dropped one of the 5-and-10 variety. "For an instant, our instinctive reaction was one of shock and horror," Madeleine recalls. "Then we burst into a sort of hysterical laughter."

Anne herself has few opportunities for this sort of good-natured fun. Madeleine sees her as a woman who is dedicated, and who lives under the constant strain of career-versus-motherhood. "I understand her problems very well, her tremendous devotion to medicine and to her children, Rod and Carol."

In private life, Madeleine has no trouble matching Anne in the domestic department, either. Married to publisher Andrew Heiskell, she has an adorable brown-eyed daughter, Anne-Madeleine, age six, and very definite ideas on what it takes to make a marriage work. Her first husband, British Captain Philip Astley, was very tolerant about her career, but he was in England while she seemed to be in Hollywood most of the time. "Marriage has to be lived together," she says.

The Andrew Heiskells do just that. They have a duplex apartment in New York overlooking the East River, for entertaining and an occasional late night on the town, and a twelve-room white Colonial house, complete with guest cottage, on the Sound in Darien, Connecticut. The average commuter might well cast an envious eye at their well-ordered world and hesitate to refer to them as "typical suburbanites." Actually, nothing would delight the Heiskells more.

"Except on Thursdays, when I go into town to record, I'm a typical housewife," Madeleine gaily explains. "I'm up at seven, drive my husband to the station for the eight-o'clock train, then back to take the little one to school. Next there's shopping, gardening, the mail. Time flies!"

Suddenly, it's three o'clock. Anne-Madeleine is home and the "cookies and milk" set must be organized.

"We always make a big occasion of Daddy coming home," Madeleine says. "I meet the train at ten to seven. Meanwhile, the stage has already been set. All toys have been picked up and stored away, a bowl of ice made ready for drinks. Then Anne-Madeleine has her bath and changes into a fresh dress. She looks forward eagerly to Daddy's arrival. It is the most important part of our day."

In his role as publisher of *Life* and a vice-president of *Time,* Andrew Heiskell travels a good deal. Madeleine tries always to accompany him. So far this year, they have been to Europe, as well as to Chicago, Washington, Houston and White Sulphur Springs. Because she is a woman with a conscience, she worries about leaving her daughter.

"Somehow," she says, "there is never a right time to leave a child." Fortunately, there is "Grandmère," Madeleine's French mother, who has been living with them for the past three years. "Andrew is such fun with Mother around the house," Madeleine confides. "He speaks French like a native. He was born abroad and spent the first twenty years of his life there. Mother loves it when he refers to her as our 'built-in baby-sitter.'"

For a couple who must, of necessity, do a tremendous amount of reading, there could be no more perfect haven than their charming, three-story home, with its broad expanse of lawn sweeping down to the water. The living room is large, with French doors opening onto a terrace. The furnishings are primarily Louis XV, Provincial, with an occasional exception like the color television set. There is a built-in bookcase along one wall and a spinet which Anne-Madeleine is learning to play. The Henry IV table at the back of the divan bears two large, very old, very fragile Chinese lamps—mute testimony to the quiet manners of the Heiskells' two Sealyhams, Susy and Robbie, who have the run of the house.

In contrast to the pale yellow draperies in the living room, the floor is carpeted in brown. Before the fireplace there is a large rug of a soft Chinese red, and sitting easily upon it are a large divan, coffee table and three easy chairs. The divan and two of the chairs wear slip-covers of block linen combining yellow, brown, pale green and the same soft Chinese red in a French pattern chosen primarily for "dogs and children."

Madeleine's study is on the second floor, a charming room reflecting the warmth of her own personality. There are built-in bookcases lining the rear wall and, at the front, windows overlooking the water. Framed above her desk are two of her dearest possessions—the French Legion of Honor award for her post-war work with Europe's lost children and in the rehabilitation of returnees from concentration camps, and the U. S. Medal of Freedom, this country's highest civilian award. Madeleine became an American citizen in 1943, but her affection for her native England is apparent. "When I look out over the water," she says wistfully, "it's nice to know there's nothing between us and Europe but two lighthouses."

Living on the water has its disadvantages, though, she is frank to admit. During the last hurricane, there was seaweed all over the third-story windows. "But we love it," she says. "Weekends, we sail together. Oh, not at all in the grand manner. We have two small boats. A kayak, which you blow up, for paddling or sailing, and a 'sail fish' with a keel and sail. It holds three and we often take Anne-Madeleine, lashed to the mast. She doesn't swim very well."

What she lacks in the aquatic department Anne-Madeleine makes up in charm. An intelligent, dignified child given to changing her dresses three times a day, she can usually wind the other small fry right around her finger. But, when she needs help in the gentle art of persuasion, there is always Mother.

"She came in one day," Madeleine says, "complaining that her best friend, Billy Mitchell, wouldn't go down to the beach. I told her to try asking him very sweetly, to say, 'Billy, dear, won't you *please* do it for me?' It worked—but then I got to wondering if the child psychologists would approve!"

Madeleine's own childhood was a study in contrasts. Born in West Bromwich, England, of a French mother and an Irish father, she led a "very poor but sheltered" life, so uneventful that, had there been any gypsies to foretell her exciting future, nobody would have believed it. John Carroll, a professor of languages at the University of Birmingham, was a brilliant man but a strict disciplinarian with a penchant for saying *no*. "Mother, bless her, used to take my sister and me for long walks and all three of us would laugh loudly at the silliest things, just for sheer relief of pent-up emotion."

Small wonder that the child Madeleine spent many hours with her nose buried in the books her mother had brought from France. Before she was twelve, she had read, in French, everything from Balzac to Zola. Not to mention every book on medicine that she could lay her hands on. She doesn't remember the time she didn't want to be a doctor.

She wanted to get a medical degree at the University of Birmingham, but her father insisted she carry on in his field—philology. Bitterly disappointed and resentful, Madeleine ignored her own classmates and, much to her father's displeasure, sought out the medical students, whom she was sometimes able to persuade to sneak her into the dissecting room, where she never "batted an eye."

This same courageous spirit, which has been so evident throughout her career, stood her in good stead when, four years later, she was faced with her first important decision. Chosen by her fellow students to play the lead in the senior play, she received—as a result of her excellent performance—an offer to join the Birmingham Repertory Company, professional birthplace of such celebrated stars as John Gielgud, Laurence Olivier and Ralph Richardson. Once again father said *no*, and, with the magnificent defiance of an Elizabeth Barrett, Madeleine left her father's house. For two weeks, she tutored the children of a Polish second-hand dealer and, with the magnificent sum of thirty-two shillings, set out for London to be interviewed for a teaching job.

For three months, she taught French at a private school in Brighton. But the stage bug had bitten deep, and when her performance in an amateur show prompted a total stranger to write and advise her to consider the theater seriously as a career, Madeleine turned her back on teaching forever. She wrote to Dennis Eaidie, an actor-manager in London, and this started a chain of events that resulted in her touring in several road shows. When a nationwide search was launched to discover "the ideal British film type," Madeleine applied for a screen test and won. The resultant publicity skyrocketed her to stardom overnight.

Outstanding among the films she made for Gaumont-British were "I Was a Spy" and "The 39 Steps," directed by Alfred Hitchcock. It was the latter which prompted Walter Wanger to sign her for Paramount Pictures. Before she sailed for Hollywood, in 1936, she had also starred on the London stage in such plays as "Mr. Pickwick," with Charles Laughton, and "Beau Geste," with Laurence Olivier.

Not exactly amateurs in the promotion department, Hollywood exploited Madeleine's talents and delicate beauty until she became a household word. As Bob Hope's "Favorite Blonde," she was feted the length and breadth of the land and made many guest and dramatic appearances on radio. "I did *Cavalcade Of America* so often," she recalls, "the wits were soon calling it *'Carrollcade.'*" She made approximately fifteen films in Hollywood. Among them, "The General Died at Dawn," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Lloyd's of London," "My Son, My Son."

Madeleine's last film, before she turned her back on Hollywood to participate in the war effort, was "One Night in Lisbon," with Fred MacMurray, a light comedy based on "fun and games in a bomb shelter." So closely did events of the story approximate those surrounding the death of her sister, who was killed during an air raid in London in 1940, that Madeleine refused to do it. "The studio threatened to sue if I didn't go through with it," she recalls bitterly. "It made me ill, having to re-enact the scenes where the bombs fell, just as it happened to Margaret."

At the completion of the picture, she asked for a leave of absence and quit Hollywood to work as Entertainment Director for the United Seamen's Service in New York. A year later, eager to take a more active part in the war effort, she took some "quick courses" at the Red Cross in psychiatry, social service and rudimentary first-aid. In 1943—having signed a document in Washington relinquishing theatrical work for the duration—Red Cross hospital-worker Madeleine Carroll, in the most significant role of her fabulous career, sailed for Africa and then on to Italy. Here she tended the wounded from Monte Cassino and Anzio, and followed the allied advance into France, ultimately working on a hospital train which picked up wounded at the front and took them to base hospitals.

"The trick was to go as far into German territory as you could and then retreat," she explains. "The Germans had little respect for the neutrality of the Red Cross. Several of our hospital trains were sabotaged. With wreckage across the main railroad, supplies couldn't get through to the front."

In a man's war, Madeleine's beauty and fame were both an advantage and a disadvantage. The scales weighed heavily in her favor with many difficult cases who recognized her from the screen, "even with muddy boots and dirty face." But the less seriously wounded were a constant problem, "making like wolves in the middle of Times Square." They enjoyed teasing her with, "You're not *the* Madeleine Carroll." And she would reply, "Of course not. I'm the poor man's Madeleine Carroll." She smiles as she recalls, "This good-natured banter would strike us all as hilarious at three o'clock in the morning."

Her most satisfying work came with the badly disfigured and the amputees, many of whom she sent to Dr. Howard Rusk, who headed an important Air Force rehabilitation program in the States. "I'd try to impress the boys with this," Madeleine explains solemnly. "I'd tell them we were going to take the word 'cripple' right out of the dictionary. They were going to have a job, drive a car, hold their girl. They were skeptical, at first. The ones who had girls were sure they would never look at them again. I'd say, 'Listen, you tell your girl Madeleine Carroll will date you any time.' It seemed to help."

Many of those who enjoyed Madeleine's excellent performance in the smash Broadway play, "Goodbye, My Fancy," in 1948, found themselves wondering if the play's references to *Life* Magazine had any bearing on her marriage to the publisher of that periodical. "The answer is no," says Madeleine. "Andrew and I met for the first time in 1940. It was on a Pan-American Clipper out of Portugal. Hitler was on the march. I was feeling miserable. Andrew started talking to me and I soon realized his mood was as dark as mine. He had been managing the Paris office of *Time* and was on his way back to the States. We talked all through the night."

They had no way of knowing then, these two, that eventually fate would intend them for one another. Her own happiness sometimes makes Madeleine feel a bit guilty about Dr. Anne Gentry: "She's a lonely figure, in a way. I hope she'll marry again."

Amazing 22 INCH BIG SISTER TEEN AGE DOLL

almost 2 ft. tall!

Rooted Washable Hair

Buy direct... SAVE UP TO 50%

NIRESK

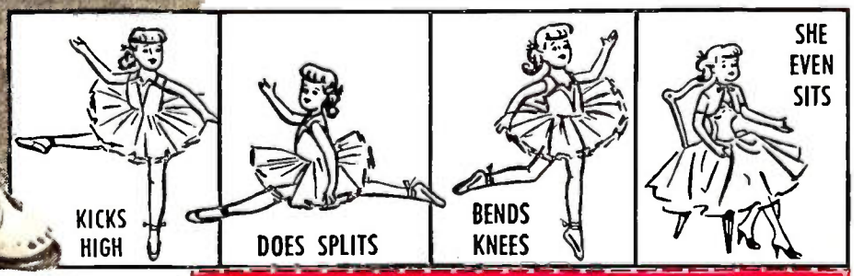
World's Largest Doll Distributors

$7.00 retail value

$3.95

Plus 50c shipping or C.O.D. plus postage

- Wears High Heels
- Full Pony Tail Rooted Hair
- Completely Washable
- 100% Vinyl Plastic
- Guaranteed Unbreakable



COMMENDED BY THE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU OF PARENTS' MAGAZINE

New! Glamorous HIGH HEELS

The most breathtaking new doll of the year! "Big Sister" is a gorgeous young lady wearing her first high heels and first jewelry. She'll steal the show in any dolly parade and dance right into your heart. Talented as she is beautiful, she sits, stands, bends her elbows and knees. Gorgeous big blue eyes (with thick, real lashes) close when she's sleepy. Her permanently rooted, glossy hair can be washed and set in all the new styles. She bathes from head to toe because she's all satiny, peaches 'n' cream vinyl plastic. She has manicured her hands and feet with pink polish. Her white dress is heavyweight, imported Swiss cotton with a lovely ribbed texture and embossed-embroidered circlet pattern. Completing her costume: brass-buckled belt, ribbon-trimmed crinoline petticoat; lace-trimmed panties. Her good looks and clothes are made to stay fresh thru countless hours of joyous little-girl play. Lustrous pearl earrings and bracelet included.

NIRESK INDUSTRIES, INC. DK-1, CHICAGO 47, ILL.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

NIRESK INDUSTRIES, INC., DEPT. DK-1,
2331 N. Washtenaw Ave., Chicago 47, Ill.

Please rush at once $7.00 value BIG SISTER DOLL at $3.95 plus 50c postage. If I am not 100% delighted I can return for a prompt refund.

☐ Send prepaid. I enclose 50c additional for shipping. ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postage.

NAME_____

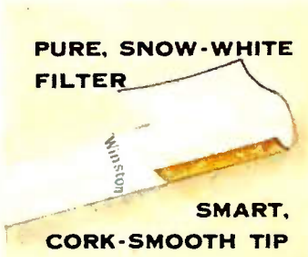
ADDRESS_____

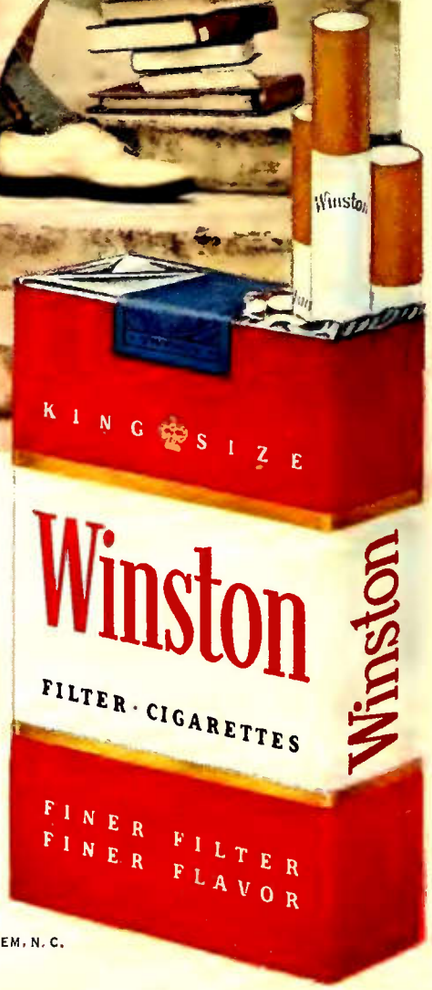
CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

(In Canada $5.95—Niresk, 214 Main Street, Toronta 13, Ont.

Taste is the word that really counts about WINSTON

Whether they say *"As* a cigarette should!" or *"Like* a cigarette should!"—most everyone agrees that Winston does taste good! There's rich, hearty flavor in this cigarette! And Winston's exclusive, *snow-white filter* does its job so well that the fine, full flavor comes through to you. For thoroughly enjoyable smoking, get Winston!





R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Smoke **WINSTON** America's best-selling, best-tasting filter cigarette!