

★ **TV** RADIO MIRROR

RADIO MIRROR

• 25¢

TAB HUNTER: TRIPLE-TALENT MAN

BOB GOODMAN: LAUGH GIRL

BOB DEANE: CHICAGO THRUSH

BOB O'BRIAN: COOL CUSTOMER

NEW and SPECIAL
Marjorie Lord on
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•
Nashville Gives
You Jim Reeves



Pat Boone
and Brother
Nick Todd

THE BOONE BROTHERS: BIG SUCCESS STORY OF THE YEAR!
BILL CULLEN: LIKE A ROCKET HE GETS AROUND!

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new twice-a-year



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HEXACHLOROPHENE)



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IT FREELY EVERY DAY



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movies on TV

Showing this month

CITIZEN KANE (RKO): Orson Welles' brilliant, movie-history-making biography of an arrogant publisher is fascinating as ever. Friend Joseph Cotten, business associate Everett Sloane, second wife Dorothy Comingore recall Welles' many aspects.

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.

EVERY GIRL SHOULD BE MARRIED (RKO): Pleasing light comedy sends starry-eyed, determined Betsy Drake on the trail of cagey bachelor Cary Grant. Franchot Tone's drafted to make him jealous. (Betsy got her man offscreen, too.)

FOLLOW THE FLEET (RKO): This gay Astaire-Rogers musical, with Irving Berlin tunes, casts Fred as a sailor in pursuit of Ginger, a dance-hall gal. Shy spinster Harriet Hilliard yearns for Navy officer Randolph Scott.

GARDEN OF ALLAH (U.A.): Colorful, old-style love story of the desert, teaming Marlene Dietrich with Charles Boyer, as a renegade monk.

GOLDEN BOY (Columbia): William Holden's debut, vigorous prize-ring drama. As cynical girlfriend of fight manager Adolphe Menjou, Barbara Stanwyck persuades Bill to give up the violin for the gloves, a decision he finally regrets.

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

HONEYMOON (RKO): Bubbly farce presents Shirley Temple as a teenager of the bobby-sox era, Guy Madison as her soldier beau. Franchot Tone helps the flighty pair get together in Mexico City.

I REMEMBER MAMA (RKO): Irene Dunne has the beloved role of the mother in the tender story of a Norwegian-American family. Other beguiling performances by Barbara Bel Geddes, Oscar Homolka, Edgar Bergen, Rudy Vallee.

IRENE (RKO): In a mild musical, Anna Neagle's a humble colleen who breaks into New York's fashion and society worlds with Ray Milland's help. Some good old songs like "Alice Blue Gown."

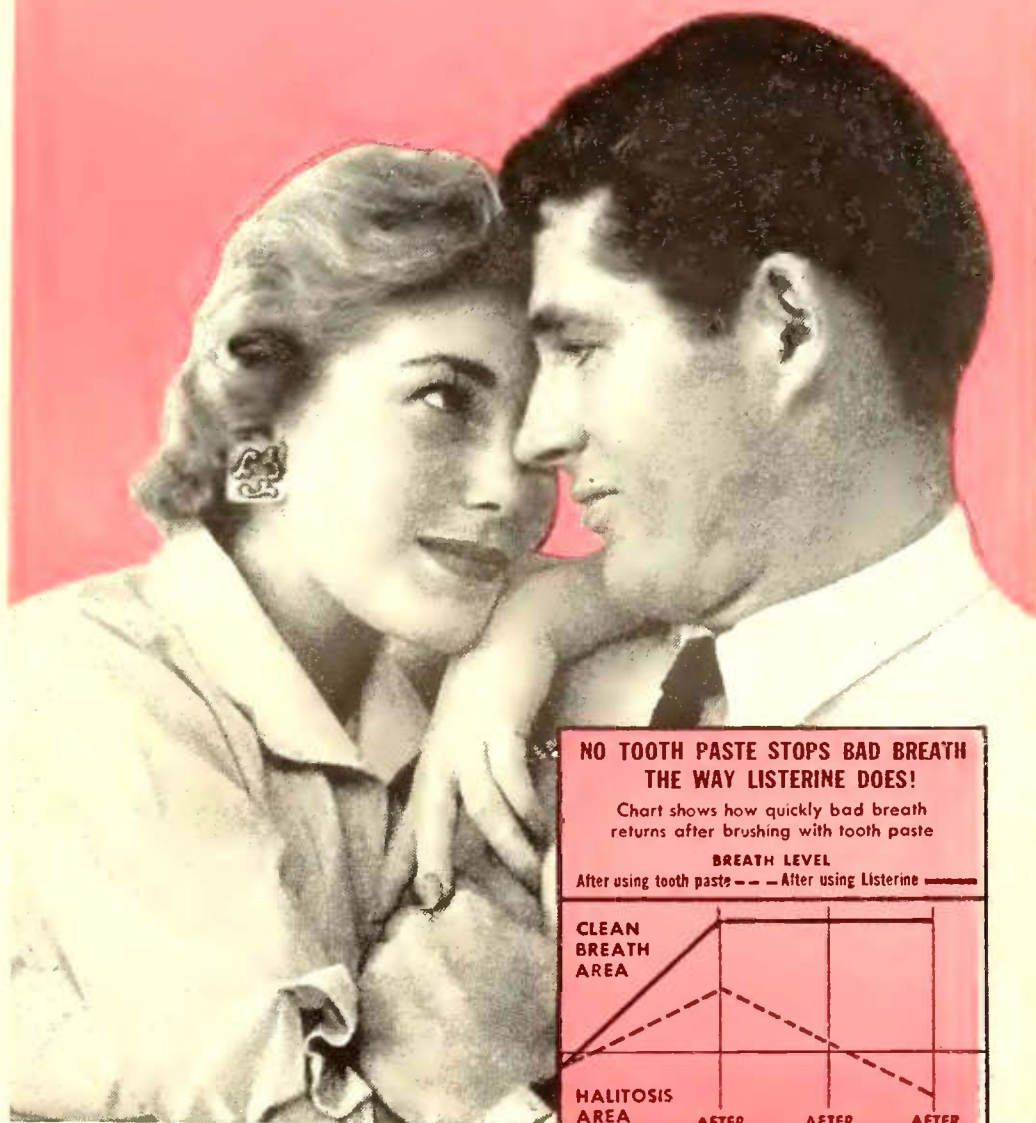
JOHNNY HOLIDAY (U.A.): William Bendix is rugged and likeable as a reform-school employee who helps young Allen Martin, Jr., go straight in spite of Stanley Clements' evil doings.

RED CANYON (U-I): Ingratating Western. Rancher George Brent disapproves of daughter Ann Blyth's romance with Howard Duff, kin of outlaws. But a handsome wild stallion plays Cupid for the couple.

SINCE YOU WENT AWAY (U.A.): Loving tribute to home-front heroism. With daughters Jennifer Jones and Shirley Temple, Claudette Colbert keeps her household going while Dad's in the Navy.

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Reach for Listerine

...Your No. 1 Protection Against Bad Breath

WHAT'S NEW ON THE

By BUD GOODE



Comic Jerry Lewis sees a giant, economy-size house in his future.



"Indians" are Anne and John Lupton at Carroll Righter's costume shindig.



Cowboys Clint Walker and Gary Cooper compare notes on Westerns.



Once a falsetto student of *Our Miss Brooks*, Dick Crenna is now seen on TV with *The Real McCoys*, at Romanoff's with bride Penny.

James Garner, who has hit a gold mine as Bret Maverick in the Warners-ABC *Maverick* series, now alternates with Jack Kelly, who plays his brother, Bart. The boys will appear in some episodes together, and each will solo in others, thus giving Jim Garner time-off to make movies. . . . Speaking of gold mines, *Cheyenne's* Clint Walker has become his own "powder monkey," spends weekends blasting the face off the Calico Mountains—he and his partner finally think they've hit a new silver cache or vein. That's still gold and silver in them thar hills.

Pretty redhead Carol Richards, recently a songstress on the Bob Crosby show, will marry Chicago dentist Andrew Mitran, whom she met at a family reunion. Usually a most cautious gal, Carol says that, after only three days, she knew, "This is it." When they heard the news, her daughters, Judy and Jean, cried, "Oh, Mother, we're so happy, we've prayed for this." Said Carol, aglow with love, "I've prayed for it, too."

Who's breaking records? Has Pat Boone melted down his 9th million-seller gold disc, from the title song of

20th's "April Love"—to pay his taxes? . . . Speaking of gold records, Dot prexy Randy Wood has taken to giving gold discs to the writers of his million sellers. The first went to Dimitri Tiomkin and Paul Webster for "Friendly Persuasion." . . . If Rick Nelson's "Be Bop Baby" goes to two million, does he get two gold records?

Christmas, 1956, was a big season for young, handsome emcee Bob Barker—Ralph Edwards signed him to do the *Truth Or Consequences* daytime show. Bob had a pretty big Christmas in 1957, too—on December 13, *T. Or C.* went night-time, Fridays at 7:30 over NBC-TV. Which puts personable Mr. Barker on network TV six times a week.

Lanky Will Hutchins' wish for Christmas? Living in a garage apartment with his mother, he wanted a day-couch that would unfold into a seven-foot bed. He got it—but the apartment was too small for the bed to unfold.

Too much of a good thing: Most gals love to shop for clothes. So did Phyllis Kirk (who plays the role of the exquisitely groomed Nora Charles on *The Thin Man*)—but not any longer. Since she devotes six days a week to fittings

WEST COAST



Gracie's redecorating, but son Ronnie's designs on the living room are a puzzle to George Burns.



Handsome Jack Kelly is sharpshooting brother Bart in *Maverick*, now a two-gun, two-star television tale.

and selection of high-style wraps, she says with sorrow, "Today I stop to buy a gift and a salesgirl will bring out some beautiful gown, and all I can do is grunt and look at it in a glazed sort of way. I never thought TV would spoil the fun of shopping."

Did you know . . . ? Peter Lawford hates shoes, walks around the set in bedroom slippers. . . . Donald O'Connor owns a hi-fi shop. . . . Tallulah Bankhead offered to work for free on TV if Tennessee Williams would write her a play. . . . The real voice of *Woody Woodpecker's* creator is Walter Lantz's wife, Grace Stafford. . . . Producer Sam Gallu of *Navy Log* is going to Europe to sing with the Rome Opera Company in April. . . . Jim Arness is taking off for a Pacific island after the series of thirty *Gunsmokes* winds up its current shooting schedule.

On the Hollywood raceway: In order for Hugh O'Brian to participate in Macy's Thanksgiving Parade, he had to be guaranteed a police escort that Wednesday night from the Desilu studio to L.A.'s International Airport. He shaved on the plane, was again police-sired to Macy's. After the parade, the process

was repeated—sirens from Macy's to LaGuardia and again from International to Desilu, where the cameras were waiting Friday morning. If he'd been late, would he have had to bring a note from Mr. Macy? One way or the other, Hugh's agents are asking \$100,000 for his next picture.

To gain added color for his ABC-TV show, Walter Winchell has been riding around in the Hollywood patrol cars while filming *Walter Winchell File* at Desilu. Walter should be careful, or he'll end up in an escort column to International Airport.

When Tommy Sands returns from his Mexico City rest after "Sing! Boy, Sing!" he may be singing a different song—for Molly Bee has been dating Dwayne Hickman at the Mocambo.

Wedding bells: Famous Artist agent Pete Sabiston to marry Phyllis Avery at year's end. . . . Danny Thomas was best man at wedding of Tony Martinez (he plays Pepito on *The Real McCoys*). . . . With Dick Crenna's marriage the month before, Kathy Nolan is the only

single star, of eligible age, on the show.

The very funny Ann B. Davis, who plays Shultzzy on *The Bob Cummings Show*, and who was discovered at the Cabaret Concert Theater in Hollywood, is back there working for scale to help out the kids who run the house.

Hollywood remembers its friends: When the Lennon Sisters first started on television, the Cason family of Portland, Oregon, wrote the very first fan letter to the girls. Thus began a regular correspondence. Since that first letter, the Lennons have thrice visited the Casons and their three children while on tours with the Welk band. This December, Bill, Sis Lennon and the girls invited the Casons to spend their Christmas holiday with them. Though the Lennons have a giant house, there wasn't room enough to sleep five more. No problem, however—Bill Lennon converted the garage to a combination playroom-bedroom which the Lennon Sisters shared with the Cason girls for a week of pajama parties.

While Gracie (Continued on page 13)

a Room to GROW in



Miss Nancy is the leader, followed by teacher-in-training Carolyn Beiter and a *Romper Room* band.

WHEN A GUY with a yen for show business married a gal with a love for children, they had a brain-child, as well as three of the more usual offspring. Bert and Nancy Claster are the proud parents of two girls, one boy—and *Romper Room*, a kindergarten that goes on camera in fifty-five cities from coast to coast. It's a unique, "live" syndicated television show and also probably the most unusual school system in the country.

What the Clasters have come up with is network in scope but local in flavor. *Romper Room* headquarters are in Baltimore, its producer is Bert, and its principal is "Miss Nancy," as she is known to millions of preschool youngsters. With the help of child-guidance experts, they have discovered what boys and girls from the ages of three to six like to do best—and for just how many minutes even a favored activity will hold their interest. They alternate active and sedentary joys. "Let's Gallop"—with the youngsters mounting stick horses and galloping about the room to whatever place they've chosen to "visit"—might be followed by "Look and See." In this game, the children see a group of objects all relating to one idea. Then, some of the objects are removed and they try to tell what objects are missing and what their importance is.

"We have one slogan for all cities," says Miss Nancy. "It is 'Education is fun.' Every feature used on the air combines teaching with entertainment. Six children attend for two weeks in the studio and a big audience

of regulars watch in their homes and take part in the games, songs and exercises." School furniture, books, songs and scripts are all supplied by Baltimore, and there even are substitute teachers, ready to fly to any city to stand in for an ailing regular.

The teachers are chosen on the local level. But, before they keep school, they go to school with Miss Nancy, learning the special *Romper Room* techniques and philosophy. All are college graduates. Their age, experience and voice being equal, *Romper Room* votes for the pretty girl, even though this risks losing her to marriage and motherhood. Actually, most of the teachers are married, in their mid-twenties and with nursery-school children of their own.

Each finds that, working with children in the studio, rather than at an unseen audience, she grows and learns on the job. Teachers-in-training at Louisiana State University make the program part of their curriculum and, in all *Romper Room* cities, there is close cooperation with local school and civic groups.

Any parents, or would-be parents, can learn about children from their uninhibited reactions on *Romper Room*. They can also learn about themselves—from a child's point of view. As, for example, the time the son of a G.O.P. senator appeared on *Romper Room* and recited, loudly and clearly: "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the *Republicans* for which it stands."

Education is fun—and it never stops. On Romper Room, a cross-country kindergarten, adults as well as the youngsters learn a thing or three





In Baltimore, Miss Nancy, who's the principal of all the Romper Rooms, has official help in teaching fire prevention. Below, with Miss Carolyn, it's exercise time.



In New York, Joan Thayer keeps school on Channel 5. Unlike most Romper Room teachers, she's really a Miss.

MY NAME IS _____ AGE _____
 I LIVE AT _____

DO BEE A ...	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
SIDEWALK PLAYER							
TOOTH BRUSHER							
DRESS YOURSELF							
MILK DRINKER							
SHARER							
POLITE EATER							
WASH YOURSELF							
CAR SITTER							
MONEY SAVER							
PROMPT							
'PLEASE' SAYER							
BED GOER							

SIGNED BY MY MOTHER OR DADDY: _____

SEE
THE ROMPER ROOM

Parents rate their youngsters on a weekly report card. Good marks win a prize at Romper Room stores.

NIGHT TIME IS A BRIGHT TIME

In any language—even Mickey Shorr's private one—the WXYZ deejay is the "best buddy" of all



On the air, Mickey moves. At home, swinging is a family affair with sons Hank and Danny, wife May, baby Debbie.



Good buddies flock to see Mickey on a remote. He won't knock the rock, but adult favorites get a hearing, too.

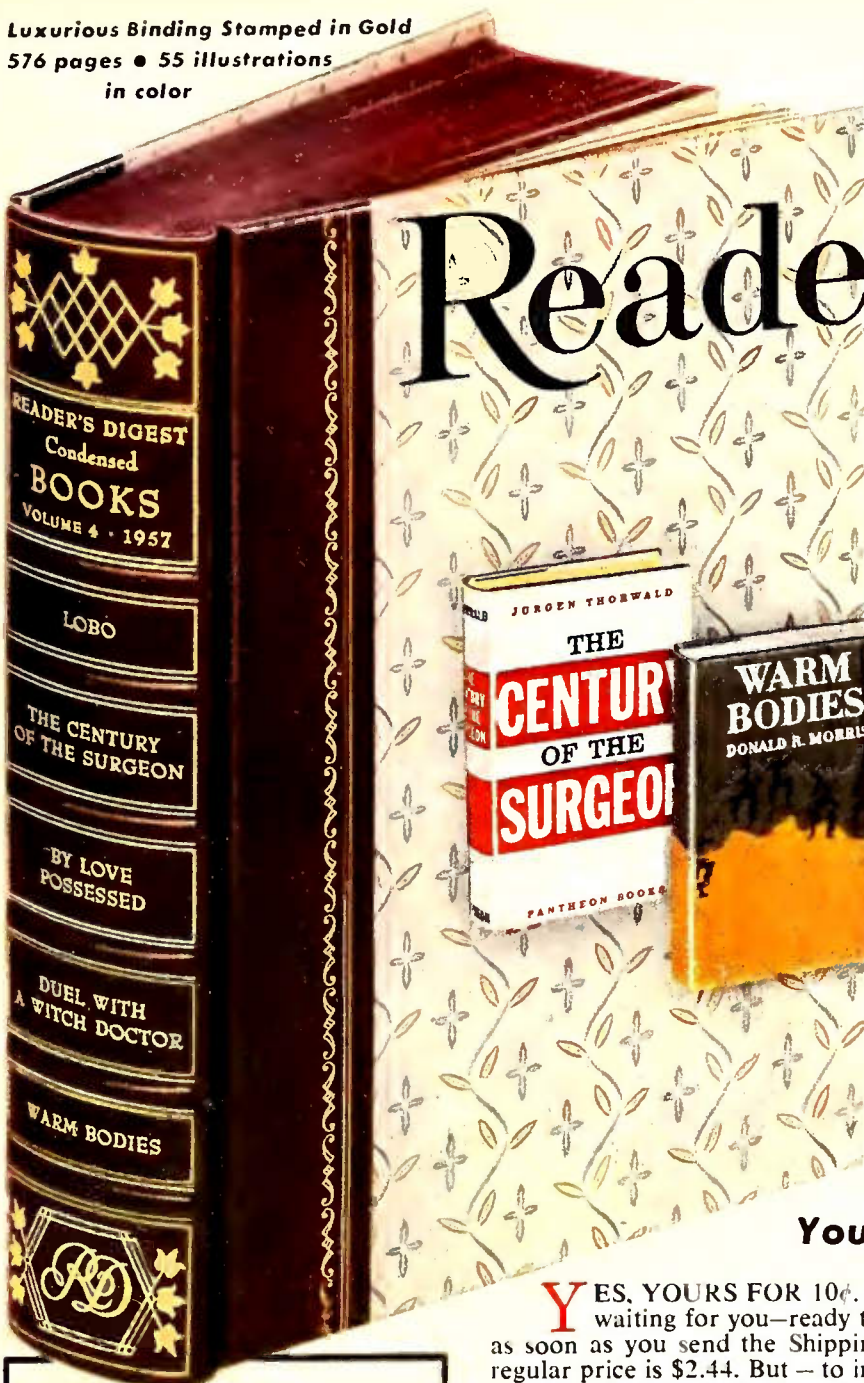
A PEAR-SHAPED SIX-FOOT-FOUR, Mickey Shorr will give you the time of day—but in his own language. According to this Detroit deejay, it is never 7:40, it is “a double sawbuck before two over a half-dozen.” In Mickey’s special “slanguage,” an automobile is a “drive mo-chine,” a turntable is a “record-spinnin’ mo-chine,” and everyone who listens to him over Station WXYZ is a “good buddy.” . . . Mickey gets the steam up on *Night Train*, each weekday from 8 to 11 P.M. and Saturdays from 8 to 10 P.M. The mood is a moving one. “About three-quarters of the records I play are aimed at adults,” Mickey says. He favors Sinatra and the big bands. But, because Mickey believes in not knocking the rock, he’s the darling of the teenagers. He likes rock ‘n’ roll if it’s good and he’s partial to Presley on a ballad. Night time is his especially bright time, but Mickey makes a point of getting out to see his “good buddies” in-person at other hours, too. . . . Most of the daylight, though, is devoted to Mickey’s family. He and May were married in 1950 and they have two livewire boys—Hank, 6, and Danny, going on 3—and a baby daughter, Debbie. . . . Mickey himself left Detroit’s Chadsey High School at sixteen to take an announcing job in Erie, Pennsylvania. Other radio jobs followed, up until the time he entered the Army. Discharged from the khaki, Mickey enlisted as a straight man in Baltimore burlesque. This career ended when he saw that years of hard work and pies-in-the-face would only lead as far as a job in the larger burlesque house across the street. So Mickey joined his brother Jack in the used-car business, where their claim to fame is that they went broke in 1948—a year when it was supposed to be impossible to do this. Later, the two went into business together again and made a success out of marketing automobile seat-covers. . . . Then, almost two years ago, Mickey returned to his first love, radio. He also experimented for a while on WXYZ-TV, with *Mickey’s Record Room*, and he hopes someday to branch out to a casual video format somewhat like Steve Allen’s old *Tonight* show. “I make good money,” Mickey Shorr grins, meanwhile, “and I’m happy in my work.”

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Returning home, Fess Parker doesn't yet know of the danger that Dorothy McGuire and Kevin Corcoran have sturdily faced.



TV RADIO MIRROR

goes to the movies

By JANET GRAVES



Officer and enlisted man, Ladd and Bendix are close comrades in combat.



Who needs money when you can have music? So says Lanza and Roman pals.

TV favorites on your theater screen

Old Yeller

BUENA VISTA, TECHNICOLOR

Walt Disney's movie-makers are known to both movie and TV audiences for authentic studies of wild life and of human nature in primitive surroundings. In this story of a frontier family, you'll find all the expected humor, harsh realism and touching moments. Fess Parker's role is limited; as the film starts, he leaves his Texas home for a cattle drive. Wife Dorothy McGuire, teen-aged Tommy Kirk and little Kevin Corcoran carry on the farm work gallantly. Into their lives comes Old Yeller, a big, brave, rascally mutt who wins their hearts. Here's one of the best boy-and-dog stories ever filmed, offering both action and genuine feeling.

The Seven Hills of Rome

M-G-M; TECHNIRAMA, TECHNICOLOR

Recordings have kept Mario Lanza's lusty voice available during his long absence from the screen, but now it's filling theaters again. As an unpredictable TV star blacklisted in the U.S., Mario seeks a singing job in Italy and winds up with a group of cheery Bohemians as broke as he is. Among them is charming Marisa Allasio. Mario's songs range from the operatic "M'Appari" to a lively take-off

on a typical Frankie Laine ballad. Lovely Italian locales are the McCoy.

The Deep Six

WARNERS, WARNERCOLOR

In a stirring account of a destroyer crew's experiences during World War II, Alan Ladd takes the star role. But William Bendix, TV's Riley, shows his usual skill at stealing scenes here and there. Ladd plays a lieutenant whose Quaker upbringing makes him a dubious fighting man, in the eyes of a superior. Bendix is a rugged and loyal shipmate; James Whitmore and Keenan Wynn, skipper and exec; Dianne Foster, Alan's beloved.

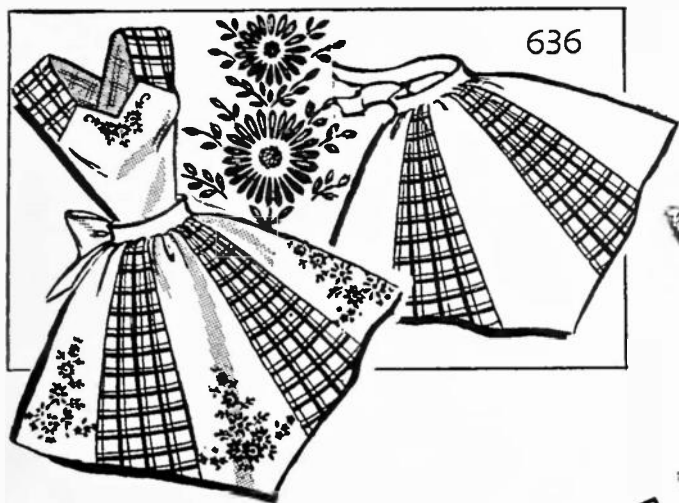
At Your Neighborhood Theaters

Pal Joey (Columbia, Technicolor): Top performer Frank Sinatra has a ball in an offbeat, adult musical. Rich widow Rita Hayworth and chorine Kim Novak are ladies in his unscrupulous life.

Jailhouse Rock (M-G-M, CinemaScope): Elvis Presley, too, forgets his scruples, as a lad who goes from jail to singing fame and a swelled head, brushing off even pretty Judy Tyler.

The Sad Sack (Wallis; Paramount, Vista-Vision): With the best intentions, Jerry Lewis almost wrecks the U.S. Army in a dizzy farce. WAC Phyllis Kirk and GI David Wayne offer him help in vain.

NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING



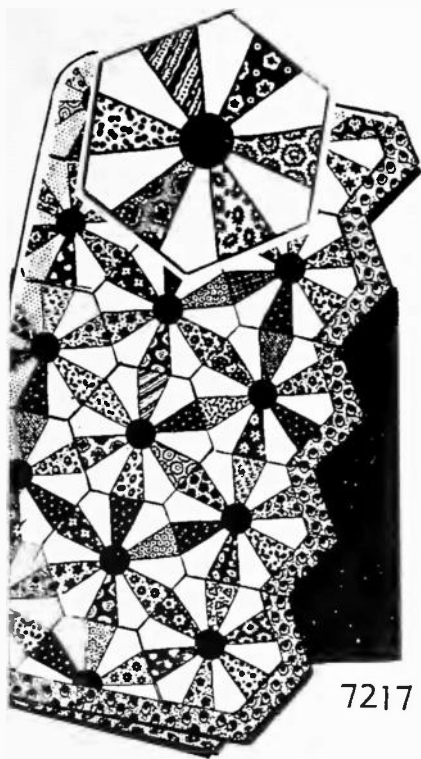
636



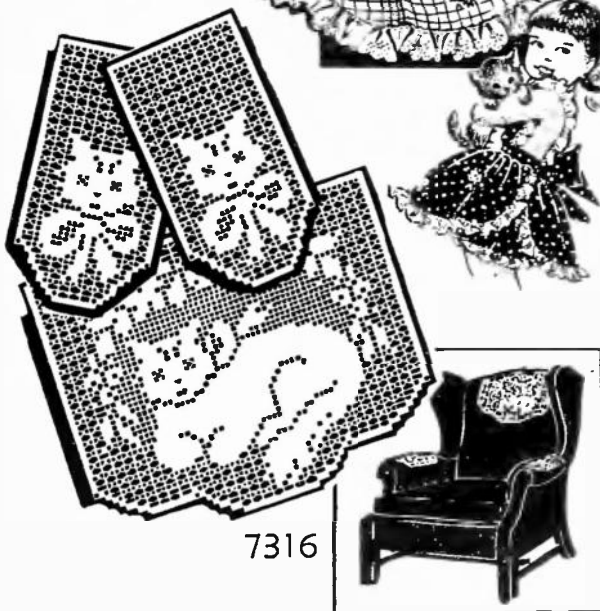
7035

636—Get out your scrap-basket and make a bib-style or half-apron from those scraps you've been saving. Trim one apron with lazy-daisy embroidery. Easiest sewing. Tissue pattern, transfers. 25¢

7035—A bunny and posies and ruffles, all three. On a cute pinafore for daughter to see! Ruffle-edged panties, too. Child Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 included. Pattern, transfer, cutting charts, directions. 25¢



7217



7316



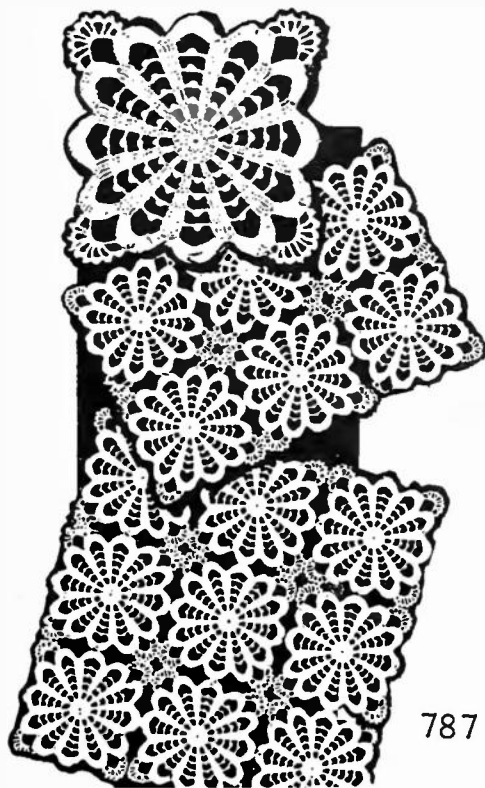
7312

7217—Endless chain quilt. Buy a little fabric at a time; make a few blocks a month. Use scraps, too. Pattern of patches, directions. 25¢

7316—Kitty up to her usual trick—resting in your favorite chair. Set for chair or buffet is in filet crochet with easy K-stitch forming background. Chart, directions in mercerized string. 25¢

787—It takes no time at all to make a lovely crocheted square. Join squares for doilies, place mats, scarves, a tablecloth or bedspread. Directions for 6½-inch square in bedspread cotton. 25¢

7357—Happy little bluebirds or canaries—make them blue or yellow, whichever you prefer—add a cheerful note to kitchen towels. Transfer of 6 motifs about 5½ x 7½ inches. Directions. 25¢



787



7357

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 Needlework Catalogue.

This month's deejay columnist, Torey Southwick of Kansas City, has ballads 'n' bears on his mind



DIAMONDS are a Song's Best Friend

By TOREY SOUTHWICK

Torey: In the picture above, I'm surrounded by Diamonds. Counting off, left to right: Dave Somerville, lead; Tedd Kowalski, tenor; Mike Douglas, baritone; Bill Reed, bass. There's a rumor in the music business that up in Toronto there's a factory that turns out male quartets to make hit records in the United States. Is this true?

Dave: Well, there are fourteen professional groups from Toronto. I suppose the four best-known are The Crew Cuts, The Four Lads, The Rover Boys, and ourselves.

Torey: Does the Chamber of Commerce encourage male quartets or something?

Dave: No, not particularly. I think inspiration came from big success of The Four Lads. They stuck it out for five or six years before they hit it big.

Torey: Their first big break came when they recorded with Johnnie Ray. How did it come for The Diamonds?

Dave: Well, it started with Tedd at the University of Toronto. He and Mike had been good friends for about fifteen years and they both knew Bill. At that time, Tedd was going to school, Mike was working for a greeting card company, and Bill was working for the Bell Telephone Company. They came to audition for a show at the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. That's where I was employed as a radio engineer, and we formed a quartet. That was almost four years ago.

Torey: Where does Phil Levitt fit into the picture? He was one of The Diamonds until he went back to school last fall, isn't that right?

Mike: Phil replaced me when it was decided to go professional and work in

the States. I couldn't go with them then, but now that Phil's gone back to college, here I am.

Torey: We might mention here that another very important member of your team is your manager, Nat Goodman. He was wise enough to hold you back a bit until he felt you were ready. What was your first professional job in this country?

Dave: *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts*. We won, and we've been on his morning show a number of times since.

Torey: What other TV shows have you worked?

Dave: We've been on with Steve Allen, Perry Como, Vic Damone, Tony Bennett, Paul Winchell. . . . By the way, Bill was chased by a bear when we were on the Winchell show once this year.

Torey: How did that happen?

Bill: Well, they had a bear act on the show, too—a fellow and his wife with three bears who rode bicycles, et cetera. They'd just driven a long way in a trailer and I think the bears were restless. During rehearsal, the lady was clawed by one of them. We were going to be on the second half of the show and, during the first half, I was standing in a stairway off stage. All of a sudden, a guy came running by me yelling, "Come on! Come on!" I looked behind him and one of the bears was coming down after us.

Tedd: The bear only weighed about eight to nine hundred pounds.

Bill: Yeah! So we ran down the stairs and through the cellar, over to the other side of the theater, and up another stairway. I got to the top and found a trap door . . . locked! The bear started com-

ing after us and I started pushing and pounding on the door. Finally, somebody helped us from above and we made it. I'll never be the same, though.

Torey: And the TV audience missed it all! Something audiences haven't missed are your records. Your first one was "Why Do Fools Fall in Love." How did that happen?

Dave: We were working at the Alpine Village in Cleveland. Things were at a standstill for us, as far as recordings were concerned. Then Art Talmadge of Mercury Records happened to be visiting in Cleveland and heard us. He signed us and gave us the song. That was the start.

Torey: Followed by "Church Bells May Ring," "Love, Love, Love," "Ka-Ding-Dong," and biggest of all . . .

Dave: "Little Darlin'."

Torey: That one's sold better than a million-and-a-half copies, and still going. By the way, I happen to know that The Diamonds "secretly" enjoy singing ballads. Do you include many of them in your night-club act?

Bill: Oh, yes. We do things like a medley from "Oklahoma!," old barbershop harmonies, spirituals . . . all kinds of songs. Of course, we also do a medley of our big records.

Torey: Teenagers have been responsible for the majority of your record sales. How do adults in the clubs react to the rock 'n' roll?

Tedd: Well, we get applause every time it starts, if that means anything.

Torey: I guess it does. And I think it shows that, no matter what kind of song they sing, The Diamonds can really sparkle. Just keep away from bears.

(Continued from page 5)

Allen is busy redecorating all of the lower level of their Beverly Hills home, with the help of exclusive decorator Bill Haines, **Ronnie Burns** is doing some decorating of his own. "Seems every weekend," says George. "Ronnie decorates that living room with a new girl." He's that age, George.

All those stares in the Tail of the Cock restaurant the other lunch time were directed at **Vincent Price** and **Janice Rule**, taking time out from their acting chores in an upcoming *G.E. Theater* show, "Angel in the Air." They were garbed as derelicts!

Bob Hope, star of his own NBC-TV program, *The Bob Hope Show*, has an opinion on the clean and dirty atomic bombs. About the clean bomb, says he, "One of these days we'll all be missing—but we'll be sanitary."

When **Shirley Temple** launches her *Story Book* fairy-tale series this January, don't be surprised if she begins a story with the line, "And another time," instead of "Once upon a time." That's the way her three-year-old daughter **Lori** does it, and it's caught on in Shirley's happy household.

When **Charles Boyer** goes to Europe in January, he will be house guest in his own home: Boyer rented his Paris home to comedian **Danny Kaye** with the understanding that, if and when he were to make a European trip, he could stay with the Kayes.

More houses . . . Come spring, funny man **Jerry Lewis** moves his family out of their Palisades home to the Bel-Air Hotel—four kids, three dogs, two cats. Seems the house doesn't have a family room big enough for the whole crowd. So Jerry is keeping the lot and rebuilding everything giant-economy size.

We've often wondered what goes on behind the scenes of **Edward R. Murrow's** *Person To Person*. Professional **Art Linkletter** can tell you he was surprised at the detail—thirty-five men, six cameras, lights in every room of the house, cables going out of every window. Even in sunny California, the nights get chilly, and Art's youngest daughter, **Diane**, wouldn't move from in front of the warm lights. Art accused her of being a ham, but Diane replied, "Daddy, I've just got to get warm!" Later, second youngest daughter **Sharon** complained, "Oh, Daddy, you introduce Jack and tell how he's going to get married, and you tell how Dawn has gone away to school at Occidental, and you describe Robert as the mechanical genius in the family—how come Diane and I don't get a bigger build-up?" That's show biz, Art.

Academy Award winner **Dimitri Tiomkin** has the musical rights to "High Noon," which we'll see as an NBC spectacular sometime in February. . . . February also brings **Dinah Shore** to **Frank Sinatra** Valentine's Day show.

When **Marlene Dietrich** plays the Hotel Sahara in Las Vegas, she puts on a special late-late-late show for all the hotel's employees—and she pays the band to stay over. That's the heart of Hollywood for you.

The Feminine Hygiene "Need"

that has been missing
for Difficult Days



Frances Neil, Hygienist,
advises about women's monthly problems.

When the sanitary napkin and tampon were invented, a great step was taken in the field of feminine hygiene. But as a hygienist, I have always felt that a second step was needed—an additional feminine aid to solve sanitary and daintiness problems. Now an important new product called "Memo" has been developed, and another universal feminine need has been filled.

"Memo" is an antiseptic saturated towelette designed as a special sanitary supplement for those "difficult days." Women sometimes experience discomfort and anxiety for fear of staining and odors during monthly periods. Protection is not enough at these times—your need is for cleanliness. But until now an antiseptic clean-up has been impossible away from the privacy of your own home. Now "Memo" fills this need—conveniently, discreetly, and above all, antiseptically.

"Memo" is individually packaged in a foil envelope no larger than a matchbook. It's easy to carry in your bag, won't hurt clothing, easy to dispose of. It's no bigger than a wash cloth when unfolded. And besides its important antiseptic properties, "Memo" is delightfully soothing—and is a wonderfully efficient and safe deodorant.

Carry "Memo" in your handbag at all times, for peace of mind. In addition to its indispensability on difficult days, "Memo" is useful as a cleansing agent when occasional discharges disturb you, or when special physical conditions make ordinary toilet tissue not quite adequate or comfortable. At home, you'll find "Memo" a fastidious improvement over your regular wash cloth for intimate cleansing. Ask for "Memo" at your favorite Drug or Department Store. Box of 10 for 49¢. 21 for 98¢.

FREE TRIAL OFFER! Send for generous sample package of MFMO today. Enclose 10¢ to cover postage and handling.



Product of R. R. Williams Inc., makers of "Wash-'n-Dri" the miracle moist towelette that washes hands and face without water, soap, towel.



Always carry
one in your purse

Tear out this coupon—Mail today!

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Please send me my free MEMO samples. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and handling.

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TV-2

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DAN DAN DANDY



An on-the-go Dan (light coat) jumps off the "car-radio" just in time to meet The Crew Cuts at St. Paul's Prom Ballroom.

Tall Texan tells short tale! Quoth WDGY's Dan Daniel: I eat, sleep and breathe radio, the clock around



Discs to a deejay's specifications! Where girls are concerned, bachelor Dan specifies—"sophistication."

NO ONE PUSHED him! The evidence is that Dan Daniel just threw himself into the "lions' den" of the radio world. As it happened, of course, the "lions" just loved him—especially one Todd Storz. But that's getting ahead of the facts. . . . Minneapolis' fabulous deejay-artist, WDGY's Dan Dan Dandy—formerly known as The Touring Texan, alias The Thin Man—stood on the brink back in Houston. He was the sole young 'un born into the Daniel family who ever wanted to be an entertainer. But, as Dan says now, "If they'da thought I wanted to be a truck-driver, they'da said it was all right." So Dan went ahead and took part in high-school plays, emceed various church events. Then, coming of age, he joined the Navy. . . . Two years of Dan's service time were spent in Manila, working with the Armed Forces Radio Service, which airwaved the Daniel charm over the whole Philippine area. But he had to go job-hunting after his discharge in 1955—the radio executives hadn't been to Manila recently. At KXYZ in Houston, Dan hosted *Night Scene*, then switched to afternoon spinning. It was a dreary February afternoon last year when Dan's show caught the ear of one of the most discriminating talent-hunters in radio. Within two weeks, he was on-mike at the Todd Storz Omaha station;

another two found him in the Twin Cities at WDGY. . . . Ever since, Dan's listeners have kept him chained to two slots on our planet's time-scale—9 to 10 A.M. and 12 to 2 P.M. Every second is filled to capacity with the cream of the pop crop, lively-worded messages from sponsors, weather warnings, contest clues (one mental-telepathy contest drew 1500 pieces of mail), or just plain delightful Texas talk. Signing on in the afternoon, he tells his favorite audience, "Thanks very much for the ride on the car-radio, but drive carefully, ya hear, I wanna get there." . . . But Dan jumps off the "car-radio" only to be on the go again with personal appearances for his fans or remotes for local sponsors . . . Bachelor Dan, who "likes it homey," lives with friends in a big two-storey house furnished in semi-provincial. Looking forward to the time when he should find the right girl, twenty-three-year-old Dan counts off specifications: "Olive complexion . . . sophisticated . . . college educated." (Dan intends to go back to school someday and he wants a wife who can help him with his homework.) In return for this paragon? Well, just check Dan's radio ratings. Wherever the ever-lovin' Texan is concerned, things are delightful, delirious and just Dan Dan Dandy, all the way.

New Patterns for You



9104
SIZES
10 — 20

9104—Sew this easy style in less than a day with our Printed Pattern. Just button shoulders; nip waist with belt—no fitting worries! Misses' Sizes 10-20. Size 16 takes 5¼ yards 35-inch fabric. *State size. 35¢*

9379—Blouse trio to sew with our Jiffy-Cut Printed Pattern. Fast, easy, accurate! Misses' Sizes 10-18. Size 16 tied overblouse takes 1⅜ yards 35-inch fabric; yoked version, 1⅞ yards; classic, 1¾ yards. *State size. 35¢*

4644—Smart fashion with accent on the clever cut of collar. Slimming style for shorter, fuller figures. Printed Pattern in Half Sizes 14½—24½. Size 16½ takes 4⅞ yards 35-inch fabric. *State size. 35¢*



9379
SIZES
10 — 18



4644
SIZES
14½ — 24½

No Douche Protects Like Zonitors Women Find

Gynecologist reports on new,
easy, more positive method
of Feminine Hygiene —
provides continuous protection

New York, N. Y. (Special) At last, science has developed a method of feminine hygiene a woman can use with confidence because it gives the germicidal protection of an antiseptic douche—but does it immediately and for a prolonged period—as no douche can. So quick and easy, this new method depends on remarkable vaginal suppositories, called Zonitors.



Works Instantly For Hours!

Once inserted, Zonitors dissolve gradually, coating tissues with a protective film which lasts for hours—and are ready to work instantly. Zonitors guard against—destroy odors completely, too—helping to maintain a high degree of comfort, convenience, safety and personal daintiness not possible with douches.

Zonitors' amazing effectiveness is due to one of the most potent antiseptic principles ever developed—the discovery of a prominent surgeon and chemist.

Doctor's Discovery — Hospital Proved!

Zonitors were thoroughly tested in a large Eastern hospital. The supervising gynecologist pronounced them unusually effective, yet safe and non-irritating. They are now available without prescription in local drugstores.

Zonitors are greaseless and stainless—cost little for 12 dainty, snow white vaginal suppositories, individually packed to carry conveniently in a purse.

MAIL COUPON NOW!

Dunbar Laboratories, Wayne, N. J.
Dept. TV-2

Please send me trial supply of Zonitors and new booklet giving complete intimate facts (mailed in plain wrapper) I enclose 10¢ to cover handling

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Address _____

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Offer good only in the U.S.

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WHAT'S NEW ON



Some singers are hitting sour notes on TV, but Perry Como and Dinah Shore stay up there.



Sculpture puzzles comedian Jim Backus, who calls his wife Henny "the sexiest-looking bricklayer I have ever seen."

By PETER ABBOTT



Stork in April for both *Today's* Helen O'Connell and Mrs. Dave Garraway.



On *Telephone Time*, some cows fret Dorothy Stickney, Judith Anderson.

Mid-Season Report: Nat "King" Cole was the first casualty in the musical variety format, but most of the musical shows have been generally disappointing to sponsors and network execs. As a result, the Patti Page and Fat Boone shows reshuffled key personnel; Guy Mitchell revamped his format; Frank Sinatra, finding his rating swinging lower and lower, decided to do half of his shows live and film the rest before a live audience; and so on down the line. Only Como and Dinah Shore have maintained their peaks. . . . The Westerns have been either so-so or sensational. ABC-TV's *Maverick* began to cut into the Sullivan and Allen audience—Sullivan retaliating with teen-age idols; Allen with Abbe Lane and the like, if you can find the like. . . . *Perry Mason* showing strength and hurting Como's first half-hour. So pleased is CBS-TV with the success of the *Mason* show that they are building another hour-long mystery series. . . . Networks giving second thought to their neglect of comedians and are already diagramming new situation comedies. . . . For the future: Less music, more crime, return of comedians and comedy series, leveling off of Westerns.

Short & Sassy: Not likely Elvis will appear on *The Big Record*. His asking price, \$75,000. . . . The Las Vegas specs have their off-camera pathos. A couple of stars lost their fat fees at the gambling tables. . . . Jimmy Dean's early-morning show axed at mid-season, but his Saturday afternoon soiree continues. . . . Teenagers ask why can't Tommy Sands have his own TV show if Pat Boone can. . . . Garry Moore takes his winter vacation January 13-24,

and Dick Van Dyke, young comic, fills in. And, next month, Nell Moore wings the Atlantic to visit with son Mason, who is matriculating in England. . . . Sammy Kaye panting to do a Lawrence Welk type show. And why not? . . . Not seeing much of Belafonte on TV, and that's a shame. . . . If you hope to be a contestant or participant on a TV show, think of your clothes. Light colors will make you look fat; small prints jump on the screen; big hats are taboo. The boyfriend should wear a solid-colored suit. Nudes are not welcome.

The Magnificent Slob: Jim Backus, who played the first-person-singular in *I Married Joan*, is now being magnificently funny on ABC Radio, five daytime hours a week. "I call him 'the magnificent slob,'" says wife Henny. "He drops clothes anywhere. Steps on his glasses. Doesn't know what he's wearing or why. I've snapped earrings on him while he's reading and he's walked right out of the house wearing them." They've been married fifteen years and have been having a ball. "Henny and I write as a team," says Jim. "Usually we work from eight P.M. until two in the morning, and that's nice collaborating when your partner's in a negligee." Henny Backus, also an actress, is to be seen in two current movies, "The Great Man" and "Bay the Moon." Says Jim, "When I first met her, she was sculpting and was a mess. I told her, 'You're the sexiest-looking bricklayer I've ever seen.'" The Backuses miss their Bel Air home and swimming pool. In Manhattan, they have leased Eva Gabor's town house. "But Jim is absent-minded in any geography," says Henny. "In the morning,

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

THE EAST COAST



On TV, Dean Jones sings. But the actor of the same name is him, too.



At Gene Leane's restaurant, Mary Margaret McBride gets baby stove.

I CAN'T SEE

using
anything
but
Tampax!



"Tampax® was invented by a doctor for the benefit of all women . . .

No wonder I feel so confident about using it! It's based on the well-known and accepted principle of internal absorption. But that's not *all!*

"Tampax takes the problems out of 'problem days' . . .

Puts an end to chafing and discomfort . . . to embarrassing odor . . . to disposal and carrying problems! With Tampax, nothing can show—no one can know your secret! You feel *free, poised*—as on any day of the month!

"Millions of other Tampax-users bear me out—it's the modern way!

Do try it this month. Why put off gaining the freedom, the confidence Tampax brings. Get your choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) wherever drug products are sold." Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



*Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women*

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the maid and I count the number of false starts he makes. First, he goes out to the car, then comes back for the keys. Then he comes back for money. Then he comes back for the script. It takes him twenty-five minutes to get away." At bedtime, she reports, Jim is a picture. "First, he puts on long pajamas with built-in feet, has a glass of warm milk and puts on an eyeshade, ear plugs and then, grasping the control switch of the electric blanket, orders everyone to be quiet."

Sunnyside up: Hardy, perennial achelor Henry Morgan dating only one girl, Aldine Toohey. . . . Jan Davis still stretching out her engagement. . . . The TV production of "Annie Get Your Gun," with Mary Martin, has been etched into a Capitol album and it is one of the most entertaining discs of the year. Now NBC is trying to revive "Peter Pan" with Mary Martin for telecasting on March 31. NBC figures 122-million viewers have seen the two previous telecasts. . . . Having finally got a foothold in TV, Walter Winchell is now working up another dramatic series. This new one, in which he will narrate, is to be called *Diplomatic Courier*. . . . Randy Merriman didn't have to leave *The Big Payoff*. He had two years to go in his contract, but he wants a chance at night-time TV. . . . The fabulous Hi-Lo's raving about La Page. Said Gene Puerling, "Patti is so pleasant about everything. Takes work in stride, smiling, and is deeply concerned that we look our very best." . . . Mary Margaret McBride has published a cookbook, "Harvest of American Cooking." . . . Note the completed circle: You'll soon be seeing the movie,

"Marty," on TV, which is where it was first seen as a teleplay. . . . Bud Collyer received the annual award of the New York Bible Society for his wholehearted dedication to church work.

Letter from Dean Jones: About a year ago, handsome Dean Jones was chosen by Metro for an experiment. They contracted with NBC to let Dean do a dozen guest shots with Allen, Shore, etc., to see how it would affect his career. The results and Dean's reactions are these, excerpted from a personal letter to this desk: "M-G-M has exercised their option on my contract for another year, so they're happy with me. For 1958, however, they have said they don't want me to do more than six TV appearances and then primarily as a singer. (Incidentally, I have never yet sung in a movie. Sometimes I wonder if people know that Dean Jones, TV singer, and Dean Jones, actor, are the same guy.) What I like best about movies is the time you take to get things perfect. But, speaking of perfect, if I had to describe the *Dinah Shore Show* in one word, it would be 'perfect.' They've spoiled this baritone. It's the best rehearsed, tastiest, finest-peopled show on the air. Naturally, I'm thrilled that I will be on it several times this season. . . . And do you know I got my first big movie break as a result of being seen on Dinah's show? The producers of 'Handle With Care' saw me on their home screens and thought I would be fine for the lead, if I could act. So they inquired and found I was under contract to Metro. And so were they. Small world, but it took a coast-to-coast show to unite us." (Continued on page 70)

INFORMATION BOOTH



John Alderson



Jennie Smith



Chick Chandler

Actor At Sea

Would you please tell me something about Chick Chandler?

B. W., Bridgeport, Conn.

Chick Chandler, *Soldier Of Fortune*, actually wanted to be a soldier—a professional, uniformed, ranking sort of soldier. The son of a famous New York surgeon, Chick went to military schools in preparation for West Point. But, while at school, he also directed and acted in plays. Not being able to make up his mind, Chick signed for a hitch with the Merchant Marine, only to find out, at sea, that his true love was for the theater. . . . On his return, he joined a stock company, then got a break when Billy Rose signed him for a Broadway play. Though this success was followed by a long-term Selznick contract, Chick tries to get back to the stage once or twice a year. He has done numerous musicals on the road, including “Desert Song” and “Roberta.” During the war, Chick entertained troops in over three hundred shows. . . . On the movie screen, Chick recently appeared in “The Lost Continent” and “Battle Cry,” while on TV, he’s appeared on *The Loretta Young Show*, *Topper* and *The Whistler*—and claims the distinction of having had one of the very first TV quiz shows. Chick, married to the retired actress Jean Frontai, is still “at sea”—but not because he’s a doubtful actor. Sailing is his hobby. On dry land, it’s raising beagles.

Music . . . and the Maestro

Please give me some information on Dick Clark, emcee on American Bandstand.

Mrs. M. H., Albany, N. Y.

“All in all,” says the host of the popular ABC-TV presentation, *American Band-*

stand, “you could say I like music.” Dick Clark, 27 and a former deejay, spends a daily hour-and-a-half on-camera “listening to music.” He follows that with three to four more hours listening to next day’s rehearsals, fills out harmonic days listening to whatever new songs the pluggers have on tap and, finally, as he puts it, “I go home and listen to music.” . . . The music-lover in the tale is Mt. Vernon (N.Y.) born and Syracuse University educated. During one summer vacation, Dick found himself a job spinning records for a Utica, New York station. He deejayed in Syracuse after graduation. On television for the first time in Utica, New York, Dick made a major jump to WFIL in the City of Brotherly Love. The radio *Bandstand*, under Maestro Dick’s lead, soon became the highest-rated afternoon program in a major city. In turn, the show did things for Dick—made him one of the best-liked personalities in the Philadelphia area and put him on the in-demand list for personal appearances everywhere. Late in ’57, *American Bandstand* made its debut on network. . . . Dick and his wife, the former Barbara Mallery, live in Drexel Hill, a suburb of Philadelphia, with their dachshund “Looie,” a massive hi-fi rig and some 15,000 “pop and not-too-progressive jazz” records—to “round out our musical lives.”

Calling All Fans

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

Chet Atkins Fan Club, c/o Margaret Fields, 629 South 40th St., Louisville, Ky.

Alice Lon Fan Club, c/o Helen Krause, Assistant Director, 206 North Chester Ave., Compton, Calif.

Annette Funicello Fan Club, c/o Marie A. McGee, 948 County Ave., Texarkana, Ark.

Blarney for a Briton

I would like to know something about actor John Alderson, who plays in the film series, Boots And Saddles.

S. M., Portland, Oregon

In reference to his career, British-born John Alderson says he “didn’t want to be an English type.” The former artillery major who plays the bullying, blarneying Irish non-com, Sgt. Bullock, in the *Boots And Saddles* series, says that his Britishness was his biggest handicap after arriving in Hollywood in 1950. To overcome his native accent and speech mannerisms and be accepted for American roles, John took voice lessons. “It began to pay off,” says John, who’s since played every type—from cowboy to the sadistic German corporal in “The Young Lions.” . . . John was born in Horden, England, in 1916. In his late teens, he enlisted in the British Army, rose to sergeant and then lieutenant. During World War II, he fought in Europe with Montgomery’s army. In Germany, after the war, he was in command of a town—later, in Berlin, a theater. (As a teenager, John had had some experience acting with a small theater group in Kent.) While in the capital city, he met and married Mary Brown, an American girl working for the U.S. State Department. . . . John recalls income-tax returns that first year in Hollywood—his earnings had reached a “high” of \$300. “After that,” John reports, “I dug in. I sold TV sets, moved furniture, did odd jobs of all sorts.” . . . John, now an acting coach himself, finds he has to study just as hard on a British accent as he does on an American cowboy’s. As for soldiers, “Major” Alderson finds they’re “pretty much the same the world over. . . . If I can come through as an identifiable person as Sgt. Bullock, I’ll feel I’ve done a good job.”

CLEARASIL PERSONALITY of the MONTH

LYN BEHRENS, Freshman, Bradford Junior College, Bradford, Mass.

Her Very Good Friends . . .

*Please give me some information on the new young singer, Jennie Smith.
M. S., Cincinnati, Ohio*

Victor's latest to hit the stardom trail is pop singer Jennie Smith. The petite, brown-eyed brunette was born in Burnwell, West Virginia. Her dad, John Kristof—radio and TV announcer—was the first of "many good friends" who've helped Jennie's success. When she was younger, he used to take her down to the radio station and make records of her speaking voice, correcting her drawl—à la Professor Higgins—during the playbacks. . . . Jennie had a great enthusiasm for singing and the stage. She remembers "the happiest day of my childhood"—her eighth birthday, when her parents presented her with a new piano. At fourteen, in Charleston, West Virginia, Jennie started singing professionally with a band. Later, she was to win a talent contest sponsored by the area newspapers and, more importantly, the friendship of publicity man Frohman Johnson. . . . Frohman became interested in Jennie's career, taught her all he knew about mike technique, stage presence and such, and then introduced her to deejay Hugh MacPherson. Through Hugh, Jennie met band-leader Johnny Long, who offered her a job touring with his group. But Jennie was only sixteen. Her family refused to let her go—justifiably, as Jennie admits now. She stayed home, took voice lessons and wisely crammed some commercial subjects in with her academic work in high school. . . . Graduating with honors in June of 1956, Jennie headed for New York, armed with \$90 cash, her steno pad, and the telephone number of top arranger-conductor Ray Ellis. Ray coached Jennie for a few weeks, then introduced her to Mike Stewart, Ellis' own manager. Songwriters Bob Allen and Al Stillman were so charmed with the freshness of her voice, they sat down and ran off a number for her. "My Very Good Friend in the Looking-Glass" is on Jennie's first LP, "Jennie." . . . A most happy miss, Jennie is grateful for all those good friends who helped her career. She loves New York, riding subways and eating "just plain old bread with mustard on it." It's a good thing Jennie likes airplane travel, too—her November deejay tour took her to 15 major cities in three weeks' time. Thanks to that chain of friendship, Jennie's traveled the stardom trail at supersonic speed.

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 it concerns radio or TV. Sorry, no personal answers.



Meet active, popular Lyn Behrens and some of her friends. Lyn has many interests . . . from dramatics and dance committees to teaching swimming, and work as assistant Girl Scout leader. Music too . . . sings in a pop trio, the Glee Club and Chapel Choir. When you're as busy as Lyn, you can't let pimples spoil a single moment.

Read what Lyn did: "Skin blemishes often embarrassed me and took a lot of fun out of the activities I enjoyed. Nothing seemed to help until I found Clearasil. Clearasil really worked for me. I'm happy to say my skin problem is a thing of the past."

Lyn Behrens

Academy Hall, Bradford, Mass.

Millions of young people have proved . . .

SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION

'STARVES' PIMPLES

Skin-Colored . . . hides pimples while it works! CLEARASIL can help you, too, gain clear skin and a more appealing personality. Now you can get CLEARASIL as a smooth Lotion in handy squeeze bottle, as well as in the famous Tube.

Why Clearasil Works Fast: CLEARASIL's 'keratolytic' action penetrates pimples. Antiseptic action stops growth of bacteria that can cause pimples. And CLEARASIL 'starves' pimples, helps remove excess oil that 'feeds' pimples.

Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (Lotion or Tube). Long-lasting Lotion only \$1.25 (no fed. tax) or Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Money-back guarantee. At all drug counters.



Would your experience help others?

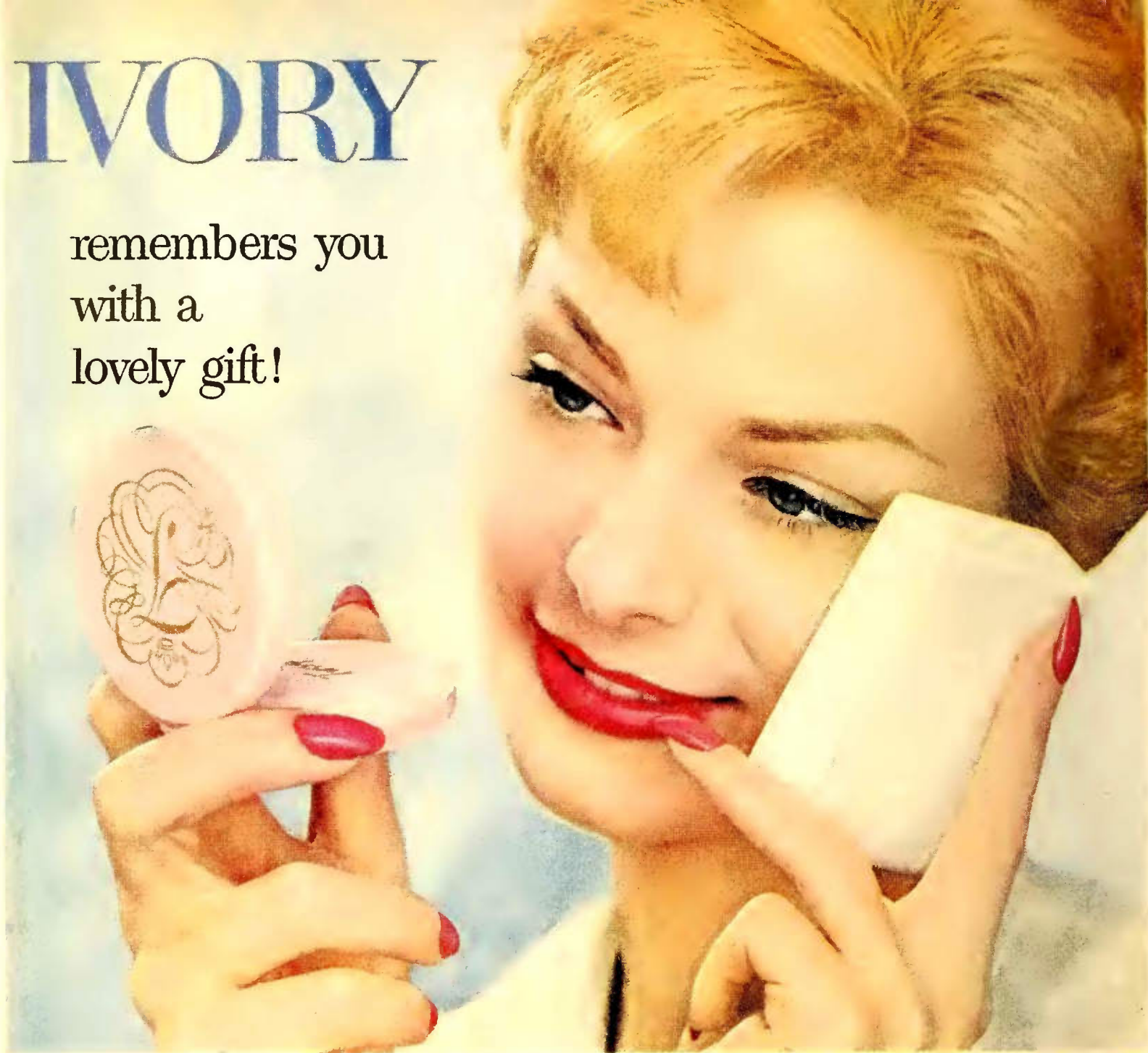
You, too, may have had skin problems and found Clearasil helped end them. When you think of the wonderful relief that effective treatment can bring, you may want to help others. You can, by writing us a letter about your experience with Clearasil. Attach a recent photograph of yourself (a good close-up snapshot will do). You may be the next CLEARASIL PERSONALITY of the MONTH. Write: Clearasil, Dept. M, 180 Mamaroneck Ave., White Plains, N. Y.

SPECIAL OFFER: For 2 weeks' supply of CLEARASIL send name, address and 15¢ to Box 260-AA (for Tube) or Box 260-AB (for Lotion), Eastco, Inc., New York 46, N. Y. Expires 3/15/58.

Largest-Selling Pimple Medication In America (Including Canada)

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FREE TUSSY "Beauty Touch" Compact (85¢ size) *complete with pressed cake powder*

Just send in special wrappers from 4 large or 6 medium Ivory Soap now at your dealer's

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For each free Tussy Beauty Touch compact,
I enclose special wrappers from 4 Large___,
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Light___, Medium___, Dark___.

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Offer good only in continental U.S.A., including Alaska and Hawaii. Offer expires July 31, 1958. Allow 3 weeks for delivery.

That Ivory Look is a gift in itself—a sparkling clear, silken look your complexion can have through the magic of mildness! Simply start using Ivory Soap regularly. Soon this soap that's gentle enough for a baby's skin will smooth and freshen *your* complexion. You'll have That Ivory Look!

And as a bonus gift—a lovely pink and gold Tussy Beauty Touch compact, an 85¢ value! This delicate blend of pressed powder and foundation base stays color "true," won't cake or streak. To get yours *free*, send in *special* wrappers from 4 Large or 6 Medium Ivory. On certificate check your skin tone to receive the right shade of powder. Better hurry—supplies are limited.



99% pure®
...it floats

As Pat Conway, she models fabulous fashions on *The Big Payoff*. As wife of Marco Brizzolara, she is married for keeps to the man she loves. Who could ask for more?



Clothes she models for Bess Myerson on TV are part of *The Big Payoff*, but wedding gown was Pat's very own, when she wed Marco Brizzolara!



a Lady in Luck

By FRANCES KISH

SOMETIMES when we are sure we are through with a certain situation and will have no more of it, something suddenly happens to change our mind. Something that turns out so much better than we could possibly have planned. Twice this has happened to Pat Conway, of CBS-TV's *The Big Payoff*. First, concerning work. Secondly, concerning love.

At twenty, Pat was a fashion model with a background of dancing and of water-ballet shows. One day, she just decided she had had enough of modeling. "It was difficult. It was hard for me to keep my weight down to the super-slimness of a high-fashion model." This seems improbable, with that hand-span waist of hers and that pencil-slim

Continued →

a Lady in Luck

(Continued)

grace! But Pat also adds, "Maybe I was tired of modeling and was looking for excuses to quit."

What happened? On the very day she made up her mind to accept only one more call from the Conover model agency, they sent her to audition for *The Big Payoff*. Dozens and dozens of girls were waiting, but Pat got the job. That was six years ago this January, and she has been on television five days a week ever since, modeling gorgeous fashions. Loving the exciting way the clothes are presented, the way each male contestant tries hard to win them for the lady of his choice. Loving to wear the clothes—especially the bridal gowns she so often models.

This leads right into the subject of love, something Pat once also decided to renounce! Love was trouble. Love was unhappiness. Love wasn't at all what romantic ballads would lead one to believe. But, on the very day she sat alone in a restaurant on Broadway—unhappy because a man she liked very much hadn't telephoned, and they had quarrelled when at last he did—a new romance came into her life. The Real Thing, this time, although she didn't believe it for one moment then.

What happened? (Continued on page 73)

The Big Payoff is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, from 3 to 3:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive Co.

"Useless," Marc nicknamed this gay ceramic figure of Harlequin. Pat just couldn't resist it, now can't quite find room for it.



Both young Brizzolaras are athletically inclined, but ice skating is one of the few sports they can enjoy together. Their apartment's a blend of two different backgrounds, Old World and New—modern setting for graceful French Provincial chairs and "nested" tables.





Just between us callers and the lamp post (which is really an antique bird cage), Pat has had the time of her young-married life decorating her home.



Elegant car was Pat's "consolation prize" for missing the big European trip they had to postpone last summer. They're still planning that dream vacation—though Marc sometimes wonders if his model-wife could be ready in time to make it!



Once an aerial navigator and photographer for the Marines, Marc now trains his camera on the face and figure which captivates millions on *The Big Payoff*.



Reeves: HE COMES IN



Jim's come a long way, since he first found a discarded guitar with one string—and didn't realize he could send away for more!

Sports are still a prime interest, once topped music as a career possibility—till accident ended his dream of big-league baseball.



Jim Reeves, born to a music-happy family, delights the nation with a daily diet of rollicking grass-roots melody



Texas born Jim met and wed Mary in the Lone Star State, began broadcasting in Henderson.

Flip of a coin led Jim and Mary to Louisiana—then on to present cozy home in Tennessee.



"LIVE" FROM NASHVILLE



Jim Reeves Show, emanating from Radio Station WSM, spotlights such tops in talent as Owen Bradley's orchestra, the Anita Kerr Singers (Gil Wright, Dottie Dillard, Anita, Louis Nunley) and Jim himself.

By HELEN BOLSTAD

THE BIGGEST FAN of the *Jim Reeves Show* is Jim Reeves himself. The tall Texan, now transplanted to Tennessee, is having the time of his life, presiding over the musical matinee which American Broadcasting Network radios across country at 1:00 P.M. daily. "This is a show for all the artists," says Jim, "a show I've dreamed about. We've got more talent concentrated here in Nashville than you'll find, per square block, in any other city. We could keep going twenty years and never run out of talent or ideas."

The regular cast of the show includes the Anita Kerr

Singers, Owen Bradley's orchestra and vocalists Buddy Hall and Dolores Watson. The roster of guests calls in such hit-makers as Ferlin Husky, who took "Gone" into the top ten—Marty Robbins, whose "White Sport Coat" told a story of teen-age romance—Faron Young, who is gaining popularity as both a motion picture star and a singer—and the Everly Brothers, who followed up their hit "Bye, Bye, Love," with a second, "Wake Up Little Susie."

These are just a few of the people who, a year ago, were classified strictly as (Continued on page 83)

The *Jim Reeves Show* is heard over American Broadcasting Network, M-F, from 1 to 1:55 P.M. (all time zones), under multiple sponsorship.

Keeping Up With Cullen



Bill says I don't really wake up, when that alarm goes off at 4:15 A.M., "just walk around in a trance." But I manage to get his coffee (then go back to bed for more sleep, the minute he leaves for his 6 A.M. broadcast).



Once Bill is awake, he's all the way awake! Always a "notty" dresser, he carefully matches ties, shirts and socks—even at that early hour. (He takes just as much interest in my clothes, buys me the loveliest things.)

My husband Bill has a schedule you can only believe if you have to live with it. The Price Is Right, I've Got A Secret, Pulse—I'll swear he's the busiest man on TV-radio!

By ANN CULLEN

HERE'S A TYPICAL DAY in the life of the Bill Cullens: 4:15 A.M. EST. The alarm clock goes off—the clock radio on my side of our seven-by-seven-foot "Hollywood" bed. Bill sleeps right through the melodious reveille. Not I. Bill keeps saying I don't really wake up—I "just walk around in a pre-dawn trance." Perhaps. But I'm enough awake to awaken him by whispering in whichever ear is turned toward me. The moment Bill awakens, however, he is all the way awake—no stretching and yawning and turning

Continued →



City is still dark, but Bill's taxi (he has the same driver every day) is waiting downstairs. Goodbye to our helpful doorman, then off to a doily schedule which includes as many as three programs—one, four hours long!



Pulse goes on WRCA Radio promptly at six, and Bill's day has officially begun. Just five hours later, he is on NBC with the morning telecast of *The Price Is Right*. (Bill adores giving out prizes, the bigger the better.)

Above, with Beverly Bentley, on *The Price Is Right* (which is also colorcast every Monday night). Below, with publicity representative Nat Fields at one of the many business lunches Bill fits into his crowded days.



Keeping Up With Cullen

(Continued)



Leisure moments are rare, except on weekends. We love the view from our terrace because the East River, with its passing ships, reminds us of the sea. (Whenever the weather's right—and Bill has time—we lunch out here.)

over for another forty winks. His eyes are wide open and bright. He wears a pleasant smile. (Bill has, I think, a particularly engaging smile.) He looks chipper, glad to be awake. And—for reasons I'll explain later—he is glad to be awake.

4:30 A.M. EST. The Big Ben (on Bill's side of the bed) sounds off—or would, if I didn't turn it off just before it blasts our eardrums. Big Ben is simply a safety measure, in case I oversleep. (Since I never have overslept yet—and we celebrated our second wedding anniversary on Christmas Eve—I've about decided Big Ben is expendable.)

4:45 A.M. EST (give or take a few minutes) finds Bill propped up against his pillows having his orange juice and coffee, which I bring to him in bed, and his first cigarette of the day. When I try to tempt him with a heartier breakfast, he says, "Too early to look at an egg." (I couldn't agree with him more!) There is a final draw on the cigarette—his sponsor's brand, of course—then he showers and dresses. Bill is the *nattiest* guy. Matching up ties and shirts and socks is serious business with him. Not only that, but many of his shirts have matching shorts!

What's wonderful is that he takes as much interest in my clothes—if not more—than he does in his own. He often buys me coats and dresses and surprises me with them. And I always love them. A silver kid coat, for instance, with a silver mink collar. A white linen sheath-type dress cut away (practically *all* the way) in back, with a wide, crushy, gold and white polka-dot sash. Not only is the sheath-type dress *my* type, but this one had the plus of being so imaginative-looking. Bill is always imaginative, and always gives little personal touches to his gifts.

(I remember the first time I laid eyes on Bill, I was terribly intrigued. Must have been, for I walked

The Price Is Right is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, at 11 A.M., under multiple sponsorship—also Monday nights, 7:30 P.M., sponsored by RCA and Speidel. *I've Got A Secret*, CBS-TV, Wed., at 9:30 P.M., is sponsored by Winston Cigarettes. *Pulse* is heard over WRCA Radio (N. Y.), M-F, 6 A.M.—Sat., 8 A.M. (All EST)



As I may have said, my husband Bill is a great one for gifts. They're always both thoughtful and imaginative. He's also a shutterbug (took some 1200 pictures on our Bermuda vacation—most of them, I must admit, of me!).





We've begun collecting sculptures by Carroll Barnes. Also books on art—and volumes on interior decoration, lighting, and gardening (all because of that home in the country for which we're looking and hope soon to find).



Painting is my special hobby. Bill's interest is more general, covers just about everything from bullfighting to vintage wines. He's particularly enthusiastic about sports of all kinds, whether participant or spectator.



Bill loves games, surprises—and, above all, people. Particularly, the wonderful group on CBS-TV's *I've Got A Secret*. With a star like Garry Moore (right) and guests like Hal March (in middle of the panel), Bill, Jayne Meadows, Faye Emerson and Henry Morgan have themselves a ball!

over and started talking to him right away—which is something I never do. I'm not a very good talker. Bill is. Unlike many men you meet, especially in this business, who can only talk about themselves, Bill talks about everything from bullfighting to vintage wines. Everything *but* himself. Even then, I had the feeling: This is the guy I want to marry. More than just a feeling. *I knew it.*)

If Bill has a few minutes leeway after he is dressed, we usually stand together on the terrace or at the living room windows, admiring the fabulous view we have of the East River—a view that gives you the feeling of being at sea. Then, at exactly twenty-five minutes to

six, Bill walks out of the apartment. Downstairs, his cab driver is waiting to take him downtown, a matter of some fifty-six blocks, to the RCA Building in New York's Rockefeller Center. It is from a studio in the RCA building that the *WRCA Pulse* show is broadcast.

(At exactly twenty-four minutes to six, I go back to bed and sleep until nine!)

At 6:00 A.M. EST, the hour at which *Pulse* begins, Bill is on the air—and, except for one morning last winter when a blizzard all but stopped traffic, he's never been a second late on the air. Punctuality is a kind of fetish with Bill. He is seldom just *on* time for an appointment. He is almost always (Continued on page 78)

BREAKFAST CLUB

Cinderella

By **ROBERT CHARLES**


SHE JUMPED from obscurity to fame and \$30,000 a year as a result of a homemade tape-recording. Yet this is probably the least surprising fact about the spunky beauty with the flashing dark eyes and velvet voice. Professionally, she's known as Jeril Deane, a true Cinderella girl who soared to success recently as vocalist on Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club*, the daily radio show on the American Broadcasting Network. Like Cinderella, she overcame obstacles that would overwhelm less dedicated persons. And, yes, her story even has a helpful godparent—her uncle—although Prince Charming has not yet arrived on the scene.

"I still don't believe it," says Jeril happily. "Here I am walking down Michigan Avenue or State Street, and I'll suddenly say to myself: This is *Chicago!*" For a girl who was born in Hollywood and raised in California's San Fernando Valley, the Windy City is a chilly place. "But not the people," she says with a wink, "they've just been wonderful."

Even though Jeril, in her mid-twenties, has made the big time professionally, she has retained thrifty habits taught her in childhood. Getting her (Continued on page 71)

Jeril sings on Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club*, heard over American Broadcasting Network, M-F, 9 to 10 A.M. (all time zones), under multiple sponsorship.

With the help of a home recorder and roommate Pat Pace, Jeril keeps the fresh quality that won her the job with Don McNeill. left.



For Jeril Deane, the clock struck at midnight—but fame dawned in the morning, on Don McNeill's program





"Tomboy" Jeril grew up into this chic miss who loves to window-shop along Michigan Avenue. But she can hardly believe it's her—here in Chicago!



Jeril's chariot is a Darrin, a sports car that transports her to the *Breakfast Club* each morning. Like Cinderella, she has a magic hour at which she climbs back into it. But it's noon, not midnight.



Roommate Pat, a long-time California friend, lends a hand in answering letters from Jeril's radio friends. Below, they shop together to furnish a new apartment they will share this spring.



Title of her first record, "Run, Darlin', Don't Walk," was good advice for Jeril. She's willing to follow it—but only for six days of the week.



Those Block-busting



Nick's star is rapidly rising, too, and he's been a headline guest on brother Pat's *Chevy Showroom*, over ABC-TV. It's an all-show-business family, these days—with Pat married to Shirley Faley, daughter of the one-and-only "Red" Faley (below, center).

The sizzling success story of 1958: Singers Pat Boone and brother Nick Todd soar up into the show-business stratosphere!



Bid to appear on Ed Sullivan's show was big TV step for Nick. Right: Though Mam once had a problem getting her boys to practice piano, their voices make hits for Dot Records today.

By **DANIEL STERN**

ONCE UPON A TIME there were two brothers. . . . Thus begins a modern folk tale: the story of Pat Boone, one of the most phenomenal singing successes of all times, and a young man named Nick Todd, America's newest singing star and (only incidentally) Pat Boone's brother.

The story begins some twenty years ago in the town of Nashville, Tennessee, where Pat and his kid brother (one year younger) used to listen to the radio and sing along with it. By the time they were three and four years old, the Boone brothers were already blending their voices in harmony. Their proud mother says they both went to bed singing—and woke up the same

Continued →



BOONE BROTHERS



Those Block-busting **BOONE BROTHERS**

(Continued)



Fan mail is a familiar story to Pat Boone by now, a newer phenomenon to brother Nick Todd. Raves for Pat, of course, continue to grow with his film fame—below, with Shirley Jones in 20th Century-Fox's "April Love."



Nick hasn't just followed in his brother's footsteps to fame—he's also practicing new ones for himself! Above, two views as choreographer Bill Foster coaches him in the fine art of putting rhythm into action, as well as words.

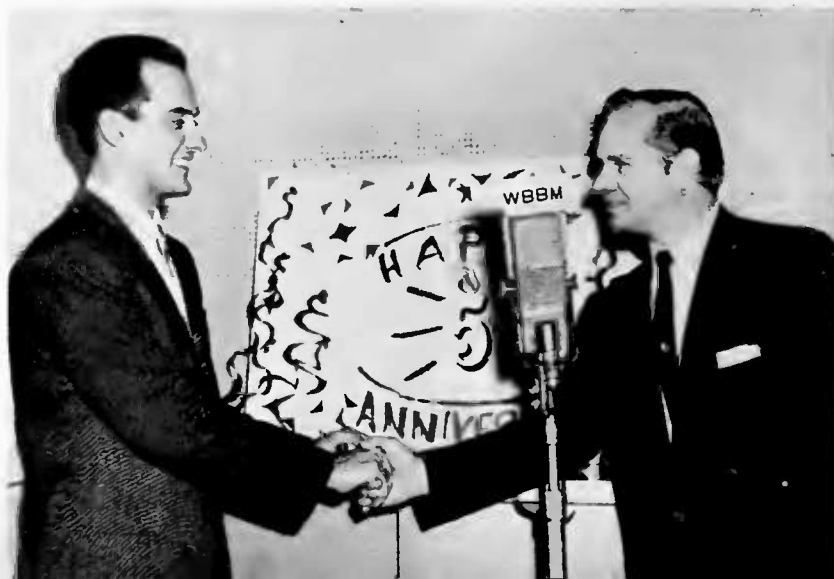


Right, mutual admiration as Nick visits nation's leading deejays: Nick congratulates Chicago's Josh Brady on his fifth anniversary as a top WBBM radio personality—Josh compliments Nick on success of Dot record, "Plaything."

way. It was a long time, though, before anyone guessed that Pat or Nick was destined for record stardom.

"We tried to give Pat piano lessons," Mrs. Boone smiles, "but he wouldn't practice. He would rather play ball. He broke his elbow, his collarbone, his nose—three times—and his wrist. When he played, he played hard."

But when he sings, she might have added, he sings easy and gentle. For it was Pat Boone's gentling of a song that won him the hearts of millions of fans who feel he's the greatest Boone since Daniel. Kid brother Nick—who skyrocketed to recording fame recently on the same Dot Records label as Pat—is another story entirely. His first disc, "Plaything," backed up by "The Honey Song," proved that when Nick sings, he sings hard. This vigorous rock 'n' roll record landed in the first ten after a brief struggle . . . and stayed there.



The Pat Boone Chevy Showroom is seen on ABC-TV, Thursday, from 9 to 9:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by the Chevrolet Dealers of America.



Warm family group in cold snow outside Pat's Eastern home at Leonia, N.J., includes Pat's wife (left), sister Marjorie, brothers Nick and Pat—with latter's "biggest" little girl, Cherry. Right, the Pat Boones, wheeling daughters Debby, Lindy, and Cherry.

Before anyone seizes on the difference in vocal styles and makes a big thing of it, let's remember that Pat began in a big way with rock 'n' roll hits, and only later graduated to success with such warm, smooth ballads as "Anastasia" and "Love Letters in the Sand." Nick, too, claims he would like to try some ballads in the near future. But, right now, Randy Wood, the Nashville-born impresario who handles both boys' recording careers, intends to keep Nick doing the kind of rhythmic song the people seem to want from him.

As a matter of fact, the two Boone brothers are an interesting and complex study in differences and similarities. Pat, as the entire civilized world knows, is an attractive, boyish young man of medium height whose most arresting quality, outside of his limpid voice, is a relaxed, comfortable style.

(Continued on page 80)



Tab Hunter:

TRIPLE-TALENT MAN

With a memorable new movie to his credit, hit records spinning into million-sellers, Tab is racing toward increasing fame

By JERRY ASHER

ON THE NINTH DAY of October, 1956, Tab Hunter received a letter that became a milestone in his life and renewed his flagging faith in himself. It was written on CBS Television stationery and signed by dynamic director John Frankenheimer of *Playhouse 90* fame. The following words from that letter still sum up, in essence, the current status of a controversial career: "I imagine you've received thousands of fan letters and I'm adding to the collection. I'm going to be very honest with you, Tab. You were cast in 'Forbidden Area' while I was still at RKO this summer. I had nothing to do with it and (Continued on page 67)

Records: Tab's first disc for Dot, "Young Love," sold a sensational 2,500,000. Now climbing: "Learning to Love" and "Don't Let It Get Around"—which Tab helped compose.

Versatility: Top athlete Tab has no fear of ice, for *Hall Of Fame* TV special, "Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates." But he was nervous, when Dinah Shore asked him to sing duet with her—as well as dance on her show!

Movie: Love scene with Etchika Choureau in the Warner Bros. film, "Lafayette Escadrille."





By **MARJORIE LORD**

IN A WAY, I suppose it may seem strange for an article on happy marriage to be written by a divorcee. When TV RADIO MIRROR asked me to do this piece, that was my first reaction. "Me, do an article on happy marriages? I'm a fine one to ask!" Then I got to thinking: Maybe it wasn't such a strange combination, after all. There's no knowledge like hindsight. 'Most any person who has watched a marriage fall apart, and later reflected soberly on *why* it fell apart, has some pretty definite opinions on the subject. And any serious-minded person who contemplates marrying for the second time puts a lot more thought and deliberation into it than most people do the first time around.

So I guess a divorcee *can* be an authority on what it takes to make a successful marriage. Maybe a lot of her knowledge is the negative kind—what *not* to do. But it's knowledge learned from experience. I've known a number of divorced people, and seen a very sizable percentage go into extremely happy second marriages—probably because they had attained a maturity which enabled them to choose more wisely, and also enabled them to adapt more easily to the daily give-and-take which marriage itself requires.

Continued →

On TV, as "wife" of the star of *The Danny Thomas Show*, Marjorie Lord mothers three children—as played by Rusty Hamer, Sherry Jackson and Angela Cartwright. At home, Marjorie has two of her own—Anne, 9, and Gregg, 11.

Marjorie Lord is wife Kathy in *The Danny Thomas Show*, CBS-TV, Mon., 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Post Cereals and Instant Sanka.



What Makes a Happy Marriage?



**It's mostly up to the woman, says the lovely wife of The Danny Thomas Show—
and the "don't's" can be even more important than the "do's"**

What Makes a Happy Marriage?

(Continued)



It's up to the woman, says Marjorie, to see her family does things together—even for the birds, adds "Pepe," the parrot, as Gregg and Anne help to clean out his cage!



Leisure hours with the children mean a lot to Marjorie—who warns that "just being a housewife" is one of the most demanding of all jobs, as well as the most rewarding.



Proud of her twosome, she feels she has established with them the mutual respect and understanding of one another's problems which is the basis of successful human relations.

I think there's a good example of this in the part I play, on television, as wife of Danny Williams on *The Danny Thomas Show*. It is the second marriage for both Danny and Kathy. In the very first show of the season, Kathy became angry when she felt Danny was neglecting her and the children. Then, with a sympathetic understanding of which only mature persons are capable, she realized the *why* of Danny's "neglect," and that her demands on him had been selfish.

I'm not saying that the ability to understand the other fellow's problems is unique to divorced people! I do think that many persons are born with this ability. Others learn it early in life. They're the ones whose *first* marriages are happy, successful, and "until death do us part." Others of us simply have to learn it the hard way.

The fact that some people are born with this sympathy and understanding has been demonstrated to me all my life. My parents, who live in the other half of our duplex house, celebrated their thirty-fifth wedding anniversary recently. Not only has their marriage been a happy one, but now, in their later years, they've shown a wonderful adaptability by taking over much of the supervision of my two youngsters.

I'm home evenings and weekends, but, during the daytime, Gregg, 11, and Anne, 9, answer to Grandpa and Grandma. I daresay they do a little spoiling—which is a prerogative of grandparents—but they also respect the rules I've laid down for the children's behavior, and see to it that they conform to those rules. It's really a wonderful break for me: Mother and Dad manage somehow to remain sufficiently detached to give me an objective opinion when problems arise. I find I'm not nearly as arbitrary in dealing with the children as I might be without Mom's and Dad's counsel.

I do believe, sincerely, that one of the biggest strikes against a successful marriage these days is the attitude many women have, approaching it. I've heard this so many times: "I want to quit work and get married." The woman speaking has the idea that she is tired of working eight hours a day, five days a week, and would like to

That Daring Young Man

By EUNICE FIELD



Younger brother Rick (far left, on facing page) might scoff at Dave's reasons for buying a motorcycle—but he accepts a lift, just the same. The whole sports-minded Nelson family is all for action: On skates, left to right—Dave, Harriet, Ozzie, Rick.

WHAT I'D LIKE MOST right now," says Ozzie and Harriet's first-born, "is to jump out of a plane. . . ." It's the sort of wish usually accompanied by a smile—but not this time. The blue eyes remain serious, the firm mouth holds its earnest line. David Nelson is not kidding.

He's been tinkering with a motorcycle, his black and aluminum Scrambler. Now he pauses long enough to explain. "I have a friend. He's a paratrooper and he's tried to describe the sensation of jumping to me. But it isn't the same as doing it yourself!

"Dad once told Rick and me that life can be a perpetual dare. He wasn't telling us to be reckless. He was telling us not to be afraid of new experiences and responsibilities. And, the way I see it, if you learn to take up a little dare like jumping out of a plane, maybe you won't fall down on the big dares—like facing a camera or a microphone. Or (Continued on page 82)



Rave reviews for 20th Century-Fox film "Peyton Place" (with Hope Lange) may prove Dave has met one dare better than he ever dreamed. Proud of Rick's overnight success as a singer, Dave always expected he himself would take much longer as an actor.

The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet—which also stars their sons David and Rick Nelson—is seen over ABC-TV, Wednesday, 9 P.M. EST., as sponsored by Eastman Kodak.



Teen-age headliner of TV, records, movies—and "head of the family," too—

Molly Bee, SHE'S THE MOST!



Movie stardom may soon crown the big talent which made little Molly "family provider" at ten! Above, with Rod McKuen and John Saxon in Universal-International's "Summer Love."



Mother keeps an eye on Molly, but Molly keeps an eye on brothers Joey and Bobby — from school to dates to their allowances.



Left, with Ernie Ford, who put her on national TV—and helped her find a home. Below, with Tommy Sands, a frequent date.

By **ROBERT PEER**

TODAY, her voice and face are famous. Though still only in her teens, she has made top-selling records, been a hit on radio and TV, and just completed her first step toward movie stardom, as well—in Universal-International's "Summer Love."

But, on the evening of May 11, 1950, Molly Bee was just another ten-year-old sprawled on the floor, chin cupped in her hands, watching the antics of her favorite comedian on television.

Before the show was over, her whole life had changed. When the hastily summoned doctor came out of her parents' bedroom, his expression told Molly the story. Her father had died of a heart attack.

Biting her lips, holding back her tears, Molly jumped up and ran out of the house. She never came back to it. She spent that night—and the next two weeks—with her neighbors, then talked her mother into moving from Azusa to Arcadia, another nearby suburb of Los Angeles.

It was one of many moves she was to experience (Continued on page 85)



HE "LIVES POOR"—

By

PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

THEY'VE KNOWN each other—Hank Wood and Hugh O'Brian—since both were stationed at Camp Pendleton, near San Diego. They used to hitchhike to Los Angeles together, borrow money from each other payday to payday, swap stories about the generals and privates and girls. Mostly girls. They were real good pals.

But, after Hugh was discharged and went to Hollywood, Hank signed up for another hitch in the Marines, and then another—meanwhile following his old friend's career via newspapers and fan magazines, movies and *The Life And Legend Of Wyatt Earp* on ABC-TV. And, finally, Hank arrived back in California, got himself a three-day pass and went to see his old pal living in luxury with the fortune he'd amassed in recent years. . . .

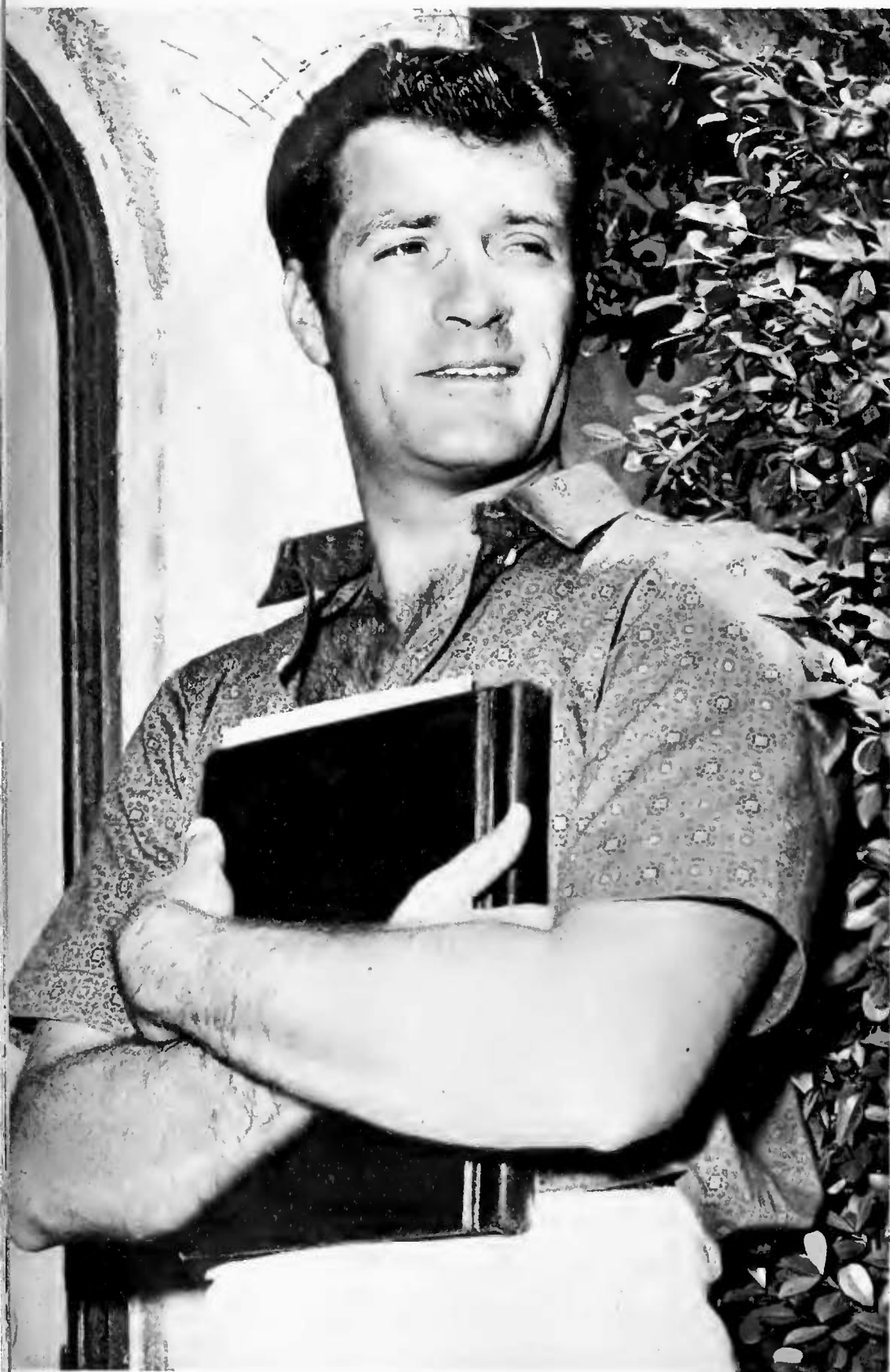
But Hank was in for a surprise.

Three times he drove past the modest-looking apartment house off the Sunset strip, and three times he shook his head in disbelief, convinced he had the wrong address. No star of Hugh's standing would live in a place like this.

But he does.

When, at last, Hank rang the bell,

Stardom on ABC-TV's *Life And Legend Of Wyatt Earp* has meant much to Hugh—but he still has eyes on a goal beyond even the famed marshal's shooting range.



Hugh O'Brian's modest way of life would surprise even Wyatt Earp. But he's saving for a family—"the family I hope to have" someday

in HOLLYWOOD

greeted Hugh and walked into his apartment, he couldn't help speculating how much—or, rather, how little—Hugh must pay for the place. It wasn't bad. Bedroom. Living room. Kitchen. Nicely furnished. But certainly not extravagant. "What are you doing with all your dough?" he asked Hugh. "Stuffing it into mattresses?"

"Nope," Hugh laughed. "Oil wells."

"But this apartment . . . what's the gimmick? It can't cost you more than a couple of hundred bucks a month, at most."

"One hundred and forty-five," Hugh replied. "And there's no gimmick. I just 'live poor' in Hollywood."

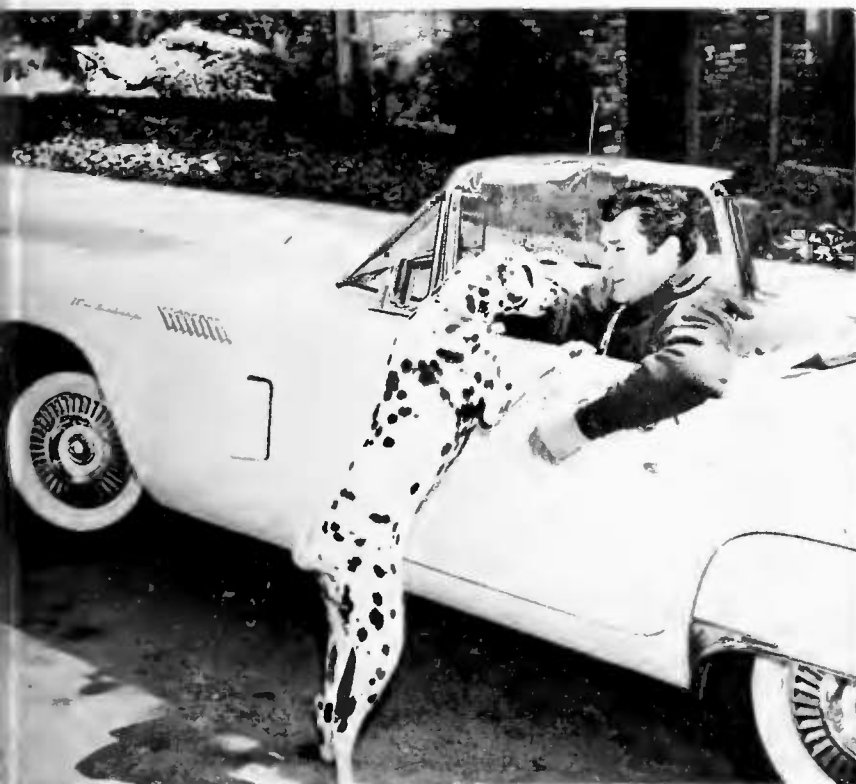
Hank shook his head. "I sure don't get it."

Nobody else does, either. Hugh is one of the most successful entertainers of the decade. His income from television alone passed the four-figure-

Continued →



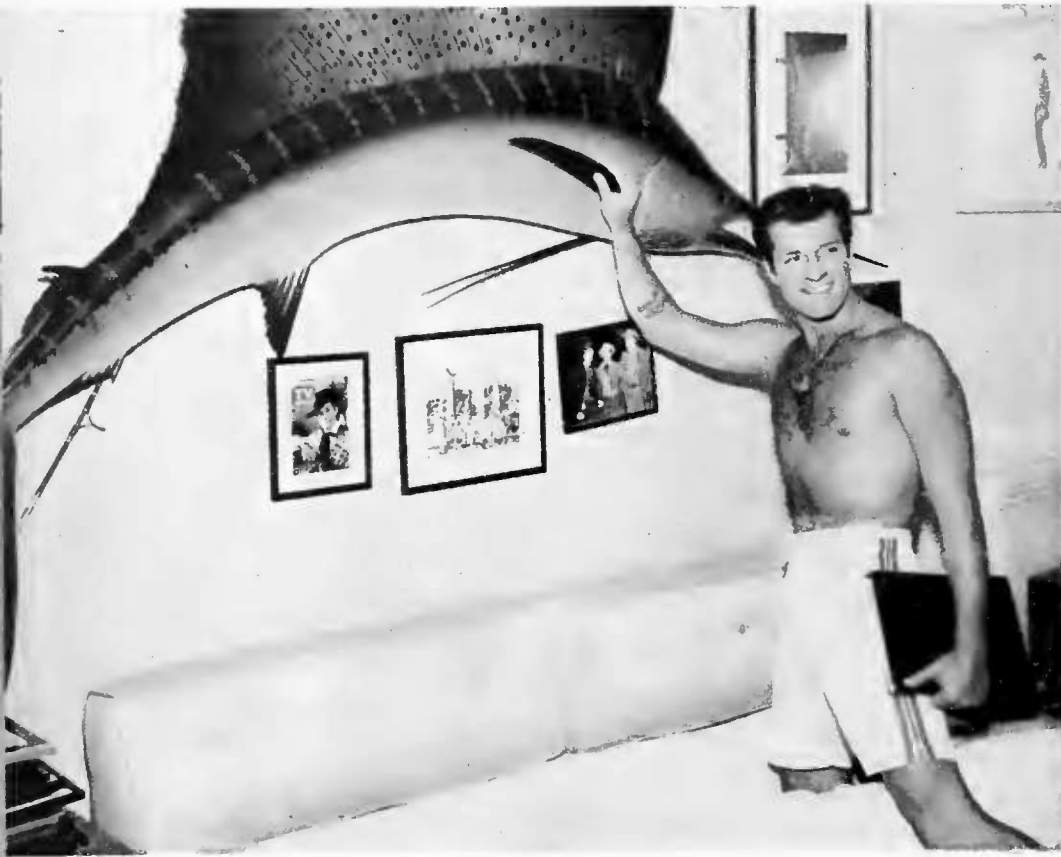
No mansions for Hugh: "Should I spend a hundred thousand just to keep up a front?" Instead, he rents a pleasant apartment on the less fashionable side of Sunset Boulevard—"It costs half as much and is just as close," he grins.



Biggest investment so far—outside of oil wells!—is Hugh's car. "Fallee," a neighbor's dog, keeps him company during outdoor and indoor exercise, since accidental death of Hugh's longtime canine pal, "Lady."

HE "LIVES POOR"—in HOLLYWOOD

(Continued)



Apartment came furnished, and Hugh has invested in few extras of his own for "temporary" quarters. One personal touch: The sailfish which he caught on combination holiday-and-business trip to Mexico.



Singing has proved to be an unexpected additional source of income for that sunny day ahead. Above, he presents ABC-Paramount album, "Hugh O'Brian Sings," to popular star of *The Nat "King" Cole Show*.

a-week bracket a long time ago. What he earns, in addition, from his various promotional activities and personal appearances, is known only to him, his accountant and the District Collector of Internal Revenue. However, it has been estimated at more than half a million dollars annually. Yet he lives in a modest apartment—and spent his most recent vacation at an inexpensive motel at Lake George, New York.

Those who know Hugh intimately are convinced it isn't stinginess that makes him live poor in Hollywood. Hugh has never skimped with money (or his own time) on gifts, corsages, charities—in fact, anything that's for someone else.

So what's behind it?

"Let's say I'm practical," Hugh explained to this writer, who has known Hugh since he sold magazine subscriptions to raise his earnings—at a time when his income at Universal-International exceeded that of many stars. "Take my apartment. It's perfectly adequate. I don't entertain much. When I do, it's easier for me to take the guests out. I'm not married, live by myself, am gone a good part of the year, and really have no time to enjoy an expensive home—or, for that matter, a lot of other luxuries. So should I spend a hundred thousand on a mansion—plus the tremendous upkeep of maids and gardeners and pool-cleaning service—just to keep up a front? When I can invest the money in something that'll someday provide tangible security for the family I hope to have?"

Sole assistant is Goody Levitan, tripling as secretary, treasurer, fan-mail answerer.





Just bachelor cooking now—but eating is one thing Hugh won't ever skimp on again!

Hugh admits he'd love to drive a high-powered foreign car—there's a Mercedes Benz at \$6,000 which has caught his eye. But he sticks to good, standard American makes, and leaves racing to others.

As he said, "Why take unnecessary chances?" He grew very serious, as he recalled an accident he had a few months ago. A friend of Hugh's had picked him up at the airport when he arrived from a trip to New York. On the way home, near the intersection of Sepulveda and Wilshire Boulevard, a car ahead of them made a sudden stop without any warning. Unable to slam on the brakes fast enough, Hugh's friend plowed into the trunk of the other car.

She was unhurt, but Hugh was thrown against the windshield. He got a severe cut, near the eye, which required several stitches. As he was sitting on the bench in the emergency hospital, waiting to be taken home, with his eye bandaged and the anesthetic gradually wearing off, he became conscious of more than the immediate pain that made his head throb. If the cut had been a fraction of an inch closer, he would not only have lost the sight of one eye—but his career, as well.

As it was, he did the first TV show after the accident with a patch over one eye. "My body is the prime product I have to sell," says Hugh. "How can I tell what'll happen tomorrow that will make it impossible for me to continue my work? It's not pleasant to think about, but to ignore it would be as stupid as calling the Russian Sputnik a glorified toy."

From that day on, Hugh embarked on a program of (Continued on page 61)

The Life And Legend Of Wyatt Earp is seen over ABC-TV, Tues., 8:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by General Mills, Inc., and The Procter & Gamble Co.



Dating's informal—even for premieres. Above, with Dorothy Bracken at a New York theater for opening of movie, "The Desk Set." Below, it's a more familiar outdoor setting for Hugh, with Carol Byron.



Kathy Nolan's
Favorite Casserole





Kathy cooks rice in shrimp water to utilize all possible nutrients.



Helpful guest is Will Hutchins, bachelor star of ABC's *Sugarfoot*.



Glasses are for white California wine, such as sauterne or chablis.



Casserole party for six: Around table, from left, Will Hutchins, model Ann Daniels, publicist Joe Maggio of ABC, Kathy, and (back to camera) Bud and Betty Goode.

Shrimp Pilau for six offers a scrumptious Sunday-night feast for Kathy's lucky guests

THURSDAY EVENINGS, Kathy Nolan charmingly portrays Kate McCoy, the young bride who has accompanied her husband Luke and his grandfather from the West Virginia hills to the San Fernando Valley, to begin a new life in the West. This major casting in *The Real McCoys* is only the latest of a series of triumphs which started for Kathy as a baby, when her actress mother carried her on stage in a showboat production aboard the sidewinder *Golden Rod*. In between lie sixteen years of showboat experience, triumphant appearances as Wendy to Mary Martin's "Peter Pan" on both stage and television, and an impressive list of movie and TV dramatic credits. Off camera, Kathy has been busy furnishing a new apartment—and arranging such easy-to-do dinner parties as the festive one pictured here. For a complete menu, just add beverages to the recipes given at right!

The Real McCoys, starring Walter Brenna and Kathy Nolan, is seen over ABC-TV, Thurs., 8:30 P.M. EST, for Sylvania Electric Products.

SHRIMP PILAU

Makes 6 to 8 servings.
Wash well in cold water:
2 pounds jumbo shrimp

Cook in 2 quarts boiling, salted water until pink (about 10 minutes). Remove from liquid, reserving liquid for later use. Peel, clean and rinse shrimp. Set aside.

Add to the shrimp liquid:
salt and pepper to taste
onion flakes
hot sauce (if desired)

Bring to a boil. Add:
2 cups rice

Cook gently until tender, about 14 to 18 minutes. Drain. Place alternate layers of rice and shrimp in a buttered 2½-quart casserole. Sprinkle each layer with paprika and dot with butter or margarine. Repeat until all rice and shrimp are used.

Beat slightly:
2 eggs

Spread evenly over top of casserole. Then sprinkle with fine, dry bread crumbs, salt and pepper to taste, and dot with butter. Bake in a slow oven (275° F.) until heated and browned (about 30 minutes).

GREEN SALAD A LA NOLAN

Makes 6 servings.

Wash and crisp 1 large head lettuce. Drain well or dry. Tear into pieces and place in salad bowl. Add tomato sections and oil and vinegar dressing. Toss gently. Sprinkle with garlic croutons.

GARLIC BREAD TOAST

Slice 1 loaf French bread. Spread with butter softened in bowl which was rubbed with cut clove of garlic. Or season with garlic salt. Toast under the broiler until it is golden brown.

PEARS IN CREME DE MENTHE

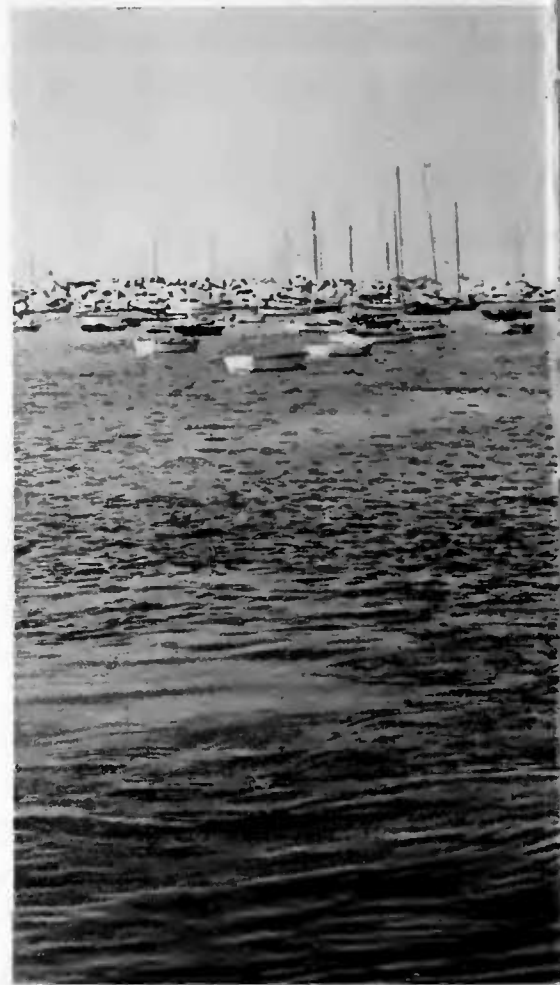
Place canned, chilled pear halves in sherbet dishes. Spoon some of the pear syrup over each serving. Top with *creme de menthe*.



ALWAYS for the TEAM

By GREGORY MERWIN

From football to piloting



Blue Chip II, the *Harbourmaster* cro

EX-FOOTBALLER Barry Sullivan, lean and rugged, topping six-feet-two, is just naturally "cast to type" in he-man roles—most recently, as star of *Harbourmaster*, over CBS-TV. He's been the star of *The Man Called X*, scored high in the televersions of "A Bell for Adano" and "The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial," among many credits on Broadway, TV, films. But his latest series marks the first time he's ever "rocked the boat." As *Harbourmaster* (old English spelling) of the fictional "Scott Island," Barry's been getting mixed up in some rough adventures while cruising on the big wet.

"When they told me about the show," says Barry, "I asked them, 'Why do you want to do a series about a guy and a boat?' And they asked me, 'Did you ever want to own a boat?' I said, 'Just for the past ten years.' And they said, 'See!' Then I learned that there are some thirty million Americans churrying about in powerboats and sailboats. I've come to realize the affection the boat-owner feels for his craft, and we try to get that (Continued on page 87)

Harbourmaster is now seen over ABC-TV, on Sundays, 8:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. for Camel Cigarettes.

a boat for Harbourmaster, Barry Sullivan has never played the "lone star" hero



fulfilled a dream for boat-loving Barry.



Cape Ann, Massachusetts—rich in historic tradition and a mecca for artists from all over the land—was home base for *Harbourmaster* during shooting. All exciting episodes of TV series were filmed "on location" in their entirety.



Acting team included Paul Burke and Nina Wilcox (above) as Jeff and Anna, Barry (far right) as Capt. David Scott. Cast and crew enjoyed exploring mythical "Scott Island"—actually, of course, the picturesque environs of Cape Ann.





From football to piloting a boat for Harbourmaster, Barry Sullivan has never played the "lone star" hero



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ALWAYS for the TEAM

By GREGORY MERWIN

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"Laugh Girl" from Ohio



They're both from Ohio, but that didn't make *Tonight's* boss, Jack Paar, any more certain that Dody Goodman was "for real."

What makes Dody Goodman the top comedienne of Jack Paar's Tonight? Nobody seems to know. But her humor's as real—and as offbeat—as Dody's own charming dimples

By CHARLOTTE BARCLAY

IT WAS a Saturday afternoon in December and the curtain was up on a matinee performance of "Wonderful Town" at the Winter Garden on Broadway. In a second-floor dressing room backstage, Dody Goodman, a slender, red-haired girl, sat with her chin cupped in her hands listening to the music over the public address system. "Roz Russell and Edie Adams were singing, 'Why did I ever leave Ohio?'" Dody recalls, "and I was (Continued on page 65)"

Tonight, starring Jack Paar, is seen over NBC-TV, M-F, between 11:15 P.M. and 1 A.M. EST, and picked up at varying times in different areas. (Consult local newspapers.)



Ballet brought Dody from Columbus to New York, where she was "discovered" as a backstage clown in such Broadway musicals as "Wonderful Town," with Edie Adams (left) and Roz Russell.



Any girl can wear a tote bag, but no one can fill it the way Dody does—or empty it with the same innocent look.



Dody finds New York friendly—or is it the other way around? She loves to talk to people.



At the Stage Delicatessen, Dody joins show-girl pals Nancy Lynch (left) and Pat Wilkes.



Mail from viewers overflows her apartment, but Dody answers as much as she can before it gets time to pack up her bag and go to work.



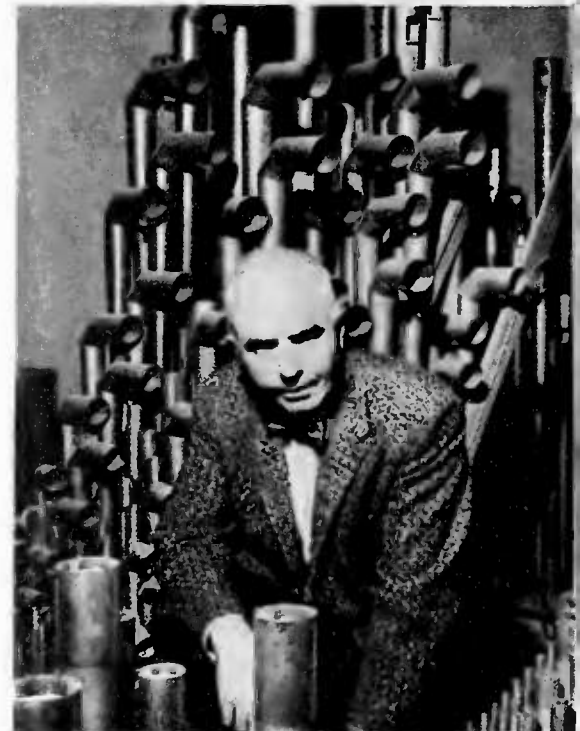
25th Anniversary for The SALT LAKE TABERNACLE



Rehearsal session of the choir: Director Richard P. Condie conducts 375-voice singing group.



Organist Alexander Schreiner played Tabernacle recital at 20, joined the Choir in 1924.



Dr. Schreiner inspects some of the organ's 11,000 pipes—many carved from native Utah lumber.



Dr. Frank Asper alternates at the organ with Dr. Schreiner for the weekly broadcasts and for noonday recitals. Audiences reach 4,000 daily.

THE BIBLICAL INJUNCTION to make a joyful noise unto the Lord is followed with special zeal around Salt Lake City, Utah, where the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir has continuously broadcast each Sunday for twenty-nine years. This program of religious music can claim to be the biggest radio has ever had, based on the number of regularly performing personnel. Through the years of world turbulence, it has continued to rehearse twice a week and to sing selflessly (and unpaid) to nationwide audiences on Sunday mornings over CBS Radio. This year is the twenty-fifth year of CBS network performance.

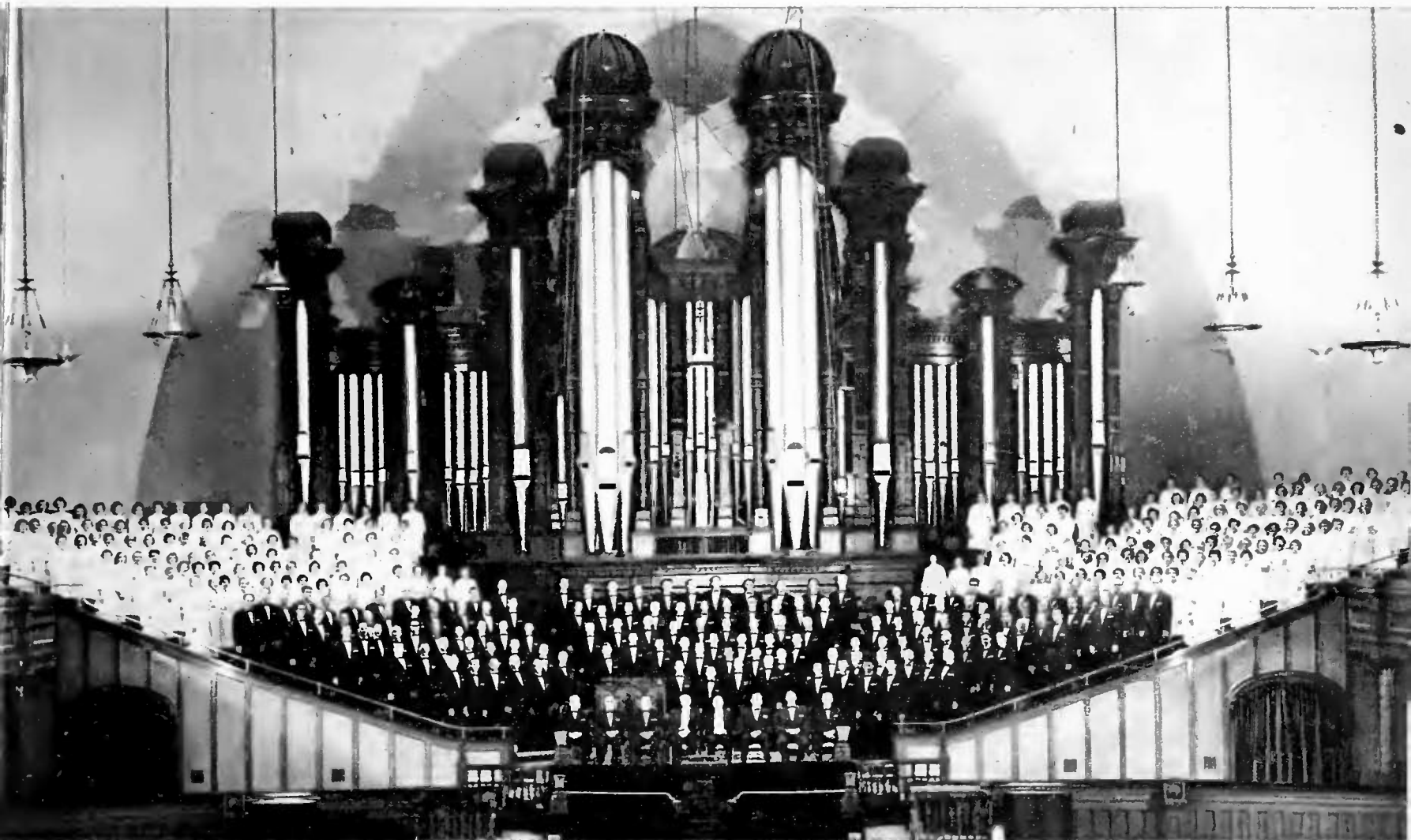
The choir, conducted by Richard P. Condie, sings Bach, Brahms, Beethoven, Haydn, Buxtehude and the other great composers of choral works, with non-sectarian musical devotion. It rarely sings the "Mormon" hymns of its own denomination on the air, and participates in actual Latter-Day Saints church services only two or three times a year. Occasionally, it goes on concert tours in the United States or overseas—as it did in 1955, to the acclaim of European audiences and critics.

The people of the choir represent many occupations and stations in life. Some singers are teenagers, some are oldsters. Some—like the Hendriksens, whose story is shown on the following pages—are young parents. Oscar Hendriksen and his wife are typical of the choir members who devote many hours each week to ensure for the Sunday broadcasts the superb musical quality which has made the Tabernacle Choir world-famous.

Continued ➔

*Each Sunday, 375 men and women reverently sing their praises of the Lord.
The story of a great Mormon choir, and one young couple of the many who comprise it*

CHOIR and ORGAN PROGRAM



Tabernacle Choir all ready to sing—impressive in number, as well as in excellence of performance.

Pre-broadcast conference between Dr. Schreiner, at organ, and Richard L. Evans, who has been delivering the eloquent "Spoken Word" on program since 1930.

Rehearsals of choir are held twice weekly, one on Thursday evenings, the second at 7:30 A.M. on Sunday mornings. Choir has long waiting list for auditions.



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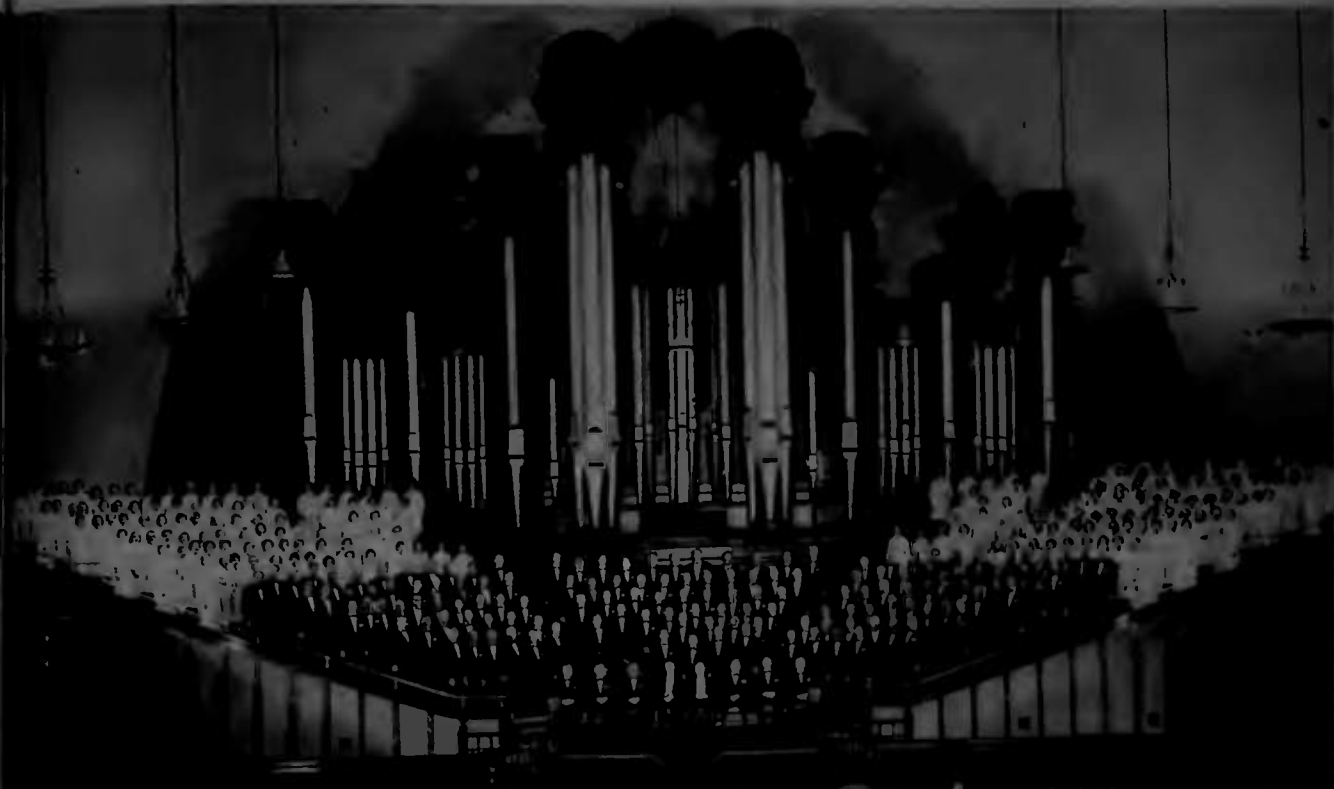
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Continued →

25th Anniversary for The SALT LAKE TABERNACLE CHOIR and ORGAN PROGRAM

(Continued)



Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hendriksen, devoted members of the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir, with infant Eric, daughter Leslie, 6, and sons Neil, 2, Michael, 5, and Donny, 3½.



Daytime occupation for Oscar is job in meat department of Don's Foodtown, at 33rd South and 23rd East streets, in Salt Lake City. Oscar works a full nine-hour day there.



Hendriksens' religion permeates all facets of their lives. Prayers before supper—which is shared, on this day, by friends Mr. and Mrs. Don Egginton and child.



Thursday evenings are regular rehearsal nights for the Hendriksens. They say goodnight to their children, who are left with capable Corol Yost, neighborly "sitter."

The Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir And Organ Program is heard over CBS Radio, Sunday, from 11:30 A.M. to noon EST.



While mother and father are away, the youngsters and Carol have fun watching television for an hour. Then the little Hendriksens are bundled off to bed.



Actual rehearsal: Here, Mrs. Hendriksen (left) works with other members of women's group.



Husband Oscar Hendriksen is with the four-part men's group. Choir sings eight-part harmony.



Above, the Hendriksens and other choir members enter gate outside Tabernacle, where they will join their voices with hundreds of others in religious song. At left: Picking up musical scores from the Choir's extensive library, which numbers 90,000 pieces of music.

Music at home, too: The Hendriksens and close friends, the Eggintons, enjoy an evening of playing records.



"I feel pretty"



Dressed in glamour for the *Hit Parade* (above), or in at-home costume (at right), Jill Corey's beauty theme is soap and water.



Jill Corey knows that "feeling pretty" depends on more than beautiful features—it starts with daily attention to cleanliness and good grooming

By HARRIET SEGMAN

I FEEL PRETTY, sings Jill Corey on one of her top records—and this charming star of NBC-TV's *Your Hit Parade* can say this about herself off-the-record, too. Hers is a special, fresh-scrubbed beauty. How does Jill achieve it? She washes her face with soap and water four times a day, follows with astringent for a clean feeling. Another basic is hand lotion (she uses it on her body, too, after bathing—a tradition handed down by her grandmother). She owns a light red and a bright red lipstick, applies them with a brush. "It took me time to learn," she says, "but you get a cleaner line." For tidy brows, she shapes hers with a brush dampened with soap and water, then fills in with a soft, sharply pointed eyebrow pencil. "I use short, dashy strokes," she explains, "to avoid a hard, heavy line." She washes her hair three times a week, sprays it with a light cologne that matches her perfume and bath powder. One coat of platinum polish gives her fingernails a shine. Jill's manager says she "files" her clothes rather than just hanging them up. He isn't far wrong. Her evening dresses, TV gowns, matching shoes go into her foyer closet. Hall closet takes blouses, slacks, coats. Bedroom closet holds suits, daytime dresses, and shoes and hats in neatly-labeled boxes. Clothes are pressed and brushed, checked for missing buttons, split seams and spots afterwards. She lays her costume out the night before, gives herself at least two hours to dress for a rehearsal or interview. "When I came to New York," she confesses, "I didn't know how to buy. I kept getting bouffant dresses and skirts, lots of crinolines and petticoats and bright colors." Today she compliments her tiny (5'4") figure with short-jacket suits and one-color outfits, owns five long coats and no separate jackets—"they cut me in half." She favors classic, slim-skirted styles in subtle dark shades. "Today I have far fewer clothes, really, than I ever thought I'd need," she adds. "But I feel pretty in everything I own."

He "Lives Poor"—In Hollywood

(Continued from page 49)

savings and investment that in recent months has earned him the title of "TV's Rockefeller." And he doesn't go about it haphazardly. Before he invests in anything, he checks the deal more carefully than Dun and Bradstreet.

Just a few weeks ago, a man approached Hugh at a party with a proposition to invest in a Texas oil well. High-income people are always intrigued by oil deals because of the favorable tax situation, and Hugh himself has taken advantage of it on a number of occasions. But this one sounded too good. "If it's such a wonderful deal, why don't you sell it to a Texan?" he inquired.

The man hesitated. "To tell you the truth, Mr. O'Brian, I have several interested . . ." and then he rattled off the names of half a dozen prominent citizens of the state.

"All right," said Hugh. "I'll let you know by Monday."

In the meantime, Hugh made a couple of long-distance calls to Texas and found out that none of the men whose names were given to him even knew of the supposed oil wells. Needless to say, it didn't take Hugh long to make up his mind about the kind of deal this was.

Hugh has other reasons for the thrift which makes his personal budget closer to that of a junior executive than that of a top-flight television star: There were times when he squandered money—and paid the consequences.

Hugh has always been unusually capable in business dealings. While attending New Trier High in Winnetka, Illinois, he used to average fifty cents an hour working as a produce boy for the local A&P store on Saturday afternoon—and quadrupled his income on Sundays by selling all the carrot tops and other discarded greens to farmers for pigs' food.

Later, at the Kemper Military Academy, he soon realized that cadets who couldn't go out at night, because they had to study, get mighty hungry about ten o'clock. So he went into the sandwich business. He charged fifteen cents for a peanut-butter sandwich, twenty cents if he added jelly, and up to thirty-five for triple deckers.

With other equally profitable ventures, his self-confidence in future earnings grew to the point where, one Saturday afternoon, he walked into a used-car lot on Chicago's north side and put down \$137.50 on a sedan in fairly good condition.

The day after he drove it off the lot, his financial troubles began. Another boy at the Military Academy had gotten wise to his sandwich business, and started one of his own. Soon they were outbidding one another till neither made any more money.

To keep up his monthly car payments, Hugh had to take outside jobs. But, with the little time he got off from school, he couldn't earn enough to meet his payments, so he kept borrowing on the car itself, then paying off some, then borrowing again—a vicious circle that lasted till he went into the service. "I learned a lesson in those days," Hugh acknowledged. "Never buy anything unless you know you can pay for it."

He credits a good part of his present success to living below his income. "Even at best, acting is an insecure profession. No matter how successful you are, tomorrow you may be 'through,' for any number of reasons. Moreover, if you are independent financially, you don't have to accept just anything that comes along. You can be selective and, as a result, get better parts."

Hugh isn't talking out of thin air. The first professional job he got in Hollywood—two days' work in "Dead on Arrival"—grossed him a hundred dollars. After deductions, he had somewhere around eighty-four left. When he came home with his paycheck on the second night, he was tempted to throw a big party to celebrate his break into motion pictures. The more he thought of it, the more he became convinced that it would be foolish, because he might not get another part for a month. He was right. Five weeks went by before he got his second chance. With what he had earned during those two days, and the little reserve he had from before, he managed to get by.

The temptation to go out and celebrate was even bigger after his first major supporting role. For "Never Fear," which starred Ida Lupino, he was paid three hundred and fifty a week for three weeks—an enormous amount of money for Hugh in those days. Again, he deposited most of it in the bank. Ever after, whether he earned much or little, a certain percentage of his earnings was always invested "in the future."

And that's how he was able to accept the title role in *The Life And Legend Of Wyatt Earp*. A few months before—against the advice of almost everyone—Hugh had turned down a new U-I contract in favor of free-lancing. It was less secure, but more promising in the long run. He was just getting into high gear when the *Wyatt Earp* offer came along. For Hugh, it was a gamble. But he could afford to accept it. And every televiewer knows how well it has paid off for Hugh O'Brian!



Today, his way of life is evident in more ways than his apartment and his car. He is probably the only star who has only a part-time secretary to help him with his business correspondence and volumes of fan mail. When he goes out for dinner, he seldom eats at expensive restaurants, cares more about the quality of the food than plush surroundings. He hardly ever entertains at home and, when he does, gets rid of his social obligations on a one-party-a-year basis to repay his friends' invitations.

This year, Hugh called about twenty people and asked them to be at his apartment on a Friday night, prepared to spend three days. To the surprised inquiries as to what he had in mind, he mysteriously answered, "Just bring old clothes, bathing suits, tennis shoes, and a good appetite."

A more curious group of people never assembled north of the Sunset strip to pile into four cars and take off for Newport Beach. The mystery cleared up when they boarded a sixty-five-foot yacht which Hugh had hired and outfitted for a long weekend. They had a marvelous time cruising to Catalina, fishing, deep-sea diving, just shooting the breeze. The total expense for Hugh was under three hundred dollars—or less than fifteen dollars apiece.

Yet even Hugh has learned that, in

some respects, it's foolish to cut expenditures to a minimum. Specifically, for food and clothes. Hugh will never forget the first civilian suit he bought after he was discharged from the Marines. He had read an ad in the paper about a big discount sale, where prices were not only reduced fifty percent, but an extra pair of pants, a shirt, and two ties—customer's choice—were given to each purchaser.

Unwilling to take a chance on the best bargains being sold out before he got there, Hugh left his house at six in the morning, was the first to line up at the front entrance of the department store and the third to get in—two women pushed past him and he was too much of a gentleman to protest. An hour later he walked out with what he thought, and all his friends agreed, was a very nice-looking suit.

It wore nicely for about two weeks, when he sent it to the cleaner for the first time. It came back with all the buttons broken. There was a typewritten note from the cleaner: "The buttons were made of cheap imitation bone. Sorry they broke. There's nothing we can do about it. P.S. The suit isn't much better."

Hugh quickly found out what that meant. Two more cleanings and the lining fell apart. After a month, his elbows came through the sleeves. The day after, he threw it in the trash can. "I'm not wealthy enough to buy cheap stuff," Hugh says now. "In the long run, it costs a lot more, because good quality far outlasts it."

Today, he pays as much as a hundred and sixty-five dollars for a tailor-made suit. Not nearly as much as many other top stars, but quite a bit more than most people. Yet he still insists that his total clothing bills over the years are less than that of the average middle-income wage-earner.

His experience with saving on food was even more drastic. About the same time he had his unfortunate experience with the suit, he was taking eighteen and a half units at Los Angeles City College while getting experience with little-theater groups and occasional live TV shows (then in their infancy and paying very poorly, if at all). To help boost his seventy-five-dollar monthly subsistence allowance from the Government, he worked in the school cafeteria, selling refreshments and cleaning off tables. For this, he got thirty dollars a month and a hot meal a day—his only one. To save up for "emergencies," he put aside every penny he didn't need for rent or other urgent necessities, and he considered any additional meal-a-day an unnecessary luxury.

Hugh felt himself getting tired more easily all the time. He credited it solely to too much work and not enough sleep, and didn't get worried till he did poorly in two examinations. He simply couldn't remember the answers on a subject in which he was usually fluent. "I was just too tired," he recalls. "Looking back, I was also very foolish. If I had gone on, I might have ruined my health—permanently. But, in a way, failing in those exams was a break. Suddenly, it hit me what I was doing."

He never again saved on food. It isn't smart.

It's a cinch Hugh will never lose his reputation of "living poor" in Hollywood with this kind of reasoning. It's just as certain that he'll live comfortably in the years to come, no matter what happens to his career. Can any other star, who is doing well today, say the same?

Sassy and Sentimental



In New York, Ruth found Perry Como in the know on color TV, planned similar color production for her show.



Sitting out a segment with Jerry Lewis, above, Ruth makes time, too, for daily chat with the little ones.



Ruth Lyons can out-talk any other woman—and make her WLW listeners and viewers out-give any other audience

RUTH LYONS, Ohio's high priestess of the airwaves, was never a suffragette. She was too young in that heyday. But pick up the feminist torch she did—the driving, vital intelligence, the fierce independence and the crusader zeal. After some twenty-five years in radio and TV, Ruth commands a following near-legendary in its loyalty. Tune in *50 50 Club*, weekdays at noon—or scare up a ticket of admission and join the studio-audience—and the Lyons' phenomenon will begin to explain itself. Ruth's program, that hour-and-a-half of live music and talk, started out several years ago as the *50 Club*. Fifty people bought luncheon at the station, then stayed for the show. Later, 50 more were added. At present, there are 120 people in the daily luncheon-audience group. Tickets at \$1.25 are sold in advance, currently through 1961. . . . Ruth's day starts just a few seconds before program time. As she hurries along toward camera, her staff thrust small memos at her concerning a commercial or some bit of stage business. "I'm glad I can't hear you," she waves them away cheerily. "We don't want the show to seem stagey, you know." Once on, if she happens to have been late, Ruth will tell a marvelously probable traffic story. Then, taking a good



Governor O'Neill "emceed" Ruth Lyons Day doings. On hand were: Candy, Bob Braun (rear), husband Herman.

look at that day's aggregation, she exclaims, "Good! We're having a cold cream commercial today. A lot of faces in the front row need help, bad." Denizens of the *Club* adore the good-natured roughing-up and the evidence is overwhelming that it gets results. Once, she quipped offhand to a fat lady in the audience, "You ought to start a reducing club." Years later, the same lady returned with her friends, announcing proudly to Ruth, "We've lost 500 pounds since you got us started." . . . Ruth gets a lot of things started. As an example of the potency of her unscripted appeals for the Children's Hospital Fund, Christmas of 1956 brought in a record \$155,340.42. The money—for toys, special TV sets, games equipment and basic items like iron lungs and air-conditioning equipment—is spent year round by a joint committee appointed by the local hospitals. On an average day, unsolicited contributions total at least \$56. . . . But the Ruth Lyons' charitable projects are only one facet of her broad involvement in human affairs. Crediting the so-called "average woman" with the same vigorous curiosity, Ruth says succinctly, "I don't believe her only concern is with the dust-cloth." Ruth may out-talk her audience, but it's second nature for her



At Crosley Field, Ruth roots for TV-radio team. She managed, they played, and won—over newspapermen.

Continued →

Sassy and Sentimental

(Continued)



Music hath charms, especially on the 50 50 Club when charming Ruth joins in at organ or vocals. Above, a mike duet with Steve Lawrence.

to avoid anything smacking of talking-down. As wife and mother, she finds the traditional homemaking tasks of women of prime importance. On one show, Ruth brought in her family laundry for an audience-participation ironing-out session, then kibitzed, "Hey, don't crease Herman's collars. He's got a sensitive neck." . . . But she's also convinced women want *more* comment and free discussion on political and social questions, not *less*. So, regularly, the controversial items get hung out with the rest of the laundry—the refugee question, the Fifth Amendment, radioactive fallout, local politics, whatever elicits a passionate pro or con. Each time, after the initial shock, the Crosley executives who head WLW recover quickly. They know if anyone can air a touchy topic over the tri-city WLW coverage area, it's Ruth Lyons. . . . Sponsors bear this out. WLW takes in about \$2,000,000 yearly in sponsor revenues, in spite of the fact that an advertiser rarely if ever gets his nicely-scripted commercial read straight. Ruth's style is in her incomparable delivery. Should she just happen to mention one of her favorite perfumes (if it actually is a favorite), every drug and department store in the Cincinnati-Dayton-Columbus area will have a run on the product that very afternoon. . . . Contests and campaigns are similarly haphazard in scheduling. One time, a contestant called in an answer soon after Ruth had posed the question on air. She barked, "What's the idea making me think up another question so soon again and killing my weekend?" . . . That response was only half in jest, for weekends do mean a lot to Ruth Lyons. Her fans, for example, have no chance whatever to "Lyonize" Ruth, because she socializes so rarely. "I love my family and my work," she

insists, "in that order." . . . Ruth got her first job after graduating from the University of Cincinnati. As a staff organist and pianist for Station WKRC, she was asked to sub on the consumers' show one day. Bored with her job, with a secret hankering to be a librarian, Ruth decided to have some fun. The script carefully "filed" in the wastebasket, she took off impromptu on mike, kidding the sponsors like mad. Surprisingly, the program director didn't even think of firing her. He liked her style. . . . Soon, Ruth had her own show. She rose quickly to the upper echelons and, in 1942, went over to WLW with thirteen sponsors. . . . During the earlier years of her success, Ruth had resigned herself to a life of single blessedness, figuring no man existed who wouldn't hate her professional and financial eminence. But in Herman Newman, a University of Cincinnati English instructor, she found someone as indifferent to money and its niceties as she was toward her sponsors. They married, modernized a big Colonial home in the Mt. Airy section of Cincinnati and soon added a daughter to the family. Occasionally Herman and Candy, now 13, will appear on one of the special holiday shows, but otherwise Ruth guards her family's privacy vigilantly. She allows no publicity about her home life, no pictures—nothing of a nature to satisfy the curiosity of her fans. Probably as a result of this, one Hallowe'en over a hundred parents drove up Ruth's street with their kids, presumably to trick-or-treat the neighborhood. But they all stopped at Ruth's house. Mrs. Newman had no choice but to queue them up at the side door and show them through, from kitchen to living room. Ruth Lyons' comment next day: "Oh yes! A few of the old girls came out to see me last night."

"Laugh Girl" From Ohio

(Continued from page 54)

growing more nostalgic by the moment! We knew we were getting Christmas week off, and I couldn't wait to get home." As the show's stars continued to berate themselves for ever having left Columbus, memories of her childhood there flashed before Dody's eyes like the daily rushes in a Hollywood projection room. She saw the playhouse in the back yard of the house on Summit Street where she played mama to a host of dolls, the sandpile where she and brother Dexter used to dig, the watery lemonade they made and sold for "two cents a dirty glass."

"First thing I knew, those memories had me smiling," Dody says. "I never could stay moody very long. Usually, I spent the time between numbers clowning around in the dressing room. I'd satirize songs and recite these corny old poems like 'Yukon Jake' and the girls would laugh fit to kill themselves. None of us ever dreamt then that, three-and-a-half years later, I'd be a full-fledged comedienne doing the *Tonight* show three nights a week on TV."

Tonight's star, Jack Paar, says, "The minute Dody walked into the office she made me laugh. I couldn't believe her! I thought she was painted there. I asked her if she was putting it on for me and, when she confessed, 'A little,' I said, 'Hire her!'"

Dody joined the cast of *Tonight* on July 21 and, within a week, she had created such a stir of interest that NBC promptly signed her to a five-year contract. With that as her inspiration, she has quietly set about winning herself a host of fans from coast to coast. The volume of mail continues to amaze and delight her, though many a fan berates her for not singing more often on *Tonight*. (They'll be happy to hear she has a whole new album, just released by Coral Records.)

Trying to define Dody's charms as a comedienne isn't easy. There are those who feel her specialty on *Tonight* is making spontaneous and amusing remarks, which seems to tie in with Dody's own opinion that her chief function on the show is "just to be there when Jack needs me." But to leave it at that would be misleading. Perhaps one of the young comedienne's greatest assets is her unpredictability.

She refers to her own humor as "vague and scatterbrained," and confesses she comes by it honestly. "Mama is a combination of Mary Boland, Billie Burke and Marion Lorne, although she vigorously denies it. Not long ago, she saw an old Jack Paar movie on TV and got the mistaken idea that the *Tonight* show had finally come to Columbus. That Sunday, when I made my regular phone call home, she scolded me with, 'I watched it right through to the end and you never came on at all.'"

Dody's lack of dependency on prepared material (a goodly share of it ends up at the bottom of her famous tote bag) is well known. "Audiences seem to sense spontaneous things and react better to them. Jack is my idea of a great ad-libber. He has a very quick mind. His charm lies in the fact that he's just himself. He's really a very kind, sensitive person, inclined to worry a lot. I don't believe in worrying myself."

But Dody admits she did do her share of worrying, the first couple of weeks on *Tonight*. It disturbed her that people were asking "Is Dody Goodman for real?" "If I weren't for real," says Dody, "why would anyone want to be like this? I

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| 51. Doris Day | 149. Russ Tamblyn | 230. Paul Newman | 260. Tom Trvon |
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thought maybe I was coming across as phony—like someone putting on an act—but then friends assured me I was coming over exactly as I am."

Exactly as she is, is the way people want her. Lovable, unspoiled and painfully honest. That Dody holds a deep spot in the affections of viewers is evidenced by the recognition she finds wherever she goes. "When I walk down the street everybody talks to me," she says delightedly. "Women, teenagers, ticket-takers, cab drivers. They say, 'Hi, Dody!'" She smiles. "I like people. It's nice to have them like me."

People have liked and been amused by Dolores Goodman since she made her first appearance "from outer space," October 28, 1928, in Columbus, Ohio. The youngest of three children born to Rachel and Dexter Yates Goodman, rumor has it that she so amused the stork during delivery he had to switch to automatic pilot to keep from dropping her in Cleveland. Her four-year-old brother promptly nicknamed the new arrival Dody and big sister Rose agreed it "fitted her to a D."

Dexter Goodman, former president of Gallagher's Cigar Manufacturing Company, now retired, never had much sympathy for his younger daughter's theatrical ambitions. Her talent for her first love, dancing, began to manifest itself at an early age and her mother enrolled her in the Jorg Fasting Ballet School when she was eight. "Mama had studied dancing as a child," says Dody, "so she understood and encouraged me. Papa just thought it was a lot of impractical nonsense.

"He has a wonderful sense of humor, though. My brother and I used to fight a lot when we were kids. Dex always got the better of me and I'd run screaming to my father. One time I shouted, 'Papa, you've just got to speak to Dexter. You've just got to speak to him, Papa!' As my brother ambled into the room, Papa looked up from his paper and said calmly, 'Hel-lo, Dexter.' His delivery was so great it even broke me up. I probably got my first lessons in timing from him."

Describing herself as a "sort of offbeat child—a non-conformist, not adhering to any particular pattern," Dody confides that she has had a way of provoking laughter all her life. At parties, she used to like to give humorous versions of plays or movies she'd seen. Friends were always saying, "If you could just do that on the stage, it would be wonderful." But, as Dody now admits, "There were times I didn't always understand why something I said got a laugh. I'm not even sure I do now. Like sometimes on *Tonight*, I'll start to say something I think is very profound and the audience howls. It probably comes out all mixed up."

By the time she entered North High School, Dody was a serious ballet student, dancing prima ballerina roles in the ballets her teacher presented at such places as the Hartman Theater. During summer vacations, Dody went to New York to study at the School of American Ballet. With her long hair parted in the center and drawn straight back in ballerina style, she presented a completely opposite picture to the curly short-haired comedienne she was destined to become. The transformation from ballet to comedy was a slow, arduous and sometimes heartbreaking process. "It took me a long time to find myself," Dody says. "I started out by trying to coordinate comedy with dancing, but that wasn't the answer. I have a funny voice and I needed to use it."

The first time Dody attempted a comedy act of her own was as a teenager during the war when she entertained at a servicemen's canteen in downtown Columbus. "My act was made up of a whole

hunch of stuff I'd put together myself. I had this whole mess of props—funny hats, feather fan, a suit of long underwear. Those poor boys! I can't even remember if they laughed."

It was mere coincidence that Dody left town shortly afterwards. Subsidized by a generous grandfather, she and a girl friend headed for New York and back to ballet. This time, young Dody "made the rounds of the schools." She studied at the Metropolitan Opera Ballet School and with Madame Alexandra Fedorova, who had been a distinguished ballerina during the czarist regime in Russia.

It wasn't long before Dody landed her first job as a dancer in the road company of "High Button Shoes." While in Chicago with that musical, she attended dramatic classes at Northwestern University. Other hit shows followed in rapid succession and Dody, who also danced intermittently in the *corps de ballet* at Radio City Music Hall, danced in the Broadway productions of "Miss Liberty," "Call Me Madam," "My Darlin' Aida," and "Wonderful Town."

Director George Abbott, of the latter show, knew Dody from "Miss Liberty," in which the ballet girls had a few lines of dialogue, and he let her double in the role of Violet, the shady lady. "He even added an extra scene for me," Dody recalls. "It wasn't a terribly big part, but it was a good one."

"Wonderful Town" closed its Broadway run in early summer of 1954 and Dody

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joined it in Dallas, Texas, where Imogene Coca had taken over the Rosalind Russell role. It was here Imogene first heard Dody recite two of her old poems, "Young Charlotte" and "Yukon Jake." Impressed by her talents as a comedienne, Imogene was convinced Dody would be a hit in one of the New York niteries.

"When we got back to New York in the fall," Dody relates, "Imogene gave a party and Julius Monk, who booked Le Ruban Bleu, was there. Besides the old poems, I did a comedy interpretation of 'Glad Rag Doll,' an old pop tune, and satirized 'The Laughing Song' from 'Rosalinda.' Julius was painfully frank. He said the poems were too long to hold a night-club audience, I was too inexperienced to do a single, and the material needed polish. He advised me to work hard, get some more ideas and audition for him again. That's when I really stopped everything, except a few TV shows like Martha Raye's, and went to work on a comedy act of my own.

"At first, I didn't know what to do. Writers don't want to write special material for unknowns—and they were too expensive, anyway. I worked on all kinds of crazy things and did I have props! One was a shepherd's crook I spent half my time looking for. It was always sliding under benches in the dressing rooms of the rehearsal halls."

When writer Mike Stewart advised Dody that Ben Bagley, the producer of an off-Broadway show "Shoestring Revue"

(1955), was looking for a comedienne, she insisted she wasn't ready. "I was never ready," Dody admits frankly. "But Mike arranged an audition, anyway, and I was hired." She sang "Somebody's Been Sending Me Flowers," which turned out to be one of the show's highlights, and did an impersonation of Marilyn Monroe. A six-week engagement at the Village Vanguard followed. "That was the first time I ever did a single in a night club. I'd say it was semi-successful." Exactly eighteen months after she had been "spurned" by Julius Monk, Dody went to work for him in his Downstairs Room.

In November, 1956, she opened in another "Shoestring Revue." This was followed by three appearances on the Ray Bolger TV show, and then she was off to Florida for "New Faces." "By the time that closed, it was July and I flew out to Columbus for a visit with my folks. It was there I got the call to return to New York to be interviewed by Jack Paar. So back I came to my home-away-from-home."

Dody's reference is to her charming one-and-a-half room apartment in the West Fifties. The furnishings are Victorian and early American. There are oval hooked rugs to complement the floor, while the gray walls feature framed Victorian fashion prints from old magazines. A low marble-topped table sits comfortably before the large sofa-bed. There is a TV set to "catch the important shows," and a Boston rocker for relaxing. The low bookcases hold books that are obviously read, and a mahogany table placed between the louvre-shuttered windows holds fan mail in unsteady piles.

The overflow from the latter is stacked on the floor. "I don't know what to do with it," Dody says bewilderedly. "My closets are jammed and I can't bear to throw it away. It's so good of people to go to all that trouble. Seems like, just as I get going real good on the mail, it's time to leave for the show."

Check-in time for Dody at the Hudson Theater is 9:00 P.M., even though *Tonight* doesn't go on the air in New York until 11:15. "They like to have me there to discuss bits of business," she explains, "and of course I have to make up. They did a lot of experimenting with make-up the first couple of months. Fans who saw me in person would tell me I looked older on camera than off. Poor Jack felt he had to keep explaining how young I am!"

When *Tonight* goes to color, Dody's fans are in for a treat. A slim, five feet, six inches tall, tipping the scales at 118 pounds, with soft brown eyes, a fair complexion and red-gold hair, she will come into her own at last.

There is no special man in her life at the moment and she has grown weary of well-meaning friends who insist she ought to get married. "They don't understand that, when you're concentrating on a career, you haven't got time to really get to know a man even if you're married to him."

Dody tries to sleep until 11:30 A.M., then she makes important phone calls, rehearses new material, gives interviews and answers mail. She may run to a new shop she's heard about to look at antique earrings, which she collects. Sometimes she lunches with friends.

"But, mostly, I don't have much time for social life," she says frankly. "I'm not too crazy about cooking, so, when I do have someone in for dinner, I either get barbecued chickens at the rotisserie or I fix something that you can just push in and pull out, like steak. I guess I'm not the domestic type." She is thoughtful a moment. "Even if I did want to get married right now, I just don't have the closet space!"

Tab Hunter: Triple-Talent Man

(Continued from page 36)

when they first told me, I was very annoyed, because for some reason I had you pegged as just another Hollywood pretty boy. It just goes to show how wrong anyone can be!

"I was absolutely thrilled with your performance and I have never seen anyone apply himself so diligently, or have such complete understanding of what he was trying to achieve. Many people whom I respect a great deal have told me they thought you were the best thing in the show, Tab, and I agree with them. You were. Everything you did was honest and true, it was terribly professional in every respect. You are an actor who shouldn't be afraid to step on the stage with anyone, and your talent is tremendous—always remember that. I hope I have the pleasure of working with you again very soon. Once again, thank you very much."

"That letter," Tab confesses, "brought me out of the fog and proved to be a turning point in my career. I was at the crossroads personally, emotionally and spiritually. In fact, name it and it applied to me! At that period of deep despair, a significant word of discouragement could have sent me splattering in all directions. John Frankenheimer will never know how much his letter helped me. I really should keep copies around everywhere to boost myself whenever there is need—like always!"

Fifteen fruitful months have elapsed since Tab received this deserving tribute and, despite his self-deprecating exterior (it's a ruse to prevent people from believing he's taking himself too seriously), he's going places and accomplishing things that amaze even his severest critic.

Today, no one can question his popular position, and the benefits derived therefrom are both handsome and heartwarming.

In his current "Lafayette Escadrille" for Warner Bros., Tab's newly acquired poise and aplomb are evidenced by a memorable performance. He admits that self-consciousness still sneaks up on him on rare occasions, but now he can laugh about it and take it in stride.

"When Dinah Shore kicked off her current hour-long Sunday show for NBC-TV," Tab tells you, "she asked me to sing and dance with such perennial performers as Danny Thomas and Nanette Fabray. Then Dinah—which sure rhymes with 'finah!'—also wanted me to do a duet with her and sing harmony. *Harmony!* I'd only sung in front of a live audience twice before, and what I knew about harmony—you could put in your tin ear!

"When I explained that I sing flat when I get nervous, Dinah told me to nudge her and she'd signal the band to blast. Seriously, she was just wonderful to me in every way, and one bit of advice was so helpful I'll never forget it." The advice? "If you're going to make a mistake," said the sweet singer of songs, "be sure and make it a big one! The little ones are always much more obvious."

Tab's triumph on the Dinah Shore show was a doubleheader. It marked his release from a disheartening suspension imposed by Warner Bros., when he refused to appear in "Darby's Rangers." Tab considered the script was a step in the wrong direction and, having the courage of his convictions, he remained adamant.

"Going off salary and remaining inactive ten months was a tough decision to make," says Tab. "A performer must perform, or he gets rusty. But, after 'Lafayette Escadrille,' I wanted to follow it with something just as good—or better. Of course, I could see the studio's side, too. If a better script had been available, I know they would have given it to me. As it was, I knew the time had come for me to fight for better roles in bigger pictures.

"My suspension automatically cancelled making records, because the studio controls my recording rights. I had already made my first LP album for Dot label—it couldn't be released now, and this darned near killed me. After 'Young Love,' which sold close to two million, it would have been a great break to follow up with another smash hit. Sometimes, when things like this happen, you ask yourself—*why?* Well, there is a reason. You have to know where you're going, and I didn't know—before this experience."

Proving that nothing is ever lost, during that inactive period Tab composed a song, in collaboration with Gwen Davis, which he sang on the Dinah Shore show. Warners was so impressed that the theme for "Lafayette Escadrille" was written into a song called "Learning to Love." Backed on the Dot label by Tab's own number, "Don't Let It Get Around," this new Hunter disc is now selling like those proverbial hotcakes.

Late in 1957, his studio loaned him to Columbia for "Gunman's Walk" and that studio was so stirred by Tab's top trouping, they tried to buy up half his contract. Adding still another feather to his

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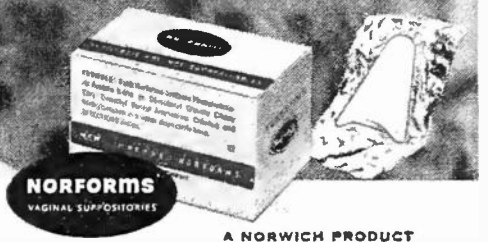
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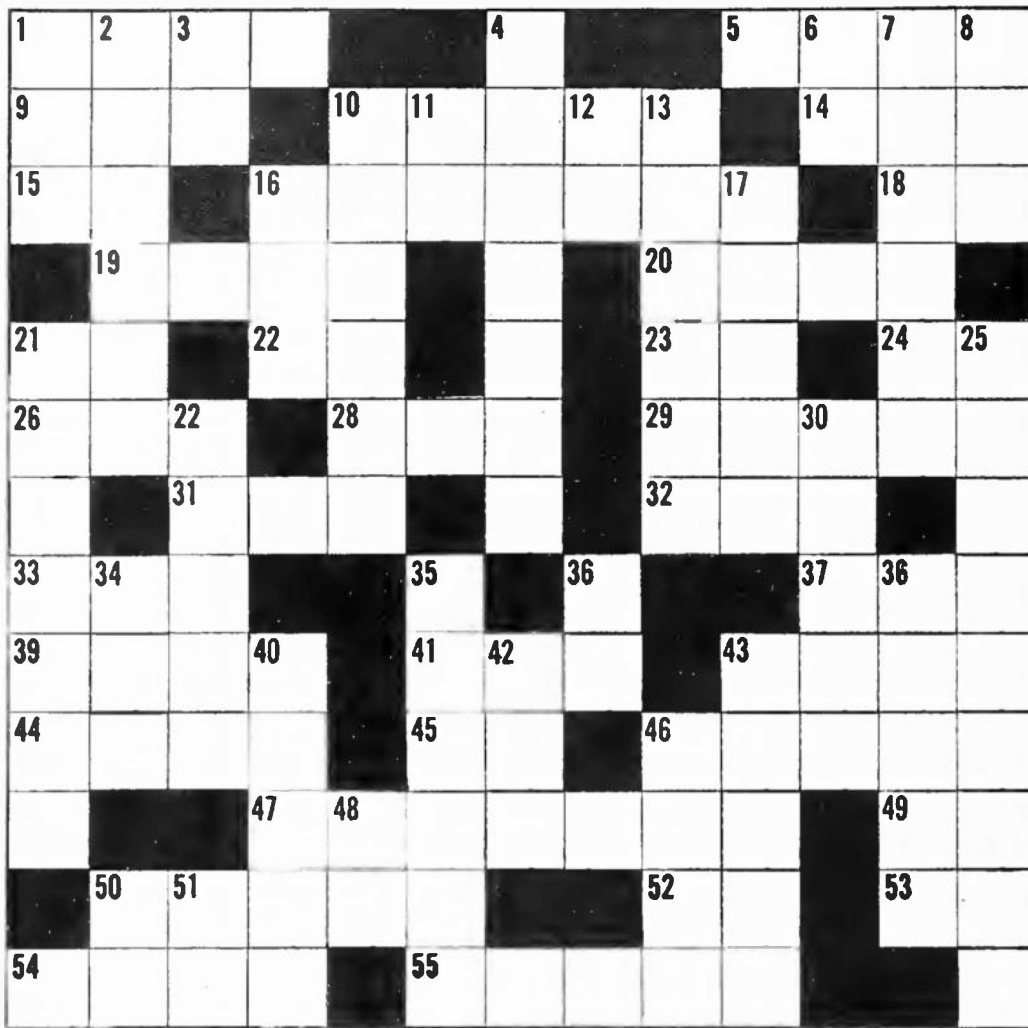
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ACROSS

- 1. In the middle of (paetic)
- 5. ----aut, Comera technique
- 9. St. Louis Cardinals' famed "----hause Gang"
- 10. The Princess of Manaca
- 14. Small rug
- 15. Truth -- Consequences
- 16. What's My Line panelist
- 18. Dan --Neill
- 19. Graup of three
- 20. Member of a singing graup
- 21. Geametric term
- 22. "-- Watsan" of Sherlock Holmes
- 23. Charlie McCarthy's bass (init.)
- 24. "-- Time far Sergeants"
- 26. --- Ray Huttan
- 28. "Yau'll Never --- Rich"
- 29. Saap spansor
- 31. Stage direction
- 32. Pig's domain
- 33. Drog---
- 37. Eddie Cantar's wife

- 39. TV-Radia guest salaist, ---- Garin
- 41. Kind of coat an *The Big Payoff*
- 43. Authar unknawn (abbr.)
- 44. Painful
- 45. First twa initials of late Demacratc president of U.S.
- 46. Silent film stor Pala ----
- 47. "----- Girl" (musical)
- 49. This -- Yaur Life
- 50. Daub
- 52. Smallest State (abbr.)
- 53. Red Hat Mama (init.)
- 54. Bap expression
- 55. Authar of "Rabinsan Crusae"

DOWN

- 1. Sang: "Lang, lang ----"
- 2. Star of "Peter Pan"
- 3. This -- Nara Drake
- 4. ----- Fabray
- 6. Day time (abbr.)
- 7. Vic -----
- 8. And so forth (abbr.)
- 10. Liberace's brather
- 11. Janet Dean, -- --
- 12. Central Europe (abbr.)
- 13. Jahn and Lianel were her brathers (poss.)
- 16. What cantestants da an *The Price Is Right* shaw
- 17. Scene of Lawell Thamas adventure
- 21. Victor Barge's profes-sian
- 25. Rasa Ria, Ethel Smith, Jesse Crawford, are -----
- 27. Maurice Evans is a Shakespearean ----
- 30. Campeting
- 34. Self
- 35. Bear the expense of
- 36. Riley's son (abbr.)
- 38. ---- Day
- 40. Canfederate saldier
- 42. Chinese vegetable
- 43. Eagle's nest
- 46. He fiddled while Rome burned
- 48. Darathy --maur
- 50. "-- Yau Want ta Lead a Band?"
- 51. Jim Lawe's hame stote

illustrious cap was his assignment, early in 1958, to the *Hallmark Hall Of Fame* special, "Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates." Fortunately for Tab, he's as solid a sender on ice (or horseback) as he is on terra firma. Tab can not only sing and dance, but match figure-eights with Dick Button and Barbara Ann Scott—proving it's possible for a triple-talent star to look like a champion among Olympic champions.

"Everything is working out so well," Tab enthuses, "I can hardly wait to get up in the morning. You see, there is so much to make up for! When I look back on my beginning in 1950," he says ruefully, "I realize everything in my career has been a 'first,' and this is doing it the hard way. I was supposed to be a professional when I played my first leading role in my first picture, 'Island of Desire.' I was supposed to be a professional when I made my first record—which became the number-one song of the nation overnight. I was supposed to be a professional when I sang my first solo to millions of viewers on the Perry Como show.

"In other words, I was the most inexperienced 'professional' in the business! I started out with a bang—and slowed down to a snail's pace. What else, when you're forced to develop overnight know-how? When the publicity exceeds the product, and you haven't had the experience to back it up? In the meantime, everyone looks at you and thinks how lucky you are. And you *are*—except you should be prepared to carry the ball. When you aren't, people say it's your fault, and suddenly it all becomes pretty frightening.

"Where do you start to try and find yourself? How do you overcome shyness and insecurity and develop self-confidence? If only there were some precious pill or magic formula! I remember going to an executive who was in a position to give me the advice I needed so badly. People can be so unfeeling, but maybe it was fortunate that I made a bad choice. This man reminded me that I was making easy money and should be very grateful. Grateful I was and am. But 'easy money'? There's no such thing, if you hope to survive in a highly competitive profession.

"From that moment on, I knew what I must do. I knew it was up to *me* if I wanted to be around long after other fast-starters dropped out along the way. I began, I believe, by learning the toughest thing for an actor to learn—*patience*. This real gift of the gods never stopped serving me while I struggled to develop faith in myself and turn it into something constructive.

"Experience is, of course, the greatest teacher of all, and there is no substitute. No one knows better than I that some of my pictures and performances were stinkers. And, when you're criticized and ridiculed, it hurts. I even got to the point where it was painful to hear those jokes about my name." (Tab's real name is Art Gelien, pronounced Ga-leen.) "Even when you can honestly tell yourself you did your best, it *still* hurts and you hang on and pray and keep trying to improve."

Unlike many actors in his same spot, instead of spending money in night clubs, Tab Hunter invested in his career. Whenever he had a spare dollar, he studied dancing to perfect body coordination and he took speech and dramatic lessons from a private coach. Personal-appearance tours helped him to overcome his fear of facing an audience. Like those two performances at the Chicago Opera House, where he appeared before 4700 people for disc jockey Howard Miller, the man

who brought him to the attention of Randy Wood, president of Dot Records. "I just made up my mind that I had to do it," Tab recalls. "Sure, I got a little nervous at first. There are always a few hecklers and you can't help thinking people are sitting out there saying, 'So show us what you can do!' So you tell yourself that you're not going to disappoint them—and then you knock your brains out! Of course, the first show for teenagers was the easiest. My fans, God bless them, are so loyal I could have made it with moon talk. But the second show was more adult and I had to change my approach. It was a great experience."

Unless there's a last-minute concession, it's doubtful if his studio will ever allow Tab's Dot album to be released. Like we said earlier in this story, when they rendered their original decision to punish Tab, he was so distraught he popped off and said many things he now regrets. Losing his temper (and it's a gasser), Tab discovered, doesn't prove a thing.

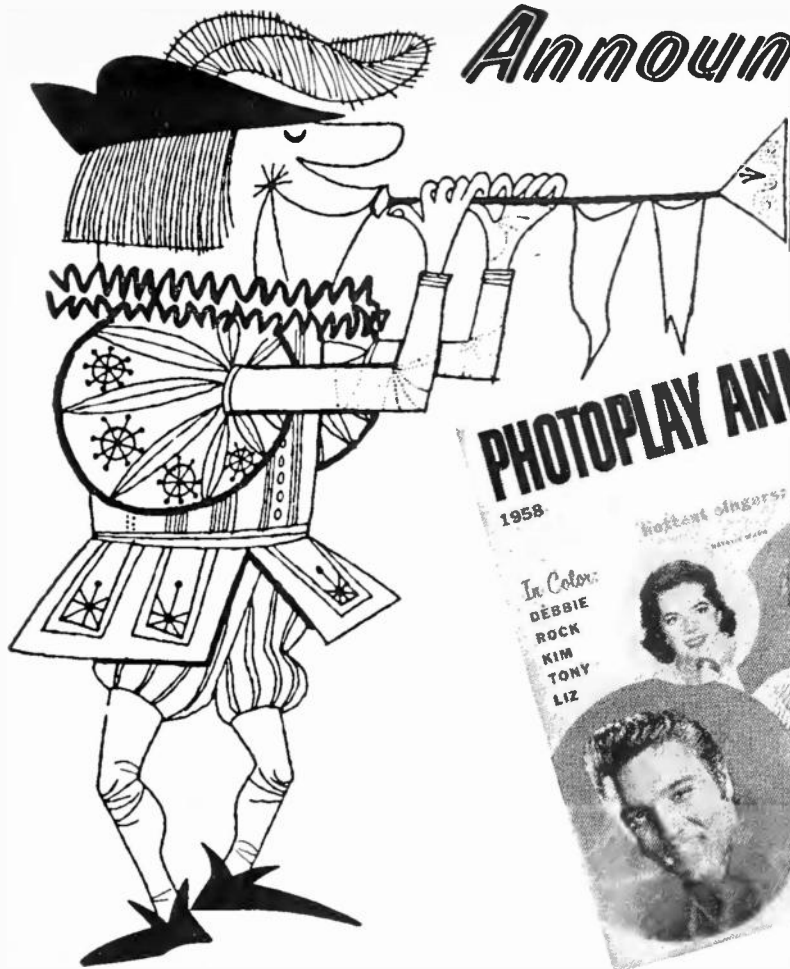
"I had to learn my lesson and make concessions," Tab says sheepishly. "There's a right and wrong way of doing things and personal antagonism is an indulgence, and a stupid one. The whole truth is, I'm probably very lucky that the album wasn't released. A year has passed since I made it and, during this time, I have been studying hard with Dean Campbell, a wonderful voice coach. He's taught me breath control and how to sustain notes. As a result, I now come close to having a three-octave range. You know, it's customary for the artist to pay for arrangements, musicians and background singers during a recording session. So I'm out several thousand dollars, but I still think I gained more than I lost."

Having been through the Hollywood mill, who is better qualified to point out pitfalls for newcomers than Tab Hunter? By his own admittance, he's received his best breaks through "freak" circumstances. He was discovered for pictures because they couldn't find the proper person with the physical requisites who could act, too. They compromised with Tab. He is the first one to tell you it was his name, not his voice, that paved his way into the recording world. No one or nothing, however, but Tab himself could have made it possible to survive.

"I have never met a top-flight performer," Tab says, "who isn't not only still learning, but still asking himself—have I got what it takes? This, when they're fabulously famous, makes me realize I've only scratched the surface and I must take advantage of the examples set before me. Bill Holden, whom I admire very much, said something in an article that made a deep impression. He said that sometimes you reach a plateau in life which can best be called *self-assurance*. So you develop a tendency to relax and indulge in yourself. This can be fatal, if you start to coast. An actor can never coast. If he does, that's when he stops learning and starts kidding himself."

No story on Tab Hunter would be complete without a reference to faith and the great part it has played in helping him find his way along the rocky road to success. Tab attends an inconspicuous little church in West Hollywood. Sometimes on his lunch hour, he slips in for a quiet moment of meditation and it sets him up for the day. But, because religion is such a sacred subject to him, he prefers to skip any lengthy discussion.

"I've heard too many people exploit their innermost feelings," he sums it up, "but they fail to live up to the things they supposedly believe in. I've heard them say, for example, 'God is my guiding light.' Whether they know it or not—He is!"



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What's New on the East Coast

(Continued from page 17)

NBC Books Stork: At press time, the crew and cast of NBC-TV's *Today* were expecting a minimum of five infants. For April delivery, there are Dave Garroway and wife, and also Helen O'Connell and husband Tom Chamales. Plus this, the wives of stage manager Shelly Schwartz, assistant producer Palmer Shannon and director Bill Healionare are that way. The only person on the show taking it easy is Frank Blair, an expert in these matters. He already has eight. . . . Vital statistics on William Christopher Allen, son of Steve Allen and Jayne Meadows: Caesarean birth at 10:00 A.M., Saturday, November 16, 1957. Weight, eight and a half pounds; complexion, fair. Says Steve, "It seemed like a half-pound of him was his hair, but he's got my hands and long fingers." This was Jayne's first child; Steve's fourth. He has three boys by a previous marriage, so he had been rooting for a girl. "Jayne and I hadn't even thought of a boy's name. We had chosen the name of Barbara, but it didn't seem fair to the boy."

Short Stuff: BBC wants the Mike Wallace films for their audiences. . . . Art Ford, proprietor of New York's *Make Believe Ballroom*, has a menagerie in his home—ocelot, monkey, ant-eater, puma—and he tries to match them to his dates. Honest. . . . Anna Maria Alberghetti warms up on the *Chevy Show* this month, January 5, but next month she gets top billing in the spec musical, "Aladdin" (Sal Mineo plays title role). . . . Underground effort being made to entice Jimmy Cagney into big TV show. . . . Funny thing about the Caesar-Coca show that premieres on January 26, ABC-TV. It's a half-hour format, and when NBC offered Sid the same deal last summer he turned it down. . . . Jackie Gleason has concocted, for Capitol, another album of lovely sounds, provocatively titled, "Jackie Gleason Presents Oooo," a kind of vocal orchestra without words. Jackie is visiting England, where they know him only as a musician. . . . If Tab Hunter can sing, and Tony Perkins

and Hal March, too, so can TV's first king, Milton Berle. He has made an album for Roulette in memory of his mother and it is titled, "Songs My Mother Loved." . . . The *Original Amateur Hour*, which would have been twenty-four years old this month, lost its spot on NBC-TV. Emcee Ted Mack has been with the show since 1936.

Eventful This Month: One of the great ladies of the American theater makes two TV appearances this month. On January 7, Judith Anderson will be in a comedy, "Abby, Julia and the Seven Pet Cows," on ABC-TV's *Telephone Time*. Miss Anderson's co-star is Dorothy Stickney, and both actresses complained about being upstaged during the filming by the supporting cast. The culprits were the seven cows. Then, on January 21, Judith Anderson stars on CBS-TV's *Du Pont Show Of The Month*. The vehicle is a dramatization of Thornton Wilder's novel, "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Miss Anderson plays the Marquesa de Montemayor. . . . Chalk up a feather (ticklish one) in Polly Bergen's cap for January 25. Bob Hope will be her guest. First time they've worked together. . . . NBC-TV's *Catholic Hour* will present a special series of four films made in the Vatican, beginning January 5. . . . Fats Domino, who has established a record in selling twenty-five million rock 'n' roll discs, gets the most—\$25,000—for a week's appearance at New York's Paramount Theater during the holiday season, then goes on with Patti Page on January 8. . . . Another sunny note on radio. January 6, Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy premiere a new CBS daytime strip, from 12:05 to 12:15, Monday-Friday. This is a 52-week deal, with the sponsor laying \$1,200,000 on the line.

How To Marry \$\$\$\$\$: A new comedy, *How To Marry A Millionaire*, premieres this month on the NTA Film Network. Based on the Marilyn Monroe movie, the series stars three beauties: Lori Nelson, Merry Anders and Barbara Eden. The gals average twenty-two years, are blond, about five-three in height, and all wear glasses. Each has been successful in TV and movies and, as proof, each owns a poodle and a Thunderbird. In New York City, the gals subjected themselves to the following third-degree:

Q. Do you really want to marry a millionaire? Lori: Every girl secretly hopes to marry a rich man. Barbara: Once you meet one, you change your mind. Merry: I'd settle for half a million.

Q. Do you like shy men? Merry: Shy men aren't so interesting. Barbara: I like a man who knows what he is. Lori: If he's shy, then I can't be myself. I don't like shrinking violets.

Q. Do you like eggheads? Merry: What's an egghead? Barbara: Is that a man with no hair? Lori: Intellectual types are nice, so long as you know



\$\$\$\$\$ is what Lori Nelson, Merry Anders, Barbara Eden have in mind.

for sure what they're talking about.

Q. Would you propose to a man? All: No.

Q. Do you accept blind dates? All: No.

Q. Who do you think has the ideal female figure? Lori: Mitzi Gaynor. Barbara: Betty Grable. Merry: Marilyn Monroe.

Q. Would you like the trappings that go with marrying a millionaire—jewels, furs, servants, etc.? Barbara: They're lovely. Merry: I like them. Lori: I think they're wonderful, but I could get along without them.

Q. Do you date actors? Lori: I hate the majority of them. Too aggressive. Too stuck on themselves. Merry: They have too many problems. Maybe their glamour appeals to the average woman, but I've seen too many of them. Barbara: I have met a couple that I like.

Q. What kind of man would you like to marry? Merry: A doctor. Lori: A doctor. Barbara: I don't know.

Q. Do you think actresses have to be sexy to succeed? Lori: I think it's a disgusting attitude. What does sex have to do with it? The reverse is just as bad—that only a homely actress can really act. Merry: If a woman is feminine and warm, it should be enough.

Q. Does it annoy you, then, if people think of you as sexy? Merry: Oh, no. Lori: No. Barbara: To the contrary, when I first came to Hollywood, they told me to go home. "You're not pretty. You're not sexy." So now I'm very happy if people think I'm sexy.

Q. How can you tell whether a man likes you for yourself or because of your Thunderbird, your sex appeal and the fact that you're working regularly? Merry: That's easy. We've already talked that one over. Once they see us without makeup, you can tell.



Lots of loot, too, for Fats Domino, who sells his records by the million.

Breakfast Club Cinderella

(Continued from page 30)

sports car out of the parking lot before noon—while the tab is still fifty cents—is an example. These habits go back a long way, just like the love of singing with which she seems to have been born.

From her Italian grandfather—who, though blind, raised four children by playing the accordion—Jeril inherited this feeling for music, while the Spanish blood that ran quick in her father's veins gave Jeril a sense of rhythm. These were the gifts she used to entertain youngsters in her classroom at Hollywood's Selma Avenue School—and, after class, on a cedar-chest stage with a bedspread for a curtain. Jeril would press brother Bill (William I. Garcia, Jr.) into service operating the box office for the penny admission.

But Jeril's early activities weren't always confined to these "back-porch productions," as she calls them. She was the most sought-after tomboy for every game. "For a while, in Hollywood, when my mother wanted me, she just made a regular circuit of the neighborhood's trees. I was sure to be swinging around in one of them," she says.

"Bill and I were the neighborhood champs at marbles, too. We had the biggest collection of aggies and steelies in the whole school. All won in fair competition—no hunching." But, just as they were getting too proficient, her father decided to move to the San Fernando Valley, presenting them with new fields to conquer.

However, at eleven years of age and entering Van Nuys Junior High School, Jeril found she suddenly was becoming a lady and developed a yen for dresses, new hairdos, and—boys. Prince Charming was no longer represented by some toothless kid hitting clean-up and sporting a .400 batting average. She began to think of boys who could dance something besides a snappy football shift. It was a new and even more interesting world.

When she entered famous Van Nuys High two years later, Jeril became president of the Girls' Athletic Association, senior class president, a member of the Ladies Honor Organization and of the glee club. Jeril even began to study singing with William King Driggs, a neighbor whose daughters are the highly successful recording quartette, the King Sisters. (Marilyn Driggs, the youngest, who often filled in with the group, became one of Jeril's close friends.) Then brother Bill obtained a job as an usher at the CBS studios in Hollywood. This all served to whet an appetite already sharpened for a singing career.

Two developments during her senior year really tickled her tonsils into action. Jeril won the San Fernando "Sandy Oscar" at the big high-school talent competition held yearly among all the schools in the talent-laden Valley. Then, during the final week at high school, she sang over the radio from a Hollywood restaurant at her class senior dinner.

Immediately following her graduation, Jeril turned down her first truly professional offer. She'd been singing hymns in most of the Valley churches—including her own, the Seventh Day Adventist—when she was offered a vocalist spot in the Adventist religious program produced in New York for television. But, she says, "I didn't want to leave my family and live in New York permanently. So, instead, I took a job as a contest reader with the Los Angeles Times. In two months, I was in the steno department and feeling like a



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MONEY, TYPING—SEWING! Details Free! Edwards, 3912-W, 12th, Des Moines 13, Iowa.

\$200 MONTHLY REPORTED, preparing envelopes. Revealing method, 25c! Economy, Box 2580-L, Greensboro, N.C.

\$75.00 WEEKLY POSSIBLE preparing mail, (details 10c). Novelty, Box 78247-A, Los Angeles 16, California.

\$GOOD PAY, MAKING scented Flowers sparetime. Free sample. Floralart, Sharon 2, Pa.

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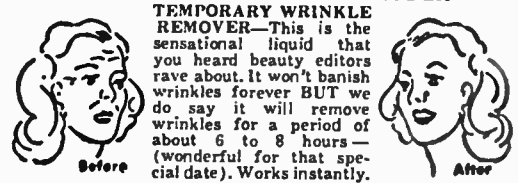
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caged lion. I just wasn't cut out for that kind of life.

"Brother Bill was working in the mail room there, too. And he wasn't happy, either. It didn't take much convincing to get him to agree that we should continue our education. We scraped together the little bit of money we'd saved, and our folks helped us. With this, we enrolled at La Sierra College, the Adventist school at Arlington, California."

While attending college, where she majored in religion and music, Jeril sang with a choral group that travelled extensively in the West. She also tried her hand at professional singing. Here it became suddenly apparent that, if she was to have a professional career, she would have to compromise her faith. Adventists hold Saturday as their Sabbath, the seventh day of the week.

"I learned early," says Jeril, "that big bands, radio shows and television programs all contracted to be able to work talent on Saturday, if necessary."

But the greatest disappointment of her early attempts to gain recognition occurred during an audition for the Horace Heidt talent show. Not only did Jeril make the grade for an appearance on Heidt's show—the bandleader wanted to take her on tour with his group, star her, make her a top-name vocalist.

"But, Mr. Heidt," she protested, "I just want to be on the talent show. I couldn't go on tour because I won't work on Friday night or Saturday because of my religion." She said it so softly that Heidt, a six-footer, had to bend down to hear her. "What's more important," came the inevitable show-business query, "your career or religion?"

"My religion," answered Jeril, in a small voice. And with her firmness went her hopes.

During this period, she was working for her uncle, Emanuel Mancuso, owner of an engineering company. Her brother was playing with Dale Robertson—now star of TV's *Tales Of Wells Fargo*—on the uncle's baseball team in an industrial league. She dated Robertson occasionally, but never seriously.

Losing the Heidt job almost made Jeril give up a career. However, her love of music and the entertainment world caused her to accept a position closely allied with it, as secretary to Dr. Clifton Moore, coordinator of radio and television for the Los Angeles Church Federation. At times, she lent a hand on local public service shows, singing hymns.

During this period with Dr. Moore, a friend, Art Valando, who had published a song, asked Jeril to record it for him and help push it. She did, making frequent trips to plug the song with disk jockeys on the West Coast. The song, "Run, Darlin', Don't Walk," was a West Coast success and resulted in favorable publicity, a fan club originated by a Massachusetts deejay, and contact with some three hundred other disk jockeys that she still maintains today.

In a family as close as Jeril's, no one individual can be singled out as the most helpful. But, with the success of the first song, Uncle Emanuel stepped in financially to help out with the promotion of Jeril and the Solo recording company, and two more recordings were made.

These brought other job offers. But again the same problem arose, and Jeril had to turn them down. When it seemed as though every move was futile, Jeril was whipped, despite the success of her recordings. Then, just as she was getting ready to call a halt to career dreams, she received a phone call from a Solo representative.

The representative, still promoting the recordings, had called the *Breakfast Club* crew in Chicago about auditioning her for the program, after he'd learned they were seeking a replacement for Betty Johnson, who was leaving the show.

It was Friday, May 3, 1957. The Solo man told Jeril he was to have some recordings in the mail Sunday night.

Even in the retelling, Jeril paces the floor because of the excitement the scene recalls. Friday started the ball rolling with the initial call. Saturday night, they made the homemade tape, with brother Bill—now an intern whose fingers were more used to surgery than music—accompanying her on the organ in a neighbor's home. She taped "Singing the Blues" and "I Love Paris." Bill, it turned out, could play only chords on the unfamiliar instrument, and Jeril admits the whole rendition was pretty shaky. On Sunday night—again with the aid of Uncle Emanuel—they had the record cut from the tape and slipped the whole thing into the mail with the Solo records, headed for the Windy City.

Monday afternoon, eighteen short hours after the package was wrapped, Jeril was told to prepare for a trip to Chicago for a week's appearance on the *Club*. She was competing with thirty other girls now, all that was left of the original three hundred.

Don McNeill puts it this way: "Like

everyone in this business, we were looking for a new voice and a fresh personality. When we received that homemade recording of Jeril's, we knew this was the real thing—no filters, no echo chambers. Her voice was true. But we needed to know how she would react to a 'live' audience. If they didn't take to her—well—" and McNeill shrugs his broad shoulders.

Leaving for Chicago by air gave Jeril her first ride in a full-sized passenger plane. This, coupled with the strangeness of a new city and the tension of doing the show daily against the swish background of the Porterhouse Room in the Sherman Hotel, nearly overwhelmed her until she got into the swing of singing. After that week, she returned home not knowing how she had fared. But, within little more than a week, they called for a second appearance a month later.

This time, the field had been narrowed to Jeril and one other girl. By Thursday of the second week, she was so certain of not getting the job, she walked to the window of her twelfth-floor hotel room, flung it open, and announced: "People of Chicago, I'll be gone from here tomorrow . . . leaving for sunny California—"

From somewhere nearby in another room came the sotto voice of a salesman who'd had a bad night: "Who the — cares!"

Jeril told the story, slightly censored, over the air that day and brought down the house. Following the show, McNeill called her into his office. Once inside, she watched him cross to the window, wave his arm to the scurrying figures outside and proclaim: "People of Chicago, disregard announcement number one. She's staying." And, turning to her, he said, "Jeril, I think you've made it. You're our girl."

She started regularly on the show on August 5, and has lost four pounds from her regular 104 in the process of working the five-day schedule.

A typical day starts at 5:30 A.M., with Pat Pace, roommate and longtime Valley friend, preparing a light breakfast. Jeril is at the Porterhouse Room for rehearsal by seven, and on the air from nine to ten. Then follows an hour of discussion with the arranger and more rehearsal, if necessary, on new tunes. (And don't forget the car, a Darrin, must be out of the lot at noon.)

She usually arrives back at her apartment on North Lake Shore Drive about 12:30 P.M., allowing a half hour for finding a parking space in the quaint "near North Side area." Lunch and answering fan mail take until three. Then, for two hours, she and Pat listen to tapes of the show recorded by Pat. When this worry and practice session ends at five, they might go out shopping for an hour, seeking furniture and "doodads" for their new apartment in one of the glass-and-steel buildings still under construction on the Drive. They expect to move in this spring.

Dinner usually comes at 7:30 P.M. About twice a week, it comes in the form of a date with a Chicago doctor Jeril describes as a "close friend." (Matrimony, she says, will have to wait until she can cook.) Sunday entertainment for the two girls often includes a spin in the little sports car, which, though Pat's, is really more of a community possession for both of them.

It's a thrilling new world for this spunky little girl who had the grit to stick by her beliefs. She's become a sort of modern-day Cinderella with a sports car as her pumpkin and the microphone her magic wand.

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National Broadcasting Company

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A Lady in Luck

(Continued from page 22)

A little more than a year later, on January 28, 1956, she was walking up the aisle of Our Lady of Lourdes Church in Queens Village, Long Island, wearing an ethereal white chiffon bridal gown as lovely as any she had ever modeled. And, this time, it was her very own.

That unhappy day she had sat in the restaurant alone, she thought, *Men! Who can depend on them?* Just then, a friend came by, said, "There is a bachelor my wife and I have been wanting you to meet. His name is Marco Brizzolara. We think you will like him and he will like you."

Outwardly, Pat smiled and said a pleasant few words of thanks. Inwardly, she was thinking: Don't do me any favors. I have enough trouble right now. *I'm through with men!*

Pat was invited to dinner at the friends' home the same night Marco was invited. "If he was impressed, he wouldn't admit it," she laughs. "I saw a handsome, six-foot-one, dark-haired, blue-eyed Italian who looked almost as Irish as I do." Pat is of Irish-Scottish-English ancestry, is five-foot-six, has light brown hair, a cute little nose and pretty mouth, and crinkly blue eyes. "I liked him, but I still liked the other man, so I wasn't too impressed, either."

A few days later, Marco telephoned. They went out on dates. But the other man was still in Pat's thoughts. She saw him again, too, but he was still wrapped up in some work he was doing and she was still resentful of what seemed like neglect of her. Three weeks later, she didn't care. She had fallen in love.

"I think Marc and I knew we were in love at about the same time," she smiles. "He proposed to me in the car, parked in front of my house on Long Island—but we became officially engaged in the car, parked in downtown Manhattan, in Maiden Lane, the famous 'street of jewelers.' I waited in the car while Marc picked up the ring he had ordered for me, and he came out and slipped it on my finger."

Four times, they set the wedding date. For her and for Marco, marriage is for keeps, and she wanted to be sure about everything. As a businessman (Marco is in the drug business), would he mind her remaining in show business and appearing on television, which was now so much part of her life? ("He didn't care too much for the idea in the beginning, but is willing now.") Would he want at least six children, the number she hopes to have? ("Marc loves kids and wants them as much as I do.")

She worried, too, when they met their respective families in the beginning. Would Marc find it easy to meet a family that consisted not only of parents, but of eleven brothers and sisters and some in-laws? (Pat is one of the middle children, and there are seven boys and five girls.)

"He mixed very easily," she beams. "He liked them and they liked him right away. I was the one who was scared about meeting his parents and his brother. That turned out to be easy, also, because they are so wonderful."

"I had only my family at the wedding, because that was a crowd! But, because Marc's family is small, we decided he could invite some friends as well as family. That way, we kept things even."

The wedding reception was held on board the *S.S. Patricia*, the ship that took them on a honeymoon cruise to the Caribbean. Pat's full name is Patricia Susan, so this seemed like a good omen. Her youngest sister cried because Pat was getting



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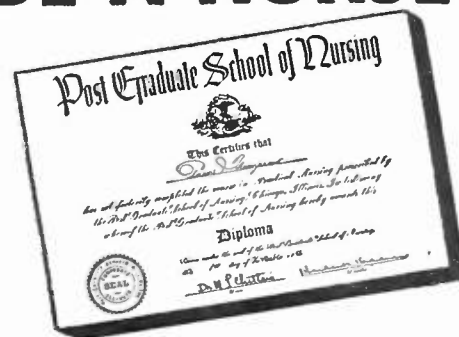
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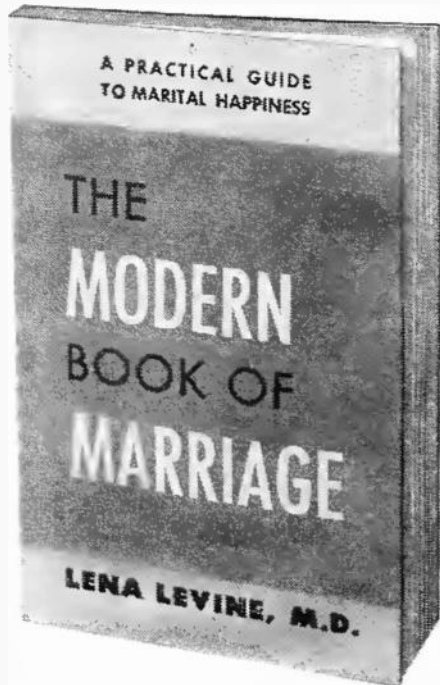
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married and going away forever, far away on a boat and then to her own home. Her mother hid from her the fact that she herself was getting ready to go into the hospital for an operation. All in all, the wedding was the usual happy blend of smiles and tears. Once or twice, her youngest brother almost broke her up during the ceremony. He was her altar boy, and she would catch him making funny little faces whenever she looked his way, except in those solemn moments when everyone was conscious of the deep significance of the occasion.

The young Brizzolaras came back from their honeymoon to live in a four-room apartment in a small New Jersey town, just across the Hudson River from New York—about forty-five minutes from the theater where *The Big Payoff* is broadcast every weekday afternoon.

The home background of these two very modern young people—career-minded, sports-minded, civic-minded as they are—is an interesting blend of modern and Old World. The apartment is modern, but some of the furnishings date back hundreds of years and are European in origin. Some vases came from the home of Marc's mother in Italy, family pieces that had survived the generations. ("There is little from my family," Pat explains, "because, with twelve children, everything got broken!") There are paintings from Europe, antiques from a number of countries. A set of cordial glasses in a locked glass cabinet. A Grecian-urn lamp, set next to a modern couch. An Italian console table that opens into a dining table, and two French Provincial armchairs for the host and hostess.

Pat loves to dig about in antique shops. Marco likes it, too—but reminds her of space limitations in their apartment. She came home one day with a French ceramic, a large blue and gold and red figure of Harlequin, one arm outstretched with finger beckoning amusingly. She just couldn't resist the fellow—but, when Marco saw the purchase he just flipped, immediately dubbed him "Useless." Pat wanted to put Useless under the lamp in their small dinette area, but this soace was already well filled with an antique metal table and two prized cane-back chairs, so Useless stands in the living room and has become a very special "conversation piece."

"I look for little objects that will bring charm into our home and keep it from being stereotyped," says Pat. "I think a home should express the personalities of

the people who live in it. Maybe ours expresses more of mine than Marc's, but he seems satisfied that way. When we bought our bedroom set, Louis XVI, in spraved gold touched with gray, it was being displayed with light green bedspreads and some beautiful lamps. Marc insisted on having the whole display with the set, because he knew I felt it blended perfectly. One bedroom wall is lilac, and so is the bathroom."

The all-white kitchen has room enough to serve six informally, and frequently they serve in the living room from a buffet, setting out card tables so guests needn't balance plates on their laps. Pat does the cooking, is sure Marco knows how but just won't admit it. ("I might take advantage," she grins.) He does help with dishes and is handy around the house. He laughed at her when they first invited company and she wanted to cook more than one main dish—in case the original menu might not turn out well. She figured that, if she planned at least four main courses, one was bound to be all right! "Marco wouldn't let me do that," says Pat. And, to date, there have been no real casualties. The nearest I came to that was when I made some otherwise delicious soup and forgot all about salting it.

"I still have a little stage fright about entertaining, but it's like any other stage fright—once you get on, you are fine. It's only thinking about it ahead of time that scares you. And I have had two good cooks to guide me. Marco's mother makes all the wonderful Italian dishes. Mine makes all the good old Irish dishes. At home, it was mostly stews—what else, with twelve kids?—but now there is more variety."

Marco was an aerial navigator and photographer in the Marines, still uses his cameras when he can find time. He is fond of sports, but this is an area where Pat cannot always follow him. The men won't let her play handball with them, which is one thing she likes. Marc bowls, but she doesn't care for that, although she could go along. He plays golf, she doesn't. She used to ice skate every day after the show, and that's one sport they both like and can enjoy together.

She loves the theater. Marc, tired from a more active day, is apt to nap a little. She bought him a pair of trick glasses with wide-open eyes painted on them, and asked him to wear them at the theater—"so, every time I look at you, I won't be annoyed but will want to laugh." He does wear them sometimes, to make

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 68

ACROSS

- 1. Amid
- 5. Fode
- 9. Gos
- 10. Groce
- 14. Mot
- 15. Or
- 16. Bennett
- 18. Mc
- 19. Trio
- 20. Hi Lo
- 21. Pl
- 22. Dr.
- 23. E.B.
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- 45. F.D.
- 46. Negri
- 47. Bloomer
- 49. Is
- 50. Smeor
- 52. R.I.
- 53. S.T.

- 54. Cool
- 55. Defoe

DOWN

- 1. Ago
- 2. Mortin
- 3. Is
- 4. Nanette
- 6. AM
- 7. Domone
- 8. Etc.
- 10. George
- 11. R.N.
- 12. C.E.
- 13. Ethels
- 16. Bid
- 17. Tibet
- 21. Pionist
- 25. Organists
- 27. Actor
- 30. Vying
- 34. Ego
- 35. Afford
- 36. Jr.
- 38. Doris
- 40. Rebel
- 42. Udo
- 43. Aerie
- 46. Nero
- 48. Lo
- 50. So
- 51. Mo

her laugh ("or, maybe so he can really sleep without my noticing!").

Pat is a swimmer, another sport they both enjoy. She appeared in water ballets when she was in her late teens, swam with Johnny Weismuller in water shows. Her first professional dancing engagement was with a water ballet.

One of the girls in her dancing class left to go in a show and Pat was telling her mother about it. "My mother was a little annoyed with something I was saying and she told me that, if I was going to act so high and mighty (which I was doing) and was so sure of myself (which I guess I was), she would repeat something she hadn't intended to mention. My brother Tommy had learned from a friend that there was an opening for a girl in a show. As long as I thought I could take care of myself so well, I might just as well apply for it. If I hadn't upset her, I don't think she would ever have told me, or let me go.

"I got instructions about where to apply and started into town. But, after I left the subway, I found I had lost the address. I was going to skip the whole thing and go home when I ran into the girl from dancing school and found that the opening was in the show for which she had signed. So I went along with her, was chosen, and went on tour with a water ballet for several months. When the show was over, I began a modeling career and got my first television experience. I appeared with Don Ameche, Ken Murray, Milton Berle and a couple of others—followed, of course, by *The Big Payoff*."

One of the occupational hazards of modeling in a top-flight TV show is being exposed constantly to beautiful clothes. "Women look at me in those lovely costumes and want them all. I look at myself and want everything I model. At least, I did in the beginning. I got to a point where I couldn't stop buying, whether or not I needed anything. This often happens to models, I learned.

"Now I buy the clothes I like the best and feel most comfortable in, clothes which are right for the way I live and the places I go. Nothing too extreme, nothing I can't wear many times. Clothes I think my husband will like as much as I do."

Viewers comment on Pat's poise, her sense of timing, her sense of rhythm, her evident enjoyment of her job on television. They have noted her flair for comedy in some of the little production numbers with which she displays the clothes. "I let the music carry me along," she says. "*The Big Payoff* isn't like the usual modeling job. Every day is different. Everything helps you to do your best—the clothes, the contestants, the pleasant things that happen on the show—and the glamour."

How does Marco react to this glamorous, dramatic life of Pat's? "He keeps me down to earth," she smiled. "He is the most normal person I have ever known. When I am either 'way up, or 'way down, too gay or too quiet, he brings me back to solid ground.

"Marc has a wonderful sense of humor. When I get over-dramatic, I just look at him and know what he is thinking. He gets a twinkle in his eye, and I can almost hear him say, 'All right now, Pat. Come off it!' I have to laugh, too, and it's over."

Last summer, they had planned a European vacation but couldn't get away. So Pat now has a stunning white Thunderbird of her own, red-upholstered, to make up for postponing the trip. Europe, however, still lurks in their future plans. Everything else has turned out so wonderfully for Pat, better than she could possibly have planned. Work, love, home and happiness. Why not this dream vacation, too?



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What Makes a Happy Marriage?

(Continued from page 41)

checkbook, bank statement, and current bills. But, in more and more homes, this is being taken over by the wife. Women today have a better business sense than they ever had before. There aren't as many of the fluffy, spendthrift types as the cartoonists would have you believe. I think wives are more apt to think and plan ahead, so that there's something left in the checking account at the end of the month.

Husbands seem to have extremely low sales resistance, as a whole. They are apt to succumb to the pressures of a good salesman, instead of weighing the value of their purchase. Not the little woman! She'll shop, compare values, and guarantees and end up with the best possible buy. If a girl has had training in the business world before marriage, I think this helps. If she hasn't had it, she'd just jolly well better settle down and become businesslike.

I can remember, early in my marriage, not knowing from one week to the next what state our finances were in. Actually, my husband, John Archer, and I had a business manager whose job it was to make deposits, pay bills, all that sort of thing. But you've heard the saying, "Too much week for our money"—that's what was happening to us. We were running out of money before the next paycheck was due. It happens in many households where the wife doesn't bother to take an interest in financial things.

Another error many brides make is expecting to be waited on, catered to, and otherwise spoiled silly. It may be hard to face, but we women might as well stand up and admit it: Our main purpose in life, as wives, is to make our husbands happy. Not vice versa. Here again, I think the girl who has worked a few years, who has had to earn her own living, has the advantage when it comes to making a good marriage. She knows what it is to face up to a workaday job, and is apt to be more understanding of her husband and his problems.

I can remember going to work when I was still in my teens. I didn't have to—I'd just completed finishing-school, and could probably have stuck around San Francisco and let my folks support me in a sort of social existence for years. But I wanted to go to work, and I went to New York to get on the stage. With an incredible stroke of luck, I landed the ingenue lead in "The Old Maid," starring Helen Mencken and Judith Anderson. The folks had seen to it that I had dancing and dramatic lessons, and I'd done some little-theater work—but it was a wonderful break to get such a big part for my first role on Broadway.

The years which followed were full of equally good breaks. But they were full of hard work, too. I did summer stock, a number of plays both on Broadway and in touring companies, and some movies and television. Nothing really big—but all wonderful experience.

After John and I were married, and Gregg and Anne were born, I retired to become a wife and mother. But there were adjustments which could not, or would not, be made—and we separated, later divorcing. Faced with the necessity of supporting the youngsters myself, I went back to acting.

I did quite a bit of television on the West Coast, and went down to LaJolla Playhouse, where "Anniversary Waltz" happened to me. And it was one of the biggest things which ever *did* happen to me! I played it down there opposite How-

ard Duff, then was signed to replace Kitty Carlisle in the New York company, playing opposite McDonald Carey. Later, we had the longest run of any play ever appearing in San Francisco, and a long run in Hollywood, as well. Altogether, I had six husbands in "Anniversary Waltz"—I made 700 appearances in that play. While the play was running in Hollywood, Danny Thomas came backstage one evening to ask if I'd audition for the part of his "new wife" on television. Again an incredibly lucky break: I got the part for which a number of girls had been striving.

Of course, *The Danny Thomas Show* is "comedy"—but every single segment involves some husband-wife, or parent-child, problem and how it's solved. The emphasis is shifted, from week to week, so that different members of the family do the adjusting. But, even when the others do their part in adjusting, I still think the heaviest responsibility for the family's happiness lies with the wife and mother.

No matter how much we women try to talk it down, a man does have a tough road to go. Chances are he's working for a boss whom he must constantly seek to please. If he is his own boss, he must just as constantly seek to please the public he serves. On his shoulders is the responsibility of a wife and children. With him constantly is the knowledge that if he fails to please the boss, or the public, he may suddenly be without any income to support that wife and family.

So where does that put his wife? It's true that she certainly earns her share of his salary. As a matter of fact, if the husband were forced to hire servants to do her work, he'd probably be paying out more each week than he's making on his own job. But no wife should let this go to her head. Her place in the scheme of things is to make her husband's out-of-office hours as pleasant as possible—so that he approaches his job each day refreshed and relaxed.

Psychologists agree that the largest share of a child's training is under the mother's direction, simply because she's home all day, and Dad's away at the office. Which is why it is important that fathers spend as much time as they can, evenings and weekends, with their offspring. Here again, a wife and mother can contribute much toward a healthy, happy relationship between the father and the children. Let's face it, many men are remarkably unimaginative creatures. Faced with a weekend in which they are perfectly willing to "do something" with the children, they are rarely apt to come up with anything very inspired. It's up to Mom to artfully suggest some project which will be mutually interesting.

Keeping the home the way the husband likes it is one department where more women make selfish mistakes than any other, I believe. I'm not talking about simple housekeeping—dusting and polishing and floor-scrubbing. Practically every woman is born thinking she's an interior decorator, and few ever consider that friend husband may have a few ideas of his own about how the house should look. I've actually known a marriage to break up because the wife had a passion for antiques, and insisted on filling the house with them—while her husband complained bitterly that there wasn't a comfortable chair in the place!

From what I've read, dissimilar tastes for social activities have been responsible for breaking up many marriages. Far too many wives forget that a man is seeing people all day long, five days a week. Un-

less he's an unusually gregarious individual, all he asks of life, when he gets home at night, is a little peace and quiet. The wife, having been "cooped up" all day, is ready to go out on the town. But, if she's as sympathetic, understanding, and adaptable as she should be, she'll keep their gallivanting to a minimum.

And how many women meet their husbands at the front door in the evening with a long list of the minor annoyances which have cluttered up their otherwise uneventful days? A number of wise wives I know rarely even mention minor grievances to their husbands, correctly figuring these are in the home-management department, and therefore their worry and theirs alone. Larger problems, which must be discussed, are saved until there is a chance to relax, to have a good meal, and to regain perspective on life.

Women are by nature possessive—many of them too possessive for their own happiness. There was a line of poetry I remember reading once—"No one worth possessing can be quite possessed." That takes a bit of figuring out, but I think there's a lot of truth in it. Women who overwhelm their loved ones with possessiveness are apt to lose them eventually. Those who love wisely recognize that loved ones are individuals, not possessions.

It's this I've worked toward with Gregg and Anne. There is no question in their minds, I'm sure, of my love for them. But, even as young as they are, they are treated as individuals with a right to likes and dislikes of their own. They respond to such treatment beautifully, and I rarely have any difficulty getting them to behave within the fairly elastic limits I set. The children know these are reasonable rulings, and that no reasonable request of theirs will be refused.

I'm afraid I've painted much too dark a picture of marriage—made it appear much more difficult than it really is. I really didn't mean to. It's just that I meant to emphasize that anyone going into marriage with full knowledge of what lies ahead has a much better chance for happiness than someone expecting an eternal honeymoon.

Even though it's true that marriage is the most demanding career a woman can choose, it's equally true that it can be the most rewarding. There's a lot of talk going around these days about women seeking "fulfillment." Personally, I think a woman who has a husband, children, and a home of which she can be proud is pretty well fulfilled! And if, as happens more and more often nowadays, she manages to combine her homemaking with an interesting job or community-service projects—then she has come as close to "eat-your-cake-and-have-it" as is possible in this life!



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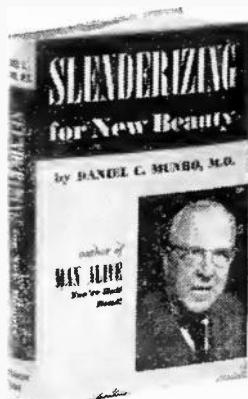
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Keeping Up With Cullen

(Continued from page 29)

ahead, sometimes as much as a half-hour. 10:00 A.M. EST, and the four-hour stint Bill does on *Pulse*—five days a week, Monday through Friday—is finished. (His portion of the Saturday-morning *Pulse* supplement is recorded. On Sunday, *Pulse* takes a day of rest.)

At 10:30 A.M. EST—and in an entirely different part of town—he has a run-through of NBC-TV's *The Price Is Right* (which he hosts five days a week, Monday through Friday, and also on Monday night) with Jim Holland, who stands in for him during rehearsals.

At 11:00 A.M. EST, he is on the air with *Price*.

At 11:30 A.M. EST, *Price* goes off the air. If Bill is coming home, he gets here at noon and we have lunch together—usually sandwiches and coffee—either on the terrace or on trays in the living room. However, he doesn't always get home for lunch. On Thursday, after *Price* is over, he records his Saturday-morning *Pulse* show. He often has luncheon interviews. Or conferences. Or he sits in for someone on the NBC staff who is ill, or away on vacation. (For Bill to take a vacation, someone has to sit in for him—as Tex Antoine did on the early *Pulse* show last September, while Bill and I were vacationing in Bermuda. And he reciprocates in kind.)

On Monday, from 7:30 to 8:00 P.M. EST, he is again hosting *The Price Is Right*—in color and with even more fabulous prizes. Wednesday night, from 9:30 to 10:00 P.M. EST, is the Garry Moore panel show, *I've Got A Secret*. And on the panel, of course, are those long-time regulars Jayne Meadows, Henry Morgan, Faye Emerson—and the ubiquitous Mr. Cullen.

That's a rough idea of Bill's broadcasting schedule. Meanwhile, back home—and back to the morning hours, after my second arising at nine—I busy myself around the apartment. If I'm expecting Bill for lunch, I make the sandwiches. I do the marketing, either by phone or on foot. I also do the cooking. We have a daytime maid who comes at nine and goes home at noon, three days a week. We like it this way, don't want anybody intruding on our privacy.

Even when we move to the country—which we are going to do, as soon as we can find a house—there'll be no "live-in" help, if we can help it! (However, since we hope to have children—at least two, because Bill feels we'd spoil one—we may have to have domestic help later.) Once or twice during the week, on the days when Bill is not coming home early, I go out and scout houses. Because we like the indoor-outdoor kind of living, a contemporary-modern house is what we are looking for—in Connecticut, if possible, or perhaps on Long Island. (From any of these places, Bill could commute by car in forty-five minutes.)

On the days Bill is home for lunch, he is in bed again by 1:30 P.M. EST, and sleeps until 5:30. While he sleeps, I do some painting (in which I've become deeply interested), take telephone calls, do odds-and-ends. At 5:30, we have cocktails, read the papers, watch TV (Bill watches all the sports programs) and talk until time to start dinner. Five nights out of seven, dinner is Bill's favorite—charcoal-broiled steak, tossed green salad with a cheese dressing, and baked potatoes taken out of the shell, mixed with chives and sour cream and browned. (This is the food with which Bill would most like to be cast away on a desert island!)

Now and then I attempt to vary the

menu with—say—a pork chop, which Bill sort of pecks around, with a noticeable lack of enthusiasm. He's strictly a beef man. Quite a gourmet, too. Bill really knows his food. (Knows how, too. He often does the steaks himself on our terrace grill. He also makes the most wonderful cheese souffles.)

Once a week, no matter how pressing his schedule may be, Bill calls and asks me to meet him downtown for lunch. At least twice a week, we have dinner out. (This is a very good thing for husbands and wives to do, I think. It gives you a sort of "different" feeling when your husband calls and asks you to meet him for dinner. It's a date, a tryst, a rendezvous. After you are married, it is such a charming way of keeping romantic love alive.)

It's almost always on Tuesday and Thursday nights that we meet for dinner, after which we usually go to the theater. Monday evening is *Price*. Wednesday night is *Secret*. Friday night is a sort of catch-all. And, on Saturday and Sunday, we like to stay home, the clock around.

"The busiest man on the air," his colleagues say of Bill. On Mike thirteen times a week, with recording sessions in between—people ask: *How does he do it?* Isn't there ever a morning when he pulls the blanket over his head, turns his face to the wall and says, in effect, "I've had it"?

No, there isn't. Never a morning but what Bill wakes up, glad to be awake. And the reason he is glad to be awake—and to stay awake—is that he loves every hour of his day, every day in the week.

The *Pulse* show, for instance. That's play for Bill. He loves music, so he enjoys the records he plays on the show. He's interested in the news and the weather reports, so he listens with genuine interest. When Gabe Presman breaks some headline story he has covered during the night, Bill doesn't miss a word of it. He loves to dream up such gimmicks as the "project" of moving Manhattan Island to the Caribbean! He gets a big kick out of *Pulse*'s thousand-dollar bill "Finders Keepers" contest, enjoys giving the clues, follows the progress of the seekers with eager interest—all the more so because, although he gives the clues, he never knows where the thousand-dollar bill is hidden. (During station breaks on *Pulse*, he amuses himself by doing a crossword puzzle. He's a crossword-puzzle addict.)

He's particularly excited and happy about *The Price Is Right*. And with good reason. The mail from viewers is so voluminous—a million pieces a week—that the sponsors hired a firm to do nothing but check it. Bill believes the success of *Price* is largely due to the fact that it "hits home." He points out that every woman, every day of her life, is purchasing something, even if only a loaf of bread. Since *Price* began, Bill says, he's discovered that the American people as a whole are uncommonly careful and canny shoppers. (Bill gets an extra added kick out of the acumen with which the contestants on *Price* make their bids, because he himself is an astute purchaser. He doesn't haggle over price—but he doesn't buy blindly.)

He loves *Secret* because Garry and the panel are like one big family. And the show, with its gay, good-humored easy-does-it atmosphere, is a ball. Bill has great feeling for people. When he is stopped on the street and asked for an autograph, he not only gives the autograph but a little conversation on the side, too. On all his shows, he meets people every day, all kinds of people. This, I'm sure, is why he has such enthusiasm for his work.

If Bill gets intrigued with something—

anything, whether it be work or play—he really goes into it. Wines, for instance. He has a collection of books on wine. He tries a new wine, he talks to the wine steward, in every restaurant we visit. The same with bullfighting. He has a collection of books on bullfighting. And films, some of which he himself made in Tia Juana and Mexico City, some of which he bought. Because I am interested in art, he's started a fine collection of books on art for me. Now that we're about to become home-owners, he's collecting books on interior decoration, books on lighting, books on gardening. We belong to the Book of the Month Club, too.

We've started to collect sculptures and paintings. So far, we have three sculptures: A lucite Polar Bear, a Blue Goose carved out of cadouk wood (it is Burmese), and The Family, a three-figure piece of cocobolo wood—all the beautiful work of Carroll Barnes. Bill is also a camera enthusiast, has a collection of cameras and of camera books. When we came back from our two-week vacation in Bermuda last September, guess how many pictures he had? Twelve hundred—most of them, I fear, of me!

As a sports enthusiast, he certainly hasn't an equal. Because he had polio as a child, which left him with a limp, Bill can't play football or baseball or tennis. But he can and does play golf, ride, swim, fly a plane. And, any time a sportscasting assignment comes along, he takes it on! Last year, he took on all the Army games, covered them play-by-play on radio.

Bill will make a wonderful father. With so much warmth and sympathy, and such curiosity about so many things, how helpful he'll be with the children—and what a friend he'll be to them.

He is also (and this is another answer to the "How does he do it?" question) the most relaxed person in the world. Most TV performers freeze up, they tell me, when that little red light winks its eye at them, signaling *We're on the air*. They perspire. Their hands are cold. Their minds go blank. Not Bill.

I've never been present during one of Bill's run-throughs for *The Price Is Right*, but I'm told that he sits there, cigarette in hand, feet up, spread-eagled all over the place, as nonchalant, as completely relaxed as if he were not just about to go on.

On Wednesday night, it is usually twenty after nine before Bill (and the other members of the panel, too) dash into the studio in which, ten minutes later, *I've Got A Secret* goes on the air. They have no idea what is in store for them. They don't know anything about the contestants. There is no rehearsal, not even a run-through. Yet there they sit, as poised and at ease as if in their own living rooms—which, I rather suspect, is where Bill does think he is!

When he is really at home, he's the same. He has no trouble sleeping, either after lunch or when we go to bed for the night—which is usually about 11:00 P.M. EST. He never takes a sleeping pill or a tranquilizer of any kind. Bill is a naturally relaxed person, never shows temperament—or temper—hasn't got any "pet hates" (except that he doesn't like people to throw things that smoulder into ash trays). He hasn't any fears (except of insects—he runs from a bee faster than I do).

However, there is another reason—in addition to being born easygoing—that keeps him the way he is. Busy as he is, Bill is not in the rating rat-race. His programs go on and on, but he is strictly not one of the so-called "top ten." Bill doesn't want to be. He doesn't want to be that big. He likes his work just the way it is. He likes his life just the way it is.

And I like him just the way he is.



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Those Block-Busting Boone Brothers

(Continued from page 35)

Now Nick Todd—if you approach a first meeting with him expecting the usual brotherly similarities—is quite a surprise. In the first place, he is more than six feet tall, at least an inch or so taller than Pat. But, even more than the extra height, what strikes you about Nick is that he appears much more sophisticated than his older brother. His clothes are the first tip-off to this difference. Pat strikes the casual note, all the way down to what is probably the most famous pair of white buckskin shoes in America. Nick is a sharper, more formal dresser. His shirt is not open at the collar. There is, as often as not, a handsome dark tie, secured by a tie-pin. He wears suits and sports jackets (dark), and non-campus-type shoes.

These sartorial discrepancies clearly show that the boys are two distinct personalities. But beneath these differences lie the same half-shy smile, the same easy-going Southern intonation (not quite a drawl).

A friend, who also works closely with both Boone boys, expresses the opinion: "Outwardly, Nick seems to be more worldly, more at ease in social situations. A smile doesn't hop to his lips as easily as it does with Pat . . . he's serious. So is Pat, but Nick is easier to know. He'll tell you what's on his mind in a flash, where Pat is more—well—more reserved."

He wasn't always so reserved, however. In spite of calm personalities, the brothers once actually came to blows. And, oddly enough, the bone of contention was—clothes. Pat was in the habit of doing a warm-up run at the school track early in the morning. Well, one morning—intentionally or otherwise—he wore a pair of Nick's pajama bottoms while trotting around the gravel. The next day, in retaliation, Nick deliberately wore one of Pat's best shirts, and the explosion could have been heard in Memphis! It was the only time the Boone brothers ever fought with their hands. Never before and never since.

Close as they are, the boys have never been quite as close as they were one day during the war. Pat was ten years old and Nick was nine, and they stood nervously on the stage of the Belle Meade Theater in Nashville. The occasion was the weekly amateur show sponsored by a local dance studio: It was called the "Happiness Club," and the competition was no joke . . . because the first prize was a banana split . . . and everybody got an ice cream cone—win, lose or draw.

The war was on and, all over the world, soldiers were singing a song called "Sentimental Journey," while they dreamed of traveling home. So, naturally, this was the song Pat and Nick chose for their duet . . . their first and last dual singing engagement.

It would be equally sentimental to report that talent scouts in the audience grabbed Pat and zoomed him instantly to success. But it wouldn't be true. The boys got their ice cream and went home. But, in a deeper sense, Pat was launched. Although Mama Boone frowned on the idea of a permanent show-business career for her sons ("She was afraid it was too unstable a life," Nick says), she allowed Pat to sing for his supper at ladies' clubs. ("I had a healthy appetite," Pat says, "and around Nashville at that time, if you wanted to sing for a meal, you could stay real busy.")

And so, while brother Nick busied himself with more ordinary youthful pursuits, Pat went on to emcee a high-school talent

show on radio. After high school, in 1953, the long arm of New York radio reached out and Pat sang on the Ted Mack *Original Amateur Hour* show.

He was a victor twice and this decided him, in spite of earlier hesitations. He was through with being an amateur. He was also through with being a bachelor. He'd met Shirley Foley, daughter of Red Foley, the great country-music star, and he'd fallen in love almost immediately. Being very young, they decided to elope in true Romeo-and-Juliet fashion—with less tragic results. Their parents' blessing was forthcoming the next day . . . and Pat, at the age of nineteen, was a professional singer, a husband . . . and a student at North Texas State College in Denton.

The rest, as they say in the movies, is history. For Pat, that is. Nick's history, in the main, has still to be lived. It was while Pat was off reaping the fruits of his first big success—personal-appearance tours, and then Hollywood—that the thunderbolt struck his kid brother. It came in the form of a telephone call, from the land where they manufacture thunderbolts: Hollywood.

It was Randy Wood, the president of Dot Records, the company which (along with Pat) had recently jumped to national prominence. Did Nick want to make some tapes for him and send them to Hollywood? "Well . . . sure, Mr. Wood . . . but . . ."

No buts! The tapes were made and duly shipped. And then . . . silence. Being a sensible young man, Nick attended to his school work, sang a little around town, and waited. Then, shortly before his graduation, Randy Wood called again.

"This time," as Nick puts it, "he was ready to talk turkey."

And as Nick tells it, this first period of his new-found life was like a new world opening up before him: Strange, exciting, a little unnerving at first . . . and really quite unexpected. In spite of cutting the tapes and doing the best he could on them, in spite of his love for singing, he had never expected anything like a major recording contract . . . not so soon, anyway.

To Wood's amazement, Nick was hesitant. His schooling—something both Boone boys take very seriously—seemed to represent a problem. But, with the example of Pat before him, Nick decided to gamble that he could have both a career and a fine education at the same time. And, like his brother, he seems to be pulling the trick off. Recently, he made his first big disc-jockey tour and succeeded in missing only a few of his classes. And our boy does not major in music! He is a graduate student with an English major, and heavy emphasis on drama.

Does this mean a big dash for the stage or Hollywood? At this point in his swift and sudden rise, Nick has no idea. Again, like Pat, his ambitions don't seem to be the conventional show-business drives. Instead of interspersing his conversation with such names as that of singer-actor Frank Sinatra (whom he admires greatly), Nick is more likely to say: "Boy, that Frank Lloyd Wright is a great architect and a great man." Adding wistfully, "I'd sure like to study with him some time . . ."

Lest this seem from 'way out of left field, bear in mind the fact that both Nick and Pat have a natural gift for drawing. Both brothers, being level-headed guys, have tucked away, in the back of their hearts, a profession each would follow in the unlikely event of his singing career fizzling out. Pat nurtures a secret dream

of someday being a teacher, and Nick occasionally dwells on thoughts of architecture. In a world of rough-and-tumble, what-makes-Sammy-run, show-business people fighting to get ahead, these wholesome attitudes from a young man on top and his brother on the way, have impressed everyone around them. Pat has always seen life as a well-rounded whole . . . with his family, his singing career, his acting, and (not least important) his religion all part of it. Now, apparently, the newest Boone to enter the ranks of singing fame feels pretty much the same way.

People have asked what kind of childhood and youth can turn out boys of this caliber. The answer is: Pretty much the same kind as millions of others. Pat and Nick were no goody-goody boys. Picture for yourself the early morning scene which Pat describes: Six A.M., dark and chilly . . . two boys having to get up to milk the cows and hating the idea . . . but doing it, anyway. (And, come evening, the same chore has to be repeated.)

Recalling this, Nick laughs and says, "We used to think up crazy ways of tricking each other into taking over the milking chore. Mostly because milking often meant we had to cut short baseball practice. Pat," Nick adds, "was better at baseball, but I beat him at golf."

Nick gets a nostalgic gleam in his eye when he speaks of the ten acres of pasture and the big barn the Boone family owned. "Pat and I used to build tree houses. We'd share one until one or the other got tired of that and built his own." The elegantly dressed young singer grins. "Hey, come to think of it, maybe that was the beginning of my love for architecture? We even built a log cabin together . . . of course, you couldn't exactly live in it—since there was a crack in the wall two feet wide."

But the inevitable happened. The boys grew and, when Pat entered high school a year ahead of Nick, they didn't spend so much time together anymore. From then on, Pat's life and career gathered increasing momentum and he was away from Nashville more and more. But that closeness never vanished . . . and was recently renewed in the magical stroke of talent and fortune which landed Nick in New York on the road Pat has traveled. Here, too, both boys are attending Columbia University—in spite of a killing schedule, especially in Pat's case.

"Too many teenagers try to quit school," Pat has said many times. "I can't set a bad example. Rehearsals for my TV show will have to be fitted in between my classes, that's all!" And, although Pat's casualness is a national legend by now, he is haunted and worried by—of all things—time.

"It goes back to when I was twelve or thirteen," he says, "and I began to realize time was flying by. Time I'd never have again. That's why, at twelve, I got into every sport, chorus, and school organization I could get into. I'm happy to be doing three things at once."

According to a close business associate, this drive, though still going strong, shows signs of mellowing. "Pat's matured a lot in the last year or so. Last year, Pat wanted his college degree like crazy . . . but he also wanted to learn electronics so he could actually fix a TV set that broke down. . . . Well, this year Pat just wants

to get his degree—and, if the set breaks down, he'll call a repairman. After all, there's just so much a guy can do." This friend recalled how, a few days earlier, he'd played a stiff game of handball with Pat. When they were relaxing afterwards, sweating out the fatigue in the comfortable steam room, Pat looked up, sighed deeply and said: "There are no problems in here . . ."

From this vantage point, Nick Todd seems to be pretty much a chip off the same block. Along with all his collegiate ambitions and sports enthusiasms (even in New York City, he ran a hundred-yard dash the other day), there seems to be a very genuine normal desire for the fame that goes with singing stardom.

Recently, Nick was having a dinner with Pat, Shirley and their three little girls. The radio was playing and a recording of Nick's came on the air. It was "Plaything," one of his first. Suddenly, little Cherry Boone began bouncing up and down, crying out, "Mummy, listen, Mummy . . . Nick Todd, Nick Todd."

Nick still blushes with quiet pleasure when he speaks of that fan reaction. He's not even sure if little Cherry is fully aware that Nick Todd is really her uncle Nick Boone. That isn't important. She's a fan. And, little or big, that's always a thrill.

Far from the grazing land of their youth, Pat and Nick are finding and facing new lives in the big city now. And, just to prove they're still country boys at heart, New York still seems enormous to them. Recently, when Nick was driving to church, he took one wrong turn-off and was twenty minutes late for the services. Another time, there was Pat—who's been away from home much longer than Nick—on his way back to town after picking up his mother at the airport . . . and, if New Yorkers had noticed, they would have seen one of the world's most famous young singers, Pat Boone, just plain lost in the Bronx.

With his fourth child on the way, his TV show well established, and a new smash picture, "April Love," already in the theaters, Pat gives the appearance of being pretty well settled. But what of bachelor brother Nick? The answer is: Nick's in no hurry to get settled just now. His career may take him anywhere, and so may his life. Former "Miss America" Marian McKnight occupies his thoughts and also his dates, when they can get together. But, even here, Nick seems to be playing it cool.

Not long ago, the country had a big chance to see Nick and Pat together when Pat invited his kid brother to guest star on his TV show. This was, many people feel, the acid test. After all, the biggest problem about being the brother of a star is that the shadow cast over the late-comer will obscure him entirely.

But that performance, plus Nick's records and personal appearances, have established once and for all that the two boys who sang for the "Happiness Club" on the stage of the Belle Meade Theater in Nashville, Tennessee, are still the same: Two individuals, each standing on his own two feet.

The listening and viewing audience of America can be doubly grateful. Deep in the American grain is the tradition of rooting for the "kid brother" to make it. And Nick Todd is one kid brother who is doing just that!

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That Daring Young Man

(Continued from page 43)

marrying and becoming the head of your own family . . . a bachelor can imagine what's it's like, sure. But that isn't really knowing, and I want to know."

Parachuting from a plane would not be the first of life's dares twenty-one-year-old Dave has met. Fans of midget-car racing may recall the name of Randy Bigelow on their programs. Some may even recall a handsome youth who frequently brought the crowd to its feet with a dazzling display of skill and nerve in handling his bullet-swift midget racing car. This "Randy Bigelow" was no other than the elder of the Nelson boys.

Behind the pseudonym lies an amusing bit of family lore. Some twenty years ago, when Ozzie's band was touring the country and Dave was only a babe in Harriet's arms, the monicker was much in use by the musicians. It was the name they gave to the procession of cute local girls they dated. Hundreds of letters addressed to "Randy Bigelow" followed the band—but it was anybody's guess which letter belonged to which musician. Ever since, "He's a regular Randy Bigelow" is the term used by the Nelsons to describe a wolf who is as fast as well as artful in his dodging. Hence the choice of the name when he took up racing.

It's a sport he reluctantly gave up this summer. Shortly after winning a part in "Peyton Place," one of 20th Century-Fox's top films for the year, Dave was entered in a race. On the last lap, a car suddenly shot by, lost control and piled up into the fence. The driver was lucky—he got off with a few cuts and bruises.

"But it set me to thinking," Dave recalls. "What if I got myself all banged up? I felt it would be unfair to everyone connected with the film if I took any more chances. As it was, I was grateful to get the part. Jerry Wald, the producer, took a chance on me because his son was a fan of our television show. I wouldn't do anything to let him down. So—I decided to play it safe and give up racing." There's a lengthy pause, after which he grins self-consciously and adds, "And I bought the motorcycle instead."

He has good reason to look rueful. "You bought what?" groaned Ozzie, when he first heard it. "What do you mean you gave up racing and bought a motorcycle?" asked Rick. "That doesn't make sense."

"What I mean," said Dave in defense, "is that we go into the hills to compete, not on the freeways and streets. We don't cut in and out of traffic and we don't terrorize people by acting rough. In fact, we don't even carry lights, because we have a rule against night riding."

"If that's what you don't do," said Rick, "why bother to own a cycle?"

"Because there's lots of things we can do. For one thing, we can take afternoon trips through the hills and get to places a car can't reach. What's wrong with a motorcycle?"

"Nothing," Ozzie finally allowed. "But why didn't you talk it over with us first? Why all the secrecy?"

"I guess it was pretty sneaky. I'm sorry," said Dave. "I was afraid you wouldn't approve, and I didn't want to get into a long hassle over it, especially since I'd already thought out all the pros and cons and made up my mind."

Perhaps the biggest dare Dave has had to face, so far, was brought about by a combination of events. First came the job in "Peyton Place." Then, as July approached, Ozzie and Harriet were about

to set off for their summer home at Laguna Beach. Ordinarily, Dave welcomed the family's annual vacation of ocean swimming, boating, fishing and water-skiing. But now he had to envision two trips a day over the hot, traffic-filled road between Laguna and the studios.

Finally, as he has been frank to admit, he was feeling the young man's urge to re-discover the world beyond the boundaries of family and home. He and Jim Pauley went into conference. A "Three Musketeer" type of friendship exists among Dave, Jim (the TV stand-in for Rick) and Joe Byrne (Dave's stand-in) since their days at Hollywood High. Joe was out of town, however, so Jim had been drafted to stand in for Dave during the shooting of the film.

"I'm in the same boat you are," Jim groaned. "I've got to make that trip, too—my folks are off to the shore. Of course, we could stay home." The boys gave a moment's reflection to the prospect of rattling around in their big empty houses, then shuddered. "There's only one way out," Dave said. "We'll have to get an apartment and batch it."

They've been "batching it" ever since. Dave has an instinct for independent action and has sought out responsibility from the time he learned to walk. "In the old days," he says, "a young fellow was given his latchkey as a sign that he was growing up, that he knew enough not to abuse the privilege. Well, to Jim and me, renting that apartment and going it on our own had the same meaning. We had to take care of a heck of a lot of problems our parents used to do for us at home. Buying staples, keeping the place in order. Then there's the bills. You have to keep up with them."

The apartment is only one large room with kitchen, and Dave fetches up an embarrassed grimace when Jim admits that they "kind of scrape around the corners when it comes to cleaning." In the beginning, the two had boldly tackled the problem of cooking. Dave insisted he'd had "years of practice barbecuing stuff" at the Nelsons' beach home. Unfortunately, since the Nelsons like to entertain, he had fallen into the habit of cooking in rather large quantities.

"The pots he had me walloping, the good expensive food he had me throwing out," Jim moans in remembrance. Finally, their budget shot, they worked out a solution: They began eating out—except for Wednesdays, when they return to the bosom of their respective families for a home-cooked dinner. On these nights, all four Nelsons watch their show as they eat. After it is over, there comes the post mortem, with its rehashing of scenes and self-criticism. The tension is relieved at last, when Ozzie picks up the phone and says, "Let's find out what Mom thought about it."

It's a tradition Ozzie and Harriet have followed since his bandstanding tours. After every radio broadcast, a call would be put in to Tenafly, New Jersey, and Mrs. Nelson would be asked for an honest appraisal of the performance. The elder Mrs. Nelson always "leveled" with her son and daughter-in-law, and she does as much now for her grandchildren. Harriet's mother, who lives nearby in Los Angeles, is quite a critic, too. "Our grandmothers are our best barometer," both boys agree.

"About those bills you mentioned," Rick now demands with a wink. "Tell about them, will you?"

Dave's husky shoulders raise in a sigh of resignation. "Well, you know how it

is sometimes. You forget. Then, one morning, Mom stopped by the apartment and asked what was wrong. Our telephone had been dead for two days. Service cut off for non-payment, et cetera. We've been sending our checks out promptly, the first of the month, ever since."

An avid movie fan himself, Dave has not been shy about confessing that he is at an "awkward age" insofar as his career is concerned. "It doesn't matter in *The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet*," he points out. "There I play myself. But in the movies, there aren't many good 'teen' parts going begging, and I'm still a bit young for other characterizations. Of course, I'd love to land a few parts—no matter how small—in top pictures. But I can't see much sense doing anything that comes along, just to be working. I make a good living on TV and I've saved some money. If it's my good luck to be able to hold out for the right parts, I'd be foolish not to take advantage of my situation."

Dave, a powerfully built young man, played tailback for Southern California's freshman team last year. This is not surprising news to those who remember that Ozzie, a natural athlete, starred at quarterback for Rutgers, back in New Jersey. This year, because of class schedule conflicts, Dave has not gone out for the team. "It's not because of my work in show business," he explains. "It began when Pop suggested that I get a law degree. He graduated from New Jersey Law School and he feels it's a great thing to have it, in case you need it to fall back on."

"Well, I entered U.S.C. half-heartedly. I just couldn't make up my mind. The result was, I flunked my first year. I had to go to East Los Angeles Junior College to make it up. This year, I went back to U.S.C. with a clear head. I'm going out for a liberal arts degree, which should be more than enough if I stay in the entertainment field, and I certainly mean to give it the old try."

One of the new "dares" young Dave is not likely to face up to is singing. "I'm a great appreciator," he grins. "I love anything from progressive jazz to flamenco. But singing—it just doesn't feel natural."

If Dave doesn't feel natural singing, he is "all the way" for his kid brother

doing it. With a muscular arm about Rick's shoulders, he states emphatically, "This is the singer of the family nowadays. He's already developed a style and sound of his own and he knows the teenagers . . . their likes and dislikes. He can't miss, and he won't be a flash in the pan. There's a saying in the family, 'What Rick wants to do, Rick does.' And does well."

A troubled frown creeps over Dave's resolute features. "A few people have asked me if I'm jealous of Rick's success. Where in the world do they get such ideas? I'm no angel, granted. But this is my kid brother—as if I could be jealous of him! Don't they realize I'm proud and happy over the hit he made? Sure, I want to succeed, too. I'd like to do it his way, in one terrific smash. But, in all honesty, I don't think I will. I'm the kind that makes haste slowly. But I know this: If a time comes when I score as an actor, Rick will be cheering me on just as I'm cheering him now. I said 'as an actor,' because it's no secret that I carry a football much better than a tune!"

Marriage—which, in Dave's lexicon, is the ultimate dare—must still be postponed. "I promised myself, a long time ago, that I wouldn't get married until I was twenty-five—but, the closer I get to it, the more I'm inclined to wait a few years longer." His blue eyes glow candidly. "I want to settle down. Maybe I want to a little too much. I have every reason. Mom and Dad have had the most wonderful life together. All they've meant to each other, all they've meant to us . . . well, I'm often tempted, looking at them, to find a girl real quick and give her a ring."

"I'm tempted, but I won't do it. I've simply got too much respect for marriage to go on a part-time basis. And that's what it would have to be, what with college, the TV show—and, I hope, more movies. To say nothing of hobbies. Being a husband and father deserves more than leftover time and attention."

A glint of humor lights Dave's face as he adds: "Besides, Pop says I'm still fickle. He may be right. One day a blonde has me spinning, the next day a brunette. I must admit I'm not looking too hard for the one girl who can blot out the rest. I'm not leaping into marriage. For the time being, I'm confining my jumping to airplanes!"

Jim Reeves: He Comes in "Live" From Nashville

(Continued from page 25)

country-and-Western singers. By blending rock 'n' roll and pop music techniques, they have broken through the barriers which fenced in rural rhythm, and made musical news by producing some of the most popular recordings of the past season.

They are concentrated in Nashville because *Grand Ole Opry*, which has been on the air since 1925, has always been a magnet for the country performer. This, in turn, brought in music publishers and recording companies. Today, only Hollywood and New York top it as a recording center. Governor Frank Clement rates the music business as a fifty-million-dollar-a-year asset to his state.

This concentration of talent also led American Broadcasting Network to originate its new, live daytime show in Nashville. As vice-president Stephen B. Labunski says, "We like the bright, happy sound which these artists produce. Through their constant personal-appearance tours, they stay in close contact with the people in all parts of the country. They

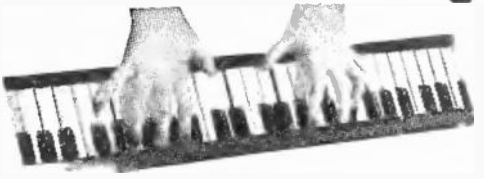
know what an audience wants to hear."

Jim Reeves was chosen to head the program because he is one of those rare persons who possess both entertaining talent and executive ability. "He can be easygoing and still keep everything under control," says Jack Stapp, producer of the show. "In recording sessions, we rely pretty much on Jim's judgment," says an RCA Victor executive. "He's a perfectionist and can maintain discipline in any band, yet he has the warmth of a born leader. He's the kind of guy the Army likes to commission an officer. He can command respect, but still know when to let down his hair."

Jim himself accounts for his leadership of the program more simply: "I like radio, and I guess I can say I have been a musician all my life."

Born August 20, 1924, in Panola County, Texas, James Travis Reeves is the son of Tom and Mary Reeves and the grandson of one of those stalwart settlers who, after the Civil War, set out from Alabama and just kept going until he found the wide open spaces where he wanted to home-

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stead. Jim regards this pioneer ancestor with considerable affection. "We're a tough-grained and long-lived family. I fully expect to live to be 150 years old."

It also is a big, happy, vigorous family. Jim has four brothers, three sisters. "They all can sing a pretty good song. My mother played the accordion and we'd gather around to sing the old hymns."

Jim took the first step toward his present career even before he started school. "Our nearest town was nine miles away. One Saturday when we went in to do our shopping, I saw an old fellow, sitting on the curbstone, being a sort of one-man band. He'd play a hand-saw and then he'd switch over to a guitar. It was the guitar that fascinated me. I just couldn't rest until I got one of my own."

Fascination and realization were poles apart, until small Jim trudged up the road to visit a neighbor who had a son a bit older than Jim. "They'd sent away to the mail-order house to buy a guitar for him, but I guess he'd lost interest in it or couldn't learn to play it, so they threw it away. I saw it on the scrap heap."

Too shy and too proud to ask for the discarded instrument, small Jim turned to barter. "I don't know how I got the idea this kid's mother might like some pears. Not that we had any pears, either, but another neighbor down the road had a tree. It never occurred to me that helping myself to them would be stealing. I got me a fishing cane and knocked some down. Then I took that pailful of green pears to the woman and asked if I could have the guitar in exchange. She must have understood how much I wanted it. I brought it home so happy I was like to bust."

The guitar, unfortunately, was a sorry sight—"It had just one string left, and I didn't even know there was such a thing as a store where you could buy strings." Damaged though it was, Jim lugged his prize with him wherever he went. In the course of his small-boy exploring, he visited a pipe-line construction camp. Naturally, the cookhouse was a primary target. "I got a break there. The cook could play guitar, himself. He sent away to Sears Roebuck for a set of strings. Then he put them on and taught me some chords."

Jim could "make a little music" when he started school in Carthage, Texas. By the time he reached junior high school, he had organized some of the boys into a band which was good enough to be paid a few dollars on an occasional dance date. But his ambition had changed. He wanted to be a baseball player, first.

When Jim's game record won him an athletic scholarship to the University of Texas, at Austin, he planned to be an athletic coach. "I took a few speech courses and studied a little dramatics just because they were fun." But big-league scouts took notice of his baseball skill. The St. Louis Cardinals signed him up and sent him to their farm team at Lynchburg, Virginia, for seasoning.

Then, on July 3, 1947, he proposed to Mary Elizabeth White, a girl from Marshall, Texas, just twenty miles from Jim's home. "We met at a dance and I was gone at first sight. I figured that the best way to celebrate Fourth of July that year was to ask her to marry me."

They set September 3 as the date. The future looked rosy. Jim felt he could count on being brought into the Cardinal lineup soon. Then the accident happened. "I slipped and injured the sciatic nerve in my leg. I couldn't run any more. I knew I was through with baseball and with coaching, too. But I didn't want to postpone our wedding."

To solve his dilemma, Jim hunted up a

friend who managed Station KGRI, at Henderson, Texas, and asked for a job. He worked there five years, learning his trade as an announcer and entertainer. During one period, he also organized a dance band. Mary traveled with them, helping with the business details. Jim recalls how he tried to develop a distinctive style: "We played Western swing music—the Westerns with the same beat as pops. We had two fiddles, a horn and a sax. Once I played bass, not because I liked it, but because I had to have a job."

During this nomadic time, there were days when they didn't eat too well or too often. Restless, impatient, Jim hunted for the real opportunity which would offer a good life he wanted to give his tall, beautiful Mary. It came in an unexpected fashion. They were driving through Texas on Highway 80 when they came to a crossroads. Dallas lay in one direction; Shreveport, Louisiana, in the other. Their money was scant and their hopes were thin. They stopped to ponder which way to go.

Jim said, "Mary, let's flip a coin and let the Lord decide." The flip said Shreveport and, as it turned out, Jim was on his way. He landed on KWKH and soon was emceeding that country-and-Western extravaganza, *The Louisiana Hayride*.

It was a showcase for Jim, and one who saw him was Jack Stapp, producer of his present show and also one of the producers of *Grand Ole Opry* at Nashville. He invited Jim to join that cast. "That was a red letter day," says Jim. "October 22, 1955. I'll always remember it."

The lure of Nashville and the *Opry* is strong. *Variety*, the show-business newspaper, calls the city "Tin Pan Valley." Country-and-Western performers call the *Opry* "Hillbilly Hollywood—the end of the line—just as high as you can go." Fans of the show find it a vacation. When they want to take a trip, they order tickets months ahead to go see in person the stars whom they consider, not entertainers, but old friends.

The *Opry* has a glamour of nostalgia, as if one were paying a visit to a simpler, happier day. It is housed in the Ryman Auditorium, located in what is now Nashville's wholesale district, an area which is deserted and forbidding after dark. The red brick structure itself is certainly one of the most venerable theaters in regular use in America today. Of War-Between-the-States vintage, it was built originally as a gospel tabernacle and still has pews rather than theater seats. It was last "improved" in 1898, when the "Confederate Balcony" was built to accommodate delegates to a veterans' convention. On stage, the backdrops, cracked and faded, advertise overalls, chicory coffee, tobacco and other products purveyed by the sponsors. Every now and then, Nashville erupts with plans to replace it with a new civic center, but such ambitious projects have gained little encouragement from executives at Station WSM. They say frankly, "We're scared to change a thing. It might ruin the show."

For the *Opry* is fun. Fun for the fans who begin to line up at the entrance at seven o'clock and often remain until midnight—and fun for the many performers who jig or fiddle or twang or sing their way through the shows. For the latter, there is both companionship and rivalry. They challenge each other, try to outdo each other, yet at the same time support and admire each other. Everyone, executives, talent and audience is on a first-name basis.

All this suited Jim and Mary just fine. "Makes you want to do the best show you possibly can," says Jim.

They found a modest, six-room house in Madison, Tennessee, a suburb much favored by entertainers, and settled down. "We care more about being comfortable than being fancy," says Jim.

His one worry, at first, was his recording contract. Early in 1953, he had scored his first hit on a small label. "Mexican Joe"—and, later, "Bimbo"—went high on the country-and-Western charts. "But I wasn't satisfied," says Jim. "My contract was running out and I wanted to change. I'll bet I sent demonstration records to every major company. Except RCA Victor. That's what I really wanted—but because, to my way of thinking, they were the best, I just didn't have the nerve. It was the surprise of my life when I got a call from Steve Sholes."

Sholes—then head of Victor's country-and-Western department and now artists-and-repertoire man for all pop singles—says, "We'd had our eye on Jim for a long time. He had a name in the country-and-Western field and we thought he had the talent to reach over into the larger pop sales."

Jim recorded a number of discs for Victor before that opportunity came. About a year ago, after a number of bigger names had turned down the song, he was offered "Four Walls." Jim believed in it. A recording session was scheduled.

Nashville recording sessions have a pattern all their own. "We don't believe in ready-made arrangements," says Chet Atkins, Victor's local A&R man. "The guys just keep on playing until they feel the song."

With "Four Walls," the method didn't seem to work. Brad McCuen, one of the

New York A&R assistants, recalls, "Jim is never temperamental, but this time he did two sessions and he still wasn't satisfied."

Mary was the one who helped straighten things out. They were talking it over during their morning coffee when Jim got an idea. He called the studio, called in his musicians, and they went to work.

"We knew it was a hit as soon as we heard it," McCuen says. "But, strangely, Jim was the last to know when the record took off."

Jim, by that time, was in Europe, heading a troupe of country-and-Western artists which RCA Victor sent over to Army camps to give lonesome GIs a touch of home. "They were constantly on the move," McCuen says, "and letters failed to catch up. Finally, we telephoned Jim to let him know he had his first pop hit."

Bridging into the popular-music field brought television guest appearances, show tours and, eventually, the new radio program—which, of course, has also brought with it some pleasant changes.

They're building a new house "out in the hills." Jim says, "To me, the best thing about having this radio show is being able to stay home. I'm catching up on my golf, and I'm catching up on my home-cooked meals. Traveling around for six years, I not only have eaten in some of the worst restaurants in the world, I've also eaten in some of the best. But, believe me, there isn't a chef anywhere who can compare with Mary. Her country biscuits and chicken are the very best."

Happily settled with his Mary, Jim Reeves is coming in "live" from Nashville—and loving every moment of it.

Molly Bee, She's the Most!

(Continued from page 45)

during the following six or seven years. In a way, Molly's situation was like that of thousands of other children who lose a parent early in life. In another way, it was quite different . . . because Molly became the sole provider for her family—her mother, her brother Bobby, then twelve, and her kid brother Joey, seven at the time. And, with it, Molly became the head of the household.

The decision to let Molly take care of the family was not an easy one, but it seemed the most logical solution. Her mother's offer to find a job, any kind of a job, would have left the children to their own devices all day long, and probably brought in little money. On the other hand, Molly had made a few singing appearances at Army and Air Force bases for which she was paid as much as twenty dollars. If her activities could be expanded, she could earn far more than her mother—who could then devote all her time to her family.

Whatever doubt might have been in their minds was quickly dissolved when Molly's first record, "I Saw Mama Kissing Santa Claus," became a hit. Royalties from the song soon provided a better living than they had ever known.

Molly herself has never forgotten their early hardships. Her father, who eked out a bare living as a truck driver, often was away from his family two, three and four weeks at a time—when he could find work. She still recalls the evening he came home with a load of lumber he had been unable to deliver, and for which, consequently, he hadn't been paid. "Well, if Pa can't get rid of the lumber," Mrs. Beachboard tried to joke, "we might have to eat it!"

The relationship between Molly and her mother had always been close. Following

her father's death, it developed into a harmonious teamwork, as well. Except for accompanying her during personal appearances away from home, Mrs. Beachboard interfered little in Molly's career.

Gradually, however, Molly herself took over more and more of the responsibilities. Finally, she was head of the household—which came as no surprise to the rest of the family. Molly had always shown common sense and an ability "to take over" in case of emergencies.

Her mother remembers one night when Molly was six or seven, and her younger brother, Joey, three, had developed the croup. As often before, the father was away hauling goods from one city to another. "I completely went to pieces," Mrs. B. admits. "Without Molly, Joey might have strangled to death."

While her mother somehow managed to get the car started and out of the garage, Molly comforted her little brother, soothed him, sang, talked—anything to calm him down. She knew instinctively that continued excitement would be fatal. As they sped through the darkened streets toward the emergency hospital, Molly kept repeating "What would Gene Autry think of you, if he'd see you crying, Butch? What would he think?" Joey listened and relaxed—enough, at least, to live through the attack and recover.

A girl who could save her brother at six, who self-assuredly faced an audience at nine, who loved her family to the point of putting their well-being before her own desires—as she has done before and since her father's death—was well equipped to take on the dominant role in the family. But, in spite of her obvious qualifications and the eased financial situation after her recording success—even more so, after she signed with Cliffie Stone and his Home

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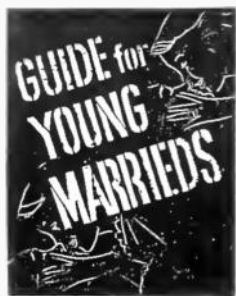
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Town Jamboree—it was rarely a picnic. Just the day-by-day problems of running a house proved more difficult than anticipated by mother or daughter—particularly since neither is mechanically minded. Like the day the heater broke down. Mrs. Beachboard promptly reached for the phone directory to call a repairman. Molly insisted that they could save his fee by getting phone instructions.

When she told the heating expert about the "funny sounds" the heater was making and its lack of heat, he suggested it probably needed a new filter. Then he told her where to get one and how to install it.

When Molly turned the heater on again, six hours later, there was a knock, a bang, a minor explosion. Steam, dirt and dust billowed through the vents. Then—silence. When the hurriedly summoned repairman showed up, he acknowledged she'd tightened the wrong screw and put the filter in backward. In the end, they paid double what it would have cost them had they sent for him in the first place!

Two years ago, shortly after they purchased the first home of their own in the Hollywood Hills, she faced an even bigger dilemma. The price had been brought down because of Tennessee Ernie Ford's "horse trading" in her behalf—and also because the place needed some redecorating, including repainting the redwood siding. Again, Molly decided it would be cheaper to do it herself, brought ten gallons of paint at a special discount "sale."

Except that she ruined a blouse and new levis, her job looked fairly professional. Unfortunately, when she inadvertently leaned against the freshly painted redwood planter, it promptly crashed to the pavement—because it hadn't been attached!

Joey has quite a way of getting what he wants by soft-soaping his older sister. And, though Molly knows all the symptoms and indications by now, she still falls for his line.

A few weeks ago, he plunked down next to her on the couch, while she was watching TV. He put his arm around her shoulder, and gently kissed her on the cheek. "You like that program, my little Molly?" he cooed.

"All right, Joey, what is it this time?" He sounded hurt. "Can't a brother be nice to his sister once in a while without wanting something all the time?"

He looked at TV with her for a few minutes. Then, "You know, Molly, it's awfully hard for a fellow like myself to make out on the allowance I'm getting now . . ."

Molly's head shot around. "So you can be nice to your big sister even if you don't want anything—can you? Now listen to me, Joey . . ."

But he got the raise. Although Bobby is two years Molly's senior, he also has long looked at Molly more as a parent than a sister—and listens to her "suggestions" accordingly. At this stage, they are usually concerned with his dates. She approves and disapproves of his girl friends, bawls him out when he gets home too late, reprimands him when he is not sufficiently attentive to them.

A few weeks ago, they went on a double date. When they left the movie, Bobby was so sleepy that he asked Molly's date, "Why don't you take Molly and me home first? It's right on the way."

Not wanting to embarrass him in front of everybody, Molly kept quiet. But, as soon as they got home, she gave him a lecture about etiquette which he isn't liable to forget.

Ordinarily, Bobby accepts Molly's advice without protest. But, on one occasion, he insisted she'd gone too far. In re-

spect, Molly has to agree with him! While Molly doesn't believe in going steady herself—she once did, for three months, and was bored to death—curiously enough, she decided it would be the best thing for brother Bobby. To hurry matters up, she went so far as to buy a ring for him to give to his best girl—then made the strategic mistake of telling her plans to the pretty brunette. When her brother found out, he got so mad that he refused to see the girl again.

"But what am I supposed to do with the ring?" Molly wailed.

"Keep it!"

She did—as a reminder to stop meddling in Bobby's love affairs! Most of her "disciplining," of course, is concentrated on Joey. Her word is often more effective than Mrs. B.'s, for the same reason that most fathers get better results than mothers—just because they're away from home more.

Usually a word of warning or the threat of a cut in allowance will do the trick. Rarely does she have to lose her temper.

When she does, it's usually the result of some boyish lack of consideration for their mother. Like the afternoon Joey went to the beach with some of his buddies and, without informing his mother, had some hamburgers and went right on to a movie that night. When he finally got back at ten, he faced his angry sister. "What's the idea of letting Mom worry all evening about where you were?" she asked.

"But Molly dear . . ."

"Don't you Molly-dear me!" This time she meant it. Joey thought her anger had blown over the next morning, when he asked her to take him to a basketball game. It hadn't. Joey turned to his mother, who was weakening and would have driven him—if it hadn't been for Molly's insistence on teaching him a lesson.

At first glance, it might seem astounding that even Mrs. Beachboard has fallen in line with letting Molly be the "man in the house." But Mrs. B. knows where to draw the line. She has fully retained the rights of both parents where Molly's own personal life is concerned.

Mrs. Beachboard insists her daughter be home at a certain hour at night, comments, approves and disapproves of the fellows she dates, keeps track of the money Molly spends on herself. In fact, according to Molly, "Mom really flipped when I ordered my Thunderbird without discussing it with her. In a way, I couldn't blame her. I don't think I would have gotten it, if I'd anticipated her reaction."

As a rule, Molly spends very little on herself, while being extremely generous toward her family—from the suits she keeps buying for clothes-conscious Joey, to the dresses for her mother, to the Ford convertible for Bobby to drive to school.

Five years ago, right after she appeared on the Ed Sullivan show in New York, she asked her mother to take her to one of the best toy stores in the city. Mrs. Beachboard expected Molly to invest some of her freshly earned money on herself. Instead, she ordered a variety of presents—for her brothers.

Ever since, when she's gone away on a personal-appearance tour, she has brought back a gift for each of them—sometimes costly, other times inexpensive. But always something to look forward to—just as their father had done when he came back from a trucking trip.

What will the future hold for Molly? "I'll get married—some day. But not till my brothers have finished school, and Mom is taken care of financially for the rest of her life," she insists.

Spoken, indeed, like the man of the house.

Always for the Team

(Continued from page 52)

feeling into the *Harbourmaster* stories."

His boat, the *Blue Chip II*, is a thirty-foot cruiser, semi-enclosed, with twin-screw engine. "The first time I took it out alone," he grins, "I let out the throttle. I figured this would give the cameramen a good shot, and it did. But, when I got back, I found the real 'harbourmaster' waiting for me. To bawl me out. He explained to me you simply don't speed in the harbor. The wake can cause a lot of damage."

It was early summer when Broadway and Hollywood converged on the neighboring towns of Gloucester and Rockport, Massachusetts. Instead of shooting stock shots for a couple of days or weeks and then rushing back to Hollywood to finish in a studio, the actors, directors, cameramen and the rest of the crew dug in for six months. "I consider myself a Hollywood actor basically," Barry says, "but I like getting away. This has been exciting, for Cape Ann is exciting country. All of our action is shot against a natural background."

"Look at what we have to work with: A church originally built in 1630, only ten years after the pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. Then there's a barracks at Bearskin Neck built in 1690. The Cable House, where some of the crew stay, was the terminal point for the first transatlantic cable. There's the Riggs House, built in 1660. Off shore, there is Norman's Woe—immortalized by Longfellow in 'Wreck of the Hesperus.' This territory is loaded with history and tradition."

Monday through Saturday, the company was at work from 7:30 A.M. until 7:30 P.M. The pace was punishing, for they were constantly on the move. In one day, they might shoot from a half-dozen different locations: Aboard the *Blue Chip*, in the back yard of a fisherman's cottage, on the T-Wharf in Rockport, in the Addison Gilbert Hospital in Gloucester. Under those circumstances, Barry was in the position to make life a little easier for everyone involved, and he did just that. His know-how, his experience, his quick-thinking, are very important on any set. Barry, the guy, is just as important.

Says Jackie Jackson, who has worked as Barry's stand-in, secretary and dresser for the past five years, "One of the crew was telling me how fond he was of Barry, and I asked why. He said it was simply because Barry is so regular. He's part of the crew, if you know what I mean. Some stars stand apart. You don't dare get within six feet of them because they're stars. But it's always open house with Barry, and he's usually got his arm over the guy's shoulder, whether the guy is a truck-driver or director."

Any kid who worked the show quickly developed a feverish case of hero worship. Evan Elliott, the youngster who had a running part on the show, followed Barry around like a puppy. And there was a local boy, Myron Yorran, cast in one story. He had never acted before, but he had been rubbernecking the company for several days and had made friends with Barry. Barry thought so much of the boy that he wrote a part into the story for him.

Wherever Barry goes, he makes friends with kids. Even when he's shopping for groceries. When he stopped to pick up a steak at Ketchopulos Market in Rockport, he got to talking with an eleven-year-old girl and explained that he, too, had a daughter in the fifth grade. Another customer turned and introduced herself as the fifth-grade teacher at the local

school. She invited Barry over to talk to her children.

"I didn't think she was serious," Barry recalls, "but she was—and then I was in a sweat. What could I tell fifth-graders about acting? But they had plenty of questions. 'Do you know Elvis?' I told them I did. Then, 'What kind of a guy is he?' I told them he was nice and that I liked him. Oh, they had lots of questions. A couple that made me squirm," Barry grins, then adds, "The people up here have been just wonderful."

Patrick Barry Sullivan, New York born, was the seventh son of a seventh son. One of Barry's brothers is deceased. The five others are Dan, a Catholic priest; Jerry, a fireman; Neil, a banker; Joe, a businessman; and Denny, an advertising executive with *The New York Times*. Barry, himself, had no hard ambition as a youngster except to make the team: "I was in four different prep schools because I couldn't make the football team. Trouble was that I entered younger than my classmates. But by switching from one school to another, I lost enough time so that I finally was operating with my contemporaries."

In Evander Childs High School in the Bronx, he made the varsity and was chosen all-PSA League Quarterback. He went to New York University for a short time. For a couple of years, he played pro baseball, worked as a doorman and at other odd jobs, then decided he needed more education. He got a football scholarship to Temple University and lasted two-and-a-half years—before he once more chose to leave—and then went into a stock company to become an actor.

"I don't like to talk about the past," he says. "Not that I've got anything buried. But what I was then I am not now. I think of the past in terms of people. I got my first great experience from George Abbott and George S. Kaufman. Kaufman taught me more about the theater than anyone else. Abbott gave me a part in my first decent play, 'Brother Rat.' And there have been others—Ina Claire, Jane Cowl, Lloyd Nolan, Bette Davis, Barbara Stanwyck. When you work with a great performer, there's an exhilaration."

Barry's marriage ended in divorce this past June, after more than fifteen years. His wife was Marie Brown, an actress. They have two children, Johnny, fifteen, and Jenny, eleven. Barry has always been close to family and home. He's the kind of a guy who made many of the chairs and tables in his own workshop. And, when the house needed a fresh coat of paint, he brushed it on himself. His love for the kids is illustrated in every child he meets.

"The divorce is hard to talk about," says Barry. "It wasn't done easily under my circumstances. My wife is the greatest woman I've ever known. She's been the most important person in my life and career. How to explain divorce? In a way, it's the business."

"The kids and my wife are fixed in California and I have had to go away for long periods. In recent years, it was Broadway productions, 'Caine Mutiny,' 'Too Late the Phalarope.' And then a movie goes on location. A TV series like this one takes you away from home for months. And, when you're working twelve to fifteen hours a day, and working hard, it makes you terribly nervous and irritable. The ones you are closest to suffer. Yet Marie is still my best friend and critic. During the filming of *Harbourmaster*, I phoned the Coast to make sure she saw the rushes and gave me her opinion."

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THE FIVE SPELLBINDERS

About his kids, Barry flips. "They're both so sweet and wonderful. Whenever I can, I fly back to the Coast to see them. With camp and school, it's tough for them to get East, although Jenny came down for the Broadway opening of 'Phalarope.' I bought her a new dress and cape for opening night, and her seat was right in the middle of the first row. Well, the play was serious, but Jenny was so happy and pleased to be there and have her daddy up on the stage, she couldn't stop beaming. Every time I glanced at her, it nearly broke me up."

Barry takes his work seriously and, to him, that means doing away with superficiality. "When they told me they had a good actor to play my assistant in *Harbourmaster*," he says, "I asked to meet him. I didn't want to take a chance on a man I'd be working with for months. I don't like stars, phony artistry or the actor who 'has to be in the mood.' So I had lunch with Paul Burke. In fifteen minutes, I knew he was a right guy."

Paul Burke is a freckled six-footer with hazel eyes and black hair. He calls himself a "Sicilian Irishman" because his mother and father were, respectively, of Italian and Irish descent. Paul was born in New Orleans in 1927. His father was a boxer and then a night-club owner on Bourbon Street. Paul's bedroom was right above the bandstand, so he slept to a two-beat. As a schoolboy, he was an excellent athlete and fine drummer. In fact, his mother had to put her foot through his drums, when he was fourteen, to keep him from running away with a band.

Out of school, Paul was infected by the acting bug. He worked in summer stock, with civic groups, spent two years in the service, then headed for Hollywood. Earning his living as a bartender, he studied at the Pasadena Playhouse, where he caught the eye of an enthusiastic agent. This led to auditions and then movie and TV roles. During a performance of *Dragnet*, Paul so impressed Jack Webb that Webb chose Paul for the lead in *Noah's Ark*.

Paul has been married since 1947. He and his wife Peggy, an ex-dancer, have a girl and a boy, Paula, nine, and Brian, seven. They make their home in Hollywood, and so got to spend only a few weeks with Paul at Rockport.

Paul—who says, "Everyone who comes from New Orleans knows about food"—likes to relax over a hot stove. While *Harbourmaster* was on location in Massachusetts, he helped with the barbecue beach party Barry gave for the cast and crew every Saturday night. He also helped out on the drums with the Rockport Five Minus Three, the very cool combo that gathered at Barry's on those occasions, after a long, hard week's shooting.

"I called it a rhythm band," Barry grins. "Jon Epstein, *Harbourmaster*'s executive producer, plays piano. But, outside of that, everyone else was 'percussion'—I played cymbals with the lids of two pots. Paul, of course, was our star drummer."

"I used one of those small garbage cans with a foot pedal," Paul adds. "That was my 'foot cymbal.' Then, Barry had a corroded tin tray which was just right for brush work. I got my rim shots with another kitchen gadget. On something like 'When the Saints Come Marching In,' we really did fly!"

On the beach, or on a boat, a man like Sullivan will put every ounce of energy into the job or play at hand—and still know how to ease the tension for everyone around him. Just ask the cast and crew of *Harbourmaster*. To a man, they'll tell you that—star or no star—Barry's a regular guy who always puts the team first.



Five from Detroit, they are, from left to right, Denver Duncan, Sara Jane Tallman, "spokesman" Ken Bridges, Laura Ruthenberg, Charles Cassey.

They've magic for your ears on The Merv Griffin Show

LEND AN EAR to The Spellbinders and you're likely to let them have it for keeps. The group is heard on *The Merv Griffin Show*, each weekday from 7:15 to 7:55 P.M., over the American Broadcasting Network. "If there's a way to describe what we do, it might be called 'commercial jazz,'" says Kenneth Bridges, who sings bass. "We try to do things that are tasteful." The five youngsters from Detroit have not yet signed with a record company. "They tell us we're 'too good,'" says Ken, "we're not commercial enough." . . . The Spellbinders got started as a group six years ago, when they were all singing over Detroit's Station WJR, with Don Large's famous "Make Way for Youth" chorus. Deejay Marty Mc-Neeley, under the influence of the movie, "Spellbound," named them. Then the three boys and two girls went on the road for a year and a half, building up a polished, professional sound at clubs and hotels. Two years ago, they arrived in New York and were signed for Patti Page's filmed television series. When Perry went on vacation, they sang with Como's TV replacements—Julius La Rosa, Tony Bennett and Patti Page. They sang with Arthur Godfrey's replacements, too, and joined Vic Damone on-camera this past summer. . . . The group sings in harmony and lives that way, too. Between them,

they share two apartments—one for the guys, one for the gals—in the same Manhattan building. "When we first came to New York, we were broke," recalls Ken. "We combined all our resources, shared them, a dog and a car. We get along very well, really like brothers and sisters." A democratic group, they have no real leader. "I'm sort of the spokesman," explains Ken, "but I can't say anything without talking it over with the group first." . . . Ken, who started his musical career as a trumpet player, is twenty. Denver Duncan, whose voice has a wide range that is ideal for mixed singing groups, caught the musical bug from his mother. He plays tenor sax, too, and is twenty-three. Charles Cassey, twenty-four, can accompany his baritone voice on the accordion, clarinet and piano. Laura Ruthenberg, twenty-three, is the only engaged member—to a former Spellbinder who's now doing his singing with the U.S. Army chorus. Youngest of the group, eighteen-year-old Sara Jane Tallman is the daughter of two music teachers. . . . The Spellbinders do a lot of things together, although the boys don't "date" the girls in the romantic sense of the word. For fun, they like to get together with the Hi-Lo's for a jam session of Bach chorales. To ABN listeners, The Spellbinders are not "too good." They're more—the most!



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