

★ **TV** RADIO **MIRROR**

RADIO MIRROR

Introducing
**PAT BOONE'S
ALL-GIRL
QUARTET**

In This Issue:

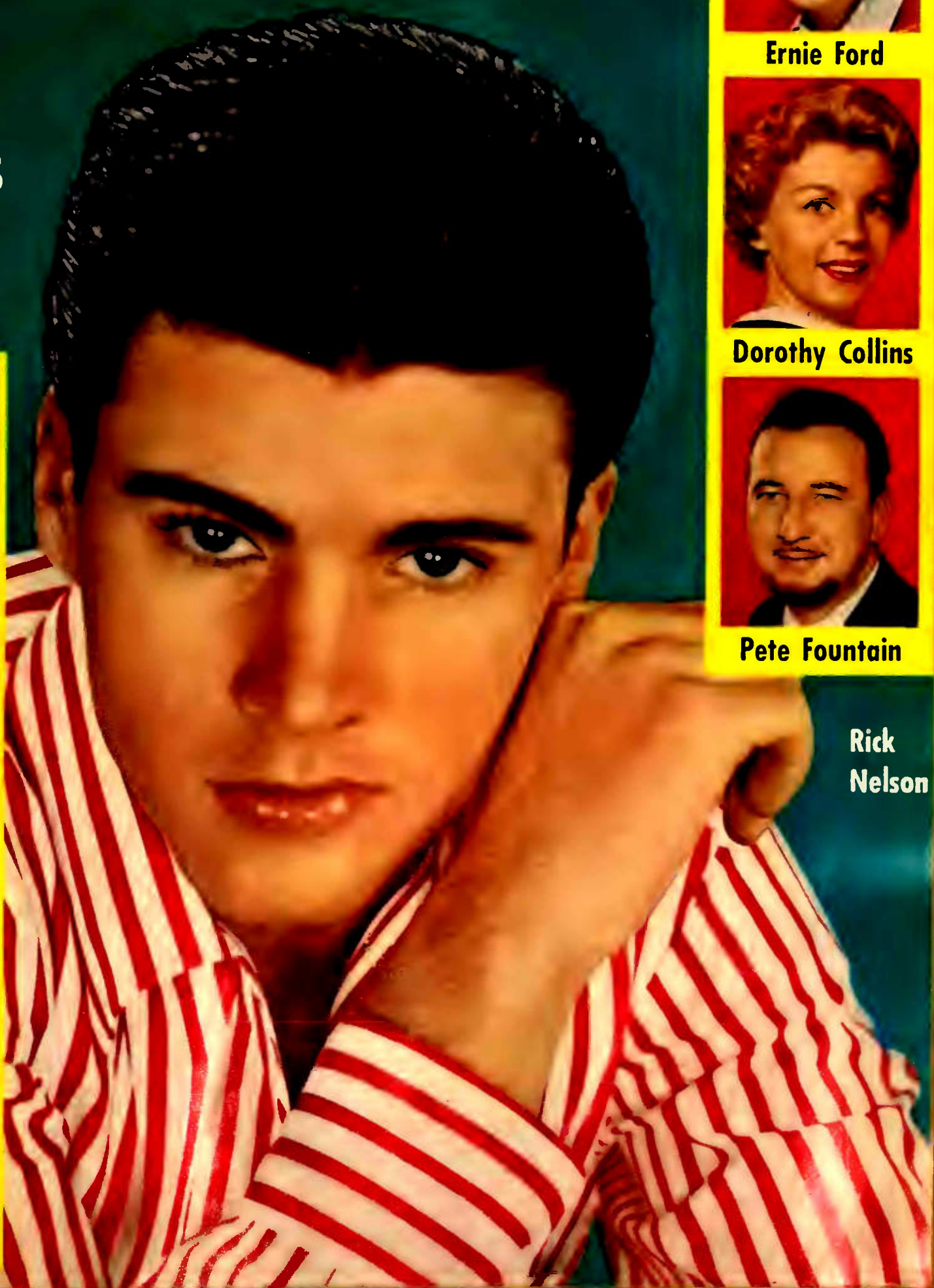
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TV RADIO MIRROR

JULY, 1958

MIDWEST EDITION

VOL. 50, NO. 2

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PEOPLE ON THE AIR

What's New on the East Coast.....	by Peter Abbott	4
What's New on the West Coast.....	by Bud Goode	8
Ed Sullivan Salutes.....	by Martin Cohen	20
Teen-Age and Talented (Rick Nelson).....	by Fredda Balling	22
Ol' Ernie Ford and the Love Bug.....	by Nancy Anderson	24
Little Boy Wanted (Dave Garroway).....	by Gladys Hall	28
Art Linkletter's Silver Jubilee.....		30
Romance à la Radio (Richard Hayes).....	by Helen Bolstad	38
Unexpected Dividends (Helen Wagner).....	by Mary Temple	46
New Sound From New Orleans (Pete Fountain).....	by Eunice Field	48
Watch What You're Eating! (TV snacks by Carlton Fredericks).....		52
The Pattern Is Perfect (Jim McKay).....	by Frances Kish	54
He's Smiling More Than Ever (Jack Smith).....	by Maurine Remenih	56

FEATURES IN FULL COLOR

Nichols & May, Unlimited.....	by Betty Etter	34
Pat Boone's All-Girl Quartet.....		36
Sweet Song of Home (Dorothy Collins and Raymond Scott).....	by Dell Chandler	40
Clues to an Elusive Bachelor (David Janssen) . . .	by Peer J. Oppenheimer	42

YOUR LOCAL STATION

Family on a Timetable (Mal Bellairs of WBBM).....	6
Wake Up and Dance (Big Bud Lindeman of WOOD and WOOD-TV) . . .	10
Opinions Unlimited (George Willeford of WLW-I).....	12
On the Inside Track (Alice Weston of WJW-TV).....	14
The Record Players: Jam Session.....	by Gordon Eaton 59
The Sky's the Limit (<i>Whirlybirds</i>).....	60

YOUR SPECIAL SERVICES

Movies on TV.....	3
Information Booth.....	11
TV RADIO MIRROR Goes to the Movies.....	by Janet Graves 16
Beauty: The Polly Bergen Look.....	by Harriet Segman 19
New Patterns for You (smart wardrobe suggestions).....	65
New Designs for Living (needlecraft and transfer patterns).....	86

Cover portrait of Rick Nelson courtesy of ABC-TV

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movies on TV

Showing this month

AFRICAN QUEEN, THE (U.A.): Humphrey Bogart's Oscar-winner teams him with Katie Hepburn. As a disreputable river rat and a prissy spinster, they face danger and find love. Funny, exciting, touching.

ANNIE OAKLEY (RKO): Minus music but with plenty of laughs, the saga of the gal sharpshooter stars a youthful Barbara Stanwyck, with Preston Foster as a fellow marksman in Buffalo Bill's show.

FOOTLIGHT SERENADE (20th): Lively backstage musical finds prizefighter Vic Mature muscling into show business, wooing Betty Grable—who's secretly wed to John Payne. Nice comedy by Phil Silvers, James Gleason, Jane Wyman.

GOLDEN BOY (Columbia): Clifford Odets' famous play was basis for this first film made by William Holden. Emotionally unstable musician forsakes career in the arts for one in the prize ring. Racketeers bring about his downfall. Barbara Stanwyck handles heroine's role with sophistication. Adolphe Menjou, Sam Levene, Joseph Calleia are excellent in supporting roles.

LAST COMMAND, THE (Republic): First-rate action film traces events leading up to the siege of the Alamo. As Jim Bowie, Sterling Hayden loves Anna Maria Alberghetti. And Arthur Hunnicutt is an authentic Davy Crockett that Fess Parker fans would never recognize.

MY FAVORITE WIFE (RKO): Deftly done laugh-fest, casting Cary Grant as an innocent bigamist. Wed to Gail Patrick, he's staggered by the amazing return of Irene Dunne, long marooned on a desert island with rugged Randolph Scott.

NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART (RKO): Strong, beautifully made, splendidly acted. Cary Grant is a footloose Cockney tempted toward crime; Ethel Barrymore, his courageous mother; June Duprez, the girl he loves; Jane Wyatt, the girl who loves him.

QUIET MAN, THE (Republic): Hilarious, lustily Irish, lovely to look at, thoroughly satisfying. Leaving his U.S. prize-winning career to return to his native Ireland, John Wayne marries spitfire Maureen O'Hara, but must fight her dad, Victor McLaglen. Ward Bond and Barry Fitzgerald add rich characterizations.

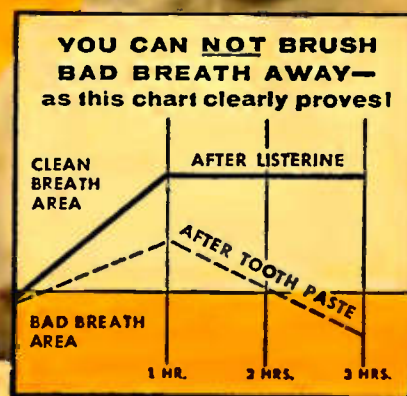
TENDER COMRADE (RKO): Oversentimental but often moving story of wives who share a house while their husbands fight in World War II. The romance of Ginger Rogers and Robert Ryan is shown in a series of flashbacks.

THEY WON'T FORGET (Warners): Suspenseful, vigorous attack on lynch law. Ambitious D.A. in a Southern town, Claude Rains frames Northerner Edward Norris for the murder of a teen-aged girl (brief role introducing newcomer Lana Turner).

WE ARE NOT ALONE (Warners): Set in an English village during World War I, this delicately unfolding drama casts Paul Muni as a gentle doctor who takes a kindly interest in Jane Bryan, stranded Viennese dancer. Then both are accused of poisoning his wife, Flora Robson.

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Reach for Listerine

...Your No. 1 Protection Against Bad Breath

WHAT'S NEW

ON THE EAST COAST

By PETER ABBOTT



Jazz may nip at the heels of rock 'n' roll and Welkiana—if rumors of a show for Ella Fitzgerald come true. A joint dream came true when she visited Sinatra.



Fashions may change—but Phyllis Kirk sticks to her "Prince Valiant" hair-do.

All Shook Up: CBS laid out \$150,000 for TV rights to smash Broadway musical, "Wonderful Town." Rosalind Russell will star, making it an October spectacular. . . . Rumor Godfrey will move to California next year. Not true. . . . Madison Avenue all shook up by Gallic sexport, Brigitte Bardot. Top shows after her. Published reports have Como offering her \$20,000 for a single appearance, Sullivan \$50,000 for three appearances. These figures, but not Brigitte's, are grossly exaggerated. . . . Andy Williams takes over Pat Boone's show beginning July 4; in meantime, Pat's sweating off a few pounds for Hollywood chore in film, "Mardi Gras." Also reported, Boone made Phi Beta Kappa at Columbia University. And that's good eggheading. . . . Plans to star Jack Paar in prime night-time next fall have fizzled. . . . What do rating figures mean? For your information: A show under 15 is in trouble: 15-20, shaky; over 20, in the sugar. . . . Jazz coming up. Now two regular weekly TV shows on networks, plus an additional five hours on network radio. . . . ABC very brave about Sid Caesar show. The sponsor has now cancelled, but the network has said Sid will return. Will ABC sponsor itself? . . . When you shop for a radio—portable or table model—make sure you test the all-transistor models. Give off a superior sound. . . . Herewith nominate Bill Cullen for funniest ad-lib of season. On a *Price Is Right* telecast appeared an elephant who hadn't been properly house-broken. The studio audience roared. Bill compounded the laughter with, "I'm expecting the Democrats will call for equal time any minute now."

For What's New On The West Coast, See Page 8



Piano "prince" Victor Borge has bought himself a castle in Denmark. Here, on its steps with wife Sanna and Victor Bernhardt, 3; Frederikke, 2; Sanna, Jr., 13.



Bids are flying from TV men, and Brigitte Bardot is the Gallic bait.

Thin Man, Svelte Gal: TV's *Thin Man* series is in good shape for summer, as is its co-star, Phyllis Kirk, the size-eight beauty with 40-carat eyes. A former model who for many years designed her own clothes, Phyllis says, "I like boys and my purpose in dressing is to attract men." What kind of clothes attract what kind of men? "I wear understated clothes. The kind that attract men who have the subtlety and imagination to be tasteful." What type males does she draw? "I date writers, comedians, composers and psychoanalysts. Remember, I go out with analysts—I don't go to them." What about bikinis? "I wear one-piece suits. I think the human body, nude or semi-nude, is beautiful. Not vulgar. Vulgarity is the grotesquely tight dress that reveals every inch of anatomy." The sack dress? "I think the chemise is darling but the trapeze and bag are hideous. I prefer conventional design. I don't eat much and I'm slender and I like to show it. I think if a man came down from Mars, picked up one of our magazines and noted our preoccupation with female chest measurements, he'd wonder what was wrong with us." Hairdos? "Forget fashion. Choose your own. Sinatra calls me Prince Valiant because of the way I wear my hair, but I've worn it this way, with hardly any change, since I was six. I went through a period where I let everyone fool around with my hair and finally asked myself, 'Where's that independence you had when you were eight years old?'"

Summer Swim: Dick Clark, TV's hottest young talent, will cool off this summer on the beach at Ocean City, Maryland, where he bought a cottage. . . .

Jill Corey sings at Las Vegas three weeks beginning June 11, and then to Hollywood to co-star in musical film, "Senior Prom." . . . Como takes his family to Jupiter Isle, Florida, but first son Ronnie, who just completed first year at Notre Dame, will spend a month working as a swimming instructor. Believe it or not, Perry approves of work. For his children. . . . Dody Goodman will tour the East and Midwest this summer in stage comedy, "Dulcy." Side note: Bob Finkel, who is Como's Saturday night producer, will direct Dody. . . . Carl Reiner heads for Fire Island to write another book. . . . On May 24, Victor Borge took off for a three-month stay at his castle in Denmark. Borge notes, "In the past, the castle housed four kings. Now it's got a full house." He took with him two Tennessee walking horses, his wife and five children. He admits he can remember the names of his wife and horses but misses occasionally on those of his offspring. Says he, "They never come when I call, anyway."

Quiz Biz Diz: So much criticism on avalanche of new quiz shows we turned to Jack Barry for comment. Jack is not only a star emcee but for 15 years, with his partner Dan Enright, has originated and produced some 25 network shows. So he's got some answers. Asked if he thought there were too many quiz shows on TV, he said, "Yes, but the public wants them just as they once demanded the mystery saturation." Does programming of so many new quiz shows help or hurt the high-rated ones? "Over-exposure always hurts." How long can current quiz cycle last? "That's
(Continued on page 13)



Quiz man Jack Barry may try for a new jackpot in the variety category.



Actor John Bromfield meets the real-life *Sheriff Of Cochise*, Jack Howard.

family on a *Timetable*



Mal's talk on *Lucky Ladies* is that of a man on the inside of the problems housewives face. After all, he's a family man and, at times, a chef as well.



On radio, Mal ad libs. At home, he reads a "script," a favorite story for Jerry, 10; Patti Lynn, 7; Ricky, 3; Kimberly Anne, 5; wife Jo; and Keith, 13.

Mal Bellairs of WBBM is busier than most people, so his family just synchronize their watches

CHICAGO'S Station WBBM tailored its programming to add *Fashions In Music* . . . and the Mal Bellairs household followed suit and re-arranged its own timetable. Mal, who's host of a number of other shows, presides over the new, all-out, all-live musical program, too. To see each other, Mal, his wife, three sons and two daughters, just synchronize their watches.

"My family is apt to be more prompt than the average," Mal says. "I live on a very tight schedule in order to spend as much time with the kids as I can. They know this and cooperate. I'm only hoping," he grins, "that this fine trait will carry over when the girls are old enough to date!" Actually, depending on the shows he's involved in, Mal manages to spend more time with his family than most fathers. "Often," he says, "I am the only father in attendance at a school program. Then, too, I see the family when everyone is bright and wide-awake, not just during the dinner-to-bed turmoil. This gives me common ground on which to meet 'lucky ladies.'"

The ladies Mal refers to are the shoppers he interviews on *Lucky Ladies*, each Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2:45 P.M. Mal not only talks family matters with them, he predicts 'em. This all began when an expectant mother told Mal she had five boys and was hoping for a girl this time. "Touch my left shoulder," he told her, "and it will be a girl." A week later, the prophecy came true. "Now it's become part of the routine," Mal says, "the left shoulder for girls, the right shoulder



Between shows, busy Mal takes a coffee break and a glance at headlines.

for boys. So far as we know, we have a perfect batting average. At least," continues Mal, "if we occasionally miss, the gals are polite enough not to disillusion me."

Back from the grocery stores, Mal acts as "second" to the famous *Chicago Daily News* sports editor on the *John Carmichael Sports Final*, each Monday through Saturday at 5:30 P.M. He spins records as number-one man on *The Bell-airs Show*, weekdays at 6 P.M. Then, weekdays at 7 P.M., he's the genial and well-spoken host of *Fashions In Music*. This is a quarter-hour extravaganza, with the 21-piece CBS-Chicago orchestra responding to the baton of Caesar Petrillo and backing up regular singers Bill Lawrence and Patty Clark and also an outstanding guest.

Mal provides weekend music, too, Saturday, from 1 to 7 P.M., and Sunday, from 1:30 to 4:55 P.M. "I juggle a stack of phonograph records," he explains, "trying always for a well-balanced show, not a piecemeal thing of many segments. As for the talk," he goes on, "it may be anything from a menu for Saturday-night supper to a discussion of why Bobby Hackett's trumpet has a chartreuse sound."

Mal's music caters to more adult ears than the sounds of the deejays who are spinning the "Top 40." But the youngsters are listening, too, and the autographs Mal brings home from his sports shows and from *Fashions In Music* have made him the idol of his Wilmette neighborhood. Mal can't pause too long to distribute them, though. His family, with an eye on the clock, is waiting.



In the record library, Mal picks music for a well-balanced show all the family will enjoy.



When Tammy Sands visited Chicago recently, first stop on his itinerary was Mal's program. On *Fashions In Music*, Mal greets a "live" guest every day.

WHAT'S NEW

ON THE WEST COAST



Father Temple and husband Charles Black shared a laugh with Shirley when her young daughter didn't realize that mother was the "real" doll.



Back in civvies, Gary Crosby will join Tommy Sands in the Pat Boone starrer, "Mardi Gras."



"Brothers" on TV's *Maverick*, Jack Kelly and James Garner join up for an off-camera, on-the-town quartet with their wives, May and Lois.

By BUD GOODE

Tommy Sands goes into 20th's "Mardi Gras," which stars Pat Boone. Tommy is working in New York with Lee Strasberg in the hope he can join the Actors' Studio and learn how to act. But he is so busy acting it doesn't look like he's going to have much time free to go to school. . . . The latest from the love-front looks like it's on-again, off-again with Tommy and Molly Bee. When he returns to Hollywood in July for the picture, the answer will be told. . . . Molly, incidentally, is recording her first album for Capitol. Title: "Molly Bee in Love," a sequence album which takes her into love, then mad at the guy, and falling out of love, and finally back in love again. Would a July release date on the album be timely or would it?

This is June and Ann B. Davis is still walking feet off the ground over her Emmy win for her role as Shultzzy on *The Bob Cummings Show*. She and Lyle Talbot will be playing "The Matchmaker" in summer stock at the

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



Winners of the Milky Way Gold Star awards for 1957 are Lennon Sisters—Kathy, 14; Peggy, 16; Janet, 11; Diane, 18—and, seated, Lauren Chapin, 12, of *Father Knows Best*, and Decca star Brenda Lee, 12.

Avondale Playhouse in Indianapolis, for 8 weeks beginning July 1.

Did You Know: All told, the nine Lennon Brothers (the Lennon Sisters' father and uncles) have forty-three children—and three more on the way?

... That **John Payne**, whose show is ranked number five this season, only used three Indians in his series from September through June—and they were all in one picture?

Speaking of the Lennons, there are so many in the family, what with uncles, aunts and cousins, when someone comes up the walk to the door, little three-year-old Mimi says, "Is that a cousin or a friend? ... Re: the new chemise line in dresses: At Bill Lennon's birthday party, only Lennon sister Mary wore one. When asked if she were to wear the chemise, "Sis" (Mrs.) Lennon said, "Only if I'm pregnant."

Also in the big-family department, NBC's **Don Ameche** has six children. He says he had to learn to speak with a

pearl-toned quality, not because of the radio shows, but so his children would understand which one he was calling: Donnie, Ronnie, Lonnie, Bonnie, Tommie or Connie.

George Gobel wanted to go to San Francisco for some of the Giant games. His director asked, "How will I know you'll be back on time for the show?" Gobel answered, "I'll leave my old buddy, **Eddie Fisher**, here as hostage."

Groucho finally figured a way to make his new swimming pool pay—he's going to board goldfish for vacationing neighbors. ... His producer, **John Guedel**, celebrates his twentieth year in radio-TV packaging business in June. John's wife, **Helen Parrish**, is recovering rapidly from a major operation.

Fans of TV's *Gunsmoke* might like to know that **Milburn Stone**, who plays crusty old "Doc," has a terrific baritone voice and a repertoire of folk songs and Western ballads. On the recent **Ralph Edwards** junket to the

New Mexico town named Truth or Consequences, **Mil, Ralph, Jerry Colonna** and *Fury's* **Peter Graves** entertained the busload of press and stars with some fine barbershop quarteting. Peter Graves, for your information, is big **Jim Arness's** little brother—good-looking Pete is only six feet four.

With **Elvis** gone for two years, there will be a lot of young Hollywood talent trying to step into his rock 'n' rolling shoes. High on the list will be handsome young **Dwayne Hickman**, whose recent records for ABC-Paramount are selling like crazy. Dwayne proved he had the stuff to thrill the teen-age fans when he appeared before thousands of them at the Truth or Consequences, New Mexico show. They dug him the most.

Amanda Blake and **Dennis Weaver** of *Gunsmoke*, and also of the "T or C" *Junket*, have developed their first act together and are planning a series of one-nighters throughout the summer. ... During (Continued on page 15)

Wake up and DANCE



Big Bud Lindeman provides his WOOD listeners and viewers with eye-openers and toe-tappers



Mornings, Big Bud wakes 'em up. Saturdays, he convenes the teens for dancing. He's hep to such new steps as the "Double-Chicken." David and Linda coach him and wife Kay at home.



A GENIAL thirty-two years old, Big Bud Lindeman likes to close his eyes and imagine that, on the other side of the mike, or the TV camera, there's a smile as broad as his own. To bring about this result, he conducts *The Big Bud Show*, heard each weekday from 7 to 9:30 A.M. on WOOD Radio in Grand Rapids. Between the chatter, there's an occasional record, "peppy, but not rocky." Bud will kid himself, his listeners, and even his sponsors on this "happy-eye-opener," as he calls the show. . . . Saturday, Bud has the morning off, but not the afternoon. At 5 P.M., over WOOD-TV, he hosts *Bop Hop*, with high school students jamming the studio to dance the "Stroll," the "Chicken," or the "Double-Chicken" to records by the sideburns set. There are skits by student talent, contests, prizes, interviews and live music by a local group called the Rockbillies. . . . "I was born in Chicago on August 16," says Bud, "and that was certainly the biggest and really the most interesting thing that happened to me in my early years." At Chicago's Sullivan High and Boston's Emerson College, new things began to happen. Bud studied speech and dramatics and was on stage in just about every student production. . . . He became a barker at carnivals and circuses. "I progressed all the way up to emcee of one

of Chicago's better burlesque shows," he grins. "Then, during my world tour with the U. S. Coast Guard, I emceed several U.S.O. shows." Back in mufti, Bud went to work in Boston radio. He joined WOOD in December, 1957, and admits to only one problem. "My pet monkey, Little Bop, perches on my shoulder during *Bop Hop*," he explains. "He's very talented, but he's not house-broken. Need I say more?" . . . Of the many celebrities who've guested on his shows, Bud best remembers the Ames Brothers and Jack Benny. The latter accepted Bud's bet that he could beat him at golf. "Did I collect?" asks Bud. "Not from Mr. Benny! I paid. He blasted me all over the golf course." . . . Luckily, Bud has two sports cars that he often races, so he didn't have to count on Benny for a lift in the old Maxwell. Bud is still talking about a ride he hitched while in the service. "Longest ride I ever had," he grins. The driver was Kay, the pretty miss he married in 1944. They now have two children, one of each kind. The Lindemans live in an apartment in Grand Rapids. "The furniture is modern," says Bud, "and it's all ours." Sacks of mail may come addressed to Big Bud Lindeman, but the bill collector is not one of his correspondents. Except, of course, in a completely non-professional fan letter.

INFORMATION BOOTH

Ways of Loveliness

What can you tell us about the young actress Carol Lynley?

C.D., Spokane, Wash.

Not long ago, you had to guess her identity on *I've Got A Secret*. . . . A "model" junior miss, she prefers comfortable blue denims for casual wear . . . More? She was Dame Sybil Thorndike's granddaughter in Broadway's "The Potting Shed" a year ago . . . and a restless, beautiful youngster with murder on her mind on *Hitchcock Presents*, last winter. . . . With long blond hair and a clear-eyed, peaches-and-cream loveliness, Carol presents a serene image of youth. All the more remarkable, then, is her deft and sympathetic performance of the troubled teenager in the current Broadway hit, "Blue Denim." . . . Carol got started as a child model at nine. A year later, she "walked on" in a *Danger* mystery. Following that, the breaks broke fast: "Anniversary Waltz" at 14, covers for national magazines, a starring role in Walt Disney's "The Light in the Forest." . . . Except for the Hollywood sojourn, Carol has always lived in New York. Schedules permitting, she attends classes at the School for Young Professionals. Younger brother Danny Lee is also an actor, but they've never appeared together. . . . The rule being that theater people are superstitious, Carol is the exception. Thirteen is "lucky" for her! Born on Friday the 13th, on the 13th floor of the hospital, she became a model on the 13th of the month; from her TV "father," she received a baker's dozen of red roses for a Friday-the-thirteenth rehearsal of the TV "Junior Miss"—who was thirteen.

Flash From the Fans

As our readers know, the editors of TV RADIO MIRROR are always interested in news of the fan clubs. In the March



Carol Lynley

issue, we listed a Georgia club for Marilyn Van Derbur ("Miss America of 1957"), c/o Stephen Batson, Lanier Heights Road, Macon. This is the young man Marilyn mentioned on her *Person To Person* appearance. Stephen is only eight, but he manages his club with efficiency and imagination. Recently he ran an essay contest. "Why I Like Miss America (Marilyn)." Club member Diane Hinsey won with this entry: "Marilyn is talented and beautiful, but she is not at all selfish. . . . Her attitude toward the world is a fine one. . . . I hope parents will cooperate with her in making the world a better place."

All Along the Line Up

Please tell me all about Marshall Reed, who is Inspector Asher on *Lineup*.

M.C., Chicago, Ill.

The yen was a yearning! When Marshall Reed finished high school, he trained horses for a YMCA camp, then worked as a stock boy, mail clerk, addressograph operator, meter reader, bookkeeper, and lineman for a utilities company. But, as he worked, the boy who had started acting at ten kept hearing theatrical voices. . . . He never once lost the cue. In his spare time, Marshall wrote, produced, directed and acted for such little-theater groups as the Denver Players Guild, Ramshackle House Theater, and the University Civic Theater of Denver U. After doing professional stock for two years, he moved to California—working at Lockheed Aircraft on the swing shift, and freelancing as an actor, days. . . . Marshall spent the latter war years in the Navy. With VJ Day, he returned to important roles in several Hollywood Westerns and crime films. On TV, he's been a feature player in *Boston Blackie*, *Kit Carson*, and *Wild Bill Hickok*. . . . It's no accident that "Inspector Asher" knows about every trick and hold in the underworld book. During his West Denver High days, Reed was a top athlete, winner of letters in football, track, boxing and wrestling. At forty, the trim six-footer hunts, rides, goes fishing or skin-diving, but also enjoys just plain "being outdoors in the fresh air." Marshall is happily married and has two teen-aged daughters.

Boy From the Beach

I understand Puerto Rican star Jimmy Diaz will be seen in a forthcoming movie. Will we see him on TV, too?

L.C., New York, N.Y.

Jimmy is only nineteen, but he's right in the thick of San Juan's bustling TV industry. At ten, the handsome young man played "Boy" in a Spanish-radio version of *Tarzan*. He did daytime drama, deejay work and, when the visual medium hit the island, TV plays. Lately, he is best known to younger viewers who admire his Serruchito ("Little Saw")—story-teller for the cartoon show, *Los Munequitos*—and for



Jimmy Diaz

his emceeding of the Diaz-produced *Teenagers Club*, on Sundays. . . . A San Juan family originally, the Diazes moved across the bay to the quiet little village of Cataño when Jimmy was still very young. The father, Bernardo, a free-lance artist, built their home facing the bay on a beautiful strip of sand beach. A mere glance over the blue is the vigorous new-world sprawl of the capital city—the contrast being symbolic, in a way, of Jimmy's life. . . . A graduate of the local Bayamon high school, the boy went stateside to study TV production at New York University. American-type food has been a great favorite of his ever since. Except for the quickee-lunch, that is! At midday, Jimmy wants a full-course meal in the Latin manner. . . . As for girls, the young star escorts both islanders and mainlanders. The mainland, incidentally, will see Jimmy in two movies—"Machete" and "Counterplot." Can network TV be far behind?

Calling All Fans

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

John Larkin Fan Club, Carol Yarvel, 555 Ovington Ave., Brooklyn 9, N.Y.

Will Hutchins Fan Club, Rose Marie Antonow, 203 Conkey Ave., Rochester, N.Y.

Pat Boone Fan Club, Janice Snow, 256 Tyler St., Gary, Indiana.

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.

OPINIONS UNLIMITED

From movies to milady, George Willeford of WLW-I has some choice words on any topic



Their birthday fell on the same day, so George and Governor Harold Hondley (on left) exchanged gifts on *Movie House*. Also visiting was Lawrence Welk. Oh, there was a movie, too.



Music didn't turn out to be his career, after all, but it was at music school that Helen first heard George sound off with an opinion. Now, music's a hobby to share with Stephen and Eileen.



YOU NAME IT and George Willeford will take a stand on it. This dark-haired, thirty-ish sage of the flatlands is the host of *Movie House*, seen each weekday at 12:30 P.M. on Station WLW-I in Indianapolis. George possesses what some of his lady viewers have called a pair of "bedroom eyes." With these, he lures 'em to his afternoon movie. Then, between reels, the fireworks begin. "I alienate somebody every day, I suspect," says George. But, unlike the boys on Madison Avenue, this Hoosier isn't fazed in the least at the idea. He'll knock rock 'n' roll one minute, expound on the "hamminess" of a matinee idol the next, and then bring the mail flooding in with some uninhibited opinions on housewives and/or husbands. . . . The controversy flies, the switchboard explodes with calls, and the cause of it all sits happily atop a healthy rating. George, by just being himself, has become the housewife's friend, even when she doesn't agree with him. . . . George is a hometown boy who's made good. He was born on November 27, 1920, in Indianapolis, and is a graduate of the state's largest high school, Arsenal Technical. From there, he pursued the study of music at Indiana University and then went on to earn a Master's degree in Speech and Music. With this in hand, he was offered a job as instructor at the university's radio-TV department, and he preached what he now practices until August, 1957, when he joined Channel 13. Two of his former students are now his co-workers. . . . His piercing and off-beat comments are now George's trademark. Back in college, they introduced him to his wife, Helen. Both were relaxing before class in the Music School lounge when George, sitting across the room, began to deliver a scathing denunciation of the picture that was hanging on the wall of the lounge. Helen decided then and there that this was someone she didn't like at all. "She later changed her mind," George grins. . . . The Willefords now live in an old house on Indianapolis's east side, the same area where George grew up. Fond of ballet, classical music and model-ship building, George also maintains a small zoo consisting of two longhaired dachshunds, two Siamese cats, one parakeet, goldfish and some bluegills. He has a son Stephen, who's 10, and a daughter Eileen, 13. George is raising them both to hold strong opinions.

What's New on the East Coast

(Continued from page 5)

up to the public." How long can an individual quiz show run? "Some have gone ten years." Will next season see more or fewer quiz shows? "More in the daytime. Fewer at night." Do advertisers go for quiz because it's less expensive than dramatic or variety programs? "It's true that the cost per thousand viewers is less. But remember, besides that, ratings on quiz shows frequently top the other kinds regardless of cost to the sponsor." What are your personal plans for next season? "Besides continuing on my present shows, I'm thinking ahead to winter of next year. I'd like to do variety. This August, during my vacation, I hope to debut as a club entertainer in Las Vegas. I got the confidence to do this in appearing at benefits and such. I found that I could hold my own in a humorous vein. Plus that, I've been taking dancing lessons three times a week. I like the idea of being an entertainer, for it would appear that I've gone as far as I can in quiz. If I click, I hope it will lead to my doing variety in TV."

TV in Hi-Fi: Bright guess for next season is that Ella Fitzgerald will have her own program. This past year, she has guest-starred on all the top shows, but her May appearance with Sinatra was a mutual fulfillment. Frankie, whenever asked to name his all-time singing favorite, simply says, "Ella." Ella recalls that she sat so often in the first row of the Paramount Theater admiring Frankie on the stage that Tommy Dorsey would look over the footlights and say, "You here again?" Ella and Frankie are represented at the moment with fine albums. On Verve's label is "Ella Fitzgerald Sings Duke Ellington" and this is the greatest, with the Duke backing her in such choice classics as "Take the A Train," "Caravan," "Mood Indigo," etc. And, for Capitol, Frankie is up and swinging with "This Is Sinatra, Volume Two." Enclosed are a dozen of his solid hits. . . . Elvis, who has broken every sales record in the record business, has been immortalized by Victor with a memorial album titled "Elvis' Golden Records." Even so the LP is big enough to hold only 12 numbers and he has had 16 singles sell over a million. The fabulous "Don't Be Cruel," alone, sold over five million copies. . . . Dot label comes up with "The Moods of March," on which quizmaster Hal makes like Jackie Gleason, leading a rich, lush band in pop standards. The lead number, of course, is "Candy," for his wife. . . . Mort Sahl whose humorous monologues are heard twice a week on NBC's *Nightline*, has packed both sides of a Verve album with the most ticklish grooves to be heard anywhere. Typical Sahlism, "If God really wanted brides, there wouldn't be water." . . . Coral has issued a big line-up of your TV favorites. The McGuire Sisters' album is titled, "When Lights Are Low." This contains a wistful, romantic dozen.



For *Breakfast Club's* silver anniversary, Don McNeill had artist Ben Stahl depict the show's "Moment of Silent Prayer." Model mother Roberta Lawrence posed.

Then there is "Steve Allen With Electrified Favorites." In this cookie, Steve works out on the small electric organ he's been featuring on the Sunday show. . . . And never least is television's favorite band, Lawrence Welk, in a new package titled, "With a Song in My Heart."

Bells are Ringing: Month of June, when more wedding anniversaries are observed, finds two worthy men celebrating their electronic anniversaries: Ed Sullivan, his tenth on television; Don McNeill, his 25th on radio. For the gala night, June 22, Ed's party will include Hugh O'Brian, Mickey Rooney, Teresa Brewer, Alan King, Hermione Gingold and Billy de Wolfe. (For reminiscences by Ed, see inside story.) Don McNeill's 25th anniversary comes the morning after, June 23, on ABC. Don has earned the affection and loyalty of millions of listeners for a most worthy achievement—making America smile at breakfast. But where Don's heart lies is obvious. For his anniversary, he commissioned artist Ben Stahl to visualize on canvas that period on each broadcast called "The Moment of Silent Prayer," when Don asks his audience, "Each in his own words, each in his own way, for a world united in peace, let us bow our heads and pray." Mrs. Roberta H. Lawrence of Ann Arbor, Michigan, was selected as the model mother to pose for the painting. Artist Stahl will unveil his canvas the morning of June 23 and then the picture will tour the country. Don says, "Of all our show's features, this is the one for which we would most want to be remembered."

Blasting Home: Most of the gals took a beating with their own shows this season. The only ones to finish strong were Lucy and Dinah. And Loretta, too, who picked up a fine new contract from her sponsor. . . . Doubtful that either *People's Choice* or *Wide Wide World* will return in fall. . . . Great expectations: That Shirley Booth may do a TV version of Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street." . . . Jerry Lee Lewis pulled a switch. Bought himself a Ford instead of a Cadillac. . . . John Bromfield, *Sheriff Of Cochise*, so hot with fans that NTA will star him in new series, *U S. Marshal*, which will run concurrent with *Cochise*. . . . *Suspicion* continues through summer but folds with the fall. . . . Now that we have adult Westerns (the cowboy can kiss the girl), next season we are promised adult science-fiction (the hero is in analysis). . . . And September will find *Father Knows Best* switching from NBC to CBS. Godfrey shifts his *Talent Scouts* to Wednesday at 8:30 P.M. . . . *Climax!* goes through the summer. . . . Motorola has a working model of a practical portable, battery-operated 14-inch TV set. Still too expensive to market. . . . Also for the future, Cleveland's WERE Radio has purchased six unused TV channels for a proposed multi-channel, direct wire, pay-TV system. . . . A conversation that may be of interest to June graduates who hope to go into show business. Caesar asked Imogene Coca, "How long was it before you learned that you could make a living out of show business?" Said Imogene, "I went on the stage when I was eight and it was fifteen years before I learned that I couldn't."



Hostess of a "new look" in programs for women, Alice Weston talks of many things.

ON THE INSIDE TRACK

*Cleveland's Places And Faces take the right of way—
thanks to Alice Weston and the WJW-TV cameras*



Star Anna Maria Alberghetti visits here. But Alice usually puts the spotlight where it's never been.



Building good citizens is woman's work, says Alice. She does it in the home—as Alice does with her twins Sally and Sue—and out.

LADIES, take heart! The standard woman's-interest format has been given a face-lifting, and the well-groomed result is *Places And Faces*, seen each weekday at 2:15 P.M., over Station WJW-TV in Cleveland. Presiding is Alice Weston, who has been adding new ideas to homemakers' hours since 1947. On her current programs, Alice includes the contests, interviews, advice on cooking, cleaning and clothes, that she knows the women want. The new look is the variety. Alice has divided the show into three basic categories—people, places and things—one of which is the main subject of each day. . . . For "people," Alice has the talent for asking the right question that comes of being a one-time newspaper reporter. Rather than concentrate on celebrities, though, she's now talking to people who have never been in the spotlight before, people with unusual jobs, for instance. Her guest can be anyone from a billboard hanger to a traffic court judge who explained just what he did, aside from doling out fines. . . . Of "places," Alice runs a short film clip of an area in Cleveland. There's a prize for the first postcard to identify the neighborhood. And, the following day, a new or old resident, or sometimes both, appears on the show to talk of his part of town. . . .

"Things" get into the picture in a number of ways, including the popular "School for Home Buyers" as a regular weekly feature. Another main feature is "Attic Antics," with an appraiser to tell viewers whether those things they have stashed away in the attic are really antiques of genuine value or just sentimental dust-catchers. . . . All of Alice's background puts her on the right track for this lively show. An alumna of Wayne University and the University of Detroit, Alice worked for the *Detroit Free Press* as a lecturer on food and then for the *Detroit News* as household editor. She entered radio in 1947, and then went on to pioneer in TV programs for women. In 1953, she won the AFTRA award for the best cooking show in Cleveland and, two years later, another AFTRA award for the "Best Program for Women." . . . A homemaker herself, she is married to Arthur Schowalter and they have twin daughters, fourteen-year-old Sally and Sue. Alice Weston hopes that her work in television will convince other women of the basic philosophy she herself lives by—that a homemaker's tasks can be as rewarding as any career. Alice believes that the biggest part of her job is creating good citizens, not only in her own home but in her community—a world-wide one today—too.

(Continued from page 9)



At Truth Or Consequences, N.M., annual parade: Ralph Edwards (left) and Milburn Stone, Amanda Blake of TV's *Gunsmoke*.

the "T or C" parade, one little girl came up to mustachioed Jerry Colonna and said, "I think your show is one of the funniest on the air, Mr. Kovacs."

Ralph Edwards, wife Barbara and their children are taking a different kind of vacation. They are going to load the kids into the station wagon and tour the Northwest. . . . The Steve Dunnes are going to press-agents Sue and Jim Chadwick's Arrowhead home for a month. . . . Bob Barker is going to have to work all summer. He had to pay the consequences.

Shirley Temple's young daughter frequently comes in with her Shirley Temple doll, saying "Mommie this is a real Shirley Temple doll." She doesn't know yet that Mommie is a real Shirley Temple, too. . . . Two-year-old Jody, Dinah Shore's son, was leafing through a magazine one afternoon as he was being prepared for a nap. He saw a picture of a man, and he said, "Man." He saw a picture of a woman and said, "Woman." Then he saw a picture of Dinah and said, "Chevy."

Daughter Pat Hitchcock is doing one of father's *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*. Hitch is giving a lot of talented actors an opportunity to become directors. Paul Henried, Don Taylor, Keenan Wynn all are taking lessons from the old master.

Gary Crosby ended his Army stint on June 1. His first job is a guest spot on an early June Pat Boone show. Gary promised Pat when they got together recently. Pat thinks Gary has great talent. . . . John Raitt starts on NBC, June 22. He'll sing as many hymns as possible because he likes them. He started singing in a choir.

Jim Garner got a kick out of doing the song and dance bit on the Emmy show. Basically, he has a good voice and odds are that he will be doing an album for Warner Bros. records. They should put out a quartet with Clint, Bret, Bart and Will. . . . Look for Will Hutchins to appear "rugged" in next season's *Sugarfoot*. So who is he taking barbell lessons from? Clint Walker. no less.

Lawrence Welk is thrilled by the new tag his associates hung on him—"Grandpa." Daughter Shirley had her first baby, Laura Jean, in Boston, last March. . . . Alice Lon became an aunt for the second time when her sister, Betty Jo, gave birth to a boy recently.

Nanette Fabray was planning on a TV show of her own next season, but, at thirty-seven, decided to devote all of her time to having a completely healthy baby, due in September. This will keep her off TV for at least one year.

John Raitt has six acres at his new home. John built a track down the back hill which he and his boys race down in their homemade speed wagons. Everyone who visits the Raitt home has to ride down the hill. There is a hairpin curve at the bottom. John and the boys think it's great fun when they go flying down the hill, miss the curve and throw the surprised occupants into the weeds. The latest victim was Raitt's business manager, Pierre Cousette.

The heart of Hollywood: Danny Thomas has been slowed up by a chronic back ailment. Often he is in pain and discomfort. There are times when he cannot walk and has to ambulate on his knees. In spite of his pain, he will spend most of June on the road staging benefits for St. Jude Hospital.



Comic Danny Thomas has room in his heart for serious work for St. Jude.

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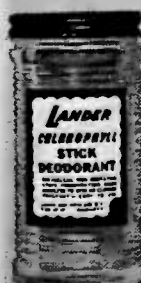
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Youth casts a spell on Curt Jurgens and Deb's dizzy over an "older man."

Rockin' at last, Julius La Rosa throws himself into the spirit of "Crazy Party."



*TV favorites on
your theater screen*

TV RADIO MIRROR

goes to the movies

By JANET GRAVES

Let's Rock

COLUMBIA

An affable tune-film provides a pleasing introduction for Julius La Rosa, though his role often requires him to act a bit sulky. He plays a slipping record favorite who resists manager Conrad Janis's pleas that he switch from ballads to the more popular rock 'n' roll. When love walks in, personified by pert Phyllis Newman, a composer, Julius is further distracted. His romantic songs offer contrast to r 'n' r numbers by such stars as Paul Anka, Roy Hamilton and Danny and the Juniors, while Della Reese turns in fine blues. Wink Martindale, Memphis's singing deejay, registers with appeal.

This Happy Feeling

U-I; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

That "Tammy" girl is back with a bouncy light comedy and another pretty title song, though the movie isn't a musical. Debbie Reynolds charms you again, this time as a wide-eyed girl who becomes secretary to retired actor Curt Jurgens and develops a crush on her suave boss. But neighbor lad John Saxon also puts in a

bid for Debbie's affections. There's able work by Mary Astor, as John's mom, and Alexis Smith, as an old flame of Curt's. Highlights of hilarity are furnished by Estelle Winwood, as Curt's wacky housekeeper. It's sexy but sweet.

Vertigo

PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

Maestro of suspense and chills, Alfred Hitchcock confronts James Stewart with a real puzzle in this creepy film. As a former detective, Jimmy is hired to shadow Kim Novak and falls in love with her. After her violent death, he's disconsolate until he finds a girl (also Kim) who looks amazingly like her. As an artist, Barbara Bel Geddes yearns for Jimmy. (Keep an eye out for Hitchcock, who always sneaks into his own movies.)

From Hell to Texas

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

In a refreshing Western, Don Murray has a role well suited to his own personality. He's a cowhand who tries earnestly to avoid violence. But after he accidentally kills a bully, he's hunted down by the

dead man's angry family. Wise old Chill Wills and daughter Diane Varsi help him. Himself devoted to the cause of international brotherhood, Don starred in one of last winter's most discussed *Playhouse 90* shows, a story closely related to his own work with refugees.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

Marjorie Morningstar (Warners, Warner-color): Security or excitement? Facing this choice, Natalie Wood is infatuated with dashing Gene Kelly. As her uncle, Ed Wynn equals his TV hits. Carolyn Jones, Marty Milner also score.

Hot Spell (Paramount, VistaVision): Shirley Booth, as a fading housewife, and Anthony Quinn, as her faithless husband, are excellent. But TV comedienne Shirley MacLaine is a surprise drama click, as the couple's lovelorn daughter.

I Married a Woman (U-I): A lively farce supplies plenty of Gobel-type giggles. While Georgie worries about his ad-agency job, luscious spouse Diana Dors feels she's being neglected.



shave, lady?...don't do it!

Don't risk "razor shadow" on legs and underarms. It's so easy to avoid "razor shadow", that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and arms, when you *cream hair away the beautiful way* with NEET. New baby-pink NEET goes down deep where no razor can reach . . . leaves your skin feeling oh, so soft. And there's never a hint of "razor shadow" because when the hair *finally* does grow in again it feels softer, silkier, no stubble at all! Next time try baby-pink, sweet-smelling NEET: either lotion or cream—you'll never want to shave again!

cream hair away the beautiful way

Neet





That Ivory Look

so clear...so fresh...so easily yours

Baby is delighted with the loveliness of That Ivory Look—a look *your* complexion can have with a simple change to regular Ivory care. Ivory Soap is so white and pure, smells so fresh and clean—gentleness itself to give your complexion that clear, pure look . . . That Ivory Look!

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap



Wash your face regularly with pure, mild Ivory Soap. Gentle enough for a baby's skin—the beauty soap you want for yours.

*99% pure¹
...it floats*

Husband and family should see a girl's prettiest self, says Polly Bergen. Below, at home, she carries out her theory.



the Polly Bergen

LOOK

Make-up (even lots of it)

is meant to give a natural look,

says this pretty TV star

By HARRIET SEGMAN

EYEBROW PENCIL is not meant to look like eyebrow pencil, but like your own eyebrows." That's how Polly Bergen sums up her approach to make-up. "The natural look is *the* look," says this actress, songstress, TV panelist, star of her own NBC-TV show. She's the girl with the beautiful big blue eyes (which change to green or gray according to her dress) and the big tortoise-shell eyeglass frames which have become her personal, feminine trademark.

Polly has emphatic ideas about cosmetics and other feminine fixings. Don't save them for dress-up occasions, she says. No matter what your field of work, your obligation is primarily to your husband and family—they deserve at least as much beauty care on your part as anyone else. She feels that cosmetics are almost like an education because they help a woman discover the best things in herself. Heavy make-up is bad, she says, because it doesn't show a girl at her most attractive.

How to find your own best in beauty? Polly's theory is sound—pick your most outstanding feature, whether it's your eyes or your walk or your hair, and work on that. Keep everything else simple and toned-down so that people are not distracted by four or five centers of attention—or, as she puts it, by "a glob of a lot of too much." "I make up my eyes (Continued on page 69)





By
MARTIN
COHEN

Most beautiful guest: Gina Lollobrigida. Greatest mind (and heart): The late playwright Robert E. Sherwood.

ED SULLIVAN

Salutes

Memorable moments, unforgettable personalities:
TV's super-showman picks ten high points
from ten record-breaking years at the top





Gratitude of Jack Benny (above, with wife Mary, Ed and Sylvia Sullivan) outshines the tinsel of show business. Bible readings of Charles Laughton (below) revealed his amazing versatility, opened new vistas for TV audiences.



Sincerity of Helen Hayes transcended acting, sparked a speech no hearer will ever forget. Ed always appreciated Jack Paar's antic talents (below), learned Jack had an even rarer gift for loyalty beyond the call of networks.



ON JUNE 22, *The Ed Sullivan Show* celebrates its tenth anniversary. The show speaks for itself in entertainment values. No other variety program has so frequently included concert violinists, ballerinas and excerpts from opera and fine drama. No program has been more meticulous in propriety—you never see a glamour gal wiggle onto the Sullivan stage in a too-low, tighter-than-skin dress.

These standards in quality and propriety reflect Ed Sullivan and his trust in the public's good taste. Ed himself has chosen the thousands of acts which have appeared in the past ten years. It's accurate to call him a "super-showman"—but he is no superman and no super-egotist. Behind the stony face is a sentimental and deeply humane man. You soon discover, as Ed talks about the high moments in his TV career, that he remembers (*Continued on page 77*)



The Ed Sullivan Show is seen over CBS-TV, Sun., 8 to 9 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by the Mercury Dealers and Eastman Kodak.

Teen-age and Talented



It's a potent combination, but Rick Nelson takes it in his stride. It takes more than fame to spoil a family like Ozzie's and Harriet's

By FREDDA BALLING

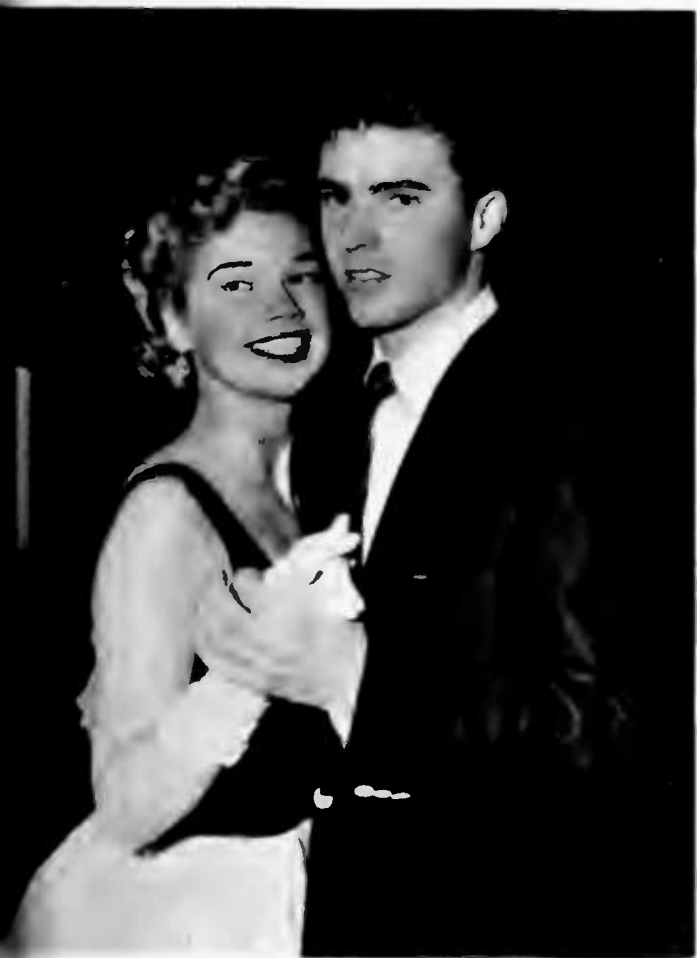
IT WAS 3:00 A.M. on an autumn-crisp Sunday morning. The two boys in the Porsche had left a teen dance just past midnight, had escorted their dates home, then decided the boy who lived in Westwood might as well spend the night with the boy who lived in Hollywood. Naturally, they drove to Westwood to collect essentials before proceeding toward Hollywood. The streets were practically deserted, so the Porsche was making knots—not exceeding the speed limit, but not embarrassing it, either. Abruptly, the Porsche's front (Continued on page 70)



To Rick, work and play are about the same. Rehearsing a scene for *Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet* (above, with parents Oz and Harriet and brother David at right) is almost like being at home—except that Rick wouldn't be wearing his hat at the table! Performing (opposite page, backed up by Jim Kirkland on bass fiddle, Jim Burton on electric guitar) is just sheer fun. Rick's latest Imperial: "Believe What You Say" and "My Bucket's Got a Hole in It."



Guitar is his own (as labeled). The motorcycle's borrowed from David. Most such treasures have been given them by their parents—whose greatest gift was teaching them to be considerate of fans. Now Rick finds he enjoys meeting audiences face to face.



Dancing at the Cocoanut Grove with starlet Yvonne Lime is quite an occasion. Usually, Oz and Harriet are amazed at the mileage thrifty Rick can get out of his allowance with movie-going dates, drive-in snacks.



The New Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet—David and Rick—ABC-TV, Wed., 9 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Eastman Kodak.



OL' ERN and

Tennessee Ernie says he's
no "ladies' man." Betty Ford
has other ideas! She knows all
about the gals—from 9 to 90—
who admire him from afar

By NANCY ANDERSON

SENSIBLE, smiling, brown-eyed Betty Ford knows all about the "other woman" in her husband's life, and she isn't a bit jealous. In fact, Betty—for sixteen years the bride of Tennessee Ernie—is pleased about the whole thing.

The "other woman" . . . the one who mows lawns, washes cars, and walks dogs just to be near Betty's husband . . . who fights for a lock of his hair, showers him with home-cooked goodies, and occasionally proposes marriage . . . is a mythical figure, a composite of all the thousands of women who consider Ernie Ford a living, breathing, walking dream.

If you ask Betty to describe Ol' Ern's typical woman fan, she can't do it. "She's not a type," Mrs. Ford says proudly. "Ernie gets mail from all kinds of women of all ages and backgrounds. About the only thing that most of them have in common is that they seem to be so fine. Ernie doesn't get silly or vulgar letters. In fact, some of his fans write to me instead of to him—I got a letter from a woman, just the other day, saying how much she likes him and asking me to send his mother's recipe for applesauce cake."

To fans who think of Ernie as a homespun philosopher or a singing rustic comedian, it may seem incongruous to cast him in a romantic role. But women, women, women see in the folksy Tennessean a lot more than their menfolk might surmise.

To some, he's like a son or grandson. "A large part of our mail," his secretary says, "comes from women in their eighties and even nineties. They never seem to be too old to send a jar of pickles or some pretty piece of handwork."

To others, he's a courteous, kindly friend. But, to a substantial and sighing third

the Love Bug



Ernie's own idea of the right kind of glamour for today's girls is singin' idol Tommy Sands.



Yes indeedy, Ernie has fans—in letters and in person. From the talented choristers on *The Ford Show* to gatherings at the fair grounds, the ladies all love him. "They're so fine—and he's so nice," says Betty. "Bless their pea-pickin' hearts," says Ernie.



Among femme singers who guest on his program, he figures Miyoshi Umeki is a real star-to-be.

The Ford Show, starring Tennessee Ernie Ford, is seen on NBC-TV, each Thursday, from 9:30 to 10 P.M. EDT, under the sponsorship of Ford Division—Ford Dealers.

Continued →





Ernie shows off two of his treasures: Above, his 1930 model-A Ford (named for wife Betty). Below, one of the whitefaced Hereford calves from the herd at his ranch.



OL' ERN and the Love Bug

(Continued)



Son Buck (center foreground) sure enjoys those visits with the Coopers and their young 'uns, at Ernie's ranch in northern California, whenever Dad can take time off.

group, Ernie Ford is a Dixie darling . . . a TV Valentino . . . or maybe a reincarnated Will Rogers with an extra helping of sex appeal.

Ernie, with a modest "aw shucks" attitude, belittles his romantic allure. "Some of the ladies get right enthusiastic," he blushinglly concedes, "but they don't get frantic, if you know what I mean. There's a difference."

"Now, honey," Mrs. Ford interrupts, "you know sometimes they've nearly turned over the car. And don't you remember the girl who grabbed you by the hair? Honestly, this cute little girl grabbed his hair and gave a jerk. I thought, 'Oh, here it goes,' but just a little bit came away. She ran off screaming, 'I got a lock of his hair! I got a lock of his hair!'"

"Well, now, Betty," Ol' Ern protests, "you know that makes a man my age feel mighty good."

Ern's rural whimsies have endeared him to hog breeders' associations, fat-cattle groups, and similar organizations. He's invited regularly to attend livestock shows, and was auctioneer at a beef-cattle sale for the benefit of the March of Dimes. But it's not his country-style showmanship that the ladies love. It's the genuine warmth of the man.



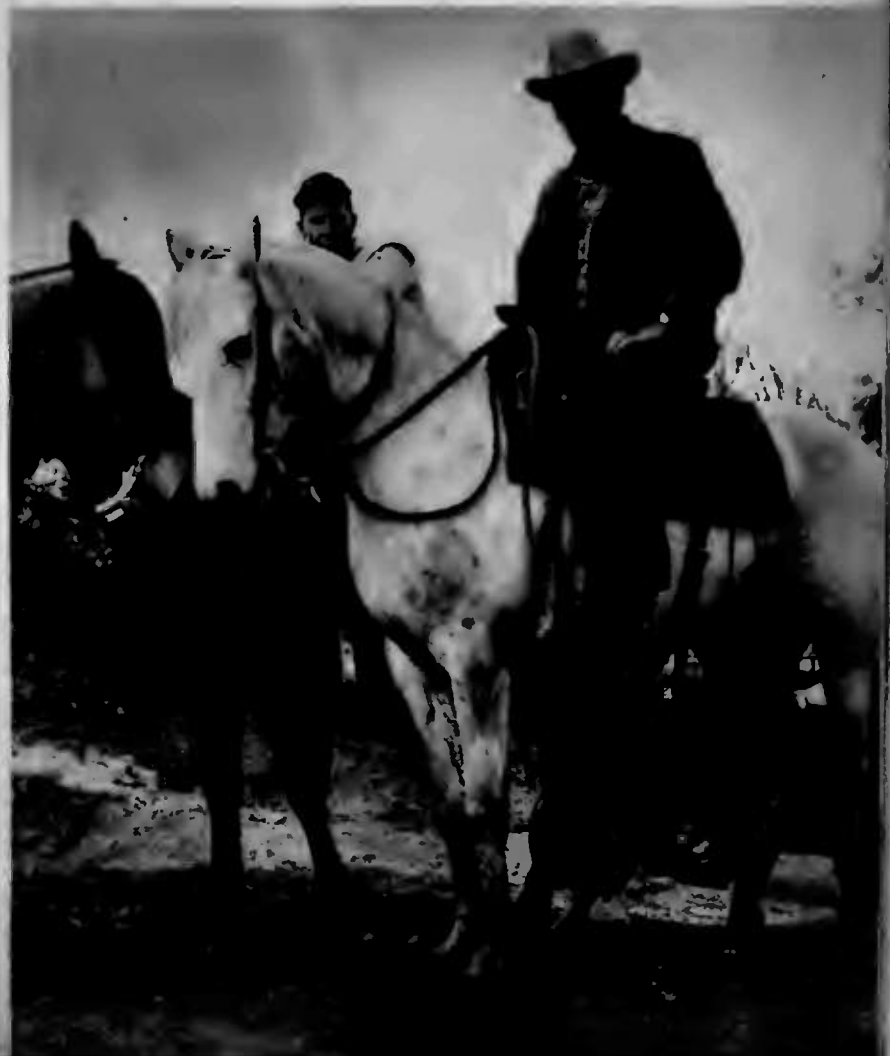
Contrast: Ernie and Gene Cooper, who manages the upstate ranch, are all slicked up for a "suburban" afternoon at the Fords' Toluca Lake home, five minutes from NBC-TV studios. Below, dressed for *real* country life—and riding the range.

"I can't exactly say what I first found attractive about Ernie," Betty confides. "It was just that he's so nice. Really, you know, he is awfully nice . . . good and kind . . ." Ernie's warmth and charm and niceness struck Betty so forceably, sixteen years ago, that she married him three months after they met . . . and after just four dates. She argues a little about the number of dates. "I believe it was more than that, surely," she says. "No, ma'am," Ernie settles the question, "it was just four. Four and no more."

Betty was a stenographer at an Air Force base at Victorville, California, when Ernie checked in for officer training. Virtually any pretty girl at a desert post, surrounded by thousands of healthy young airmen, could pick and choose her dates, but Betty had an added advantage. As part of her daily routine, she kept a chart on all prospective pilots. Thus, every day, practically every student stopped by her desk to check up on his training score.

Some were interested in scoring in more ways than one, and within this ardent group was a shy-seeming trainee from Bristol, Tennessee. His score as a student, Betty recalls, was just average. But, as a suitor, Ernie scored sky-high.

(Continued on page 68)





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OL' ERN and the Love Bug

(Continued)



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(Continued on page 68)



LITTLE BOY WANTED

No baby ever had a warmer welcome from a busy, loving family than wee Dave Garroway, Jr.



This is the way he hoped it would be: Dave and his wife Pamela with "readymade son" Michael and newborn son David Cunningham, Jr. One reason for wanting a boy was that Dave has so much enjoyed man-to-man companionship with Mike, who's nine years old.



Those were stirring words: "It's a boy, Mr. Garroway." Pamela had wanted another boy, too, though Dave reveals she wants a girl "next time," even has a name picked out.



Dave's not only a doting dad—he works at the job, knows all the details of baby care and can quote the fascinating changes in Junior's weight, ounce by ounce, since birth.



Never too soon to learn! He wants Junior to grow up with "a complete picture of the world he lives in."



New house (for larger family) meant a list of 286 things-to-be-done. But Dave and Pamela have only 226 left to do.



Mike's still very much Number-One Boy in the home workshop where he and Dave do repair jobs together.

Biggest and most unexpected bonus of the new town house was space for Dave's dearest hobby—working on his cars.

By GLADYS HALL

IN NEW YORK'S Mt. Sinai Hospital on Sunday, February 9, at the paling pre-dawn hour of 2:50 A.M., David Cunningham Garroway, Jr., was born. At approximately 2:54 A.M., in the anteroom reserved for expectant fathers, David Cunningham Garroway, Sr., got the news for which he'd hoped and prayed. Five words which couldn't have been equaled for emotional impact: "It's a boy, Mr. Garroway." . . . He so definitely wanted a son, did Mr. Garroway. Already possessing a charming daughter by a previous marriage, it was natural (Continued on page 64)

Dave Garroway's *Today* show is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, from 7 to 10 A.M. Dave's heard on *Monitor*, on NBC Radio, Sun., 7 to 10 P.M. He's host of *Wide Wide World*, on NBC-TV, alt. Sun., 4 to 5:30 P.M., sponsored by General Motors Corp. (All EDT)



Link's Silver Jubilee



Family circle's growing: Second son Robert and oldest daughter Dawn are away at school—but Art and his Lois (lower left) welcome married son Jack and his Barbara at dinner time. Youngest Linkletters, Diane and Sharon, are at right.

In these precious album pictures, Art and Lois Linkletter re-live his fabulous quarter-century on both radio and TV—knowing in their hearts that “the best is yet to be”



Mid 1920's, Canadian-born Art was 13—and scholarship-winning student in school at San Diego, California.



“Link” started in radio before college graduation, was program director at KGB by 1935, wed that year.



1936: The Texas Centennial in Dallas (above, with Jose Monzanarez and South American band). Link did his first emceeing at fairs, says such experience was invaluable.



1939: San Francisco World's Fair. Gag shot shows Art "testing outdoor acoustics" with help of Julius Girod, head of Golden Gate Park, and intrepid gal trumpeter.



1942: His *House Party* first smote the airwaves. President's daughter, Anna Roosevelt, was an early guest.



Also 1942: Art and Lois reading bedtime stories to first-born Jack, then going-on-five, and Dawn, three.



1945: His first oil well in Texas! 'Twdrn't much, draws Link—he was prouder of his broad-brim Stetson.



1947: Second generation discovers radio! Jack was eager ten-year-old guest on dad's *People Are Funny*.



1949: Jack hung on to mike, taped home interviews with littler Links—now three girls and another boy.



1950: Time out for Hawaiian vacation with Jack and Dawn. Lois and Art have since traveled the world.

continued →



1952: Link always encouraged sons' activities, was mighty proud of Cub Scout Robert and Sea Scout Jack.



1952: Also proud of sailfish caught off Mexico! (Friend Allan Chase has been his partner in many ventures.)



1953: Link visited war orphans in Greece. He's foster-parent to four—Greek, Polish, German, Italian.



1955: Interview in Munich, where self-reliant Jack was getting "solo" experience with Radio Free Europe.



1956: Very much in the swim! Top athlete in college, Art enjoys all sports, still plays like a champion.



Today, Link's workday begins and ends at John Guedel Productions—that's John G. himself, at the left.



Work starts at nine. Secretary Lee Ray sorts the mail, Link dictates his answers, makes many business calls.



Link autographs copies of his book—"Kids Say the Darndest Things!"—top-seller in non-fiction for 1957.



His oil wells do better now: College pal, geologist Gordon Samuels, shows him maps of East Texas field.

Link's Silver Jubilee

(Continued)



Twenty-five years in radio and TV—and busier than ever! Above, production staff meeting. Below left, get-acquainted sessions with youngsters Link will interview on *House Party*. Below right, three who help prove that *People Are Funny*—Irv Atkins, Linkletter, Guedel.



Art Linkletter's *House Party* is seen over CBS-TV, M-F, at 2:30 P.M., for Kellogg's, Lever Brothers, Swift & Co., Campbell Soup, Standard Brands, Toni, Simoniz, Pillsbury Mills, and A. E. Staley. It is heard over CBS Radio, M-F, at 3 P.M., for Carnation Milk, Chun King, General Electric, Hartz Mountain Products, and other sponsors. Link also hosts *People Are Funny*, as seen over NBC-TV, Saturday, at 7:30 P.M., and heard over NBC Radio, Wednesday, at 8:05 P.M.—both under multiple sponsorship. (All times EDT)





Born to show biz, Elaine May is a "single" off-stage. Mike Nichols is a doctor's son—but he's wed to a professional, singer Pat Scot (below).



Anything goes, when Mike and Elaine team up for comedy. It's strictly offbeat—but definitely on the beam for success with TV sophisticates

By BETTY ETTER



Four smiles for one good reason: It was thanks to a boost from manager Jack Rollins (right), with assist from press-agent Curt Weinberg (left), that Elaine and Mike are in the big-time now.

NICHOLS & MAY, Unlimited

THERE WAS the usual Sunday-night crowd at the Blue Angel—chic, sophisticated, accustomed to the topflight entertainment for which that New York supper club is noted. Backstage, waiting to go on, were Mike Nichols and Elaine May, an unknown young comedy team from the hinterlands who had never before appeared in New York. They weren't part of the bill; they were merely auditioning, and nobody knew what to expect of them.

"We weren't frightened," they insist now. "We had just decided to do the best we could and let it go at that." . . . But Mike's one suit was freshly pressed; he was wearing his sharpest tie; his shoes shone. Elaine

had shampooed and set her dark hair. Her best black dress, of uncertain vintage, was neat and clean (its greenish tinge, she fervently hoped, wouldn't show under the lights). . . . They weren't frightened, they say—but between them they had exactly seventy dollars, part of the hundred-and-twenty they had borrowed from more prosperous pals to make their assault upon the big city.

Their moment came and they went on. They did their now-famous disc-jockey interview and their equally well-known teenagers' skit. Did the audience like them, they wondered. Did the club owners? Did Jack Rollins, who had taken (*Continued on page 73*)





Double duty: Pat combined top performances on his *Chevy Showroom* over ABC-TV (above) with studies at Columbia University (below) to win degree in June.



Triple threat: The young singer also makes discs for Dot (ten million-sale hits, so far) and movies for 20th Century-Fox (next picture, "Mardi Gras").



Pat Boone's ALL-GIRL QUARTET

Made of candy and spice and everything nice, the diminutive Boones are a treasured incentive to Pat's ever-growing success



Better half: Pat's wife is Red Foley's daughter Shirley.

AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY's graduation exercises on June 3, there wasn't a prouder Bachelor of Science than father-of-four Pat Boone. Of all graduates, none had worked harder for his degree. Pat's been very much a young man on the go! When he became a regular singer on Arthur Godfrey's shows—September, 1955—he and childhood sweetheart Shirley Foley already had a baby girl. Only a month after she was born, his Dot recording of "Two Hearts" took off for outer space—the top ten on the nation's polls. In the next two years alone, Pat chalked up a phenomenal half-dozen gold discs. . . . Signed by 20th Century-Fox, Pat interrupted his college courses early in 1957 to make his first movie, "Bernardine," followed by "April Love." That fall, he resumed his studies—and, in October, debuted his own program over ABC-TV. In a season when other variety formats suffered heavy mortality, Pat's *Chevy Showroom* captured audiences, has already been renewed for 1958-59—with an increased budget. . . . Pat and Shirley hoped their fourth baby, born last January, would be a boy, but they're happily adjusted to their all-girl quartet. As Pat says, "The Lennon Sisters can't last forever!" With humor and love, he regards life as a privilege. The world returns the compliment with its admiration for this very talented young father.

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



First a father just after twentieth birthday, Pat's proud of his four Boone belles: Cheryl Lynn, Linda Lee, Deborah Ann and Laura Gene. Eldest, Cherry, was born in July, 1954; Lindy, October, 1955; Debby, September, 1956; Laury, in January, 1958.



Romance à la Radio

They met in a studio—and it was singing on Bert Parks' Bandstand that made it possible for Richard Hayes to woo and win the shy girl he loved



The path of courtship didn't run too smooth for Richard and Manique—but led to a lovely wedding, July 7, 1957, and the magic words, "Just married!"



Furnishing their own place is a delight, after those just-to-the-doorstep dates sandwiched into a busy schedule. Now they expect their baby in time for their first anniversary.



Maestro Skitch Henderson (left) suggests a name for baby, star Bert Parks (right) is set to duet a lullaby with Richard. At home or on Bert's *Bandstand*, the singing father-to-be never faced a rosier future.

By HELEN BOLSTAD

VOCALIST Richard Hayes has a personal reason for that extra bit of emotion he puts into his love songs on *Bert Parks' Bandstand*. Says Richard, "That guy Cupid was just a crazy, mixed-up kid, fooling around with those arrows. For advancing a romance, I'll take a microphone any day."

The particular day when romance and radio became inseparable for him dawned dismal, the last stand of Manhattan winter, 1956-57. Richard's mood matched the day. Pulling his collar close to ward off the bitter wind, he swung off the Fifth Avenue bus at Forty-Sixth Street, bound for local station WNEW and the *Klavan And Finch Show* there. (Continued on page 82)

Richard sings on *Bert Parks' Bandstand*, as heard over NBC Radio, Monday through Friday, from 11:05 to 12 noon EDT, under multiple sponsorship.





Sweet Song of Home



Happy circle of triangles: Three goals—music, marriage, parenthood. Three in the family—Dorothy, Raymond, Debbie—up till now! After time out for brand-new baby, Dorothy will resume her stage career.

THE BEST PART of working together is going home together." Raymond Scott pays this heartwarming compliment to his wife and working partner, Dorothy Collins, thoughtfully, even gravely. "We've worked together for more than twelve years, been married for six, been parents for three and a half years, and life together gets better all the time." And now Raymond, who was musical director for *Your Hit Parade*, and his partner Dorothy, who was the *Hit Parade's* featured singer for seven years, are together once again. This time, on *The Best In Music*, CBS Radio's Sunday-afternoon songfest. These (Continued on page 80)



Dorothy Collins and Raymond Scott have not only The Best In Music but the best of marriages, as well

By DELL CHANDLER



Records: Dorothy's one interest is singing or listening, but Raymond's home workshop has equipment for everything—including recording.

Singer Dorothy Collins and composer-conductor Raymond Scott are the husband-and-wife stars of CBS Radio's *The Best In Music*, Sunday, 1:05 to 2 P.M. EDT.



Clues to an Elusive Bachelor

TV detective Richard Diamond unearths the puzzling case of TV actor

David Janssen—who's always wanted a home, but hasn't yet found a wife



Studying scripts is fun, in "a place of your own." David has good reason to enjoy home comforts today.

By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

IT'S DOUBTFUL that another single actor enjoys his life, his home, his bachelorhood, his day-by-day existence, more than TV "private eye," Richard Diamond—alias David Janssen. He has his reasons. Here are the telltale clues:

Take David's home—his first real place to call his own since he was born in Naponee, Nebraska, twenty-seven years ago. David was barely one when his mother—the former Bernice Dalton, "Miss Nebraska of 1928," Ziegfeld Follies girl, photographers' model and actress—took him along when she went on tour with "Rio Rita."

Because his parents were divorced when David was still a tike, he was shuttled back and forth between his far-traveling mother—his father, a banker in Alma, Nebraska—and his maternal grandparents, who lived on a farm near York, Nebraska. "Everybody was wonderful to me," David

continued →



Best of all—thanks to *Richard Diamond Private Detective*—he has a place where he can entertain his friends. Above, he greets pretty Ellie Graham. Below, they serve up for David's neighbors, actor Richard Long and actress-wife Mara Corday.



Clues to an Elusive Bachelor

(Continued)



Mother was Ziegfeld girl Bernice Dalton—and David bought her that gardenia out of his very own allowance. At 8, he was an entertainer, too—but he didn't think seriously of a dramatic career until high-school days.



In early teens, he had a bit part as hockey referee in Sonja Henie film, "It's a Pleasure," co-starring Michael O'Shea (right). But, boylike, David was more interested in the sports angle than acting at the time.

recalls. "But I never had a feeling of really belonging—because, no sooner did I get used to one place, than I packed my bags again and moved." He has continued to live out of suitcases, in temporary lodgings, barracks, tents, motels, inexpensive apartments and walk-up flats almost ever since that time. . . .

At nine, it looked as though David had found some permanence when he came to Hollywood with his mother, who remarried a few weeks later. David himself assumed the name of his stepfather, Eugene Janssen, head of a carpet-cleaning concern. But the moving about continued as before.

It was hard enough to get apartments during the war years, under the best of circumstances, extremely difficult with children, next to impossible with babies. And David soon acquired a little sister, Teri. It was his job to baby-sit and keep her quiet whenever his parents went out for an evening. "I was quite inadequate for the task," he grins.

Thin walls, Teri's healthy cries and David's inadequacy as a baby-sitter sent the Janssens to three apartments before they were finally able to settle down in a new development that rented *only* to families with children. But, just when it looked as though David had found a steady home at last, he moved again—this time, of his own volition.

WHILE ATTENDING Fairfax High, he had become interested in dramatics. As a result of his work in several school plays attended by studio talent scouts, he was offered a screen test at 20th Century-Fox after graduation. They gave him what was then referred to as a "test option," which meant that he had to obligate himself not to sign a contract with anyone else for forty-five days, while the studio held his option—without pay. "Since this went on four successive times," David recalls wryly, "for all practical purposes, I was under contract half a year without earning a single cent."

On the advice of a friend, the late Ivan Kahn, who was then head of the talent department at 20th Century-Fox, David packed his bags and headed for the East and summer stock. Two summers in Maine and two winters in New York between seasons gave him

Richard Diamond Private Detective is seen on CBS-TV, Thurs., 8 P.M.



High point in any young man's life—that first car of his own. This was 1947. Later, while he was struggling for recognition, there were to be lean years when there were not only no cars, but not even a cheap hotel room.

some very valuable experience in show business, but offered little stability so far as his mode of living was concerned.

Maine was quite comfortable. His salary at the Ogunquit Playhouse, small as it was, sufficed to pay for a room and three meals a day. But, when he arrived in New York, he had thirty-five cents in his pocket and the address of a friend willing to put him up till he could find employment. When he did get a job, he couldn't exactly afford a penthouse apartment on Central Park South. In fact, he could barely meet the payments on a cheap hotel room.

AFTER UNSUCCESSFULLY making the rounds of theatrical agencies—with not even promises to sustain any hope—he turned toward more practical means of making a living. He ran an elevator at Russeks, the Fifth Avenue specialty store. If the inability to prove himself in a non-theatrical job was any indication of theatrical talent, David quickly showed himself to be a genius. His job lasted three days—which was two days more than some other occupations which he tried out subsequently.

A few days later, an employment agency asked him if he'd ever worked as a sodajerk. "Sure I have," David fibbed. "I practically grew up in a drug store . . ." Somehow he visualized a job at an outlying place where a kindly manager would break him in gently. Instead, he was told to report to duty at Walgreen's—right on Times Square.

It was undoubtedly the busiest such counter in the world. David worked his way through some seven days of utter chaos before the unhappy manager confronted him: "Tell me, honestly, Janssen, did you ever really work behind a fountain?" David shook his head. "Not really . . ." then added hastily, "but I'll save you the trouble of firing me. I quit."

A few days after that, he also had to give up his hotel room and move into a walk-up, cold-water flat. There he stayed till he returned to California, where he was signed by Universal-International—and found himself a strictly "temporary" apartment. "I expected to get drafted any minute, so I never really felt like settling down. It didn't (Continued on page 84)



First heartbreak was more literally an injured kneecap. David was a champion pole-vaulter in school, until the accident that ended his athletic hopes. Today, of course, he can still play a good game of golf—when he has time.



UNEXPECTED DIVIDENDS

At home, in *As The World Turns*, Helen Wagner found that father was right: We all have a share in happiness—if we clip the coupons



Helen met Bob Willey while job-hunting, didn't believe him when he said, "I'm going to marry you!" Now they have a home near their good friends, Budd and Bunny Simon (below, at extreme left and right, with their daughter Patsy).



TV family: Nancy and Chris Hughes (Helen Wagner and Don MacLaughlin) in *As The World Turns*, with Penny (Rosemary Prinz, at left) and Donald Hughes (Dick Holland, standing).



By MARY TEMPLE

REMEMBER, *nothing you ever do will be wasted.* With this advice from her father, Helen Wagner left her home town of Lubbock, Texas, at the age of nineteen, to study in New York for an operatic career.

"My parents were wise people," she says. "My father was a doctor. My mother had taught school in Cairo, Egypt, for three years. Both had broad interests, and both did all they could for my sister Ruth



Music was Helen's first love—and husband Robert Willey's next Broadway production will be a musical version of the best-seller, "Greenwillow"!

and for me. But, above all, they wanted us to have the freedom to be whatever we wanted to be. They brought us up as individuals."

"If you decide you don't want to go on with music," Dr. Charles Wagner had said, "don't be afraid to come back home and do something else." As it turned out, the career in opera didn't happen to Helen. She alternated, instead, between a singing career and a

dramatic one, until drama finally won out.

Now—as Nancy Hughes, wife of attorney Chris Hughes and mother of teen-age Don and Penny in the CBS-TV daytime drama, *As The World Turns*—Helen doesn't sing a note. It's a straight dramatic part. Yet all that she lived and learned, in those early years of music study in New York, has given her greater insight into the character (Continued on page 76)



Today, she still loves to sing and play, but plants have become an even more exciting home project—not just flowers, either, but vegetables ("best tomatoes I ever tasted").



New Sound from New Orleans



Hot licorice adds spice to the sweet music of Lawrence Welk's band, via Pete's clarinet. Long a home-town favorite, Pete now has national fame—and a "blues" album for Brunswick.

From Dixieland to Champagne Music

is a far toot on the clarinet,
but Lawrence Welk & Son just knew
Pete Fountain could swing it!

By EUNICE FIELD

IT'S A COCKEYED WORLD—man, it's a weirdy!" That's what the jazzmen are saying as they watch the incredible rise to fame of Pete Fountain, "the hottest man on a licorice stick since Benny Goodman." What makes it seem cockeyed, weird and incredible is not that Pete is getting his share of acclaim, but that he is getting it through the Lawrence Welk band, which is far better known

The Lawrence Welk Show is seen on ABC-TV, Saturday, from 9 to 10 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by the Dodge Dealers of America. *Lawrence Welk's Top Tunes And New Talent* is seen on ABC-TV, Monday, from 9:30 to 10:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by both Dodge and Plymouth. Lawrence Welk and his Champagne Music Makers are also heard on the ABC Radio network; see local papers for time and day in your area.



Teenager Lawrence Welk, Jr. (right) has an ear for talent. He not only discovered the demure Lennon Sisters for Dad's shows, but sparked the drive which brought dynamic Pete Fountain from Louisiana to California.



Beard which is now Pete's trademark was only a discreet mustache, for Pete's wedding to Beverly in 1950.



Pete fell in love with the clarinet at nine, has been playing it ever since—with his own groups or with others'. Above, second-from-right in Al Hirt combo at Dan's Pier 600, on New Orleans' famed Bourbon Street.



Inevitable name for his own combo: "Three Coins and The Fountain"—at The Famous Door, on Bourbon Street.



Welk introduced him to TV audience in 1957. Pete faced 'em without any toupee—but he now possesses three!



Welk's Dixieland lineup ready for business—as vibrant as 76 trombones. From left to right, Bill Page, Orié Amadeo, Fountain, Welk, Russ Klein, Jack Martin, Dick Dale. For pictures of Pete at home, just turn the page.

Continued →



The Fountains were sad at leaving their Louisiana home, but find sun and smiles in California today.

Can't get away from that clarinet! Kevin, at 3, doesn't want to. As for dancing, the whole family joins in with Pete—wife Beyerly, daughter Darah, 5, and baby Jeffrey.





Pete's their Pied Piper, of course, and all the little Fountains love music. No toy instruments for them—and Kevin looks as though he'd like to raise a real racket!



These toys are fine—so are the furnishings picked out by Pete. (They were later approved not only by his wife but by his charming mother-in-law, Belle Lang, below.)

New Sound from New Orleans

(Continued)

for the "Liechtensteiner Polka" than for "Basin Street Blues." On one point, however, most musicians—be they hot, sweet or cool—seem agreed: It's a tribute to both Welk and Fountain that they have been able to reconcile their very different talents in the interests of good music and a better show.

How bald and bearded Pete came to join the Welk band is a story in itself: During the summer of 1956, a jazz concert was going strong at the Los Angeles Shrine Auditorium. On stage, plying his clarinet with the hot licks falling where they might, was Pete Fountain, up from New Orleans and making his first appearance at this annual event. In the audience, well up front, sat a teenager, electrified by Pete's daring swoops of improvisation, his tonal range, the "new sound" issuing from the glossy black instrument—and by a tingling sense of discovery. When the storm of applause finally began to dwindle, the young man went backstage and presented himself to Pete.

The New Orleans jazzman gaped at him. Was he hearing things? But his youthful visitor repeated: "I'm Lawrence Welk, Jr. I think you're terrific, and I know my dad would love to hear you. And, when he does, I'm sure he'll want you for his band."

Somewhat dazed ("I'd never thought you could mix champagne with ol' Sazerac"), Pete shook the lad's hand and prepared to rush for the train. "Here's a note from Larry Dean," added young Welk. Rather absently, Pete stuffed the letter into a pocket and dashed for the door and a taxi to Union Station.

It didn't register until a week later, when Pete was back home in New Orleans (Continued on page 62)





Can't get away from that clarinet! Kevin, at 3, doesn't want to. As for dancing, the whole family joins in with Pete—wife Beverly, daughter Dorah, 5, and baby Jeffrey.



The Fountains were sad at leaving their Louisiana home, but find sun and smiles in California today.

New Sound from New Orleans

(Continued)

for the "Liechtensteiner Polka" than for "Basin Street Blues." On one point, however, most musicians—be they hot, sweet or cool—seem agreed: It's a tribute to both Welk and Fountain that they have been able to reconcile their very different talents in the interests of good music and a better show.

How bald and bearded Pete came to join the Welk band is a story in itself: During the summer of 1956, a jazz concert was going strong at the Los Angeles Shrine Auditorium. On stage, plying his clarinet with the hot licks falling where they might, was Pete Fountain, up from New Orleans and making his first appearance at this annual event. In the audience, well up front, sat a teenager, electrified by Pete's daring swoops of improvisation, his tonal range, the "new sound" issuing from the glossy black instrument—and by a tingling sense of discovery. When the storm of applause finally began to dwindle, the young man went backstage and presented himself to Pete.

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Pete's their Pied Piper, of course, and all the little Fountains love music. No toy instruments for them—and Kevin looks as though he'd like to raise a real racket!



These toys are fine—so are the furnishings picked out by Pete. (They were later approved not only by his wife but by his charming mother-in-law, Belle Lang, below.)





Watch what you're Eating!

Wife Betty practices what Carlton preaches. For results, look to April, 11, Dana, 7, Spencer, 4. "They're 'hyper,' " he says, "taller, smarter, etc., than others their age."

THE ARTHUR GODFREY SPECIAL

To one package of prepared dried onion-soup mix, add enough sour cream to make a mixture that is a little less firm than butter. Chill and spread on whole wheat crackers, squares of whole wheat bread, or bread that is reinforced with whole wheat germ.

EAR-TO-EAR EATING

Scoop out insides of a persimmon. Mix the pulp with shredded cocoanut that has been softened with honey. If desired, the sweetness can be cut with a bit of lemon juice. Then stuff back into persimmon. "For this one," says Dr. Fredericks, "wear a diving suit."

HOME-MADE "BACON"

Heat some olive oil. Season to taste with salt, pepper or garlic. Then add smoked brewers' yeast to make a paste. Spread on whole wheat crackers, whole wheat bread, or bread reinforced with whole wheat germ. This mixture, high in the B-complex vitamins, tastes like smoked bacon.

FOR SHOOT-EM-UPS ONLY

Add chopped fennel or chives to soft Italian-type cheese such as Ricotta (the Latin version of our cottage cheese) or the Norwegian processed cheese, Primula (the one the Fredericks family prefers). Our domestic cottage cheese or cream cheese may be used, too. Stuff the mixture into stalks of green celery—the green type has more vitamin value than the white. The same mixture may also be used to stuff Bartlett pears whose cores have been scooped out.

CHOPPED CHICKEN LIVER

4 chicken livers	1 hard-cooked egg
1 medium-size onion	1 tbsp. chicken fat

Chop onion finely and fry with livers in chicken fat. Then chop finely together livers, onion and egg, or put all ingredients through a food grinder. Season to taste with salt and pepper. If desired, melted chicken fat may also be added for extra flavor and moisture. Stuff in stalks of green celery or spread the riboflavin-rich liver mixture on whole wheat crackers or whole wheat bread. (Note: Both chicken livers and chopped chicken liver are available in frozen varieties.)

TELEVISION, which keeps more people sitting still than any other activity, makes 'em hungry, too. Though the only real activity is an occasional switch of the dial, just plain viewing can trigger the appetite. As food consultant Carlton Fredericks explains, "The excitement and suspense of a program can create a tension that craves release. It's a sort of free-floating anxiety that causes a need for energy—that is, food. If the program bores the viewer, the appetite will still act up. In the case of a dull show," Dr. Fredericks continues, "the brain decides that, one way or another, it will get its owner to do something. The brain sends hunger signals to the body and these send the body to the kitchen."

To eat or not to eat is *not* the question. What concerns Dr. Fredericks, and should concern us all, is *what* to eat. "If you always choose carbohydrates—the sugars and starches contained in peanuts, popcorn, potato chips, candies, pastries, and ice cream—you'll get quick energy," he says. "If at least occasionally you choose protein food, you'll get lasting energy that will keep hunger away." The carbohydrate foods are often the course of least resistance and least preparation. Just open a bag and munch. But, says Dr. Fredericks, just as easy and quick are slices of carrots, bowls of fruit, or platters of cheese, sliced chicken or ham, or leftover lean meats paired with whole wheat crackers or whole wheat bread. More elaborate, but still easy to fix and good to eat, are his recipes for TV snacks (shown opposite).

Dr. Fredericks does not propose a ban on carbohydrates. If you have a sweet tooth, go ahead and bake that cake—but let it carry its own nutritional weight by adding 1½ teaspoons of wheat germ to every cup of flour. Another nutritional bonus in baking that he suggests is non-fat dry milk. Neither, promises Dr. Fredericks, will change the taste. "The danger in non-enriched carbohydrates," he explains, "is that they raise the vitamin requirement—the wicks needed to burn them up—without supplying the vitamins. At the same time, they displace other vitamin foods."

Many Americans can be badly nourished, says Dr. Fredericks, at the same time that they are feasting. A diet must support reproduction, support growth, and maintain the structure. But Dr. Fredericks takes a look at U.S. figures and finds that 25 million people are overweight . . . 17 million suffer from low blood sugar and 3 million from its opposite, diabetes . . . and one out of every four people who visit a physician is anemic. It is Dr. Frederick's opinion, in looking at these statistics, that a high carbohydrate diet is a factor.

A fast-talking, sardonic "wasp," Dr. Fredericks began his career as a production chemist in a germicide laboratory. The lab experimented on animals and, one day, he noticed that one cage of animals had died of an infection that animals in the other cages had survived. He traced the cause to a difference in diet. The fatal cage was the last one to be fed and had been getting leftovers instead of the balanced diet of the others. "I wasn't interested in repairing mistakes after they'd been made," says Dr. Fredericks, "so I went into the nutrition field to try to keep the mistakes from being made in the first place." He's been broadcasting nutrition advice for seventeen years now. "My appeal is based on the fact that women are masochists," he says with a grin. "I beat them to death and they love it." Or do they just eat it up?

Television make you hungry?

*Hearty appetite, says Carlton Fredericks
—but tune-out the carbohydrates
and put protein in the picture*



TV, and books, too, rouse your interest—and appetite. Make the snacks as healthful, says Dr. Fredericks, as they're tasty.

Dr. Fredericks is heard on *Living Should Be Fun*, WOR, New York, M-F, 1:15 to 2 P.M. He's on WIP, Philadelphia, M-F, 10:35 A.M.

The Pattern Is Perfect



Heart of the design is wife Margaret and the children, Mary Edwina and Sean. Add a city apartment near work, a country place for relaxation—the picture of contentment is complete.

By FRANCES KISH

ALL THE LITTLE jigsaw pieces that make a life seem sometimes to arrange themselves so naturally. One looks back after a while and wonders how each happened to fall neatly into place. For Jim McKay, television reporter of the CBS-TV courtroom drama, *The Verdict Is Yours*, there has been a series of such happenings, each fitting into an over-all pattern.

After three and a half years in the Navy, serving as the captain of a minesweeper, with the rank of lieutenant, Jim started a career as newspaper reporter on the *Evening Sun* of Baltimore, Maryland. He covered the police beat, general assignment and aviation, in succession. Then, in 1947, the paper temporarily moved him and some others to its new WMAR-TV station,

which was to begin daily broadcasts on October 29. When the new station was launched and manned more permanently, his colleagues went back to their jobs on the paper. Jim elected to stay in television. His broadcasting was entirely ad-lib commentary and interviews with sports and civic figures and the man on the street. There were no scripts, no elaborate studio set-up. With a mobile unit, Jim and his crew went all over the Baltimore area. When there was nothing much happening, they did street interviews. The lack of a script didn't scare him then, and it doesn't now. He has been talking on TV and radio without one ever since.

Maybe he had a few pang about giving up his newspaper career. He had liked his (Continued on page 66)

*For lucky Jim McKay, each piece falls right into place . . . Baltimore, reporting, broadcasting—the girl at the next desk . . . New York, two new homes—and *The Verdict Is Yours**



Margaret writes a column at home and the youngsters love it, particularly when a star like Carl Reiner (amateur chef, as well as actor-comedian) stops by to be interviewed—and cooks his best dish for them.



Newspaper work on the Baltimore *Evening Sun* not only led Jim to TV, but gave him an ideal background for his job as reporter on *The Verdict Is Yours*. Here he is, in program's press room, giving viewers a rundown on realistic courtroom proceedings.



Her name was Dempsey and she had boxing gloves. But he wasn't prepared to meet such a knockout—with a truly feminine touch!

The Verdict Is Yours, produced by Eugene Burr, directed by Byron Paul, is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 3:30 to 4 P.M. EDT. Jim McKay is also host of *This Is New York*, WCBS Radio (New York), M-F, from 9:30 to 10:30 P.M.

Jack Smith leads two lives—because You Asked For It!—but he enjoys every moment doubling



By MAURINE REMENIH

THE SONG SAYS: "A smile can go a long, long way." And there's at least one man in the entertainment business who will echo a hearty "Amen!" Jack Smith, now master of ceremonies on *You Asked For It*, over ABC-TV, got his show-business start as a member of a vocal trio on radio. Back in 1940, when he landed his first solo spot, the critics dubbed him "the Voice with the Smile." This was not exactly amazing, since most of the songs Jack sang were happy ballads and he was smiling while he sang them. But, singing or emceeing, he's been "Smiling" Jack Smith ever since.

His newest job is the most exciting yet, Jack claims. "I signed up for *You Asked For It* one day—and, the next day I was flying North to film a program. There have been flying trips somewhere or other, every week since—always something new, something different, something interesting. Being on the show is a liberal education in itself! I'm still smiling—but now it's simply because I'm having so much fun!"

Those flying trips for *You Asked For It* must be sandwiched in between Jack's other duties, which include his disc-jockey show on Los Angeles Station KLAC. Jack took that spot (*Continued on page 72*)

Jack and pert Jill Jarmyn pose with symbol showing that *You Asked For It* requests—and program's camera answers—come from all over the globe.



***He's Smiling
More Than Ever***

between high-flying trips and a hilltop home



Given the time, Jack does all his own homework, from gardening and repairs to reading up "research" on the varied subjects covered by his ABC-TV show.



Tina fancies herself as watchdog and Official Protector of Smiths. But—once callers prove to be friends—she's a one-pooch Reception Committee whose welcome must be restrained!



Two pounds of animated fluff, "Tina" knows who's boss of the Smith household, keeps Jack and Vickii lovingly reminded of same. A dram-sized Yorkshire terrier, she has a heart as big as a Great Dane's.

Jack Smith is host of *You Asked For It*, seen over ABC-TV, Sunday, at 7 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Skippy Peanut Butter.



Him: I just thought I'd surprise you...

Her: Mmm...you have, dear!

Him: Cute, huh?

Her: Well, it's certainly...un-usual.
You don't think with all these feathers
it's a bit...mmm...extreme for me?

Him: It's feathers, feathers, feathers
this season. That's what Pierre said.

Her: Pierre? THE Pierre? That's the

most expensive hat shop in town!

Him: Oh, so that's what's bothering you.
Relax, honey. I got it for a song.

Her: What's the tune?

Him: Uh-uh. But I'll tell you what the
tag said. It said sixty-five dollars.

Her: SIXTY-FIVE DOLLARS?

Him: Now, wait—I didn't pay nearly that—

Her: (ECSTATIC) Sixty-five dollars...
oh, darling...IT'S GORGEOUS!



It's **THE COUPLE NEXT DOOR**...radio's laughable, loveable, new daytime show...a complete story each weekday, starring Peg Lynch and Alan Bunce, on the **CBS RADIO NETWORK.**

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

THE RECORD PLAYERS



Deejay Gordon Eaton spins some off-the-record yarns on men about music.



After his debut on TV, funnyman Victor Borge was a melancholy Dane.



Not so "dumb" Harpo Marx became a "silent" star in talking pictures!

JAM SESSION

This space alternates among Joe Finan of KYW, Torey Southwick of KMBC, Josh Brady of WBBM, and Gordon Eaton of WCCO

By GORDON EATON



Nickel champion in the jukeboxes is Hoagy Carmichael's "Star Dust."

HERE ARE some tales from the musical woods.

Now that "South Pacific" has joined "Oklahoma!" and "The King and I" for the film town's screen treatment, this little story about a big man, Oscar Hammerstein II, just has to be told. As you know, the second Mr. Hammerstein is co-author of "Oklahoma!," "King and I" and "South Pacific." Oscar took a quarter-page ad in a well-known trade magazine. Most actors, singers, and producers use these ads to point up their "r-r-really big ones." Not Hammerstein. He listed five of his own show flops. At the bottom of the ad, in large type, these words: "I done it before and I can do it again." How does that "South Pacific" tune go? "A Wonderful Guy!"

Even as a youngster, shy-guy "Harpo" was not-so-dumb. Harpist Mildred Dilling had many students, including the then-youthful Harpo Marx. After a recital that he played at her studio, Harpo left the stage. The applause was long and loud. Harpo didn't come back to

take a bow or do an encore. Later his teacher asked him about it. "Why didn't you come back and acknowledge the applause?" "I couldn't," hep Harpo replied, "I was out in front helping to keep it up!"

Harpo was named Adolph Marx. This he changed to Arthur, before donning a wig, learning the harp, forgetting how to talk. Then he became "Harpo" Marx. Even some of you old-timers might be surprised to learn he's now sixty-five!

Victor Borge made his first television appearance in 1948. This was before the record-setting run of his one-man show, "Comedy in Music." For his TV debut he was nervous, tense. Borge thought his performance hadn't gone at all well. Show over, he began telling his troubles to one of the television cameramen. "I know just how you feel, Mr. Borge," he said. "It's a tough business. I used to be a newsreel cameraman and sometimes I wish I were back photographing disasters." "Relax," said Borge. "You're still doing it."

Musicians temperamental? Maybe a

little? To those who say musicians are no more temperamental than . . . well, disc jockeys . . . hear this: A pianist named de Pachmann showed great annoyance at the beginning of one of his concerts. (Incidentally, he talked to himself while he played.) Seems the stool wasn't high enough. He asked for a telephone book to put on the stool. He sat. He shook his head. He got up again, tore a single page from the book, then sat down and began to play!

Now a few notes and my song is ended; may the word-melody linger on. All-Time Nickel and Dime Gatherer on Jukeboxes is "Star Dust," written by Hoagy Carmichael. At last count, it had been recorded about 350 times, translated into 40 languages. More coin-machine money has been spent to hear it than any other song.

Read somewhere that every day, when the people of the U. S. sit down to dinner, there are 7,000 more to reach for a platter. Horrible thought: What if they all decided to join "Eaton for Dinner"? Oops! I gotta run. Dinner's ready.

Whirlybirds fly straight up . . . down . . . or sideways. They land on a dime or—



Commuters can watch *Whirlybirds* and dream. With nary a bump, a 'copter takes off from a rooftop, lands on a dime.



From his bubble cockpit, Ken Tobey finds the outlook is just fine. But his eye was on a legal career at first.

the Sky's the limit

THE WEATHER would stymie a postman and the terrain would discourage the most sure-footed of mountain goats. Then it's a case for the helicopter, that crafty flying machine with ski-like appendages on its bottom and an oversize eggbeater on its top. Chasing bad guys and rescuing good guys, the 'copter is seen in action in *Whirlybirds*, the series syndicated by CBS Television Film Sales.

In this series, the hay-burning horse has been replaced by the gasoline-burning whirlybird. Heroes, though, are still in style. Kenneth Tobey and Craig Hill co-star as Chuck and P.T., a pair of young adventurers who operate a charter helicopter service. Girls, too, are still far from obsolete, and vivacious Nancy Hale is on hand as their secretary, Helen.

Ken Tobey, with the agility of a 'copter itself, reversed his career di-

rection while a law student at the University of California. To polish up his courtroom manner, the San Franciscan joined a little-theater group. Soon, audiences had more lure than juries and Ken accepted a scholarship to New York's Neighborhood Playhouse.

Here, the redhead was befriended and encouraged by Gregory Peck. The result was a sojourn in summer stock and on Broadway. In 1948, with Ken the victim of a broken romance, Gregory Peck provided the necessary solace with an invitation to appear at La Jolla Playhouse in California. With Peck still encouraging him, Ken gave movies a whirl. Mostly Ken was the face on the cutting room floor, until he won the lead role in "The Thing," in 1951. Ken's first big movie role coincided with the end of his lovesick blues. A bachelor till he was 31, Ken married singer Penny Parker.

Still a bachelor, Craig Hill has nothing but kind words for the ladies. After all, it was a young actress who encouraged him in his career just as Gregory Peck encouraged Ken. As his family wished, Craig had become a midshipman at Annapolis, determined to emerge a Naval legal officer. Then he met and dated a young actress who talked him into helping her rehearse a play. One listen to the way Craig read lines and this important but unidentified miss was again doing the talking. This time she persuaded him that show business was his business.

In 1950, a theatrical agent spotted Craig at the Laguna Beach Playhouse and, within a week, Craig had landed the role of Jeanne Crain's boyfriend in "Cheaper by the Dozen." Seen frequently on TV dramas, this Los Angeles lad enjoys water sports, snow-skiing, music and parties. And this bachelor can cook!

as with Kenneth Tobey, Craig Hill and Nancy Hale—put you among the stars



Looks complicated, but these aren't 'copter controls. Pert Nancy Hale's on the ground at stage-lighting switch.



Bachelor Craig Hill has a fast-talking young miss to thank for his take-off into the yonder of show business.

Like the two other leads in *Whirlybirds*, California's Nancy Hale has a guiding light in her career, too. The career itself began by accident. At Christmas of 1950, Nancy decided to surprise her doctor-father with a portrait of herself. At a Beverly Hills portrait studio, the cameraman showed her photo to a Hollywood agent. He in turn escorted Nancy through Paramount to a contract.

At Paramount, a friendship grew between the novice and that great lady of the theater, Helen Hayes. "You have a star on your forehead," Miss Hayes told her. Nancy did bit parts in movies, then branched out into TV, where she's done 70 shows.

Nancy is a crack skier, diver and a do-it-yourselfer, too. She tries each odd job once, then masters it and goes on to another challenge. She's found—as have Ken Tobey and Craig Hill—that, when you're going straight up, the sky's the limit.



Automobiles still have their place, say this flying threesome. But, add Craig Hill, Nancy Hale and Ken Tobey, there's less traffic in the sky!

New Sound From New Orleans

(Continued from page 51)

and his pretty brunette wife, Beverly, fished the crumpled note out of the jacket she was about to send to the cleaner. "Well, I'll be!" said Pete, scratching his head. "That kid really was young Welk. This is from Larry." Dean, one of Welk's singing stars, was an old friend of Pete's, dating back to his days with Jan Garber in the Crescent City. That same afternoon, a phone call came from Los Angeles. The Welk office was inviting Mr. Fountain to do a couple of guest spots on the show.

Pete had to say no. "I wasn't trying to act coy," he explains now. "For one thing, Beverly was expecting Jeffrey, our third. And I still couldn't see what I could add to the Welk show—it seemed to be doing mighty good without me." The second time Welk called—"I underestimated that man, I sure 'nuff did"—it was Mardi Gras time and Pete, belying the oft-made charge that all jazzmen are irresponsible, refused to leave his employers in the hole.

Came April, 1957, and another call from Welk. "He was so nice about it, I had to say okay. I went to Hollywood for a couple of guest shots." Then Pete got the greatest jolt of all. Not only did Lawrence Welk, Lawrence Junior, and the members of the band take Pete to their hearts, but the audience—some of them sedate grandmothers from small towns—did likewise. "When I saw some of those ladies clapping hands and calling out to me, I was floored. The only one who didn't seem surprised was Mr. Welk himself. I think he knew it all along."

Mr. Welk quite casually admits that he did: "Why everybody's so surprised I don't know. First of all, I pride myself on the high quality of my musicians. They are all fine artists in their own field. Pete Fountain is strictly Dixieland but a real artist, and fine artists will manage to accommodate to each other."

Pete's tone is velvety and doesn't jar the atmosphere created by the show as a whole. While he's in the great jazz tradition of New Orleans, he doesn't use what they call a "dirty tone." The sound is rich and very flexible. Asked how he comes by it, Pete only shakes his head and says gratefully, "It's God's gift and I can't take any credit for it."

Thus it was that Pete Fountain left Dan's Pier 600 and came to Hollywood to stay. "It wasn't an easy move," he pointed out. "We had just built us a new home, and all our family live in New Orleans. My only other experience living away from there hadn't turned out too good. We felt we were giving up security for a big gamble—after all, I was used to a straight jazz crowd. It wasn't easy to say yes—but it's a lot harder to say no to Lawrence Welk, believe me."

There were many turns in the road that led Pete to his present success as a Welkman. The first was probably when he was ten and, by accident, tuned in on a Benny Goodman radio broadcast. It hit the boy where he lived. After that he never missed a chance to hear "The King of Swing." When Pete was twelve, his parents, Madeline and Peter Dewey Fountain, Sr., seeing how the wind was blowing, bought their young one a clarinet and enrolled him in Johnny Wigg's State Band school of music. Both Pete and his sister Dolores came by their ear for music honestly. Their dad at various times "fooled around" with the violin, drums and harmonica. Pete Junior, however, was the only member of the Fountain clan to "go pro."

They were a happy, close-knit group. Weekends and summers, they journeyed to nearby Biloxi, Mississippi, where the pa-

ternal grandparents lived—and where the foursome spent many pleasant hours fishing. (For as long as he can remember, that has been Pete's favorite form of relaxation. "My loves are family, music and fishing, in that order—enough for a full life," he says.)

At McDonough grade school, Pete was an average student. And, although his heart was with the clarinet, he was only an indifferent student there, too. His parents didn't push him. They let nature take its course and soon, at Warren Easton High School, Pete made two significant moves. He joined a group, self-labeled the "Junior Dixieland Band," and he began cultivating his first goatee. "The football team started it," he recalls. "I got so set up about my thatch that I've never been without it since—except for one month and then I got so nervous I couldn't wait to grow it back."

Another turn in the road came when Horace Heidt arrived in New Orleans with his talent contest. The Junior Dixielanders entered, won and went on tour. Pete's desire to become a professional musician was whetted and his efforts to master his instrument grew more intense. When Pete was seventeen, Phil Zito tapped him for his popular Dixieland band. About this time, Pete also joined the Army Reserve and was incorporated into the 39th Infantry Band.

He was now studying the work of the older jazz greats, haunting the spots where they still played, experimenting with styles and devices in a struggle to find his own sound. "I admired Goodman, Sidney Bechet and others, but the one man I went all out to emulate was Irving Fazola, one of Crosby's Bobcats. Before he passed on, he was the greatest. His tone—well, it was like diamonds falling out of a velvet bag." (The latter phrase, he modestly refrains from mentioning, was what a jazz critic had said about Pete's own playing.)

In 1950, Pete and five young jazzmen formed the "Basin Street Six," a co-op combo that for three years did the circuit of New Orleans night spots. "We split the kitty, whatever it came to, six ways. And for a while, we tried our luck at running our own joint. The main trouble," he grins, "was that we were all slow at figures but too darn quick at swallowing the take."

Although the business soon faded, Pete gallantly counts that as "the best year of my life." It was, after all, the year he met and fell in love with Beverly Lang. He was twenty and she was eighteen, at the time. He was playing an open-air "pops" concert at the Colosseum, and among the people who came backstage were the Langs. "I saw a papa, a mama and a living doll," sighs Pete, "and I fell in love on the spot."

Beverly evidently returned the compliment—as they were being introduced, she slipped him a pack of matches with her father's business advertised on it. Pete's habit of pocketing things, and then forgetting about them, almost cost him his wife. He spent the next two weeks frantically trying to contact her, calling all the Langs in the phone book. A mutual friend, taking pity on him, finally got the number. He was dressing for his first date with Beverly when he started going through the pockets of another jacket—and came up with the matches bearing the Lang phone number.

Once they began dating, Pete and Beverly wasted no time. Their courtship added up to fishing in the afternoon and dancing on his night off. In three months, they were wed, on October 27, 1950. Ironically, they honeymooned in Hollywood, but never dreamed that a time would come when they would be living there permanently.

With a brand-new wife to support, Pete got busy organizing a new combo, "Pete Fountain and his Three Coins." They disbanded when Pete went on tour with the "Dukes of Dixieland" and ended up playing Chicago's well-known Blue Note for seven months. Beverly was with him for a while but returned to await the birth of Darah Ann, their first child. The separation from her "and from all she stands for to me—family, a purpose in life, New Orleans itself"—was more than he could bear. One evening, he got caught in the Windy City's "floundering five-o'clock jam," and that tore it. He packed, handed in his resignation, and went home.

For the first time, the upside-down life of a jazz musician had begun to pall. Pete decided he was going to get a regular day-time job and give his family some security. "I landed one, but the funny thing is—I was still making a living out of wood. Only, this time, it was as a salesman for the A&M Pest Control Company, which was putting on a big anti-termite campaign." He worked at this determinedly for a year and did well, but all the joy of life was gone. Watching him anxiously, Beverly at last made the decision for both of them. "You're going back to music, Pete," she said, "and, darling—thanks for having tried."

He was in the thick of the riffs at Dan's Pier 600, in the French Quarter, when Joe Mares—who arranges a similar concert each year—asked him to perform in Los Angeles. It was there that Welk's jazzophile son heard him and carried the glad tidings to his father. Pete had already turned down offers to join the Tommy Dorsey and Charlie Spivak bands—"because it meant hitting the road and staying away from home for long stretches. I took the Welk offer because, even though we couldn't stay in New Orleans, we could still be together and make our new home in one place."

Pete came to Hollywood, and Beverly got busy disposing of their furniture. A faint hope that someday they might return to the city which gave jazz to the world kept her from selling their house. Meanwhile, Pete was having trouble renting an apartment for a family with three children. He had no choice but to buy. With the help of Eddie Miller, a former Bobcat and a crony from New Orleans, he found a pleasant home near the Millers in North Hollywood, and proceeded to furnish it in what he sheepishly calls a "real bad contemporary." Now he began worrying about how Beverly would react when she got a look at this ready-made home. "Bless her," he says. "As usual, she rose to the occasion. She gave it a fast double-take,

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INFANTILE PARALYSIS

counted ten and said, 'Darling, I wouldn't change a thing.'

Pete is now planning a soundproof rehearsal room in or on the garage. "The kids all want a chance to blow a few tunes of their own," he chuckles. "And they're getting old enough to hold a clarinet." The children—Darah Ann, five; Kevin, three; Jeffrey, one-and-a-half—are apparently unwilling to settle for toy instruments. It sounds promising, but Pete figures it's much too soon to tell if they have any talent. As for wife Beverly's musical inclinations, she smilingly admits, "I love jazz, but I'm afraid my musical ability is limited to turning on the radio and hi-fi. But I can get a much clearer TV picture than Pete!"

Since coming on the Welk show, Pete's three-inch beard has been spruced up. And he has acquired a smart toupee—or should we say toupees? He has three—a crew-cut, a windblown, and one with a wave in it. Rumor had it that Beverly was responsible for these alterations, but this Pete denies. "My beard's a sort of trademark. But, for a long while, I felt it needed trimming—and, when people began writing in saying they couldn't see if I was wearing a tie on the show, I figured it was time. As for the toup, those Hollywood baldies got after me to follow their example and wear a hairpiece. They said it was like running around without a shirt. I'll say one thing—it's warmer!"

Most important of the changes for Pete is his sudden vault into the national limelight. He had been earning good money at the time he went on the Welk show, but his fame had been limited to his native city and to the connoisseurs of jazz who had sprung, like him, out of the roots of New Orleans music. Now all this is different. He is rapidly becoming a conversation piece in every household that boasts a TV set. Not only that, but he's cut several records, and his own Brunswick album, "Pete Fountain Plays the Blues," will soon be out. Blues, he admits, is his favorite music—"because it brings me close to home."

Pete's fan mail is huge and still growing. Much of it comes from women over forty who feel he has added something to a show they already admired; some say, "I think of you as a son." Many youngsters ask advice on how to improve their technique on the clarinet. He answers these first, "because kids who love music will always come first with me." Another proof of his standing among jazzophiles is the attendance of many musicians, some of them competing clarinetists, when he plays with a hot jazz combo on his nights off. ("It's in my blood," he explains simply, "and it isn't like playing for TV. You have the audience practically in your lap. The smoke, noise and clinking glasses are a challenge to a jazzman. He starts to embroider around an old tune and pretty soon, if he's on the beam, the folks will quiet down and even the smoke seems to hang in the air. It's a great kick, playing in these night spots, and I hope I'll always have time to do it." On Mondays, he's generally heard at Astor's in North Hollywood; on Wednesdays, at the Mardi Gras in Orange, California.)

Perhaps the most solid proof of his public rating was given recently by a little gray-haired lady from Oklahoma who was lurching in the Brown Derby. The restaurant was crowded with TV and movie personalities, but the visitor was unimpressed. Suddenly she spied Pete in a nearby booth. "Why, dad-burn it," she announced at large, "there's that young coot with the whiskers and that dad-burned thingamajig that gives me goose-pimples every time I hear him play it!"

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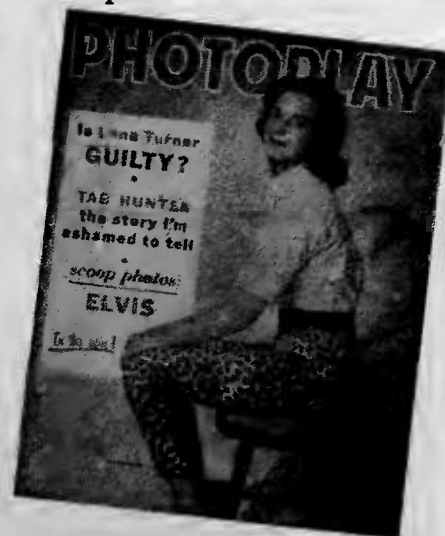
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Little Boy Wanted

(Continued from page 29)

that he should. "Furthermore, I am," he points out—then hastily and happily amends, "or was the last of the Garrows. This might have been the last possibility to carry on the family name. I don't know why that's important. Still, it's rather bleak to be the last of anything."

"In wanting a son," he adds, "I had no set ideas about what I wanted him to do, or be. And I haven't now. No concern, that is, about his profession—more concern about a free world for him to live in. If he wants to be a bullfighter, I'll be unhappy about it because of the danger involved, but that's up to him. I only hope to train him to see and hear and think and feel for himself, without imposing *my* way. To expose him to all the thoughts and ideas there are, to things like wit and humor, as well as music, literature and art . . . to get him to look through a microscope and a telescope for as complete a picture as possible of the world he lives in . . . and then let him go as and where he wants."

An immediate and certainly very tangible reason for Mr. Garroway wanting a boy was that—after his marriage on August 7, 1956, to dark, slim, chic, lovely-to-look-at Pamela Wilde (the former Marquise de Coninck), who has a nine-year-old son, Michael, by her previous marriage—Garroway found the companionship of a boy extremely rewarding . . . two fellows together, you know—down in the workshop tinkering with the old cars—roughhousing around before dinner.

"Naturally, Pamela likes little boys, too. And that's the way it was with us both: *Boy wanted*. As I waited in the hospital, that February night, I got pretty concerned. Every time the elevator stopped at our floor, my head snapped. Every time a man-in-white got out of the elevator, I shot to my feet as if jet-propelled. I had myself primed, I thought, to make the appropriate response, whatever the word.

"But when, after those six hours of eternity, the man-in-white singled me out and said briskly, 'Now he has a brother'—it was a frightening second. Clearly, the doctor had told me that Mike now had a brother. But I wasn't thinking clearly, if at all. 'You mean,' I fumbled, 'it's a boy?' Then, from a nurse I now dimly perceived standing behind the doctor, came the simple declarative sentence, 'It's a boy, Mr. Garroway!' And there, in her arms, it was. My son. Four minutes old. Looking exactly like Mr. Magoo, of cartoon fame.

"I also observed," says Garroway, arching an antic brow, "that, rather unaccountably, he had red hair. He weighed in at five pounds, five ounces—a fair weight, it seems, for infants who arrive two weeks sooner than expected. In the next few days, he lost six ounces. In another couple of weeks, however, he more than made good the loss. And, as of now, the hair is brown with just a tinge of red—much the same shade as his mother's."

The baby's coming has made more than one change in the Garrows' lives. "From the moment I knew Pamela was pregnant," says Dave, "I knew I had to get a larger place for the four of us than the apartment in which the three of us were living." The larger place which he got, a month or so before Dave Junior's arrival, is a remodeled brownstone in New York's East Sixties. "A weird little house, a hundred-and-five feet long and thirteen feet wide," he grins. "It has been suggested that we call it 'Garroway's Narrowsay.'"

Actually, the "weird little house" is a sizable four-storey twelve-room house with a garage in the basement (which is at street

level) and a workshop directly underneath the garage. It was, we suspect, the garage (a rare thing to find in a New York town house) and the workshop that sold the house to Garroway. Now, under his own rooftop, he can keep his twenty-year-old S.S. 100 Jaguar, which is his pride and joy, and the Jaguar's companion piece, a vintage Rolls Royce. Also under his own roof, he can work on the old cars, which is his favorite extracurricular pastime.

Dave Garroway is a very adjustable man. For nine years prior to the day he and Pamela were married, he had lived in a state of bachelorhood. "I have absolutely nothing against marriage as an institution for my fellowman," he once averred. "To put it another way, it's like joining a stamp-collecting club. I'm not agin it. Just haven't thought about it. *I haven't time...*"

Yet, when he married: "I really married four people," Dave says. "A wife, two houses and a readymade son." And lo, he has time. Or takes time. And he did, that morning of February 9, when, as dawn was breaking, he left the hospital and his newborn son . . . and went home to be with his "readymade son," who would, he realized, be having a rather unhappy time of it.

Dave has a particular talent for kindness. "It's more in his attitude," Pamela Garroway says, "and in his everyday actions. If anyone loses a job, or a child cries . . . he hates to see anyone unhappy, or suffering." His particular talent is that he does see and is aware of the problems and needs of others, whether or not these have ever been his problems or his needs. As an only child, David himself had never known how a child feels at the birth of a baby sister or brother. Yet, nevertheless, he was aware that, in such a circumstance, children do suffer and are in need of help . . . so, he did something concerning the problem, the better to deal with it when it became young Michael's problem.

"According to my book," he says, with a slight smile, "kids are always jealous of the new arrival and tear themselves apart trying to hide it. Recognizably, Mike was doing just that. Although he reacted to the news of Dave Junior's birth with a rousing, 'Oh, boy, isn't it swell Mom has the baby!'—and, a couple of weeks later, 'Oh, boy, isn't it wonderful the baby's coming home today!'—the whole bit was over-reaction. Again according to my book, the child's fear is that his place in the family has been usurped. His immediate need is for assurance that it has not.

"The most effective way to supply this assurance is to give the older child as much attention—and, if possible, more attention—than ever before. With this in mind, Mike and I did all sorts of things together while Pamela and the baby were in the hospital. Dinner together every night, both at home and out—the special places Mike likes to go. More horseplay around the house. More help than usual with the housework. More time together in the workshop—where Mike helped me paint some pieces I was working on.

"We watched television together for the hour a day Mike is allowed to watch it," Dave recalls. "At the beginning of each week, he picks out the programs he wants to see—subject to revision by us. Invariably there are a couple of Westerns on the agenda. He often chooses to watch *Omnibus*—and, when he does, we make an exception and allow him an extra half-hour viewing time. Also, *Wide Wide World*. Usually, too, he takes a quick look at *Today* before taking off for school.

"We played records and listened to music on the radio. We always have music playing around the house, all kinds of music—Sinatra, Chopin, the blues, Brahms—a multiplicity of musical things, so long as they are the worthy kind. I also turned up at Mike's school for a social function. As on previous occasions, my appearance provoked in Mike a sort of ambivalent feeling, half glad to have me there, half not . . . when the kids wanted autographs, the embarrassed feeling was uppermost. There were uneasy protests: 'Aw, gee, kids, cut it out!' and 'Don't do it, Dad, forget it!' Whereupon I solemnly admonished him: 'You never *don't* give autographs. Refuse and you lose five friends. Consent, and you gain two. This,' I added solemnly, 'is a fact based on research.'

"I have reason to believe that the time we spent together was well spent. Mike still has the normal emotional reaction, but I am satisfied he also has the ability to come to terms with it. . . . Speaking of coming to terms with problems reminds me that I—who never in my life had owned a foot of ground—now have two houses: The brownstone in New York and the beach house on the ocean (or in it—any day, I expect to hear it's been washed away) which we bought in Westhampton, Long Island."

Before Dave bought the beach house, two years ago last March, he used to say: "I am a city feller. I like to see the country from a rapidly moving automobile—and for about two days." Today, he explains his change of mind: "As head of a family, I saw the need for a place where the four of us—Pamela and Mike, and I and my daughter, Paris, now fourteen—could spend the summer months together. As we did last summer. And as the *five* of us will be doing this summer. Perhaps I should say 'the six of us,' for we now have a long-haired dachshund, Joey."

Dave, of course, finds time for the two homes, as he does for his family, though he's discovered that houses can present many problems and complications. "Last winter, for instance, wild rabbits burrowed through the asphalt driveway of the beach house, broke in and ate all the labels off five hundred cans. So you don't know what is in the five hundred cans. You want apricots for breakfast and you wind up with chili con carne!

"Take the house in town: The garage is so narrow that you can't work on a car in there—we had to break a hole through the floor to the workshop below, so that I could work *underneath* the car. There was also the project of laying carpet in the entrance hall. This required taking off two doors. The front one is made of steel. In order to get the carpet laid properly, it was necessary to cut an inch off the bottom of the steel door with a torch. Then it became necessary to raise up the sill with cement—in order to make ends meet, so to speak.

"We had to buy the town house furnished, and were then obliged to get rid of all the old furniture, as well as re-decorate throughout. We turned the job over to an amenable decorator, because I have my own very definite ideas. White walls, for instance, are a 'must' with me. And quite modern furniture built on a large scale. And very strong colors, mostly reds and blues and yellows and even some billiard-table green.

"Progress is being made," Dave reports. "But—of the list of two hundred-eighty-six things to-be-done which we compiled when we first bought the house—only sixty have been done. . . ."

Somehow, somewhere, Garroway finds

time for all these things . . . time for his beloved Pamela and their family . . . even though his working schedule is even more crowded than it was before his marriage. As communicator of *Today*, he still has to be on the air at 7 A.M., five days a week. In order to be on the air at seven, he must be in the studio for rehearsal at five—and in order to be in the studio at five, he must (and does) arise at 4 A.M. When *Today* goes off the air at ten, there are staff meetings until noon—followed by more staff meetings with agency and sponsor representatives during the afternoon. In addition, there is the bi-monthly *Wide Wide World*—also on NBC-TV—for which he is commentator, and for which he rehearses all day Thursday, Friday and Saturday preceding each Sunday-afternoon telecast. And every Sunday night, from 7 to 10 P.M., he is on *Monitor*, over NBC Radio.

The pressure of work has grown progressively greater—"perhaps," he admits, "because I am more interested in work than I used to be, especially interested since we have introduced editorial content concerning the condition of the world today and what might be done about it. Only by being aware, I believe, can you—and I—hope to keep our wives and children from the danger that is so close. *Wide Wide World* has also become more demanding, and I participate in the show more than I used to do."

In addition to rehearsals and air-time, Dave also does considerable supplementary reading, in order to discuss world affairs on *Today* and to talk knowledgeably with his guests. He must also be informed about the subject or area covered on *Wide Wide World*.

"At that," he says, "I've cut down on reading books. I still get through two or three a week—whereas I used to read five or six—but no novels now. I find I have a lot to learn. So . . . books dealing with economics and politics, books about reality in the world today, and history. I've cut out, or cut down on, a number of things I used to do. Most of them nonessential. I don't go out to night clubs—never did, to speak of, but not at all now. I've more or less given up the theater, except for the occasional 'first nights' I cover for the show. About once a month, sometimes twice, Pamela and I dress up and step over to Broadway. The morning after, you hear about it on *Today*.

"But I have time for all the essentials," he emphasizes. "I get home at five in the afternoon. After duly inspecting Dave Junior, Mike and I have our roughhouse hour. Six o'clock, Pamela and I have a cocktail and I get the report of her day—where she's been, with whom, what she's bought and why we can afford it, et cetera. Then a wonderful home-cooked dinner. Pamela is a superb cook. Rabbit stew in red wine, or one of her fabulous souffles—nothing at all reminiscent of the cold sandwich and glass of milk that were, too often, my bachelor fare! After dinner I read, or we work on some project together.

"Or we talk about the I-don't-know-how-many children we intend to have. Pamela says she wants a girl, next time—a girl named Megan. With the five stirring words, 'It's a boy, Mr. Garroway,' still making music in my ears, I'm completely impartial on that score now."

Bedtime's at nine, never later than ten, for a busy head-of-the-house who must be up before the sun. A crowded schedule indeed. But, as Dave Garroway himself concludes, "There is always time—and to spare—for happiness!"

**August TV Radio Mirror
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The Pattern Is Perfect

(Continued from page 54)

job, but he also liked this new challenge of TV. And, ten exciting years later, that decision to remain in television fell into place as he could never have planned it. On September 2, 1957, Jim McKay became television reporter on *The Verdict Is Yours*, a five-day-a-week afternoon program combining the three things which had always interested him most:

Reporting. It's a show planned carefully in outline, but not scripted. Jim's words on the program are his own, to fit situations as they arise.

Acting. He had been in college theatricals, was a member of a well-known Baltimore amateur theatrical group called the Ruxton Players, has never lost the thrill of greasepaint.

The Law. Legal procedure was fascinating to him, to such a degree that his mother had thought he might become a lawyer rather than a newsman.

All the pieces were fitting together now.

Jim's marriage in October, 1948, and the interests he shares with his wife, Margaret, go along with the pattern. They have a small daughter, Mary Edwina, five last May, who is a charmer with reddish-blond hair and wide hazel eyes, and a son, Sean Joseph, three in February, who is blond and roguish.

Margaret's hair is a light brown, her eyes an unusual pale green. Jim's are gray-blue. His short crew-cut stands up like a stiff brush, and may have something to do with his air of looking perpetually surprised to find life so interesting and exciting, perpetually eager to get out and work at making it even more so.

He was James McManus—the James shortened to Jim—until after he got into TV. The change to McKay came after the CBS brass decided it was easier to say and to remember. He uses his own name in his personal life.

Margaret and Jim met when he began work on the *Sun*. They had given him a desk, told him the empty one next to it belonged to a very nice girl whose name was Dempsey. A pair of boxing gloves hung over the desk. Jim thought about her name, looked at the gloves, decided this was going to be the hardboiled girl-reporter type he had seen in movies. He was ill-prepared for the dazzlingly feminine creature with the gentle eyes who came in and sat down next to him.

Margaret was from Towson, Maryland.

Jim was born in Philadelphia—his family moved to Baltimore when he was in his teens, and he was graduated from Loyola High School and got his B.A. from Loyola College. They worked side by side for months before Jim even asked Margaret for a date, and then he did it by telephone.

"I thought she was pretty, smart and nice, right from the beginning. But one day I walked into the City Room and saw her there, in a white blouse and simple skirt, and I thought to myself, *This is really a very nice girl*. I went out and bought tickets to a pro football game, called her from that office, told her I had the tickets and asked if she wanted to go with me. She said she knew a little about the game. She also said yes."

The big problem, from that time on, was how to keep the dates they made, how even to dare make them. Jim went on television, worked in long stretches. Margaret was woman's editor of the paper, out interviewing and news-gathering, wrapping all this up in signed feature articles. Her typewriter went steadily.

Somehow they found time to fall in love and plan a wedding. About a year after their first date, they were married, in the Immaculate Conception Church in Towson. They furnished a small apartment and Margaret continued to work on the paper. They did a TV show together for a while, called *The Teen-Age Forum*. Margaret suffered a little from camera-fright. Jim took cameras and mikes in stride from the first moment at WMAR-TV.

"Where would anyone get the experience in television that we got then?" he asks. "Now every job is specialized. We went into it knowing nothing. I had never talked into a microphone, but I learned by trial and error. This was all right, because everyone else was learning the same way. I was a TV veteran before I began my CBS weekend radio sports-casts."

By 1950, Jim had done all types of shows. He had the middle segment of *Sports Parade*, a three-hour TV program in the afternoons. When sports news was scarce, he sang and he talked. A CBS executive spending a couple of days in Baltimore tuned the show in, asked if Jim would like to try his luck in New York.

"Margaret and I went to New York for the audition on a Sunday morning," Jim

recalls. "It was held in the old Lieder-kranz Hall, converted into a studio, a drafty place which was cold on that late spring day. Margaret sat on the sidelines, hugging herself to keep warm. There was a man to play the piano, a girl named Dotty Mack who pantomimes records on her own show in Cincinnati. I was told to start and keep going as long as I could. Without any script, of course. It was a long audition, an hour or more. Then Margaret and I went back to Baltimore."

After weeks went by and July rolled around, with no word from New York, Margaret began to prod her husband. Wife-like. "Here you are, not knowing whether you should be getting ready to move on or settle down to staying. Why not find out?" Man-like, Jim didn't want to. ("He's always cautious. I'm the impulsive one," Margaret says.) She practically pushed him to the telephone. "Ask them if it's yes or no. At least, you'll know where you stand."

Dick Swift, at CBS in New York, was amazed. Someone had been supposed to tell Jim it was yes. The show would start on August 15. Jim still didn't know what kind of show he was supposed to do and suggested he get there soon and find out. They moved to New York as casually as that, Jim to get ready for the program that turned out to be an hour-and-a-half afternoon variety show called *The Real McKay*, on WCBS. Assisted by Mack Perrin, Peggy Ann Ellis and, later, Sondra Lee. He also began some TV sports broadcasts and worked on some special events shows.

When the break came last year, as reporter on *The Verdict Is Yours*, Jim had acquired the combination of experience that was right for the job. Director Byron Paul had already been called in to work on the program and, when it was agreed that the reporter must have certain special qualities, he reminded everyone that there was such a man on the CBS staff. He said the man was Jim McKay. They cut a record with him, made the kinescope. Seven months later, the program went on, with Paul as director and Eugene Burr as producer. A winning team, because it was a quick success—so much of a success that its extension to an additional evening period was thought about almost from the beginning.

As the reporter, Jim's job is to be a sort of anchor man, holding the story together. A continuing personality on the show. Participating lawyers—real ones, not actors—come and go. Actors change with the stories, playing litigants, witnesses and others associated with the trials. The presiding judge is a former New York City magistrate. Jim ad libs the narration, moves about the corridors in search of on-the-spot interviews, brings in newspaper men for their comments (real reporters, who get a bang out of appearing with Jim).

Actors in *The Verdict Is Yours* work without word-for-word scripts, have to be so skilled at characterization that they know what the person they portray would be apt to say in a given situation. Viewers sometimes get carried away by the realism. "They don't want to believe it isn't all true, because they get so interested," Jim thinks. One woman insisted an actress was a man's real wife, in spite of the usual announcement that these were actors playing parts. A man called from a New England city to say he had been following the case of a mother who couldn't get support from her children. "I am in sympathy with that poor woman and I would at least like to pay her lawyer's fees," he told them.

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Kathi Norris

Juries are drawn from the studio audiences and from mail volunteers. But, as has been said, the lawyers are for real. One went into a real court recently to ask for the postponement of a real case on which he was working, one in which a short postponement made no difference. He told the judge he would be tied up elsewhere for a week. "Don't tell me you are on that TV program!" the judge laughed. "It's very good. I like it. Postponement granted."

At home, Margaret McManus tries to work her own busy schedule around the time when the show is on the air, so she can watch it. She has the management of the apartment, of a weekend and vacation house in Connecticut, and the two small children, and she is once more a newspaper woman. Three years ago, she began doing a Bell Syndicate TV column, now appearing in about seventy newspapers around the country. Sometimes she interviews the people she writes about at the apartment, sometimes goes out to meet them, but the profile-type pieces are written at home, with the kids knowing that Mother is nearby.

Like the house in the country, the city apartment is homey. "We thought we would have to be more elegant when we moved to New York," Margaret says, "then we decided our Baltimore furniture would be fine, with a few additions for the extra space." There is a lot of soft pale blue around. Margaret has a desk in the bedroom on which stands a light blue typewriter and a matching blue tele-

phone, and there is much blue in the comfortable living room.

The Connecticut house is country-red outside, in an acre-and-a-quarter, five minutes from the beach. They had rented in the neighborhood a couple of years, wanted to rent again last summer close to small Mary's best friend, Suzanne Smith. This house was near the Smiths', but for sale. They bought it, wish they could be there more of the time. "If we moved to Connecticut it would be hard on Jim," Margaret explains. "He gets home for dinner most of the time now, can stay later with the children, arrive home earlier than if we lived 'way out. We use the house when we can, love it whenever we do. In the summer, we make a point of having the children in the country as often as possible."

Without Margaret to run things, Jim says he couldn't work what is often a seven-day schedule. "She manages everything, takes care of all the crises, plans what little social life we have time for at the moment. And writes an excellent and successful column."

Margaret considers they are well-matched. "Neither of us is a 'stewer.' We do our work the best we can, and forget it. Jim is a terrific worker, very serious about it, but he doesn't make business problems a matter of life or death. Nor do I. When a show went off, we never 'died' with it. Jim went on to the next thing. We both know we could go back to a paper tomorrow and be reporters again and be perfectly happy, if that's the

way things happen to turn out some day."

Although involved in tense and explosive courtroom proceedings all week long, Jim himself is a mild-mannered fellow. "Impossible to quarrel with," his wife says. "Not because he hasn't strong convictions, but he can see the other person's side too. You can't argue with a husband who always sees your side, can you? He's utterly logical at all times."

This flexibility, this ability to concentrate his energies and to overlook or to quickly resolve the relatively unimportant, is perhaps the reason why Jim McKay can do a show such as *The Verdict Is Yours* without fatigue or fluster. He likes it. As he likes doing the fifteen-minute sportscasts and the special broadcasts for which he is drafted from time to time. The *Masters Golf Tournament* he does every April from Augusta, Georgia. And his regular week-night program, *This Is New York*, over WCBS Radio.

"When I stayed in TV," he recalls, "the people on the paper thought I was a little crazy. 'You're a good newspaperman,' they told me. 'What do you want with a microphone and a camera, making like an actor?'"

It's true that he uses a microphone and faces a camera, and he makes like an actor. Actually, he is still a reporter. Working most of the time in a courtroom so true to life that he often feels as involved as the lawyer his mother wanted him to be.

All the jigsaw pieces keep falling into their proper places in Jim McKay's life.

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BEN FRANKLIN STORES

Ol' Ern and the Love Bug

(Continued from page 27)

On their first date, they drove over to a "place where you dance" in Colton. That's Betty's description of the outing. From there, they went almost directly to the altar, because Ernie was on duty so much he had few free evenings for courting. ("Just four," he reminds. "That's all.")

He did manage to meet Betty's parents, but she didn't meet his until they had been married for two months. The romance proceeded without a snag. Her family was crazy about him, and, he philosophizes, "Betty and I didn't get to know each other well enough to fuss and fight. We got around to that," he jokes, "after we were married."

The ladies who love Ernie Ford are unstinting in their devotion, and he loves them, every one, for it. When he played a state fair at Columbus, Ohio, he heard that five high-school girls from West Virginia had mowed lawns, washed cars for months just so they could see Ernie Ford. By scrimping and saving, they had got together enough money to pay a chaperone's expenses and come to the fair. Ol' Ern couldn't wait to meet the girls and express his appreciation.

"When we left Columbus," Betty smiles, "the girls cried like their hearts would break, because they thought they'd never see him again. We left them with autographed pictures—and with tears running down their cheeks."

On the other side of the age scale, Ernie has won the affection of an elderly woman who crocheted a tablecloth for him—"It has the Lord's Prayer in the center," Betty says admiringly. "And it's all done by hand," Ernie adds. "No telling how long it took her to make it. It's just beautiful."

A friendship which he's found most rewarding is with a nun from New Orleans. She and Ern have corresponded for a long time, ever since she wrote a fan letter to one of his early shows. They haven't met, although Ernie tried to arrange it.

"She'd been sent temporarily to Houston, Texas," he says, "and Betty and the boys and I were going through there on the train. I wrote her that our train would be in Houston for twenty minutes and that we hoped she could visit with us while we were there."

"Well, sir, when the train pulled into the station, there was a knock on our door, and here stood a little boy with five chicken dinners . . . five . . . for my whole family and my secretary. The sister sent a note regretting that she couldn't meet us, because she was in the hospital, but hoping that we would be her dinner guests. She even said she'd asked Mother Superior for a quarter so she could pay the boy to clean up after we'd finished."

Betty Ford admits her own ideas of the most romantic man in the world would be a combination Sir Laurence Olivier and Richard Boone. "Oh, that Richard Boone," she sighs, "isn't he masculine? I'll bet every woman thinks he's just wonderful. And Sir Laurence? Well, he personifies romance."

But, while admitting that Ol' Ern is very little like either, she wouldn't trade him for the both of them. He is, she asserts, the ideal man to have around the house. He's thoughtful, never forgetting a birthday or anniversary, and he's always happy to give a hand with the chores. "He does everything he can to help me," she says. "Every morning, he fixes the boys' breakfast—and leaves the kitchen clean. He's a very good cook and always does the cooking for the party when he goes on a hunting trip."

The Peapicker is a sentimental rascal, too, Mrs. Ford discloses. There was, for example, the time he bought Betty a mink coat. The occasion was more than four years ago, when the Fords weren't eating half so high on the hog as they are today. Betty hadn't even thought about a mink coat, because, it seemed as far outside her prospects as going to the moon. Mink was for glamor girls, like Zsa Zsa Gabor, not for the bustling, budget-minded mother of two small boys.

But, to Ol' Ern, nobody was so glamorous as his girl, so he surprised Betty with a mink coat . . . economy be hanged!

Another memorable surprise was the washing machine. "When our oldest child was a baby," Betty recalls, "I wanted an automatic washer for Christmas. I wanted it more than I've ever wanted anything in the world, and I had a sneaking suspicion I might get one. I wasn't sure, now, but I was hoping. . . . When Christmas morning came, Ernie gave me a wrist-watch. I was so disappointed that I sat down and cried. I was heartbroken."

"And then," Ernie takes up the tale, "I took her out into the garage and showed her her other present . . . the washing machine had been hidden there all the time."

Ernie claims he hasn't had much experience as a ladies' man. "I never had many dates when I was growing up," he says. "I lived out in the country and didn't have enough money to come into town. I was pretty well situated for courting though, when I did get in, because there were two big girls' schools in Bristol, Sullins and Virginia Intermont."

"Generally, it didn't cost anything to have a date with a girl from either of those places, because the girls couldn't leave the campus without a chaperone, and what would be the point in leaving the campus that way? About all a fellow could do was sit in the parlor on the settee and sort of peep in the mirror to see when the chaperone was coming."

Ernie almost got blacklisted at Virginia Intermont, though, when he was caught singing under a student's window. "I thought they were going to shoot me," he recalls. "My music teacher, Mrs. Schroetter, was head of the voice department there, and she got me out of it somehow."

Another experience at Virginia Intermont, again involving Mrs. Schroetter, almost frightened Ernie into a hermitage. "I went to Mrs. Schroetter's studio for lessons," he says, "on the campus. I always came and went the same way and stayed clear of the girls. But one day it was raining hard, and when I got ready to leave, Mrs. Schroetter suggested I take a short cut back to the car."

"I thought I was following her directions, but I must have taken a wrong turn. Anyway, first thing I knew, I was in the women's dormitory with a hall full of

girls in their petticoats. Some of them were ironing, and when they saw me, you could hear irons dropping all over the place. They were screaming and running—but they weren't half as scared as I was. I tell you, I was as fidgety as a stump-tailed cow in fly time."

Although he insists he's no authority on ladies and love, Ol' Ern has a few decided ideas about what the girls like, and he thinks young Tommy Sands illustrates his favorite theory: "The girls like Tommy for lots of reasons. He's a nice looking boy and has plenty of talent. But, more than that, he's clean and courteous. You can't tell me good manners don't pay off. No matter what kind of philosophies come and go, some things don't change . . . the importance of being polite, telling the truth instead of a lie. I feel very strongly about this."

The Peapicker is a long way from peapatch humor when he discusses values. He's dead serious. "Tommy," he points out, "has never yet called me anything except 'Mr. Ford.' Young folks ought to remember that being respectful makes a mighty fine impression on adults. When a boy's going to see a girl, her daddy likes to hear him say 'sir.'"

"If I'd been as smart alecky as some young fellows I see, my daddy would have laid a board on my backside. Tommy's a decent, polite, moral young man, and the girls are crazy about him. There's a lesson there. And I expect it shows that most young people are just as decent as Tommy, or they wouldn't like him so well."

Ernie continues with the thought that every boy should have a sister. "Of course," he admits, "my boys don't, but they'd be better off if they did. By having a sister in the house, a boy develops the right attitude toward girls. Sure, brothers and sisters wrangle. But, if a girl's in a tight place, most brothers will fight to the last ditch to get her out."

Ernie's ideas of an alluring woman are on the "old-fashioned" side, too. "I like a woman who's natural and friendly and intelligent . . . and, I might add, modest. If I meet one who acts like she thinks she's a glamour queen, she's lost me right there. . . . It's a mistake for a woman to hide what she's got by showing too much. Understand? No woman should dress so that nobody looks at her face."

Ernie enjoys looking at a pretty face as thoroughly as the next man, and feels that one of the high rewards of fame is his popularity as a judge of beauty contests. Every week, batches of pictures of beautiful girls come to his office with the request that he select the prettiest for some college or university year book. "I try to do an honest job, too," Ernie claims. "You can't tell much from a picture, but I pick out the ones who suit me best."

Although Ol' Ern doesn't plan to compete with Perry Como in the romantic ballad field, he is going to record an album of love songs . . . something a little out of his usual line. "My voice is too harsh for most ballads," he candidly observes, "but I love the old, sentimental standards, like 'Try a Little Tenderness,' so I'm going to do an album."

This should be great news for the ladies who dote on Tennessee Ernie. Ol' Ern has such great respect for womanhood that he'll be singing his love songs for both the women in his life . . . not only for smiling, brown-eyed Betty, but for the ever-present "other woman," too—the adoring, gift-giving composite of all the women who have completely lost their hearts to Tennessee Ernie Ford.

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August TV RADIO MIRROR

At your newsstand July 3

The Polly Bergen Look

(Continued from page 19)



rather heavily," says Polly, "because to me they are my best feature. I never wear very dark lipstick because I don't want people to see my mouth first." Polly's eye make-up may be heavy in quantity, but it never looks that way. She uses it with exquisite skill for a beautifully natural effect.

Want to make up your eyes à la Polly Bergen? Here's how she does it. First a little shadow (usually brown by day, blue or green by night) smoothed over the eyelids. Next, a line drawn with eyebrow pencil or eye-liner along upper lashes only—never underneath, as this closes the eye in. Powder over shadow and pencil to keep the color from smearing, and remove excess powder with a damp sponge.

Polly believes in natural brows. She doesn't pluck hers except for the loose, untidy stray hairs. She pencils to make them look thicker, using a special lead-pencil shade which matches the Bergen brows precisely. "I like my eyebrows a little bushier than they are because I have a big face. Dinky brows look silly on a large face. A delicate face would go opposite—you would pluck to a slightly thinner line and use much less brow pencil than I do."



Last, mascara applied to powdered lashes. She puts it on slowly with a barely moist brush so that it goes on each lash individually. After the first thin application has dried, a second thin coat is added in the same painstaking lash-by-lash manner, possibly even a third thin coat for a really spectacular effect.

Polly's now-famous tortoise-shell frames are the final touch. "For years," she says, "I foolishly stumbled around losing friends because I ignored them on the street, and getting wrinkles in my face from peering. Finally, I decided that the smartest thing to do is to wear attractive glasses. I own two pairs, both plain tortoise-shell. I use them in my night-club act, on TV, in dramatic things I've done, and wear them with everything from rehearsal clothes to white satin evening gowns."

Girls should take as much time and care in shopping for glasses as they do for the best party frock they own, Polly feels. More, as a matter of fact, since they'll use their glasses more than the party dress. Colored frames to match different outfits are fine, she thinks, if you're so inclined and the budget permits. Most women, she says, choose frames that are much too small for them, with a resulting "pinched-in" look. "I like wide vision," she says, "like in the new cars, so I pick big, big frames for myself."

It all adds up to a sight worth seeing—the Polly Bergen look.

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Teen-Age and Talented

(Continued from page 22)

wheels struck an unexpected rush of water that had turned the oily street into a skating rink.

With great presence of mind, the driver turned into the skid and kept off the brakes, but the light car careened sideways against the high curbing of the Sunset bridle path—and rolled over three times.

A few moments later, the telephone rang on the nightstand in a second-floor bedroom where a mother had been sleeping fitfully as she waited for the reassuring sound of the back door closing and the familiar squeaking of the stairway.

She answered before the first ringing had ceased. A police officer said with merciful incisiveness, "Your son and his friend are in the Beverly Hills Receiving Hospital. Your son may have a broken left leg. The other boy has a pulled ligament. Both have suffered bruises and contusions, but they are going to be all right."

"Thank you," the mother answered levelly. "We will be there as quickly as possible." It was unnecessary for her to awaken her husband—he was dressing with firehouse speed.

By the time they tiptoed into the hospital room, they had already talked with the doctor, who said preliminary examination indicated no obvious breaks, but full X-rays would be taken the next day.

"How do you feel?" the parents asked, their faces drawn with worry and relief, love and the bleak hour of dawn.

The long form under the white coverlet stirred protestingly and the dark head lifted from the pillow. "I'm fine," announced a slightly peevisish voice. "What about Stewart? And how about my car?"

Stewart was fine, they said. His parents were out in the corridor. They would discuss the car later. Right now, he was to sleep.

It was the sort of scene that takes place daily in every large city in America. And, like most of the minor emergencies resulting from transportation in this mechanized age, it passed without comment of press, radio or television.

Yet the boy who had been driving the demolished Porsche was one of the most famous teenagers in America: Rick Nelson.

In view of the headlines usually accorded a pair of locked bumpers on Sunset Boulevard—in case one of the bumpers happens to be owned by a celebrity—the Jones-Brown-Smith normalcy of the handling of Rick's accident points up one of the prime doctrines of the Nelson family. *You won't be treated like a celebrity if you don't behave like a celebrity.*

This level-headed proverb explains why the Nelsons have two fine sons who have been in show business since birth, who have grown up in the midst of Hollywood, and who have now embarked on individual, separate careers that promise to carry family fame to a new high, yet who are as unpretentious, sensible, and pleasant to know as if they were citizens of Prairie Flower, New Mexico.

Bringing up youngsters is no picnic anywhere, but bringing up admirable children in Hollywood presents quandaries undreamed of in the average household. Fortunately, both Ozzie and Harriet have had such wide personal experience with adulation that they have been able to coach their sons, from the start, in the delicate job of making friends and influencing people.

The first time the boys were asked for autographs, they were having dinner with Ozzie and Harriet at Hollywood's Brown Derby. Ozzie accepted the fan's book and

signed, then passed it to Harriet who signed and forwarded it to David. David did the honors and advanced the book to Ricky, who was so small he could barely grip the pencil just above the lead, as he painstakingly scrawled the letters of his name.

"Did it look okay?" he asked his mother after the entranced fan had drifted away, luminous with delight.

"You write very nicely," was the approving answer.

As a result, the giving of autographs was—for several years—strictly a matter of penmanship to Rick. No thought of ego was involved.

Another lesson was given when the entire family attended the "Ice Follies" one night. Ozzie explained in advance the system that he and Harriet (and most of the gracious members of show business) have always used.

"We'll enter the auditorium just a few seconds after the house lights have gone down. We'll walk quickly to our seats, being as quiet as possible, so as not to bother other people. When we leave, we'll go directly to our car. Don't run—that creates excitement—but don't pause, don't hesitate. Don't give anyone an opportunity to ask for an autograph, or you'll be overwhelmed. Considering that other people want to leave without becoming involved in a mob, the only fair thing to do is to retreat in good order with speed."

This system has served Rick well during the personal-appearance tours that he loves. By the time you read this, he will have returned from a ten-day sweep through the South, and during the summer he hopes to spend two or three weeks in

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the Hawaiian Islands, and as much as six weeks visiting Midwest fairs.

So far, his only uncomfortable experience occurred in Columbus, Ohio, where his plane was met by two thousand howling admirers. Popularity is pleasant, of course, but who wants to lose a good sports jacket and a new shirt via clawing action, and have to be rescued by a flying wedge of sheriff's men?

Uncomfortable as the experience was, Rick said nothing about it, when he returned to California, until Harriet quizzed him about press reports of the near-riot. Said Rick, "Nobody meant any harm. Kids just get excited."

His attitude was clear: He was emotionally identified with the frantic welcoming committee at the airport. He understood them and dismissed the incident—not as a celebrity endures a crush of fans—but as any teenager understands his contemporaries.

Money, either too much or not enough, is often regarded as a menace to the proper upbringing of children. The Nelsons, a singularly successful business unit, have always conducted themselves in accordance with Harriet's philosophy that "having money will never hurt you, if you won't let it."

The Nelsons live in an aristocratic section of Old Hollywood, not in Beverly Hills, Bel Air or Pacific Palisades where show business people are inclined to build. The house is rambling, spacious, comfortable, and unpretentiously elegant in the manner of fine old houses belonging to fine old

families from Bangor to Baja California.

The earnings of both David and Rick, from the moment the boys first went to work on the family radio show, have been invested in an irrevocable trust established by their actor-musician-lawyer-businessman father. His trust fund (with certain restrictions) is now available to David, who is past twenty-one; Rick's will be, too, with his own coming of age.

During the intervening years, each boy has been dependent upon Ozzie for pocket money, clothes cash, and permission to invest in more expensive possessions. Ozzie, like the parent of non-earning children, has been the financial font of the family. "By supporting them, I have retained the right to make major decisions for them, and I have retained the privilege of indulging them—at birthdays and for Christmas—in something that they couldn't buy for themselves." (Incidentally, Rick's Porsche was a birthday present. It was replaced by a Plymouth.)

Each morning, each boy has tapped Ozzie for the petty-cash needs of the day. At first, a quarter took care of candy-bar emergencies. Later, the levy had to be increased to accommodate starvation-fending hamburgers and milk shakes. As trousers and shoes lengthened and collar girths enlarged, the till took a terrific tapping for clothes. ("For awhile, it seemed to me that we were buying shoes once a week," Harriet remembers.)

Eventually, the loot had to be expanded over Saturday-night movies for two, plus a tray at a drive-in afterward. David's college career was financed by his dad, and Rick's succession of guitars have been birthday and Christmas presents.

Far from taking advantage of the situation, both boys seem to have worried their parents somewhat by their cautious thrift. One Saturday night, Rick arose from the dinner table with the announcement that he had a seven-thirty date with a girl the parent Nelsons are very fond of.

"What do you plan to do?" Harriet asked.

Rick considered. "Well . . . we want to see 'Peyton Place' again," he decided. "Ann is crazy about the last scene where David . . . well, you know. . . . Then I guess we'll have a Coke and a hamburger . . . or maybe a hot fudge sundae . . . then maybe we'll come back here and listen to some records, if it's okay with you."

"What kind of money do you have?" Ozzie inquired.

Rick grinned. "I have enough. I didn't spend much last week. Or the week before that. Is the financial huddle over?"

It was. Ozzie and Harriet exchanged glances and smiled.

It was much the same expression of amused pride and understanding with which they had accepted David's announcement that he was going to manufacture—not buy—the furniture for the eagle's-nest bachelor diggings he is sharing with a friend.

When David became twenty-one, his parents agreed that he should be set free to set up his own bachelor digs; the single apartment he rented originally seemed—naturally enough, in comparison with his own home—to be cramped, so he and a long-time buddy acquired a glass-walled house high above the city on Hollywood's skyhung Mulholland Drive.

Harriet says, "Since we work together all day and practically every weekday as a family, and since a boy must become an independent individual before he is ready to become a husband and father, we felt that David was entitled to a bachelor life away from his family. The same goes for Rick when he reaches twenty-one. And don't think that house of ours won't ache

with silence after all these years of glorious uproar!"

Meanwhile, it echoes with music. Rick's first two recordings on the Imperial label ("Stood Up," with "Waitin' in School" on the other side, and "Be Bop Baby," backed by "Have I Told You Lately That I Love You") sold well over a million copies each. His third, "My Bucket's Got a Hole in It" and "Believe What You Say," is well started toward another gold disc award.

He has written two songs for a proposed LP album and is scouting for additional numbers suitable to his style and palatable to his taste. His musical opinions are individual and positive. "I don't see why the fact that kids like rock 'n' roll is a mystery. Why shouldn't they like it? It consists of a standard chord pattern that is simple, uncomplicated, tuneful, easy to understand, and has a good beat. Modern jazz is too involved, too complex for the average kid to enjoy. It's for the gentlemen with the beards."

"That's right," says David, nodding judicially.

And in that simple, two-word agreement lies another reason for Rick Nelson's ability to keep his balance in the midst of an avalanche of fame. An elder brother is an excellent man to have on the other end of the seesaw.

Harriet says, "The boys grow closer together as they grow older. David is always the busiest man at Rick's recording sessions. He carries Rick's coat—literally and symbolically. He grips sheet music to death. He repeatedly passes Cokes to everyone, obviously in the belief that all mouths are as parched as his. Then he stands in the control booth and metronomes the beat. When the red lights flash off, he dries his forehead and exhales a long, relieved breath.

"As for Rick, he was even more determined than David that David was to get the 'Peyton Place' part—and that statement doesn't minimize David's own eagerness.

"The other night, I passed Rick's room and caught a glimpse of the two boys in earnest conversation. When I asked if anything special was in the air, I was assured that there was not. They were just 'talking.' Man-talk, obviously, and no place for me."

There always comes a time when a performer's poise, his training, and his stance with feet firmly on the ground are put to test. Sometimes, but not often, the tests are major; usually they are minor.

Rick was on stage, one night during a tour, and had launched into one of his favorite numbers when a girl—overwhelmed by the splendor of the moment—shouted at Rick, "This is my birthday! Wave to me!"

Rick paused just long enough to keep the beat of the orchestra. Grinning toward the balcony from whence the joyous declaration had come, he shouted back, "Well, Happy Birthday!"

It brought down the house.

When comparative quiet finally descended, he picked up his song where he had left off. He was a happy, happy lad. After years of performing mainly before blase members of his own profession, Rick loves his live, responsive, non-Hollywood audiences with a mighty affection.

Says Harriet, "He comes by it honestly. I love people, too."

Says Ozzie, "In addition to his love of people, his greatest assets are his accurate, unaffected appraisal of himself, and his sincere love of what he is doing."

Rick Nelson is now, and is going to be, a delightful human being, well able to carry his guitar under one arm and fame under the other.

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He's Smiling More Than Ever

(Continued from page 56)

some months ago, against the advice of some of his friends. He'd been "between engagements" for a longer period than he liked, and to him the job meant something to do. There were advisers who wailed that it was beneath his professional dignity to accept a platter-and-chatter show, but Jack laughed them down.

Now he's especially glad he turned a deaf ear to their admonitions. "I've made more interesting, valuable friendships through that show than through many of the other spots I've done," Jack declares. "Besides, I work without a script, and the ad-lib portions of the program have been valuable experience for me. Before this, I'd almost always worked with a script, and a teleprompter."

Jack, in fact, became almost too good at ad-libbing and emceeing—he found himself cast as a sort of perennial fill-in. When Jack Bailey went on vacation from *Queen For A Day*, Jack Smith was one of those chosen to fill in. He subbed for an ailing Peter Potter on *Juke Box Jury*, and for Bob Crosby on his old daytime TV show. If Tommy Bartlett had to be absent from *Welcome Travelers*, they sent for Jack Smith to do the show. For a while, he emceed *Place The Face*. And, whenever he did a stand-in for the regulars, letters of approval poured in from the viewers.

All of this weighed heavily in his favor when Jack was proposed for the *You Asked For It* spot after it was vacated by Art Baker. So far as Jack is concerned, there's only one thing wrong with the job. It does take him away from home frequently, and away from his wife, Vickii. Jack and Vickii enjoy a fairly unique husband-wife distinction—they're twins. Not really, of course, but they were born on the same day of the same year, only fifty-five minutes apart. Just to simplify matters completely, they were married on their mutual birthday!

Although Jack does no singing (at least not yet) on *You Asked For It*, it would be difficult to dream up any personality more ideally suited to the show's format. The program is one of many facets, from the very serious to the richly humorous, from simple, homey subjects to those of a complicated scientific nature. And Jack himself is a many-faceted man. He reads widely, and is conversant in many subjects—science, art, music—you name it. He has a delightful sense of humor, and that fairly rare gift for Hollywood, the ability to laugh at himself.

Offstage, when he can find the time, Jack is apt to dive head-first into any one of a score of different hobbies, refinishing wonderful early American antiques he's unearthed in out-of-the-way spots, laying tile in the kitchen and breakfast room, or gardening. Or, as he did during that aforementioned "between engagements" spell, painting the whole house by himself.

The Smith home resembles a residence from the England of Shakespeare's time, but is perched on a ridge, high on top of the Hollywood Hills with the Pacific stretching across the horizon. Visitors enter through a neat and colorful little doorway garden. The street-level rooms are the bedrooms—you descend a wide, tiled staircase to the living rooms, on the lower floor. A huge, beamed-ceiling living room is filled with luxuriously soft divans and solidly built antiques, all refinished by Jack's loving hands. Across one entire wall stretches a vast picture window, overlooking that fabulous view.

Across the hall from the living room is the dining room—also furnished in Early American antiques. Comments about the

beautiful lazy-susan dining table remind Jack of an incident several years ago: "I was singing on a show with Dinah Shore at that time. One evening, she and her husband, George Montgomery, came over for a visit. I don't think George had been here five minutes before he was under that dining table, trying to figure out how it was built. Since Vickii and I were to leave for New York in a couple of days, George asked if he could 'borrow' that dining table for a week or so, said he wanted to 'fix' it. He didn't like the way the lazy-susan unit revolved.

"I knew George had his furniture factory out in the valley, so I told him to go ahead and take the table, and do with it whatever he wanted. When we got back from New York, the table had been returned to the dining room. But there was a whole new lazy-susan unit on top of it, operating on ball bearings yet! And he'd taken the original lazy-susan unit, put it on a graceful standard, and placed it in the breakfast room—where we've used it as a breakfast table ever since."

Early American antiques and a home on a Hollywood hilltop were pretty far from Jack Smith's thoughts when he was a boy, up in Seattle, Washington. All he ever wanted to do was to be an architect and design houses. His dad was an Annapolis graduate, who had transferred to the Army in order to spend more time with his family. A move brought the Smiths to Hollywood, where Jack and his brother went to Hollywood High. (Jack's brother later became an actor and dropped the family name, taking his own middle name as his last—as Walter Reed, you've seen him scores of times as the handsome "heavy" in such TV series as *Cheyenne* and *Sergeant Preston Of The Yukon*.)

While in high school, Jack made the glee club. He found out, to his surprise, that he enjoyed harmonizing even more than he did bending over a drafting board, dreaming up houses and office buildings. With two other glee club members, he formed a trio. In an incredible streak of luck, the three landed a job at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles' Ambassador Hotel, and their opening night was coincidentally the opening of a new coast-to-coast radio show originating from the Grove. After such an auspicious plunge into show business, who needed architecture?

The trio sang with several touring orchestras, then went East with Phil Harris' band. After a number of hotel dates, Kate Smith asked Jack Smith and his pals to join her show. From then on, they worked in radio exclusively. They did fourteen radio shows a week, including the Kate Smith, Eddie Cantor, Frank Fay and Rudy Vallee shows. In 1940, the trio broke up, and Jack joined the *Prudential Family Hour*. A move back to Hollywood radio put him on his own CBS show, where he did more than 1800 shows for the same sponsor over an eight-year period.

Long before those 1800 shows were finished, Jack had become "Smiling" Jack Smith. It's a tag which has stuck. In show business, a trademark like that is often a very valuable thing to acquire—especially, if your name is something like Jack Smith. But there have been moments when Jack has wondered about the public's memory, and the value of having that trademark—or any trademark.

A generation or so before Jack became nationally known, there was another popular singer named Jack Smith. This one, famous on recordings, radio, and vaudeville, was tagged "Whispering" Jack Smith. And, as Jack became more and

more popular across the country, it is understandable that there was confusion in the minds of some about which was "Whispering" and which was "Smiling" Jack Smith. Although the two never met, our Jack Smith was constantly being haunted by references to the earlier singer.

There was, for instance, the time in Holland right after World War II. During the war, Jack and Vickii had "adopted" two Dutch children, under the foster children program. When the war was over, they flew to Amsterdam to have a look at their charges. Much to their surprise, word of their arrival had leaked out, and they were met at the airport by the two youngsters and a flanking committee of town dignitaries. As Jack stepped from the plane, the mayor came forward to present a plaque thanking the Smiths for their contributions.

Jack was puzzled, momentarily, by the look of surprise which came over the mayor's face, and by his murmured "But you are so young!" When he glanced at the plaque, however, the mystery was solved. The plaque was made out to "Whispering" Jack Smith—the latter's recordings had been popular in Europe since the close of World War I, so it was understandable that the mayor was a bit nonplussed to see such a young Jack Smith.

On another occasion, the confusion of names caused some very bad moments for a number of our Jack Smith's friends. This was only a few years ago, when an early evening newscast announced that "Hollywood entertainer Jack Smith dropped dead this evening in front of the such-and-such restaurant on the Sunset Strip."

Dinah Shore, with whom Jack was teamed on a show in those days, heard the announcement while waiting for dinner to be served at a friend's. The news so upset her that she had to leave for home at once. Several hours later, the possibility that it might have been the other Jack Smith occurred to her. She phoned Vickii, found out that her Jack Smith was still very much alive. Others had heard the broadcast, and Jack and Vickii were besieged by calls from worried friends throughout the evening.

Jack says he's been around Hollywood for so long now, he almost considers himself a landmark. And he feels a little sorry, he admits, for the overnight-sensation types who constantly flash into prominence, and flash out as rapidly.

"Sure," he says, "it's probably an exciting, thrilling sensation to wake up some fine morning and find your name is suddenly a household word. The attention is flattering, the money is intoxicating. But, all too often, the person to whom this happens hasn't enough talent to sustain the popularity, hasn't enough experience to stay very long in the spotlight. It seems to me that the entertainer who is able to make the big-time by a long, steady pull is a lot luckier than the flash-in-the-pan guy. He knows what he wants, he works hard to get it, and has the satisfaction of knowing that he's earned whatever good comes his way.

"At least, that's what I've come to believe, personally—and, having been around for almost twenty years, I guess I qualify as a veteran. Those of us in the long-hard-pull division may not have some of the opulent luxuries of the Overnight Wonders. But we have all the material comforts we could want. We have friends who have been friends for years. If there is such a thing as security in show business, I think we have it. Is it any wonder they're still calling me 'Smiling' Jack Smith?"

Nichols & May, Unlimited

(Continued from page 34)

them under his managerial wing but who had never before seen them perform? They knew their routines were offbeat, completely unlike the usual comedy acts. But there had been applause. They thought they had gone over—but they couldn't tell.

"We waited a long time," says Mike. "It seemed like hours before Jack and the club owners, who'd been huddling in the office, gave us the word. 'You can open in two weeks,' they told us. 'We have a new show coming in then.'"

Elaine and Mike grinned happily at each other. Their brand of comedy, born in an experimental nitery group in Chicago, polished in an equally offbeat bistro in St. Louis, would, it seemed, entertain sophisticated New Yorkers, as well.

At the same moment—there's a sort of clairvoyance between them, Elaine insists—they thought of the seventy dollars. Their faces fell.

They had arrived in New York two days earlier, and Mike had parked his suitcase with friends on Norfolk Street, on the lower East Side. Nights he was spending on their living-room sofa. Elaine was holed up with a group of a dozen or more girls in their establishment on Tenth Avenue. "They put in a cot for me," she says. "They didn't even have a living room."

But even with places to sleep assured, they knew they couldn't hold out for two weeks on thirty-five dollars each. The discerning owners noted their look. "Well . . ." said one of them, "You can fill in down at the Village Vanguard until then. You can start Tuesday."

"They needed us like another head," says Mike, "but we played there for two weeks and then went uptown to the Blue Angel."

And the seventy dollars? Did it last till payday? "They gave us an advance," he answers. "We didn't even have to ask for it."

It was only a few weeks later that they made their first network television appearance. "We'd been on television before," says Mike, "but always at some time like nine o'clock in the morning when not many people were watching. And nothing ever happened as a result."

But now they had an audition for Jack Paar's show on NBC-TV. "We went up about ten o'clock one evening," they say, "and did a little skit, just to show them the sort of thing we could do. They insisted we go on right away—that night—and do the same thing on the show. We had only four or five minutes' time and we weren't prepared. We were no good at all."

That was only their opinion, however, and both are modest about their talents. The word got around, and on December 29 they were booked on *The Steve Allen Show*, where the biggest names in show business are happy to appear.

This time they were ready. So was Steve, and the network, and the millions of folk who watch the show regularly on Sunday evenings. Everyone was ready except the television critics, all of whom were busy elsewhere on the weekend between Christmas and New Year's. Not a single review of the show appeared in the New York newspapers.

But their successful appearance with Steve triggered another offer, and on an *Omnibus* spectacular, two weeks later, they hit it big, with ecstatic reviews in every metropolitan daily, and a deluge of mail and phone calls from all over the nation. The *Coma* show came next, on February 1,



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and since then it's been unbelievably easy.

The Nichols-May brand of comedy which so intrigued TV audiences is as fresh as Elaine and Mike themselves. Their skits are all improvisations and even those that have been more or less "set," due to the necessity for split-second timing on TV, were originally ad-lib. Changed and perfected from one appearance to another, they have never been written down. Elaine and Mike have no problem with writers—they devise and work out their own material.

As they present a vignette—the bird-brain movie actress being interviewed by the disc jockey, for example—they talk to each other rather than to the audience. They use no props. And they have developed a facility for talking at the same time, and reaching a crescendo together, before one or the other takes over.

On night-club floors they are still doing the sort of impromptu sketches with which they began working together in Chicago. They will ask one customer to call out a first line; another to supply a last line; and a third to suggest a style. And from a first line such as "Don't be a sour apple," a finale of "They went thataway," and a biblical style, they will improvise a sketch that will leave their audience howling.

This sort of thing takes background and intelligence, as well as acting talent. It takes an innate feeling for what is funny, and a wordless communication between them that, as Elaine says, verges on clairvoyance.

Yet these two, who have such fantastic rapport, come from entirely different backgrounds. The green-eyed brunette was born into show business. Her father, an actor, was on tour on April 21, 1932. Her mother was, as usual, accompanying him. Elaine was, by this chance, born in Philadelphia on that date. Jack Berlin had a number of stage names, and as the little girl attended some fifty schools during her grammar-school days she had difficulty remembering, not only what town she was living in, but what her name was. No wonder that, by the end of her first year in high school, she was bored with formal education.

The family had more or less settled down in California by then and Elaine, who had appeared now and then on the stage with her father, began to study dramatics seriously under the famous Maria Ouspenskaya. While she was learning the theory

of acting, she was also reading voraciously, writing, and painting. She is still painting—"I use casein," she says, "I never could afford oils"—but her writing these days is largely confined to letters to her mother, who has remained in California since the death of Elaine's father.

It was on the West Coast, where she was eking out a precarious living with little-theatre jobs, that Elaine received a letter from a friend in Chicago. He was starting a dramatic group, he said, and perhaps she would like to join it. Thus Elaine joined the Playwrights' Theater, from which later evolved the Compass Players.

Six months before Elaine was born, Dr. and Mrs. Paul Nichols of Berlin, Germany, were proudly announcing the birth of their first child, a son whom they named Michael. Mike was six when, in 1938, his father decided Hitler's Germany was no place to bring up his family. He sailed for America to set up his practice so his family could join him. A year later, he sent for them, but, since Mike's mother was too ill to travel, the seven-year-old was dispatched with his four-year-old brother, Robert.

The family—Mrs. Nichols joined them later—settled in New York and Mike's school days were fairly normal. He studied at the Dalton School, went to Walden High School, to the Cherry Lawn School in Darien, Connecticut, and entered the University of Chicago with the idea of becoming a psychiatrist.

But his plans kept getting mixed up with school plays, until he finally gave up the whole idea of psychiatry and headed back for New York to study acting with Lee Strasberg, of the famed Actors' Studio. It was then that Mike got to know how to fend for himself, and to understand what real poverty meant. His father had died; his mother had re-married and was living in Philadelphia; there was his younger brother, who had his eye on medical school.

They helped Mike when they could—but he felt he should go it alone: "I had a room—it was about three by nine, a real broom closet—for which I paid eight dollars a week. But I had no money for eating. I used to borrow a dollar a day from a friend for my meals. Later on, I ate off some girls who lived across the street, until I was ashamed to go there anymore. One night, I woke up so hungry that I ate the only thing I had in my room—a jar of mustard."

To live at all, Mike did all sorts of things. He worked as a farm hand; as a waiter

at Howard Johnson's. One Christmas, he got a job for a few days with the post office, driving a truck and delivering packages. "I never found a single address," he says. "Each night I'd go back with all the parcels I'd started out with in the morning."

They were dark days. "I was sure nobody would ever hire me as an actor. I knew I wasn't commercial. I felt the whole thing was hopeless. But I didn't know what else to do—so I just kept studying."

Naturally then, when Mike was offered a job with the Compass Players in Chicago, the fifty-five dollars-a-week salary sounded like the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. This was in 1952, when truck drivers and window washers were taking home twice as much pay.

A year earlier, Elaine had helped found the group—at a salary of twenty-five dollars. "I hated to ask for more money," says Elaine, "because the owner was a friend." But she had to have it or starve and by the time Mike joined the group, her salary, too, was fifty-five. Later on, when they discovered that the musicians, "who played maybe five minutes a night," got more pay than they did, they went on strike and were raised to sixty-eight weekly.

There were seven or eight ambitious young actors in the Compass Players and nightly, at an informal little club on Chicago's South Side, near the University, they would entertain. "Someone in the audience would suggest a topic for a sketch," Elaine says, "and the actors who put their hands up first would do the skit ad-lib. As time went by, it seemed that Mike and I always understood what the other had in mind, and we worked more and more together."

It was in this way that their act was born. "Sometimes a sketch would be forty-five minutes long to begin with," Mike explains, "but, each time we did it, we would make changes until finally we'd get it set. But nothing was ever written down—and still isn't. If we made mistakes, nothing happened, and we were in front of an audience every night for two years. It was wonderful."

They didn't mind being poor. "We were busy," Elaine notes. "We'd meet mornings to go over our material. Afternoons we'd paint scenery and evenings we'd perform. We didn't even know we were poor; everyone else we knew was, too."

"We worked steadily, at least," Mike adds. "Think of all the actors who are out of jobs for months at a time. We weren't badly off at all. In fact, most of our friends thought we were lucky—and we used to help them out when they got strapped."

Of course, there wasn't much money for clothes—and they had to furnish their own for performances. But Elaine's mother would send her a dress now and then, and Mike developed a facility for changing his ties and shirts so that his one suit looked different each night. (Even a sharp-eyed New York press agent didn't realize for several weeks that his new client was always wearing the same dark suit.)

Like so many experimental operations, the Compass Players came to an unhappy end a year ago, and its members took off for other fields. One of them, Mark Gordon, was in the cast of the Broadway play "Compulsion" last winter. Another, Collin Wilcox, decorated "The Day the Money Stopped" during its brief run. Shelley Berman headed for Hollywood, where he is doing well as a comedian. A fourth alumnus of the Compass Players is in Hollywood, too, writing scenarios.

Mike and Elaine took off for St. Louis, where they had been hired to direct, as well as act in, the show at the Crystal Palace, another night club which, like the

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Compass Players, offers offbeat entertainment.

They had to take a small salary cut. Their pay in St. Louis was sixty-five weekly, but there were fringe benefits: they had free lodging in the home of the owner; their clothes were supplied; and, as Elaine says, "there was a swimming pool just a few blocks away, down the alley."

It was late last summer, when their contract at the Crystal Palace had only a few more weeks to run, that they decided to try New York. "A producer friend of mine, Charles Pratt, knew Jack Rollins," says Mike, "and suggested we get in touch with him. We'd never had a manager but we took Charlie's advice, pooled our savings, and flew into New York and spent a weekend talking to Jack."

"We talked the whole weekend," puts in Elaine. "Just talked."

Jack had never seen them perform, and they never got around to doing a skit for him at that time, but, as a result of their conversation, he agreed to take them on. A few weeks later, when they finished in St. Louis and returned to New York, he had already arranged for their audition at the Blue Angel.

Mike and Elaine not only had never had a manager—and didn't know exactly what one did—they were just as ignorant of every other phase of show business, commercial style. Even some of its most familiar terms drew a blank with them.

When Bob Sylvester, a newspaper columnist, suggested they eat with him one night "on the cuff," he had to explain that this was Broadwayese for "free." And when Elaine read that "the rope was up" at Down in the Depths, a New York club where they starred for twelve weeks last winter, she had no notion that the words meant they were doing capacity business.

As for clothes . . . When Curt Weinberg, press agent for the Blue Angel and now for Mike and Elaine, too, suggested to Mike that he needed more than one suit and offered to send him to Pat Caruso, a top-drawer New York tailor, Mike turned paler than his normal blond at the price. He didn't know *any* suit could cost two-hundred and seventy-five dollars!

They are learning, of course. After buying two less expensive suits, Mike has succumbed to Caruso. It's important, he knows, to be well-dressed for television. And Elaine, according to Mike, is spending every possible moment shopping, though she's still as terrified of salesclerks as Mike is of waiters. But she still swears by the Salvation Army—recently bought a chest of drawers there and repainted it herself. Meanwhile, they've paid back all the friends who loaned them money in their less prosperous days.

The two are completely unlike in appearance. Dark-haired, green-eyed Elaine is a curvaceous five-foot-five, and weighed 118 when last she stepped on a scale. Mike is a six-footer, with extremely blond hair and fair skin. And where Elaine is informal—takes off her shoes and curls up in a chair, no matter who is present—Mike is conservative in both dress and deportment. Not for him are the blue jeans of so many young actors—even when he had only one suit, it was pressed every second day. And, unlike almost everyone else in show business, he uses first names only when addressing people he knows well.

But despite difference in background, appearance and deportment, Mike and Elaine have one big thing in common: Both are dedicated to acting. "We're actors, you know," says Mike, when he's asked about their plans and hopes for the future. As actors, they find their horizons unlimited. They are being paged for movies,

for television series of their own. They can pick and choose their night-club engagements. But they are picking with care—doing only what they feel they will enjoy.

They turned down a regular hour series on TV last spring because "we decided we couldn't do two thirty-minute sketches each week and do them well. We felt we weren't ready. We'd like to do a TV show of our own, maybe at regular intervals, but not every week." Meanwhile, they are busier than ever before, busier even than when they were doing one hundred and twenty-eight routines a week at the Crystal Palace in St. Louis.

Mike was married in Chicago on June 8, last year, to Pat Scot, a carrot-topped singer who had her own television show there for several years. While Elaine and Mike were conquering New York, Pat was singing out her contract in Chicago and getting her news of Mike by telephone—collect—nightly. "I guess I felt like a success when I quit calling collect and paid for the calls myself," laughs Mike.

Pat has joined Mike in New York now and has settled down, temporarily, to being a housewife, and Mike is enjoying being able to buy and tote home the groceries to their apartment in the East Sixties. "Pat's a great cook," he says happily—then adds, "I'll have to start watching my weight or I won't be able to get into those new suits."

There's a third member of the Nichols family, a cat of uncertain antecedents who answers to the name of Sam. With Pat and Sam, his record collection, and plenty of books to read (he can buy one now when he feels like it), Mike is happier than he's ever been, as well as busier.

He and Elaine don't have to rehearse the routines they do at the night clubs at which they've been appearing regularly, but they spend a great deal of time on new material. Their audiences, they say, expect more of them these days.

"And everything is new—shopping, the dentist, talking to television people. We've even made recordings for radio. I have an appointment book for the first time in my life," says Mike.

Elaine is just as busy. There's the one-room apartment on Lexington Avenue which she is furnishing bit by bit. There's her painting. The business conferences. Shopping. And, of course, dates.

To the outsider, it may seem a strange little group—Mike, Pat and Elaine—but they couldn't get along better, they insist. "Pat's in the business; she understands," says Mike. "Anyone could get along with Pat," Elaine adds admiringly.

Mike and Elaine still have a soft spot in their hearts for Chicago and the Compass Players, and on Chicago's South Side there are hundreds of early Nichols-and-May fans who are cheering their success.

Their families are, too, of course. Mike's mother, now Mrs. Franz Hausberger of Philadelphia, and his brother, Robert, now in medical school in the same city, were two of the most excited people in the Blue Angel audiences. Out in California, Mrs. Ida Berlin, Elaine's mother, is glued to her TV set every time Nichols and May are scheduled to appear. She got her first in-person view of them this spring, when they played for two weeks at the Mocambo in Hollywood—and hasn't been the same since.

"The Wunderkinder," one New York columnist called them recently—and she had something. "Wonder children," indeed, with a sophisticated talent which leads to unlimited success.



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August TV Radio Mirror
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Unexpected Dividends

(Continued from page 47)

of this woman. And the music is always there, a constant challenge and a constant pleasure in her personal life. In fact, Helen's husband, theatrical producer Robert Willey, has bought the best-selling Joy Chute novel, "Greenwillow," and is planning it for a Broadway musical!

Speaking of Nancy Hughes, Helen says: "This is a wonderfully kind and loving woman who has a terrible fear of any changes in her life. She clings to family. I approve of that. But Nancy makes the mistake of tying them all together in one tight little package. No one is an individual—not her husband, not her children, not even herself. My own family background would not have given me an understanding of a woman of this type, but during my years of study and struggle in New York I met women like her. Very human, very warm, but finding it difficult to free those they love."

As a little girl, growing up in Lubbock, Helen's world was a comfortable and happy one, bounded by music. To such a degree that, after her senior music recital in high school—a recital that was a quadruple-threat performance as vocalist, pianist, organist and violinist—she vowed that she had had all the music she could take for a while.

She also firmly announced that she had her own ideas about college. Her parents had gone to Monmouth, in Illinois; her sister was there. Monmouth had been her mother's home town. Helen said she wanted something different. And, very definitely, she had no intention of majoring in music, or in speech. No one pressured her. It just happened that she ended up with a degree in music and in speech—and from Monmouth.

"There is usually one person who comes into your life at a crucial time," Helen explains, "someone outside the family circle who opens your eyes to the things the family has been trying to instill, to things your former teachers have tried to tell you. In my case, the person was my piano teacher at Monmouth, Edna Browning Riggs. She built further on what Margaret Huff, my first music teacher, had already given me in the way of knowledge and appreciation. She opened the world of art in all its forms to me. Monmouth meant a great deal to me in many ways, but particularly because of Miss Riggs."

In New York, Helen studied, was a church soloist, finally broke into show business in a deceptively easy way. She was just past twenty, a pretty and graceful five-foot-five, with light brown hair and blue eyes. Through friends of her sister Ruth's husband, Malcolm Laing, she auditioned for a job with the St. Louis Municipal Opera Company.

"I sang in the chorus and had some minor roles," she recalls. "I was thrilled. It was a beginning. The difficult times came later, when I had to make rounds, to open doors and ask to see the people who had jobs to give." Gradually, after persistence and struggle, jobs began to come, alternating between singing and straight acting parts. She was chosen for a role in the Hammerstein-Romberg musical, "Sunny River." Twice she played in "Oklahoma!" on Broadway, leaving it between times to go on tour with a Theater Guild company doing Shakespeare. She sang in Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. She did some of the Greek tragedies. She played off-Broadway, as well as on.

It was on one of her job-hunting tours that Helen first met Bob, a good-looking six-footer, blond, with brown eyes. He

had been an actor from the time he won a Pasadena Playhouse scholarship in his middle teens. But, after World War II service, he had come back determined to get into production. He was then connected with a theatrical office as an assistant producer, on his way up to a management job and a place as full producer.

"I went to Bob's office about a part," says Helen, "but then another one came along and I turned him down. Now I'm sorry, because it was the only chance I would have had to work in a play with him. Nothing he has been associated with since has had a part for me.

"I met him frequently after that and sometimes had coffee with him. He asked for dates, but I always turned him down. Once I was very angry, because I had an appointment to see the producer, Guthrie McClintock, about a job—and Bob breezed into Mr. McClintock's waiting room to see him, without an appointment, and got in first. I couldn't wait and had to go back another day."

Some time later, she found herself in Bob's office, about another job, and once more he asked her for a date. "You might just as well start going out with me," he said. "Because I am going to marry you some day."

She didn't take this very seriously. Just as she had told herself she wouldn't go to Monmouth and she wouldn't be a music or speech major, now she told herself that never would she marry this man. But she did. "Suddenly, my eyes must have been opened to the kind of person he really is. I started to accept his invitations. Two years later, we were married."

The year was 1954. The wedding was set for August. In June, Helen went out to visit her parents at their summer cottage in Cuchara, Colorado, a remote camping community. Bob telephoned one day to say he was coming out. She thought that was wonderful. "I mean, coming out to marry you, now," he went on.

Her wedding dress was bought, but it was in her apartment in New York. With her at the camp were such items as blue jeans and shorts and blouses—not one dress-up costume. From the single telephone in the camp, she gave Bob long-distance details about what to bring along with him. The wedding outfit. Underwear, hosiery. Dresses and hats for the honeymoon. Fortunately, her roommate did the actual sorting out and packing.

The wedding date was June 21. The minister, an old friend, came up from New Mexico to perform the ceremony. Some of the relatives could come on short notice. Her sister Ruth wouldn't have missed the event. Colorado law demands that both blood tests be given by the same doctor at the same time, so Bob was hustled from the plane to a doctor's office. It was all very fast, but it all went smoothly.

In New York, until the spring of 1957, the Willeys lived in an apartment. Now they have a house just outside the city, in an attractive village setting. An old three-bedroom stone house, with walls as thick as a fort. With wide window sills for many plants. With an elegant Georgian rose-brick fireplace in the living room. The fireplace, Helen's piano and the record player were the essentials around which the room is now being developed into just what they want it to be.

"The house was furnished when we bought it," Helen explains. "It has a mixture now of the things that were in it, the things we brought from the apartment, the things we have been slowly adding. So far, the living room has a new divan and new curtains. We waited to add

a lamp until we found the right one, using a bedroom lamp in the meantime."

Bob's den has a built-in desk, much too big for any ordinary purpose, but great for a man who collects stamps and likes to spread them out, album after album. He got a pleasant surprise when he found that his next-door neighbor, Budd Simon, is as rabid a philatelist as he is. "Imagine finding you have moved next to the most charming people, Budd and Bunny Simon and their two children, and also finding that the husband has the same mad hobby as yours!"

The wives "share-crop" together. The Simons had extra space for a vegetable garden. The Willeys didn't want to plow up any of their lawn. But Helen wanted to grow some of their own edibles. She started the garden, it rapidly became a cooperative affair with both families tending it and sharing in the produce. "Now nobody has to eat everything that comes up. My frugal soul wouldn't have let any of it be wasted. So there are two families to eat the tomatoes (best I ever tasted), the beans (not like any ever bought in a store), the asparagus. And two of us to put up what we can't eat."

Helen is the cook, except on occasion. Bob thinks he had enough of cooking in his bachelor-apartment days. He is the handyman. "He won't call in an expert unless something gets really out of hand. Sometimes I wish he would," Helen comments.

Since Helen went into television, she has worked less and less with music. There have been dramatic parts in the night-time shows—on *Studio One*, *Suspense*, and the Robert Montgomery dramas before they went off the air. She played Marge, daughter of Charles Ruggles and mother of Glenn Walken, in *The World Of Mr. Sweeney*, until Mr. Ruggles decided to take the show to the West Coast. Helen, of course, wanted to stay in the East, where Bob's work is.

It was just about then that *As The World Turns* was being planned. The director knew Helen's work. She auditioned, won the part of Nancy and went on the air when the show started on April 1, 1956. She's never missed a day, except when her father died last November and she went home briefly to Texas, where her mother still lives.

Except on the days when she isn't in the script, Helen is on the set at 7:30 in the morning. Rehearsals continue until broadcast time, there's a lunch break, then more rehearsals for next day's show. Whoever gets to the parking lot where Bob and Helen leave the car waits for the other, to drive out to the country together.

Helen loves her job as Nancy Hughes. But, like every woman who is wife as well as actress, she thinks of Bob's work as the more important. "Greenwillow" is his first completely independent production and she is interested in every facet of it.

She remembers that, during her first months in New York, she asked her father if he had ever questioned whether he would finally become a doctor. "There were times," he wrote back, "when it seemed a very long road. But I always knew that, like my father before me, I could be a good carpenter—and happy doing it—if I couldn't be a doctor."

For Helen now, the music in her life is not the career. She's a dramatic actress. Happy doing it. Knowing that nothing she has ever done will be wasted. Certainly not, with all the bright years stretching on ahead.

Ed Sullivan Salutes

(Continued from page 21)

Josh Logan, Jack Paar, Helen Hayes, Gina Lollobrigida, and others—not for their effect on his ratings—but for their individual traits as human beings. This, too, reflects Ed Sullivan's own character.

Ed has been a newspaperman since he got out of high school in Port Chester, New York. But, if anyone should say Ed is just a reporter who happened to hit it lucky in television, that person would be one hundred percent wrong. Bob Hope nailed this downright inaccuracy several years ago. Hooking his arm around Ed, he said, "This thing is really giving me nausea. I mean, when I read how you—as a struggling young reporter—stepped into television to compete with all of us who have been around so long. Now, Edward, my boy, I remember playing the Paramount Theater with you back in the Thirties." The fact is that Sullivan, along with his columnist duties, began his vaudeville career on April 24, 1933. He was in radio as early as 1932. Later, he was one of the first to realize the potentiality of television.

Ten years ago, when Ed premiered, video was considered kind of a toy in the entertainment business. Ed recalls: "I'd go out to the West Coast and the movie people would laugh at us. Gorgeous George, the wrestler, was seen on a lot of TV there, and they would say, 'But what will television have left when George is gone?' Another George—George Burns, of *The Burns And Allen Show*—was the only one out there who took up the argument with me for television."

Today, it's commonplace to see Hollywood films on TV. But, when Ed went on in 1948, the Motion Picture Producers had a verbal agreement among themselves that they would not release a picture, or any part of a picture, to television. Ed was the first to bring Hollywood into the new medium. "One of my great thrills," he says, "was our show of February 6, 1949. On that night, Luise Rainer, a two-time Academy Award Winner, did her famous telephone scene from the picture, 'The Great Ziegfeld.' We presented the scene 'live' but getting permission to use the dialogue didn't come easy. I still remember my phone conversation with Nicholas Schenck of M-G-M. He said, 'Eddie, please don't ask me for this. You know what the situation is and how the producers stand on this.'

"But it was a case where friendship paid off, as it often does in any business. I persisted and General Schenck finally said, 'All right, you go ahead and use it, Eddie, but this will be between just you and me. If any trouble comes of it, I'll back you up.' So we did the scene before the cameras and it was such a great success that, ten months later, I was again able to coax General Schenck into letting David Niven do a scene from the movie, 'Journey's End.' Well, those two firsts established our show in a very unique position because the movie people had permitted us to do something they said would never be done."

Ed presented an excerpt from the movie, "Arrowsmith," the first Hollywood film to be seen on television, September 30, 1951, in the program titled, "The Helen Hayes Story." But what made that evening memorable for Ed was an ad-lib speech by Miss Hayes. "She was in Hollywood at the time we were preparing the show," Ed recalls. "Then one day I had a phone call from Leo McCarey. He was directing Helen in a picture that co-starred Robert Walker. While they were making the picture, Walker died under rather tragic circumstances. Leo called to explain that some of the scenes had to be taken over and he

asked if Helen could postpone her return to New York.

"In turn, I had to explain that we were doing a live scene from Helen's greatest vehicle, 'Victoria Regina,' and that she had to be in New York early to rehearse. We were stymied for a moment—but, again, it was a case where friendship paid off. I said, 'Leo, do you think you could film the scene? Then there would be no rush about her getting back.' Leo said, 'Ed, that's no problem at all.' So, on our show, we had the scene brilliantly cast and costumed and directed. And the effect on Helen Hayes was considerable, seeing herself in the episode just before she made her speech."

The scene showed Queen Victoria in her late years when she decided to go among the public against the advice of family and friends who feared for her welfare. While she was out, a group of rough-looking men rushed her carriage and, for a moment, she feared they were anarchists. Then the burliest man of all suddenly took off his cap and called out, "Go it, old girl, you've done it well."

After the scene, Helen Hayes stepped in front of the camera and her emotion was obvious in her eloquence. She said, "You may be tired of seeing Helen Hayes doing 'Victoria Regina,' but that particular scene has always rung a bell in my heart. The time will come when I'll be making my last appearance on the American stage where I've had a singularly blessed life. There I have found what I loved best. And so, perhaps, when I'm about to make my last exit, you of the American audience may be persuaded to call out to me, as they did to Victoria Regina, 'Go it, old girl. You've done it well.'"

As Ed recalls, "I don't think there was a dry eye in the studio. She spoke with such sincerity that a complete hush came over the audience when she finished and then, suddenly, there was a storm of applause. It must have been very much like Lincoln's experience at Gettysburg."

Many of the greats of the theater have appeared with Ed but it was his association with the late Robert E. Sherwood, three-time winner of the Pulitzer Prize, which Ed recalls as the most memorable. "Never in my life have I met a man who impressed me as much," he says. "His was a great mind, and his affection and tenderness for people was just as great. While we worked on our edition of 'The Robert E. Sherwood Story,' I talked daily with him. As great as the man was, he never told me to do something—or even asked me to. He would say, 'Here's something I put on paper, Ed—not that I know if it will be of any help.'"

"It's a quality you find in big men. The big ones don't push you. Oscar Hammerstein was like that, too, when we prepared the two-part biog of his career. Oscar would say, 'Now, honestly, Ed, I don't know whether this is going to be of any use to you at all, so don't hesitate to throw it out.'"

"The Oscar Hammerstein Story" ran on two Sunday evenings, September 9 and 16, 1951, and reviewed all his triumphs up till then, including "South Pacific," "Carmen Jones," and "Oklahoma!" But the unforgettable moment for Ed was the moment when Hammerstein talked with simple frankness about his life. The first seven years of his career, when he collaborated with Jerome Kern, had been enormously successful. The next seven years consisted of failure and flops. Ed asked how he managed to pull through those hard years, and Hammerstein said, "I'm married to a wonderful woman. If you haven't got that, you haven't got much of anything. When I came



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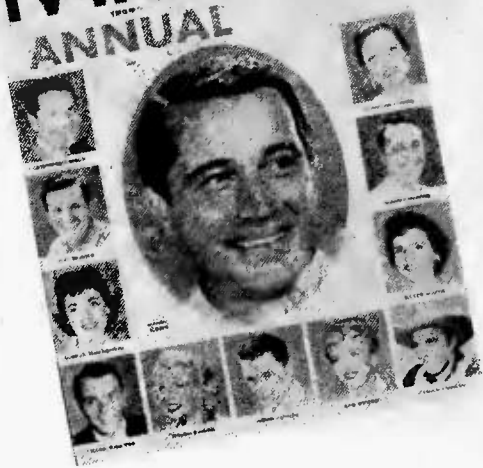
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home at night, she always made me feel like a champ, no matter what had happened during the day."

It was in the seventh lean year that the ultimate blow fell. Ed says, "You've got to understand first what Paris represented to Oscar. He had spent many years there as a student and loved the city and what it represents. When he turned on the radio and heard the bulletin that Paris had fallen to Hitler, he must have been very close to the breaking point. What with his other problems, I suppose it was like a patient getting up to 104-degree fever and he's got to swing one way or another."

Hammerstein told the studio audience that, after hearing the news, he went to his desk and, for the only time in his life, composed complete lyrics at one sitting. It was the unforgettable, "The Last Time I Saw Paris." Then Hammerstein, apologizing because he was not a performer, said he would like to recite those lyrics and he did. Ed says, "People hearing this simple speaker, so obviously honest, were deeply moved by his sentiment. That poem had marked the turning point in his career. It was after that Oscar wrote his greatest hits."

For Ed and his audience, another fine moment was the evening Charles Laughton came on the show and read the Bible, an unprecedented feature on a variety show. "On the surface," Ed says, "Laughton seems gruff. Actually, he is soft and shy. But, when I talked to him about coming on the show, he said, 'I suppose this abominable new medium would be horrified if I were to read a story from the Bible?' And I said, 'No, it sounds like a good idea.' Well, Laughton may have been a little taken aback by my instant approval, but only for a moment. He then said, 'I don't suppose you'd let me write my own camera directions?' And to that, I said, 'It would make us most happy if you did.' Well, I wasn't soft-soaping him. I knew that Charles Laughton knew more about camera work than all the rest of us put together.

"It was a lesson to all of us in direction," Ed continues. "He had marked his script for us. For example, he pulled off his glasses for a punctuation. When the glasses went on, it called for a headshot. It was such a brilliant performance that a producer, Paul Gregory, watching the show in a bar, rushed over to the studio to see Laughton. And out of this performance originated Gregory's whole series of concert readings by Laughton and the succeeding tour of 'Don Juan in Hell.' Now, at that time, Laughton's Hollywood career had come to a standstill. I'm not saying that we re-discovered him—for this is a great talent who would have come back, regardless—but, at the time, it was the exposure on our show that brought him back to the public."

At this point, Ed said, "I want to digress for a minute. Gregory's name reminds me of something. He is quite a guy in my book. Paul Gregory has never been interviewed that he didn't explain that he got the idea for his successful readings on our show. Jack Benny is like that, too. He is never interviewed but he mentions that he made his radio debut on my show over CBS in 1932. Actually, Jack was already a headliner at the Palace Theater, the star of Earl Carroll's 'Vanities,' who didn't need discovering. But he's always been so gracious—which proves again that the bigger they are, the nicer they are.

"Ordinarily, show business does not breed loyalty. Let's say the lack of it is an occupational disease because of the pressures of work and the keen competition. Performers have no time for loyalty. One exception to this rule is Jack Paar. He is one of the most impressive individuals I've ever known. Jack doesn't forget. For ex-

ample José Melis, who happens to be very talented, was with Jack in the war. Jack remembered him. On Paar's show, from time to time, you will see singers, actors and comedians he met during the war and during his hungry days. Jack is a man who honors friendship."

It was during the 1956-57 season that Jack Paar did a series of comedy spots on Ed's show. "Jack has had an unusual career," Ed Notes. "One summer, he subbed for Jack Benny. People enjoyed Paar but, when fall came along, he was out. He worked in movies a couple of years. Then he was under contract to CBS. Several times he was voted the most promising comedian of the year, but still he didn't hit. Then CBS let him go because they didn't have a place for him. That was in 1956, and I immediately contracted him for six performances. I did this because Jack always murdered our audience—and, incidentally, there was nothing unusual about the contract being for six performances.

But Jack is so sensitive. After his first appearance on our show, I called him out for a bow and said, 'Jack, you're just sensational.' Well, tears spurted right out of his eyes. And the last time he was on the show, just before he went over to NBC, I wished him every possible success with his new program, and again he broke down. Now this man is so incredibly appreciative that he told NBC flatly he would never go against us. What he said was, 'If I can't help Ed, I don't want to be in the position to hurt him.'"

There has always been great interest in the beauties Ed has had on the show. Ed himself says, "I think Gina Lollobrigida is the most beautiful woman we've ever had on our stage. When I think of great foreign talent, I think of Gina and of Anna Magnani. Gina's beauty is so refreshing because she is positively not self-conscious about it. And she's a real pro. By that, I mean a woman who knows her work and performs it well. A pro is neither petty nor jealous nor envious nor temperamental. And that is Gina. The first time I worked with her was at the Cirque d'Hiver when she was making a motion picture with Burt Lancaster. We interrupted several scenes to do a film for our show and she took it gaily and kindly.

"Gina again showed her professional qualities when she came on the program 'live.' That week, 20th Century-Fox had her graded to a thirty-minute schedule. It was a schedule that would have broken the back of Jack Dempsey. She had to pose for magazines and meet senators. She had to stand for fittings and she had to sit for interviews. In the middle of this, Ray Bloch came up to her suite with a piano to rehearse her song and dance for the show. You would think she might blow up and say to heck with the whole thing. But she didn't. She was kind and pleasant. And she was the same when she came over to the theater."

On May 17, 1953, Ed presented "The Josh Logan Story"—and what Ed himself describes as "our most emotional moment in our ten years of television." Logan, a director and producer, is a Pulitzer Prize winner. In the course of the hour presentation, highlights were offered from the great shows he has been associated with, such as "Picnic," "South Pacific," "Mister Roberts," "Wish You Were Here," "Annie Get Your Gun." But, during the show, Logan became dissatisfied. Ed says, "Prior to the actual telecast, Logan had discussed with me the possibility of his discussing mental health on the air. This is his great interest, for Logan himself had been in a sanitarium and cured.

"Well, we decided he would not make

his speech. I think his friends talked him out of it. But, while we were actually on the air, Logan grew tense. I began to see he wasn't satisfied. Well, we had gone through about forty minutes when he came up to me and said, 'Ed, I can't dissemble any more. I think this is just horrible. Not the production. The production's fine, but it's turning out to be one of those 'and then I wrote' shows. It's wonderful and gratifying, but it's not giving anything to the country. I should have gone through with my original plan.'

"So I asked Josh, 'Do you still want to do it?' He said, 'I want to.' I picked up the backstage phone and got Ray Bloch on the inter-com. Sheilah Bond was doing a big production number and I told Ray, the next time he came to a musical flourish, to bring it to a close, give them a bow and close in the curtain. That happened and I walked out on the stage and simply said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, Josh Logan'—and left him there. Now, you know Josh is a fine writer, but it's another thing to find yourself in front of a camera with no rehearsal and nothing on paper.

"Well, Josh started off by saying he was grateful for the show, then said, 'But, actually, the one thing I can contribute to the country is something about myself. Once I had a mental breakdown and, when the doctors told me I had to go to a sanitarium, it was as if the world had ended. I remembered my youth when someone in the neighborhood had gone to a sanitarium. To the rest of us this person was a mental leper. So I said to my doctor, "People will never trust me again." He said, "You've thinking in old, old terms. They'll trust you." And then I said, "But how will they know when I'm well again, and how will I know?" And the doctor said, "They will know and you will know because this thing can be cured." So I went into the sanitarium, and the day came when they knew it and I knew it. Now the only important thing that can be said about my career is this—the important thing is that I didn't win my Pulitzer award until after I came out of the sanitarium.'"

Ed says, "During the speech he was so tense, the audience was in a state of complete suspension. They understood that this tremendous talent, a very wealthy and successful man, had—out of the goodness of his heart—bared himself before millions. Josh went on to talk of the need for support of mental health projects, then concluded, 'Now I beg of you—if anyone in your home is stricken with this, don't hide him in the attic or out in the garden. Treat this openly. The only thing to be afraid of is fear itself. Mental sickness can be cured, just as typhoid or scarlet fever can be cured.'"

Ed recalls, "The audience, seeing the man humbling himself in order to be helpful, was moved beyond measure. I don't think there has ever been an emotional experience on television comparable to that moment. Furthermore, it accomplished more than we could have hoped for. A few weeks after the show, we had a letter from Justice Michael A. Musmano of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court. Musmano told of a woman who had suffered a mental breakdown due to family problems, plus the tragic death of her father. She had lost legal custody of her child and was again refused custody by the lower courts when she came out of the sanitarium pro-

nounced cured. But, with the financial support of her neighbors, she appealed to the Supreme Court, and there the justices established a new dimension of law, stating that if a person is pronounced cured, they regain all rights, including custody of their children. The court supported its opinion on the basis of what Josh had disclosed on our show.

"Later, when I was speaking at a luncheon in Oklahoma City, the director of mental health in the state came up to me and told of his experience. He said, 'Mental health has always been a dread term, and we could never get money for doctors and drugs and facilities to take our program out of the ball-and-chain stage. But, the morning after your program, the budget commissioner called me. He and other members of the commission had seen the show with Josh Logan and, during the night, they conferred and decided to give us a million-and-a-half dollars. When you see Josh Logan, tell him Oklahoma says, "God bless you.'"

One of Ed's greatest thrills occurred outside of the studio. "It was in 1948, when we first went on the air. We were working hard. Our only experience with television was in our own theater. Our budget for each show was seven hundred dollars. An act like Martin and Lewis got two hundred. The June Taylor Dancers got, believe it or not, seven dollars apiece. That first year, my producer Marlo Lewis didn't make a cent. I wound up losing a few hundred. But it was during that tough period that I had one of my greatest thrills.

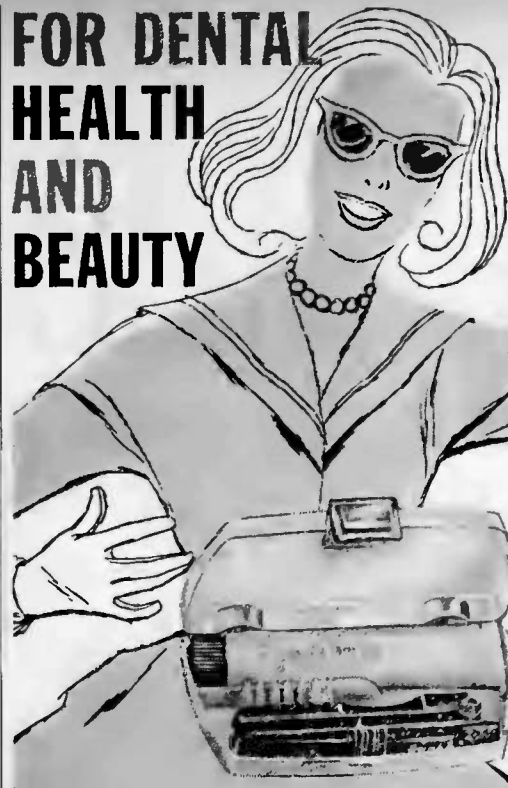
"It happened a few months after our premiere. I had been invited to Philadelphia to make a speech. Now, I'd been taking the train to Philly for years and years as a sports writer, but this particular trip was like a nightmare. The moment I boarded the train people stared at me as if I were wearing my tie backwards. All of them. Craning. I felt so uncomfortable that I left the car and went into the next. The same thing happened again. I couldn't figure it out. I began to think someone was playing a practical joke on me. Then, when I got off in Philadelphia, the porters rushed up to me—'Can I carry your bag, Mr. Sullivan?' I wondered if I were mad. I got in a cab and the driver said, 'Smiley, how are you?' I got off at the hotel and the people on the street stopped, and some began to applaud.

"Then it came to me. Television. I had played the major theaters with vaudeville. I had by-lined a Hollywood and Broadway column. I had been on radio. But never had I seen this kind of recognition. Now that I knew what it was about, I began to talk to these people. They remembered the day so-and-so was on the show and wanted to know when he would be back. They remembered particularly one Sunday's program because they had been celebrating a birthday in the family. They said their children were allowed to watch.

"Suddenly, the rating figures I'd been seeing were translated into terms of people and loyalties. It was a staggering experience. When I got home, I told Mrs. Sullivan about it. You see, I had once dropped out of radio because at the time I didn't feel particularly suited for it and I didn't need the money. But, that evening, I told Mrs. Sullivan I was going to stay in television until the landlord evicted me.

"Since then, the show has become as much of my life as my own home. I've never faced a Sunday night wishing I were somewhere else. In fact, one night I even left the hospital against the doctor's orders, when I was undergoing treatment for my pestiferous ulcer. I just had to be there. And I'd like to be there for the next ten years. But, of course, that's up to the public."

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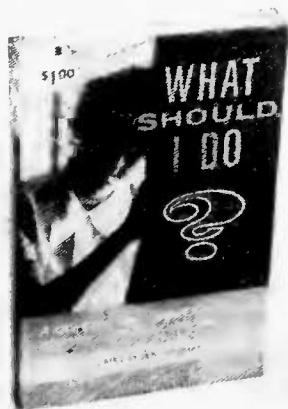
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Sweet Song of Home

(Continued from page 41)

two musical bright lights are doing what they like best—making beautiful music together.

Chatting with them in their lovely North Hills home in Manhasset on Long Island's swank North Shore, of a quiet, day-after-the-show afternoon, you know how sincerely Raymond means what he says of his pretty, talented wife. There is so much understanding, so much devotion to good music-making—whether it be singing, composing or conducting—that one talks easily for the other.

Did they have any rules for getting along in this triple-threat, triple-treat intimacy of work, marriage and parenthood? "It's simple," says Raymond, "no screaming allowed. Courtesy in marriage, as well as in business, goes a long way." Dorothy agrees that dark-haired, vigorous Raymond is amazingly even-tempered for a finicky, hard-to-please musician. But she adds her own intensely feminine, quietly perceptive opinion: "There is no competition between Raymond and me."

The interview takes place only shortly before the birth of their second child. Dorothy is chic in her simple black silk chemise, brightened by a white organdy collar and a twin-heart diamond pin (a gift from Raymond). She says, however, "The chemise is all right for now, but I'm not so sure I'll wear one after the baby comes." Raymond affects horror even at the possibility: "Hide her beautiful figure in a sack?"

You quickly understand why Dorothy is so easy to live with, work with. She is completely feminine. She can imply a compliment with a look, or a way of paying attention, and needs no gushy words. She generously acknowledges Raymond's infallible musical judgment, his broad intellectual interests. For her own talent, she insists, "I've been lucky." It is for Raymond to explain: "Whatever Dorothy can do well, she plays down as being easy. In our high-pressure business, Dorothy has never been forced into the brassy role of tooting her own horn. People succumb to her charm and toot for her."

One reason for this is that Dorothy so obviously loves whatever it is she is doing. "I love to sing. I always have. Being back on radio, after all these years on TV, is like slipping out of a pair of tight shoes. They're fashionable while you're wearing them—but, boy, is it nice to get them off for a while! Radio is like a pair of bedroom slippers. You can relax. You can just go ahead and sing. There's nothing between you and your song—no TV cameras to worry about, no props. You don't have to think about how your hair looks. You only have to think about your song. It's the difference between making a production out of singing—which can be an exciting challenge—and the pure, simple pleasure of singing in the bathtub."

How—in an entertainment world of sharp-elbowed, fast-moving, ambitious and talented girls—does one girl, as soft and sweet as Dorothy, bubble to the top? Yet Dorothy's career keeps reaching new heights. In night-club engagements at the Thunderbird in Las Vegas and the Copacabana in New York, a brand-new, sophisticated singing personality has emerged. And Dorothy has shown herself a fine actress in such varied roles as high-spirited Laurie in "Oklahoma!," the dreamstruck Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz," the ill-starred Magnolia in "Show Boat." And all this happens to a young woman whose main ambition in life is to be a good wife and mother.

You only have to see Dorothy with Raymond and their precious Debbie to know that this is no mere pose. "I have always been very happy in my work. But I'm just ecstatic when I'm home. I guess I've always been lucky." That's Dorothy's explanation of how a young Canadian high-school girl, who happened to love to sing, got to be one of America's entertainment favorites.

As the darling of *Your Hit Parade*, Dorothy made herself known and recognized all over the continent. The dressy shirt-waist blouse, with its chic ribbon tie, her neat, narrow-but-not-naughty straight skirt, her flat-brushed smooth hair set a style. But now, with the uncommon sense and good taste that stamps everything she does, Dorothy notes, "It would be silly to try to look like a schoolgirl forever."

Raymond, who prides himself on being tough-minded and analytical, has a slightly more complicated explanation for Dorothy's success: "First of all, I think you can fool people when you're on TV, but only if you make occasional guest appearances. With just a three-minute exposure to the TV audience, once every couple of months, you can put across any personality you want to. But you can't fake and pass yourself off as a nice, warm, decent human being—if you're not—when you're on for a half-hour a week, week after week, year after year. If you're the kind of person who doesn't really give a whoop about anyone, the public very quickly isn't going to give a whoop about you. Dorothy has that warmth."

"Another thing," he adds, shaking his head in wondering, admiring bewilderment, "Dorothy and my in-laws weave some kind of magic on even tough, hard-boiled customers. People can't ever do enough for them. Everybody always wants to protect them . . . or take care of them . . . or help them."

Raymond marvels over how much magic the gentle Dorothy has worked on him. For all his youthful enthusiasms and boyishly rugged good looks, Raymond is a shrewd businessman, a first-rate, highly respected musician with a dozen movie scores, and a couple of hundred musical compositions to his credit, from pop tunes and jingles to light classics and show tunes. Therefore, what he has to say about Dorothy's influence on him is even more touching: "Dorothy is sensitive and loving. Just being around her, you get the feeling that the nicest thing in the world is to make someone else feel good. Her affection and love warm our house and protect Debbie and me like some kind of good-luck charm."

"Dorothy has made me notice and respond to experiences that, ten years ago, I wouldn't have even realized were happening around me. There wasn't much kissing in our home when I was a kid, so I still can't get over our little Debbie. She kisses and hugs us and goes around distributing 'I love you's' like some royal princess sharing her fortune with her subjects—and somehow, by her giving it away, everybody gets richer. That's what comes of living with Dorothy. Why, she's even changed my taste in music. I like sentimental music more than I used to."

Raymond's influence on Dorothy has been on a professional level: "I don't worry about pleasing the whole world with my singing. I find that, if I please Raymond, I will please everyone else." And Raymond adds, "Dorothy can now tell, just as fast as I can, whether a number needs more work." People who work

with them agree. Dorothy, in her own way, has become just as much of a perfectionist in music as Raymond is. ("And, boy, is that ever something!" as one of his musicians sighed.)

Once three-and-a-half-year-old Deborah Scott enters the living room, there is no mistaking the biggest influence in both Raymond's and Dorothy's life. Debbie, with her light golden-brown hair and shining short bangs, is delicious to look at—the latest Paris fashions never got a better debut than Debbie in her tiny accordion-pleated red skirt, with its white cotton chemise-type overblouse, no more than a scant six or eight inches of skirt showing. She is also a delight to know.

Poised and friendly, she is eager to show the visitor the microphone that stands alongside the baby grand piano. And the music writing stand "that my daddy made," she points out with solemn childish pride. "Come," and she holds out a dimpled small hand, "let's play 'Hide Behind the Curtain.'" In this game, she hides behind the beige antique satin ceiling-to-floor drapes. Then you introduce her and she sings—triumphantly—any one of the hundred songs for which she knows the words as well as the music.

Dorothy is no great theorist about children ("just love 'em") but here, too, you see her practical, warm outlook. Debbie's keen musical gifts are encouraged—but, at the first sign that she's getting silly and taking over the living room, she is brought back in line with a soft reminder from her mother. Quickly and good-naturedly, mother and daughter are back at one of their favorite pastimes. Between them, they do all the parts in shows Dorothy has played—Debbie has seen them all. "When I go on the road," says Dorothy, "it's hard on Raymond because I take Debbie with me. He manages to visit for long weekends. Sometimes for a whole week. And that helps. I couldn't bear to be alone, away from both of them, for so much as a day."

It is almost comical to watch Raymond trying to restrain himself when he speaks of Debbie. "When she was less than a year old, she could imitate Dorothy's voice and style so well—not only grandparents, but even impartial strangers, could recognize it. You know, by the time she was three, she could sing a song she'd heard only once or twice. She knows all the verses of '76 Trombones,' and it isn't even Dorothy's record.

"Once, I decided to really test her," Raymond continues, "to see if she just had a freak memory or real musical sense. I was out driving with her one afternoon—it must have been near Christmas, otherwise I don't know why I was humming 'Jingle Bells.' Debbie sang it right after me. I sang it again, this time a half-step higher. Again she sang it right after me . . . also a half-step higher. And all this time she was just looking out the window, playing it real cool. I repeated it six times, a half-step higher each time. And each time, cool and without seeming to make a special point of it, Debbie sang it exactly as I did. She's got a wonderful beat, Dorothy's swing and resonance. The kid's fantastic," he ends helplessly.

"Debbie," says Dorothy, "is just thrilled with the idea that she's going to have a baby. She says"—here Dorothy laughingly imitates her daughter's high childish voice—"I'm going to teach it my songs and I'm going to play ball with it and I'm going to put makeup on her when she grows up." I suppose it will take her some time to adjust to the real baby, but sometimes even grownups have to make believe for a while before they can accept the truth," Dorothy remarks realistically.

Long before she had any children, Doro-

thy expressed the hope that she would have sixteen children. "I know it sounded crazy, and that was before Debbie, but even now, I hate to think of having less than four—God willing," she adds simply. Impressive proof of how much mother love can come in a small package.

The Scotts live in a huge house, entirely surrounded by eleven acres of land. Happily, grand as it is, it doesn't have that decorated-down-to-the-last-ashtray look which makes you think "who decorated it" instead of "who lives here." In the corner of an enormous rose Aubusson rug were the scattered cardboard jigsaw puzzle pieces of "The Three Little Bears."

Dorothy loves her home because it is roomy and sunny—and mostly because, with the eight-room basement, there are almost enough rooms to keep up with Raymond's numerous hobbies and jobs. With what amounts to a small-sized recording studio at home, Raymond can work here much of the time. In this way, Dorothy enjoys the best of two worlds—working with Raymond and being home with Debbie.

Guiding visitors through the house, Raymond gets them through the cathedral-high living room, with its heavily carved credenza and comfortably upholstered turquoise couches, in jig time. But, when they get to the basement, he slows down to a real inspection-tour pace. "I dabble in electronics, photography and furniture designs," he says, "and all of it helps me with my music. I'm not worried about spreading myself too thin. It's better to have a lot of interests than be a one-track specialist."

He shows one room with only small electronic parts on the shelves, and another devoted solely to large electronic parts. Why does he even need one electronic part? "Well," Raymond explains, "suppose I wake up early one morning with an idea for some new musical instrument. It might be too early to drive into New York for a particular item. And maybe I couldn't find it in New York at all. Maybe I'd have to send to Chicago. That might mean a wait of four or five days. When I have an idea that's hot, I want to try it out, right away. With the equipment I have here, I can."

Raymond has invented a Clavivox, which looks like a foreshortened piano but sounds almost human. His Videola—a complicated cross between a TV camera, a Movieola and a tape recorder—makes it easier to compose background music for the movies. These are just two of his many inventions. After getting his brainchildren from the drawing board to the living room, Raymond has no further special interest. If others want to market it, it's okay with him, but his kicks come in thinking them up.

In room after brightly lit room stand staggeringly neat stock piles of gadgets, dials, sound parts, recording equipment, arranged on counter tops, hung on pegs, filed in steel cabinets, hidden behind sliding doors. "I make use of it all," Raymond says with pride.

Dorothy's interest in what goes on in this underground laboratory is less than overwhelming, but Raymond points out, "If Dorothy thought I needed her down here, she'd sit down here eight hours a day. Maybe she'd do crossword puzzles, but she'd sit. She'll do anything to make someone she loves happy."

The endless spread of shining black-tiled floors and well-lit counters is elaborate but by no means a way of showing off. The Scotts live in comparatively simple style. Apart from one or two big parties a year, most of their entertaining is dinner at home for a few close friends. Their

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favorite restaurants are quiet places where the accent is on food and service, not noise and table-hopping. "Once in a while, when I want to see celebrities or if we've some business to do, we go to Sardi's. I've been to night clubs just four times in my life—if you don't count the times I've played in them."

Only Raymond's workrooms aren't the least bit simple. "With everything neat and cheerful, nothing down here will ever get to be junk." Raymond's idea is that money should be spent on "anything that will make the sun seem shinier." And he can think of more ways than most people to make the sun seem shinier. For example, an elaborate photography dark-room that he may use only three times a year! "But, boy, if you felt like working, you'd feel good working in here, wouldn't you?" After walking along corridors of beautifully waxed floors and past yards of handsomely panelled cabinets, the visitor finally comes to one room that is bare. "For radar—the equipment hasn't come yet," Raymond murmurs apologetically.

"Maybe I would mind the many hours Raymond spends in his lab," Dorothy says, "if he went to an office, came home and

then disappeared again. As it is, if it makes him happy, it suits me. Raymond is the kind of man who thinks all the time. What do I care what he thinks about—just so long as it isn't about other women?"

Dorothy is so understanding, she thinks that friends who tease her about not having a part in Raymond's forthcoming musical, "Hat in Hand," are off on the wrong track. "I wouldn't want a part in it. I want to be the composer's wife. When the show opens in New Haven, I want to be there, being nervous for him."

To someone else, a weekly radio show, making records, putting her husband's ingenious commercials on tape, might seem a heavy schedule for a young woman expecting a baby! And looming ahead, after a brief four weeks out for baby, is the taxing lead in "Oklahoma!" which Dorothy does in St. Louis, come August.

Plans beyond that? "I won't make any. I just want life to go on as it is," Dorothy says, knocking on wood. "Not because I think it's all peaches and cream—but because, with all its problems, it's been good and I know I've been lucky." What Dorothy doesn't know—and would be surprised to find out—is that others think just knowing her has made *them* lucky.

Romance a la Radio

(Continued from page 39)

Gene Klavan and Dee Finch were his friends. It was great that they had promised to play his new record, but he felt almost as though he were imposing on them. Richard, admittedly, was finding the comeback trail bitter.

He had been sizzling hot, with a couple of gold records and top TV bookings, when he went into service in 1954. On Jack Paar's old morning show, they had made quite a ceremony of it and marched him off stage and into the Army. But no one covered his return to civilian life late in 1956. His Mercury contract had expired; bookers had forgotten him. No one gave a hoot that pop singer Richard Hayes had a range of two and a half octaves.

He got two breaks: Robert Q. Lewis hired him to sing on his evening radio program, and Decca cut a record, "And So Am I." Ironically, one almost cancelled out the other. Having to be in the radio studio each night, he was unable to make a cross-country disc-jockey tour. He could plug his record only in New York. Nothing much was happening with it.

Recognizing that he'd better shake off this mood, Richard stopped at the coffee shop before going up to the studio. Coffee might make everyone feel better. Dee and Gene had been working since before daylight; Bud Katzel, the Decca publicity man, would also have to leave home at an early hour. At the counter, Richard ordered, "Four, please. Black. To go."

Then, as he waited for the containers to be filled, his day started over. It was as though the sun itself had risen twice, this time with a blaze of glory. A pretty girl walked in and placed her order, "Four, to go. Cream and sugar on the side."

Richard gave her a smile. "Your bosses must be fussy," he offered. The girl looked down her nose, icily.

Her aloofness intrigued Richard. This girl wasn't just pretty, she was beautiful. She had dark eyes, dark hair, and skin which no gardenia could rival. Half-pint in size, she had a pert, brisk way of walking and, it also developed, an even brisker way of chilling a strange young man who obviously was too appreciative, too soon.

The waitress, too, had her eye on him. When, undaunted, he remarked that this

was a morning when one needed coffee, she quite obviously winked at the pretty girl. Setting the containers—Richard's containers—on the counter, she said to the girl, "Here you are." For just a second, the girl hesitated. Then she said, "How nice of you to have them ready." With an impish grin and a switch of her skirts, she was out the door.

Richard, too squelched to protest, waited for the second set of containers, his momentary sunburst totally eclipsed. At the door of the studio, he darned near dropped the cartons. The pretty girl had arrived first, and there she was, handing out her coffee. With a record spinning on the turntable, the studio mike was closed and Richard was able to speak out. "I seem to have had a good idea—just a little late."

The girl had the grace to blush. Bud Katzel chose that moment to say, "Do you two know each other? Sandy Tenenbaum, this is Richard Hayes."

On the air, Gene Klavan customarily is the quipster while Dee Finch plays it straight. Now they both threw gleeful curves. Dee said, "Better be nice to her, Richard. She's in the continuity department and she can, if she chooses, write a record of yours right out of a show." Gene said, "Better be nice to him, Sandy. He's a real good singer, he's a nice boy, and what's more, he's single."

Sandy tossed her head, but Richard took his cue. "I'm single and, after my evening show, I'm always hungry. Will you have dinner with me tonight, Sandy?"

That girl had a gift for creating distance. "Thank you," she said, "but I have an engagement. And my name is not Sandy. It is Monique. Miss Monique Tenenbaum." That iced Richard. While Klavan and Finch whooped with laughter, he said stiffly, "Thank you, Miss Tenenbaum. May I call you sometime?"

"Do that." Her tone indicated a formally polite rejection, but at the same time, her eyes held a flicker of come-hither mischief. For three days, Richard wondered which to believe. It took him three telephone calls to find out. On the third, she accepted his dinner invitation.

The Robert Q. Lewis Show ran from 8:00 to 8:30 P.M. She agreed to meet him

at the studio. When she walked in, ahead of the regular audience, Richard was polishing an apple to be used in a warmup stunt. Monique, thinking it was for her, said, "What a beautiful apple, and how nice of you to have it for me!"

Dumbfounded, Richard thought fast. He wouldn't ask her to be in the stunt. The stunt was that old Halloween trick in which the apple was dangled between a boy and girl—invariably ending in a kiss. He wasn't going to have someone else kissing "his" girl.

In an inspired moment, he recalled the myth in which Paris bestowed a golden apple on the beautiful Helen of Troy. Richard, with a flourish, did likewise. "I thought you'd like it." A few minutes later, Robert Q. Lewis, studio-bound, collided with Richard, rushing through the hall. "Where you going?" he demanded. "To find a grocery store," gasped Richard. "I've got to get another apple."

That evening set the pattern for their meetings. Monique, after finishing work at WNEW, either went to night classes at Columbia University or came over to Richard's studio. They dined together every night and Richard drove her home. It was a time for getting acquainted, for matching up what had happened in each life before they met.

Monique, born January 13, 1937, in Brussels, Belgium, had been but a baby when her parents, Marc and Rose Tenenbaum, fled the Nazis. Her father, a watch manufacturer, re-established the family home at Great Neck, Long Island. For two years, she had gone to the University of Syracuse, but her nickname had originated at a boarding school she attended. "The girls thought 'Monique' was too hard to say. My hair was still a baby blond, so they called me 'Sandy.' I didn't like it. It made me feel as if I weren't entitled to a name of my own."

Richard laughed. "You were lucky. How would you have liked being called 'the kid with the gorilla voice?'" Then he explained, "My voice was so deep it was almost a growl. Neighbors advised my mother to take me to the doctor. They were sure something was wrong."

He told her, too, about his family and his career. Born January 5, 1930, Richard is the only child of Sydney and Fay Hayes. His father is a guard at the Moore-McCormack steamship lines. His parents now live at Woodside, Long Island, but he grew up in the Bedford-Stuyvesant area of Brooklyn. He stumbled into radio while still at Boys' High School. A friend, who wanted to be an announcer, asked Richard to go with him to WWRL, one of the smallest stations in the New York area. "Since I was there," says Richard, "I figured I might as well audition for something, too. I sang a song and they gave me a show, every afternoon, five days a week." His pay was exactly zero.

After high-school graduation, he toured with Teddy Phillips' band. Offered a recording contract, he left them at Atlanta, Georgia. "Before I could get home, the fly-by-night company had gone out of business. I was stuck. I'll bet I played every miserable little joint in New York."

Richard's bookings took an upswing after he won on Arthur Godfrey's *Talent Scouts*. His big break came when Mitch Miller, then artists-and-repertoire man at Mercury, heard him sing at Leon and Eddie's and asked him to cut a record. "That was 'The Old Master Painter,'" Richard explained, "and I nearly burst with pride when it sold a million." Hit followed hit: "My Foolish Heart," "Too Young," "Out in the Cold Again," "Our Lady of Fatima." They brought with them bookings on top TV shows.

Then, with his induction into the Army, there was nothing. When he reached Fort Dix, his group of inductees pulled ten days of dirty detail. Even before uniforms were issued, they were ordered to clean debris from under barracks.

They were crawling flat on their bellies when one recruit remarked, "Hey, guys, do you know we got a celebrity in this outfit?" Another asked, "Who's that?"

"That singer, Richard Hayes." Some one else piped up: "Who cares? We'll never see him. He'll never draw duty like this. They've got him on a soft job somewhere." Richard had pulled his face out of the dirt and announced, "That's where you're wrong!"

Much later, he was put on recruiting duty, appeared on radio and television and staged some shows himself. "The Army and I got along pretty well after all," he told Monique. "They still call me back to make films at the Army Pictorial Center."

"Then why didn't they let you record?" "Just luck," said Richard. "I hit the period when they were enforcing the rule that no service man could replace a civilian on a job."

"Well, that luck's going to change," said Monique positively. "I just know it is."

Perhaps the change came with the extra confidence Monique's interest gave him. With their first date, Monique's icy aloofness vanished. Reared in the European tradition, her formal code of manners kept strangers at a distance but, within the little circle of her personal world, she had warmth of affection and depth of understanding. With a touch of her hand, she could make Richard feel the most important man in the world. Now, most of all, he wanted to be able to show her family that he could be a good husband to Monique. For there was no doubt they were in love.

Heartened, Richard tackled the problem of more bookings. Within a few weeks of his first date with Monique, he had something to report. So excited he couldn't wait until evening to tell her, he phoned her office to announce that Parker Gibbs, producer of NBC Radio's *Bandstand*, had called him. "He wants me to pinch-hit for Dick Haymes."

"That's wonderful," said Monique. "I'm sure it will lead to something."

Again, she was right. Shortly, he had a regular, once-a-week engagement on the program. Within a few months, it was increased to two appearances a week. Richard was in the enviable spot of singing on two networks.

His other venture, weekend bookings at the Catskill resort hotels, the famed "Borscht Circuit," produced a crisis.

On their very first date, Richard had learned that Marc Tenenbaum held firmly to the European attitude that a young daughter should be well chaperoned. "My father's really a darling," she told him, "but he's also very strict."

Richard began to doubt the "darling" part of her statement when, on the first pleasant spring weekend, he suggested that Monique go up to the resort hotel, too. "We could drive up after the radio show on Friday night."

"My father would never allow it," said Monique. "He'd never let me stay in a hotel, by myself, overnight."

"That's nonsense," said Richard. "I'm playing at Grossinger's, and Jennie Grossinger will chaperone you. She's been keeping an eye on young girls for forty years. She'll even telephone your father if we ask her to. . ."

Monique stopped him. "It's no use." Faced with being unable to see Monique for three days, Richard evolved a rigor-

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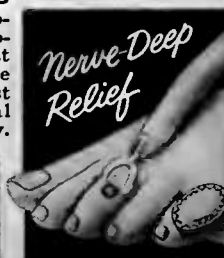
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ous compromise. He agreed to pick Monique up early Saturday morning, drive back Saturday night and repeat the round trip on Sunday. It meant twelve hours of driving. As the weary pair drew up before the Tenenbaum home during the wee hours of Monday morning, Richard sighed, "I don't know whether I'm a singer or a chauffeur."

Said Monique, "And I don't know when we're going to get any sleep or when you're ever going to meet my family. With this schedule of yours, you have to leave before they're up, and everyone's gone to bed when you get me home."

"It isn't right," said Richard, miserably. "We'll have to do something about it. But, Monique, I can't give up any bookings. I want some money in the bank, I want to show your father I'm successful, too."

It took a party, which Robert Q. Lewis gave for his cast, to precipitate Richard's action. He had taken Monique home and dawn was breaking when he drew up to a stop sign near Great Neck. Next to him was Gene Klavan's car. Gene, leaning out the window, shouted, "Are you just going home? Man, it's time to go to work. When are you going to get around to marrying that girl?"

They kidded Monique, too, when she arrived sleepy-eyed, at WNEW. That evening she reported to Richard, "They're threatening to talk about it on the air. They think it's funny, but what would my folks say?"

Richard said, "I'll have to meet your folks. It's time I did."

"And that I met yours," said Monique. "But how? You never have any time free. . . ."

"Oh, yes, I have," said Richard. "I'll cancel my resort dates. After all, this is the most important engagement of my life. Our engagement."

Klavan and Finch still claim credit for the swiftness of the marriage. "We kidded

them so much," says Gene, "that we saved them a year of courtship."

Richard, however, credits Marc Tenenbaum. He says, "I can't tell you how scared I was to meet Monique's father. I'd worried about it so long that I'd built up a real terrifying image in my mind." Instead, he got a warm, family welcome, which made it easy for him to say he wanted to marry Monique.

Her father's eyes twinkled. "We know how Monique feels about you, and we've listened to you sing. What date do you have in mind?"

Richard said, "As soon as possible." Monique was more specific. "I'd like to be married July 7," she announced.

It was then mid-April. Her father considered for a moment. "I don't know how we can get ready for a big wedding so soon, but we'll try."

Their try was so eminently successful that even the caterer who served at the reception, held in Temple Beth-El, said he enjoyed it. On her proud father's arm, Monique, beautiful in white satin and lace, swept down the aisle exactly on the day she set, July 7, 1957.

This year, when they celebrate their first anniversary in their lovely apartment overlooking New York's East River, they expect another young Hayes to be with them. Their baby is expected "anytime in June." If it's a girl, they think they'll name her Jennifer. If it's a boy . . . they haven't yet decided. Monique says, "It won't be Richard, Jr. To me, there's only one Richard."

Skitch Henderson, musical director of Bert Parks' *Bandstand*, offers a typically offbeat suggestion. "Why, if it's a boy, don't you name him Rutherford B. Hayes? And tape-record his first cry. We'll play it on the air. Since you had a radio romance, you might as well introduce the baby on radio. And who knows? He, too, might be a president someday."

Clues to an Elusive Bachelor

(Continued from page 45)

matter to me where or how I lived, just so long as I had a room and a bed to sleep in." As expected, eight months later, he got his call from Uncle Sam and moved again—this time into an Army barrack at Fort Ord, California. But, unlike what he had anticipated, the Army provided him with the best living accommodations he had enjoyed so far. After basic training, he was assigned to Special Services and put in charge of booking entertainment for the camp. For the time being, at least, David had a "permanent" job and home.

When he got out of the service in 1954, the moving-ogre continued. His contract at U-I was still in force, but the poorly furnished bachelor apartment he rented in North Hollywood was just another place to hang his hat. And when U-I didn't renew his option, and his funds took a downward dive, he moved back in with his parents. Not until *Richard Diamond Private Detective* promised him the first degree of security did he dare take a chance to look for the kind of place he had dreamed about all his life—a place of his own, furnished according to his taste, small enough to take care of easily, yet big enough to entertain in.

He discovered what he was looking for through his friends, Dick and Mara Long, who told him about a vacancy in the English Tudor country house they were living in, which had been converted into two apartments. Here David found an attractive living room with fireplace and bar downstairs, a kitchen half a floor up,

a bedroom a floor above that, and a walk-up bath another half-flight up!

Furnishing the place was no trouble for David—who, conveniently enough, happens to be going with a pretty interior decorator. The result is a symphony of charm and taste which is a bachelor's dream. So much so, in fact, that David insists: "I can't afford to get married. After all the work I've gone through finding a place of my own and fixing it up, I don't want to take a chance on marrying a woman who's going to change it all again." Then, with a grin, "And I haven't met a woman yet who didn't want to change something!"

Which brings us to point number two—David's reluctance to give up his bachelorhood. It's based on more than a desire to enjoy his newly furnished home. He remembers all too well the day he almost lost it. While stationed at Fort Ord, he fell in love with a very beautiful young Service Club hostess. They went steady and, after a few weeks, became engaged.

As far as David was concerned, she had everything a man would want in a woman—except one thing: An understanding of his profession. When he talked about life in Hollywood, he could see her cringe at the mere thought of having to adjust herself to the hours, the people, their interests. She never openly objected or criticized David. But, the more he talked about their future together, the more he realized the potential mistake of including her in it, and so did she. They agreed to call off the engagement.

Curiously enough, it was more than this

lovely girl's inability to adjust herself to his kind of life that worried David. Now, he suddenly realized that he wasn't ready to settle down. For him, marriage used to be synonymous with having a home of his own. The wife would fit into it like a piece of beautiful furniture. Now that he had a home, marriage was beginning to take on different proportions.

"I don't just want someone to fix my meals and keep me company," he insists. "It's a thrill to fix my own meals for a change—all the mistakes I make included—and a guy doesn't get married just to find company. Today, I want a girl I can love for herself, and not just for the fact that she can make life easier and more comfortable for me."

He's in no rush. Being completely on his own presents too many challenges and thrills he wouldn't want to miss. Take cooking, for instance. While eating at diners in Maine, cafeterias in New York or inexpensive restaurants in Los Angeles, he always ordered the same type of meal, year in and year out. "Orange juice, a couple of scrambled eggs, toast and coffee," for instance, became such standard fare he never even asked for a breakfast menu. He became so indifferent to the food itself that it mattered precious little how it was prepared.

All this changed the day he brought home his first frying pan. Suddenly he discovered that cooking, and eating, could be fun. And, if his tastes are somewhat extreme at this time, it's due to the monotony of what he was used to heretofore.

His first shopping trip to the Toluca Market was a typical example. After looking up and down the shelves for ten minutes, he showed up at the counter with a tin of coffee and about fifteen pounds of yellow onions.

The checker stared at him in disbelief. "What are you going to do with all those onions?"

"Have them for breakfast," he replied. "You aren't serious?" the other man gaped.

"Sure I am. French fried. Can you think of any reasons why I shouldn't?"

While some of David's choices are a bit more conservative, generally his menu is characterized by its variety. He's so anxious to try out different foods that he seldom attempts the same dish twice. Now he's even reached the point where he wants to show off what he can do. So far, he has carefully chosen as guests only his closest friends—with good digestion. As two couples found out recently, they also need a more than adequate breathing system!

He had prepared what everyone had told him would be the easiest of all meals: Steaks. Barbecued steaks. When David first moved in, he had noticed the portable barbecue in the backyard. The afternoon of the party, he purchased charcoal, lighter fluid, special gloves, forks, spoons and paper plates—he admits the one facet of homemaking he doesn't care for is washing dishes—and enough other equipment to supply a small store. Everything was prepared and ready for his skills when his friends arrived.

One look at the barbecue and Dick Long cried out, "You can't use that—it's rusted!"

David was in no mood to give up that easily. His fireplace in the living room had a barbecue section built in. If he couldn't barbecue outside, he'd do it in the house. . . . Fifteen minutes later, all the neighbors were running out of their houses because they thought David's home was on fire. Smoke was pouring out of every window.

"What do you suppose happened?" he asked Dick—who didn't have a solution. But another neighbor suggested: "I don't

think that chimney has been swept since the house was built." The next day, a sweeper was summoned and David is now looking forward to his second attempt at barbecuing.

The only real drawback to David's present way of life, he insists, has nothing to do with either his home or his bachelor status. "It's lack of time," he explained. "I'm grateful for the opportunity of appearing in a successful weekly television series and wouldn't trade places with any one. But I wish I could participate in sports more than I am able to do now . . ."

He used to be quite an athlete in school till a freak accident caused a severe, painful and permanent injury. Dave was best at pole-vaulting, in which he won a lot of honors, including the semi-finals of the Western League Meet. When that contest was over, a news photographer asked him to take one more jump across the ten-foot-high pole, to get a picture for the daily papers.

"I must have been a ham already," David admits with a grin. "When I got off the ground, I became so preoccupied with posing that I didn't watch my position. Instead of landing on my feet, I fell on my legs and cracked a knee in the process. That stopped my athletic career." It also kept him from making use of two athletic scholarships offered to him.

Luckily, he has recovered sufficiently so that he could take part in almost any sport now—if he had the time.

One of the most enjoyable advantages of his present status is his ability to go out and buy practically anything he wants—without having to forego lunch for a week or walk twenty blocks to save bus fare, as he did in New York.

David has always been conscious of money, both when he had it and when he didn't. He's naturally cautious. This probably dates back to the indoctrination by his grandfather Meyer, on his father's side, who owned three liquor stores in Alma. Because his grandfather had a virtual monopoly on the liquor traffic in the small Nebraska town, potential competitors were always on the alert to find some excuse to close his stores—like catching him selling liquor to minors. On many occasions, David saw his grandfather demand proof of age from a customer.

Citizens of Alma still recall the afternoon a grizzled old miner walked into the store while Grandfather Meyer was in the backroom. "Can you help me, sonny?" he asked seven-year-old David, who was leaning against the counter, guzzling soda pop.

"Yes, sir," David replied eagerly, although he'd never waited on anyone before. "What would you like?"

The miner pointed at a fifth of Bourbon. "That one, sonny."

David looked at him uneasily. "That's liquor, sir."

"Of course, it's liquor. What do you think I want—milk?"

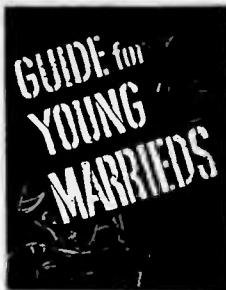
David hesitated, then asked staunchly, "Are you over twenty-one?"

The miner laughed so hard that Grandfather Meyer promptly rushed out from the backroom. After completing the transaction, he turned to David. "You were right," he told him. Then, trying to keep a straight face, "You can never tell. If that beard had been pasted on, I might be a ruined man . . ."

So David has always been careful. But now Richard Diamond has put him on Easy Street, so far as expenditures are concerned. "That presents a challenge," he admits. "If I hadn't taken a business manager to keep me in check, I might be flat broke again."

But that's just about the only "obstacle" in the bachelor life of David Janssen.

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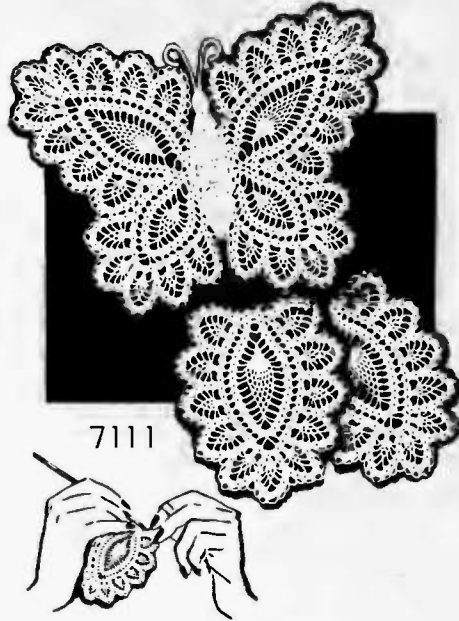
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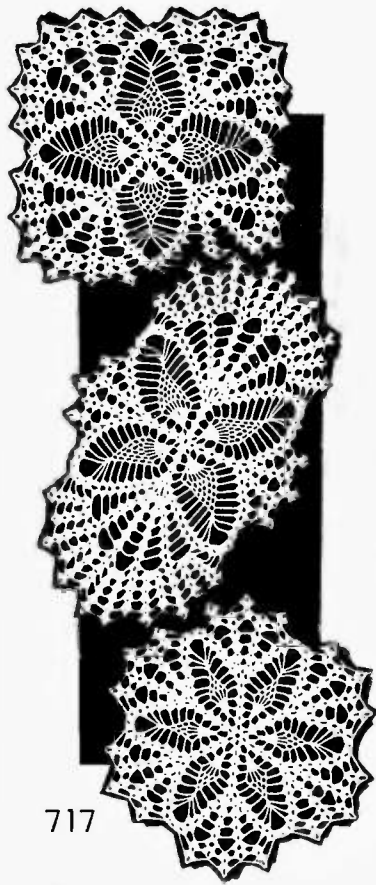


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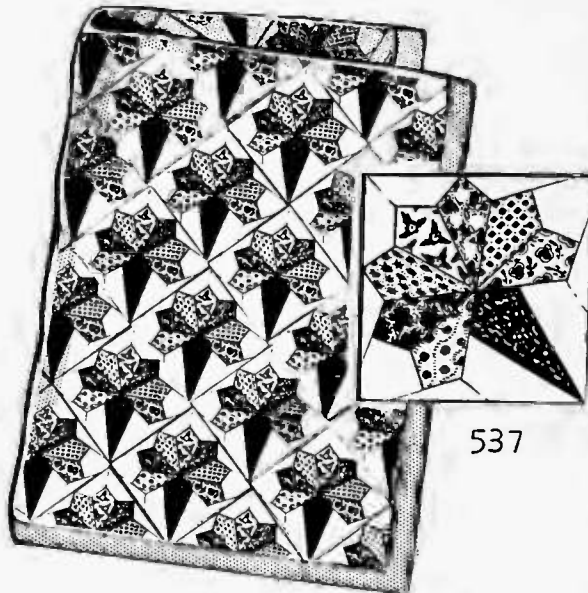


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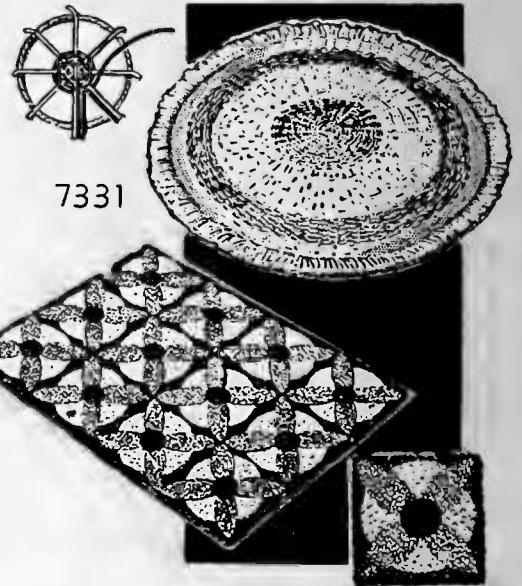
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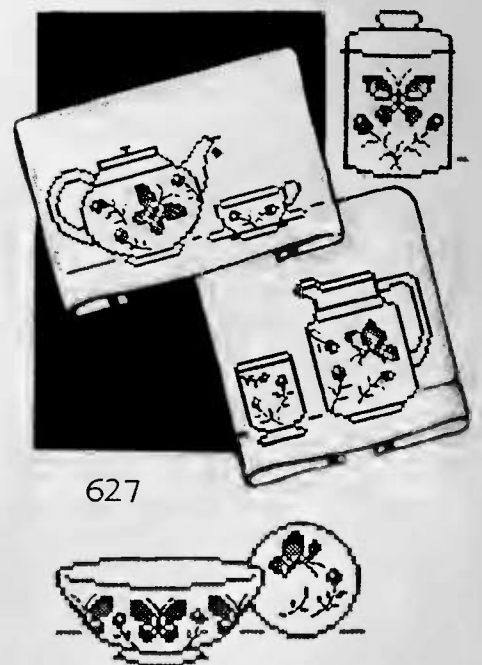
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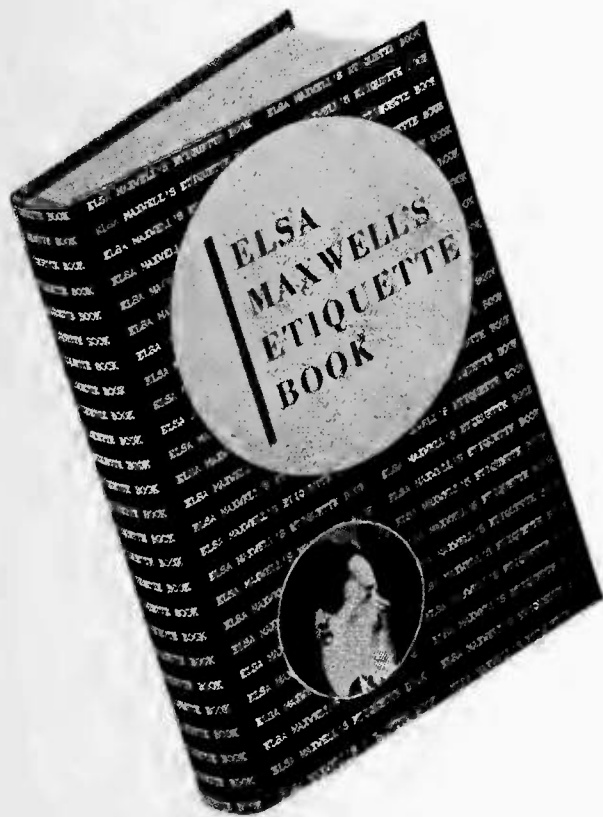


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