TV RADIO MIRROR

RADIO MIRROR • ANY.

SPECIAL SUMMER ROUND-UP! NEW TV QUIZ SHOWS

DON AMECHE

PAT SUZUKI

JAN MURRAY

...ying Stars
...1958

...ANKIE AVALON
...NNIE BURNS
...HNNY CASH
...M COOKE
...NDSAY CROSBY
...E DIAMONDS
...OTT ENGEL
...ERLY BROTHERS
...NNIE FRANCIS
...URIE LONDON
...LPH MATHIS
...CK NELSON
...RNON TAYLOR
...E THOMASES
...ANKIE VAUGHAN

...CK CLARK
...C BANDSTAND

Scoop! **PRIVATE ELVIS PRESLEY**

First Inside Story on His Army Life

That Ivory Look

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

Soft, smooth, radiant with That Ivory Look—her complexion shows what Ivory Soap can do for *your* skin. Ivory is so white and pure, smells so fresh and clean. A change to regular care with the magic of Ivory gentleness and soon your face lights up with that clear, pure look—That Ivory Look!

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap

Gentle enough for a baby's skin—Ivory is the beauty soap for your complexion.

99 44/100% pure® .. it floats

new MUM® stops odor

without irritation

So gentle for any normal skin you can use it freely every day

If you've ever worried about your deodorant failing... or about underarm stinging or burning from using a deodorant daily—now you can set your mind at ease.

New Mum Cream will stop odor right through the day and evening. And new Mum is so gentle for normal skin you can use it whenever you please. Even right after shaving, or a hot bath. Mum Cream gives you the kind of protection you can't possibly get from any other leading deodorant—because it works a completely different way.

Contains no aluminum salts

Mum Cream is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor . . . contains no astringent aluminum salts. It keeps on working actively to stop odor 24 hours a day with M-3—Mum's wonderful hexachlorophene that destroys *both odor* and *odor-causing* bacteria!

When Mum is so effective—yet so gentle—isn't it the deodorant for *you?*

MUM contains
M-3 (BACTERIA-DESTROYING HEXACHLOROPHENE)
stops odor
24 hours a day

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

T
V
R

Glamour and Romance for you!
Color your Hair
SO EASILY—IN MINUTES

NESTLE COLORINSE
Glorifies your natural hair shade with glamorous color-highlights and silken sheen. Removes dulling soap film. Quickly rinses in — shampoos out! In 12 exciting shades. 29¢

NESTLE COLORTINT
Intensifies your natural hair shade OR adds thrilling NEW color. Blends-in gray. More than a rinse but not a permanent dye. Lasts through 3 shampoos! 10 beautiful shades. 29¢

Nestle
COLORS YOUR HAIR
WITHOUT BLEACHING or DYEING

TV RADIO MIRROR

AUGUST, 1958 • MIDWEST EDITION • VOL. 50, NO. 3

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Cover portrait of Dick Clark courtesy of ABC-TV

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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

THE MAN WHO

His "specialty" is versatility, but childhood's high on knighthood's agenda.

Above, Barbara Kirchner crusades, while (below) a *Teen Timer* phones Rusty Draper.

Jim Walton was "just passing through"—but he stayed to wake up WHAS listeners and viewers to a Crusade for Children

CLOTHES MAKE the man, but even in tweeds, Louisville's Jim Walton is a knight. Sterling in character, Jim bypassed the armor suit in the museum, buckled his heart to his shirt-sleeve, and led four children's crusades to victory over WHAS-TV and Radio. Probably unique in marathon programming, the sixteen-hour "expeditions" were goaled to aid the physically and mentally handicapped children of Kentucky and southern Indiana. "Four crusades," explains emcee Jim, "have touched the lives of more than 200,000 Kentuckiana children." And, be it known, raised over a half-million dollars. . . . Come September, the fifth annual Crusade for Children will get underway. Live wire Jim will jam Memorial Auditorium with a huge studio audience, guest celebrities, social workers, educators, and the WHAS technical staff. On stage virtually the whole time, Jim breaks for a cup of milk now and then, and, on Sunday mornings, enjoys a shave and a change of clothes. The responsibility is grinding, but Jim insists: "If we've been granted the physical well-being to do a show like this, it's up to us to do it." . . . With the exception of a three-year leave to serve overseas in Army Intelligence, Jim's been a shining light at WHAS since 1939. On his way to Peoria to audition for an announcing berth, Jim stopped off at Louisville to say hello to a fellow Floridian. In good time, as usual, he greeted sportscaster George Walsh (now program director) just thirteen minutes before a regular announcer was missing his spot announcement. Jim was hired. . . . First drawing coast-to-coast notice as the romantic voice wafting poetry out over a late-evening 50,000-watt area, Jim drew a jumping audience for his afternoon *Walton's Wax Works.* It melted eight years ago, but Jim was quite a pitchman. He remembers one "loyal" letter: "I use all the products you advertise, so I know that Walton's Wax works. But where can I buy it?" . . . Currently, Jim's marked for the 6 ayem farm-show commercials. From 7:30 to 9, he's barker for *Fun Fair,* a cheerful, live-talent wake-up hour. Saturday, Jim invites his audience to participate via *Coffee Call,* a-brewing since '48, and about to klatsch with its 200,000th guest. Monday through Thursday at noon, there's a quarter-hour TV version of *Fun Fair,* and Wednesday afternoon, the kids all swing to *Teen Time Dance Party.* . . . Jim's from Newport, Kentucky, originally, but left for Florida at age five with his mom and dentist dad. Growing up in St. Petersburg, he made an enviable scholastic record, and planned to major in economics at the University of Florida. Jim worked part-time as a typist in the University's radio station, but became an announcer when his boss—deciding he couldn't take that hunt-and-peck stuff outside his door anymore—sent Jim as far away as possible, to the studios. That very day, Jim read a book review over the air: "Everglade Romance: A Tale of Alligators." Dumping the economics, Jim stayed on mike. . . . Since it's Walton who wakes the farmers up, he wakes with their chickens. But he's careful not to disturb his city-slicker family at that hour. The five Waltons—Jim and Esther, Monnie, Connie, and Jim Jr.—live in a comfortable old home with twelve rooms and an elevator. Something of a handyman, Jim has his basement equipped with power tools and a model railroad. For a "knight without armor" like Jim, the fittings are a bit updated, but essentially he's right in his medieval element. Claiming that everyone talks about his home being his castle, Jim emphasizes: "When I say my home's a castle, I mean, 'My home *is* my castle.'" No split-level dream, this! Crusader Jim Walton's stormed the battlements—of a life and a knight-worthy career.

CAME TO BREAKFAST

Who's king of this castle? Genial Jim Sr. says there's no hierarchy —it's just that he always carves the meat. Above are, l. to r. —Jim Jr., 9; Monnie, 14; Connie, 11; and Jim's lovely wife Esther.

"Back of the moat," Jim bets knights of old never ate wienies like these.

Cub from Den 4, young Jim's "lion" appetite can't compare to "Silver's."

Bus-boy—then overnight song success. That's Elvis's story in his last pre-Army film hit, set in New Orleans night spots.

TV favorites on your theater screen

TV RADIO MIRROR goes to the movies

By JANET GRAVES

King Creole

PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION

Elvis Presley does his strongest acting job so far, as a New Orleans kid who thinks you have to be tough to get ahead. His singing success finally entangles him with a gangster—and the gangster's girl (Carolyn Jones). But sweet Dolores Hart stands by. There's plenty of music as well as plot, the tempo shifting from folk song to rock to tender ballad. Elvis has given his fans a movie to remember him by during the coming two years.

No Time for Sergeants

WARNERS

While Private Presley goes his way in correct Army style, Private Will Stockdale again drives the Air Force crazy. This is Andy Griffith's big role, seen in the Broadway hit—and before that in a TV version of the hilarious romp about the hillbilly who innocently breaks up military routine. Andy's a lovable, laughable hero as the indestructible Will.

Gunman's Walk

COLUMBIA; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

Tab Hunter takes time out in this solid Western for one song, "I'm a Runaway," and that's a boozy barroom ballad. For Tab plays as ornery a polecat as you've ever met, a gun-happy youth who follows a path of increasing violence. Pop Van Heflin, younger brother James Darren, half-Indian maiden Kathryn Grant—all get a pushing-around from Tab. Unsympathetic as his role is, he enjoys his first Hollywood chance to show the acting power he's displayed on TV.

Kings Go Forth

UNITED ARTISTS

Back in Army uniform (as in his Oscar-winning "From Here to Eternity"), Frank Sinatra creates a deeply appealing character, a GI in France. Both he and pal Tony Curtis are attracted to Natalie Wood, beautiful American living abroad with her mother (Leora Dana). A crisis is reached when it's revealed that Natalie's late father was a Negro.

The Light in the Forest

BUENA VISTA, TECHNICOLOR

Latest in the Disney-produced series of sagas on pioneer America, this pre-Revolutionary drama teams youthful James MacArthur and Carol Lynley. TV-trained, they scored together in a spring *General Electric Theater* show. Now Jim's a boy captured in childhood by Delaware Indians and raised as a chief's son. When a treaty forces his return to his white parents, he is homesick and rebellious. But Carol and scout Fess Parker befriend him and champion him against Indian-haters.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

This Happy Feeling (U-I; CinemaScope, Eastman Color): Bouncy light comedy casts Debbie Reynolds as a wide-eyed girl who develops a crush on boss Curt Jurgens, while young John Saxon woos her. It's sexy but sweet.

Vertigo (Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor): In a creepy Hitchcock chiller, ex-detective James Stewart falls in love with Kim Novak. Believing her a suicide, he discovers her exact double (also Kim).

From Hell to Texas (20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color): Truly refreshing Western. Peaceable cowhand Don Murray kills a bully by accident. Diane Varsi helps him when he's hunted down.

movies on TV

Showing this month

ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE (U.A.): Splendid film version of the adventure classic. As the most famous of castaways, Dan O'Herlihy makes you share each moment of solitude, desperation, peace or courage.

BLACK ARROW, THE (Columbia): Vigorous action yarn of 15th Century England. Among the warring nobles, Louis Hayward duels with George Macready to save Janet Blair from loveless marriage.

BROTHER RAT (Warners): As cadets at Virginia Military Institute, youthful Ronald Reagan, Wayne Morris and Eddie Albert cavort through a lusty comedy. Jane Wyman, Priscilla Lane are co-heroines.

CRY OF THE CITY (20th): Crisply realistic crime study. Richard Conte turns killer; Vic Mature, a slum pal in boyhood, becomes a detective. Women involved in Conte's twisted life are Debra Paget and Shelley Winters.

KON-TIKI (RKO): Unassuming and thoroughly authentic, this is the record of a recent real-life adventure. Thor Heyerdahl and fellow Scandinavians voyage by raft across the Pacific, to test a theory.

LITTLE KIDNAPPERS, THE (U.A.): Delightfully comic, deeply touching. Two Scottish orphans (Jon Whitely, Vincent Winter) go to live with their gruff grandpa on a Canada farm. Lonely for a pet, the small boys find—a baby!

MIGHTY JOE YOUNG, THE (RKO): Amusing fantasy with a very different sort of monster. In Africa, Terry Moore picks up Joe, a baby gorilla who presently grows to preposterous size. Ben Johnson's her beau.

NAVY BLUES (Warners): Musical farce boasts a better than full house: A pair of queens (Ann Sheridan, Martha Raye) and four Jacks. Oakie and Haley are gobs who gamble on their ship's gunnery expert; Carson and Gleason have small roles.

ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS (Columbia): Excitement, color, sharp dialogue, expert acting. Flyer on a dangerous run in Latin America, Cary Grant loves showgirl Jean Arthur. Early hit for Rita Hayworth, in a minor but sexy role as wife of Richard Barthelmess, pilot with a past.

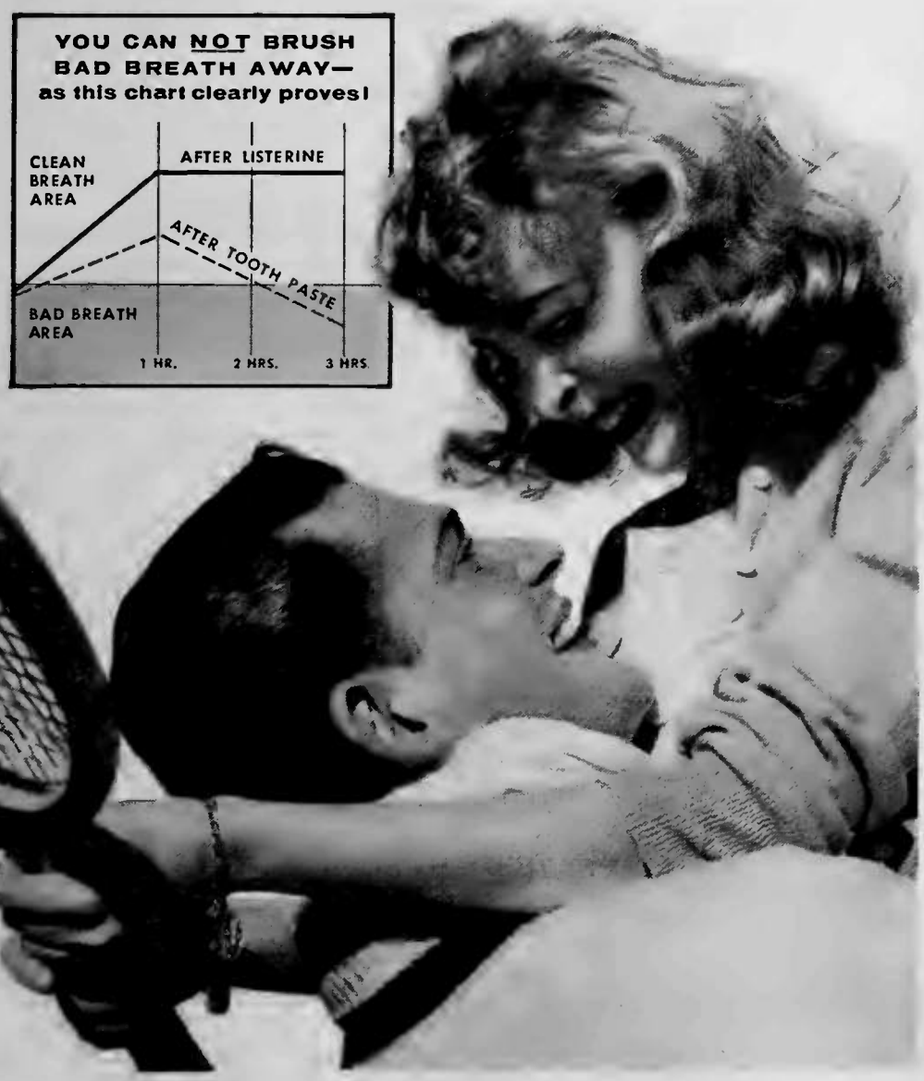
SECOND HONEYMOON (20th): Gay comedy of the screwball school confronts Loretta Young with a handsome problem (Ty Power). On a Florida honeymoon with the stuffy Lyle Talbot, Loretta again meets Ty, her devil-may-care first husband. Claire Trevor, Stuart Erwin lend support.

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.

WITNESS TO MURDER (U.A.): In a tension-packed suspense film, Barbara Stanwyck happens to see a murder committed by George Sanders—who convinces the police that she isn't sane. Detective Gary Merrill is skeptical but sympathetic.

You can not brush bad breath away... reach for Listerine!

Listerine Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better Than Tooth Paste!



Almost everybody uses tooth paste, but almost everybody has bad breath now and then! Germs in the mouth cause most bad breath, and no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does . . . on contact, by millions.

Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste—nothing stops bad breath as effectively as The Listerine Way.

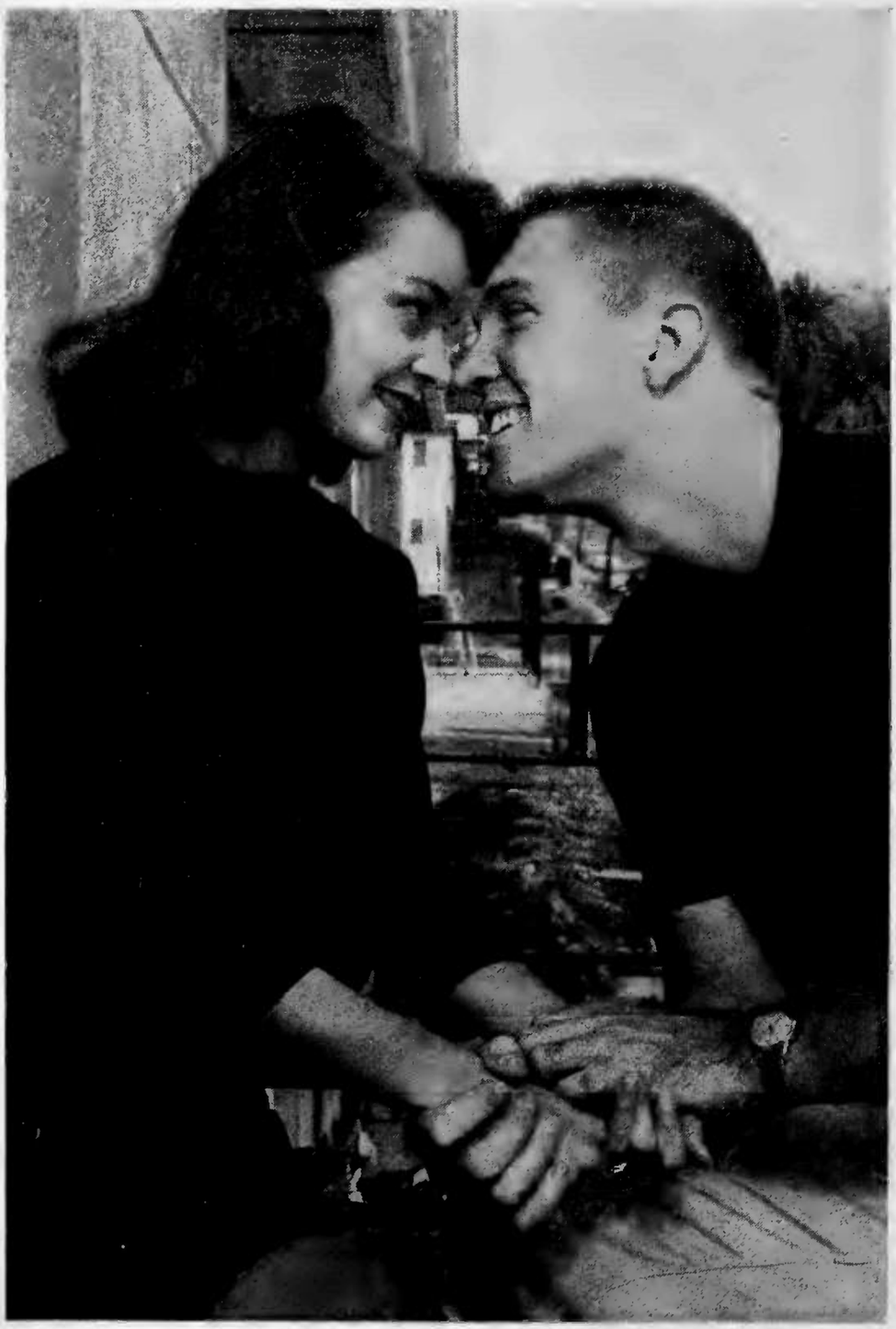
So, reach for Listerine every time you brush your teeth.

Reach for Listerine

...Your No. 1 Protection Against Bad Breath

WHAT'S NEW

ON THE EAST COAST



Newlyweds Bobbie and Jack Linkletter are summering in New York. He's emcee of *Haggis Baggis,* but only at night. The daytime version competes with his dad.

For What's New On The West Coast, See Page 10

Mary and Peter Lind Hayes have two hits—one on radio, one on Broadway.

By PETER ABBOTT

Dimples & Dumplings: Ed Sullivan's first two shows in July originate from The Desert Inn, Las Vegas, and, believe it or not, Ed himself will sing. . . . In N.Y.C. or L.A., *Thin Man's* Phyllis Kirk prefers the present laughter of comedian Mort Sahl. . . . Pat Boone, now in Hollywood filming "Mardi Gras," will definitely do next season's TV show out of New York. Chief reason: He's planning on intensive dramatic study at the Neighborhood Playhouse. . . . TV whodunit, *Richard Diamond Private Detective,* about to become a corpse. . . . Andy Williams reports honest-to-goodness overhearing a customer in a Manhattan greeting-card store asking for a sympathy card for a friend whose TV set was on the blink. And they had one. . . . Betty Johnson, dimples and all, heads for Atlanta next month to star in musical, "Wish You Were Here." . . . The new *Garry Moore Show* comes on in the fall, Tuesdays, 10:00 to 11:00 P.M. Where *The $64,000 Question* will go is unknown. . . . There seems to be a shift of policy regarding the decision that Garry will not take any of his old buddies into night-time. Strong possibility now is that Durward Kirby will go along as chief announcer. . . . Dept. of Linkletter vs. Small Fry: *Art*: What upsets your father? *SF.*: He has to do errands. *Art*: What upsets your mother? *SF.*: He doesn't do them.

Big, Bold Men: The cowboys thundered into Manhattan. *Zorro's* Guy Williams modestly disclaimed being athletic, then walked reporters through Central Park at such a pace that they had nothing but sweat to show their editors. . . . *Maverick* sibling Jack Kelly, on the other hand, stretched out in his hotel suite and talked blissfully of his marriage to May Wynn and of the wonders of love, love, love. . . . *The Californian,* Dick Coogan, coming on strong with a year's renewal, came into N. Y. C. with a grin. A husband

Now that he's *The Californian* on TV, Gay and Dick Coogan live there.

With two local Emmys, Shari Lewis tries for network kudos next season.

and father of a nine-year-old, he first talked about juvenile delinquency—his own: "It was confined to junior high school but the school principal was good enough and smart enough to pull me out of it." He set Dick to work on chapel entertainment, which led to a dramatic scholarship and acting career, but there is still some of the daredevil in Coogan's make-up. He likes to drive fast, sail on the ocean and does all the trick-riding on his show. The last worries his wife Gay, who doesn't worry about their son being exposed to the violence of TV Westerns. "Ricky accepts the Westerns as make-believe, just another game of cowboys and Indians. On the other hand, he has stopped watching one outdoor 'juvenile' series because it disturbs him to see painful things happen to nice people and nice animals. The realism of most children-and-animal shows affects him emotionally. The Westerns just make him noisy."

Send Me A Signal: Sinatra show definitely off next season. But if he and Lauren Bacall should decide to marry—and do it on TV—it would be the spectacular of the year. . . . Over 50% of the past season's new shows flopped. . . . *Maverick* will be seen on an additional 25 stations come fall. . . . Loretta Young perked up June in Manhattan by coming in to town for her son Christopher's graduation. . . . Lowell Thomas celebrated his 15,000th newscast and it took only 29 years. . . . Full page *New York Times* ad announced a new fall series, *Man Without A Gun.* However, just so no one would get the wrong idea, there was a photo of two men in a violent fight. . . . NBC-TV telecasts the All-Star Baseball Game on July 8. Good chance next summer will see the Yankee games on a network schedule. . . . *Young Dr. Malone* now in its 20th year on radio, which should make the young Doc close to fifty. . . . If you visit N. Y. C. this summer, please to hear that Arlene Francis has been named official hostess for the city's Summer Festival. TV-wise, Arlene has a situation-comedy series up for sale. In August, she goes into rehearsal with Joseph Cotten in a new Broadway play, "Once More With Feeling," co-produced by her husband Martin Gabel. At the moment, Arlene is relaxing at her Mount Kisco summer place with Martin and their eleven-year-old son, Peter.

TV in Hi-Fi: While Mr. Saturday Night fishes off the Florida coast, you can hear high-fidelity echoes of Perry in a new Victor album "Saturday Night with Mr. C." Como comes on with 18 songs, assisted by the Ray Charles Singers and Mitch Ayres' band. . . . When Uncle Miltie returns with his new variety show this fall, he will be featuring Louis Prima and Keely Smith, who won the National Academy of Music Arts TV Award as "TV's most promising new personalities of 1958." For a preview of these bombastic entertainers, their new Capitol album is highly recommended. Title: "Las Vegas —Prima Style." This is music at its fun-best. . . . Colorful, powerful big-band jazz is represented by Stan Kenton in Capitol's "Back to Balboa." In between a packed schedule of TV shows, Kenton produced this package on location at the Rendezvous in Balboa, where his broadcasts originate, and the acoustics make this a live disc. . . . Few singers perform hymns with as much reverence as Ernie Ford. His new Capitol "Nearer the Cross" is particularly recommended for its deep feeling. . . . Is your blood tired? Then try Coral's "Dody Goodman Sings?" Well, does she? Dody says no, but this has very funny stuff featuring such dizzy ditties as "April in Fairbanks" and "Pneumatic Drill." . . . One of our all-time romantic baritones, Lanny Ross, now observing his 25th show-biz anniversary (*Continued on page* 13)

Lander's Great New Chlorophyll Roll-On

DOLLARS CAN'T BUY A BETTER, SAFER, NICER ROLL-ON DEODORANT

- *Rolls on Instantly*
- *Protects All Day*

. . and here is America's outstanding

Chlorophyll STICK Deodorant

. . loved by millions because it's so reliable

29c . . . and *so thrifty!*

LANDER
CHLOROPHYLL DEODORANTS

WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST

By BUD GOODE

Emcee Bill Leyden is a valuable—and heavily insured—property to NBC.

TV "career" ups Ann Sothern from *Private Secretary* to a hotel exec.

Zany Gracie Allen is retiring, but Harry Von Zell (right) has a new career—as a writer. Now he's worried boss George Burns will work him "twice as hard."

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

Tommy Sands and **Pat Mitchell** hand-in-handing it at **Phil Harris's** Hollywood Boulevard Record Shop. Phil's swingin' turntable is now the rendezvous for Hollywood's younger set. . . . Tommy's gal fans are still screaming about the crewcut he is wearing this summer for his role with **Pat Boone** and **Gary Crosby** in 20th's "Mardi Gras." . . . There'll be a Tommy Sands Night at the Hollywood Bowl in August. Some twenty-odd years ago, it was **Bill Lennon** Night at the Bowl. Boy singer Bill later went on to father the famous **Lennon Sisters**—and six other youngsters just as talented. Wonder if anything like that is in store for Tommy? . . . **Dwayne Hickman** and **Celeste Shane** at the Avant Garde in Hollywood. Dwayne and his brother Darryl will take a real swinging night-club act on the road this summer. . . . Recession not affecting TV. Summer show budgets higher than ever. Then Westinghouse, after taking *Studio One* to the West Coast for public burial, gave Desilu twelve million to fill its hour next season with 48 new shows. **Desi Arnaz** will be host on the *Desilu Playhouse.* Once a month or so, he and Lucy will appear in special shows.

Radio, getting bigger muscles every day, reclaims **Tennessee Ernie Ford** on the CBS network *Ford Road Show* for a daily fifteen-minute songfest with old friends **Molly Bee, Doris Drew** and the music of **Jack Fascinato**—as of July 1. . . . **Art Linkletter's** associate producer, **Irv Atkins,** will be tagged exec-producer on his own *Bid Or Buy* show, to preem on CBS-TV as this summer's replacement for *The $64,000 Challenge.* **Dean Miller** is the emcee and will beam live from Hollywood. . . . Art, meanwhile, will be reading scripts for his next *G. E. Theater* appearance. Wants to do both a mystery (the inspector) and a Western (the good guy). Meanwhile, back at the studio, Art has celebrated his 25th year in the radio and TV industry. Which is no mystery to us, as he really is one of TV's good guys.

From a good guy to a bad guy: **Rick Nelson** makes the transition in one fast draw in his newest venture—as the gunslinger in the **John Wayne-Walter Brennan-Ward Bond** pic, "Rio Bravo." Bets were on Wayne when the cast and crew laughed it up in a mock fast-draw contest between John and Rick—Rick won. Bets were on Rick when Wayne pulled out a guitar one evening as Rick entertained the crew with a song—but Wayne surprised them all with his fancy plucking. . . . **Ozzie** and **Harriet Nelson,** meanwhile, are back at the studio pecking out a pretty mean tune of their own. Their first new album in years—titled "Ozzie and Harriet" (what else?)—is filled with oldies-but-goodies. Rick thinks his folks' album is the most.

Speaking of the most, **Lawrence Welk** thinks that young **Pat Lennon,** who made a recent guest appearance on the Saturday-night show, has great potential talent. After Pat's appearance, Lawrence sent him a fan letter: "Dear Pat"—it read—"Thank you for appear-

Recession? Lucy and Desi Arnaz haven't noticed. They've just signed a twelve-million-dollar deal with Westinghouse. Desi's patches are strictly for laughs.

ing on my show. We enjoyed you so much and I am enclosing your 'payment.' " A fifty-dollar and seventy-five-dollar bond were enclosed—which Daddy Bill and "Sis" Lennon hadn't expected. Said Bill, "Now those are the kinds of fans you can really appreciate!" . . . Pat's sister Diane (Dede) is not so happy these days—beau **Dick Gass** went into the Army a couple of weeks ago, will be gone two years. The boys in the band made up a calender for Dede which is hanging on the back porch. Each square represents one day, and the boys wrote a small note on each day—example, "Boohoo, Dede—you'll be smiling again if you don't count the days." Everyone in the family thinks highly of Dick—they should, he was a high-wire man for the telephone company.

Gisele MacKenzie and her husband **Bob Shuttleworth** are taking a belated honeymoon, via shipboard, to Europe. "Gisele has just completed a strenuous TV season," says Bob, "and a tough singing schedule in 'The King and I.' Now I'm taking my 'Queen and I' off to Europe for a rest." . . . Waiting for the option to be picked up can be pretty deadly, but there are always those folks who, in the meantime, go out and do things about it. Take **Harry Von Zell** of the *Burns And Allen Show.* He wrote a Western which he promptly sold to *Wagon Train,* under the title, "Doctor Willoughby's Story." This is Harry's first sale to TV, and he says, "I'm only afraid George will learn I can write—before long, I may be working twice as hard."

Clint Walker and his wife are picnicking off a large rock in the Mojave Desert. Clint, big as a horse and just as stubborn, is not signing on for any more *Cheyenne's* unless Warner Bros. lets him do feature pix. He's saved up $20,000, and will live off the desert, prospecting for gold and uranium. He's already got a poke full of gold dust to prove it can be done. . . . Meanwhile, back at the studio, Clint's sidekick, **Will Hutchins,** bought one of Clint's two Vespa motor scooters, has taken to chompin' on protein pills as much as his hero. Will gulps down sunflower seeds (*Continued on page* 15)

Jean's WRETCHED

PERIODIC PAIN

It's downright foolish to suffer in silence every month. Let Midol's 3-way action bring you complete relief from functional menstrual distress. Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water . . . that's all. Midol relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW" a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dept. B-88, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Jean's RADIANT WITH MIDOL

The city that put America on wheels gave it a song to roll by. Detroit "makes way for youth" over WJR and the CBS network

Director Don believes in lots of theory (right), brings training class and performing chorus up to the pitch of perfection.

MAKE WAY FOR YOUTH

THEY SING the tune of the poet's dream, and achieve a musician's exacting reality. Detroit's 60-voice "Youth" chorus—a "teenager" itself come September, when it starts its thirteenth year of broadcasting—has been creative of top choral excellence all along its way. Heard over WJR and the CBS Radio network, *Make Way For Youth* maintains community prestige as high as its musical standards. But the pitch piped from Detroit rings 'round the world. Part of Voice of America's Far Eastern program, "Youth" is highly commended for its job of uniting youngsters of un-common background in the common bond of song. . . . Goals for the group were, from the beginning, as much social as musical. In 1946, WJR's musical director, Don Large, sent out a call for talent as his part of a community effort to combat delinquency. Eighty youngsters were chosen for Don's voice-training "clinic" and radio chorus. Since then, some 2,000 boys and girls meeting "Youth's" high requirements of "ear" and musicianship have raised their voices to the airwaves and earned a musical education. . . . Many have put it to professional use: The Spellbinders, for example, need no introduction. Pretty alumna Maureen Bailey has been featured on the *Robert Q. Lewis Show*. Others have gone into teaching or choral conducting. Al Bruner, a young Canadian chorister, used to hitch-hike from his hometown of Leamington, Ontario, to the twice-weekly rehearsals in Detroit. Graduating to a touring spot with Wayne King, he tenor-soloed at WJR, and now sings and sells time for his own station, CJSP in Leamington. "Our graduates," says Don, "do not stop singing when school days end." . . . Don was born in Owen Sound, Ontario. His tenor dad was well-known throughout the Dominion, and Don himself started in radio as a tenor soloist at WJR. Married and father of two teenagers, at last countdown the "Youth" director was holding the musical beat firmly against the rock—both on the home front and on the air. . . . Explaining "Youth's" perfectionism, Don is casual: "Anyone gets bored quickly with a carelessly done job." But he's convinced the group's objectives are being met in manifold: "Besides getting an education in music," says their founder and director, "the youngsters are learning a lot about getting along with people."

WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST

(*Continued from page 9*)

on CBS, has cut a new album under the Design label, "Silver Sounds of Lanny Ross."

Two Talent Scouts Alumnae: In 1950, Denise Lor appeared on the Godfrey show, then followed it up with an eight-year engagement with Garry Moore. Today she is on her own. "I'll never do another show like Garry's. After eight years, you've had it. Just as Garry has. I gave all I could to morning television and I'm ready to move on." For summer, she is booked for clubs and a musical. Her press agent said she was becoming sexy. Denise, bored by the project, said, "With Garry, I was more often dressed in galoshes and had blacked-out teeth for comedy skits. In a club, you've got to look pretty. That's all it amounts to." Denise is looking trimmer. "I've lost 13 pounds, which I could never do on the Moore show. Every day, I'd think about dieting but put it off. Maybe it was too much security." . . . A *Talent Scouts* winner of 1951, Shari Lewis hopes to make her network debut this fall. This past spring she won two Emmy Awards. She was named New York's most outstanding TV female personality and her local NBC-TV show was selected as the best children's program. These are not slight honors in a city that boasts seven competing stations with some of the world's best talents. Shari, a beautiful redhead, performed for the first time at four, pulling a rabbit from a hat. Her mother is a public-school principal and her father is a university professor in child guidance: "But I was monstrously spoiled as a child." Yet she admits that her date of birth was lucky: "If I'd been born ten years earlier, I wouldn't be on TV." She is such a magnificently charming puppeteer that one N. Y. critic complained that her talents were wasted on children. They aren't wasted. The children are enthralled. One child wrote, "I don't have a mommy and wish you would be mine." A five-year-old's mother wrote, "Mine is a tough guy, but so worried about your taking your vitamins . . . He keeps a picture of you over the bed, which he turns to the wall when he gets into his pajamas." If you want to delight your children, note that Victor has recorded Shari's magic in an album titled "Fun in Shariland."

Chit, Chic, Chat: Nick Todd, while sweating out his Army call, finds comfort in the company of Victor's teenage singing star, Jennie Smith. . . . Most compatible marriage: Ed Murrow now sponsored by cigarette maker. . . . More fact than fiction is movie, "The Rock," starring Julius La Rosa. Story of a ballad singer who is persuaded to sing rock 'n' roll although he dislikes it. And Julie really dislikes it. It's not such an earthshaking fact when you consider that Dick Clark, rock 'n' roll's top TV exponent, has a collection of some 500 jazz records in his home, but nary a rock 'n' roll disc. . . . Educators now doubt usefulness of TV as an educational aid in schools, based on recent experiments. . . . One of Paar's favorite singers, Diahann Carroll, off TV temporarily to make movie, "Porgy and Bess," but Hollywood is up to its old tricks. Diahann will have her songs dubbed in by another. . . . Peter Lind Hayes has terminated his contract as Godfreys' pinch-hitter. All amicable. Peter and Mary are just too busy with their Broadway hit and CBS Radio program. Mary, noting that both their play and radio show are set in a living room, says, "Peter is rapidly becoming a wall-to-wall ham." . . . Jack Linkletter and bride Bobbie are living in New York for the summer whilst he emcees the night-time version of *Haggis Baggis,* new NBC-TV quiz show. Jack would have loved to do the daytime version, too, but found out it was scheduled to be seen opposite his dad's *House Party* show on CBS.

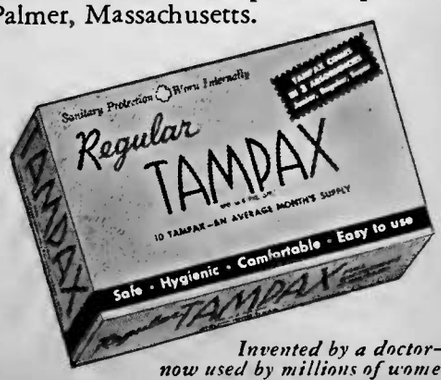
Rex Is King: Dean of TV's commercial announcers, Rex Marshall has put in ten years of mouthing for sponsors and has nothing to show for it except a $3,000 weekly income. "I don't like to talk about money, but everyone else tells me exactly how much I'm making so it couldn't be much of a secret." A genteel, erudite man, he highly recommends a career in commercial announcing although the life must, by necessity, be dull: "Sponsors don't want a representative who makes the gossip columns." But "dull" isn't hard to take when it includes a beautiful home, a lovely wife and three bright children. And Rex made it the hard way. After high-school graduation, Rex went out on his own with a $2.47 stake. He put in some ten years in radio before the TV break came. He has carried the commercial announcer's prestige to the point where he now works under one-year and two-year contracts for sponsors. He says, "If I had it all to do over again, I think I'd do it all over again."

Rock & Reel: Famed *Firestone Hour* returns for its 31st season with new format. One evening the music will be all classical, the next, semi-classical and the third, popular. But no rock 'n' roll. . . . *Climax!* cancelled for summer, but Chrysler would like to bring it back in the fall on another network, if CBS will sell the title. . . . End of season found *Maverick,* Sullivan and Allen finishing in that order, but neck and neck. Steve's ego slightly hurt with temporary loss of three out of four sponsors, but he'll definitely be back in the fight next fall. . . . Como finished so strong that, as far back as April, he was completely sold out for the '58-'59 season. . . . Sallie Blair sizzles on Sullivan's show July 6. . . . Absolutely untrue: That there will be a new fall show, *Divorce,* in which unhappy wives present their grievances and win a trip to Reno, plus a millionaire Texan.

CRISP AND COOL

EVEN ON "SPECIAL DAYS"!

Nothing seems to wilt you on *those* days! Thanks to Tampax® internal sanitary protection, you can almost *breeze* through time-of-the-month. And no wonder—for Tampax does away with chafing pads and twisting belts. Banishes all fear of telltale odor and outlines. Takes only seconds to change and dispose of. What's more, once it's in place, you can't even *feel* its presence. Why, you're so *cool* and *comfortable* wearing Tampax—you almost forget there's a difference in days of the month! 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior, wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

THE RECORD PLAYERS

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

There's a "new" June Valli—and deejay Josh Brady likes the sound.

THE TIME AND THE PLACE

By JOSH BRADY

I GUESS THAT, of all the reasons a star becomes a star, the one that crops up most often is that of being in the right place at the right time. So it was with June Valli.

Her big break came when she was just out of high school and working as a bookkeeper. June's mother and dad were supposed to attend a neighborhood wedding when mother became ill and couldn't attend. It was decided that June should go to the wedding so that the family would be represented. This was the time and the place.

It was at this wedding that some of June's friends suggested that she sing a song for the bride and groom. At this stage of June's young life, she had no illusions of being a singer. In fact, the only song she knew was not exactly appropriate for the occasion. It was a song she had learned by singing along with a record. But we've all been in a similar spot—it's like a wiseacre nominating you for secretary of the club. Everybody thinks it's a good idea, and just try and get out of it.

Fortunately, June couldn't get out of it, and she sang "Stormy Weather," just for kicks. Well, it so happened that in the group of wedding guests was a man with a pretty good musical ear. He turned out to be Abe Burrows' uncle. At any rate, he liked June's voice and arranged for her to audition for the Arthur Godfrey *Talent Scouts* show, which she won on June 15, 1951.

After that, June was swept off her feet with offers to appear on most of the big radio and TV shows in town. In March of that year, she signed her first recording contract, with RCA Victor. Then she replaced Kay Armen on *Stop The Music*. And we all recall June's performances on *Your Hit Parade*, in '52 and '53.

June's big record, which reached the million mark in sales, was "Crying in the Chapel." There have been no really big ones since then. Of late, June has been playing the clubs with a nifty act that was choreographed by Louis Da Pron of the Perry Como show. Perry, by the way, has been an idol of June's since she was president of his fan club, back when she was attending Washington Irving High School in Manhattan.

At this writing, June is very serious about getting out a new record that will be another big seller. How serious is this five-foot, hazel-eyed cutie with the dark-brown hair? Well, she's got a new road manager, and an efficient one, Eddie Matthews. She has switched to a new record label, Mercury, and to the William Morris Agency. With material so important in pushing a tune through the maelstrom of labels and artists that actually clutters the deejay's desk these days, June looks forward to the able assistance of Mercury boss Art Talmadge in finding the answer. "With Mr. Talmadge it's not a question of 'You do this record, period.' He gives me the chance to sing it to see if it fits my style and to get my reaction," says June. "However, if Mr. Talmadge is really sold on a tune, it's usually a good one and I'll take his word for it."

What does June think of rock 'n' roll? Well, June likes all music as far as listening. For singing, she likes the ballads. However, she doesn't like to see one type of song corner the whole market, as it seems rock 'n' roll did for a spell. According to June Valli, there is room for all types of music. "And there is nothing wrong with country music, either," she adds. "We adapt many of our so-called popular tunes from country music."

She recalls that her big one, "Crying in the Chapel," was a country tune originally. June is coming back strong with a little change in her style on her new ballads for the Mercury people. "You may notice," she says, "that I'll be a little more intense in my delivery."

As the song goes, there is another time and another place. And instead of somebody's uncle, *you* may be the judge.

On Chicago's WBBM, Josh Brady emcees "live" music Mon.-Fri., 7:30 to 8:30 A.M., teams with Eloise, Mon.-Fri., at 10:30 A.M. and 3:15 P.M., and hosts record programs on Sat. from 7:30 to 8 P.M. and 11 to 12:30 P.M., and Sun., from 9:05 to noon.

WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST

(*Continued from page* 11)

like they were raisins (he eats those, too) and brags that the protein pills pep him up for the heavy scenes.

Watch for **John Russell,** one of the most photographic faces in Hollywood, starring in the new *Lawman* series. John could be the biggest thing in TV since Clint Walker and **Jim Garner** hit the tubes. . . . The newest format change this season will be ABC-TV's *Tales Of Frankenstein.* We've had "adult" Westerns — now we've got "adult" horror. Just what we need. . . . *This Is Your Life,* for the first time in its history, will not do summer repeats. It's being replaced by **Ralph Edwards'** *It Could Be You,* starring **Bill Leyden.** Bill's hobby is sports-car racing, and he'll fly all the way to Hawaii to enter a good race. Ralph's attitude toward his fast talkin', fast movin' emcee: "NBC has him insured for $50,000—I hope they never collect." . . . Edwards is also producing *Fast Money,* a fast-moving quizzer with good-looking **Richard Llewelyn** emceeing. Ralph heard Richard doing a simple radio commercial, liked his speed and style, hired him when he saw his smile. That's how stars are born.

Ed Wynn has begun his new series at Screen Gems, called *The Ed Wynn Show,* featuring Ed as the guardian of two teen-age kids in a light domestic comedy. Ed will continue to do dramatic roles on the outside. . . . New faces on the **Walt Disney** lot include **Tom Tryon.** Walt has chosen Tom to do eight one-hour *John Slaughter* pix next season. Tom, a rugged six-footer, will play the gimlet-eyed Sheriff of Tombstone, Arizona, one of the most feared lawmen of the Old West. . . . Also included in Mr. Disney's plans is a series built around the fabled "Nine Lives of Elfego Baca"—a fast-drawing New Mexico Robin Hood. **Britt Lomond,** from the *Zorro* series, may get the lead. . . . **Ann Sothern** and daughter, touring the Desilu lot, where Ann is making her new series, were pleased to learn that her new show was sold to its new sponsor in record time—26 minutes—just long enough to run the pilot film. Annie will move up from a *Private Secretary* to the role of assistant manager of a smart New York hotel. . . . **Desi Arnaz** is moving up in class, too—he's now the owner of a really high-priced stable. But it's costing him money. Last season he bought a colt, later named "Forever Darlin'," which has won his heart. When "Darlin'" works out, Desi leaves his conference table. Desi has always been the kind of guy that couldn't be pulled away from work by anything except horses. . . . The format of *The Walter Winchell File* is being changed to include more footage of Walter as an actor. As a young newshound, Walter risked his neck to gather the raw material this series is built on. Now he has to go through double jeopardy to put same on film—but that's Hollywood.

New shows: *The Texan,* starring **Rory Calhoun** . . . *Dead Or Alive,* starring **Steve McQueen** . . . and *Public Enemy,* starring **Frank Gifford.** They all add up to next season's lineup. . . . Speaking of *Lineup,* **Tom Tully,** from this well-known CBS show, was finishing the last scene of the series one day last week and was anxious to make a fast getaway to his planned fishing vacation. Producer del Valle, for a practical joke, handcuffed Tom in the scene to a pretty blond actress he was holding under arrest. Then del Valle claimed he'd lost the key! Tom, afraid the girl would have to go with him on the train to San Francisco, stood anxiously watching the time for fifteen minutes. Del Valle finally admitted the hoax, produced the key and released Tom—in plenty of time for him to make his train. "But you know," said Tom, "she was a very pretty girl—and I really didn't mind." . . . Agent **Lilian Small** is decorating **Nanette Fabray's** nursery in yellow and purple—because they naturally don't know if the baby will be a boy or girl and Nan wants to get the work done before the September arrival. Nanette, who will be almost 38 when her first baby is born, is eagerly looking forward to it and will probably stay off TV for one year to devote full time to having a really happy, healthy child.

Gale Storm, recuperating in Jamaica with husband **Lee Bonnell** and her three boys, has left her daughter Susanna with mother during the vacation. Gale's major abdominal surgery left her somewhat weak, but she is putting on weight now and will be ready soon to do the next thirty-nine *Oh! Susanna* shows—to make a total of 130 consecutive weeks for her new show. . . . **Myron Floren,** adept accordionist on the Welk shows, and press agent **Ralph Portner** have penned a new tune, "Petticoat Polka," which the **Lennon Sisters** hope to make into a big hit. . . . **Lawrence Welk** fans across the country are already planning their vacations so that they can be in Southern California in August, when Lawrence throws his annual fan club picnic. Last year 5,000 showed up—and Mr. Welk picked up the tab. That's a lot of sardine sandwiches. Fortunately, Mrs. Welk doesn't have to make them—'tis a catered affair.

Shirley Temple will be playing Christmas in July when she films her "Mother Goose" show this month—to be seen Dec. 21. Shirley would like to do pictures, but as yet she says she hasn't found any way to do one in two days. That's what it takes to film one of her TV shows and she doesn't want to stay away from her family any longer than that. She's not averse to having the children in pictures, either —in fact, the youngest will probably be in this month's filming. . . . **Tennessee Ernie Ford** looking for a Broadway musical. He's also producing his own summer replacement, *Buckskin.* . . . **Jeff Donnell** hoping to marry soon. . . . That's it from the West Coast.

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You will be a model of loveliness with your glamorous Gayla-kept hair. Like millions of others, you will find lasting hair beauty with Gayla HOLD-BOB, the all purpose bobby pin . . . the *best* for setting and securing any hair-do. Only Gayla HOLD-BOB with exclusive Flexi-Grip has the correct combination of springiness and holding power. To complete your perfect hair-do, use famous Lady Mervin Hair Rollers, Do-All Clips and Wave Clips.

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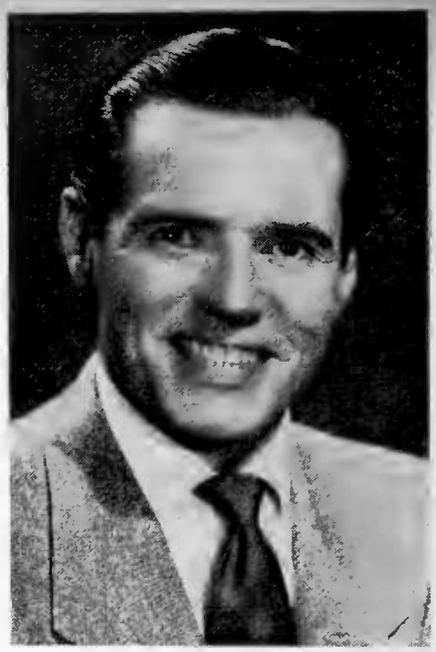

In New York, Randy and Evelyn were Minnesota boosters. Daughter Sue has her own home now; sons Tom and Mike have a "contract."

Randy's back—and on *The Big Payoff's* time! His Twin Cities studio audience meets at Dayton's.

THE HEART IS HOME

Randy Merriman's home again, on WCCO-TV, after the "longest darn audition"—six great years on The Big Payoff

WITH A GRIN, Randy Merriman presented his ticket to the train conductor. The conductor returned the grin for two reasons. Firstly, he recognized Randy as the fellow who'd been on coast-to-coast view on *The Big Payoff*. And, secondly, he noticed that the ticket was some six years old. . . . When Randy left the Twin Cities area for New York, he bought a round-trip ticket. During the time that he clung to the return half, he was on *The Big Payoff*. "We're the only show," its producers would say, "with a permanently built-in chamber of commerce. Randy never misses a chance to talk about Minnesota." This winter, Randy resigned his emcee spot on the program, "to do some of the things I've always wanted to do, but never had the time to do." . . . High on the list was his return to Minneapolis. "My roots always have been in Minnesota and I never had the feeling that I had left it on a permanent basis," says Randy. "Actually, I have just completed a six-year audition on two major networks to qualify for the exacting demands of WCCO-TV." . . . Having passed the "audition," he now presents *The Randy Merriman Show* on Channel 4, each Tuesday and Thursday at 2 P.M. The audience-participation show originates from the auditorium of Dayton's department store in Minneapolis, where 250 people gather for fun, prizes and a chance for a "live" look at Randy and his "Money Machine." Coincidentally, for two days the show displaces *The Big Payoff*, which is seen in Minneapolis-St. Paul on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. . . . Bred in Minneapolis, Randy was ten when he produced and performed in his own back-yard circus, using real paint for the clown faces. "I failed on every attempt to qualify for a part in the school plays," he admits. "Then, I ran away from high school to join the Ringling Bros. circus. Later, I came back to finish school, and I don't recommend the running-away as a course of action to present high-school students." After high school, Randy hit the vaudeville and night-club road, marrying a pretty blond comedienne, Evelyn, on the way. He started in radio as an emcee and deejay in 1941. . . . Randy and Evelyn have three children: Michael, who's now 16; Tom, who's 12; and daughter Sue, who has presented them with two grandchildren. They're planning a new suburban home, to be called "El Rancho Randy." "One of the commitments I made to the boys was that, when we moved to Minnesota, they could have two dogs and one horse," Randy smiles. "That was one of their bargaining points in our new family contract." As to Randy's own contract with WCCO Radio and TV, it includes that best "bargain" in the whole world—and that's home.

Sears *Lady Kenmore*® adds Sta-Puf® automatically

for softer, fluffier washes!

Now—enjoy *twice* the convenience, *twice* the ease, in restoring softness to wash-hardened clothes, with this marvelous washday twosome. The Lady Kenmore features an exclusive, self-cleaning lint filter . . . all-porcelain finish inside and out . . . and, a dispenser that adds Sta-Puf automatically to the final rinse cycle. Just pour Sta-Puf Rinse into the dispenser, set the new "programized" dials, and Lady Kenmore does the rest automatically . . . no lint filter to clean, no washing speeds or water temperatures to worry about, no wondering which rinse temperature is right.

Sta-Puf puts new life and springiness in every wash-matted fiber; gives soft, fluffy luxuriousness to all washables. Towels fluff up almost twice as thick! Ordinary woolen sweaters feel like cashmere! Baby's diapers, blankets, and clothes become petal-soft! Corduroys, blue jeans, and flatwork dry almost wrinkle-free, require little or no ironing! Be sure to use Sta-Puf in your next wash . . . at grocers' everywhere.

P.S. Lady Kenmore Washer-Dryer Combination—washes and dries a 10-pound load in one continuous operation. Also adds Sta-Puf automatically in final rinse.

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information booth

George Sanders

Tony Dow

John Bromfield

Sweet Smell of Talent

Would you please give me some information on Tony Dow, Wally on Leave It To Beaver*?*

L. S., Wayne, Michigan

For all of his twelve years, the Van Nuys, California boy had been under the noses of producers. But it took the initiative of an actor friend of the family to put the scouts on the scent. He brought Tony Dow to the audition set of *Leave It To Beaver*, where the lad impressed everyone thoroughly—and walked off with the part of Wally Cleaver. . . . Tony's mother had been a Mack Sennett beauty; his brother Dion, now a psychologist, had an early fling at the movies. Tony himself had acted in two pilot films for the projected *Johnny Wildlife* series, but he was in no sense a "professional" child. "Everything's pretty much the same," says he, "since I started working in *Beaver*." So much the same, in fact, that it was several months before his friends even knew him as the ubiquitous Beaver's brother and co-conspirator. . . . The blue-eyed hundred-pounder is a talented swimmer, gymnast, and player of chess and two musical instruments. According to one admirer, Tony is "a genius of coordination." Speaking for himself, Tony says he likes acting, but has another, less certain ambition, as well: "If I could sing," Tony muses, "I'd like to . . . but I can't."

Shipshape Sheriff

I would like to know something about John Bromfield, Sheriff Of Cochise.

M. R., Wausau, Wis.

John Bromfield is shipshape for the rough-and-tumble action required by his *Sheriff* duties. While a senior at St. Mary's College in California, John was lightweight intercollegiate boxing champ, and also played right end on the football team—never missing a pass in four school years. Indiana-born and California-bred, John was a Navy man during the war. Afterwards, he kept his sea legs in stride with summer tuna-fishing jobs. Spotted by a movie scout, John was turned from his plan to become an athletic coach. His film debut in "Harpoon" required six months of location work in Alaska, where John learned the Eskimo trade of harpoon-whaling. On his return, he was initiated into the Whaling Society of New Bedford (Mass.) as one of its youngest members. . . . John went on to harpoon some choice roles in "Sorry, Wrong Number" and "Easy to Love," and then netted the *Cochise* assignment for TV. . . . Thirty-six years old. John is a crack shot and excellent horseman. He is married to Larri Thomas of "Guys and Dolls" fame, and they make their home in Hollywood. John is still very much a fisherman, enjoying nothing so much as hitting the surf, of a weekend, with rod, reel, and a protective coat of Cochise desert tan.

He Acts His Age

Please write something about George Sanders, who guested on The Perry Como Show. *I didn't know he was a singer.*

O. L., Sedalia, Mo.

George Sanders likes his privacy like any man. But one thing he doesn't mind who knows is his birth statistic. He was born in St. Petersburg (now Leningrad), Russia, in 1906, of English parents. As schoolboys, he and elder brother—actor Tom Conway—spoke both English and Russian, and learned foundations of several other languages as well. At the time of the Revolution, the family was forced to flee the Reds. Back in England, George finished his schooling, went into textile research, and then, in an adventurous spirit, headed for South America on a tobacco venture. . . . The Depression having brought the aromatic blend to an end, George found himself back in England—and unemployed. An uncle suggested he try show business, so George, ready for anything, trained his voice and brushed up his piano and sax. He landed a small singing part in "Ballyhoo," progressing brilliantly from there—understudying Noel Coward in "Conversation Piece," and starring in several British films. . . . Arriving in Hollywood, George made hits of "Lloyds of London," "Rebecca," and "The Lodger." Fans of these pix would never have known he'd got his start as a singer. Lately, George has been getting back to it, via television. He's guested with Ed Sullivan and Perry Como. He's most famous, of course, for his TV series, *The George Sanders Mystery Theater*. . . . Sanders (pronounced, in England, to rhyme with "launders") is a large, well-built man of 6′ 3″ and 215 pounds. He is an able swimmer, likes travel, FM radio, and lots of sleep. He is "not 39"—and "glad of it." George feels it's very nice to relax and act his age, without having to "pretend all my life to a romantic 39."

Calling All Fans

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

Kelo Henderson Fan Club, Pearl Owens, 1042 Yuba St., Aurora, Colo.

Marjorie Lord Fan Club, Nadine Schiern, 1207 S. Sherbourne Dr., Los Angeles 35, Calif.

Rocky Rockwell Fan Club, Patricia Young, 1018 West 38th St., Baltimore 11, Md.

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.

You saw them there . . . waltzing to the music of a cab radio. Or maybe it was a dream . . . *their* dream. But for a moment you shared it on **WHISPERING STREETS.** For this new radio drama takes you wherever life leads, makes you part of the people you meet on the way. Each day, as only she can, **BETTE DAVIS** brings you to a new scene . . . an unforgettable story on Whispering Streets. A different story . . . a complete story every day. Join her. Monday through Friday on the **CBS RADIO NETWORK.**

CHECK YOUR PAPER FOR TIME AND STATION

DICK CLARK and Company

By HELEN CAMBRIA

THE TALL YOUTH loped across the parking lot outside the WFIL studios in Philadelphia to intercept Dick Clark as he stepped out of his station wagon. Gilbert Martinez, age sixteen, had an urgency born of disappointment. The doorman had turned him away from *American Bandstand.* But he approached Clark with the confidence of one asking a favor of an old friend. "Hi, Dick, how's about getting me into the show?"

Dick never before had laid eyes on Gilbert, but he understood the situation. Through watching the program, Gilbert

That's the magic combination luring audiences to American Bandstand. The forma

With their friend Dick Clark (left) presiding—and record stars like The Diamonds (below) entertaining—club members have a ball at TV sessions!

felt he knew Dick and assumed Dick should know him. Dick accepted him on his own terms. "We're filled up, I take it?" Gilbert nodded. "And you've come quite a distance?"

"From Bethlehem," said the boy, meaning Pennsylvania, not the Holy Land. "We got the day off from school."

"Come along," said Dick. "I guess I can manage it."

That was nearly a year ago. Today, Dick Clark would find it more difficult to extend such an invitation. Not that Dick has changed. Despite the pressure of

Continued

s simple, the music is danceable—proving Dick knows just what teenagers want

With their friend Dick Clark (left) presiding—and record stars like The Diamonds (below) entertaining—club members have a ball at TV sessions!

DICK CLARK and Company

By HELEN CAMBRIA

THE TALL YOUTH loped across the parking lot outside the WFIL studios in Philadelphia to intercept Dick Clark as he stepped out of his station wagon. Gilbert Martinez, age sixteen, had an urgency born of disappointment. The doorman had turned him away from *American Bandstand*. But he approached Clark with the confidence of one asking a favor of an old friend. "Hi, Dick, how's about getting me into the show?"

Dick never before had laid eyes on Gilbert, but he understood the situation. Through watching the program, Gilbert felt he knew Dick and assumed Dick should know him. Dick accepted him on his own terms. "We're filled up, I take it?" Gilbert nodded. "And you've come quite a distance?"

"From Bethlehem," said the boy, meaning Pennsylvania, not the Holy Land. "We got the day off from school."

"Come along," said Dick. "I guess I can manage it."

That was nearly a year ago. Today, Dick Clark would find it more difficult to extend such an invitation. Not that Dick has changed. Despite the pressure of

Continued

That's the magic combination luring audiences to American Bandstand. The forma is simple, the music is danceable—proving Dick knows just what teenagers want

DICK CLARK and Company

(Continued)

Teenagers say of Dick: "He understands our music—and helps make our parents realize it's all right." Parents agree, in letters to Dick and producer Tony Mammarella (below).

Dick knows *Bandstand* members by name and school, chats with them in Philadelphia's WFIL-TV studio, where the ABC-TV daily show originates.

ever-increasing demands on his time, he remains more friend than star to those who see him every day.

The change has come in the number of young people who want to dance on *American Bandstand.* Since it went on the ABC-TV network, Philadelphia has become the mecca of the traveling teenager. Individuals turn up every day. School tours put it in their itinerary. A national organization, holding its convention in the city, requested one hundred reservations for the children of members.

When Tony Mammarella, producer of the program, explained the latter posed a problem, the chairman replied frankly, "It's a problem for us, too. None of us ever thought we could drag our kids to a convention by the scruff of the neck. But—since we're meeting in Philadelphia—they insist on tagging along to *Bandstand.* What lure do you have here, anyway?"

Certainly, *American Bandstand* offers little of the physical glamour of television. There's a small podium for Dick, a row of pennant-bedecked, unpainted pine bleachers where the kids roost, and a small (*Continued on page* 80)

American Bandstand (originating in Philadelphia) is seen over ABC-TV, Mon.-Fri., from 3 to 3:30 and 4 to 5 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship. *The Dick Clark Show* (from New York City) is seen over ABC-TV, Sat., from 7:30 to 8 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Beechnut—Life Savers.

Audience members participate in "The Judges' Stand," rating the new record releases Dick has corralled. They dance, too—both in the studio and across the nation—and take pride in living up to the oft-repeated description: "The nicest looking bunch of kids in the United States."

DICK CLARK and Company

(Continued)

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a Salute for Private Presley

Cropped, uniformed, Army Serial No. 53310761 has come through with flying colors. This exclusive report from officers and men at Fort Hood tells why they like Elvis

Gone are the famous sideburns, as Elvis gets Army haircut from James B. Peterson, at Fort Chaffee, Ark.

New inductee's garb is strictly GI. "We sure don't look like movie heroes in these duds," he grinned.

But—if he thought he was leaving fame behind—crowds and cameras all along the way tell a different story!

By EUNICE FIELD

It was ten o'clock at night in Fort Hood. The lights were going out in the row of barracks housing Company A, 2nd Medium Tank Bn., 37th Armor, 2nd Armored Division. From inside came the usual last-minute yells, bursts of laughter and dropping of shoes, accompanied by an occasional groan, "Oh, my aching back!"

In one of the darkened barracks an extraordinary scene was taking place. Twenty-one newly inducted GIs were lying in their bunks, listening to their "acting corporal." He was singing softly, almost to himself. Only his shadow could be seen, briefly lit from the outside, as his deep voice delivered the lines of a popular hymn known to them all: "There will be peace in the valley for me some day. . ."

"Gosh," breathed one of the young soldiers to his buddy, "I used to buy his records and go to see him at the movies. But I never thought I'd ever have him sing for my benefit—and for free. Wait till I write my kid sister about this!"

The presence of Elvis Presley among them had lent a touch of the unusual to the proceedings from the start. There was, for example, the incident in North Carolina. The chartered bus that was carrying them for (*Continued on page* 84)

Chow line at Fort Hood, Texas, where Elvis learned about Army life—and the Army learned about Elvis. Rumors flew wild, those first eight weeks, but fellow soldiers soon realized the truth about the man behind the myth.

Wandering Minstrel

Johnny Cash was born an Arkansas traveler, a troubadour of the lonesome road. But his heart's in Memphis with the girl who inspires his songs

By LILLA ANDERSON

JOHNNY CASH has the Big River blues in his voice and the sound of the prairie wind. He's the story-telling, wandering man, today's version of the medieval troubadours who roved from place to place, giving back in song the experiences and emotions they had known or seen. True, there are surface changes. Where yesterday's wandering minstrel depended on his own weary feet for transportation, Johnny does his well-booked wanderings by Cadillac. And the huge auditoriums where he draws sell-out crowds would dwarf a castle's great hall.

But the theme of loneliness and love remains unchanged in its appeal down through the centuries. Where once Elizabethan page boys and pretty young ladies-in-waiting gathered around to dig "Barbara Allen," today's teen-agers put Johnny's up-dated, (*Continued on page* 74)

Above, guest-star Johnny with his host on the Saturday-night *Dick Clark Show* from New York. Below, sightseeing in Times Square with wife Vivian—the pretty little Texan he literally "bowled over," roller-skating in San Antonio!

Wherever he goes, coast to coast, the Sun recording star strikes just the right note for spellbound listeners. In the East, police barricades were needed to hold back the crowds clamoring for Johnny, at his Clark show appearance.

Out West, he got a rousing welcome from both fans and stars, on one of the great Lawrence Welk shows. Above, with maestro Welk. Below, with three teen-age queens and their princess-sister: Diane, Peggy, Kathy, Janet Lennon.

SPECIAL ROUND-UP: NEW YOUNG SINGERS OF 1958

They Sing Hot,

Veteran singer at thirteen, Scott Engel introduced new Orbit platter on *The Eddie Fisher Show.* Eddie generously gave Scott big build-up, recalled how Eddie Cantor had done same for him.

Summer is fun, summer is for singing and dancing and romance. Here are the talented young voices giving you the background beat for this wonderful season in the sun

By HELEN BOLSTAD

NEVER HAVE teenagers had so much music to choose from, never have so many new young artists rocketed into fame, never have so many records been released.

One report of the quantity came from *The Billboard,* a weekly show-business newspaper. Within three months, they received 1,111 records for review. People asked, "Where do all these records come from?" The answer was, "From the young people themselves." American Music Conference estimated that 3,750,000 teenagers play musical instruments. A youngster who was a record collector one week might—if he had a tune in his head and was able to play or sing it—be a recording artist the next.

Laurie London, the English schoolboy, was an example. Another Britisher, Frankie Vaughan, bid for an American audience. Other interesting young singers who have made news include Frankie Avalon and Scott Engel, two well-trained teen-age veterans who have been in show business since childhood. The Diamonds got their second million-seller.

Girls have had a hard time getting into the charts, but Connie Francis made it with "Who's Sorry Now?" Pat Suzuki showed her versatility in a Vik album. Country boy Vernon Taylor forged ahead.

But strongest of all, in the trend, was the influence of music in the family. New artists with famous names included Ronnie Burns, Lindsay Crosby, Rick Nelson, Guy Pastor.

Two sets of brothers who helped each other in the climb were Sam and L. C. Cooke and Johnny and Ralph Mathis. In the Cliff Thomas Trio, two brothers and a sister made their debut.

Many a made-at-home song has come to the top, brought there by kids recently unknown who sang up a storm. This is a season when the young talent is coming into its own.

They Sing Cool

Philadelphia's Frankie Avalon was trumpet virtuoso at thirteen, launched his second career as singer of songs for Chancellor label. Peter DeAngelis, one of firm's owners, accompanies Frankie on piano in rendition of "Dede Dinah."

Frank is grooming friend Fabian for singing stardom. Below, Frank with Bob Marcucci, other Chancellor boss.

In TV Radio Mirror's 1957 round-up of new recording stars, thirteen-year-old Scott Engel was entered as "the dreamboat for the lollipop set." In his first recording for a minor label, he belted out a ditty titled, "When Is a Boy a Man?"

Appropriately, this season he answered his own question by appearing on *The Eddie Fisher Show* to introduce his new Orbit platter, "The Livin' End" and "Good for Nothin'." In a year, Scott had shot up faster than a rocket, growing four inches (but gaining only two pounds) and was ready to pitch for full-scale popularity.

Another young man who's moving fast on the hit charts is Frankie Avalon, who celebrated his high-school graduation by making a musical comeback as a singer—Frankie had been a child prodigy on the trumpet. In less than a year, he had his first gold record as a singer, "Dede Dinah," plus another well-started on the charts.

He also has satisfied a long-held ambition as a talent scout by bringing to Bob Marcucci and Pete DeAngelis (his Philadelphia neighbors and owners of the Chancellor label), a singer he considers will develop into an authentic teen-age idol. Frankie's friend Fabian—he's using only the single name—is fifteen years old. Frankie believes Fabian can sing. Chancellor has cut a record. Frankie is coaching Fabian in ways of show business. It will be interesting to see whether they can both get recordings on the charts at the same time.

At about the time Frankie Avalon was hitting high on the charts, international recording news was made by two young Britishers, one who moved with a trend and another who reversed it.

In a cheerless early spring, an exultant young voice restated the promise of Easter and Passover with such jubilant faith that fourteen-year-old Laurie London's record,

Continued

Fourteen-year-old Laurie London, whose Capitol record "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands" is a world-wide hit, is managed by his father, shown above with mother, sister Rosalind and her fiance.

Nancy Lee's "The Stroll" gave the Diamonds a second hit. L. to r., Mike Douglas, Dave Somerville, Nancy, Ted Kowalski, Bill Reed.

Curly-headed dreamer, but Laurie's dreams came true. Young London is now darling of British stage and TV.

"He's Got the Whole World in His Hands," became the song everyone wanted to hear. It carried swiftly from his native England to America and then around the globe.

To achieve an instantaneous world-wide hit broke precedents. While it is true that popular music moves from one country to another, the mechanics of record distribution are such that an American chart-topper often reaches the British hit list six months later. A year or two may elapse before it reaches other foreign markets.

It is also axiomatic that music moves from west to east. Few British artists or songs have crashed the American charts.

Frankie Vaughan, the British hit king, who this season made his bid for American popularity by coming over here and virtually starting from scratch, explains, "Our songwriters just haven't been able to give us the material which makes a top tune in the States. If we 'cover' an American hit, why should American kids want to hear our version when they have the original?"

Laurie London, the boy who broke through the barrier, had the answer. "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands" is a spiritual which at least two great American artists, Marian Anderson and Mahalia Jackson, have interpreted. Yet Laurie had not heard them. He did not do an imitation. He made the song his own.

To get your first hit is easy, say the young recording artists who have accomplished it in the face of today's competition. But the second hit is tough, they all admit.

The Diamonds, who had a one-and-a-half-million seller in 1957 with "Little Darlin'," bounced into the multi-million class, thanks to a musical assist from Nancy Lee, the pretty little fourteen-year-old girl who wrote "The Stroll." Nancy is the daughter of Jack Lee, professional manager of Meridian Music Corporation.

The Diamonds originally organized in Toronto, home base for a number of chart-riding singing groups. Ted Kowalski and Phil Leavitt met while attending the University of Toronto. They were having so much fun singing together that Mike Douglas and Bill Reed joined in. Bill Reed's father, who had sung with a barber-shop quartet, coached them. Another local group gave them some help and they broke in on school dances where they got the usual ten to fifteen or zero dollars a night.

There have been three shifts in personnel, but today Kowalski, Douglas and Reed are back together, with Dave Somerville replacing Phil Leavitt, who has gone back to the University. When they first auditioned for the Canadian Broadcast-

Backdropped by picture of London, British teens' idol Frankie Vaughan sang out for first time to Americans on *Big Record.*

Frankie is preparing to become international commuter, showcase his records for Epic in this country, for Philips in Europe. Above with family, below with Carole Lesley in Warner movie "Dangerous Youth."

ing Company, Dave was a radio technician at the network. Also at CBC, they enlisted Nat Goodman as their manager.

First venture to the States was on *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts.* Art Talmadge of Mercury Records saw The Diamonds when they appeared later on Bill Randle's *TV Dance Party* in Cleveland. Result: A contract with Mercury, with "Little Darlin'" a winner as their first hit.

Two sets of brothers began this year to make big news in recordings. Sam and L. C. Cooke and Johnny and Ralph Mathis may prove to be modern-day versions of the Dorsey Brothers.

The Cooke boys grew up near Chicago, where their father, the Reverend Charles Cooke, was pastor of Christ Temple at Chicago Heights. Sam says, "A big family is always fun and we all sang. The big deal during summer vacations was for all of us to pile into the car and drive down to visit my grandmother, Annie Mae Carrol, at Greenville, Mississippi."

Sam did more traveling when he joined The Soul Steerers, a gospel group which sang all over the country. Young Cooke's urge to strike out as a single and venture into the pop field was intensified when Bumps Blackwell became his manager. Says Sam, "I knew it was going to be slow going at the start, so I saved my money and got ready for it."

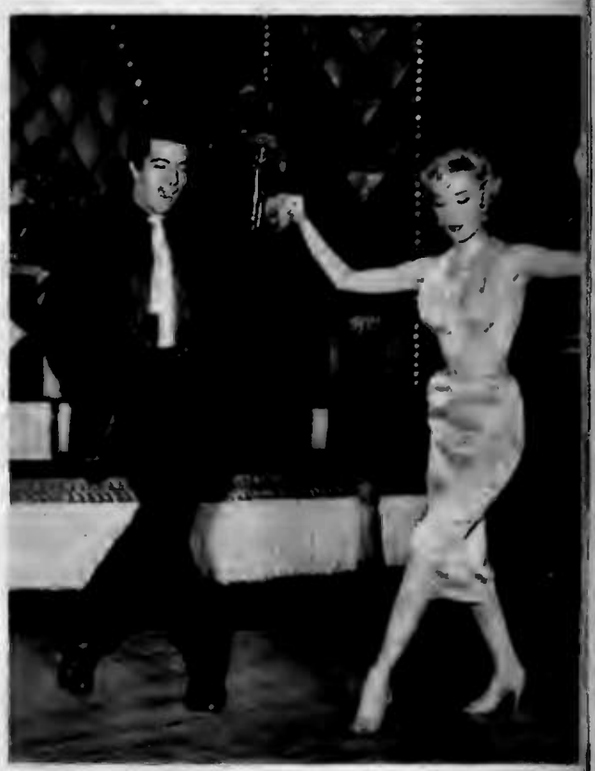
"Slow" soon became "standstill." Sam did a recording session at Specialty, but the company did not release the records. Says Sam, "We had to do something, so Bumps decided to buy back one 'master.' That was all we could afford. We chose 'Summertime' because we thought that was my best."

"Summertime" just happened to be backed with "You Send Me." Sam says, "My kid brother L. C. Cooke wrote that. I liked the tune, but I didn't think much about it. I just threw it in."

Keen Records released it and Sam haunted the Keen office. "Man, I was in that place every day. When the first orders came in, I practically wrapped the packages and shipped them out myself. At first, that is..."

Shortly, he had to get out of the way or get caught in the rush, for Sam's record took off. Disc jockeys ignored "Summertime." It was L. C.'s little number, Sam's throwaway side, "You Send Me," which went up in the charts and sold nearly two million of the records.

A year ago, Johnny Mathis said in an interview, "Sure, I'd like a hit, but I'd rather develop into a distinctive, dynamic personality—someone like Nat 'King' Cole, Sinatra, Lena Horne or Belafonte." Since then he has done so.



Now Johnny's younger brother Ralph Mathis has his first Ebb release out, "Never Let You Go." He is featured on the recording with The Ambers. Ralph wrote the lyrics of the song and the group "put the record together" on their own. Will Ralph be able to equal Johnny?

His family hopes he won't—not for a while. Their father, Clem Mathis, says, "Ralph has to finish school. I don't want him to go out on a limb in show business, because I was in it as a kid and it is the most uncer-

Continued

Newest Sun Record entry in the music sweepstakes is The Cliff Thomas Trio from Jackson, Mississippi. This versatile family group was encouraged in music study by their parents, performed for local friends before turning professional. Above (l. to r.), Ed Jr. (piano), Barbara (singer), father and mother Thomas, Cliff (who plays accordion, trumpet, guitar and clarinet). Group has built up repertoire of songs written by Ed Jr.

Master of his own TV show on WTTG, Washington, Vernon Taylor records for Dot Records. An eligible bachelor, Vernon charms the girls—whether it's a group of femme fans or his charming mother—who lovingly feeds the inner man.

Johnny Mathis from San Francisco has developed star status quickly, in spite of his father Clem's judgment that show business is "uncertain." Now younger brother Ralph, singing with The Ambers on Ebb label, makes his bid for fame.

tain business in the world, downright slippery. I told Johnny the same thing. I'm all for Ralph's singing, but he has got to find out that there is a lot of hard work connected with it, same as with any other business."

Ralph idolizes Johnny, happily recalls how they sang together as children, and adds, "We all sing. We used to get around the piano and sing up a storm."

At seventeen, and a senior at Washington High School, Ralph has rivalled Johnny's track records and has won a city gold medal for his 6′2″ high jump. (Johnny's record was 6′5½″.) Ralph is popular at school with the girls, but he doesn't want to go steady. "Singing is the most important thing right now."

Family music is also responsible for The Cliff Thomas Trio which currently is Sun Records' longshot entry into the big, big music sweepstakes. Ed Thomas Jr. says, "The Thomas family has the only free floor show in Jackson, Mississippi."

Sister Barbara Thomas chimes in, "Every school vacation, our house turns into Grand Central station. Soon as one group of friends leave, another come in. Sometimes they have to wait until there's room."

Brother Cliff Thomas, the third member of the trio, explains, "Daddy didn't like us to play in public. That's why people came to our home to hear us—and finally we decided to record for Sun Records."

Ed's tunes, "I'm on My Way Home" and "Treat Me Right," were

A flash success with his first disc, Rick Nelson was forerunner of a group of singers with famous dads.

Pvt. Lindsay Crosby ran disc show with Army friend Joe Plummer, has now signed to sing for RCA Victor.

First disc for Ronnie Burns was introduced on TV show of family friend Jack Benny. Below, father-son team of Guy and Tony Pastor record successful single. Guy sings with Tony's band.

released last spring. The record sold 50,000 copies its first six weeks out and is still selling. They hope for a hit with their next one.

Another talented young Southerner is Vernon Taylor, the five-foot-eleven bachelor who records for Dot and has his own TV show on WTTG, Washington, D. C. Homespun harmony, in the style of Eddy Arnold, was Vernon's starting spot, but today he swings with ease from a country ballad to a hymn, to rock 'n' roll.

Taylor's first record for the Dot label was "Losing Game" backed with "I've Got the Blues." His second was "Why Must You Leave Me" and "Satisfaction Guaranteed." He's due for a hit soon, has the drive and talent to make the charts.

A second generation of music makers took off in mid-1957 when Rick Nelson stood up on his own two feet and belted out a song which didn't depend on the family name to make it popular. And this first instantaneous hit was followed rapidly by others. First half of 1958, he was riding high with "Believe What You Say" and "My Bucket's Got a Hole in It," for Imperial.

Rick was only the first of a group of sons of famous show-business families to make a bid for success through recordings. Also making their first appearances as singers are three boys with famous names.

Lindsay Crosby, Bing's twenty-year-old, is one. Lindsay, like his brother Gary, is in the Army. But he got a pass from Ford Ord, California, to record for RCA Victor the song "Friendship Ring" and, on flip side, "Why-Oh-You." Then, on a leave in New York City, Lindsay made the rounds of deejays to introduce it. One critic described him, "He's got a fine voice quality like his dad, and a teen-age beat."

Ronnie Burns, son of George Burns and Gracie Allen, visited the TV show of an old family friend, Jack Benny, to launch his Verve disc, "Kinda Cute." Ronnie, born in Evanston, Illinois, July 9, 1935, has already proved himself as an actor on the Burns and Allen CBS-TV program. He'll carry on with George, next season, now that Gracie has retired, and has prepared himself for the many family business enterprises.

Guy Pastor, launching his career, found that the hardest one to convince was his own famous father, Tony. Tony wanted Guy to go into any profession but music. However, he did promise Guy that, if he got good grades during his senior year, the Tony Pastor band would play for his graduation dance. At the dance, he would give his son Guy a chance to sing. That settled it. When Tony recorded a Roulette album soon after, he suggested that his son sing one song. A & R men were doubtful, but they let him try —and shortly re-issued Guy's number, "Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries," as a single. The young Pastor has his own album out now and its title virtually states the theme of this group of young singers. It is

Sam Cooke reoched Hitville with song by brother L. C., "You Send Me." Jimmy Dean presented Sam on CBS (below).

SPECIAL ROUND-UP: NEW YOUNG SINGERS OF 1958

Continued →

Diminutive Connie Francis started accordion lessons when she was only three, now has pet dog Mambo crooning in a high baritone. Connie's guested many shows during past year, including appearance on *The Big Record* to sing her song "Who's Sorry Now?"

entitled "A Guy and His Dad."

Girl singers have had to have plenty of drive to get a hit over since the rock 'n' roll era began—and few have made the top. But this season a graduate of George Scheck's kindergarten for stars, *Star Time,* jumped right into the magic circle of top hits. Five-foot-two, auburn-haired Connie Francis sang for M-G-M Records, "Who's Sorry Now?" An impressive number of record collectors indicated they thought it was exceedingly pleasant to have Connie around.

Connie has been singing since she was a toddler. Daughter of George and Ida Franconero, she was born in Newark, New Jersey, December 12, 1938, now lives with her parents and her brother, George, in Belleville, New Jersey. The Franconeros are a musical family—including Connie's dog, Mambo. She describes him, "He's an 'all-American' breed with a high baritone voice."

The stardom road was longer, harder, for Pat Suzuki than any other young singer in this group. She was born September 23, 1934, in Cressey, California. Her father, a prosperous fruit farmer, named her Chiyoko, "a thousand times good," but a neighbor dubbed her "Pat." She was eight and proud of learning to sing, "Shout It Out, Wherever You May Be—I Am an American," when her family, with others of Japanese descent, was moved to a Colorado detention camp after Pearl Harbor. Pat grew up behind barbed wire. A tenant family ran their farm until they returned.

Graduated from Livingston, California high school, Pat took her B.A. in fine arts from San Jose State College. A disciplined painter, but a wild singer, she explains her shift to music: "When you're given too many rules, you don't go on." Skeptical of her future, she took off for New York, became "understudy to a walk-on" in "Teahouse of the August Moon." She jumped show in Seattle when, during a cast party at Norm Bobrow's Colony Club, Burgess Meredith said, "Let's have Pat sing. It's our only chance to hear her." For Pat, it turned into a four-year engagement.

Shy and afraid of fame, she delayed three months signing the contract which Vik records offered; accepted it only when her father advised, "If you have a talent, you must use it." Bing Crosby volunteered liner notes for her first album, "The Many Sides of Pat Suzuki." Since it moved into the charts, she has been on major TV shows and now has released a single, "Black Coffee," backed with "Daddy." She balances a torchy song's excitement with her own naivete. "If it's too sophisticated for me, I kid it a little."

These seven pages of text and pictures serve only as a brief introduction to the twenty-three talented young people whose music and songs you'll be hearing this summer. More anecdotes and additional biographical material follow.

(*Continued on page* 81)

Exotic Pat Suzuki's known as Miss Ponytail. Big talent in a small package, her first release is on Vik.

SPECIAL ROUND-UP: NEW YOUNG SINGERS OF 1958

Pioneer with a Purpose

Frontier editor Jefferson Drum believes in brains over brawn—but actor Jeff Richards also has the muscles to back up Drum's decisions

Power of the press—even an old-fashioned one such as that operated by Jeff in the new NBC-TV series—was never better demonstrated than in the exciting stories of *Jefferson Drum.*

Barefoot boy at heart, he's loved all outdoor sports since childhood days in Portland, Oregon. For indoor recreation, it's record-playing at his bachelor home-on-the-beach.

After admittedly "just drifting for a while," Jeff now says: "Between my work and the outdoor life I can enjoy at Malibu . . . I've found happiness . . . and my life has found a purpose."

By KATHLEEN POST

MORNING at Malibu. A beach party notes a tall, tanned and rugged young man, running at full speed to plunge headlong into the surf. "Golly," breathes a pert teenager, "what a handsome hunk!"

The others laugh, but the mother of the girl is oddly provoked. "Handsome is as handsome does," she snaps. "I have no use for these—these muscle-ripplers!"

"But, Mommy," protests the girl, "that's Jeff Richards. He was in 'The Opposite Sex' and now he's *Jefferson Drum* on NBC-TV, and—"

The subject of the debate has emerged from the water and is toweling his six-foot-three frame vigorously.

Suddenly, the mother walks up to him and says sharply, "Young man, perhaps these silly girls have given you a swelled head, but I'll have (*Continued on page* 64)

Jeff Richards stars in *Jefferson Drum*, as seen on NBC-TV, Friday, 8 P.M. EDT, sponsored alternately by P. Lorillard Co. (for Old Gold Cigarettes) and Chemstrand Corp. (Acrilan and Chemstrand Nylon).

One look at a TV set, and teen-aged Bettie had found her Prince Charming. One look at Bettie, and Ferlin Husky found his Cinderella. But between those two "looks" was a long time when they'd never even met! Today, they have a home on the Cumberland River (for the boating Ferlin loves) and a family of three—with a fourth child on the way. Pictured below are Donna, 12, and Danny, who's going-on-six.

"I'm Going to Marry Ferlin"

A foolish boast for any fan to make from afar? The surprising answer is that Bettie is now Mrs. Husky!

By HANNAH LILLESAND

THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL huddle around the TV set was in full swoon. Single-minded in their adoration, a half-dozen girls followed every move of guitar-playing Ferlin Husky, who, with Smokey Rogers, presented a daily show on KFMB-TV, San Diego. His blond handsomeness, his exciting vitality, his quick wit, were balanced by a straightforward sincerity. He also could sing. When he did a romantic number, they sighed; when he went into a comedy bit, they giggled. Between times, they talked.

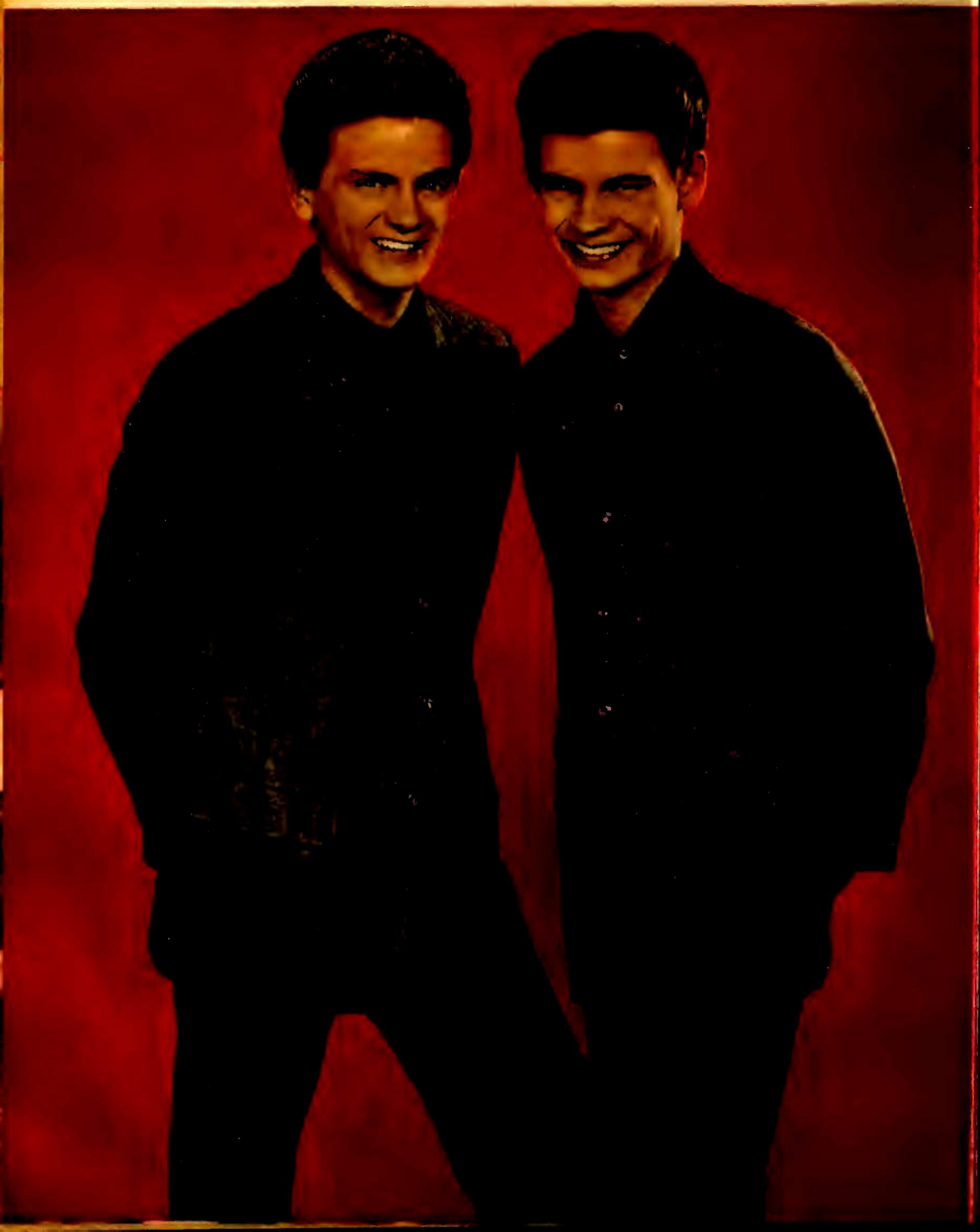
Nothing they said would have made a bit of sense to an eavesdropping adult, for theirs was a private language, (*Continued on page* 78)

Grand Ole Opry (WSM, Nashville) is heard nationally on *Monitor*, over NBC Radio, Saturday, at 10:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco for Prince Albert.

Triple-threat Ferlin sings on radio's beloved *Grand Ole Opry,* records for Capitol, co-stars in the Paramount movie, "Country Music Holiday" (below). Experts have recently been impressed by his acting ability and would like to lure him away to Hollywood.

Though Missouri-born, Ferlin feels right at home in Nashville. It's one of the great music capitals of America, and Tennessee Governor Frank Clement (above, right) is a great booster of its talents.

Born to Be TROUPERS



How big can you get? The boys did five shows last season with Ed Sullivan, who thinks they're great.

Here's how to tell the Everly Brothers apart: Don's serious and dark —Phil's a bit lighter and livelier.

But Don has a broad smile for his friends, too—and, most especially, the members of the Everly Fan Club.

The Everly Brothers knew hard times before they hit the big time. They've been singing ever since they had to stand on chairs to be seen

By
MARTIN COHEN

With maestro Ray Bloch on *The Ed Sullivan Show.* "A pleasure to work with," Ed salutes the talented duo.

Testing a number with the man who "discovered" them—music publisher Wesley Rose, who is their manager.

BACKSTAGE at New York's Paramount Theater, a couple of young men were in a hassle. That could have been headline news—for these two happened to be the Everly Brothers. Don and Phil Everly are among the top-rated singing stars of the country. In the past year, they have sold over three million records. In the same period, they have guest-starred with Pat Boone, Patti Page, Kathryn Murray, Perry Como and Ed Sullivan—setting a precedent on the Sullivan show by making five appearances in a single season. "They are one of the few combinations of youngsters who can really sing," Sullivan says, "and they are a pleasure to work with. They accept direction and get along so well."

So how come the fuss backstage?

"I'll tell you," says Don, the older of the brothers: "When we are having an argument, it sounds like a war. You would think we were really mad at each other. The funny thing is that we never argue about *important* things."

The Paramount hassle illustrates more about the boys than they realize. Their manager, Wesley H. Rose, who was present, explains: "All the fuss was about a shirt. The boys dress alike on stage and, for the next (*Continued on page* 70)

They sing "All I Have to Do Is Dream," on the Cadence label. But their mother, Margaret Everly, knows how they worked to win their present fame.

Jan and Toni proudly present the whole Murray family: Down in front—Howard, Diane and Celia; rear—teenager Warren.

FRIEND INDEED

Comics don't cut each other down, says Jan. They help each other, like each other. Proving him right is this laugh lineup of, from rear, Steve Allen, Jan, Milton Berle, Harvey Stone, Phil "Bilko" Silvers, Billy Vine, Sid Gould, Hal March, Phil Foster and Buddy Hackett.

Comedian's comedian,

creative producer,

Jan Murray gathers in a wealth

of love and gratitude

both on and off TV

By PAUL DENIS

IN THE FRANTIC WORLD of television, Jan Murray stands out as a symbol of the steadfast friend. His home, his TV dressing room and his office are constantly being visited by other entertainers, as well as non-TV friends and fans. They come to chit-chat and reminisce, to encourage Jan, to tell him their problems, to inquire about Jan's wife and children, to offer help if help is needed.

This great outpouring of love, given and received, is both a joy and a problem to Jan. A joy, because Jan simply cannot live without friends . . . a problem, because it eats into Jan's precious time. After all, Jan emcees six *Treasure Hunt* programs weekly on NBC-TV, created and is executive producer of *Wingo* (seen on CBS), and runs a big TV packaging firm which occupies an entire floor at the Hotel Wellington in New York.

He rarely gets home for dinner before 10 P.M., and he doesn't see his children as much as he yearns to. But he never resents the demands of friendship. As his wife Toni says, "Jan loves (*Continued on page* 66)

Jan's home is a new-fangled, white-shingle "castle," with the moat replaced by an "open-door" policy. It's come-one come-all, with a well-stocked larder to back up the invitation. Mornings, when Warren, Howard and Celia take dad at his open-door word, Jan gladly loses the shut-eye.

Jan Murray emcees *Treaure Hunt*, seen on NBC-TV, Monday-Friday, 10:30 A.M. EDT.

How to Be 100% Happy

By GLADYS HALL

HALF AN HOUR after finishing his morning chore as host and star of *Don Ameche's Real Life Stories,* Dominic Felix Ameche comes walking into the light-filled living room of his penthouse apartment overlooking New York's East River.

A healthier, happier-appearing man you couldn't hope to find in all the Americas. He is healthy: "Being a performer, I have to keep myself in shape, so I exercise a little more, eat a little less (never eat lunch), do calisthenics every morning and, whenever possible, walk to wherever I am going." He is also happy—for reasons we shall presently discover.

And handsome. Six feet tall. One hundred and sixty-four well-distributed pounds. Dark brown eyes with a smile in them. Dark hair. Olive skin. White teeth. Don Ameche, in fact, looks exactly as he looked twenty-five years ago, when he was a movie idol under contract to 20th Century-Fox and starred in a succession of hit films, including "The Story of Alexander Graham Bell" (in which—as everyone knows by now—Don Ameche invented the telephone).

Both before and during his picture-making days in Hollywood, the young Ameche also made a name for himself in radio as star of such top-rated programs as *The First Nighter, Grand Hotel* and the immensely popular *Chase And Sanborn Hour,* for which he was emcee, as well as doing a fifteen-minute acting "spot" with each week's guest star. And he has always sung. Just two seasons ago, his singing voice—a baritone ("but I can get it down to bass-baritone")—was applauded by audiences and acclaimed by critics when he co-starred with Hildegarde Neff in the Broadway musical-comedy hit, "Silk Stockings."

How does a man become a star in movies, the theater, radio and television, without ever once creating a scandalous or tragic headline? (*Continued on page* 68)

Don Ameche's own "real life story" can be an inspiration to everyone, in or out of show business

His name is Dominic Felix Ameche—and Felix means "happy." But all happiness, Don believes, begins with the family. His and Haney's faur sans, grawing up, are home only far vacatians and holidays naw, but the twa belaved girls, Bannie and Cannie, are with them—and their pet "Baba"—all except during schaal hours.

Don likes ta read, spends his leisure hours at hame. He married his schaal-day sweetheart (Haney's his nickname far "Hanare"), has been wed 25 years.

Good food is his weakness. Haney's an excellent coak, Dan has his own specialty—but they're praudest of their "recipe" far raising children. Seeing Bonnie off ta a party, Dan has na qualms: "The girls are as well-adjusted as any adults I know!"

Don Ameche's Real Life Stories, produced and directed by Himan Brown, is heard on NBC Radio, Monday through Friday, 10:30 to 11 A.M. EDT.

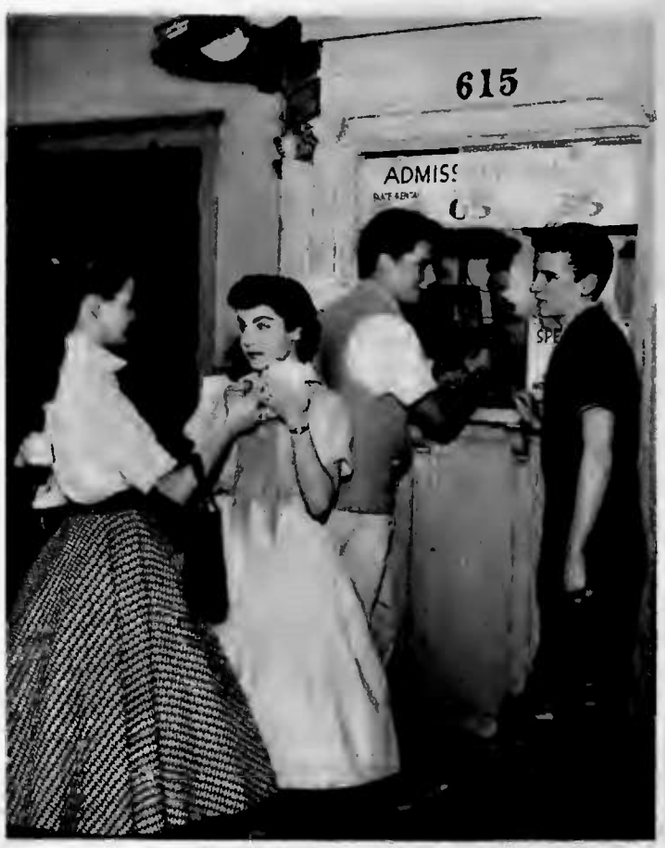
Summer Skating is Fun!

Out Hollywood way, the Polar Palace offers a gay afternoon on blades to Annette Funicello and her friends

At Mac's Skate Shop, across from Polar Palace, from l. to r., Annette, Sammy Ogg (her date), Bobbie Hyatt and his date Shelly Fabray select skates.

Skates are checked for fit before the boys shell out a quarter a pair. Annette took size-5½ skate, "but they were a little big for me even at that."

Skates fit, gang leaves Mac's for the ice rink across the street. Annette carried portable radio to check tunes she might buy later at Music City.



Bobbie and Sammy buy four admissions for the afternoon's skating. Annette says, "I think the boys should pay—unless we agree on Dutch ahead."

First down! Annette hits the ice. "No goof, this—I just couldn't keep my feet. That ice is slippery, but most of all, it's wet!" Actually, Annette skated well.

Shelly cuts a neat caper, while the others admire her skill. Shelly (Nanette Fabray's niece) has been practicing for about two years, is now quite expert.

Fun for Funicello and Friends might be an alternate title for this picture story of a gay summer date. In Los Angeles, when the temperature zooms, the Polar Palace offers exercise in one of the coolest spots in town. And there'll always be a Polar Palace, too, since funds for its maintenance were left in an irrevocable trust by a wealthy Californian. Annette, one of your favorite Mouseketeers, loves to double-date. She says, "I think it's good for young kids to be with a lot of kids their own age." She generally dates only once a week at night, usually on Saturdays for dancing or a barbecue. Six or seven of the Mouseketeer mamas take turns throwing the parties at their houses. Result is a low-cost high time for all the lucky Mouseketeers.

Continued

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Continued

Summer Skating is Fun!

Continued

Kids formed circle on ice, "the better to help us all stand up," says Annette. It worked fine.

Exercise makes thirsty skaters. The gang downs soft drinks at Polar Palace's lunch counter.

Bobbie shows Annette some fine points about target shooting. Investment in machine was 20¢.

Popcorn break, too, before the group goes back on the ice. On second ice session, all did fine.

Two hours of skating—they leave Palace with king-size appetites.

Hamburgers and Cokes at Stan's Drive-In. Then on to The Music City Record Shop. They study list of the Top 40 before they select records they want to listen to, perhaps buy.

Walt Disney's *Mickey Mouse Club* is on ABC-TV, Monday through Friday, 5:30 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.

Four in a booth. Annette says, "If I like a record, I can play it all day. Shelly and I sometimes play them over the phone. I even listen to records while I study."

The four kids each bought a record, bringing cost of afternoon date to about $5 a couple. As they left the record shop they met Tommy Kirk, star of "Old Yeller."

End of a wonderful date. "Let's do it again soon," say Bobbie Hyatt, Shelly Fabray, Annette Funicello, Sammy Ogg.

The Phil Silvers Show is subtitled "You'll Never Get Rich"—should add: "But you'll have a lot of fun in Sergeant Bilko's army!" Phil got another Emmy this year for best TV comedy series, emceed presentation of awards to others, like top-single-performance winners Peter Ustinov, Polly Bergen.

By FRANCES KISH

PHIL SILVERS is probably the *clammiest* man in show business," said one of his co-workers. We were discussing the real personality of the sensitive performer now hiding behind the brash facade of one Sergeant Ernie Bilko. "Phil clams up, the minute conversation gets personal," the co-worker explained. "He seldom talks about his private life, except maybe to close friends. I'm not sure he even tells them much about what is on his mind."

This reticence leaves only a couple of means of getting the accurate and warmhearted story of the star of *The Phil Silvers Show*, "You'll Never Get Rich." First, the hundred-and-one small ways in which he has revealed himself, unwittingly, to (*Continued on page* 76)

The Phil Silvers Show, "You'll Never Get Rich," is seen over CBS-TV, Friday, 9 P.M. EDT, sponsored alternately by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company (for Camel Cigarettes) and Procter & Gamble Company (for Joy).

The Heart of BILKO

So the sergeant's a bunco artist, brash and bumptious? Meet the real Phil Silvers, as only his wife and closest friends know him!

Co-workers marvel at Phil's know-how in all forms of show biz—burlesque, vaudeville, Hollywood movies, Broadway hits like "High Button Shoes" (above) and "Top Banana" (below, with Joey and Herbie Faye).

Friends knew he loved children, rejoiced when Phil's and Evelyn's baby was born last year—and aren't surprised he totes photos of Tracey Edythe everywhere!

Master of all performing arts, Phil displayed new talents—his own and others—in special live, full-hour "intimate extravaganza" for CBS-TV this spring.

Marriage has meant problems for Sandra and Grayling Dennis (played by Hal Holbrook) in *The Brighter Day*. But life has been more generous to Gloria Hoye and her husband, Leonard Patrick—particularly since the arrival of their son Michael, who's going-on-five.

This is

Sandra Dennis on TV—Gloria Hoye at home—both share the same dreams. But, for Gloria, they've come true

By MARY TEMPLE

TALKING ABOUT Sandra Dennis, the girl she plays in *The Brighter Day,* on CBS-TV, Gloria Hoye punctuates her words with quick movements of her blond head. Her large, dark brown eyes are serious, although usually laughter lurks in them. A crisp, blouse-and-skirt type of girl, five-foot-four and slim-waisted, she says, "An actress is bound to be identified with a part she plays continuously, as I play Sandra. People see you close-up on television. They can almost watch you think. They get glimpses of you as a person, although you are playing a part that fits into a particular story.

"Sandra's problems are very different from mine, yet I can put a great deal of myself into her. She lacks many things I have. Her marriage to Grayling was upset for a long time by serious misunderstandings and separation. She desperately wants a child, and has been told this cannot be, and perhaps this is the reason for her restlessness."

Over coffee, in the living room of her pleasant midtown New York apartment, Gloria is thoughtful about the differences in their lives and the similarities of their ideas. Her eyes watch the clock for the time when she'll pick up small Michael (who will be five next October) at nursery school. She talks about her marriage to Leonard Patrick, Broadway stage manager, and the romantic way they met and fell in love. "We have been married for eight years. Our marriage was a good one before Michael came, and just that much more wonderful since. A child gives an anchor to marriage.

"I believe this is Sandra's feeling, too. She is beginning to adjust to her problems; to adjust to life as it is, instead of the way she would like it to be. I like to see this happening—because I like this girl very much."

The ability to project herself into the lives of others must have stirred early in Gloria Hoye, because she wanted to be an actress from the beginning. Her father, in vaudeville a while before he married her mother, had died when Gloria was six. All she remembers of theatrical influence were his old photographs and meeting some of his friends. Her mother had gone back to a business career when she was left to provide for herself and her child. For Gloria, she hoped for a non-theatrical career and a happy marriage.

"She was always wonderful about helping me, even when she didn't entirely approve," Gloria says. "I was in the usual school plays, acting leads. Maybe because I couldn't sing, they let me do the acting. And because anyone could see (*Continued on page* 59)

Her BRIGHTER DAY

The big apartment development where the Patricks live provides everything mother and son could wish—from large play area to a convenient shop for the movable toys which captivate Michael.

The Brighter Day, produced by Therese Lewis and directed by Del Hughes, CBS-TV, M-F, 4 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Procter & Gamble Co. for Cheer, Gleem, Crisco.

Michael even has his own workbench for "truck repairs." It was made for him by Granddad—Gloria's adored mother and stepfather, Lisa and Donald Lent, are frequent visitors. For the actress and her stage-manager husband, their life together magically combines both home and the career they love. They met on a USO tour, still work together occasionally in "Pat's" summer productions.

Salad Days Ahead

Mary Margaret McBride offers molded-to-taste recipes for cooks who like to do-it-themselves

SHE'S FROM MISSOURI, but Mary Margaret McBride was willing to be shown. When she arrived to conquer New York, Mary Margaret found there was a world of new foods to be discovered, too. She brought a reporter's curiosity to the many strange cuisines that confronted her. Since then, she's become "the first lady of broadcasting." She has also—as she explains in her introduction to "Harvest of American Cooking"—"eaten my way appreciatively across America, collecting recipes discriminately and pounds rather less so." . . . Mary Margaret, who is credited with inventing a new type of personal broadcasting, started her revolution in 1932, when she went on the air as WOR's "Martha Deane." She was supposed to represent an elderly grandmother, but, after a few programs, she protested. "I am not a grandmother," she announced. "From now on, I intend to talk about myself." Quietly, disarmingly, she did just that, and managed to get her guests to do the same. Her current Mutual program, a series of talks with notable guests, concerns itself with "the family and its problems." And when Mary Margaret thinks of the family, she thinks of home-cooking. Even gourmet dishes may be bought ready-made these days, but, says Mary Margaret, there's really nothing like starting from scratch. "I made it myself" are thrilling words. Here are six gelatin-salad recipes to say them about.

Conversations With Mary Margaret McBride, in cooperation with the United Church Women, is heard on Mutual, Sat., at 1:15 P.M. EDT. (Miss McBride is also heard on WNTA, Newark, M-F, 1 to 2 P.M.)

APPLE-STRAWBERRY DESSERT SALAD

- 2 packages strawberry-flavored gelatin
- 3½ cups hot apple juice
- ¼ cup lemon juice
- 2 cups diced apples
- 1 cup chopped celery
- ½ cup chopped pecans
- ½ cup salad dressing
- Salad greens

Dissolve gelatin in apple juice. Add lemon juice. Pour into ring mold and chill until firm. Combine apples, celery, pecans and salad dressing. Unmold gelatin; fill center with apple mixture. Garnish with greens. Serves 6-8.

TOMATO-AVOCADO MOLD

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- ¼ cup cold water
- 1¾ cups tomato juice
- 1 bay leaf
- 3 whole cloves
- ¼ cup minced onions
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1 cup diced avocado
- Salad greens

Soften gelatin in cold water. Combine tomato juice, bay leaf, cloves, onions, salt and pepper. Simmer 5 minutes; strain. Add gelatin and stir until dissolved. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in avocado and celery. Turn into 1½-quart mold and chill until firm. Unmold and garnish with greens. Serve with French dressing, as desired. Serves 6.

EGG-SHRIMP ASPIC

- 2 packages unflavored gelatin
- 1 cup cold water
- 2 10½ ounce cans (2½ cups) consommé
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- ¼ cup sherry
- 1 pound cooked shrimp
- 8 eggs, poached
- Mayonnaise

Soften gelatin in water. Heat consommé to boiling point; add gelatin and stir until dissolved. Add lemon juice and sherry; chill until slightly thickened. Arrange shrimp in 8 individual molds. Add enough gelatin mixture to cover shrimp. Add eggs. Pour remaining gelatin mixture over eggs. Chill until firm. Serve with mayonnaise. Serves 8.

Add shrimp to egg to aspic for a dish Mary Margaret "appreciated" on her travels. Above, with A. Myfanwy Roberts, United Church Women, National Council of Churches.

HOLIDAY SALAD

1 package lemon-flavored gelatin
2 cups cranberries, ground
½ cup drained canned crushed pineapple
1 cup diced apples
½ cup orange sections
¼ teaspoon salt
Salad greens
Salad dressing

Prepare gelatin according to package directions. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in cranberries, pineapple, apples, orange sections and salt. Pour into 8″ x 8″ pan and chill until firm. Cut salad into squares and arrange on greens. Top with salad dressing. Serves 6.

RIO GRANDE LIME SALAD

1 package lime-flavored gelatin
1 cup boiling water
1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple
1 cup cottage cheese
2 tablespoons chopped pimiento
1 3-ounce package cream cheese
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
2 tablespoons lemon juice
Salad greens

Combine gelatin and water; stir until gelatin is dissolved. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in pineapple, cottage cheese and pimiento. Turn into 8″ x 8″ pan and chill until firm. Combine cream cheese, mayonnaise and lemon juice. Beat until light and fluffy. Cut lime mixture into squares and arrange on greens. Top with cream-cheese mixture. Serves 6-8.

DILL TOMATO ASPIC

1 envelope unflavored gelatin
¼ cup cold water
1 8-ounce can tomato sauce
¾ cup water
2 tablespoons vinegar
1 teaspoon horseradish
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon dill seeds

Soften gelatin in cold water. Combine tomato sauce and water; heat to boiling point. Add gelatin and stir until dissolved. Add remaining ingredients and mix well. Turn into 2-cup mold. Chill until firm. Unmold and garnish with salad greens, as desired. Serves 4.

The recipes on these pages are from *Mary Margaret McBride's Harvest of American Cooking*, copyrighted by Mary Margaret McBride in 1956, 57. Reproduced by permission of the publisher, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, N. Y.

YOUR GUESS IS GOOD

Dotto's incomplete portraits, teaser questions, keep 'em guessing till loot is won. Home viewers get their innings, too.

And it may pay off for you, too,
as TV keeps adding new quiz games
which can be played for fun and
profit—both at home and in the studio

By ALICE FRANCIS

ALONG ABOUT this point in the summer, you don't need us to tell you that television has launched some satellites of its own. These take the form of "game-quiz" shows, beeping their way 'round and 'round the dial and 'round and 'round the clock, recording all sorts of fascinating information about people, their assorted knowledge, skills and aptitudes, their hidden talents and their sportsmanship.

Quizzes on TV and radio aren't new, of course. We've had them in one form or another since the beginning. They reached a peak in the big-money programs of the past few seasons, shows which called for highly specialized knowledge and "total recall"—such as *The $64,000 Question, The $64,000 Challenge,* and *Twenty One.* But the trend since last spring has been

Complete portrait of Jack Narz, *Dotto* emcee, reveals a personable young man who likes people and has met them everywhere. Jack was born in Louisville, wed in California, now lives near New York City, where his quiz show originates.

How Do You Rate? This CBS-TV program measures mental and manual dexterity in many ways (not always with bagpipes!). It also includes home "aptitests."

Emcee Tom Reddy was born in Iowa, bred in Nebraska, "aptitested" his own TV-radio talents on top shows in both the West and East.

Anybody Can Play—starting this month—and nobody could stymie an emcee like George Fenneman, after years with Groucho Marx on *You Bet Your Life.*

Gene Rayburn (above) gaily "auctions" musical memories on NBC-TV—for both studio and armchair contestants—via *Dough Re Mi* (at left).

Continued

YOUR GUESS IS GOOD

(Continued)

Pantomime Quiz, on ABC-TV, is the brain child of Mike Stokey. Typical "charading" panel includes (left to right) Milt Kamen, Carol Burnett, Hans Conried, Carol Haney, Stubby Kaye, Tom Poston, Dorothy Hart—and (with back to camera) Howard Morris.

Play Your Hunch is a new daytimer. Host: Merv Griffin, who can ad-lib, sing, dance, act—play 'most anything.

changing. The newest ones are mostly fun shows which mix questions with variations on the games of our childhood, and they are strong on home-viewer participation. There are tests of skills and powers we use every day without perhaps realizing we have them. Ways to discover the speed with which we act and react; to show how much we really see when we look at the everyday things around us; how correct we are in our judgments, how quick we are to recognize sounds and musical notes. Even how good we are at guessing.

You don't have to be an "egghead" to win. It's entertainment at the family level, in which even the younger members can join, often by special home-audience participation ideas, or by identifying with the studio contestants so closely that our own excitement must be almost as great as theirs.

As this is written, our crystal ball doesn't say exactly which shows will be on your TV screen when you read these lines. We can only report it is clear that anything can happen and undoubtedly will! Around the networks and packaging companies and agencies, there has been talk of rocketing new ideas that may or may not get off the ground by midsummer. The blast-off could come any day for some, be delayed for others. Some old favorites may take a hiatus, some decide to give up completely. We're trying to give up-to-date data on those which are "new" this year.

Earliest of these was *Dotto,* which began last January 6. Based on an old game for children, *Dotto* has been seen weekday mornings on CBS-TV, is expected to add a Tuesday-night version on NBC-TV during summer months. In either version, a couple of studio contestants play against each other. Each sees a portrait of someone whose face is well known—drawn in dots, ten of which are connected every (*Continued on page* 72)

This Is Her Brighter Day

(*Continued from page 52*)

how much I wanted to." When she enrolled in junior college, it was mostly to please her mother. There was a year of strictly academic work and another year of business training. "I went through the whole thing in a kind of trance. My only reason for wanting the education was to qualify for a job and earn enough to help pay tuition at dramatic school. When I finally got my first job in business, I was terrified. My skills were less than expert. I lived for the evening, when I went to the Feagin School to study drama and to find out if this really was the thing I liked. Of course, I loved it."

With enough money finally saved to help finance a year at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, she felt she was on her way to forgetting business forever, not reckoning with the fact that she would have to fill in many weeks of work later when acting jobs were few and far between. But, for the moment, she was doing exactly as she dreamed.

It was a dream year, anyhow, because it led to her meeting "Pat," the dark and good-looking man she married several years later. It also led to her joining up with a USO company which was going to the Pacific to entertain troops still stationed in remote spots, after the war. Someone had seen Gloria in an Academy play. Someone suggested her for a place in the company, despite inexperience.

"I had the female lead," she recalls. "Pat had a big part, and he was also company manager. The director must have grown weary of working with such a novice as I was, and one day he exploded during a rehearsal. This was in New York, before we went overseas.

"Pat saw me crying afterwards and suggested I might feel better if he took me home. Perhaps even better if we stopped on the way for a drink and a snack. We went to a rather well-known bar and restaurant and, when the waiter asked for our drink order, I said I wanted a strawberry ice-cream soda. I'm sure the expression on Pat's face was something to see that moment!

"He hadn't realized how very young I was. (My mother had to sign for me when I joined up.) Later, he told me that he had been thinking, *This girl is kind of cute and we are going to be away a long time so maybe I should get a headstart dating her.* Now his attitude became more protective. The tears and the soda had done it."

The USO tour lasted nine or ten months. They stopped off at Honolulu on the way out and back, playing every spot around there where troops were quartered. "Perhaps we began to fall in love a little then," Gloria says now. "It was beautiful beyond words, all that I had been told about it. Who wouldn't feel romantic, with a backdrop like that?"

Back in the United States after the tour, Pat went off with a show and Gloria began to pound pavements, looking for work. The first job had come easy, but now she had to make rounds, get to know the right people, pick up whatever experience she could—and usher in theaters, to keep some folding money in her purse. ("A difficult, closed circle and I was lucky to get into it. Newcomers have to work the second balconies, but I didn't mind, and I saw a lot of plays that way.")

She sold things in stores. She did modeling. She did some work in an office. Every time she got a chance at even a tiny acting part, she gave up any other job, then had to find one again. She did a lot of work in summer and winter stock, and it all began to add up to some sizable acting experience.

Pat was in and out of New York, mostly out. They bought heaps of postage stamps and paid mountains of telephone tolls. "I had come back from the Pacific in love with having become an actress, and excited about meeting a wonderful man. Then I was back at home, happy to see my mother again, and it all began to fade a little, like a beautiful dream," she admits now. "Pat and I were separated most of the time. We never seemed to be even in the same state, much less the same city or town."

In the winter of 1949-'50, Gloria was doing stock in Albany, New York. Pat was off on tour again, stage-managing a show. "We were getting more and more unhappy about being separated, because by this time we knew we were in love. Pat really proposed to me over the telephone, and I wrote my mother the news. Pat wrote at the same time, and she was touched that this grown man, so forceful and self-assured in his work, should be as considerate as that of her feelings. The news certainly came as no shock to her, in view of our mad correspondence and the telephoning that had gone on!"

They were married in New York, on June 12, 1950, in the Little Church Around the Corner (their little boy was christened there, some three years later). Pat was busy in New York with a play, but, just two weeks after the wedding, Gloria had to play three weeks in Vermont.

She was still a bride when she was called to do an audition for a Du Mont television program, about a bride learning to cook and keep house. "I was a natural," Gloria says. "When they were telling me about the kind of girl I was going to play, a sort of dumb little bride, there was plenty of identification with the part! Every week, a famous chef came on the show to teach me—and, of course, the viewers—how to prepare some special dish or menu.

"We did the fanciest things on that program, all for one little bride and her husband! I learned a lot about cooking and housekeeping, and also about being on television. Viewers certainly saw me as the bewildered girl I was supposed to be, asking foolish questions. But, by the end of the thirteen weeks, 'Betsy Brewster' and I were both much smarter!"

When "Betsy Brewster" went off the air, the station wanted Gloria to go on another show, but she held firm to her original purpose. She was an actress, and back she went to the world of theater, and to theater on television. To dramatic parts in Du Mont shows; to a part in *Studio One* and some of the others.

A day came when both Pat and Gloria were unemployed at the same time. They had some money saved. They had been sharing a dream, the dream of another trip together—this time a sort of honeymoon trip—before anything happened to prevent it. "We went to Paris," she says, "and lived in a little apartment on the Left Bank. My high-school French, assisted by a few classes at the Alliance Français in Paris, helped me along when I went to the market in the morning.

"There were none of the fancy dishes I had learned to concoct on television. We had to watch our pennies. But I never had so much fun. We loved every day of it. When the money began to get alarmingly low, we left Paris, stopped in England to visit some of Pat's relatives (he was born in Canada, of English ancestry). We had a last fling in England, sightseeing, going to theaters, acting like regular tourists."

On the day they left Paris, they splurged and bought the copy of a Vlaminck painting that now hangs in their living room, over the couch. They couldn't resist it. They arrived back in New York with fifteen dollars between them, glad that Gloria's mother was there to meet them.

Pat got back to work, but things were slow for Gloria. She went back finally to a summer-stock tour.

Somewhere, about this time, she was cast in a show that was trying out on the road. Grace Kelly was the other young girl in the cast, and the two used to sit in dreary hotel rooms, frantically memorizing the script—which was constantly being rewritten in an effort to improve the play enough for Broadway.

"It's so discouraging to be in a play that doesn't quite make it," she sighs, "and Grace and I were terribly unhappy about it. After the cast was disbanded, the producers let the script rest for a while and then changed the story completely, so there were no parts for either of us." But Gloria did get one Broadway role, as a replacement in "Death of a Salesman."

Unlike many actress wives, Gloria doesn't think it's a mistake for a wife to be directed by her husband in the theater. "Pat is very talented and I have great respect for his talent, but it was hard at the very first. We were out in Michigan, where he directed musicals. Michael was then about two, I guess, and I had decided to be just a wife and mother. But you can't be around a theater and not be drawn back into it. So, suddenly, I was acting and even doing some dancing and a little comedy singing.

"In my first part under Pat's direction, I would worry that he wasn't saying enough to me. Was I so hopeless that he wouldn't bother? Then I would begin to worry that he was giving me more direction than I needed. After a few days, I realized he was trying to keep the relationship impersonal. It has worked fine ever since, when I have been in any of his productions."

Gloria had been going to classes all through this period, studying dancing, taking some singing lessons, working with the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York, and finally becoming a member of the famed Actors' Studio. She hadn't been on television for a while.

It was during the summer they were in Michigan, in 1954, and a week when she wasn't working with Pat, that a call came from New York, asking her to audition for the role of Sandra. They had a good housekeeper who would look after Michael; Pat said the decision was up to her and he wouldn't stand in her way. "I had a feeling about this part in my bones," Gloria admits. "I hopped on a plane with only a couple of changes of clothes, expecting to read for the part and go right back. Instead, I got it, went on in a few days, and had to start rehearsing at once. I flew back as soon as I could, to see Pat and Michael and get my clothes. After that, I commuted back and forth for the summer."

For Sandra Dennis, life is gradually smoothing out. Happiness seems to be ahead. For Gloria Hoye Patrick, happiness is here and now. Tied up in husband and child and home and family background. And in work she loves. You catch glimpses of this zest for living when you watch Gloria on your TV screen. Some of it cannot help but rub off on Sandra!

What is an EMCEE?

Nobody knows—till someone like Monty Hall comes along to bring a show to life

Monty calls the numbers on *Bingo-At-Home!* Anybody could do it, he admits—but only a "pro" emcee could make you like it.

Part of an emcee's job is to interview his studio guests. Monty, who can "keep talking" on any subject, bones up at home.

ACCORDING to the dictionary, a master of ceremonies is "a person who directs the entertainment." But, says Monty Hall, that's not really the answer. In Canada, Monty had shown 'em what an emcee could do. They'd listened . . . and looked . . . and liked him. Then, when Monty crossed the border and started making the rounds in New York, he found he'd changed from a household word into an unknown quantity. He'd appear at an agent's or producer's office and announce that he was an emcee. "A singer or comic can show their 'bit,'" Monty explains, "but what does an emcee do? Nobody knows what an emcee's job is until they hire some actor to emcee a show and they find he is an actor but not an emcee. The emcee's job is to bring the show to life." . . . New Yorkers have a chance to see Monty do just this on *Bingo-At-Home!*, televised each weekday from 3:30 to 4:30 P.M., over WABD, Channel 5. The video version of Bingo is Monty's biggest American success so far. Seen only in the New York area, it had 'em talking from coast to coast. And, beginning June 27, everybody had a chance to see what the furor was about. Emcee Monty introduced *Keep Talking*, the new guess-the-phrase panel comedy that is seen on CBS-TV, Friday at 10:30 P.M. EDT. . . . Monty is also a communicator on NBC's *Monitor* and substitutes for Jack Barry when he vacations from *Twenty-One*. He'll be heard again in Canada this September, when his syndicated radio quiz *Who Am I?* returns. "I'm a cross between the old Bert Parks emcee and the new Hal March type," he says. "I'm involved with the people and I won't make them look foolish. It takes a certain amount of exuberance to lift the show off the ground. But I'm not so exuberant that I don't know what's happening on the ground." . . . Monty's mother is a well-known stage and night-club performer and he himself began performing as a child in Winnipeg. "I hated other juveniles," he says. "That was my reaction when I met my wife Marilyn, who was a child star, too. Twelve years later, I still hate child actors and I still love her madly. My own children will not be child actors, or actors at all, if I can help it." . . . Monty's own goal, as he worked his way through the University of Manitoba, was medicine. "If I had it to do all over again," he says, "I wouldn't be a doctor, as I had once planned. As I grew older and had children and saw them through their illnesses, I realized I wouldn't have made a good doctor. I become too involved. This quality of sympathizing with people helps me as an emcee," he continues. "I can talk to anyone about anything. I genuinely like people and that's something you can't fake on daily television." . . . At home in a Dutch Colonial house in suburban New Rochelle, Monty and his family are organized into a "Buddy Club." Joanne, who is eight, handles the agenda. "The Buddy Club voted for it," says Monty, "and that was the one time we used the Bingo set at home. Another time," Monty recalls, "Richard, our six-year-old, announced, 'The Buddy Club will now take a hike in the family car.'" Wife Marilyn is now working on TV scripts. "Her great frustration is that she hasn't acted since our marriage. But she's active in things like the P.T.A. and," Monty grins, "she's a heck of a cook." An admitted egghead, Monty is also a Mr. Fix-It—"but reluctantly," he says. "I'll hammer away up to a certain point, but then I call the carpenter." It's the pros, like Monty Hall himself, who do the best job.

At home, he's versatile, too, playing Grieg with Joanne or golf with Richard.

"The Buddy Club" convenes in a Dutch Colonial home in New Rochelle. Monty and Marilyn follow an agenda planned by Joanne, eight, or go along with Richard, six, when he proposes picture-taking, card games—or "a hike in the family car."

"I'm Johnny Winters' mother," Alice Bahman told them, "but I'm not Whistler's 'mom.'"

I hate "Women's Shows"

The Alice Bahman show, says its WIZE hostess, is definitely not one of them

COMIC Jonathan Winters was standing—or rather sitting—in for the host of *The Jack Paar Show*. His guest for the evening was Alice Bahman, who was making her TV debut. "Just think, Mother," he said to her, "you're being seen from coast to coast. Think of the millions of people who are watching."

"Just think," his guest retorted, "of the millions of people who are snoring their heads off at this very moment."

"Well, don't be nervous," said he. "Just be yourself."

"I wouldn't think of being anything else," said she. "I couldn't be anything else."

And with that, the nation had a look at the charm and crisp intelligence that has been delighting Springfield, Ohio, for fifteen years. *The Alice Bahman Show* is heard over Station WIZE, each Monday through Friday at 12:45 P.M. and again at 1:15 P.M. "I detest women's shows," says Mrs. Bahman, "and mine is not one of them. My show is for everybody." Mrs. Bahman will take an article she's read in a magazine and talk on from there. She interviews the faculty from nearby Wittenburg College, representatives of local civic and charity doings, and such passing-through celebrities as Cleveland Amory or Ogden Nash.

"I just think of myself as talking to one person," she explains, "just you. I've never met anyone who was not interesting and I've never met anyone who didn't have a sense of humor. After all, a person's sense of humor depends on whom he laughs with—you or somebody else." Mrs. Bahman has a flair for the comic and it shows. "If you try to be funny, you fall flat on your face," she says. "But it's easier to suppress a depression than to hide a *joie de vivre*. I just go on saying things like 'A perfect wife is one who makes her husband laugh and smells good.'"

The deliverer of this perfume commercial is herself the wife of an engineer for the Buckeye Incubator Company. "We live in a house that actually looks like a house," she says. "It's not one of those ranch-type affairs. It's a simple country house and it looks lived in and is. We love it in spite of itself. The furniture is mostly inherited," she continues, "old pieces that belonged to our grandparents and, of course, the portrait of great-grandfather over the mantel. They're the sort of things that would make any place home, even if times got bad and you had to move over the delicatessen."

Her family arrived in Springfield in 1834. "They were headed West," says Mrs. Bahman, "but I guess they got tired after they'd crossed the Alleghenies, or we'd be living in Pasadena." Mrs. Bahman is the family pioneer in show business. "They were looking for somebody to do a radio show on behalf of Bundles for Britain," she explains. "It was one of those no-I-can't-do-it, you-do-it affairs, and I ended up doing it. Anyone who can read and enunciate and who loves people could do it."

She was show-wise enough to spot a budding comic in her son at an early age. "He'd make outer-space noises at school," she recalls, "and then screw up his face into an innocent 'who, me?' expression. I'm afraid he gave them a hard time." Mother and son understand each other and get on well. "But naturally, with two people as talky as we both are, there's bound to be a conflict as to who talks first," she says. "And then, on my visit to New York, I met Martin Goodman, Johnny's agent, and he began calling me 'Mom.' Well, I told him that I may be Jonathan Winters' mother, but I wasn't Whistler's mother. I hate the word 'mom.' I hate any word that can be spelled the same forwards and backwards."

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Pioneer With a Purpose

(*Continued from page* 36)

you know that I've seen Clark Gable and he's a lot better-looking than you'll ever be."

Jeff's brown eyes crinkle. "Ma'am," he smiles, "I only hope my fans are as loyal to me as you are to Gable—but neither of us should get credit for looks. The credit should go to our parents. . . ."

In spite of herself, the woman laughs. "Well, handsome is as handsome does, I always say."

It was not the first time that the new heartthrob of the airwaves has felt that good looks can be a nuisance. Yet time was when Jeff's future seemed very much tied in with the condition of his muscles. He was not an actor then, but a ball player. "I drifted into a lot of things for a while," he admits without hesitation, "but now I really feel I'm going where I want to go and where I'm most suited to be." To friends who visit him in his unpretentious four-room cottage at Malibu, he confides, "Between the studio and my place here—between my work and the outdoor life I can enjoy here in peace—I think I've found happiness and a purpose in life."

Jeff's search for the meaningful life began when he was born thirty-three years ago in Portland, Oregon. His mother, Beryl Walker Taylor, supplied the meaning and purpose when she insisted on having him christened Richard Mansfield after the famous actor. He was five when the family moved to Seattle. A sturdy boy, agile and energetic, young Jeff decided he was cut out for athletics and announced that he was going to be a major league baseball player when he grew up.

A lot of ball players started their careers by knocking a ball through a window. With Jeff, it was the other way around. He was playing with his electric trains in his room one day when *crash!* A baseball splintered the window, bounced on the bed, and hit him in the chest. Jeff grabbed it and rushed outside.

Hearing Mrs. Taylor coming, the older boys came to a fast decision. It might go easier with them if Jeff were on the team. By the time Jeff's mother arrived outside, her son was lined up, looking as guilty as the rest. "Mom knew how much I'd wanted to get on that team. She simply shook her head, threw up her hands and went back in," Jeff chuckles.

In baseball, he proved to be a "natural." But there was hardly a game in existence that he didn't play well. Afternoons were spent at football and baseball on a vacant lot, then basketball got its hour after dinner. He and his older brother Clyde would dribble and pass and toss the ball through a home-made hoop attached to the garage. His parents always knew where to find him Saturdays. "I'd be knocking myself out at the Civic Hockey Arena. But baseball was the big passion."

All through school, Jeff starred on both the gridiron and the diamond. He played center for the football team, and in baseball he was officially at third base but was frequently called on to fill in at every infield position.

At Lincoln High in Tacoma (where the family was then living), athletics were his only claim to fame. Jeff was just an average student, very poor at small talk and—when it came to dancing—all the girls agreed he was "strictly square." The one time he was forced into attending a big prom, he ruined his date's shoes. He also ruined his chances with the date.

In frustration, he joined the "Boozer Boys Club," which was pretty much what its name suggests. "We thought we were pretty hot stuff, all right," Jeff recalls. "We wore T-shirts, riding boots and heavy brass chains with bottle-openers at the ends. Actually, we were a lot tamer than we looked. Aside from a few very mild beer parties now and then, I'm afraid we were all brag and little else."

Then came what Jeff likes to call "a slight interruption in my athletic career." World War II broke out. The Boozer Boys forgot their shenanigans and, in a body, volunteered to load and unload ships at the shorthanded Tacoma docks. They worked nights and weekends, earning a good sum along with the satisfaction of doing a patriotic duty. At the end of one week, Jeff had made about fifty dollars, and this happy arrangement went on until graduation. With his diploma, Jeff received three athletic scholarships — to Northwestern, Georgia Tech and Washington Tech. "I was in the process of talking these over with my parents when another bid arrived. It was from the Draft Board."

The service of his choice was, of course, the Navy. He had always been fascinated by the ocean and had sailed every chance he got. In high school, he had taken radio mechanics and this now paid off. The Navy, after a look at his induction tests, decided to send him to the Chicago Naval Armory for pre-radio training, then on to the primary school at Texas A. and M. and finally to Corpus Christi, where he spent nine months.

On his first long furlough, something happened which was a forecast of things to come. With a few Navy buddies, he hitchhiked to Los Angeles, eager to see the city of movie glamour. After some sightseeing, time hung heavy, so they ambled over to the Hollywood U.S.O. They saw a line of GIs and gobs and promptly fell in, thinking it was a chow line. It turned out to be a studio tour.

They were taken to Paramount, where Betty Hutton was belting out a song. Jeff was enjoying the scene when he observed a man studying him. The man introduced himself. "I'm Milton Lewis with the talent department here," he said. "Have you ever thought of acting?" Thinking it was a joke one of his buddies had rigged, Jeff snorted, "For Pete's sake, no!"

"Well, you have the essentials—the ruggedness of Gable and the attractiveness of Ty Power. Here's my card. If you're interested, when you get out of uniform, look me up," Lewis said.

Realizing it was no joke but a legitimate offer, Jeff thanked Lewis and promised to think about it. But the incident left his mind, once he got back to the base. Throughout the war, he thought constantly of the day he would change Navy blues for baseball grays. On the very day he was discharged in Portland, he rushed out to Beaver Field and asked for a tryout. He made a fine showing and the club signed him for their farm team.

But destiny—or chance—now shattered Jeff's hopes. A ligament injury, incurred while teaching servicemen how to play basketball, tripped him up as he was sliding into second. He got up limping. Two weeks later, the manager gave him the bad news. He wouldn't be able to play for a year, and then only if he submitted to a knee operation.

Jeff was crestfallen. How would he support himself until his leg was in shape again? Aside from radio mechanics—and he'd had his fill of that in service—what could he turn to? It was then that an old Navy buddy gave him an answer. "What about that fellow in Hollywood? Why not give him a blast?"

Jeff put his experienced thumb to work hitching a ride to Hollywood. He was in luck. Lewis was still with Paramount. Jeff was screen-tested and signed. Returning to his room, he found fate's little ironies still at work. Offers had come from both the Brooklyn Dodgers and the New York Yankees.

"My ambition was realized—and suddenly I didn't want it," he recalls. "My contract stated that I was an actor. And, to prove it, I was to get a hundred-and-fifty dollars a week. I said to myself, 'You were named for an actor—be an actor.'"

But show business was still to be wooed and won. The prime requisite of an actor is to be able to act. Jeff had no training, no experience. And the studio was not about to waste valuable film on him. Fretting under this idleness, Jeff enrolled at the University of Southern California under the GI Bill, pledged Sigma Chi and moved into the fraternity house.

With the 1947 recession, the industry was cutting to the bone. Jeff's option was not picked up, but he scarcely had time to worry. Within one week, Warners' signed him at two-fifty a week. "Second studio, second chapter, same ending," he muses humorously. "Six months and *wham!* Out!" He was not greatly perturbed. Perhaps acting wasn't for him. He was happy at college. Though ineligible for athletics because of his professional ball playing, he had become one of the most sought-after males on campus.

One of his Sigma Chi brothers recalls, "He was terrifically popular with the men, and the girls practically hung out of windows when he went by. Rich (his college friends still call him that) didn't seem to be aware of the impact he was making. Everyone expected him to be a lady-killer, but he's not that type. He's the real Western-hero type—strong, gentle, and always kind."

By the time graduation rolled around, a fraternity brother had introduced Jeff to one of filmdom's better agents, Vic Orsatti, who now went to bat for Jeff Richards. He took him to M-G-M and, when a contract was offered, at half the amount he'd received from Warners', Orsatti persuaded Jeff to sign: "You'll get lessons in diction and drama, and the studio will build you up gradually."

At M-G-M, Jeff began to be noticed. A bit part as a policeman in "Tall Target"—it had ten lines of dialogue—led to three assignments in the familiar role of a ball player. They were "Kill the Umpire," "Angels in the Outfield" and "Big Leaguer." Then came the hit musical, "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," in which he played one of the brothers, giving a performance which induced witty Dore Schary, then studio chief, to remark, "He's Tarzan with talent."

Up to this period, Jeff had been living the romantic carefree life of a bachelor. His main concern had been his career. He bought an eleven-foot dinghy as soon as he could afford it. Sailing was still one of the passions of his life and, through it, he met Humphrey Bogart—the man who, up to his death, was one of Jeff's best friends and strongest boosters. "Bogey," says Jeff, "taught me more about sailing than I thought it was possible to learn."

In time, Jeff got a twenty-six-foot PIC sloop which he kept docked at San Pedro. For a while, he made it his home. To slip rope, hoist anchor, and sail out over the choppy, cream-crested sea meant more to him than all the cocktail parties and night clubs in creation. His love of sailing gave him time to think. He felt it would be great to have someone to share it with.

On a publicity junket which took him to Florida, the handsome bachelor met the girl he was to marry and divorce in rapid succession. Shirley Sibre, a professional water-skier at Dick Polk's fabulous Cypress Gardens, caught his eye and they soon discovered they shared a common love of water sports. It came as rather a surprise to his studio when the first publicity shots to arrive showed Jeff with a pretty girl perched on his brawny shoulder —said girl being identified as his bride. Back in Hollywood, the young couple moved into an apartment and set sail over matrimonial waters which were to prove too rough for them both. They parted.

The apartment vacated and the sloop sold, Jeff moved into a beach house shared with fellow actor Rod Taylor and Revue Productions casting director Bob Walker. Then—impulsively again, after a friendship of less than two months—Jeff married for the second time. In December of 1955, he took Vicki Flaxman, a physical education teacher, as his bride. Again all signs seemed favorable. They were deeply attracted to each other, they loved the outdoor life, and they had a genuine desire for building a family. The birth of a daughter, Nina, added another factor making for happiness. Yet their love was shaken by repeated storms. They quarreled, separated, reconciled. Again and again, they passed through the heartbreaking cycle. Finally, in the early part of this year, their paths parted for good.

It is typical of Jeff that he has steadfastly refused to make any comment on his marital troubles. "What can one say about a divorce?" he demands frankly. "It's a failure, a defeat, and only a sore loser runs around trying to pin the blame on others." But a friend, close to Jeff, has this to add: "Jeff's career, the concentrated effort of an ambitious young actor, had a lot to do with breaking up both marriages."

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Jeff was cast in two challenging roles, the cowboy-singer in "The Opposite Sex" and the roving-eyed Navy officer in "Don't Go Near the Water." Both performances drew reams of critical applause and floods of fan mail. But star status was still in the distant future. He took a long chance. He had $4,400 in pay collected "between jobs," and he turned it over to the studio for release from his contract. Then he began a new and more vigorous search for work. It proved fruitful. Alan Ladd gave him a principal part in "Island of Lost Women," and he was tapped for several TV roles.

"It seemed to me that I had been waiting for the big break most of my life," says Jeff. "I'd been sweating it out eight years in Hollywood. But, when it came, it was still a surprise, still a miracle."

He refers, of course, to *Jefferson Drum*. Matt Rapf, a former M-G-M producer, had gone over to TV and was preparing a new series. He had always felt that Jeff, because of his good looks, was being underrated as an actor.

"The character requires reasonableness, virility, magnetism," he told Jeff, "but, above all, acting know-how. Two years ago, you had every quality but the know-how. Now, after watching your latest performances, I'm convinced you've acquired that, too. You'll note," he added, with a laugh, "that we even named the main character after you."

And so *Jefferson Drum*, crusading newspaper editor of the early West, and actor Jeff Richards became one and the same. "All I ask," says Jeff humbly, "is to prove worthy of my good luck and the people who believed in me for so long."

As the mother said at Malibu, "Handsome is as handsome does." Jeff himself would be the first to add: "Lady, I couldn't agree with you more . . ."

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Friend Indeed

(*Continued from page 43*)

people. People make him happy. He has told me, 'When you love, you get loved.'"

Toni, a tall, shapely redhead from Georgia, explains: "Jan is the most loving man I have ever met. He loves all human beings. He is never jealous or envious of other performers. He wants all of them to do well, and they know it. They feel at ease with him. They sense his complete honesty; they know he's their friend, not their competitor."

Jan is truly a comedian's comedian, the one they all like, the father-confessor of them all. Not because he is the richest (he is not), nor the most famous (he is not) . . . simply because he is a true friend.

Jan was born in the Bronx, New York, one of two sons of hard-working immigrants from Europe. His father was a successful businessman until the 1929 financial crash; then he went out and drove a hack so his family could live. But Murray Janofsky—as Jan was known then—remembers well the joys of a home filled with friendship and understanding. "There was little money in the house," he recalls, "but plenty of love. It was a house with an open door. Mom and Dad encircled friends, neighbors and relatives with their affection." When he married Toni, ten years ago, Jan explained how friendship was a part of his heritage, and that he expected her to maintain a welcome-everybody type of home—"with enough in the kitchen so that, no matter how many come, there is always enough."

Toni, trying to be practical, pointed out that this could be very expensive. "I know," said Jan, "but I don't gamble and I am not foolish with money . . . let this be my big extravagance." Toni smiled as she told him: "If that will be your only fault, then I have no complaint!"

Jan has never had to remind Toni, she has never forgotten. Today, they live in a brand-new, big, white shingle house in suburban Rye, New York—and the busiest place in the house is the kitchen. Two big freezers and the large refrigerator are always well stocked. "When I go to the supermarket," says Toni, her big brown eyes shining, "the clerks stand in line and smile. They can't figure out how we can consume so much food!"

Jan himself is embarrassed when you ask him the secret of his extraordinary ability to make friends. His blue eyes search the gray walls of his NBC studio dressing room as he gropes for words to explain his wealth of friendship. "How can I fail to be a friend when so many great people have befriended me in my many moments of great need? So many times people have saved me from the depths of despondency . . . people who didn't really know me, people who owed me nothing!

"For instance," he says, relaxing his six-foot-three, 190-pound frame into a chair, "there was the time I was a kid, about twenty-one, working in a small Miami Beach club, and not doing well. One night, the great Al Jolson and bandleader Ben Bernie came in, dressed in turtle-neck sweaters. They ate ice cream, and watched me carefully. Then they sent me a note to see them in their cabana the next day.

"Well, during the rest of my engagement, I went to the cabana every afternoon, and heard their words of wisdom. Jolson told me, 'You're still a kid, and the time will come when you're discouraged . . . but stick it out! You'll live through a lot of failure—but, if you stick it out, you'll make it big!' Many is the time when, depressed and ready to quit show business, those words came back to me, and I held on."

Another time, he was working at the Shangri-La, in Boston, and the owner wanted to fire him after his opening-night performance. But George Jessel—a perfect stranger to Jan—interceded and told the owner that Jan was "dynamite." So Jan was kept on, and turned out to be a sensation for thirty weeks at the same club.

This sort of thing—strangers coming to Jan's rescue—continued through all of Jan's struggling years. "I was working at La Martinique, in New York," he recalls, "and doing very badly at the 2:30 A.M. show, because we rarely had more than eight or ten people in the audience. Milton Berle, then starring in 'Ziegfeld Follies,' dropped in one night for that 2:30 show, and I told him, 'I wish you could come in to see an earlier show . . . this show is murder for me.'

"Well, Milton came in every night at that 2:30 show, for three weeks, and helped me with my act. Naturally, this got around and we were soon packing the place. Remember, he did this without my asking him, without even knowing me personally! Today, Milton is one of my greatest friends. He and his wife Ruth visit us often."

When Milton collapsed in Hollywood in 1955, he asked that Jan be his substitute. So Jan flew from New York to Hollywood, at a moment's notice, arriving an hour before showtime. He did the show, visited Milton at the hospital, and flew right back to New York. "I knew I was taking a chance," he recalls, "and endangering my career by doing an important show without proper rehearsal. But, for Milton, I would have *crawled* to Hollywood, if that had been necessary."

Jan is proud of another friendship, too. "The first time I played the Copa at Miami Beach, fourteen years ago, the Ritz Brothers were playing the opposition Beachcomber. Everybody was going to see them, and few to see me. One night, when I was introduced to them in a restaurant, I admitted the fact. Well, the next night, after the Ritzes finished their show, they came howling over to my club, turning the place into an uproar. They did that every night, and soon my club was crowded, too.

"Now, I ask you . . . did you ever hear of top stars working hard, for free, to build up an opposition club . . . just to be nice to a young comic who's a stranger to them? Can you blame me for being crazy about them. Now, whenever I happen to be playing the same city as the Ritzes, I usually share a suite with Harry Ritz."

Jan insists comedians do not cut each other down. "They have a great understanding of the heartaches of other comics; they worry for each other; they help each other; they admire each other's special talent. When I go to Hollywood, I stay at either Danny Thomas's or Jerry Lewis's house. And, when they come to New York, they know I expect them to come over to the house. We relax in each other's presence because we don't have to put on an act. We don't have to prove anything.

"At some of our parties, we've had Sid and Florence Caesar, Jerry and Patti Lewis, Red and Helayne Buttons, Milton and Ruth Berle, Buddy and Sherry Hackett, Paul and Dottie Winchell, Carl and Estelle Reiner, Phil and Joan Foster, Steve Allen and Jayne Meadows, Dagmar and Danny Dayton, Jack Carter, Joey Bishop.

"We have never sent out written invitations; the parties just happen naturally. I meet somebody and I say, 'Come over.' And, before I know it, I've invited a bunch, and we've got the party going."

All the parties, except for holidays and birthdays, are spontaneous, says Toni. On holy days, Jan observes the rules of his faith closely, and makes sure he has invited friends who are living away from home, or who are unmarried or strangers in town.

Toni explains that Jan doesn't keep records of birthdays and anniversaries, but somehow always hears of special events. "When a friend has a baby, then Jan becomes really excited. He keeps asking me, 'Did you send a gift?' and 'Did you send the flowers?'"

Jan and Toni have their own babies: Diane, four; Howard, seven; and Celia, eight. Warren, sixteen—Jan's son from a previous marriage—comes over for weekends and holidays. He also spends time at Jan's office and TV studios, helping his dad and learning the TV business.

Jan's interest in his fellowman doesn't stop at other entertainers and relatives. It extends to all people. But, when he becomes convinced that a person is talented, he becomes that person's greatest booster. His Jantone productions ("Jantone" being a composite of Jan and Toni) is staffed with people he's introduced to TV.

Jan first saw a singer-turned-emcee, Bob Kennedy, seven years ago on a local New York TV quiz. Recently, when Jan's new show, *Wingo*, was sold to CBS-TV and Jan was too busy to emcee it himself, he decided to offer Kennedy the job. Kennedy, singing at the Latin Quarter club was stunned. He didn't think anybody remembered his local show, and he didn't know Jan socially. The powers-that-be promptly reminded Jan that Kennedy was no network personality and offered him instead, a score of established network emcees. But Jan stuck to Kennedy, and Kennedy got the job.

"I think Kennedy is the greatest, but he never had a real chance to show his stuff," Jan insists. "I believe TV needs people who have strong opinions and aren't afraid to back them. It should always open the door to new and creative people."

Jan is proud of other performers who got their first network TV break through one of his shows: "Evelyn Patrick, who's now Mrs. Phil Silvers, got her first TV job on our *Dollar A Second*. Tina Louise, who's so great in the new movie, 'God's Little Acre,' got her first TV job on *Dollar A Second*, too. Pat White, now an important actress and model, had just come up from the South when she made her TV debut on our show."

Jan was impressed by Herb Strauss, a young NBC unit manager assigned to Jan's show. He thought Herb was very creative, and asked NBC to permit him to switch to Jantone Productions. NBC released Herb and he became associate producer of *Wingo*.

Budd Granoff, a manager-publicist and also singer Kitty Kallen's husband, was once Jan's publicist. When Jan discovered Budd wanted to get into TV production, he offered him the job of producer of *Treasure Hunt*. The network and agency people were horrified at the idea of a newcomer entrusted with such responsibility, but Jan put Budd on the job for a month, to watch the outgoing producer (who was switching to Hollywood), and then let Budd take over. Now he's firmly in the job.

Stan Dreben is one of Jan's two writers on *Treasure Hunt*. When Stan got out of the Army, he ran a bar and grill until it went bankrupt, then became a postman. But he was a "natural wit" and was thus introduced to Jan. "He was the first comedian to pay me money for gags," Stan recalls, "and the only one to encourage me. The others wouldn't even see me. Jan told me how to write comedy. He opened a new life for me."

Then there's the case of Barney Martin, a World War II vet and New York patrolman, who was a contestant on *Dollar A Second* four years ago. He told Jan that he wanted to get into TV. Impressed by his strong personality, Jan hired Barney, gave him bit roles and let him hang around backstage. Now Barney does the studio warmups for Jan and is associate producer of *Treasure Hunt.*

Then there was Dave Brown, an advertising agency man assigned to Jan's show. Jan found himself asking Dave for advice more and more, and became convinced he was a "very bright showman." So, when the show's director went to Hollywood four years ago and Jan needed a quick replacement, he asked the agency to release Dave to Jantone. Then Dave became producer of *Wingo.*

At one time, Dave left Jan to become producer of the Buddy Hackett show. Jan gave him a big party and gift. Later, when the Hackett show folded, he invited Dave to return to Jantone. "Jan always puts himself in the other person's position," Toni points out.

George Schreier, Jan's publicist for the past four years, observes, "I've handled scores of stars, but never one like Jan. He never carries grudges, and he's never fired anybody at Jantone. He likes people about him. When he goes to a movie, he invites everybody to come along until the crowd looks like a small mob. When he plays the Concord in the Catskills, he always comes back into the cafe after he does his show, invites his pals to a big table—and entertains them."

Of course, Jan enjoys his business success, but he worries about his responsibilities. "There are a lot of people depending on me—forty-five employees, a weekly payroll of $20,000—and I've got to provide security for my own wife and children. Maybe," his voice trails off, wistfully, "when I've got a strong enough organization, I'll begin to relax at bit."

He rarely gets home for dinner before 10 P.M. A round of golf Saturday is his only outside relaxation. On weekends, he romps with his children on the three-acre lawn encircling the big house. The kids follow him into the basement gym, where Jan exercises and helps them play with the toys which fill a floor-to-ceiling closet.

Although the Murray home is a busy place—Jan, Toni, her mother, a maid, three small children, and a sixteen-year-old on weekends—it's always tidy and clean. "The house reflects Jan," explains Toni. "He's so fastidious. He can't even stand a bit of dust on a shelf." Jan's dressing room, adjoining the master bedroom, is a marvel of organization. There are two rows of suits hanging from bars, in closets up to the ceiling. Closets for haberdashery, arranged in shelves, cover another wall. "Jan puts away his own clothes," Toni explains. "He knows where everything is; I don't dare to touch a thing."

Toni is still decorating the big new house. Her pride is the living room, the only room without a TV set. It is white, with white-lilac carpeting, black, gold and white period furniture, a big fireplace, and several Arnold Hoffman oil paintings. "I guess I'm crazy," Toni smiles, "to have a white-and-antique room, with kids around . . . but so far we've managed."

To Jan, the most important part of the house is the door, because it is a symbol.

"The thing that grieves me about modern life," he explains, "is the lack of warmth. People indulge in polite talk, and don't mean it. They meet in restaurants and offices, but that's not enough. To me, home is the best place. That's where I welcome people—not in cocktail lounges, but the home. And a home is not happy if it's a closed home. That's why the open door is the best part of the house."

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How to Be 100% Happy

(*Continued from page 44*)

How does a man live in the goldfish bowl of show business and remain "one hundred percent happy"?

In Don Ameche's book, the point of take-off for happiness is a happy marriage and home life. He believes—"sob sisters" to the contrary—that actors can be happily married and remain so throughout life. He doesn't believe in the theory: "No man who earns his living by putting on greasepaint and assuming another identity can be normal—he cannot lead a normal private life."

"Putting greasepaint on my face," Don says flatly, "doesn't make me any less normal than getting grease on his face makes a mechanic in a garage. His face is covered with grease and mine with greasepaint for the same identical reason—occupational necessity. Nor does assuming other identities make an actor feel he is doing anything out of the ordinary. It's simply a myth that actors are congenitally neurotic, emotionally unstable. Some are more normal than others, sure, just as some are more talented than others, and so on.

"I would have to rate myself, by the way," Don says with a grin, "as one of the more normal ones. Oh, I have my little quirks and crotchets! I am irrationally afraid of big dogs. I can't stand smells—musty closets, stale food in the ice-box—or lack of personal cleanliness. And I go overboard about good things to eat. My major extravagance is expensive food and expensive restaurants.

"The fact that Honey—as I call my wife, who was christened Honore—is a wonderful cook doesn't subtract a bit from my happiness," he laughs. "She'll tell you she's just a 'plain, old solid cook.' She's all of that, and more besides. Before we were married, the then-Miss Prendergast was dietitian at Mercy Hospital in Dubuque, Iowa. She knows her food, from artichokes to zabaglione. I also take a turn, now and then, over the old hot stove—Noodles with Italian Sauce is my specialty.

"Other than these trifling departures from the norm, I'd say I'm pretty average-American. I'm a sports fan from 'way back—go to all the big football games, the major-league baseball games, the fights and, whenever possible, to the Kentucky Derby. I like to talk baseball with Joe DiMaggio. Like to 'talk shop' with Tyrone Power and Hank Fonda, the two men I saw the most of when they and I were living and working in Hollywood. Like to talk world affairs with John Daly and columnist Bob Considine. I read a lot. All kinds of books, from St. Thomas Aquinas—which I'm reading in now—to mystery stories, to books on the breeding of horses and the history of art.

"I don't think I could be called temperamental—not if the term is construed to mean walking off sets, or off mike, creating 'scenes.' I don't think I'm very moody, either. I have moods now and then—*not* because of the profession I'm in, but because of the way I'm built. And when I have 'em, Honey—who understands me better than anyone on earth—handles 'em. Everyone needs to be babied a little bit.

"I've always been normal, I guess," Don says. "As one of eight kids, I had to be. No room or time for Hamlet, in a houseful of kids. Moreover, Pop was Italian and Mama's people were German and Scotch-Irish, and my four sisters and three brothers and I were raised in a somewhat Old World, no-nonsense-about-it fashion. After I myself was married and had four boys—well, you can't come home and be a matinee idol with four little boys gawking up at you!"

Don Ameche never expected to be an actor. All through his college days, first at Georgetown University and then at the University of Wisconsin, he planned to be a lawyer. He loved the theater—from out front—and took part in college dramatics. But he was a pre-law student at Wisconsin when he went, one unsuspecting day, to buy a ticket for a matinee performance by a local stock company—and Fate pulled the strings. The theater manager had just learned that the company's leading man had been injured in an automobile accident. The curtain was due to rise in two hours, and where could he possibly find a replacement to meet *that* deadline?

The distraught manager looked up to behold our Mr. Ameche standing at the ticket window, recalled that he'd seen this handsome fellow in student productions, and made a brief but impassioned plea. Within a matter of minutes, pre-law student Ameche found himself backstage, feverishly learning lines while he applied the inevitable greasepaint. By the time the curtain fell, to ringing applause, several hours later, the bar had lost a promising jurist—and the theater had found a promising new recruit.

For a time, Don suffered the lean and hungry days that are the lot of all young would-be actors. The pavement-pounding. The cinched-in belt. The "don't-call-us-we'll-call-you" routine. But, eventually, the jobs began to materialize. There was a season on Broadway in a comedy, "Jerry for Short." There was a tour in vaudeville with Texas Guinan. Then one day, in Chicago, young Ameche heard that a radio audition was being held that afternoon in the NBC studios. He went down, competed with hundreds in the tryouts, and got the job—a featured lead on *The Empire Builders*. A radio star was born.

It was at this time, or shortly thereafter, that Honore Prendergast and Don Ameche met again. As Don tells his lifelong love story, "Honey was the first girl I ever had. I started going with her when I was fourteen—in Dubuque, Iowa, where Honey lived and I was going to school. We 'went steady,' kid fashion, for four years. Then I didn't see her more than once or twice for the next six years. It was in September of 1932 that she came to Chicago for a visit. When I heard she was in town, I called her. We went out that night. Two months later—on November 26, 1932—we were married. Today, twenty-six years and six children later, we are still living happily ever after. . . .

"It was not long after we were married," Don continues, "that Hollywood began to evince some interest in me—thanks to radio. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer made a test but decided that I was not 'screen material.' When 20th Century-Fox saw the test, however, they signed me for a dual role in a film titled 'Sins of Man.' The long-term contract followed. By the time I went into my second picture—'Ramona,' with Loretta Young—Honey and I had moved to Hollywood. There, for twenty-five years, we lived as normal a home life as we would have lived in my home town of Kenosha, Wisconsin, or in Dubuque, Iowa.

"It was such a good life, and," Don adds, "such a fruitful one. There was the five-acre ranch we bought in Encino, some twenty miles out of Hollywood, with cows and chickens, citrus trees and a truck garden. Above all, and best of all, there were the babies who came along, in fairly rapid succession. Dominic Felix Jr. was the firstborn. Two years later, Ronald John bowed in. A lapse of four years and then, with only a year between them. Thomas Anthony and Lawrence Michael were born. Familiarly known as Donny, Ronny, Tommy and Lonny, all four boys were born by Caesarean section.

"After Lonny's birth, Honore was told there could be no more babies, and she was bitterly disappointed. She so badly wanted a little girl. So, when Lonny was five, we adopted two little girls of almost the same age—just two-and-a-half weeks' difference. We named them Barbara Blandina and Cornelia Robert," Don says tenderly, "and without Bonnie and Connie—as they came to be called—I doubt that I could ever lay claim to being one hundred percent happy."

Too much money too soon—and too many temptations—are the reasons most commonly given for the unhappy headlines made by Hollywood stars. As a Hollywood star, in the days before heavy taxes, Don was certainly one of those who made "too much money." As a young and handsome actor, he must also have met temptation.

"I don't think the money affected me, one way or the other," he says now. "Money never meant that much to me, and it doesn't now. We lived well, in those flush days, but we never went in for the extravagant scale of living. It's often said that the children of movie stars are spoiled, but I don't believe that could have been said of ours. We gave them a lovely home, good schools and the best religious training we could get for them. But not lavish presents, not ridiculous things. The kids had their chores to do, indoors and out. When the boys were old enough, they all worked during the summer.

"As for the temptations, I don't suppose they're any greater in show business than they are for the heads of big corporations or other wealthy men. Still, actors do play love scenes requiring close proximity with the most beautiful and glamorous girls in the world. Any performers who say they don't feel any emotion, when they're playing love scenes, don't belong in the acting business. There's no doubt it takes a lot more guts to stay straight in an emotional atmosphere than it does in a bank or a

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supermarket. In my case, I give thanks first, to my religion—secondly, to my family—and third, to the responsibility a performer feels because of his impact on other people.

"I probably had fewer temptations than a lot of others, because I didn't go night-clubbing or partying around. One reason I didn't was that I often gave fifteen hours a day to my work, and that was enough for me. I feel the same way about it now. One of my warmest convictions is that I don't think you are ever going to get anywhere *if you do only what is required of you by your job.* You have to put in that something extra, both in time and in energy.

"Looking back," says Don, "I averaged as much time as any workingman does with his children. To give of yourself and of your time is the most important thing you *can* give your children. How else are you to train them in the way they should go? You have to talk with them, play with them, *be* with them, in order to get across to them the values you want them to have.

"Always at home, when we sit around before dinner, the children are with us. When they were small, they'd tell me things they'd done I hadn't caught them at, and there'd be laughs. Later on, we had more serious discussions about life and how it can best be lived. On one such occasion, I remember saying that to have control—to learn to completely control yourself—is the fundamental of gracious living. Eat too much, and you get fat. Drink too much, and you get drunk. Lose your temper, and you might do anything.

"It was when we were sitting around the fire one evening that I told the little girls—who were between four and five at the time—that they were adopted. I don't remember what I said. It just came out spontaneously, naturally, as it should. Today, at thirteen, they are as well-adjusted as any two youngsters—or adults—I know. Whenever there is a reason for them to say, 'We're adopted,' they say it as unselfconsciously as they would say, 'We're girls.'

"Our children are pretty well grown now," Don observes. "Donny, twenty-four, is all the way grown—working for a stock brokerage house in Chicago, happily married and the proud father of one-year-old Kevin Ameche. Ronny is in the Navy. Tommy is at school in Phoenix, Arizona, and Lonny at school in Ojai, California. But they come East for Christmas, the holidays and summers with us. The little girls go to day school here in New York—St. Lawrence Academy—and so are with us all the time, we're glad to say.

"Would I want the children to be in my business? In discussing their futures, we always told them that we want them to do what they feel God Almighty wants them to do. That's all we've ever said. But if one or more of them should choose my business or profession—yes, I would want it for them. It has been awfully good to me, allowed me to live a pretty full kind of life, enabled me to do things for people I wouldn't otherwise have been able to do. It's allowed me to travel, which I love to do, and to meet great people of my generation I would never have been able to meet otherwise.

"They were wonderful years, those years in Hollywood," he will tell you. "Such a wonderful kind of life, the picture business so glamorous then, everyone so charming to everyone else. I enjoyed picture work very much, would be happy to do it again. By the same token, I am very happy to be doing radio and television—and an occasional play—here in New York. So long as you are working at what you do best, and are giving it all you can, the sense of achievement and fulfillment is the same in one medium as in another.

"I get a lot of pleasure and satisfaction out of the things I do on television—*Climax!* and the panel show, *To Tell The Truth,* on which I appear now and then. As for radio, it really feels good to be doing radio again. In my very 'umble opinion, radio is a very distinctive medium, one all its own, with more perquisites for actors, directors, producers, technicians—and the fellow that foots the bill—than any of the related media.

"There can't, for instance," Don explains, "be anything but a perfect 'set' on radio, for every set is built by the listener in his or her own mind. There's none of the sweat and strain and staggering cost involved in building sets on movie and television sound stages. Furthermore, there can't be anything but very handsome men and very beautiful women on radio—for the actors, too, are conceived (presumably without fault, flaw, or unfortunate camera angle) in the listeners' minds. On radio, you can remain forever young. Geographically, you can be—merely by saying so—in Tibet or on the moon, right here in New York. Radio is limitless, as limitless as the imagination.

"I am also very happy about the stories we are doing on *Real Life Stories.* The writing on the show is excellent. And they are real life stories of the experiences that can and do befall real people . . . normal people—like me," Don smiles. Then, more soberly, he adds: "Radio was, after all, my first love. That I love it is proved by the fact that, after my debut on *The Empire Builders,* I remained on radio for twenty continuous years—from 1930 to 1950. During all that time, I never left it for more than a month or two at most. All the time I was in pictures, I stayed on radio. And now I am on radio again."

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T V R

Born to Be Troupers

(*Continued from page* 41)

performance, Don wanted to wear a white shirt. Phil had decided on gray. They raised their voices and, if you'd been passing by, you'd have thought they were going to bust up the act. Neither would give in. Neither would compromise. So, when it's time to go out on the stage, what do you think happened? Don, who wanted to wear white, showed up in a gray shirt to please Phil. Phil, who had fought for gray, was wearing a white shirt to please Don."

No one who knows them was the least surprised, for the brothers have been together through the good and bad. They are genuinely fond of each other. More than this, it's against their nature to be inconsiderate. "The boys are young," says Wesley Rose, "yet I've never felt that I had to go on the road with them. I take this attitude knowing that, wherever they go, they are made a big fuss over and there are all kinds of temptations. But it's their nature to be gentlemen. They are clean-cut and wholesome. They're the kind of boys you'd be happy to have your own teenager associate with."

For the record, the Everly Brothers are really brothers, the only children of Ike and Margaret Everly, who were professional singers. Both boys were born in Brownie, Kentucky: Don, on February 1, 1937; Phil two years later, on January 19, 1939. Both are a slim five-ten. Both have grayish-blue eyes. Don, on the quiet side, has brown hair. Phil, who likes to be on the go, is a dish-water blond.

"I like foreign sport cars," says Phil. "I just got myself a black hardtop MG and I'm going to put a supercharger on it. I've always liked sports, but it's hard to work out on the road—so I got myself a fencing outfit and I hope I can get Don or one of the Crickets to fence with me. And then, of course, I like to get out and date a lot."

"I'm more conservative," says Don. "I drive an American sedan. I like to sit around and listen to music. My chief hobby is art, painting and sketching. And, when it comes to girls, there's just one for me—that's why I'm married."

Don married Sue Ingraham, a pretty brunette, when she was nineteen, and he was a month short of being twenty. "They asked me sometimes if I'm sorry I gave up my bachelorhood at nineteen," Don says. "The answer is *no*. I'm very satisfied with the whole thing. Wouldn't change it for the world. But don't ask me if I believe in teen-age marriages. It's too controversial for me to say. I wouldn't want to be giving advice."

Don and Sue met in Nashville. Don smiles as he says, "I don't think I even proposed. Neither of us proposed. I guess it was all arranged through mental telepathy." He goes on, "I didn't consider the arguments pro and con at the time. Marriage, it seems to me, depends on the person, regardless of his age. Dad always said, 'A person should feel like they've grown up when they married.' I felt grown up—but, I guess, to prove that you're ready, you've got to make it last."

"I didn't buck Don's marriage," Phil recalls. "Our parents have always given us responsibilities. We were always treated as if we had enough sense to know what we wanted to do." He grins. "Now, about my own stand on marriage, I don't believe in young marriage or old marriage. I just believe in marriage when you're ready—and I'm not ready."

Handsome and high-spirited, Phil has no trouble getting dates. He says, "I don't prefer any special pattern in girls. But it's no good if a girl's pretty—and that's all. I like a girl who says something worthwhile when she talks. I like informal dates, nothing spectacular. I like a girl who dresses casually in a skirt and sweater. I don't go for fancy dresses and earrings."

On the road, there is no dating. Don's wife stays at home. The boys bunk in together and spend their time with the other performers. The Crickets are especially good friends. Together, they play poker for low stakes, hunt out restaurants with foreign foods and spend hours in long bull sessions. When it comes to work, they share responsibility equally.

The boys have been sharing and looking out for each other their entire lives. For years, they had only one tuxedo between the two of them and could never go to the same formal dance. They never dated the same girl but once. "I was dating her but Don took her away from me," says Phil. "I thought she was too old for you," says Don. "Is that why you did it? Well, I didn't care anyway," Phil grins.

In the past, if one has been broke, the other dug into his savings. When Don was about to get married, Phil lent him four dollars toward buying the wedding ring. Before they hit the big time and big money, they were batching at their home in Madison, a couple miles outside of Nashville, while their parents were working in Iowa. Don was the cook. "I wouldn't exactly call it cooking," he says. "I'd get two slices of bread, put some lunch meat in between, and serve it up with a glass of milk. Do you call that cooking?"

Don and Phil were born into the entertainment business. Their father, Ike Everly, was a singer and entertainer most of his life. When his sons were eight and six years old, respectively, he brought them into the act, which—together with their mother—was billed as The Everly Family. They sang over many radio stations, including WJJD in Chicago, KXEL in Waterloo, KFNF in Shenandoah, Iowa, WROL in Knoxville, Tennessee. They sang in public auditoriums, on the street for politicians, and at country fairs.

Sometimes it was rough going, and the hours were odd. "Out at station KFNF," Mrs. Everly recalls, "we were on the air from five-thirty to six in the morning, and winter mornings in Iowa are bitter cold. We'd get out of bed about four, and the first thing on our mind was whether the car would start—and, if it didn't, how far we'd have to push it."

Phil recalls a tour of Arkansas in 1952. "We were driving a small sedan. Mother played the bass fiddle, which rode in the back seat with us. Everytime we took a curve, it would drop over and slap us across the heads. On that trip, we were looking for work and had to save money, so we kept a cooler of milk in the car and ate sandwiches. Just before we got into a town where we expected to audition, we'd stop at a gas station to clean up and change our clothes."

The boys were troupers from the beginning and took the good with the bad. On stage, they wore cowboy suits, but the family income couldn't keep up with their growth. Often the boys would go in stocking feet to where they were singing, then put on their boots—because they pinched so much. They learned to keep smiling, no matter what happened.

"One of the radio stations we sang on was always having power trouble," Mrs. Everly recalls. "We'd be singing and, unexpectedly, the lights would go out. The boys would never miss a word of the number. Then there was the time when Don was about eight and his daddy would stand him up on a chair to sing a solo in public. One day, he was perched on a folding chair—and the chair folded up with him. Don was singing, 'Put My Little Shoes Away,' and the shoes and the rest of him were all tangled up in the chair! But he kept going and the audience gave him a tremendous hand. When he got off stage, he cried so hard. He wasn't hurt—he thought that he'd messed up the show."

It was taken for granted that the boys would be singers. Their father, a kindly and patient man, taught them everything he knew about music and show business. "Dad had us telling jokes to the audience," Don says. "He's a master at telling stories, but he thought we'd learn a lot about audience reaction by doing it ourselves. Dad made us see to it that we took our time and kept our poise, no matter what."

The brothers were neither pampered nor pushed. "We've always treated them as equals," Mrs. Everly says. "If there was a decision to make, or something about our act to discuss, they were there. And we listened to what they had to say. The boys got to where they knew more music than I did, and sometimes covered up for me because I could only play in two keys. I'd take their advice on anything. Even clothes. We respected each other. We all

Kathi Norris

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had chores. There were no special privileges for anyone. The boys didn't even have allowances. We just shared and shared alike."

It was before they broke up as a family act that Don began to sell his songs. His first sale brought six hundred dollars and encouragement. When he was sixteen, he wrote "Thou Shalt Not Steal." Kitty Wells recorded that one for Decca. Together, the boys wrote "Here We Are Again," which Anita Carter put on wax. The flip-sides of their big hits for Cadence have been originals, and their new Cadence album, "The Everly Brothers," includes several original tunes.

The boys have always been so wrapped up in music that there was no question of their continuing the struggle to make good in the business when their parents decided to retire. "Daddy and Mom decided they would learn a new trade," Phil says. "Mom went into beautician's school and Daddy to barber's. They were in Iowa but decided we should stay in Nashville, where we would have more opportunity.

"At first, we were lucky. Anyway, we thought so. We made a recording for Columbia and it was released in December of 1955—the same time as Elvis's 'Heartbreak Hotel.' Well, we were lost in the shuffle and Columbia kind of cooled off toward us. We got singing jobs here and there, but weren't making much money."

It was about this time that the boys were batching it and making do with sandwiches, doughnuts, one suit apiece, and pluck. But they had an admirer in Chester Atkins, who praised them to Wesley Rose. Rose is head of the Acuff-Rose Music Publishing Company and Hickory Recording Company in Nashville. The boys phoned Wesley and asked for an audition.

"That was early in March of 1956," Wes says. "The boys came into my office quiet and shy, which is their usual way, and asked if they could sing for me."

"Wes was real great," Phil recalls. "He said that he would have a recording contract with a national label for us within two weeks—and, if not, he would record us on his own label."

Wes picks up the story: "Back in my office, I phoned Archie Bleyer at Cadence. He was coming down to Nashville to record Gordon Terry and I told him about the boys. He said that he would be glad to give them a good listen when he came down. Archie liked what he heard and immediately set up a quick recording session. One of the tunes Archie brought down from New York was 'Bye Bye Love.' Don and Phil really flipped on this song and learned it after one hearing. The combination of Everly, Bleyer, and Rose started working, and the results were beyond all expectations."

So, within a week, the boys had recorded their first disc, "Bye Bye Love" (which, incidentally, was published by Wesley Rose). It began selling like Presley and, very shortly, the Everly Brothers had their first gold record. Their second, "Wake Up, Little Suzie," has also gone over the million mark.

"I don't think success has changed us," Don says, "although it's nice to have some security. We aren't spendthrifts, but it's good to be able to buy the things you need. The best of it, though, is being accepted for your music—because I'd like to make music my life. I'd like to go on writing songs and recording, but I guess you can't expect such spectacular success as this to last more than two or three years."

Show-wise people like Ed Sullivan and Wesley Rose, who have an awareness of real talent and genuine aspiration, don't agree. They think the Everly Brothers will be around a long time.

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Your Guess Is Good

(*Continued from page* 58)
time the contestant gives the right answer to a question. A second right answer connects ten more dots, a third connects ten more. Word clues, to help along, are given at intervals.

The first contestant to identify the gradually evolving portrait—which grows more definite every time ten of the dots are connected with lines—becomes the winner, who remains to take on the next opponent. Home viewers participate with a special dot portrait shown on the TV screen. They send in cards with name, address and telephone number; if they are lucky enough to have their card drawn and can identify the portrait, there are such fabulous prizes as automobiles—even a junior design for the small fry in the family.

Jack Narz, who emcees *Dotto*, is from Louisville, Kentucky. A World War II flyer who turned to teaching flying in the Hollywood area, he got drawn into radio first, as an announcer, then into television as a vocalist on the Bob Crosby matinee shows. The Narz family—Mr. and Mrs. and the four kids—have moved East, where Jack does his daily broadcast from New York, and is also at work on his first record album for Dot Records.

How Do You Rate?—combination game and aptitude test—started last March 31 on CBS-TV, is a sort of "psychological" quiz show which also gives the viewer at home a chance to participate. Such new additions to quiz-program language as "aptitest" and "aptigraph" fill the viewer with a certain respectful awe, but the game remains lively and down-to-earth. The winner of each part of the aptitests receives one hundred and fifty dollars in cash, and the opportunity to meet another contestant and pile on a like amount—and so on, as long as he remains on top. A loser gets a cash consolation prize.

The tests are similar to those used by psychologists in industry, civil defense and in the armed services, and have been especially adapted to TV and prepared by Dr. Robert Goldenson, Professor of Psychology at Hunter College in New York. They cover such qualities as mechanical aptitude, manual dexterity of many kinds, judgment, quickness of perception, aural and visual comprehension, memory, logical reasoning, even language ability.

Home viewers have their own special aptitest every week, get their own chance to follow the admonition to "know thyself." It's all fun—especially when you find you're smarter than you think—and there are wonderful prizes to win, too.

The program's emcee, Tom Reddy, was born in Eagle Grove, Iowa, grew up in Omaha and Norfolk, Nebraska. He has been in radio since he was a high-school senior. Tom studied journalism at college, kept plugging in radio as a newscaster and disk jockey, emceed *Chesterfield Supper Club* and *Dragnet*; worked in TV on *The Jackie Gleason Show, I Love Lucy, Lux Video Theater, Show Of Shows, Two For The Money,* and others. With his wife, five sons and one daughter, he lives in a wonderful house on the ocean in New Jersey. He collects thousands of records, indulges a taste for sports cars, whips up a steak dinner as easily as he guides contestants through the mazes of *How Do You Rate?*

Anybody Can Play, an audience and panel show, starts Sunday, July 6, over ABC-TV. The four contestants for each show are chosen by the John Guedel Productions office, 8321 Beverly Boulevard, Los Angeles, California—where they may apply in person or in writing—on the basis of interesting personalities and occupation. Those selected form a panel which continues on the show for four weeks, with the same people. They answer questions on a wide variety of subjects, so a specialist in one field of knowledge gains no advantage, but it will take a great deal of general information to score.

At the end of four weeks, the contestant who has correctly answered the most questions wins $5,000; the second, $3,000; the third, $2,000; the fourth, $1,000. The top winner is invited to be a member of the next panel, thus qualifying for four more shows. Theoretically, a lucky and intelligent contestant could stay on the show forever and win limitless amounts of money.

Anybody Can Play has a home audience-participation feature which truly justifies the show's title. After the first panel has appeared twice—opening show and the next week's show—the home audience will be invited to send in postcards listing the order in which they think the contestants will finish at the end of the four-week run, also the weight and age of each contestant. The home viewer who comes closest in his or her guesses will be winner of $10,000. For runners-up at home, the show will offer such gifts as a complete electric kitchen, a new car, a freezer stocked with food for four for one year, a trip to Disneyland from anywhere in the United States, $100 cash prizes, etc. Cards must be received by the third week.

George Fenneman, emcee of *Anybody Can Play,* has been announcer and right-hand man to Groucho Marx on *You Bet Your Life* for ten years, and has also been on *Dragnet.* He was born in Peking, China, where his father was in business, and was brought home to the United States for his schooling in San Francisco. Stagestruck from the time he was eight, George went into radio in his early twenties, played an early California bandit in a radio show called *Golden Days.* He announced *Parade Of Spotlight Bands,* among other shows. George now lives close to Hollywood with his wife and three children, dabbles in oil painting in his leisure time, is a shutterbug, landscape-gardens, swims and skis.

Dough Re Mi, launched on the NBC-TV network last February as a weekday morning program, is a Barry & Enright quiz which asks only that a contestant recognize familiar songs. Three contestants try to identify a popular song after hearing only the first three notes, and are given "bidding money" with which to "buy" additional notes, making it easier to guess the song. The first song is worth $100, and a contestant with a quick ear can run his winnings to between $1,000 and $2,000 in a single day, then return to meet new challengers and add to the prize money.

The home viewer gets into the game through a song broadcast especially for the armchair audience—three notes the first day, until a total of seven have been sounded on the air. Postcards with the name of the song and the name and address of the sender may bring prizes which range from luxury vacations to household appliances and a long list of other merchandise.

Emcee of *Dough Re Mi* is smiling young Gene Rayburn, who well knows his way around the TV channels through excellent experience with Steve Allen on the old *Tonight* show and a lot of others. He had his own *Gene Rayburn Show,* and was half of the radio comedy-deejay team of Rayburn and Finch. He's married to a one-time model, a pretty brunette. They have a teen-age daughter, Lynn, and live in a Dutch Colonial house in suburban New York

Pantomime Quiz, a real TV veteran, has long been one of the popular standbys of the summer season, and this year is no exception. On ABC-TV, Tuesday nights, since April 8, this parlor game is almost too well known to need any description. Hollywood played it for years at parties, called it merely "The Game." In the East, it was better known as "Charades."

Old friends know that Mike Stokey emcees, and that competing teams are made up of three regular panelists and one weekly guest. The panel members change from time to time, as they leave for other commitments, then are welcomed back into the fold. Such performers as Howard Morris, Carol Burnett, Milt Kamen, Dorothy Hart, Carol Haney, Tom Poston, Stubby Kaye, Hans Conried and Denise Darcel help to keep things lively.

Stokey, host and producer of *Pantomime Quiz,* was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, now lives in Hollywood but maintains an office and produces his show from New York. He has been a stage producer, director of radio programs, a radio and night-club emcee and a pioneer in television, creating this particular show in 1939, when TV was little more than a gleam in the public's eye. In 1947, his was one of the first and best known of the game-type programs to be brought to TV Mike is married to the former Spring Mitchell, a diminutive blonde, and they have a small daughter, Susan Melissa.

Beginning Friday, July 11, on ABC-TV, there's an innovation in games or quizzes—or whatever—in a show to be called *ESP* (if our crystal ball tells us truly). *ESP* capitalizes on an increasing public interest in "extra-sensory perception," a term now made famous through the work of the parapsychology lab at Duke University.

If this sounds altogether too formidable, don't let it scare you. The plan is to play it with cards, testing participants' sensitivity to telepathy and such kindred talents as clairvoyance and psychokinesis. (Don't let these scare you, either. They're scientific terms for being able to sense what may happen, or to influence the movement of objects—and some say that, to a modest degree, these are perfectly normal human talents.)

At this writing, the exact form the show will take and the prizes it will offer have not been fully worked out, and—alas—we don't have the gift of clairvoyance. Undoubtedly, there will be viewer participation and who knows? You may discover that you're the gifted one who has *ESP.*

In general, two participants will compete against each other guessing the "runs" of cards and other symbols which will be developed to keep the game visually interesting. The winner takes on challengers until defeated. Home audiences will know what the cards or symbols are, at least part of the time, and be able to judge players' abilities for themselves.

Replacing Garry Moore's beloved variety show, weekday mornings on CBS-TV, isn't easy, but *Play Your Hunch* has a likely format—and a lively personality—which should spell success. With viewers playing along, this new game calls upon contestants to use their "intuition" in answering questions. Two sets of men and women, usually married couples, try to outguess each other. As outlined at press time, the first couple to make three correct guesses wins the round and gets to "pull straws." Six of the seven straws are long, representing valuable prizes, and mean an additional $1,000—if picked before the short straw. Once the latter is drawn, the couple must return to their places and face new challengers.

Top personality on this show is Merv Griffin, who won TV RADIO MIRROR's gold medal this year, as your favorite male singer on radio. Now you can see him daily on TV, as emcee of *Play Your Hunch.* An expert at ad-lib, Merv's a talented lad who not only sings but plays a variety of musical instruments. He was born July 6, 1930, in San Mateo, California, now lives in a New York City bachelor apartment, where friends gather 'round his piano for many an informal songfest.

CBS-TV has another quiz coming along in mid-July for married couples, this one a Tuesday-night show called *Number, Please* and packaged by the bright-idea team of Mark Goodson and Bill Todman. Already bowing in as a summer replacement for *Person To Person,* Friday nights, is *Keep Talking,* a panel show hosted by Monty Hall, which pairs off some of TV's top personalities in a novel guessing game. (See page 60 for our story on Monty.)

Harry Salter, creator of perennially popular *Name That Tune,* has another teaser in *Music Bingo,* these Thursday nights on NBC-TV. The same net has at least four more new games which should be reaching your sets by now. For an hour, each weekday afternoon, there's *Lucky Partners!* —which really takes viewers and studio audience into partnership with on-stage contestants—followed by *Haggis Baggis,* based on an old Scottish phrase and giving photo-identification winners a choice from two prize groups labeled "Haggis" and "Baggis."

The latter show also has a Monday-night version and offers Art Linkletter's son Jack his first big network show on his own (Steve Dunne is the daytime emcee). Also on NBC-TV's summer schedule are two other evening quizzes—*The Big Game,* on Fridays, and *Pick A Winner,* Tuesdays. All told, the nets are giving people plenty of chances, day and night, to exercise their wits and fill their coffers.

If any shows have been overlooked here, it's because nobody, but nobody, could keep track of them all. Some are panel shows, some straight quizzes, some of the new quiz-game type, but all have their thousands and thousands of the faithful who will do practically anything—except miss a show.

As we mentioned in the beginning, our crystal ball is still a little clouded, so don't hold us to it if some of these we have listed earlier haven't got on the air by the time this issue is on the newsstands. Or—traitorous thought—if some have come and failed to stir up sufficient interest, and gone, and are now almost forgotten. Some may change format as the weeks go by, to make them easier to understand or more exciting to watch. Some may change days of the week or broadcast hour.

What we have tried to do here is give you just an inkling of what may be coming your way, what you can enjoy right now and how you can participate directly or indirectly. We suggest you watch the shows themselves and get up-to-date on all rules and regulations.

Finally, we want to quote from Mark Goodson, in an article in the broadcasting trade publication, *Sponsor.* Mr. Goodson, half of the firm of Goodson-Todman, creative producers and owners of some of the best audience-participation shows on the air—*What's My Line? I've Got A Secret, Beat The Clock,* and a string of others as long as your arm—had this to say about "good, original, audience-participation shows": "They have the pulse of reality, the drama of the unwritten ending, the feeling of *nowness.*"

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Wandering Minstrel

(*Continued from page 26*)

happy-ending version, "Ballad of a Teen-age Queen" into the pop hit charts.

In person, as well as in spirit, Johnny fits the traditional romantic description of a bard. His hair is black as coal and his gold-flecked dark eyes can smoulder. His smile breaks slowly. At twenty-six, an intense, quiet, serious man of deep reserve, he lets his songs speak for him. To interpret them, he draws on a phenomenal, total-recall memory. The sequence of "train" songs, which first brought him to prominence, dates to his childhood impressions of "Old Ninety." Says Johnny, "It would tear by at 5:30 A.M., sounding like all creation busted loose." He thinks in pictures, expresses his emotion in music.

Music is his heritage and the line of song runs back through generations. His parents, Ray and Carrie Cash, are not professional entertainers. Their singing has been confined to their home and to church choirs. His mother says, "We sing because we enjoy it, but we can't sing like Johnny. Johnny has a voice just like my daddy's . . ."

Carrie Cash's father, J. L. Rivers, homesteaded two hundred acres near Kingsland, Arkansas, forty miles west of Pine Bluff. "He was a farmer, growing cotton and cane and corn, but he also taught what, in those days, we called 'singing school.' They say, too, that his father was a music teacher back in Georgia."

The Rivers home became an entertainment center for the community. "We had an organ, a bass viol, a guitar and a fiddle," Mrs. Cash recalls. "People would gather together for musicals. We'd take turns playing the different instruments. When my husband came courting, he joined right in with us, singing the old hymns."

Johnny, who was born in Kingsland, on February 26, 1932, the fourth child of seven, remembers the charm of those musicals when the Rivers children brought their own youngsters back home. Johnny loved the old house, and his grandfather remains one of his particular heroes.

Johnny explains that J. L. Rivers was a man who could plan ahead and think of everything. "First off, when he came to Arkansas, he built the house. Did it himself, with one helper. It was only one storey high, but it stood on tall brick pillars. That was so his children could run underneath on hot summer days and have a cool and shady place to play. All us grandchildren loved the place."

But, for all the patriarch's planning, "the bad times" came. The land wore out. "By the time they knew about what cotton takes out of the soil," Johnny explains, "it was too late." Depression and drought deepened the distress of the hill country. In 1936, as a recovery measure, the Government moved out six hundred families and assigned them acreage in the newly-established Dyess resettlement colony.

With the uprooting, Johnny, age four, first tasted loneliness. "It was delta land, a jungle sort of place, the darkest and bleakest that you ever did see, heavy with vines and trees and full of bobcats. It took my folks two years to make a crop. But, when they did manage to clear the land, it grew cotton like crazy."

For the interim subsistence, the resettlement administration had provided buildings and stock. Hard work and thrifty planning added to the Cash family's goods. At the end of the first year, they had a house, a barn, a smoke house, a chicken house, a mule, a cow, three or four pigs, some chickens, beehives—and a mortgage.

They also had The River. The Mississippi. Johnny—who wrote "Big River Blues," which he recorded on the reverse side of "Ballad of a Teen-age Queen"—started to learn about the river when he was five. The Cash farm was twelve miles from its banks. But, as soon as the Memphis radio stations warned people along the lowlands that the water was rising, the family began to mobilize.

The Center, where administration building, schools, stores and churches were concentrated, was two and a half miles away. They owned no car. Johnny says, "The other families along the road were in the same shape we were, so the Colony administration sent out a bus. The driver told us we had ten minutes to prepare to leave. Heaven only knew how soon we could come back."

It was January, and Carrie Cash dressed her children in their warmest clothes. There were five of them then—Roy, Louise, Jack, Johnny and Reba. (Joanne and Tom were born later.) Roy, who, at sixteen, had a man's stature and undertook a man's responsibilities, helped his father turn loose the stock. They opened all the doors of the buildings—if they were lucky, the water would flow through them, rather than rip them from their foundations and carry them away.

At the last minute, Ray Cash made the heartbreaking decision to stay behind. He wanted to save what he could. If the water should come up that far, he promised he would get out fast. A man alone could manage.

Frightened, worried, they started their

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journey. Johnny says, "The bus took us to Wilson, twelve miles away. There they put us on the train, The Lone Star. It was an overnight trip, stopping at every town to let people off to go to their relatives in the hill country. My grandfather met us with a wagon at Kingsland."

Three days later, one worry was lifted. His father arrived. There was no use his staying longer at Dyess. The river had overrun the farm. "That was one time music meant something to us all," says Johnny. His mother adds, "Things never seem so bad when you can sing about them."

Their home was a sorry sight when at last the river retreated to its channel and a truck brought them back to the farm. "Driftwood blocked the doors. You could see the high water mark on the walls, and the mud was still three inches deep on the floors. We all pitched in, but it took us a while to clean it up. That flood was quite a setback."

In the Cash family, everybody worked. For Johnny, cotton picking took the place of football. "It came the same season, but we didn't mind too much because our daddy always paid us. Not much, to be sure, but he was careful to see each of us got our share."

Music was their recreation. On Sunday afternoons, the churches sponsored a community sing which lasted into evening. It is characteristic of the Cash family that, despite their distance from town, they bought a piano before they bought a car. Johnny explains, "It belonged to a lady who worked in the administration building. We paid thirty-five dollars for it. My mother sold magazine subscriptions and we boys put in what we'd saved from picking cotton."

Two tragedies had an effect on their music. When Johnny was twelve, his brother Jack was killed in an accident in the woodworking shop at school. "Johnny had been the laughing, happy boy," his mother says. "But, with Jack gone, he turned serious, almost somber. I was glad he had Roy to keep him singing. They'd work out songs together."

Roy Cash then had a four-piece combo which played on KNCN at Blytheville, Arkansas, and drew big crowds at dances. Then World War II hit, and they all enlisted. Three were killed. Roy Cash has never sung in public since. He's now a field representative for Chrysler Motors.

Six weeks after he finished high school, Johnny took off on the long road. "I got up the money to ride a bus to Detroit and got me a factory job." His boarding house was cheerless; he had to wake at 4:30 A.M. and walk a mile and a half to work. "I bitterly hated it. It seemed like I was nothing—just a zero. I got so homesick I could die. When my first paycheck came, I went back home."

His return coincided with the outbreak of the Korean war. Johnny enlisted in the Air Force, was sent to radio technical school and given an assignment which remains in the "you don't talk about it" classification.

Sixteen days before he was shipped out to Germany, the most important event of his life occurred. He went roller-skating in San Antonio. Says Johnny, "I was pretty wild on skates. I was just plain showing off when I knocked down this pretty girl. . . ."

The pretty girl was Vivian Liberto, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Peter Liberto. Her father, an insurance man, also gives magic shows for charity affairs. Like many people of Italian origin, they're mad about music. Vivian says, "We were opera fans. We had never listened to hillbilly. But we liked Johnny's singing. He fitted right into our family."

Before he left the States, Vivian and Johnny had an "understanding." A transatlantic telephone call turned it into an engagement. Johnny mailed her ring from Germany. And Vivian was waiting at the Memphis airport with Johnny's parents, the day he returned. They were married August 7, 1954, in San Antonio, with her uncle, Father Vincent Liberto, officiating.

Johnny found a job at a Memphis household appliance company. He also enrolled in a radio announcing school. They rented four rooms in an old house and tried to make them a home. Vivian's version and Johnny's version of that first year differ. "I always trusted Johnny to take care of us," she says. "We were as happy as we've ever been."

Johnny, who has always wanted to hand his Vivian all the good things of the world on a silver platter, remembers every excruciating problem. How he had to give up his GI life insurance; how he worried about buying Vivian maternity clothes when she learned she was pregnant; how he insisted on moving to a house where she wouldn't have to climb stairs.

"I was the world's worst appliance salesman," he recalls. "Now and then the boss heard a rumor that I worked there, but I sure didn't sell anything." However, he had one asset no finance company could touch—his ability to sing. He also had a guitar. He'd bought it in Germany, "for about five dollars," walked miles through

a blizzard to bring it back to his barracks, and toted it with him ever since.

Talk at the radio school often centered around three sudden successes: Carl Perkins, Elvis Presley—and Sam Phillips, who had quit an announcing job to start his own company, Sun Records. Sam had turned Carl and Elvis into local stars, virtually overnight, and they were becoming national stars as fast as he could get distribution for his discs.

Johnny gathered up his nerve and asked for an audition. He used two hymns he had written himself. Sam had had bad luck with the few religious records he had issued, so he advised Johnny to work up a different song and come back. Shy as Johnny was, that ordinarily would have been a squelcher. But Vivian was pregnant. Johnny says, "I knew I just had to start selling."

His brother Roy, who then worked at an automobile company, helped him. In the shop were Luther Perkins and Marshall Grant, two full-time mechanics who were part-time musicians. Calling themselves "The Tennessee Two," they agreed to back Johnny with electric guitar and bass, in his arrangement of "Hey, Porter," a poem of his which had been published earlier in *Stars And Stripes*.

It was the first of Johnny's "traveling" songs, numbers written when he was far away from Vivian, longing for her and wanting to assure her he was faithful. Another in the same mood, "I Walk the Line," brought him his first break-through into the pop music field and stayed at the top of the country-and-Western charts for more than a year. Johnny's devotion to his wife was the extra factor which, added to his talent, tipped the balance.

Bob Neal, who has been Johnny's manager since the days he first needed a manager, describes how a song happens to Johnny: "We'll be out on the road, working one-nighters, and Johnny will get more and more lonesome. He'll see something, or hear a phrase which triggers his imagination. He scribbles it down on a scrap of paper. By the time we get home, he'll have dozens of such scraps in his pockets. Then he shuts himself up in his den and turns them into a song."

Scrupulously careful about credits, Johnny wants it understood that he did not write "Ballad of a Teen-age Queen." "Jack Clements wrote it. I heard it at Sun and liked it so much I asked if I could cut it. It was a lucky hunch."

Johnny is asking the fates for another bit of personal good luck this summer. He wants a boy. Their daughter Rosanne was born May 24, 1954, and Kathleen arrived April 16, 1955. With a new baby expected, Johnny says, "We're sure proud of our girls, but they need a brother. . . ."

To prepare for the big event, they bought a new house—"about a mile and a half from Sam Phillips' and a little farther away from Bob Neal's. It's right on Memphis city limits." Johnny has appropriated one of the four bedrooms of the spacious ranch-style house for an office and music room.

Vivian likes the efficient kitchen and the big fireplace which gives an extra air of hospitality to the living room. Johnny likes to cut wood for that fireplace. "There's a stand of timber back of the house. I get me a workout whenever I come in from the road. Then, for summer, there's room for a swimming pool, if we want to put one in."

As a modern minstrel, Johnny Cash will always wander far. To major television shows, to personal appearances, perhaps to motion pictures. His flow of songs of love and loneliness is limitless . . . for, wherever Johnny may be in person, his heart is always home.

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The Heart of Bilko

(*Continued from page 50*)

those who work with him constantly. Second, the way his wife, Evelyn Patrick Silvers, a girl of sunny and outgoing temperament, talks about him.

Evelyn Patrick, vivacious and beautiful brunette, and Phil were married in 1956. Still in her early twenties, she gave up earnings that are said to have been around sixty thousand dollars a year (doing commercials on CBS-TV's *The $64,000 Question* at the time of her marriage) to become a home-keeping wife and a mother. Their daughter, Tracey Edythe, named for Evelyn's sister, was born on June 27, 1957.

Before their marriage, Phil, in his mid-forties, had been quoted as saying that he had missed only a good marriage and fatherhood, and except for these he had no complaints about what life had handed him. "He sometimes seemed lonely," a friend said of him. "He had friends, good friends from years back, a great deal of attention and affection. But, when some of the boys went off for weekends with their families, Phil looked a little wistful.

"We all knew about his soft spot for kids. When any child came on the set, just any kid for any reason, Phil stopped production to talk. If it was a crippled child or any child who was having a rough time, he would clown and practically put on a whole show, while everything else waited. Now he brings out pictures he has taken of his little girl, shows them almost sheepishly, says, 'I never thought I would carry around five or six pictures of a baby and show them off, but here they are.'

"When Tracey Edythe was only a few months old, he would tell how Evelyn and the nurse insisted she was clapping hands. 'She goes like this,' he demonstrated. 'Her hands don't meet. They pass. But I'm told that's clapping, so I believe it.' One day, he's proud because someone says the baby looks like him. The next day, he will swear she's the image of Evelyn, and he's even prouder. The baby now has brown hair with little reddish tinges at the edges, and eyes that seem to change every time you see her, depending on the color she wears."

Tracey turned her father into a photo-fan. "There is hardly any kind of photographic equipment, still and movie, that Phil has missed out on, since the baby's arrival," his wife says. "The fact that he never took a picture before, with so much as a Brownie, has made for some very funny results, but now some of the pictures we like best are Phil's.

"He is very good at helping with the baby, with diapering and bathing her and putting her to bed. Of course, he had to get used to hearing her cry. The first time we took her out in her carriage, she cried so hard we turned around and came straight back home. Some day we want a house in the country, but not while Phil has to work such odd hours and it is such a grind. It would be too much to ask him to come in from the country and be on a set at eight in the morning. The baby doesn't mind the city one bit. Not yet, at least. We live in an apartment across from Central Park and she is out there all day when the weather is nice. A park fifty-one blocks long and about six blocks wide is really quite a front yard."

Perhaps no one guessed, when he was a bachelor, that Silvers is a homebody at heart. His life in show business began when he entered his teens and joined "Gus Edwards' Schooldays Revue," an act that played the vaudeville circuits—including the New York Palace Theater, which meant starting at the top. From it, he worked his way down through years of vaudeville and one-night stands across the country and back again many times. Through the Catskill circuit, through burlesque (where his comic flair began to be appreciated), through motion pictures (about twenty-five—some terrible, some not so bad, some quite good, but none making use of his special talents). And into Broadway musicals, notably his first big hit, "High Button Shoes," and his most recent one, "Top Banana." By the time he met and married Evelyn, he had seen it all, the top and the bottom of show business. Loved it and been a part of it for more than thirty years.

Perhaps Evelyn was the first to recognize that the sophisticated and knowing performer had another side. "Home, comfort, slacks and slippers, a paper and TV—Phil was made for these," she says. "When we were first married I misplaced (on purpose, he will find out only when he reads this!) two old pairs of slippers he had clung to for years. They were so worn. So misshapen. But he liked them just the way they were, and sometimes my conscience bothers me a little. Only a little—because he has some now he is fast getting into the shape of the old ones."

He likes to see women dress comfortably and simply and very femininely, dislikes loud clothes, admires soft, feminine-looking hats. "I sent one back this season when Phil said it wasn't feminine enough."

Silvers never goes out when he is working. The shooting days on the show are Thursday and Friday, and these are the frantic ones. They stay home about ninety-five percent of the time since the baby came, anyhow, so when they go out it becomes an occasion. Neither he nor Evelyn care about big parties, preferring a few close friends. They prefer dinners in quiet restaurants, a neighborhood movie, a play on a night when Phil isn't working.

They are TV fans, see the old movies on television "provided they were entertaining to begin with." Phil sometimes sees some of his own old pictures when he can catch them on TV. He was never too pleased with them, but has fond memories of such films as "Cover Girl."

People who work with him now know he is a "mad sports fan"—mad about almost any sport. "I believe he knows more about baseball than most of the players themselves," one of them said. "He gambles on the World Series and wins every time. He knows football. He's a golfer. He is even interested in table tennis."

When Silvers watches his TV show on film, he sometimes laughs out loud at some situation he had forgotten was in the script. His sense of comedy and timing make him unhappy at the slightest wrong move or word, knowing that these can throw a whole scene off. "Phil is only happy when the comedy situations are believable," Evelyn explains. "When he is learning a script, I can tell whether he thinks it is a real good one with a particularly funny situation, because he knows it forward and backward then, after only a few readings. If it is not so good and his lines are not as funny as he would like, it is almost impossible for him to remember. If I make a suggestion and it happens to be good, Phil has already thought of it. His mind works quickly.

"No one is a better audience for the humor of others, if it's genuine humor. Even mine. I don't tell any jokes—but, if I just happen to say something amusing or clever, Phil is the most appreciative audience I could have."

His feeling for a funny situation or line is well-known to the men he works with. "Phil is a creative man, not only an actor. He stops in the middle of a scene sometimes and says, 'This is wrong'—and he can't go on until the scene plays right. I have seen a real dead spot in one of the shows, with Silvers sort of walking through it in rehearsal, and watched it come to life when the cameras started. Phil can often give a dull scene a lift. That's what makes him such a great performer on the stage. He always adds so much of his own. He likes to have time to work on something until every movement of an eyebrow is meaningful. I understand he is constantly getting offers to go back on the stage and would never be surprised if he took one. It's his first love, although he likes TV immensely."

Silvers is known to have a phenomenal memory, not only for old songs and such things as telephone numbers but for old comedy routines. "He knows all there is to know about comedy and comedians," one of his associates said, "and can tell you every routine of every old comedian, who played this character or that, who did this particular softshoe, who told these jokes. On the set, he is known as a man who is

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She made a widow's worst mistake. Read "LOST WITHOUT MY MAN" in August TRUE STORY Magazine, at newsstands now.

a real pro and who gives and gets respect. He seems to assume that everyone is working to make him and the show look good; will listen to an idea from anyone and follow it if he likes it. Unlike a lot of top performers, he takes direction well. I have worked with a lot of them, but none who worked any harder and was so consistently a good guy to be around."

Silvers is also known to be a sensitive man, sensitive himself, and sensitive to the feelings of others. About this, his wife says: "He is sensitive and so knowing, so aware of people and of their strengths and weaknesses. When he himself has been hurt, I can always tell it. He gets very quiet, and there is an indefinable something in his manner, but he doesn't bear grudges or nurse a hurt long.

"I suppose he is no more of a worrier than any man who has a family and a responsible job. I think of him as an optimist in most things. I have never heard him worry about ratings—he doesn't talk about them at home—and he takes criticism in stride, if he thinks a critic is justified. He is in a difficult profession and he has no doubts about that. If our little girl should ever want to go into show business, I know Phil would help her in every possible way, but neither of us would ever push her. I think Phil feels that, for a girl, it is necessary to have a great deal of drive—along with talent—to stay in this business and make a success of it."

At home he sometimes relaxes by taking a fling at "cooking"—which usually means calling the delicatessen and getting baked beans and hot dogs and things that can be fixed with very little fuss. When he and Evelyn were first married and she was doing more of her own cooking, before the baby came, he used to praise her omelets, and still thinks they can't be beat.

"When we were visiting my folks in Florida during the Christmas holidays," she reveals, "we had a turkey. But you know, we eat a lot of fried foods in the South, too, and one day Phil announced he was going to cook dinner himself and use up the leftovers. I wondered what it was all about, because he really isn't a cook. But, when he turned out some good turkey croquettes, I understood. He had fixed them in self-defense, unable to face one more piece of our Southern-fried foods. Otherwise, he isn't a fussy eater."

Some of the biggest kicks come from the people who recognize him wherever he goes. He can't walk down the street without someone yelling the familiar "Bilko bark." In general, he shies away from noisy people or from attracting attention in public places, dislikes people who talk loud or who create scenes. But he wouldn't be human if he didn't enjoy a little of the excitement he stirs up.

Fan mail comes from people of all ages—loads from the teenagers and young couples, from servicemen and ex-servicemen, from the elderly, and from kids so young that Phil and Evelyn can hardly read the writing (or, in most cases, their smudged and misspelled *print* in pencil or crayon).

How much like Bilko is he at home?

"Phil is not Bilko, was never, and will never be," his wife says. "Yet he plays Bilko as if he had always been that type. This is what always amazes me."

What does Phil Silvers cherish as his most prized award of honor?

"His little girl," says Evelyn Patrick Silvers, without even stopping to think about any other answer.

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At All Drug and Cosmetic Counters

"I'm Going to Marry Ferlin"

(*Continued on page* 39)

invented as they went along. Any word would do, so long as it was different, and each vied with the other to find a new way to say that she felt Ferlin Husky was the most. Then one little beauty topped them all by using words which have never changed in meaning since English first was spoken.

As rapt as if she were lost in space, Bettie Westergard fluttered long lashes across dark eyes and murmured, "I'm going to marry that man." Not "I wish," nor "Wouldn't it be wonderful," but the flat statement, "I'm going to . . ."

For an instant of shocked silence, the TV set had full audio control of the room. Saying such a thing just wasn't done. To say one intended to *marry* a star . . . well, how square can you get? Derisive, the girls howled Bettie down, asking pointedly: "Does he know?"

Caught in her own ecstasy, Bettie stubbornly tried to carry it off. "Not yet, but he will. I'm going to marry Ferlin Husky."

A year later, she did.

She confesses, however, that—at the moment she spoke—"I hadn't the slightest idea how I'd even get to meet him." Fate, in the guise of a Saturday-night dance, solved that. Due mention was made that this was Ferlin's birthday. Bettie recalls, "There was this long line of girls going up to the stand to wish him happy birthday and I thought I might as well get in on it."

Shaking hands and signing autographs, Ferlin kept the line moving. Bettie, well aware that her watching friends recalled her indiscreet prediction, approached with shaking knees and a quavery smile. If only he'd say something a little special to her, something more than "Hello," it wouldn't be so bad. . . . Miraculously, he did. When he looked down, blue eyes met brown in a glance that held. It's not supposed to happen outside Victorian novels, but Ferlin, too, fell in love at first sight.

His handshake became a gesture to turn her away from the line for an instant. "What's your name?" he asked. *He's just being polite,* she thought, as she answered, "Bettie."

"What's the rest of it?" he persisted. She told him—then he asked, "Are you married?" There was urgency in his abruptness.

Fifteen-year-old Bettie had never before been asked that question. Totally overcome, she could only blush and shake her head. Other birthday greeters were pushing close. Aware of them, Ferlin said hastily, "We can't talk now. Will you wait for me after the dance?"

Tongue-tied, Bettie nodded. For the remaining hour, she alternately hoped and feared. Reality imposed cold common sense. From watching his television programs, she might feel she knew him, but what was he really like off-screen? Would he think she was just a cheap and silly pick-up? Recollection of her mother's admonitions and all the warnings she had heard about "strangers" combined to smother her heart's happy chant, *He likes me.* What would she do if he asked to take her home? Should she refuse and chance never seeing him again?

Ferlin saved her the decision. Hurrying off-stand, he asked, "Will you give me your phone number? May I come over tomorrow and meet your folks?"

He was there at noon and brought his guitar. Says Bettie, "He talked more to my mother and dad than he did to me. Then he sang to us. My brothers were crazy about him. I thought I'd never get a chance to talk to him alone."

"I knew what I was doing," Ferlin says. "I had to make friends with her family and get them on my side first. After we all got acquainted, I took Bettie out to a Chinese restaurant to have dinner and I asked her to marry me, right off the bat."

Not even in her wildest dreams had Bettie envisioned that. "I just thought he was kidding."

Ferlin proved he wasn't, but to court a schoolgirl while working on a daily television show and playing distant dances at night posed a problem. Ferlin solved it by turning up each morning to drive her to school!

Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Orlee Westergard, raised the usual objections to her going steady. She was far too young. Yet they couldn't help liking this boy who never forgot that he came from the country. "A straight-shooter," said her father. "Considerate," said her mother. "Gee, he knows all about bronco-bustin' and huntin' and fishin'," said her kid brother.

As for Bettie, she seemed to grow up, all of a sudden. Her folks sensed she was in love, to stay. She says, "I'd lost all interest in school, so I think they were glad, a year later, when we asked them if I could quit and we could get married."

Once he received her parents' consent, Ferlin lost no time. Arizona's laws permitted faster marriage than California's. He whisked Bettie off to Yuma. With her family in attendance, and with Bettie wearing a white suit and carrying a huge bouquet of red carnations, they were married November 25, 1951.

It was the start of a good life. Ferlin says, "It's funny, but that's when things started turning out right for me. . . ." It was about time that Lady Luck smiled on him, for back of him he had two broken marriages and a career which held more switchbacks than a mountain road.

A setting hen caused the first one, when he was nine years old. Born on a farm near Cantwell, Missouri, December 3, 1925, Ferlin is the son of Louis and Daisy Husky. He has a brother, Harold, and two sisters, Doris and Marge. He always could sing, but they thought he was getting too big for his britches when, at nine, he started teasing for a guitar.

In those drought years, the Huskys had no more cash than any other farmers, but his mother sensed the guitar was important to her small son. Among the visitors who drove out to take Sunday dinner at the hospitable Huskys' was one who owned a guitar and wanted a setting hen. Mrs. Husky had the hen. They swapped.

But not for long, Ferlin recalls: "We carried the hen into town and carried home the guitar. But soon we had to return the guitar and take the hen back. The pesky thing refused to set!"

Santa Claus proved more dependable. But, even after his folks had given Ferlin the guitar, they were unimpressed by his assertion he was going to be a singer, just like on the radio. His mother wanted him to be a preacher. His father mentioned the practical, immediate matter of farm chores. Ferlin fled from both. Guitar slung over his back, he took to climbing the barn roof. It became his favorite rehearsal spot. "You could hear me for two miles. Neighbors would stop work to listen."

Later, he began "singing in church, at pie suppers and commencement exercises." When he finished Frank Clay High School, he lit out for St. Louis. An uncle, Clyde Wilson, gave him some lessons and advice on how to get started.

Just when it looked as though cash and clef might coincide, the war came along. He served from 1943 to 1948 in the Merchant Marine, rising from mess boy to boatswain. Taking his guitar with him, the prairie-born sailor won a Major Bowes talent contest and later entertained shipmates on their long and dangerous runs. He took part in the D-Day invasion at Cherbourg, but somehow St. Louis failed to declare a "Husky Day" when he returned. Ferlin took any job he could find (he's been a cab driver and a fry cook, he's worked in a foundry and also been a singing bartender). Nights, he looked for a chance to sing. "I turned up in every honky-tonk in town. It was a real break when I got a chance to play for the kitty."

It took a while before he persuaded Roy Queen to hire him to play bass fiddle and guitar on KXLW. He went to California to join Big Jim DeNoon's outfit, which was working around Salinas and cutting square-dance records. He got a break with Cliffie Stone, that performer and producer who also set Tennessee Ernie Ford on the right path. While Ferlin was on the show, Cliffie arranged to have him record for Capitol.

Ferlin cut his first discs under the name of "Terry Preston." (His own name, he felt, was just too difficult.) As Preston, he got his first hit with "A Dear John Letter," recorded with Jean Shepard. He also did, for the first time, the song which, five years later, was to become his own bridge from country to popular music, Smokey Rogers' tune, "Gone."

He switched back to his own name to pay tribute to one of his personal heroes. When singer Hank Williams was killed in an automobile accident, Ferlin wrote and recorded "Hank's Song," a top seller in the country-and-Western field. Another which drew national attention was "The Drunken Driver." Safety councils gave him awards for that one.

Those were the successes. There also were some low spots . . . even after he married Bettie and had his own show at Bakersfield, California. But the big upswing had started. When Ernie Ford went back to Nashville, Tennessee, to star on *Grand Ole Opry,* Ferlin replaced him on Cliffie Stone's show. When the *Opry* invited Ferlin to make a guest appearance, Bettie went along and fell in love with Nashville's mountains and views and rivers. "I thought it was the most beautiful place I'd ever seen."

WSM's suggestion that Ferlin join the show brought eager acceptance from both. Working on *Grand Ole Opry* fulfilled an ambition Ferlin had held since childhood. It also offered a showcase for his versatile talent. He sang, he did narrations, he did imitations, he wrote and recorded songs. He also brought to microphone life a ne'er-do-well character named Simon Crum.

It was Simon who gave Ferlin's agent, Hubert Long, the idea that this singer, Husky, might also become an actor. Says Ferlin, "Meeting him was the luckiest break I ever had. He's a year older than I am, to the day, and we just seemed to hit it off. When he took the attitude that I could do anything, I sort of believed it."

Cover Duo

Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme
head a parade of favorites,
both solo and duet, in September

TV RADIO MIRROR

at your newsstand August 5

They began reaching out, experimenting. Ferlin realized that country-and-Western music was changing: "It had to turn into more than a whine and a holler." He tested his theories by re-recording "Gone." "I always had believed it could be a big hit. We talked it over with Ken Nelson, our artists-and-repertoire man, we brought in a chorus, and we cut."

Skeptics had a field day at its release. There were those who asked Ferlin, "What are you trying to prove?" But the kids of America understood that Ferlin had put all of his own drive and vigor and out-on-the-road lonesomeness into it. They bought more than a million copies. Its success brought Ferlin his first guest shots on network TV shows, and out of these came his first straight acting role, on *Kraft Television Theater,* last August.

Although he has never set foot inside the Actors Studio, he has his own "method." Bettie—who also firmly believes that Ferlin can do anything—describes it. "He has a photographic mind, I guess. He just looks at the script and he not only knows it, he *is* the character."

Professionals agree with her. Producer Ralph Serpe met Ferlin when he did a brief number in the Alan Freed movie, "Mr. Rock 'n' Roll." Impressed, he signed him to co-star with one of Ferlin's best friends, Faron Young, in "Country Music Holiday," a picture which takes much of its plot from incidents in Ferlin's and Faron's own lives. Studios are bidding for him for both comedy and serious drama. One picture being discussed would be based on the life of Hank Williams himself.

Perhaps motion-picture success will make it necessary for the Huskys to move back to California. If they do, it will be a wrench, for Ferlin and Bettie have, at Madison, Tennessee, exactly the kind of home and life they want. They live in a thirteen-room modern house on the Cumberland River, surrounded by plenty of play space for both adults and children. Ferlin's daughter, Donna, now twelve years old, lives with them. Bettie and Ferlin have Danny, who was born December 12, 1952, and Dana Rene, born January 19, 1956. Another child is due.

The boat which Ferlin keeps on the Cumberland serves his love for adventure: "I like to take it out at night and hunt the channel in the dark, same as we did in the Merchant Marine during wartime."

Family cruises are often shared with the Faron Youngs, who also have a boat. Says Bettie, "We'll load up the kids and a picnic lunch and set out for some spot in the wilderness, as far away from crowds as we can get."

Both Ferlin and Bettie like to hunt. She had never touched a gun until, early in their marriage, she went with Ferlin to Canada on a tour of one-nighters. He carried his guns with him. Says Bettie, "We were in the middle of nowhere when he stopped the car, hoping he might get a shot at a jackrabbit. There weren't any jackrabbits, so he set up some coke bottles as targets, gave me the gun and dared me to hit them."

To her delight, Bettie outshot Ferlin, and they have hunted together until this past season, when being pregnant kept Bettie at home. When she protested that it was perfectly safe, Ferlin devised an alternate plan. "He promised," says Bettie, "that, when our son Danny is fourteen years old, we're all going to Africa to hunt lions. I won't let him forget. I'm really looking forward to that."

Since Danny won't be six until December, that sounds like a considerable projection. But, in the adventurous life of the Ferlin Huskys, it doubtless will happen . . . and doubtless, too, it will be quite a trip!

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Dick Clark and Company

(*Continued from page 22*)

corner for commercials. Certainly, too, *Bandstand* must be one of the lowest-budget programs in network television. The kids wander in when they finish classes. Records go on and they start to dance. Three gifted cameramen, who double on lights, shoot the show unrehearsed.

What are the extra factors which make this more show than money can buy? The launching pad which nearly every recording artist seeks when he is about to release a new platter?

Out front, for America to see, is Dick Clark. Dick got his first big break as commercial announcer on the Paul Whiteman teen club. He inherited *Bandstand* two years ago. A young-looking, mature-thinking twenty-eight, he still says, "I'm surprised to find myself a performer. I expected to be in the business side of broadcasting."

Now contemporary music is his business and he understands it. To many people, he is the one who took the third, objectionable "r" out of "rock, roll and riot." He says, "Rock 'n' roll provokes participation. Confine kids to theater seats and of course they break out. Give them a chance to dance and they work off steam and have a good time."

Then there is Tony Mammarella, ex-medical student, ex-actor, television pioneer and the father of four—"a teenager and three infants." Tony has produced *Bandstand* since it began six years ago as a local program, and is largely responsible for setting its character. The kids on *Bandstand* constitute his second family. He worries about them: "Kids always get in difficulties about money. I'll bet Dick and I have handed out a thousand dollars, in sums from two-bits up, to those who find themselves without carfare home."

He disciplines them: "If they want to dance here, they're welcome, but they know the rules. We expect nothing of our young guests but good behavior, and hope they enjoy their visit."

And he loves them: "We've had virtually no problems. Those which do exist, arise out of the kids' natural exuberance when they're having a good time. Then they have to be shushed a little. If special arrangements need be made, we call in 'the committee.' That's a nebulous affair, but it works."

Several tank-cars of ink have been used by various publications to analyze Dick Clark and the phenomenon of *American Bandstand,* but perhaps the most perceptive comments come from the kids themselves. TV Radio Mirror interviewed five who proved to be a representative group.

One was the aforementioned Gilbert Martinez, who now makes the 116-mile round trip from Bethlehem whenever he can. Two were local Philadelphia youngsters, Frances Giordano and Richard Di Rocco. Two more, Barbara Godshalk and Vincene Cascario, had driven in from Easton, hoping to obtain membership cards—"then we won't have to write a letter every time we want to come over."

Dick explains the use of the membership card. "We always have a line-up. City ordinances restrict our attendance to one hundred and fifty. We urge kids coming from a distance to write us first. The admission permit we send them entitles them to be the first through the door. Next we take the ones with membership cards. If any space is left, we admit the others standing in line."

Cards are issued to new members, in the studio, once a week, to high-school students who have reached the age of fourteen. When a member graduates, he also graduates from *Bandstand.* "What's a kid doing over here, dancing, when he should be working or in college?" Dick asks.

The only young man consciously discriminated against—the one who absolutely cannot get a membership card—is Tony Mammarella's own son, Edward, who just turned fourteen. At the most, he may visit the show four times a year. "Sure, it's tough on him," says Tony, "but it would be tougher if the other kids thought we were playing favorites. So he and his pals get together at our house for the darnedest kick I've ever heard. They try to play engineer, artist and producer all at once. They turn off the TV sound, put on their own records and try to synchronize them with the artist who is on the program."

There are practical advantages in having a membership card, but, for the kids, there's also a bit of magic in that piece of pasteboard. Vincene and Barbara, the pretty girls from Easton, sought a sense of "belonging": "We'd feel more a part of the program while watching at home."

Vincene, a senior who wants to go to art school next year, has tried to sketch some of the young people on the program. "They looked so perfect on the screen." Meeting them was confidence-building: "I was surprised to see how much makeup some of the girls wore."

She might have been interested to know that sometimes Dick is equally surprised. He understands, however, that experimenting with makeup is intrinsic to being a teen-age girl.

Vincene's companion, Barbara, brought out another of *Bandstand's* attractions, the romantic angle, when she shyly confessed there was a boy she hoped to meet. "But he isn't here today. Maybe someday . . ."

For cameo-faced fifteen-year old Frances Giordano, the romantic promise has come true. She was going steady, she stated. When asked "How long?" she replied, "Three weeks."

Dick's aside on this announcement was: "That's typical." He's of the opinion that parents often make too much fuss about kids going steady and cites the authority of both experience and observation. He and his wife, Barbara, went steady, broke off, went steady again and, when he was established as an announcer, got married. "Give a kid enough to do, a place where he meets plenty of other kids as they do on *Bandstand,* and it's no problem. Maybe some who meet here will marry, but the average term of going steady seems to be about three weeks."

However permanent or transient Frances's current heart interest may prove, she is building another part of her future on *Bandstand,* for Frances wants to be a model. She goes to modeling school and is acquiring a wardrobe. "I've got about ten dresses and lots of blouses and skirts. My grandmother gives many of them to me." Her poise before the camera hints at future success.

Boys, as well as girls, pay careful attention to their clothes because of being in the *Bandstand* crowd. Example: Richard Di Rocco, senior at West Chester High School. Handsome, hazel-eyed Richard would fight the guy who called him "a clothes-horse," but he does have a half-dozen sports jackets, plus a collection of slacks, and he mixes them up. "I try to look different every day." He also rushes home after school to don a clean shirt before driving twenty-five miles to the program. "My mother doesn't mind doing up all those shirts. She's glad to see me tidy and washing behind my ears."

Not all the young people who dance on the program have wardrobes so extensive, but there's no doubt many a boy has learned to hang up his best suit and many a girl has taken the trouble to press a dress because they intend to wear them on *Bandstand* the next day. They all take pride in the letters and published reports which refer to them as "the nicest looking bunch of kids in the United States."

Some of their outfits can get imaginative, but they willingly adhere to the regulations about clothes. The rules are simple, Tony explains: "We make no demands about the quality of the clothes, and certainly none about quantity. We only insist that a boy wear a tie and a jacket. He can wear a school sweater if he's on the team and the sweater is the button-down kind. A girl must arrive in a dress suitable to wear in the afternoon. School uniforms are okay. But jeans, toreador pants and shorts are *out.* They're for sports, not the dance floor."

Gilbert Martinez counts another advantage from *Bandstand* which he is not alone in enjoying: Recognition as an individual. Born in Puerto Rico and living in an area which has not been notable for its assimilation of these new immigrants, Gilbert is in a conspicuous minority at Liberty High School: "There can't be more than three or four of us. But I don't have any trouble. I get along all right at school."

Gilbert and Richard together bring up what may be Dick Clark's most significant contribution—that of being, in effect, an ambassador between two generations. Says Richard, "Dick's older, but he understands our music and he doesn't condemn it, and it helps make our parents realize it's all right."

Gilbert pays tribute to the hours which Dick spends listening to records, talking to disc jockeys, reading letters. "Man, does he know his stuff. He'll have a number on his Top Ten long before it shows up anywhere else." To Gilbert and Richard this is important and they tend to be critical, for both have latent professional ambitions. Richard plays piano, cornet and tenor sax. With his brother Anthony at drums, he leads a five-piece combo. "We play school dances and anything else we can get."

Gilbert and his brother, Manuel, have a vocal group. "We've three baritones and a bass," he explains. They have written a song—"if it catches on around home, maybe we can get it recorded." Both boys talk eagerly to the recording artists who appear on *Bandstand* and advise them.

Of the many articles written about him and the many letters written to him, those which Dick Clark himself most appreciates are the ones which indicate that the extension of the *Bandstand* idea into record hops has pleased both adults and teenagers: "Kids are dancing again, in gyms, lodge halls, church parlors, anywhere they can set up a player and start feeding a stack of records. They can afford the admission prices, which run from twenty-five cents to a dollar."

He most cherishes a letter from a Roman Catholic priest who wrote, "Thank you for making dancing to records 'the thing to do,' rather than a confession of poverty of a sponsoring organization which can't afford to pay a band."

On *American Bandstand* itself, the dancing is free—in the studio or in many thousands of homes across the nation. Teenagers (and their parents) pay only with their gratitude. If that were *money,* Dick Clark and Company would all be millionaires!

They Sing Hot, They Sing Cool

(*Continued from page 34*)

Jet-propelled speed was no new thing for Scott Engel, who is now recording on the Orbit label. Scott was born in Hamilton, Ohio, January 9, 1944, son of Noel and Betty Engel, and grew up "all around the country," for his father was a frequently relocated oil geologist. In Midland, Texas, when he was five, Scott learned to ride a horse, sing a song and act his first dramatic role in a long-running local production, "Ten Nights in a Barroom."

Scott's parents were divorced in Midland, and he moved with his mother to Denver. In 1954, they went to New York during Scott's Easter vacation from school. Almost upon arrival, Scott was asked by family friends to appear in a benefit show. His performance led to Broadway roles in "Plain and Fancy" and "Pipe Dream." In 1956, Scott joined George Scheck's show, *Star Time*

Betty Engel had grown up in California and both she and Scott were restive in a city apartment. Scott said, "New York's no place to own a dog, ride a horse or shoot a gun. I'm the outdoor type." In August, 1957, they went to Los Angeles to visit Mrs. Engel's sister, Lucille.

"We thought a term of just going to public school and not performing would be good for Scott," Betty Engel says, "but he's too super-charged to stand still." When he began fidgeting to go on a TV show, Mrs. Engel called a long-time friend, Miss Tina Hill, who had become an agent.

Miss Hill obliged by putting Scott on *The Tex Williams Show* and *Panorama Pacific*. Scott enrolled in Hollywood Professional School, and, on a significant weekend, went with his mother to Palm Springs.

Says Mrs. Engel, "That boy always manages to turn every holiday into a job. Ray Ryan, owner of the El Mirador, is a family friend. When he asked Scott to sing at Sunday brunch, of course Scott was glad to do it."

One who heard him at Palm Springs was Eddie Fisher's secretary. Some time later, Scott, all on his own, turned up at the Fisher office. The secretary remembered the boy and told Fisher, "I think you'll want to hear this youngster."

For Eddie Fisher, meeting Scott Engel was virtually a flashback to the time when, with the same kind of trust and youthful enthusiasm, he had gone to Eddie Cantor and asked for the same kind of boost in launching his career.

Fisher decided he wanted to continue the tradition. It was a pleasant happenstance, too, that Mr. Cantor was on hand for the dress rehearsal. As enthusiastically as if he also had discovered Scott, he applauded Scott's number, then did a double-take and roared, "Just a minute, there's something wrong with the way that boy looks." He studied him intently. "I know. It's his hair."

Mrs. Engel enjoyed the next bit: "Scott's aunt, uncle and I had all been fussing at him to get his hair cut short, but the other boys in his crowd were wearing ducktails, too, so Scott balked. But he couldn't refuse Mr. Cantor. They brought in a barber and trimmed Scott's hair short, right there."

Fifteen minutes before air time, Scott got his real thrill. Eddie Fisher called him into his dressing room, took off his own tie and put it on Scott. "That's for luck," he said. "I wore Eddie Cantor's tie my first time on."

The good luck charm worked—Scott was fine and has since appeared several times on the Fisher show. As a singer, Scott is definitely in orb't

Frankie Avalon was born in South Philadelphia, a section rich in music-loving Italian families. Among those who played piano and guitar, just for the fun of it, was Nicholas Avallone, Frankie's father. When his wife, Mary, bore him a son on September 18, 1939, Nicholas naturally hoped that their Frankie would like music, too.

But Frankie, up to the age of ten, was a fugitive from the piano-bench whenever he could find an excuse. An afternoon at the movies changed his life. After he saw "Young Man With a Horn" in which Harry James played the trumpet solos, Frankie was a gone guy. Two days later, his father bought him a trumpet. A year later, his teacher said Frankie had learned as much as he himself knew. Shortly thereafter, Frankie spent his summer vacation playing at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City. He didn't get paid for it. That didn't matter, at the moment. Music-loving relatives who lived in Atlantic City took him into their home. After a season of playing four shows a day, Frankie was rich in experience. At thirteeen, RCA Victor gave him a contract to record on one of their labels. Big-name radio and TV stars invited him to appear on their programs.

But, once Frankie had made the rounds, he'd had it. The big, touring rock 'n' roll shows hadn't yet started; vaudeville was long dead; night clubs serving liquor couldn't employ an under-age entertainer. Frankie was a child prodigy, fresh out of bookings.

Two who worried about it were his neighbors, Bob Marcucci and Peter DeAngelis. Now owners of Chancellor Records, they then were struggling young songwriters. Bob, Pete, Nick Avallone and his brothers sat down for an impromptu bit of brainstorming. Out of the session came the idea of starting a teen-age night club. Frankie would gain an outlet. The club might help combat juvenile delinquency.

With the anti-delinquency purpose in mind, they chose a location where such a club would do the most good. Frankie describes their first customers: "Their nicknames alone were enough to scare you! 'Slugger,' 'Killer,' 'Rocks,' 'Stabber.' But it wasn't long before those kids were our best helpers. They found it was more fun to dance than to go on a rumble, so they pitched in."

Frankie gathered together a band which ranged in size from five to twenty pieces, depending on who turned up to work. Pete DeAngelis and Bob Marcucci continued to be among Frankie's most interested boosters. Frankie, in turn, tried to help them. When, soon after they had started their recording company, Bob said, "Gee, Frankie, we sure need a teen-age idol," Frankie started scouting. Time after time, he'd call up to say, "I heard about a kid who can sing real great . . ." but usually the audition proved disappointing.

Then suddenly, in October, 1956, an overheated chimney at Frankie's Embassy Club burst late at night. Fire destroyed the building. Frankie thinks of the ensuing months as his "lazy" period. He merely studied voice, kept up his trumpet practice and concentrated on finishing school. Now and then, he would play a club date.

He was appearing at a New Jersey spot when, for the umpteenth time, he told Marcucci and DeAngelis: "I think I've got just the singer for you . . ." Also, for the umpteenth time, Bob and Pete drove out to listen and shook their heads.

Then the obvious hit them. Bob and Pete took a real look at Frankie up there on the bandstand singing away. Why not

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make Frankie into the long-sought idol?

They cut his first record, "Cupid," on May 31, 1957. Frankie, in the midst of final examinations, could not go out on the road to introduce it. After graduation, he had agreed to work with a friend's band, Rocko and His Saints. It was September before he was ready to tour the deejay circuit to introduce his second recording, "Teacher's Pet."

It was far from a hit but Bob, Pete and Frankie stayed on the road even after sales began dropping. Says Bob, "Frankie was making friends."

They knew they had really cut one in the session where Frankie recorded "Dede Dinah." On December 17, Frankie appeared on Dick Clark's *American Bandstand*. By December 21, dealers were ordering 65,000 a day. The millionth went into some teenager's personal record collection before the first day of spring, and Frankie also had "Darlin'" and "You Excite Me" ready for release in late April, and an album cut.

On the surface, Laurie London, whose hit record, "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands," made history early this year, is a typical well-mannered, soft-spoken English schoolboy. Not yet five feet tall, he dresses conservatively and has the composure of an adult. But you can see a child's keen imagination take over, lighting up his whole face, when he says, "I would like to see an American cowboy ride. American saddles are so strong, with their big pommels and big stirrups. They make English ones look like pancakes."

Laurie's knowledge stems from his father's hobby, the study of history. Both are particularly interested in American history. Songs Laurie has written reflect it: "Steamboat Bill" and "Casey Jones." His "Casey," he explains, is not the old familiar one: "I wrote a whole new song to tell the story."

To an American teenager who is fond of history, Laurie's life would be equally fascinating. He was born during an air raid, January 19, 1944. He won a scholarship to Davent Foundation School, which was started about the time young Will Shakespeare was learning his letters and is just as strict now as it was then. Unruly students are caned. Laurie confesses, "I've had just a couple of warning whacks. For talking in the halls."

Laurie borrowed a bit from forthright American ways to start his own entertainment career. At a radio and TV exhibit, he was near the "celebrity desk" when the emcee inquired whether there was any yet-unheard talent.

Up stepped Laurie. "If Mr. Malcolm Mitchell would be so kind as to lend me his guitar, I should like to sing," he stated. The amazed and somewhat reluctant Mr. Mitchell did, and Laurie belted out "The Ballad of Jessie James."

The crowd went wild. BBC performances and a recording contract with Electrical and Musical Industries followed. Here, too, luck was with Laurie, for Electrical and Musical Industries bought out Capitol Records three years ago. Capitol Records' executives audition all British-cut disks to choose those they believe will go in the United States. When they heard Laurie's "He's Got the Whole World . . ." they rushed it into production.

Laurie's next release, "Joshua" backed with "I Gotta Robe," is gathering speed and looks like a second sure hit.

Laurie's the only entertainer in his family. His sister Rosalind works as a typist. His father managed a store until he quit his job to handle Laurie's business affairs. But music has always been important in their family life. William London characterizes their home by saying, "We're fond of song, fond of love, and we are fond of the sound of happiness."

The other young Britisher, Frankie Vaughan, didn't get a hit in the United States his first time out on Epic Records. But he made a lot of friends when he came over, and he's set for a long campaign to star on both sides of the Atlantic.

In Britain, he's the singer the girls scream for and the boys imitate. He acknowledges he owes much of his home popularity to his study of American charts. Often, when a song has started to go, Frankie has covered it. "Green Door," for instance, was a million-seller for Jim Lowe here. But, in Britain, it was Frankie who got the gold record.

Having analyzed the trend, Frankie took off for the place where suitable songs are abundant. He will cut future records in America, release them simultaneously in both countries.

He opened his American tour at the disk jockey convention in Kansas City and was amazed to face fifteen hundred of them. "We have only seven important ones broadcasting in Britain."

Frankie Vaughan was born Francis Ableson, in his grandmother's house, near the Liverpool docks, in 1928. She was a Russian emigrant to Britain and, since both his parents worked, she reared Frankie.

He says outright, "It was a tough neighborhood." Scenes in his picture, "Dangerous Youth," released here by Warner Bros., were filmed in the Liverpool dock area. At the age of three, Frankie was lookout for a gang, yelling "Scuffers!" when he saw the cops. Because he couldn't run as fast as the others, he was the only one caught during a warehouse robbery.

Grannie straightened him out, but he got in trouble again during the war. Their house had been bombed out and Frankie was sent to a school in Lancaster. He had dreams of becoming an artist, but the kids yelled "Sissy." He says, "I had to prove I was tougher than any of them, so I turned into a fighter." He was energetically pounding another kid's head into the pavement the day a teacher grabbed him and packed him off to Lancaster Lads Club. "If you must fight, they'll teach you to fight properly," the teacher advised.

As a result of this advice, Frankie worked hard to become a champion boxer. He also won a place on the federation soccer team, took a youth leader course and earned an art scholarship. To this day, Frankie has remained active in the boys club movement in England—donating both time and substantial sums.

Ambitious Frankie made even his service with the Royal Army Medical Corps count toward advancing his career. Stationed on the island of Malta, he sang with a cafe band whenever he had a chance. After his discharge in 1949, he alternated for a time between a career in art and entertainment. He made a hit in a student revue at Leeds and was given a letter of introduction to a theatrical agent in London. But, when he took off for the big city, he had art samples rather than music under his arm. He got one profitable art assignment—and lived it up. Then, with scarcely six-pence in his pocket, he pulled out the letter of introduction and went to see the theatrical agent—who booked him on a variety bill, to work for free.

Frankie's way with a crowd put him on the payroll, but there were plenty of rough spots before he could persuade a recording company to audition him. His first hit was "Strange" and "My Sweetie Went Away." He sang it with an American accent and got his first big plug when a disk jockey, after playing the record, said, "I bet you thought that was an American singer. It wasn't. It was by a great new British boy."

His goal means considerable trans-Atlantic commuting, but Frankie Vaughan plans to make it doubly enjoyable by bringing along his wife Stella and their children.

An interesting story stands behind the second smash hit record of the young singing group, The Diamonds. Nancy Lee, the young girl who wrote "The Stroll," is from a music-business family. Father Jack Lee is an executive with Meridian Music Corporation. On a family-type Saturday night at their Long Island home, Nancy was practicing dance steps with her cousin, Susan Mandel, when Jack asked, "What's that you're doing?"

Said Nancy, "It's the Stroll, of course."

Said Jack, "What's the Stroll?"

Said Nancy, with exasperation, "Oh, Daddy, you're so square! Don't you ever watch *American Bandstand*?"

With something like twenty-five years of music business and a number of major hits to his credit, few persons have ever called Jack Lee "a square." A bit tartly, he reminded his much-beloved young lady that during afternoon hours he was out earning a living for the family. He had no time to watch TV.

Nancy tossed her head. "Well, you should. Daddy, you could make a lot of money writing a piece of music just for the Stroll."

Jack grinned. "Yes? Why don't *you*?"

Not many days later, Nancy replied, "I did," and handed him a piece of music manuscript.

Jack looked it over, tried a few bars on the piano, nodded and said, "Not bad. It's not quite professional yet. But, with a few changes, I'll publish it."

Nancy, instead of being delighted, all but broke into tears. "Now, Daddy, don't you go making it into a love song. At the end, just have them stroll off to the candy store."

For Jack, Nancy's spirited defense of her work brought a proud and happy moment. "Tell you what I'll do, baby. I'll give you Clyde Otis as a collaborator. You know he's great. He'll help you with the technical part and the two of you work it out to suit yourselves."

Jack was even prouder when he brought the demonstration record to Art Talmadge of Mercury Records. "I've got to have someone good on this, Art. Either The Diamonds or The Platters."

Art called a man in from the outer office. "You've got The Diamonds. Here's Nat Goodman, their manager. We were just going to audition material."

And so, from this record, The Diamonds got their second gold disc. Nancy got her gold in the form of royalties put into a trust fund to see her through college.

Perhaps you wondered why, early this year, the name of Sam Cooke was appearing more frequently than any other recording star on the hit charts. As mentioned before, Sam had recorded several sides for the Specialty label, which they did not release. Thus, when "You Send Me" rocketed to the top in the hit lists, Specialty already had title to a number of Sam Cooke recordings.

When the Keen label released "Desire Me," backed by "Sentimental Reasons," Specialty dusted off those remaining Sam Cooke masters and released "Forever," backed by "I'll Come Running Back." When Keen released "You're Made for Me," Specialty sent out "That's All I Need to Know." The result was that, for many weeks, Sam Cooke's name blitzed the charts. "That was kind of fun while it lasted," says Sam, "but it's ended now, because those Specialty masters are used up. Now I'll have only one out at a time." His next will be "Almost in Your Arms."

Sam is pleased, too, with the assist all

this prominence has given his brother L. C. "He's been singing with a pop group, The Magnificents. Now he's going out as a single and record for Keen." The Cooke brothers are on their way.

The development of The Cliff Thomas Trio on Sun Records presents a different sort of family story. It actually starts with Edward Thomas Sr., now a prosperous wholesaler, and his vivacious wife Victoria, who explains: "Both of us played violin—our parents came from Lebanon and, in an old-country way, decided what we should study. We both wanted to play piano. So, when we got married, we decided that we'd see to it all our children got piano lessons."

Barbara, born February 9, 1935, was the first Thomas child. She took her degree at Millsaps College, is a member of Kappa Delta sorority, and is now a promotion writer at WLBT, the NBC affiliate in Jackson, Mississippi. Edward Jr., born October 24, 1936, was graduated this year from Notre Dame University, where he majored in business administration. Clifton Thomas, born June 18, 1941, will be a senior at Provine high school this fall.

As their parents planned, all three of the elder Thomas children were trained in music. Barbara cared more about singing than she did about piano, but Ed Jr. well satisfied his parents' ambition to have a pianist in the family. He won a state music contest and, with it, a solo engagement with the Jackson Symphony. Clifton plays accordion, trumpet, guitar, clarinet.

Just having fun at home, the Thomas Trio worked up quite an act. But, when people began asking them to play in public, father put his foot down. Clifton was the first to evade the ban on public entertaining. "I got me a little band," says Cliff. "Just some of the guys from high school, and we started playing in some little joints. Now, Daddy didn't go so far as to say I couldn't. But he did make me join the musicians' union. That took care of the band. The joints we'd been appearing in couldn't afford scale. We had to quit."

In this amiable tug-of-war between business and show business, Ed Jr. thought he had found a compromise. He could write songs. Why not try to sell some to be recorded by other talent? He could still join the family firm after his graduation from Notre Dame. So Ed took some taped songs the Thomas trio had made to Sun Records in Memphis.

Sun, since its success first with Presley, Carl Perkins and Johnny Cash, and later with Jerry Lee Lewis and Bill Justis, has been the goal of many young men with the same idea. When Ed Thomas Jr. came calling, Sun's artists-and-repertoire man, Jack Clement, told him firmly that Sun had all the talent it could handle.

"But," says Barbara, "Brother's a salesman, too, just like Daddy—Daddy could sell your own shoes back to you. So, naturally, Ed persuaded him to listen."

After a few minutes of that listening, Jack called in Jud Phillips, Sun's promotion man, and soon Jud called Sam Phillips. Sam said, "It's a hit. How soon can all of you get up here to record?"

Ed was startled. "I hadn't figured on that. I just wanted to sell you some songs."

"Nonsense," said Sam. "Who can do them better than the group that worked them up?" And that's how "Treat Me Right" and "I'm on My Way Home" happened to appear on Sun Records' spring release list.

Dot Records claims a great future for another talented Southerner, Vernon Taylor. Vernon was born at Sandy Springs, Maryland, in 1937. His two older brothers taught him the basic chords on a guitar. To give Vernon a better chance to attend school, the family moved from their farm into the town of Spencerville, Maryland, where Vernon formed a trio for dances.

With a local radio show of his own, he gave up school in 1952, but in 1953 decided that a high-school diploma was valuable and returned for graduation. Don Owens, disc jockey at WARL, Arlington, Virginia, heard Vernon, decided this boy had a future, and began to guide his career. Owens is now both his manager and announcer on Vernon's program, *TV Jamboree* over WTTG in Washington, D.C.

Connie Francis, one of the very few highly successful girl singers, is a wonderful example of how an early start and continued hard work can bring success.

Connie's introduction to music came early. "Every night after dinner, Daddy would play a little old concertina. It fascinated me—so what did he do but go out and buy me an accordion that was bigger than I was!" She was three when her adoring father delivered Connie and accordion to a teacher, with the request that she teach the child to play. By the age of four, Connie was appearing at benefits. Not much later, she made her bow on WATV, Newark.

Her uncle, the late Gus Ferrara, was certain Connie would be God's gift to Godfrey. His letter put her on a Christmas program. Thus encouraged, Connie's father set out to get her on George Scheck's *Star Time* and succeeded.

Star Time proved valuable training for Connie. In addition to appearing on its weekly telecasts, she began to get work on other TV shows. Young Joe Kahn, who was producer of *Star Time*, speaks of Connie's lack of temperament and healthy appetite. "On early morning rehearsal calls, the rest of us would be waking ourselves up with countless cups of coffee and in would come Connie, eating a salami sandwich. She does the same thing on recording sessions, only now it's hamburgers."

Connie sailed through high school like a breeze, editing the school paper, writing and appearing in musical productions and winning a state typing contest.

On the same day that she received her M-G-M Records contract, she also was awarded a scholarship to New York University. But college studies lasted only three months. Connie's first platter, "Freddie," was released and she had to take off on a disc-jockey tour.

"That trip taught me something I never would have learned in school," she says. "I was real great in New York, and I guess I had started to fancy the idea. But, when I got ten miles out, I was cold."

Connie set out to learn the entertainment business, playing night clubs, theaters and TV shows. Each subsequent recording climbed a bit in sales.

The fact that "Who's Sorry Now?" broke slowly gave Connie what she now considers as three months' vacation. "I was going around with a crowd of kids from Long Island University. Parties every weekend and more bids than I could accept. I had a ball."

Having a hit has changed that. "There just isn't time, and boys never really understand when a girl says, 'This is business. I just can't get away.'" She never dates while out on the road. "I have to know the people I go out with." Her mother, father, or a girl friend always accompanies her on tour. When some one asks her to go to dinner, Connie has a standard reply, "*We'd* love to." She adds, "You'd be surprised how many good dinners I miss that way."

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A Salute for Private Presley

(*Continued from page 25*)

basic training to Fort Hood, Killeen, Texas, had pulled up at Andrews Cafe for breakfast. As they'd piled through the door, the help had greeted them with sympathetic smiles that said in all but words, "We know, boys. No longer civilians, but not yet soldiers—it's rough." Today's busload, yesterday's, tomorrow's . . . it was all pretty much the same. A lot of hungry kids, in spite of their noise and capers, a trifle nervous and forlorn.

This time, there had been one difference. Before the bus had begun rolling out, a sign had appeared as if my magic on one of the stools. It read: *Elvis Sat Here!*

All the way to camp, the long shadow of the singer's fame had sped before them. *Variety*-style headlines in the Temple *Daily Telegram*: "Elvis Opens at Fort Hood for Eight Straight Weeks." Headlines in the Killeen *Daily Herald*, "Elvis Will Train Here." Waiting their arrival at camp was a crowd of local reporters, photographers, off-duty GIs, women employees and a score of teenagers, most of them children of Army personnel. A shout of welcome met the tired idol of show business as he stepped down, the second in line. There also to shake his hand was the man who had done most to hurl his star into orbit—his manager, adviser and friend, Col. Tom Parker.

Elvis glanced at the waving, shouting crowd, and essayed a smile, but succeeded only in looking dazed. "Who'd have figured this, sir," he muttered apologetically to an equally dazed non-com with fifteen years of service. "I sure thought this was over with for the next couple of years . . ."

Those of his fans who have been worried that his enormous popularity would now backfire—and cause resentment among Presley's fellow trainees—may relax and be easy. Cropped, uniformed and mustered into service as ASN 53310761, Elvis is as well-liked in service as he was when he threw huge audiences into frenzies of delight. According to his squad leader, Sergeant First Class William Fraley, there are a number of reasons for this: "I think some of the boys were prepared not to like him. They didn't know what to expect. A lot of rumors had reached camp before he did. . . . He was going to be flown in by special plane. He was coming in a white Cadillac driven by a chauffeur. Major General W. Paul Johnson, our division commander, would be on hand to give him a personal greeting. Mayor John Odom would be here with a band. Girls would be posted along the road to strew flowers in his path. . . . It was all bunk. He came in like all the rest—by bus, looking just as tired, dusty and nervous.

"Those rumors being the bunk helped him," continued Sergeant Fraley, who saw service in Korea, the Far East and Germany, "Also, right off, you could see he was regular. He made friends fast and there was no show-off or prima donna about him. Not only isn't he a goldbrick, but he shows real signs of leadership. That's why he's been promoted to acting assistant squad leader—the equivalent of sergeant rank.

"So far, everyone seems to feel he's come through with flying colors. He's a big-hearted kid, you know. He's ready to stand a treat if a buddy runs short before payday. But the fellows don't take advantage. They know he's limiting himself as close to Army pay as he can. While he isn't tight, he doesn't try to buy his way, either, or throw it around and play big shot. He's respected for that, too."

This view of Elvis is borne out by Lieutenant Melvin Meister, who said, "In my indoctrination speech, I pointed out that personal cars aren't allowed during the first eight weeks of basic training. Then I asked them to raise their hands if they were planning to send for their cars after this period. Elvis was not one of the boys who raised his hand. This was appreciated by a lot of the fellows who can't afford cars. I understand one of them told him later on, 'Say, don't do without your car on account of us. Heck, you can always give us a ride.' "

Lieutenant Meister also credited Col. Parker for a generous assist. "You know, the Army has quite a job handling the ordinary run of mail. But, since Elvis arrived, we've been getting over 2,000 letters a day, most of them addressed simply: Elvis Presley, Fort Hood, Texas. Well, Parker was very helpful. He arranged to have this fan mail forwarded to his Nashville office for handling there." As to the car situation, Lt. Meister explained that many GIs use motorcycles to gad about with, and that it was entirely possible that Elvis might do the same.

Just as rumors preceded Elvis to camp, so they dogged his steps while in training. Most of them are humorous, some more fictions told to relieve the boredom. Captain Henry King, the officer in charge of Company A, believes those rumors follow a pattern: "They seem to crop up whenever a celebrity becomes a soldier. Everything the celebrity does or does not do becomes a myth in the making. Take the one about Presley not being able to sleep the first night because he was afraid of missing reveille—that's just some Army folklore. They tell the same story about every celebrity. The fact is, trainees aren't wakened by bugle call any more. We have a soldier on duty in each barrack every night who wakes the boys at five A.M.

"From what I hear, Presley sleeps soundly but gets up as fast as the next one, grumbles just as much—but no more—and hustles out for roll call and the mess hall like everyone else. And," the Captain dropped a wink, "he sneaks a few chocolate bars in his shirt to tide him over during the four-hour study period or while out in the field. They're not allowed a 'snack break' during those times and it's an old Army custom to grab a quick bite while the instructors conveniently look the other way."

With regard to the rumors, Captain King said he was "amused and amazed" at the number of places Presley is supposed to be at one and the same time. "Some trainee strolls into the PX and is promptly mobbed. At the same moment, another unsuspecting GI goes into town and comes racing back with a bunch of autograph hunters on his heels. The joke of it is that a trainee can't go off-base the first month, and while on the base must wear fatigues (coveralls) most of the time. In those clothes and without sideburns, I doubt if anyone would recognize Presley even if he did come by."

Captain King concluded by saying, "He's trying very hard to live up to the standards of the outfit, and, from what I hear, he's succeeding. I think he'll benefit greatly by his Army experience. He's mingling with a wide variety of young men from varying backgrounds, and this is bound to prove useful to him later in life."

To most of the population of Killeen, Elvis's presence in their midst was purely a matter of passing curiosity. They were content to follow his progress in the papers and saw no reason for traveling out to the camp to see him in person. "This is easy to understand," said Gresham J. Chambliss, editor of the *Daily Herald*. "Celebrities are nothing new at Fort Hood. Eddie Fisher trained here, as did Joey Giambra, the boxer, and many others. The folks around here realize this is a trying period for a young soldier, with all sorts of problems to solve, details to learn, adjustments to make."

Interviewed in town at the Ranch Motel they operate, Bob and Bobbie Brinton expressed the belief that: "There's more excitement hereabouts over Elvis than some folks suspect. We haven't met the lad yet, but we did meet his manager, Col. Parker, and his assistant, Tom Diskin. They stayed here and word got around pretty fast. Our place was crowded with people who were hoping to get a peek at Elvis. This Parker is a wonder. If he'd stayed another week, he'd have been one of the most popular men in town." Before leaving, Parker presented the Brintons with an autographed photo of the singer and a stack of postcard-sized pictures for distribution among Elvis's local fans.

One of the surprises at camp was the remarkable adaptability of the rock 'n' roller to Army life. Master Sergeant Henry Coley advanced a theory: "A performer, if he's any good, has to learn discipline. Putting on a show means you've got to follow certain basic rules and see them through. Well, the Army's no stage show—but, with respect to discipline, it's the same. Everyone must do his part, no more and no less, and pull together for the sake of the whole outfit. I think Elvis had good training in show business for what's happening now . . ."

Similar sentiments were put forward by Lieutenant Malcolm MacLeod, though for a somewhat different reason. "I have fifty-five young men under me here, and I've learned that it's human nature to procrastinate. Given a chance, most people will put off an unpleasant duty. That's one of the toughest things to adjust to in the Army. An order given today must be carried out today. No *mañana*. Now, I imagine an actor gets plenty of training in that sort of thing. You have a list of scenes to be shot within a stated time, and a postponement of even one scene can cost many thousands of dollars extra. That's why Elvis is one-up on some of the men who never had to deal with deadlines and on-the-dot action before."

A day in the life of Elvis at Fort Hood was simply a duplicate of a day in the life of any GI. It was mainly spent within the reservation of Fort Hood, a rectangular area roughly bounded by the towns of Killeen, Copperas Cove, Gatesville and Flat, and covering about 207,000 acres. Fort Hood is actually a self-sustaining town in itself, with everything from Army-operated stores to a football stadium seating 60,000 spectators. There are chapels of practically every denomination on the base. Almost every type of sport is played, and there is an assortment of hobby, craft, automotive-instruction and other shops in the self-improvement category. Some of the GIs have boats which they sail on man-made Lake Belton nearby. There are also snack bars, theaters, a printing shop and athletic fields.

For relaxation, Elvis kept to the example of his platoon buddies who favor Number Four Movie and Snack Bar, closest to their barracks. Movies have always been the singer's favorite pastime. Since he doesn't drink, the fact that Fort Hood is in a dry county in no way spoiled his fun. Good at most games, he is partial to football—a sport he gave up in high

school because of his mother's wishes. Of course, his latest venture into the sport was done on a very casual basis with much shifting of positions. Elvis scrimmaged from both backfield and line. His readiness to give and take hard knocks in this most bruising of sports gained the admiration of some who were primed to figure him for a softie.

At the movies, Girl Scouts often sell cookies to meet the expense of maintaining their clubroom on the base. It became quite a romp for them, vying with one another to get Elvis as a customer. Entering into the spirit of the occasion, he won their hearts by buying cookies each night from a different girl. As in the past, his best form of relaxation was to put a phone call through to his parents. Like most of the boys, he found it easier to phone than write—and, besides, it is a habit he acquired while on tour. "Talking to my folks two or three times a week is like meat and drink, a necessity," he says.

Before relaxing, however, Elvis had to face up to the strenuous daily grind of learning to be a member of the American armed forces. The training schedule involved eight weeks of rough-and-tumble without leave and four weeks without a pass. Of this period, the largest portion, ninety hours, was devoted to the study of individual weapons. Some twenty hours of his first week were given over to processing, military history, courtesy and justice, learning to care for equipment, passing his inspections, and physical training.

During his second week, he received his first practice on the firing range. Of this, Sergeant Coley reported: "Elvis was as jumpy as the rest. You see, they've got to make a certain score or they can't pass. Naturally, they're a little strained. Elvis did qualify, all right, and when I told him he'd passed, he took a deep breath and said, 'I don't mind telling you I was scared.' He's pretty handy with the gun now."

The seventh week is known as "Bivouac Week" and included fifty-two hours of close-combat work and personalized day and night field problems. He received instruction in code of conduct, first aid, map reading, guard duty, intelligence methods, infiltration, landmine warfare and squad patrolling and firing.

In spite of the Army's carefully planned diet, Elvis dropped from 185 to 179 pounds, the first three weeks he was in. Most of this has since been gained back and in solid muscle. "Let's face it," he laughed, "I've been using muscles I didn't even know I had. The food really surprised me—it was so much better than I expected after all the jokes. Of course, I've been spoiled. I've gotten into the habit of eating after shows and ordering anything that popped into my head. Here you eat what you're given, and you're given what's good for your health."

A couple of things that bothered some of the new recruits offered no challenge to Elvis. "Doing my own laundry is nothing new, since all show folks learn to do their own things while on the road. I had no trouble sleeping on an army bunk, either. After some hotel and boarding-house beds I've slept on, while on tour, I can sleep on 'most anything."

Not all chores were easy, but he remained taciturn about the "tough ones," blocking all questions on this subject with a laugh. "What's the worst part of Army life? So far, it's doing without the company of girls. Like the other fellows, I say there's nothing like a nice girl to cheer you up." Reminded that the Mary Hardin-Baylor College for Women is in the vicinity and that the girls had filed a request with his commanding officer to let him sing there, Elvis grinned self-consciously and declared stoutly and discreetly, "I'll do what the C.O. says."

Three additional bits of information seemed to brighten him considerably more than the proximity of a campus full of college beauties. From the first, he had greatly admired the "Hell on Wheels" insignia worn on the left breast of the jacket. It had been awarded to the outfit in honor of General George Patton's legendary deeds in World War II. When Elvis was told that, after six weeks, he would be permitted to flaunt that famous insignia on his uniform, he acted, according to a barrack buddy, "like a man who's just inherited a million and can't make himself believe it."

Another happy moment came when Elvis heard that the Fourth of July would be celebrated in nearby Belton, site of the college, with a rodeo. "Man," he chortled, "I sure hope I can get to catch that. I'm no trick rider but I'd give a couple of front teeth to ride in the parade." He was also pleased to learn that soldiers were allowed to invest in tailormade uniforms for dressy wear off military grounds: "About twenty-five percent of the GIs get such outfits. We sure don't look like movie heroes in those duds they give us—mainly because they're standard sizes, and most of us need alterations."

At the time of this writing, the singer's future in the Army was still not clear. Most of the trainees—their average age is twenty-two, about one year younger than Elvis—were being developed in Fort Hood as replacements for the Third Army's division in Germany. Some of the men, on the basis of tests and previous background, may be pulled out for electronics, engineering, Officers' Candidate School or special services where they would function as entertainers, physical training instructors and so on.

It has been widely rumored that the Government, having lost about half a million dollars each year of Elvis's military service, would seek to make up for it by using his talents as a morale-builder for troops here and abroad. Asked the direct question, "How do you feel about going into special services, and what are your future plans with regard to show business?" Elvis met both head-on.

"My future? That's not for me to decide. Col. Parker has arranged for me to cut more records for RCA when and if I get a leave. That's about the long and short of it. As for special services, I reckon the Government will figure that out. I'm no better than any other soldier. I'm here to do what I'm told, go where I'm told. If they want me to soldier, I'll soldier. If they want me to entertain, I'll do that. But let's face it. I don't aim to do anything but aim a rifle unless I'm told otherwise."

Where is Elvis's $1,000 a week from RCA going? "Not to me," he assured. "That goes directly home, where my dad is still looking out for my financial affairs. What would I do with it in the Army? Sure, I'll be using some of my own money, besides Army pay, but not a lot of it. After all," he laughed, "it's a long time between leaves and things on the base are very inexpensive."

Was he happy?

Elvis's brow furrowed in concentration. "Seems to me, nobody's happy to bust up their everyday life and become a soldier—not unless they picked it for a career themselves. But, happy or not, I'm proud to be an American soldier. I'm proud to be part of the greatest outfit in the world. And I think we stand for what's right. All I'm asking is to be given the same deal as any other American soldier. That's good enough for me."

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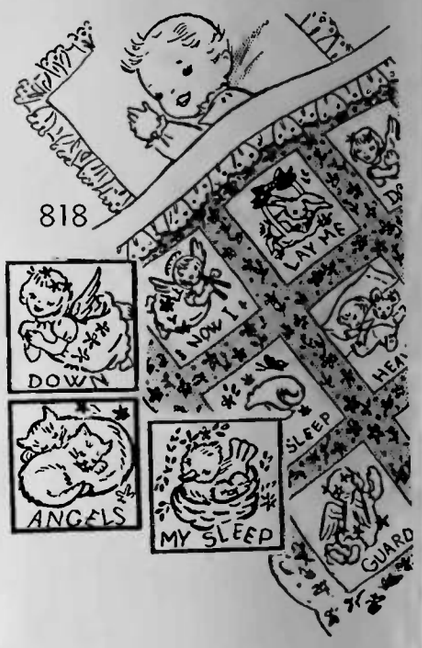

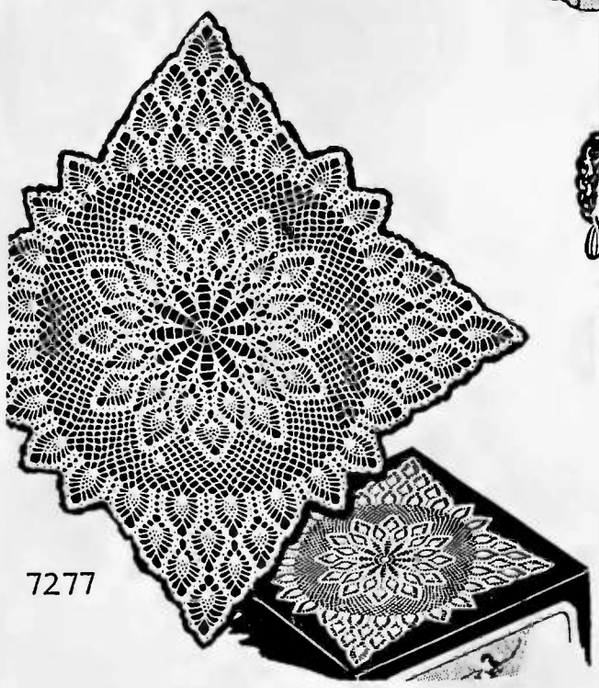

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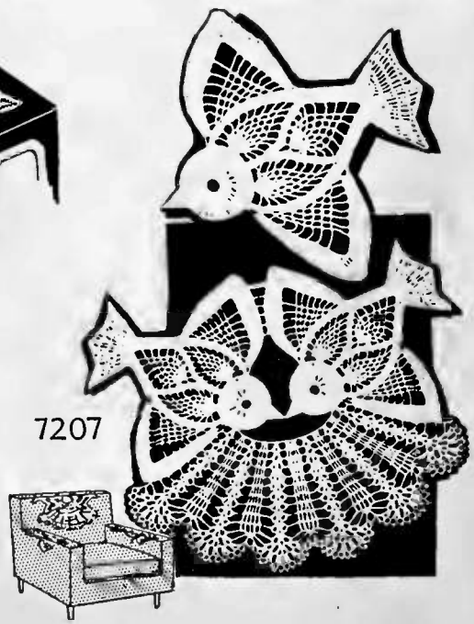

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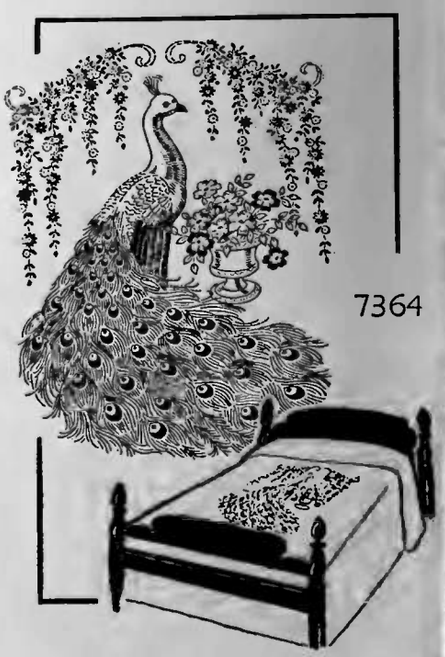

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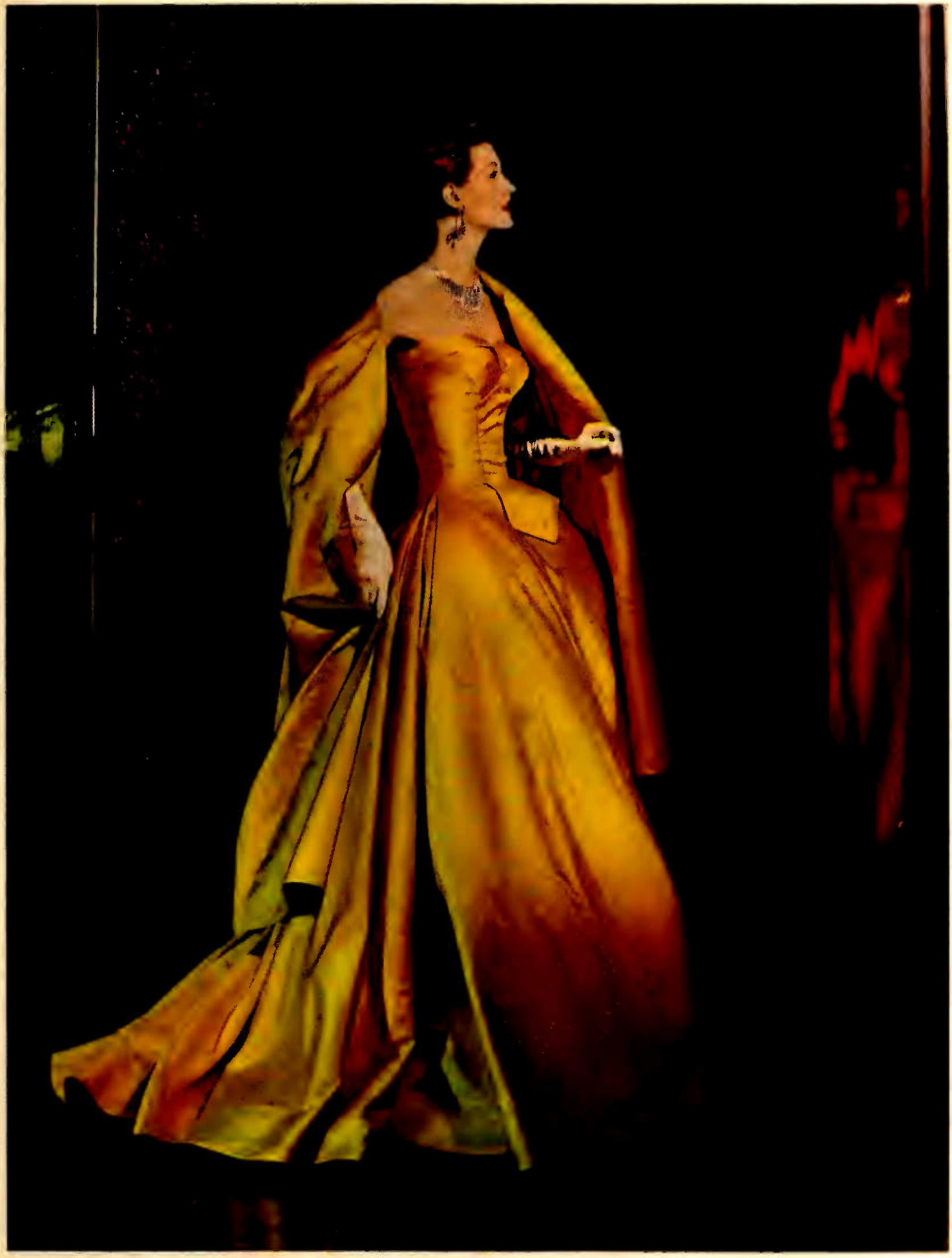

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