TV RADIO MIRROR

ADIO MIRROR

What John Q. Public Thinks About Pay-TV

•

Ann Sothern's New Comedy Series

azz vs. Rock 'n' Roll
rt Ford—Alan Freed
redict the
ig Sound for 1959

•

Why TV Wives
Must Be Perfect
Mrs. Jack Linkletter

•

ugh Lines from
ueen For A Day

•

eg Lynch
he Lady Next Door

•

ill Cullen
lasts Off About
001 Subjects

Bill Cullen

Beautiful Hair is Healthy Hair

BRECK BANISH

DANDRUFF TREATMENT SHAMPOO*

NOW...BOTH DANDRUFF CONTROL AND BEAUTIFUL HAIR

This new clear golden liquid shampoo has a uniquc two-way action: it givcs your hair a lovely, soft new luster—and with regular use assures you of frcedom from dandruff. It contains an exclusive new dandruff-control compound, 22T4, which leaves its influence on the scalp even after you rinsc. Brcck Banish not only loosens and removes itchy dandruff, it continucs to work betwecn shampoos to prevent thc formation of new dandruff. Ideal for all thc family, Breck Banish is pleasantly scented, non-drying, nevcr harsh or irritating. Use it regularly and your hair will shine with ncw cleanliness and luster. Bcautiful hair is healthy hair.

COSTS NO MORE—DOES TWICE AS MUCH...Breck Banish gives you both freedom from dandruff and new beauty for your hair. 4 oz. 80¢. 8 oz. $1.50

Enjoy
Shirley Temple's Storybook
"Rapunzel"
Oct. 27, NBC-TV

Available at beauty shops and wherever cosmetics are sold

* Patent Applied For

JOHN H BRECK INC • MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS • SPRINGFIELD 3 MASS. • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES • OTTAWA CANADA

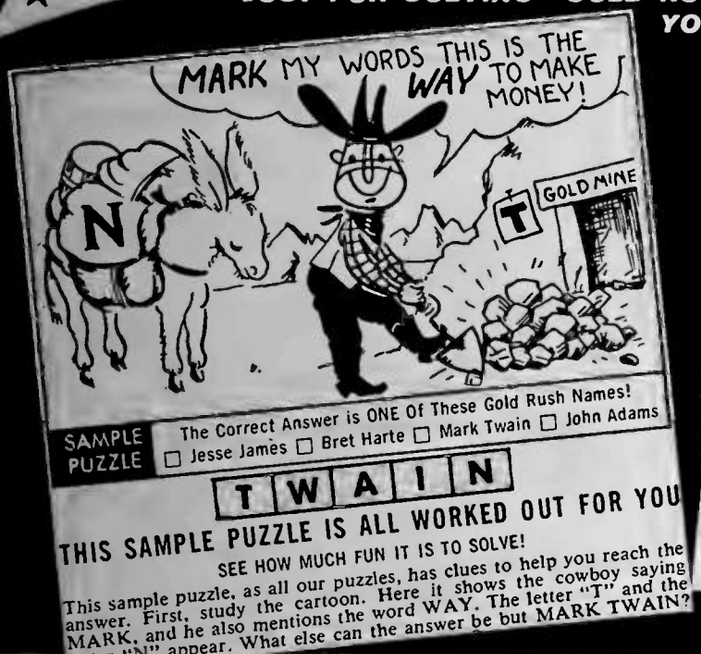
★★★★ ENTER NATIONAL BOOK CLUB'S ★★★★

$100,000.00 CA$H

YES! ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!

"GOLD RUSH" GAME

JUST FOR SOLVING "GOLD RUSH" PICTURE PUZZLES YOU CAN WIN A FORTUNE IN CASH!



THIS SAMPLE PUZZLE IS ALL WORKED OUT FOR YOU SEE HOW MUCH FUN IT IS TO SOLVE!

This sample puzzle, as all our puzzles, has clues to help you reach the answer. First, study the cartoon. Here it shows the cowboy saying MARK, and he also mentions the word WAY. The letter "T" and the letter "N" appear. What else can the answer be but MARK TWAIN?

HERE IS YOUR FIRST PUZZLE!

Write Your Answer In Coupon Below • Mail It NOW!

Look at the two puzzles on this page for a few moments. Can you solve them? You should be able to . . . because there are no tricks or gimmicks to trip you up. Nothing but a straightforward, honest challenge to your skill and common sense! Yes, skill and common sense are all you need to solve the puzzles in this wonderful GOLD RUSH Game . . . offering you loads of exciting action, hours of fun and pleasure . . . *and* a chance at any one of 150 great cash awards totaling $100,000.00! There's no red tape when you enter . . . no long wait for payment of prizes—this is a *quick action* contest!

All prizes paid promptly in full. Enter now! And make yourself eligible to win a fabulous promptness bonus award of as much as $5,000.00 along with the First Prize of $50,000.00 . . . a grand first prize total of $55,000.00 . . . one of the largest cash first prizes ever offered in puzzle contests!

PRIZES PAID PROMPTLY

IN 4 YEARS $223,000.00 AWARDED FROM NATIONAL BOOK CLUB CONTESTS

In just 4 years, National Book Club contests have awarded $223,000.00 in prizes! That's a whale of a lot of money! But this new National Book Club game, with its additional $100,000.00 in prizes, will boost that grand total to an amazing $323,000.00! If you are 18 years of age or older and live in the U. S., Canada, or a U. S. Possession, you are eligible to enter this fabulous contest. It is sponsored by the National Book Club, Inc. All judging will be conducted in an impartial, impersonal manner to assure absolute equality of opportunity to all. All contestants will receive exact information on the outcome of the contest . . . including names of all winners, plus correct puzzle solutions. All prizes will be paid promptly, in full, IN CASH!

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

NATIONAL BOOK CLUB, INC.,
BOX 110 GLEN COVE, N. Y.

Paste Your Answer-Coupon On Postcard or Mail in Envelope

MAIL COUPON TODAY — Give Yourself A Chance To Win $5,000.00 PROMPTNESS AWARD

National Book Club, Inc. 441
Box 110 Glen Cove, N. Y.
My Answer to Puzzle No. 1 is:

(PLEASE PRINT) ☐☐☐☐☐☐

I want full particulars about the National Book Club's $100,000.00 "Gold Rush" Game. Please mail me FREE the Official Entry Forms, Rules and First Series of Puzzles.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

T V R

TV RADIO MIRROR

NOVEMBER, 1958 • MIDWEST EDITION • VOL. 50, NO. 6

PEOPLE ON THE AIR

FEATURES IN FULL COLOR

YOUR LOCAL STATION

YOUR SPECIAL SERVICES

Cover portrait of Bill Cullen by Gary Wagner

BUY YOUR DECEMBER ISSUE EARLY • ON SALE NOVEMBER 4

ABC AUDITED PAID CIRCULATION

PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications Inc., New York, N. Y. **EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES** at 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y. Editorial Branch Office, 321 S. Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif. Irving S. Manheimer, President: Lee Andrews, Vice President: S. N. Himmelman, Vice President: Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices also in Chicago, 221 N. LaSalle St., and San Francisco.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: In the United States, its possessions, and Canada, one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00. All other countries, $5.00 per year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil impression address from a recent issue. Address changes can be made only if you send us your old, as well as your new address. Write to TV Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

MANUSCRIPTS: All manuscripts will be carefully considered, but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or damage. It is advisable to keep a duplicate copy for your records. Only those manuscripts accompanied by stamped, self-addressed return envelopes or with sufficient return postage will be returned.

FOREIGN editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice President.

RE-ENTERED as Second Class Matter, June 28, 1954, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as Second Class mail, P.O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company.
Member of the TRUE STORY Women's Group.

TV RADIO MIRROR

goes to the movies

Me and the Colonel

COLUMBIA

Everybody's favorite clown Danny Kaye is teamed here with Curt Jurgens, Nicole Maurey and an excellent supporting cast in a filmed version of the play called "*Jacobowsky and the Colonel*," originally written by Franz Werfel and subsequently adapted for American theater by S. N. Behrman. Action occurs in 1940, as the Nazi panzer units were sweeping toward Paris, and sweeping before them many a desperate individual to whom capture could mean danger or death. Danny Kaye excels as Jacobowsky, a mild philosophical Jew, who has learned the trick of survival by any resourceful means. Inadvertently, he turns out as the protector of the pompous Colonel Prokoszny (Jurgens) and his love Suzanne (Nicole Maurey).

Love, Everglades-style, with Chana Eden and Christopher Plummer involved.

The Badlanders

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE: METROCOLOR

Daring plot—to mine a rich gold deposit still existing in an abandoned shaft of the Lisbon mine and make off with the loot—runs into trouble. The plotters: Alan Ladd, a minerologist and adventure-seeker, Ernest Borgnine, who once owned the land on which mine has been developed—but was foully done out of it. These two toughies meet inauspiciously while serving time in Yuma Territorial Prison, team up after release to make a boodle out of robbery of the gold and sale of the metal to Kent Smith (the present mine owner). Smith plays Cyril Lounsberry, whose morals are also nothing to brag about—he decides to stage a fast doublecross and blow the territory with the illegal gold and his favorite girlfriend (Claire Kelly), leaving his wife behind. Katy Jurado, a Mexican girl loved by Borgnine, is also involved in the robbery plans. Many a snappy gun and fist fight ensue.

Kaye (Jacobowsky) uses wiles on German major to lie his way out of an arrest.

Wind Across the Everglades

WARNERS; TECHNICOLOR

Against a backdrop of handsome nature-in-the-rough (the swamplands of Florida), a brutal struggle of man against man is played out. Set in the days around the turn of the century, action concerns the efforts of the Audubon Society to put to a stop the illegal and senseless slaughter of egrets and other plumed birds of the Everglades. The handsome feathers were then in vogue as trimming for women's hats, but wholesale killing of the birds was fast making them extinct. On the side of law and order is young Christopher Plummer, who is hired by the Audubon Society in Miami for the express purpose of stopping the activities of a gang of ruffians who operate in the depths of the Glades, and find no difficulty in marketing their catch of dead birds to unscrupulous men of Miami for high profit. The Swamp Angels, as they're known, live under the tyranny of a red-bearded giant called Cottonmouth (Burl Ives). The nickname results from a charming habit he has of fondling a pet snake, a deadly cottonmouth, and if he sees fit. using the snake as an easy way to kill any human enemy.

It's Borgnine to the rescue for Katy Jurado in mining story of Badlands.

WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST

By PETER ABBOTT

One for the mourning: Hair on lip of Jackie Gleason —cultivated for TV drama—will be gone in the fall.

Cream of Hallmark harvest, says producer Mildred Alberg, is Julie Harris, slated for "Johnny Belinda."

Worthy dark horse, *Guest Of Honor*, may be in network running. Here, host Ed Herlihy and *G. of H.*, Benny Goodman.

Bird Shot: Busy beavers on Madison Avenue hopeful for a mid-season announcement that they have Brigitte Bardot sewed up for a spec. (Sewed up in what?) . . . Art Carney flies to Hollywood to guest with Dinah on October 5th. . . . Pat Boone returned to a new and larger home in New Jersey. English Tudor-style house with six bedrooms and five baths. Lotsa fun Saturday nights. . . . Have Horse, Will Travel: Godfrey in Albuquerque first week of October with horse show. Goes to Toronto and Chicago in November. . . . Actress Jean McBride (*Love Of Life*) made it very legal marrying Judge Saul Streit of NY Supreme Court. Jean, who had lived in a hotel, says, "Now I have a kitchen and don't have to eat out all of the time. That makes me happier but I don't know that it makes my husband any happier. I'm not much of a cook." . . . *Omnibus,* returning October 6th, quietly pulled off a scoop. Gene Kelly will star once during season with interpretations of male dance. . . . Any gal who'd like to try splish-splashing Bobby Darin's heart will find the coast clear. Claims he's never been within a mile of the "right girl." . . . Mary Healy, the better half of Peter Lind Hayes, likes to recall the afternoon her spouse ran out of gas while racing his boat to Block Island. The Coast Guard responded and asked, "What do you need—gas or gags?" Dourly, Peter said, "At the moment, both."

Watch That Lip: The return of Gleason is the big news for October. Many think Jackie is the great American comedian. John O'Hara termed him a genius and added, "Gleason has created the kind of characters Charles Dickens would have created if he were writing for TV today." On October 3, Jackie returns clean-shaven to CBS-TV with his new, weekly comedy series. On October 9, he stars in *Playhouse 90's* "Time of Your Life" with a hairbrush on his upper lip. And the mustache is real, cultivated in August and harvested in September on tape. Jackie returns to TV a suburbanite or rather, a country gentleman. He has given up his mansion-like

Youngest of ten, Florence Henderson—"Meg," in "Little Women"—now finds she has younger sister, Zina Bethune.

Impudent, imaginative, wild—that's Stan Freberg 'n' humors. So who'll fill the shoes of the greats?

penthouse in Manhattan for a mansion-type house in Peekskill replete with a private lake for a swimming pool. Jackie always thinks big. Always does big. He has just completed production of a record album of "Tale of Two Cities." Playing time is a mere 22 hours. Last summer, he took up golf but in the grand manner. Like Eisenhower, he rode the course in a golf cart. "The caddy did everything but hit the ball." He played 54 holes a day and was in the low 80's by mid-summer, whacked out a 79 by August. In a season when cowboys will ride rampant on TV screens, Jackie seriously discussed his plans for a comedy comeback. With a flexible format, he will draw on many of his loved characters—the Loudmouth, the Poor Soul, Reggie Van Gleason, Rudy, Joe the Bartender and a few surprises. As his regular assistant there will be comedian Buddy Hackett. The door will be open to Carney and Audrey Meadows. June Taylor will be called on when dancers are used. As always, Jackie's battle with his bulge is news. Weighing 230 in July, he promised he would be down to 200 by show date, but as Carney has said, "Jackie ain't ever going to be skinny." So we may expect Jackie to return bigger and better than ever.

Teaballs for Eyeballs: Dick Clark's bright antics on *Pantomime Quiz* got him eight movie offers. . . . Delightful memory of past summer: Mrs. Bob Crosby arriving in N.Y.C. for hubby's birthday. She got off plane, herself gift-wrapped, with a ribbon tied over shoulder inscribed "Happy Birthday." . . . The William Hammerstein now producing Godfrey shows is THE Oscar Hammerstein's son. . . . Paar's Genevieve's real name is Ginette Auger. . . . Susan Douglas (*Road Of Life*) had her third child—a third boy—but as usual, and unfortunately, her husband, Jan Rubes, concert baritone, was on the "road" working. . . . And this is the month Rosemary Clooney is expecting the stork. . . . Ed Sullivan is negotiating for a Van Cliburn appearance. Danny Thomas wings in to guest with Ed on October 5. Sullivan, himself, makes - like a prof and lectures at the University of Georgia on October 30. . . . ABC-TV's new quiz, *Zig-Zag,* comes up with the craziest type "isolation booths." Contestants will be moved about in chariots. . . . Betty Johnson and her manager-husband Charles Grean currently spending first anniversary abroad. Says Charles, "We took our honeymoon in Europe last fall and had so much fun we decided on a second honeymoon." . . . P.S. from Linkletter: "A five-year-old gave me the following definition of a *bachelor:* 'That's what my daddy wants to be.' "

Artistry in TV. Mildred Alberg, exec producer of the *Hallmark Hall Of Fame,* says, "When we're laying plans for a new season, we always ask ourselves, 'Now what can we use Julie Harris in?' " This season's answer will be *Hallmark's* production of "Johnny Belinda," scheduled for October 13, NBC-TV. Millie goes on, "Of the whole group of young actresses, we think she is it, the best. But you can't describe Julie except in cliché terms. She is sweet, simple and completely devoted to her work. Knows all of her lines at the first rehearsal. Of course, this is no trick in 'Belinda,' for she plays a mute, but it may be tough on her husband—Julie plays her part 24 hours a day, and this likely means no conversation at home. I don't see how she's coping with the telephone." Mildred comments on Julie's integrity. "After our production of 'Little Moon of Alban' last year, Julie got great reviews from all the critics but one. I had phoned her to read the AP and UP comments which were fine, but she was still unhappy about that one critic. I said, 'But all the others liked you.' She said, 'But you never know. That unfriendly critic may have been the one who was right.' " Mildred Alberg likes to be right, too, and has no little prestige in TV circles. Since 1951, *Hallmark* has produced only the best in teleplays, including Shakespeare and Shaw. "Our aim," she says, "is to take good things and make them popular (*Continued on page* 11)

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

WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST

Who's cooking now? Recent vacation found distaff of Desilu doing all her own, but man of family is chief cook and bottle washer for CBS, Monday nights.

This Chevalier rides for duel of wits —and accents—on Desilu preem.

By BUD GOODE

Hollywood pulls a Delilah: **Tommy Sands, Pat Boone, Gary Crosby** and **Jim Garner** have all had their tresses cut for motion pictures. But **Dwayne Hickman** from the *Bob Cummings Show* let his grow into a ducktail for his role in "Rally Round the Flag." Says Gary, in his "Mardi Gras" military-school manner, "There's always some guy who doesn't get the word." . . . Tommy, meanwhile, is waiting to see how the fan mail goes before he lets his hair grow in again. If there are enough Delilahs around, he'll keep it short. Tommy is on his way to the Arkansas Livestock Exposition for the first week of October; does the *Garry Moore Show* October 15; and makes a personal appearance on October 26th at the Huntsville, Texas, Prison Rodeo—paid for by a bunch of soft-hearted Texas millionaires, no doubt. Thats' what is known as a captive audience. . . .

Speaking of mothers, **Nanette Fabray** is one of our newest, and she's working on a theory to teach her baby how to swim—before he learns to walk. Seems the psychologists have found that a baby is more ready for swimming at six months than it is for walking. Waiting only makes the fear of water a greater hazard. But, Dad, don't just throw the baby into the first handy pool—you have to have competent teachers for the swimming to be learned at all. The whole affair, I imagine, is sure to give the term "wet nurse" a new meaning. . . .

This is turning into a very wet column—**Desi Sr.** and Desi Jr. have

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

Sons of Erin (O'Brien) stoyed put while Mom wore green...in Spain.

Weekdays, he looks for *Northwest Passage,* on NBC-TV. Come Sundoy, Keith Lorsen ond Kitty beochcomb, turn over Arctic exploits to crew of *Nautilus.*

just returned from Delmar where they spent their vacation fishing and swimming in the surf while **Lucy Sr.** and Lucy Jr. spent their days playing house. Lucy went through the vacation without household help, did all her own cooking, half the time fighting Desi for the pots and pans. He insisted on chefing the rock bass and perch he and Desi Jr. pulled out of their front yard. Meanwhile, it looks like bank night for Desi. He's turned into CBS-TV's chief cook and bottle-washer on Monday night—Desilu Studios supplies their full schedule beginning with the *Westinghouse Desilu Theater* and running thru **Rory Calhoun's** "The Texan," the **Ann Sothern** show, and the **Danny Thomas** show. That's more weekly film footage than any major motion picture studio is turning out. Chef **Arnaz** is cooking on the front burners. . . .

More fish stories: **Keith Larsen** and **Don Burnett** of NBC-TV's new *Northwest Passage* series both live on the ocean front, spend their free hours surf fishing, too. Don and Keith (bachelors) have taken to inviting their dates down to the ocean for barbecued fish dinners. Must be great cooks and fishermen as they both have half-a-dozen lovelies on the line all the time. . . .

Through thick 'n' thin: On returning to TV this season, **Eddie Fisher** named **Bernie Rich** the Associate Producer on his show—they were boyhood pals in Philly. Eddie's found that TV is a young man's game: His producer is 31-year-young George Englund; assoc. producer Rich is 28; Eddie is 29; his musical director, Buddy Bregman, 27; and his pianist-accompanist, Ed Samuels, 24. . . . Fisher's pal, **Uncle Miltie Berle,** returns next week, too. Did you know that Berle has had more time in show biz than Fisher's entire crew? —Uncle Miltie celebrated his forty-fifth year in the entertainment world in August—in 1913 he did his first bit, as a five-year-old on Marie Dressler's lap. From there, he became a top banana, and in 45 years that's a lot of bananas. . . . And did you know that **Kent Taylor,** star of ABC-TV's *Roughriders,* started his career as a crooner? And that rugged **Charles Bronson,** from ABC-TV's *Man With A Camera,* was once a Pennsylvania coal miner? . . .

Ronnie and **George Burns** with the bulk of their old cast, sans Gracie, return to the air on NBC-TV October 21. Ronnie Burns' new 22-foot cabin cruiser broke loose from its moorings, was picked up by the Coast Guard, who feared Ronnie had fallen overboard. Ronnie, back at work on the soundstage of his father's McCadden Productions, was surprised to learn the Coast Guard was looking for him on the bottom of the ocean. Unable to explain to them why his cruiser was adrift in the middle of the Catalina Channel, Ronnie had to admit he was completely at sea on the matter. Oops. . . .

A few days after the **Welk** Annual Picnic, which is shown on pages 8 and 9 in this issue, **Alice Lon** held *her* fan-club picnic at Southgate Park. Alice had a Western theme with horses (*Continued on page* 77)

Man with camero, Chorles Bronson, was once man with shovel, and a will.

a Day in the Sun with Lawrence Welk

Each year the Welk Champagne Music Makers throw a rip-roaring picnic open to all comers. Any number can play, and they all did, for a glorious good time

Picnic fare for five thousand, with Lawrence Welk and daughter Donna manning the serving table. Outing was held in Ladera Park, Los Angeles, with food, games and dancing to guarantee a genuine four-star time for young and old.

Lennon's Grandma Denning was visiting them, came along to help "Sis" care for young Mimi. Kathy helped out, too.

And the band played on! Welk, himself, gets a chance to dance to his own band only intermittently on their regular shows. On this afternoon, the boys were mainly on their own, while Welk danced it up with lady fans of all ages.

Alice Lon, Champagne Lady, socializes with the play-pen set: young fan, whose mother looks on proudly, Mimi Lennon.

T V R *Lawrence Welk's Dodge Dancing Party*, ABC-TV, Sat., 9 to 10 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Dodge Dealers of America. *The Plymouth Show, Starring Lawrence Welk*, ABC-TV, Wed., 7:30 to 8:30 P.M. EDT, by Plymouth Dealers of America. The "Champagne Music Makers" are also heard on ABC Radio, including *The Lawrence Welk Army Show*; see local papers.

"Spin-a-hoop," new gadget marketed by Art Linkletter, proved real laugh item. Littlest contestont was hit of afternoon.

Heave ho! Tug of wor pitted Lennon Sisters, Po Lennon, Welk singers agoinst instrumentolists. After hot fight the singers, with Janet os lead ond mascot, won the war.

Picnic throng included obout fifty offspring of Welk band members. Some jokester suggested tug of war with midget athletes vs. Lawrence. P. S. They pulled him off his feet!

Both odults and the youngsters ran off a number of sock roces. Here's the girls' roce doing a fast hop toword the finish line, a new version of the "sock look."

Fast jitterbug number by Jonet Lennon ond Lawrence, Jr., wins opplouse. At right Alice Lon ond Bud Goode (Coost Editor, TV RADIO MIRROR, and confessed *ex*-jitterbug).

THE FIVES HAVE IT

He's the most to the teens, but Harry Zimmerman of KSTP-TV admits he's partial to fives

Ahoy! The cap'n of the dance party is a "Vice-Commodore."

With Harry Zimmerman calling the tunes, the teens dance in the studio. At home, the post-teens watch, and trip some light, fantastic steps, too.

Harry and his family have dancing parties of their own at home. Here, he and Jo Ellen demonstrate for Leslie, Nancy, Heidi, Derek, wife Betty.

TEEN-AGE dancing parties are the rage on TV now. In the studios, the teens dance. At home, however, the post-teens aren't sulking. They're watching and sharing the fun. And, from time to time, they venture a few dance steps themselves. Surveys show that there's a large adult audience for these teen dance parties, and a man like Harry Zimmerman is a good reason why. . . . Harry's the host of *Hi-Five Time,* seen weekdays at 5 P.M. over KSTP-TV in St. Paul. The high-school set is wild about Harry, who knows almost more than they do about the latest teen record tastes, fads, likes and dislikes. But this host's relaxed manner and quick wit aren't lost on the post-teenagers, either. . . . Any way you look at it, there's fun for everyone in watching Harry and the teenagers in the big studio "F." And any way you add it up, you've got Harry's number if you've got five. There's the show, seen at 5 o'clock on Channel 5. There's the fact that, when the walls had been stretched and all the people possible had been jammed into a recent studio "open house," there were five hundred of them —not four, if you please, or six. And, in stepladder order, there are five little Zimmermans: Jo Ellen, 12; Nancy, 9; Leslie, 4; Heidi, 3; and Derek, 2. . . . Harry first broke into broadcasting while stationed with the Air Force in New Mexico. From there, he traveled overseas as emcee of two entertainment units, both of which were headed by Peter Lind Hayes. Back in the States, things moved fast for Harry, who gained radio experience apace before he eventually returned to Minneapolis. He joined KSTP in 1956. . . . Harry emcees various record hops and, as Vice-Commodore in Charge of Sports and Lakes for the 1958 Minneapolis Aquatennial, he was charged with organizing more than twenty-two Aquatennial events. Add at least five other civic organizations and that leaves only the wee hours for Harry's golfing. . . . The hours not accounted for, Harry spends with his wife Betty and their youngsters. When he's on the air, the Zimmermans line up in front of the TV set, with even the two littlest ones trotting around to "Daddy's top tunes." As we explained, with a man like Harry Zimmerman, teen parties have an unexpected audience.

(*Continued from page* 5)

rather than just look around for something already popular." She is a warm, enthusiastic woman, married to actor Somer Alberg. "We have no children," she says, "and, if you detect a note of regret, you are right." Asked if quality productions meant a limited audience, she said, "Not true. We don't get a fifty-million audience, but to us it is more important to give thirty-million people an experience that lasts for months. We're proud of our audience. They even write to us on Hallmark cards."

Cool Diggin's: James Mason preparing TV series, *The Third Man,* which will be filmed in U.S. and Europe. . . . Sid Caesar had them hysterical in England. His first American show will be October 26 when he subs for Dinah. . . . It was a late summer wedding for Alistair Duncan of *Our Gal Sunday's* cast. As Lord Henry he is married to Sunday, but his real-life choice was an Englishwoman, Dinah Sharpe, a nurse. Producer Art Hanson was best man. . . . Arthur Murray will try for the impossible—attempt to get Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin to appear the same night on his program. . . . 21-year-old George Hamilton IV, who moved into Jimmy Dean's Saturday spot, is a three-month-old bridegroom. Married a hometown (Winston-Salem) gal, Tinky Peyton. Incidentally, the "IV" is no gag and his first male progeny becomes "V." . . . Johnny Carson had them roaring at an ABC Affiliates meeting. He joked, "When I wasn't doing so well on another network, they told me I had a 'minus two' rating. I challenged this. How could it be *minus.* They explained they had located only two people watching and neither liked me."

With a kitchen *and* a judge in the family, Jean McBride loves her life.

Great Month for Ears: Two new Decca releases are pure joy for fans of Louis and Ella. The first, "Louis and the Good Book," is a collection of spirituals with arrangements and direction by one of jazzdom's finest, Sy Oliver. Just great. Then there's Decca's double-decker, "The Best of Ella Fitzgerald," a biographical deal, running from "A-Tisket A-Tasket" (1938) to "The Tender Trap" (1955). In between are fine blues and memorable pops. . . . Radio covering three generations accounts for several other pressings. From the golden days of radio comes "The Immortal Al Jolson" (Decca). Fourteen loved songs recorded on the *Kraft Music Hall.* Next along the line are "The Marvelous Glenn Miller Medleys" (Victor) transcribed from radio broadcasts before and during World War II. As always, this is melody at its tasteful best. In an altogether different mood is Capitol's exciting two-record album titled, "The Best of the Stan Freberg Shows," containing two hours of the newest and best in radio laughs. Stan's humor is impudent, imaginative, even wild, and Freberg is the one you think of when people ask who is going to replace the Jack Bennys and George Burnses one day. . . . For jazz ears who don't like their chords stretched too far, there are three discs that are gold. Each features artists who have been seen in jazz specs of the past year and will be back in the new season. Capitol issues an exciting blend of brass with the George Shearing Quintet. Titled, "Burnished Brass," tunes range from "Memories of You" to "Cuckoo in the Clock." Then there is the Jonah Jones Quartet, one of the deejays' favorite instrumental groups, with a set of twelve titled, "Jumpin' With Jonah" (Capitol). This is for listening or dancing. Jonah jumps with verve but a polite, muted thrust. In conclusion, note Decca's "Carmen for Cool Ones," starring the enormously talented Carmen McRae in vocals backed by the imaginative persuasiveness of Fred Katz and a half-dozen other really fine West Coast jazz musicians.

Fill 'Er Up: Scientists at Esso Research Center in New Jersey report that a driver who tunes in rock 'n' roll music consumes more gas than the guy who digs Lombardo. Seems that rhythmic music causes motorists to unconsciously jiggle the accelerator pedal in time to the music and waste fuel. . . . Australian golfer Peter Thompson—a Rock Hudson type—gets exposure on ABC-TV's *All Star Golf,* Saturday, October 11. Hollywood has an eye on him and he may wind up riding a mare and shooting birdies with a bang-bang. . . . Betsy Palmer spending spare time in Englewood, New Jersey, reconstructing an old house. No architects. No decorators. She and pediatrician husband on do-it-yourself kick. . . . Life is stranger than fiction: On TV's *Brighter Day,* Aunt Emily is presently falling in love with Adolph McClure. McClure is played by Frank Thomas; Emily, by Mona Bruns, who in private life is Mrs. Frank Thomas. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, though in the puppy stage of love electronically, have actually been married 37 years. . . . We understand you can get Bob Hope to play your local auditorium for a whole week at a mere $75,000. . . . A WRCA deejay show that has caught fire and deserves network exposure is *Guest Of Honor.* It's a two-hour, five-day program with the same guest (Goodman, Fisher, Four Lads) sitting-in the whole week. The guest reminisces and picks his favorite records. Ed Herlihy is emcee. Larry Green produces. . . . A Pat Buttram quip, "There's one way every man likes to see a woman dress—quickly."

Little Women, Big News: When the musical version of "Little Women"—the Louisa May Alcott classic—lights up the screen October 16 via CBS-TV, singer-actress Florence Henderson will play Meg who, within the hour, will marry John Brooks, played by Bill Hayes. Says Florence, "Bill and I have worked together so often that 'marrying' him comes easy. In a recent *U.S. Steel Hour,* I was his sweetheart. We have been doing the Oldsmobile commercials for a year. We have a night-club act. Now, people who work together in show business aren't necessarily good friends, but Bill and I are. He's a wonderful guy, a substantial citizen. I guess any man with five children has to be." Florence herself was the tenth of ten children and recalls her father was the greatest. "He didn't get married until he was over forty and then lived to eighty-seven. With his blessing I came to New York right out of high school to get into show business." Florence is a five-four blonde with a 22-inch waistline and a submerged Dixie accent. "I was born in Indiana and raised in Kentucky. I worked three hours a day for a year to lose my Southern accent, and then was hired for the chorus of 'Wish You Were Here.'" She followed that with two years in the national company of "Oklahoma!"—playing the part of Laurie—and then snagged the title role in the musical "Fanny." Last summer, she was one of the singing stars in the short-lived *Sing Along.* She is a frequent performer on the *Jack Paar Show.* In private life, Florence is married to Ira Bernstein, a producer. They have a little girl Barbara, almost two. Barbara's favorite entertainment is the Dick Clark program. Florence herself favors show tunes. Twenty-four, she will play a seventeen-year-old Meg in "Little Women." She says, "I always loved the book. I guess all women do, but it's been years since I've read it." Other members of the cast will be Rise Stevens, Jeannie Carson, Margaret O'Brien and Zina Bethune.

Wizard was in the "wings" as Pat ("Dorothy"), Leo De Lyon, Lou Wills, Dean Dittmann rehearsed K.C.'s Starlight Theater production.

Bing was the boosting-rocket, says Torey, that's landing many-faceted Pat Suzuki on Broadway.

This month's deejay columnist, Torey Southwick of KMBC in Kansas City, beats a few advance flower-drums for "Miss Ponytail," Pat Suzuki

SEND US A SIGNAL!

By TOREY SOUTHWICK

WANT the secret of success in show business? Usually, the climb up the ladder to stardom is a long, hard one. However, you can ride an express elevator if you'll follow these simple instructions: First, arrange it so that Bing Crosby "recommends you to the world." Second, be sure your first record album is a best-seller. Third, get a starring role in a new Rodgers and Hammerstein musical on Broadway.

Impossible? Maybe . . . but that's the way Pat Suzuki did it.

Pat: Now, Torey, that's not fair! I've just been exceptionally lucky.

Torey: Well, I guess that recipe for success would be a little hard for everyone to follow. But everyone isn't blessed with your talent, either. How did Bing Crosby happen into your life?

Pat: He was up in Seattle, Washington, last year, and he happened to come into Norm Bobrow's Colony Club where I was singing.

Torey: Norm is now your manager and coach?

Pat: That's right. Well, after Bing Crosby had come back to the club about five times and had been quoted saying some very nice things about my work, the album was about to be released. We asked him if we could use just one little quote, and he said he'd like to write the liner notes for the album.

Torey: And that's where he wrote, "It's a pleasure to recommend Pat Suzuki to the world."

Pat: It was a wonderful recommendation. He's a charming, generous man.

Torey: Pat, your style is so versatile. How would you classify your voice?

Pat: A cross between Shirley Temple and Lawrence Tibbett, I guess.

Torey: I'd say that makes you unique! As Bing says on the album, you can sing anything from jazz to light opera. How do you do it?

Pat: I got that training from my three years at the Colony Club. In the show, we'd do little vignettes. All the fellows in the band and I would take about eight tunes from a Broadway show, dress them up with costumes and all, and put on our own little version of the show.

Torey: Well, Kansas City was sure happy that you made your starring debut in a big musical at our Starlight Theater this summer. You did a great job as Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz" . . . all four-feet-eleven of you! And, speaking of musicals, you'll be opening soon in the new Rodgers and Hammerstein musical on Broadway.

Pat: Yes. "The Flower Drum Song."

Torey: What an exciting break . . . to star in a new show written by the team that turned out "Carousel," "Oklahoma!," "South Pacific," etc. How did it come about?

Pat: Well, earlier this year, I was in New York for the first time, plugging my album and appearing on Jack Paar's TV show. They asked me to audition for the part on a day when I was exhausted from all the activity. I sounded awful, just dreadful! We went through with it, though, and had a riot of a time. I think it was my bizarre sense of humor that saved the day.

Torey: Were you signed before you left town?

Pat: No. I talked it over with Norm and we decided I wasn't quite ready yet . . . maybe in a couple of years. But a week later, after I'd gone back home, they doubled their original offer, and my poor agents were screaming. So . . .

Torey: So . . . Bing Crosby said that the summer of '57 was the time Pat Suzuki "happened" to him, the summer of '58 was when she happened to Kansas City, and now she's about to happen to Broadway. Best of luck to "Miss Ponytail." It couldn't happen to a nicer gal.

Over KMBC in Kansas City, *Time For Torey* is heard Mon.-Sat., from 7 to 9 A.M.; *Torey Southwick Show* is heard Mon.-Fri., from 2:30 to 5 P.M.

ROCKET TO A MOONBEAM

There are cowboys and sea cap'ns . . . now space travelers get in orbit as WNBQ's baby-sitters

Chicago youngsters visit the Commander and sidekick Stubby, who entertain with space talk, gadget demonstrations, and magic tricks.

Here's Commander 5 showing routes taken by spaceship during its travels on WNBQ.

EVER WANT TO FLY through the stratosphere in a zooming space ship, ride a rocket to a moonbeam, do something simple like gathering stars from the Milky Way . . . or just be a kid again? You don't have to wait for the year 2000 or even step outside your front door. Just climb aboard the I.S.S.-5 and take a lesson from Commander 5, that masked man of mystery seen over Chicago's WNBQ every Monday through Friday from 12 to 12:30 P.M. He'll teach you all there is to know about being an interplanetary space traveler, and introduce you to a control room equipped with a maze of electronic gadgets such as a "cosmopanascope," "psychometer" and an "ethos energizer." . . . Chicago's only TV show based on the mysteries of outer space, *Commander 5* has been a popular kiddie show since its debut. The Commander, whose real identity has been kept a secret since the show began, provides the youngsters with knowledge about the unlimited horizons of outer space, but they all come down to earth to view the show's cartoons and travel films. . . . Spaceman 3rd Class Stubby, a rotund comic and sidekick of Commander 5, manages to fly into all kinds of trouble—both space-wise and otherwise—but he manages to zoom right out again by doing the right thing in tight spots. Bobby Gibbons, a young actor who has been playing in children's shows around Chicago for the past few years, plays the spaceman part. . . . Always around to keep Stubby harassed and the TV audience laughing is a puppet-like character seen as a captive Martian with the improbable name of "Ambassador Max." . . . The show is telecast in color, as well as in black-and-white, and many delightfully bizarre camera effects are achieved—like the shrinking of 300-pound Stubby and placing him inside a bottle, right before the astonished viewers' eyes. . . . Evidence that this space-age program is really going over with Chicago's youngsters was clearly indicated when, within a week, more than 20,000 applied for membership cards in the I.S.S. (Interplanetary Space Ship) Patrol. The cards are complete with space-language alphabet and codes which enable the kids to decipher secret messages given by the Commander each day . . . Maybe we're not in the space age yet, but *Commander 5* is making sure that everyone will be prepared for it, whenever it does get around to arriving here!

ENTRÉE: THE WORLD

Home shows should be a well-balanced menu, says Phyllis Knight of WHAS, with the world of affairs for meat 'n' potatoes

This Knight views modern weapons against disease, as head of cytology lab and assistant provide commentary.

Tight schedule prevented Ralph Bunche from guesting in person, but Phyllis wrapped up fine talk on tape.

The madder the hatter the better, says attractive Phyl. Her big headache—"that sack they forced on us."

YOUR HOME IS what you make it, says Phyllis Knight, Women's Director for Louisville's Station WHAS, TV and Radio. You can hide it away in the valley of your own concerns, self-contained, cloistered. Or, you can build high, nurture those lines of communication with the world, and keep the drapes drawn back on the picture window. "Home shows," says Phyllis, whose *Your Home* program is heard weekday mornings at 9, "are more than home economics. I think of women's formats as a method of bringing the world into the home." While not ignoring food, and grooming, and home-making problems and techniques—all of which are part and parcel of her show—Phyllis's avowed aim is to be "eyes and ears" for women who have no other access to important speakers and vital information. "Our women listeners," says she, "have a big stake in our world, and they want to know what's going on." . . . The Knight-time TV show is seen weekdays at 6 P.M. Basically an interview format, *Small Talk's* guest list belies the title. Billy Graham, for example: Phyllis found him a "wonderfully genuine, likeable person." Ralph Bunche: "I was impressed," says she, "with how deeply he is immersed in concern for the world's ills, with no thought of personal gain." . . . Occasionally, a little-known person whose experience is unique or entertaining will appear with Phyllis—"like that nice man who'd been struck by lightning six times." On the sunnier side, the hostess recalls the night Gene Autry and his horse, "Champion," were the guests. It had been worked out that, at the end of the show, Phyllis would slap a vital spot on the Champ's leg as a cue for him to bow. "I missed the mark," says she, "and he started into a waltz instead. It was the only time," she claims, "that we've ever closed the show with title cards over a waltzing horse." . . . Phyllis came to Louisville and WHAS three years ago, via radio work in Champaign, Mattoon, and Peoria, Illinois. Born in Tuscola, Illinois, she was shy as a child—until, encouraged by receiving first prize in a statewide poetry contest, she joined a public-speaking class. One year later, at thirteen, Phyllis marched into Champaign's WDWS, auditioned for a job and got it. Mature for her age, she gave the station managers a jolt with the warning: "I'll be back . . . when I finish high school" . . . A little over a year ago, Phyllis married her

Both tireless workers, when Phyllis and Sam Gifford take some time off, they look to tea . . . or a mystery.

outstanding fan, her station's Program Director, Sam Gifford. "Like everybody else," says Phyl, "we borrowed to get our new house, and now work hard to keep it." A tireless worker herself, she never misses a chance to advise high-schoolers to "learn the facts of life now, not later—bleached hair, too much makeup, bag dresses, and anti-study attitudes," she insists, "don't make for a rich life." Though Phyllis's own "bug" is for "wild 'n' radical" hats, she confesses the demise of the chemise leaves her cold. . . . Outspoken and down-to-earth, Phyllis faces up to the rigors of a busy career with no mincing of words, or commitments. She claims her most gratifying work up to now has been helping get her listeners to submit to a quick and painless cervical-cancer test. "At home the other night," she relates, "we received a call from a man who was a stranger to both of us. 'I'd like you and Sam to join us for dinner,' he said. 'You don't know me, but the things you said about cervical cancer saved my wife's life.' You know," Phyllis concludes, "I enjoy selling soap, and food, and cleaning services, but a life-saving idea . . . That's the sort of success everybody can respond to."

BETWEEN US GIRLS

Myrtle prepares film-lecture on Spain with assist from husband Ray.

Helping her TV "partner" try out a baking recipe is daughter Doris.

From smorgasbord to Spain, Myrtle Labbitt has lots to tell about over CKLW-TV

Time out for homemaking: Busy Myrtle enjoys preparing barbecue for hungry husband and smiling grandchildren.

COMBINE some gaily imparted hints on homemaking, a few recipes concocted right on camera, add a dash of color with some travel films, and what do you have? A program versatile as a Swedish smorgasbord. *Myrt And Doris* is seen on Detroit's CKLW-TV, Wednesday and Friday, from 12:30 to 1:00 P.M. Add some personality-plus, bubbling good spirits, and a zest for living and you have the show's talented hostess, Myrtle Labbitt, who divides her on-the-air hours between TV and her radio show, *Myrtle Labbitt Time*—heard Monday through Friday on CKLW Radio, from 9:35 to 10 A.M. . . . Versatility is the word for this delightful lady who, aside from being women's editor of CKLW, is widely known as a writer, lecturer, and world traveler. . . . Myrtle has lots of experience to draw on for her widely informative programs. She's been with CKLW for 23 years, was once household editor of the *Detroit News,* in between being a competent wife to husband Ray and mother of three daughters—Doris, Ginny and Joey. It looks as though the girls are continuing the Myrtle Labbitt tradition of raising daughters and appearing on TV. So far the three have presented Myrtle with seven granddaughters and one grandson, and one of her daughters is the second half of the *Myrt And Doris* show, which she also co-produces. . . . "We always have fun when Myrtle is our guest speaker," say the people who attend Myrtle's lectures. And it's no wonder. She imparts the same fun-loving spirit to her "live" audiences as she does on radio and TV. Especially popular is her really genuine Swedish dialect which she uses in many of her skits. . . . Selected as one of Detroit's ten outstanding business women in 1957, Myrtle also has the distinction of being the first radio woman in Detroit to be initiated into Theta Sigma Phi, women's journalism fraternity. For her work in radio and public service, she was awarded a Hamline University Alumni Citation in 1954. All of which goes to show that the former Minnesota farm girl has lived up to the reputation she established in college. In her yearbook she was characterized as "personality personified; friendship idealized." Detroit hasn't needed a reminder.

INFORMATION BOOTH

Jack Douglas

Rosemary Prinz

Domenico Modugno

Versatility Replete

I would like some information on Rosemary Prinz, who plays Penny Hughes on the TV program As The World Turns.

R. K., Colorado Springs, Colo.

She worked as a typist, door-to-door saleswoman, and a hat-check girl. But, all the while, Rosemary Prinz was working the hardest—at becoming an actress. And all that hard work has paid off for the petite Miss Prinz who is "Penny" on the daytime serial. . . . It began when she appeared at the Cragsmoor Summer Theater in the ingenue leads of "Kiss and Tell" and "Dear Ruth." Director Morton DaCosta was so impressed with the talented sixteen-year-old that, immediately after she was graduated from high school, he placed her on the road with "Kiss and Tell." From there, she went to an important role in the national company of "Joan of Lorraine." . . . Intermingled with her non-theatrical jobs, the 96-pound Rosemary appeared on radio and in such TV shows as *Studio One*, *Armstrong Circle Theater*, and *Playhouse Of Stars*. . . . But 1950 was the *big* year for Rosemary. First, she won the Wildberg-Gilmore acting award. More important, she met her husband, Michael Thoma, while they were both appearing in the off-Broadway production of "Three Men on a Horse." . . . The Thomas live in Forest Hills, Long Island, with their cocker spaniel called Grundoon, named after a Walt Kelly "Pogo" character. "Right now," says Rosemary, "he's a stay-at-home pooch. But, if times get tough, we'll train him for a career."

Calling All Fans

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

David Stollery Fan Club, Donald L. Young, 18 Centennial Place, Saxonville, Massachusetts.

Tommy Sands Fan Club, Carolyn Madden, Route One, Box 38, Walnut Grove, Mississippi.

Fabian Fan Club, Carol Markey, 245 Glendale A-11, Detroit 3, Michigan.

Have Armchair—Will Travel

Please give some information about Jack Douglas, the charming host of TV's I Search For Adventure.

L. P., Salt Lake City, Utah

Whether traveling "for real"—as he did in the Merchant Marine . . . or traveling by armchair—as he does with his TV shows . . . Jack Douglas has always been a world adventurer. This darkly handsome man in his middle 30's began his travels before he was five. He went halfway around the world from Iran—where his father was working—to Connecticut, where the family settled down. . . . He stayed put until the war years when he joined the Merchant Marine for some more globe-trotting. . . . In 1946, he joined RKO studios as "advance exploitation" man, but, during a trip to Seattle, fell in love with the West and settled down there. It was then that he first began producing radio shows like *Pass The Buck*, and later, in Los Angeles, sports programs like *Call The Coach*. . . . All his experience eventually instilled in Jack a desire to introduce the modern-day TV viewer to the magic and thrill of armchair adventuring through true-to-life films. Hence, the beginning of the Douglas-produced *I Search For Adventure*. "I was sure," recalls Jack, "that I had a new concept for TV. The show is not just another travelogue." It seems that, in 1954, a traveler called "Singapore Joe" Fisher came into Douglas's life. "He told me a tale," says Jack, "and showed some film of his adventure. I got so all-fired interested that I decided there and then to present a series featuring adventurers and their films—and *Bold Journey* was born." . . . The success of these travel programs can be traced, at least in part, to the fact that people get pleasure out of seeing romantic faraway places, and they admire others who manage to break the routine and do exciting things. By "others," Jack means the non-professionals who take motion-picture cameras along on their travels and photograph what they see. "Much of the program's value comes from the fact that an ordinary person went out and did something unusual, on his own, and made a film record," Jack thinks. . . . Douglas is married to a former high-school classmate. They have two sons, Ricky, 9, and J.D., 3½.

One Fell Scoop

Can you tell me something about the Italian singer who recently appeared on Ed Sullivan's show singing "Nel Blu Dipinto Di Blu"?

S. J. G., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Some of the greatest excitement and interest ever experienced in the record industry occurred recently. The person responsible—an Italian gypsy prince by the name of Domenico Modugno (pronounced Mo-doon-yo). The event—his recording of "Nel Blu Dipinto Di Blu." Modugno-composed and waxed in his native Italian. . . . Although he made one of his first appearances on U.S. TV recently, it was not Domenico's first time out before an American audience. While on tour of North America in 1955, he played several successful weeks at the famed Blue Angel in New York City. . . . The dark, curly-haired Sicilian learned to play the guitar while his contemporaries were still at their toys. With his guitar, he eventually developed an almost ritual dance beat which, combined with a weird but pleasant singing style, soon made him popular throughout Italy and Europe. . . . Domenico actually got his start by going from town to town singing and playing the ballads he had put together from the fabulous tales of his people and their colorful history and legends. . . . Although his song (*Continued on page* 61)

Mrs. Carol Middleton of Davenport, Iowa

A leading medicated lotion was used on Mrs. Middleton's left hand, her right hand was given Jergens care. See the difference in this unretouched photo. Test was made while Mrs. Middleton soaked her hands in detergents 3 times a day for several days. The beautifying action of Jergens was proved by 713 housewives in other hand-soaking tests. For complete summary of these tests, doctors and dermatologists are invited to write to The Andrew Jergens Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Jergens **beautifies** hands as nothing else can

...and the picture proves it!

Jergens both protects your hands and pampers your skin. That's why it beautifies as nothing else can. Jergens doesn't coat skin with sticky film... it penetrates to protect. It stops even red, rough detergent hands... softens and smooths. Jergens is the true beauty lotion. Only 15c to $1

I DREAMED
I MADE SWEET MUSIC IN MY NEW MAIDENFORM* BRA!

sweet music*

The bra that was *born* to be worn with the new "Empire Look"!

Sweetest bra this side of heaven... *new* Sweet Music by Maidenform! Specially stitched cups with *figure-shaping* under-cups bring out curves you never knew you had. Embroidered bands outline the cups . . . an elastic band under the cups makes this bra fit like a custom-made. *You* try it! 2.50

Price slightly higher in Canada

Look for this package *everywhere*

And ask for a maidenform* *girdle, too!*

COSTUME BY A LA CARTE

A CANDID AND CONTROVERSIAL FORWARD LOOK AT

THE BIG SOUND for 1959

ALAN FREED

Two major music men offer informed guesstimates about the next big news on the pop music front

By HELEN BOLSTAD

WHAT will be the next sound, the next rhythm to move America's teenagers? What star will blast into orbit, launched by a million imaginations? Because a change appears imminent, TV Radio Mirror has asked two experts to crystal-gaze.

Art Ford, impresario of *Jazz Party,* which is seen live on WNTA, Newark, New Jersey, every Thursday night, and is syndicated by film in forty-seven countries, believes a major jazz revival is in prospect.

Alan Freed, disc jockey on WABC network radio, whose rock 'n' roll tours have crisscrossed America, says, "The Big Beat is here to stay."

Both predictions hinge on the fact that rock 'n' roll grows elderly. Its upsurge began in 1949 and ten years is a long time in popular music history. Each succeeding generation finds a music of its own which becomes almost a secret communication, secure against its elders.

In 1900, it was the waltz, then termed "the wickedest dance in history." In 1911, it was ragtime and Irving Berlin led the parade. By 1920, jazz was the theme sound for a rebellious, post-war, "Lost Generation."

Jazz surged up out of the Negro South, an earthy blend of blues, work songs, folk songs, spirituals, and just about everything else a musically sensitive and gifted primitive people could make its own.

But jazz became many things to many people, and, in the 1920's, began branching out. The more learned side borrowed from the classics and branched again to produce both swing and progressive jazz.

Swing was the thing, and big bands thrived from the late 30's until the war took band leaders and sidemen into uniform. In civilian aggregations, the Era of the Vocalist, with Frank Sinatra as its symbol, came in. When World War II ended, changed economic conditions meant that the big bands found it difficult to exist.

Meanwhile, in small combos, the bop boys were substituting cool, complex harmonies for hot rhythm. Progressive jazz resulted.

But the roots which first produced jazz refused to be smothered in sophistication. While durable Dixieland held its own, the basic beat and simple style surged up anew in the wild rhythm-and-blues records which splashed into headlines in the 50's as rock 'n' roll.

Now, as the 50's draw toward their close, those kids who first found their sound in rock 'n' roll are settling down. Mortgage payments and diaper services concern them more than song hits. Rock 'n' roll, just as its predecessors, appears to near its crossroads. While some current teenagers cherish new, improved handpainted Elvis buttons, others already refer to rock 'n' roll as "corny."

Which faction will set the new trend? Will the Class of 1962 be content to inherit its elders' music?

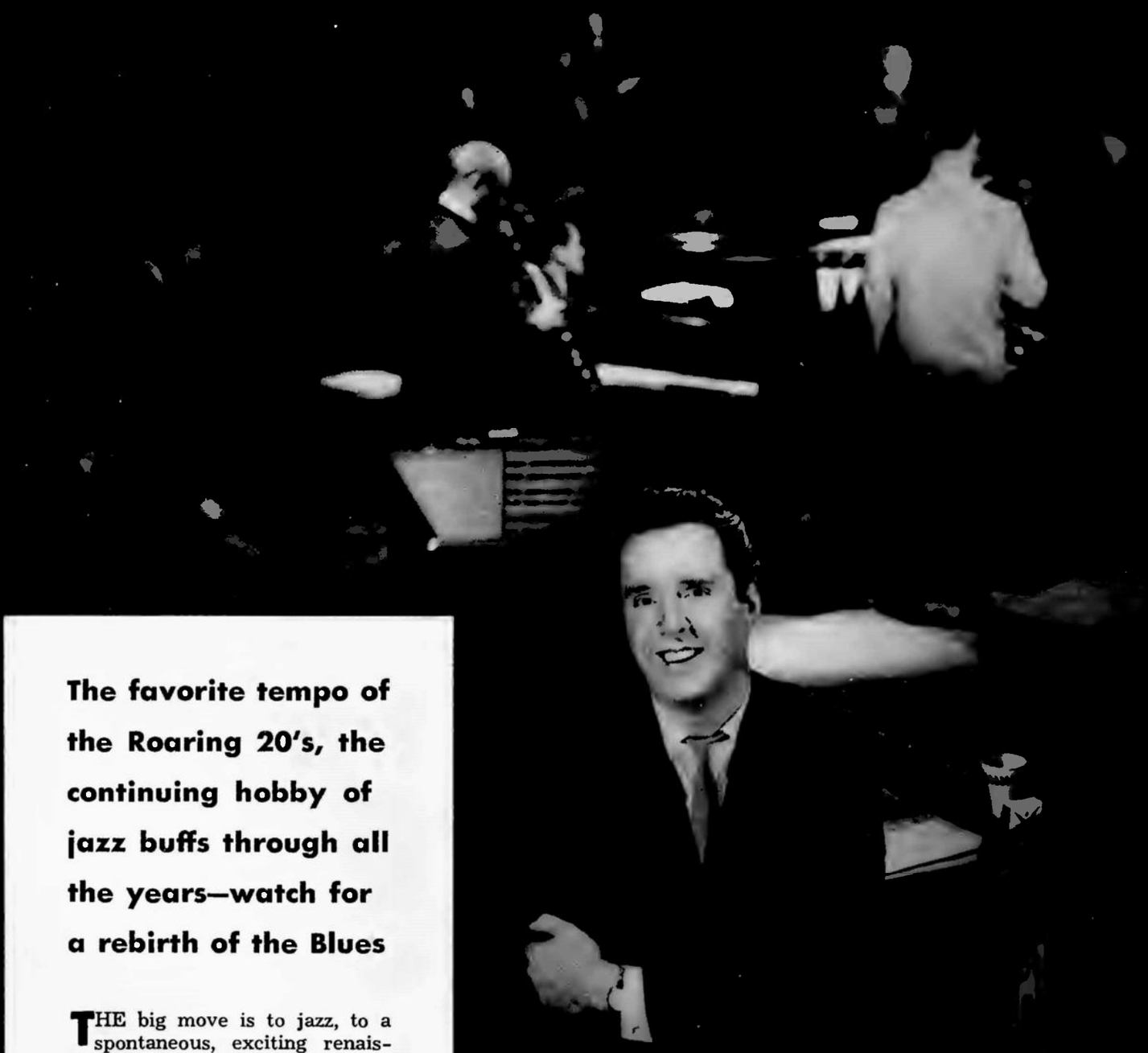
Ford says they won't. Freed says they will, with certain changes. Which one will win this battle of modern music?

ART FORD

For These Two Battling Articles, Turn to Next Page

Art Ford Says:

JAZZ SWINGS IN AGAIN



The favorite tempo of the Roaring 20's, the continuing hobby of jazz buffs through all the years—watch for a rebirth of the Blues

THE big move is to jazz, to a spontaneous, exciting renaissance of Dixieland and swing, Art Ford believes. "It appeals especially to youthful listeners because it is a warm and a natural kind of music," he says. "It takes us out from the lost caverns of progressive jazz. It makes rock 'n' roll sound like a cute cousin. This is the real thing."

As signs of the times which confirm (*Continued on page* 24)

Alan Freed Says:

THE BIG BEAT IS HERE TO STAY

A confirmed defender of rock 'n' roll says the name for it may change—but the one-two rhythm will continue to set feet dancing

THE big beat is here to stay for at least another five years, says Alan Freed. He dismisses reports of its early demise as just plain wishful thinking on the part of some who would like to see the trend change.

"Remember when they said Calypso would push rock 'n' roll right off the charts? It turned out, you will recall, that it wasn't Calypso that was hot, it was one man, Harry Belafonte, who sang songs people wanted to hear. A few others rode along on his wave. Then there was talk about the hula and the cha-cha. Sure, they were interesting. They provided variety. But you couldn't call them a trend. They vanished very fast."

Taking issue with Art Ford, outspoken Freed says, "I'm glad to see that jazz is in such a healthy state. I enjoy it, too, but I can't see it taking over. It's music for older people. And the fact remains, they don't make the hits. The hit trend in music is set by the teenagers. They buy the current records and they want a strong, happy beat to dance to. That's natural." (*Continued on page* 25)

JAZZ SWINGS IN AGAIN

In New Orleans, birthplace of the blues, Art Ford gathers gifted musicians to do genuine Dixieland for armed services overseas. Show recorded at WDSU-TV.

Jazz trumpeter Louis (Satchmo) Armstrong in 1955 made sensational tour with his band to England, Europe, Africa. Shown above, band's arrival in Zurich.

(*Continued from page* 22)

his prediction, he cites the great crowds which last summer attended the outdoor jazz festivals, the popularity of jazz albums, the increased number of local jazz shows and the important network jazz programs scheduled for this season.

The network programs which have been announced at this writing lead off with ABC-TV's Bing Crosby specials premiering in October. Also on their list is the much-applauded *Stars Of Jazz,* which started out as a local program in Los Angeles, came onto network time as a summer replacement and has earned a continuing place, cross-country. CBS-TV displays its first hour-long *Timex All-Star Jazz Show* on November 10, with Louis Armstrong, Anita O'Day and the Les Brown Orchestra as headliners. A second rolls in December. On the regular weekly schedule, there's that well-known jazz buff, Garry Moore, with a new evening program.

NBC-TV has first major music show sponsored by AT&T booked for December. They also consider reviving their educational TV series, *The Subject Is Jazz.*

Ford's own (*Continued on page* 69)

Art Ford's *Jazz Party* is seen over Station WNTA-TV (New York), Thurs., 9 to 10:30 P.M. EDT; see Minneapolis papers for time and day on Station KMSP. Program is broadcast simultaneously in stereo sound over Stations WNTA, AM and FM (New York).

Above, Goodman the Great, a standout in big-band era, still tops. Left, Stan Kenton and his band, exponents of progressive jazz, pictured at the great Newport Jazz Festival in 1957.

THE BIG BEAT IS HERE TO STAY

As Cleveland deejay, Alan Freed began backing the rock early as 1949.

Theater presentation of rock 'n' roll proved howling success and, since 1952, Freed has arranged many such shows, most famous at Paramount in New York.

Stage shows have been advantage for many young performers of rock 'n' roll. Among such talented newcomers, the Everly Brothers, who are now hit-makers.

(*Continued from page* 23)

He anticipates some change in terminology. "Kids are inventive. As soon as the name 'rock 'n' roll' begins to sound like an archeological label to the crop of kids just turned thirteen, they'll find something new to call it. But I can't find anything in sight to challenge the big beat itself."

He ticks off his reasons: "First, the one-two beat is basic. Second, it has already proved it can grow and change without losing its identity. Third, it has given youth a chance to write music as well as perform. With a life and a career ahead of them, these kids will be around a long time."

Discussing Topic One, Freed says, "It is basic because the first rhythm a child learns to recognize is the one-two beat of his own heart. That is followed by the one-two of his own steps as he learns to walk. His first poems and prayers rhyme the first line with the second. Musically, there has always been some manifestation of the rhythm. With one expression of it, John Philip Sousa became the march king; with another, Al Jolson, Harry Richman and Eddie Cantor gained fame. Whenever it recurs in popularity, it stirs up the country."

Freed can trace the big beat's ability to change and grow in terms of his own life and musical experience. Born October 15, 1922, in Youngstown, Ohio, he was an infant in that crucial year of jazz, 1924. It was then that Paul Whiteman "made a lady of jazz" by staging a concert in "symphonic syncopation" at New York's stately Aeolian Hall and commissioned George Gershwin to write "Rhapsody in Blue." His use of classic music technique to smooth down the rough edges of jazz set the direction toward learned, cool, progressive jazz and also predicated the big swing era of the Thirties.

Young Alan Freed, growing up at Salem, Ohio, began studying the trombone at twelve and, at thirteen, burned with ambition to play in the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra. Then he (*Continued on page* 70)

The Alan Freed Show, Station WABC Radio (New York), is heard M-F, 7:15 to 11 P.M. —Sat., 7 to 11. Alan Freed's *Big Beat* is seen on Station WNEW-TV (formerly WABD—N. Y.), M-F, 5 to 6 P.M., EDT .

Public Opinions

By RUTH NATHAN

A FATHER'S VIEWPOINT: "From the little I have heard about Pay-TV, I feel it would deprive many families of good wholesome entertainment, which is so important to the well-being of the family. As the father of ten children, ranging from nineteen to three, who find interesting programs from the early morning cartoons to the late show in the evening, the cost would take a lot of consideration, and I am sure would have to be budgeted. What will happen to the shut-ins? Will this whole new fascinating world be taken away from them because they cannot pay? Free TV has become a part of the American way of life. Let's leave it that way." Ludwig F. Nerlinger, Brevard, North Carolina.

WIDER WORLD: "I am an invalid. I sell greeting cards and magazine subscriptions to support myself. I saved enough to buy a TV set, and since then I have had a look at the outside world. We are able to get only two channels in this area. Pay-TV will take away from those who need it the most." Cletus J. Walter, Hartington, Nebraska—who further wrote to us, "This picture shows how I type without my hands. My handicap makes this necessary. A rubber-tipped 'pointer' is fastened to my cap, and I tap the keys by bobbing my head."

WHETHER OR NOT there should be dough for the show is a prospect which has stirred up the letter-writers' blood of just about everyone: Big businessmen, little businessmen, housewives, farmers, bachelor girls, white-collar workers and executives, city officials and federal officials, laborers, students and teachers.

From Opportunity, Washington, to the far ends of Brooklyn, New York, Mr. and Mrs. Televiewer and their youngsters prove by their record-breaking demonstration of the writing bug that the "voice of the people," or "public opinion," does exist. From their uninhibited penmanship, one can set a true yardstick to their feelings about one of the hottest issues of the day, Pay-TV.

The postal prose, fancy and free, has been recorded sometimes impatiently on the handiest piece of paper—used greeting cards, paper toweling, school notebooks, some of the boss's old stationery, ladies' lounge tissue, TV dinner paper plates—about every communicable bit of empty space except a crowded racing sheet.

On this page, and the runover pages, are a few excerpts from such letters, selected by the writer from a review of some 3,000. They were made available through the cooperation of Congressional leaders in Washington, D. C., to whom a great bulk of letters on the subject was directed; also the broadcasting networks, particularly the Columbia Broadcasting System, which recently sponsored a nationwide pro-and-con debate over that boiling center of attraction, the still all-free home screen.

The many-sided points of view of the letter writers indicate that the average televiewer is more than holding up his own high I.Q. He can still read and write, though he loves pictures. More important, he is keeping his sense of originality and humor on a subject which has been belabored by partisan erudition, dry poll statistics and overtalked government agency particulars. The brief candid postman's review cannot reflect *all* of the opinions of the more than 47,000,000 TV set owners throughout America, but it attempts a vital sampling of the thought and argument of the small-town and big-town people everywhere, who apparently are against Pay-TV at least 87-to-1. (*Continued on page* 60)

about Pay-TV

Toll television has been put on ice by the Federal Communications Commission, but public reaction has not. Here some intelligent people speak their minds

FARMER'S PLIGHT AIN'T HAY: "We are just small farmers, and with the cotton acreage and then this soil bank plan, too, it's knocked us for a loop. We've always worked the other man's land and never able to buy land of our own. We bought our TV on the farmer's plan, paying half one fall and the other half the next fall when we had gathered our crop. This Pay-TV plan, we hope and pray it isn't forced on us, too." Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Barrett, Moro, Arkansas.

AS TIME GOES BUY: "In my years of selling television sets, 85% of all sales made were based on a time payment plan, and in a lot of cases the customers were not able to make monthly payments due to sickness and other obligations. How could these people afford to pay for viewing TV?" Mr. Henry F. Peters, East Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, shown here with Mrs. Peters.

THREATENED BABY-SITTER: "I am a teenager 15 years old. I think this idea that Pay-TV would give the public the latest movies—of which they are now being deprived —is a lot of nonsense. Where would we baby-sitters be if everyone stayed home?" Janice L. Kump, Amityville, New York.

FIGHT FROM CITY HALL: "I do not think it would be in the interest of the public to allow certain corporations to charge for the use of the air which has been explored by the pioneers of TV and their engineers to provide the American public with free viewing of matters of diversified interest. In December, 1957, we had in our city 2,412 operating TV sets located in 2,187 homes and business places —and, from the count, more than one TV operating in some. If a poll were taken in our city, less than 5% would be in favor of Pay-TV." The Hon. Joseph F. Bayorgeon, Mayor of Kaukauna, Wisconsin.

EVERYTHING BIGGER IN TEXAS? "Perhaps Pay-TV proponents are not familiar with the situation in fringe areas. In order to get viewable TV, we must subscribe to a community antenna at the price of $135 installation fee and $4 a month ad infinitum." Mrs. E. Hayden Swaim, Jr., Paris, Texas. With Mrs. Swaim is son Matthew, 14 months old.

New Lives for Two

At 7, Tish was already studying ballet. Ann accompanied her then, has encouraged her in all the arts.

At 10, Tish posed with Ann in front of earlier mother-daughter portrait painted by Paul Clemens.

At 12, she knew she could rely on her home—that Ann would always help, no matter what the problem.

Ann Sothern Show presents its heroine as assistant hotel manager Katy, with Jack Mullaney as bellboy Johnny, Jacques Scott as handsome desk clerk Paul. Away from work and school, Ann and Tish vacation at their Sun Valley chalet. But year's biggest events were celebrated at home in Hollywood, with cakes and teen-age guests for both Tish's 13th birthday and graduation from Marymount.

For Ann Sothern . . . an excitingly different TV show. For her beloved daughter Tish . . . a whole teen-age world to be explored—and shared

By JERRY ASHER

THE GROUP gathered around the old oak conference table just sat there in silence. Elbow-nudgers included three writers, one director, one producer and his assistant, plus a beautiful blonde named Ann Sothern and a handsome dark-eyed gentleman known to the entertainment world—*and* Lucille Ball—as Desi Arnaz. In front of each were sharpened pencils and paper pads scrawled with words, phrases and fancy doodling. Dead cigarettes overflowed from ashtrays, while cold coffee bulged sagging paper cups. The people present stared at each other, through each other, and concentrated on the four corners where walls and ceiling meet. Suddenly, Desi leaped to his feet and paced the room, his arms gyrating like (*Continued on page 72*)

The Ann Sothern Show, seen on CBS-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Instant Maxwell House Coffee and Post Cereals.

New Lives for Two

At 7, Tish was already studying ballet. Ann accamponied her then, has encauraged her in all the arts.

At 10, Tish pased with Ann in front af earlier mother-daughter portrait painted by Paul Clemens.

At 12, she knew she could rely an her home—that Ann would always help, na matter what the problem.

Ann Sothern Show presents its heraine as assistant hatel manager Katy, with Jack Mulloney as bellbay Jahnny, Jacques Scatt as handsame desk clerk Paul. Awoy fram wark and school, Ann and Tish vacatian at their Sun Valley chalet. But year's biggest events were celebrated at home in Hallywood, with cakes and teen-age quests far both Tish's 13th birthday and graduatian from Marymaunt.

For Ann Sothern . . . an excitingly different TV show. For her beloved daughter Tish . . . a whole teen-age world to be explored—and shared

By JERRY ASHER

THE GROUP gathered around the old oak conference table just sat there in silence. Elbow-nudgers included three writers, one director, one producer and his assistant, plus a beautiful blonde named Ann Sothern and a handsome dark-eyed gentleman known to the entertainment world—*and* Lucille Ball—as Desi Arnaz. In front of each were sharpened pencils and paper pads scrawled with words, phrases and fancy doodling. Dead cigarettes overflowed from ashtrays, while cold coffee bulged sagging paper cups. The people present stared at each other, through each other, and concentrated on the four corners where walls and ceiling meet. Suddenly, Desi leaped to his feet and paced the room, his arms gyrating like (*Continued on page* 72)

The Ann Sothern Show, seen on CBS-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Instant Maxwell House Coffee and Post Cereals.

Right or Wrong— This is CULLEN

Bill and his wife Anne have no secrets when it comes to airing their honest but surprising opinions on everything from programs to people

Parties? Gifts? Bill hates 'em—but he gave Anne a birthday surprise she'll never forget, as seen in these three pictures of their boat trip around Manhattan. Anne was laden with loot. Friends (above) helped Bill entertain—left, press agent Nat Fields, Goodson & Todman producer Gil Fates; right, business manager Vincent Andrews, producer Allan Sherman. Opposite page—a hearty thank-you!

By MARTIN COHEN

THIS IS Bill Cullen "in the raw"—mentally. In the past ten years, many stories have been written about Bill as an emcee, husband, pilot and hobbyist extraordinary. This piece, however, is concerned with his opinions and ideas on such diverse people and things as potato chips, Godfrey, diets, after-shave lotion, Picasso, monkeys, love, Brigitte Bardot and many an unrelated subject. Bill is sharp. Groucho Marx called him the second wittiest man on the air. (You know who was first.) Bill's wit derives from a blistering curiosity and intelligent sensitivity.

The interview took place in his apartment, a couple of hundred feet above Manhattan's East River Drive. The scenery was beautiful. On one hand, through the picture window there was the metallic sweep of the East River. On the other, there was Bill's picture-pretty wife, Anne, who was invited to chime in with her comments on the following subjects:

Cocktail Parties. Bill: "Hate them. Never go." Anne: "I don't like them. Especially the big ones."

Children. Anne: "Well, I like them, but I don't have to have children to fulfill myself. I think Bill would make a marvelous father." Bill: "I think I'm almost too old to have them. I'm thirty-eight. Actually, I suppose I'm afraid of children under fourteen. I never know when they're going to haul off and kick me. And they're so unwieldy and noisy. To me, children are just cocktail parties without cocktails."

Diets. Bill: "I just go on eating what I like until my trousers get tight and then I diet. Dieting for me is simply knocking off bread, potatoes, spaghetti and such.

Continued →

Right or Wrong- This is CULLEN

(*Continued*)

Bill starts his crowded day with *Pulse,* on WRCA Radio, while most of New York's still asleep. Wednesday nights, he tops off his schedule on CBS-TV, with *I've Got A Secret*—and playmates Jayne Meadows, Garry Moore, Betsy Palmer, Henry Morgan.

Anne is lucky. She can eat anything and she never gets fat." (No comment from Anne.)

Ed Sullivan. Bill: "I always thought he was a good emcee. But, as the years have worn on, I'm firmly convinced he's a great one. He doesn't get on camera too much, doesn't get into acts, and he wears well. Besides, in my personal contacts, I've learned that he is a delightful man and very loyal."

Elfrida Von Nardroff. Anne: "I never watched her." Bill: "I never watch a quiz show that has questions over my head. It would ruin my vanity. But the Barry-Enright office is a very good office and I congratulate them on their success with *Twenty One.*"

Extroverts. Bill: "Not for me, and I'm not one. The first argument Anne and I had was the night we met. She thought I was an extrovert! On the show, I'm paid to do a job. But, outside of that, I like a quiet, lonely existence. That's the truth."

Poker. Bill: "I like to play for an hour or two, but not penny ante. I don't think it's a game unless you're playing up to the point where you can afford it—and that frightens me (*Continued on page* 64)

I've Got A Secret, CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M., is sponsored by Winston Cigarettes. *The Price Is Right* is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 11 A.M., under multiple sponsorship—also Wed., 8:30 P.M., sponsored by Lever Brothers and Speidel Corp. Bill Cullen is also heard on *Pulse,* WRCA Radio (New York), M-F, from 6 to 10 A.M., Sat., 8 to 10 A.M. (All times EDT)

When not dashing from one program to another, Bill relaxes at home with Anne in their apartment overlooking Manhattan's East River. They have lots of discussions and watch lots of TV—one of many subjects on which they are of two minds: His and Hers.

The Price Is Right also helps to keep Bill in mischief every weekday morning—and on Wednesday evenings, as well. One thing about TV both Cullens are definitely agreed upon: A good show is a good show, and those Bill works on are among the very best.

Right or Wrong– This is CULLEN

(Continued)

Bill starts his crowded day with *Pulse,* an WRCA Radia, while most af New Yark's still asleep. Wednesday nights, he tops off his schedule on CBS-TV, with *I've Got A Secret*—and playmates Jayne Meadows, Garry Moare, Betsy Palmer, Henry Morgan.

Anne is lucky. She can eat anything and she never gets fat." (No comment from Anne.)

Ed Sullivan. Bill: "I always thought he was a good emcee. But, as the years have worn on, I'm firmly convinced he's a great one. He doesn't get on camera too much, doesn't get into acts, and he wears well. Besides, in my personal contacts, I've learned that he is a delightful man and very loyal."

Elfrida Von Nardroff. Anne: "I never watched her." Bill: "I never watch a quiz show that has questions over my head. It would ruin my vanity. But the Barry-Enright office is a very good office and I congratulate them on their success with *Twenty One.*"

Extroverts. Bill: "Not for me, and I'm not one. The first argument Anne and I had was the night we met. She thought I was an extrovert! On the show, I'm paid to do a job. But, outside of that, I like a quiet, lonely existence. That's the truth."

Poker. Bill: "I like to play for an hour or two, but not penny ante. I don't think it's a game unless you're playing up to the point where you can afford it—and that frightens me (*Continued on page 64*)

I've Got A Secret, CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M., is sponsored by Winston Cigarettes. *The Price Is Right* is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 11 A.M., under multiple sponsorship—also Wed., 8:30 P.M., sponsored by Lever Brothers and Speidel Corp. Bill Cullen is also heard on *Pulse,* WRCA Radio (New York), M-F, from 6 to 10 A.M., Sat., 8 to 10 A.M. (All times EDT)

When not dashing from one program to another, Bill relaxes at home with Anne in their apartment overlooking Manhattan's East River. They have lots of discussions and watch lots of TV—one of many subjects on which they are of two minds: His and Hers.

The Price Is Right also helps to keep Bill in mischief every weekday morning—and on Wednesday evenings, as well. One thing about TV both Cullens are definitely agreed upon: A good show is a good show, and those Bill works on are among the very best.

We have Princesses, too—Melinda Sue with her Queen mother, Mrs. Linda Day. Baby needed special shoes and got 'em, thanks to audience vote. Candidate pictured at right didn't win, but Mrs. Julia Erich was wise, witty and had a wish which only a nurse could have dreamed up—a skeleton for anatomy class at hospital.

Queen Iva Brown—lady marine. Left, production manager Ed Kranyk; right, producer Harry Mynatt, announcer Gene Baker.

What Will They Think Of Next?

There are as many laughs as heartthrobs on Queen For A Day. Our ladies, bless 'em, know just what they want—but how they say it is something else again!

By JACK BAILEY
as told to Dora Albert

IN MY OPINION, women are completely unpredictable. When a woman is going to appear on *Queen For A Day*, I never know what she is going to say until after she has said it and sat down. . . . If you aim at having an entertaining show, presenting older ladies and little girls is as safe as waving a flag for applause. But *what* they say can be dynamite! Little girls tell the truth because they don't know how to tell anything else, and dignified-looking older ladies stick to the truth because they are no longer afraid to tell it.

For instance, there was the dear soul, quite large, very dignified, extremely well-dressed. (*Continued on page* 81)

Jack Bailey emcees *Queen For A Day*, Monday through Friday, as seen on NBC-TV, at 4 P.M. EDT—and heard over Mutual, at 11:35 A.M. EDT.

HOW TO MARRY...

By MARGARET WAITE

THE TALL WHITE CANDLES they held in their hands flickered fitfully as the solemn words of the Greek Orthodox wedding ceremony were read. Twin crowns were held over their heads as the pastor of St. Nicholas Cathedral intoned the beautiful ritual that would make them man and wife. Then, following the ancient custom of the bridegroom's heritage, they walked slowly three times around a table, hand in hand, were blessed by the icons, and plighted their troth.

At 10:30 in the evening—he with a borrowed wedding band, and she in a wedding dress that had been size-40—they went forth together into a future as blithe and unpredictable as their courtship.

Michael Ansara's very first date with Barbara Eden should have been his last, according to Hollywood tradition. (*Continued on page* 78)

Barbara Eden co-stars as Loco Jones in *How To Marry A Millionaire*, a TCF-TV Production, seen over the NTA Film Network; consult local papers for time and station in your area. Michael Ansara stars as Cochise in *Broken Arrow*, also produced by TCF-TV; see papers.

Barbara as Loco (right), Lori Nelson as Greta (left) and Merry Anders as Mike are the lovely trio studying ***How To Marry A Millionaire***—subject, in this TV episode, is Morey Amsterdam.

Before they met, she thought he was three different men: A bearded Roman in the movie, "Julius Caesar" . . . a dark, mysterious star dashing around the 20th Century-Fox lot . . . a long-haired chief named Cochise in TV's ***Broken Arrow***. By the time she'd figured out they were all Michael Ansara, Barbara was Mrs. Mike—and they were happily settled down with poodle, "Maggie."

On TV, Barbara Eden's target is the "ideal millionaire." In real-life drama, her bridegroom proved to be that "ideal Indian"—Mike Ansara

Why I Have to Be "Perfect"

Wed to a rising young TV star, "Bobbie" felt that not only Jack but the whole world was looking over her shoulder while she learned to cook. She hopes her mistakes won't be quite so hilarious, bringing up that first baby expected in November.

Every bride has to adjust to her new family . . . but Jack Linkletter's bride discovered she's part of a TV-radio family as big as all America!

By BARBARA LINKLETTER

ALL BRIDES are supposed to make mistakes. It's sort of expected that they'll bake biscuits like paving stones or put too much starch in their husband's shirts. But my problem is much worse. I don't mind making mistakes—but, every time *I* make one, approximately ten million people find out about it, and *that* requires a large sense of humor!

My husband Jack already has a sense of humor; that's why he puts my mistakes on television. He says people are always interested in babies and the problems of young people starting life and how they work things out. He tells me, "Perhaps one of your mistakes will help someone else." I see his point—but, the first time it happened, I wasn't anxious to help anyone but myself.

About two weeks after we'd come back from our honeymoon, I burned the rice for dinner . . . which was a catastrophe to me. Jack was very sweet about it—and there's a lot to be sweet about, when you burn something . . . because, first, there's the horrid scorched odor and, second, there's the dismal business of soaking and scraping the pot. Of course—as I'd already found out—all the Linkletters love to tease. So, when Jack had consoled me, he couldn't resist a few jokes about how terrible it was for a man to discover his wife couldn't boil water without burning whatever was in it!

By the end of the evening, I could smile . . . but next day was different. All afternoon, the telephone rang. Everyone I knew called me: My mother, the parents of some of my students, my friends and fellow teachers and my sister. Every call started the same way: "I hear you burned the rice last night."

Jack, it seemed, had merely "mentioned" the incident during his appearance on *House Party* that morning. As usual, I had not been able to see the show. I was teaching physical education at Beverly Hills High School for the first five months of our marriage, and never able to catch Jack's appearances on his father's show.

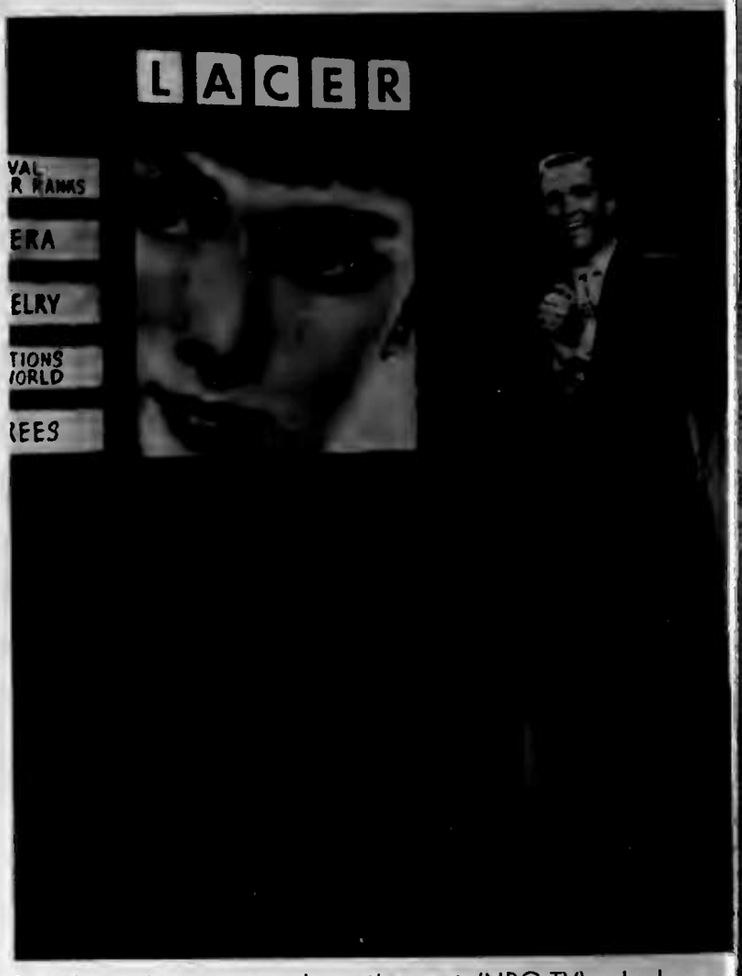
But apparently everybody else had, because the telephone just wouldn't stop ringing. With

Continued →

Why I Have to Be "Perfect"

(Continued)

Here's a man who thinks Bobbie's pretty perfect—accent on pretty. Art Linkletter says his new daughter-in-law looks like last year's "Miss America," Marilyn Van Derbur (above), whom he interviewed on his ***House Party*** (CBS-TV and Radio).



Strictly on his own—and another net (NBC-TV)—Jack won rave reviews emceeing the night-time *Haggis Baggis* (above). Bobbie helped by timing him as he tried out his material on a tape-recorder. Like Art, Jack writes his own "warm-ups."

every call, my emotions changed. First I was embarrassed, later I was annoyed—because it's not a crime to burn rice, is it? Then I went back to embarrassment and just *hated* to pick up the phone . . . but, when the calls stopped, I had time to think seriously.

And I realized that *now* it had happened—one of the things I'd vaguely anticipated, feared, worried about. Here was the first major adjustment, and I had to find a way to face it, accept it, and not let it spoil my marriage. The more I thought about it, the more I realized that it probably was rather funny, and I've never minded being laughed at—in the privacy of the family.

But the rice was only the beginning. Not long afterward, Jack was running an audience survey and encountered a woman wearing a real "sack" dress made of potato bags. She asked him to sign a petition against the current dress fashions, and Jack was about to sign. Then he stopped and said, "You're asking me to ruin my marriage—my wife just bought three of the things!"

The woman protested that (*Continued on page* 66)

Jack Linkletter is the host of NBC-TV's night-time *Haggis Baggis*, which is expected to move to Thurs., 7:30 P.M. EDT, in the new fall schedule. His father's M-F daytime program, *Art Linkletter's House Party*, is seen on CBS-TV, 2:30 P.M. EDT, heard on CBS Radio, 3 P.M.

Bills vie with fan mail for the young Linkletters' attention. They're buying their furniture just one piece at a time.

One plan for perfection didn't work out! Jack bought books to improve Bobbie's chess game. "She didn't read them and I did," he says. Result: Jack's winning more often than ever.

Jack reads financial pages—a smart businessman, like Dad. Bobbie reads the comics. She's always liked a joke, but had to learn that the TV public is laughing with her, not at her.

"From These Roots"

Ann Flood knows that, wherever a girl may be, romance can blossom from the tiniest seed and grow to be her destiny

Above, Ann with her fiance, Herb Granath. Below, Liz Fraser (Ann) with her *From These Roots* fiance, Bruce Crawford (David Sanders), Aunt Mildred (Sarah Burton, at left), and Dr. Buck Weaver (Len Wayland, seated).

Liveliest limbs on Ann's own family tree are younger brothers Kevin (left) and Sandy (right)—and youthful parents Frank and Ann Ott—pictured standing on porch at their home in Brightwaters, N. Y., where Herb and Ann plan a November wedding.

By FRANCES KISH

EVER SINCE last Easter, Ann Flood has been living a personal story as exciting and romantic as any script she ever played. On Easter Sunday, she became formally engaged to a young TV network sales executive, Herb Granath. Hardly more than a month later, she auditioned for and won the leading part in the NBC-TV drama *From These Roots*. . . . The series, which went on the air in the early summer, was Ann's first experience as a day-by-day heroine. A challenging, vivid heroine she is, too. Named Elizabeth Fraser, but known to her family and friends as Liz, she is an ambitious young writer beginning to make her mark in the publishing world. Liz is the youngest of three grown children, the others (*Continued on page* 79)

Ann is Liz Fraser in *From These Roots*, on NBC-TV, Monday through Friday, 3:30 to 4 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Procter & Gamble and others.

the Lawman's Deputy

Peter Brown got his greatest TV role by hard riding, straight shooting, good acting—and belief in his magic formula: "You make your own luck"

Lawman co-stars John Russell (at lower left) as the marshal and Peter as his deputy. October also finds Peter co-starring in the prologue to a lifetime partnership—his wedding to lovely actress Diane Jergens (above), a few days after his twenty-third birthday.

By EUNICE FIELD

THE FIRM HAZEL EYES stared into the mirror. "I'll make it," Peter Brown assured his reflection. "I'll make it big." The ritual was as much a part of Peter's makeup as his athletic good looks and acting talent, and it went back a long way . . . to his high-school days in Spokane, Washington, when he stood on the ramp leading to the football field, as the varsity scrimmaged against the scrubs. Peter bent his head, the dark brown hair tumbling over his forehead, and trudged dismally home. His mother—the former Mina Reaume of Broadway, who still "kept her hand in" by doing a local radio program and directing at the Civic Theater—took note of her offspring's downcast state. "My stars," she exclaimed in dismay. "What's wrong with you?"

He avoided her gaze, his mouth working for control. "I didn't make the team, Mom," he said at last. "I won't get my letter."

She took him by the arm and led him to the mirror in their living room. "Son, I should have taught this to you years ago, when your father was showing you how to field a bunt and do the backstroke. But I never seemed to find the right occasion until now."

It was then, in what he felt was his darkest moment, that Peter Brown learned the magic of faith and positive thought. He learned a simple exercise in will power. He learned how to think

Peter is Johnny McKay in *Lawman*, ABC-TV, Sun., 8:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by R. J. Reynolds for Camel Cigarettes.

the Lawman's Deputy

(Continued)

Outdoors, Peter and the future Mrs. Brown play Scrabble—and drink fruit juice by the quart. Indoors, they listen to Peter's records. They'll live in his "bachelor apartment" after marriage, and Diane expects him to be a very handy man around the house. He built planter in foreground, rigged speakers for three-dimensional sound.

himself into luck . . . into attitudes that could be steppingstones to success. And he won his letter as a member of the swimming team, attracting much acclaim as a "clown diver."

Some six years later, Peter was staring into another mirror in a guest house he'd rented in San Fernando Valley. He was about to drive to the Warner Bros. studio to try out for the co-starring role of Johnny McKay, the young deputy in *Lawman,* a big Western dramatic series being planned for fall viewing over ABC-TV. It was his great chance and he was determined not to muff it. "I'll get that part," he told his reflection sternly. "I'll make it."

His friend Edward Byrnes, a Warner Bros. contract player, watched him curiously. "Brownie, my boy, there's a hundred-odd young leading men out for that part. How do you figure this will help you?"

"That's easy, Edd," Peter told him. "Of that hundred, I'll bet only half have studied as hard and prepared themselves as thoroughly as I have. Of these fifty, there are bound to be

At left, strolling in front of hillside home where he has his court apartment. Above, Diane tries out the tiny "kitchen." Fruit juices again—they're both health-food addicts. Peter's a shutterbug, too, and as quick with a camera as with a *Lawman's* gun. He's already shot more than hundred film-rolls featuring his photogenic bride-to-be.

half that aren't good horsemen. Another twenty are sure to come in too nervous to put up a good show. That leaves just a few who'll give me any real opposition. Everything else being equal, I'll still be going in there with my will power all pepped up, my faith going full blast, all keyed up to make my own luck. That's the margin I'm banking on."

A few days later, Byrnes phoned him. "How did you make out?"

Peter chuckled. "It seems there were four other fellows all hopped-up with positive thinking."

"Then you didn't get the part?"

"Oh, I got it all right. You see, one of these turned out to be allergic to horses. The second rode okay, but he didn't know how to handle a gun. The third lacked acting experience and gave a poor reading."

"What about the fourth?"

"Oh, his agent got him mixed up. He came down thinking positively, all right, but he was aiming for the sheriff's part—and that was given to John Russell last week." Peter's laugh had a touch (*Continued on page* 73)

the Lawman's Deputy

(Continued)

Outdoors, Peter and the future Mrs. Brown ploy Scrobble—and drink fruit juice by the quart. Indoors, they listen to Peter's records. They'll live in his "bachelor apartment" after marriage, and Diane expects him to be a very handy man around the house. He built planter in foreground, rigged speakers for three-dimensional sound.

himself into luck . . . into attitudes that could be steppingstones to success. And he won his letter as a member of the swimming team, attracting much acclaim as a "clown diver."

Some six years later, Peter was staring into another mirror in a guest house he'd rented in San Fernando Valley. He was about to drive to the Warner Bros. studio to try out for the co-starring role of Johnny McKay, the young deputy in *Lawman*, a big Western dramatic series being planned for fall viewing over ABC-TV. It was his great chance and he was determined not to muff it. "I'll get that part," he told his reflection sternly. "I'll make it."

His friend Edward Byrnes, a Warner Bros. contract player, watched him curiously. "Brownie, my boy, there's a hundred-odd young leading men out for that part. How do you figure this will help you?"

"That's easy, Edd," Peter told him. "Of that hundred, I'll bet only half have studied as hard and prepared themselves as thoroughly as I have. Of these fifty, there are bound to be half that aren't good horsemen. Another twenty are sure to come in too nervous to put up a good show. That leaves just a few who'll give me any real opposition. Everything else being equal, I'll still be going in there with my will power all pepped up, my faith going full blast, all keyed up to make my own luck. That's the margin I'm banking on."

A few days later, Byrnes phoned him. "How did you make out?"

Peter chuckled. "It seems there were four other fellows all hopped-up with positive thinking."

"Then you didn't get the part?"

"Oh, I got it all right. You see, one of these turned out to be allergic to horses. The second rode okay, but he didn't know how to handle a gun. The third lacked acting experience and gave a poor reading."

"What about the fourth?"

"Oh, his agent got him mixed up. He came down thinking positively, all right, but he was aiming for the sheriff's part—and that was given to John Russell last week." Peter's laugh had a touch (*Continued on page 73*)

At left, strolling in front of hillside home where he hos his court oportment. Above, Diane tries out the tiny "kitchen." Fruit juices again—they're both health-food addicts. Peter's a shutterbug, too, ond os quick with o comero os with a *Lawman's* gun. He's already shot more thon hundred film-rolls featuring his photogenic bride-to-be.

Gourmet Feast for a Fall Evening

Anne Seymour presents for you one of her favorite and memorable dinners, with the main attraction Chicken Canelloni—a star of magnitude, along with its creator

Anne tops off the meal with delicious hot date pudding.

Anne plays Myra Drew in *The Affairs Of Dr. Gentry*, produced and directed by Hi Brown, on NBC Radio, M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT.

TALENTED Anne Seymour is best known these days, to listeners across the country, in the role of Myra Drew in NBC Radio's successful daytime drama, *The Affairs Of Dr. Gentry*, which stars Madeleine Carroll in the title role. For Anne, this latest radio role is a fascinating adjunct to an acting career which these days also includes the part of Mrs. Sara Delano Roosevelt in "Sunrise at Campobello," the Broadway hit dramatizing a portion of the life of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Stretching before this outstanding success-year, 1958, lie thirty years on radio, stage and TV—with a lofty list of credits to prove her a proud member of a theatrical family active for seven generations. From the day when she did her first walk-on in a Broadway play in 1929, Anne has been giving to audiences everywhere the gift of her great talent in serious dramatic roles.

At her New York home, or at her place in the country, Anne loves to entertain. A fine cook, with a taste for truly gourmet dishes, she is willing to undertake any complicated dish and serve it forth with gusto. The menu given on this page is an example of one of her dinners, good to look at and even better to eat. Her suggestion to any of you who may not be fortunate enough to live in an area where fresh seafood is readily available: Omit the clams and substitute your own choice fruit or vegetable juice cocktails as a starter to this magnificent meal. And, to all of you everywhere, she says, "Good eating!"

MENU

Cherrystone Clams on Halfshell

Anne Seymour's Chicken Canelloni

Green Beans with Chopped Almonds **Wild Rice**

Rye Crisp or Rolls

Date Pudding with Whipped Cream

Coffee

CHICKEN CANELLONI

Makes 6 portions

To make filling, combine in order given:

½ cup finely chopped, cooked spinach
2 cups ground, cooked chicken
¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese
¾ cup canned chicken broth

Cook over very low heat about 20 minutes, or until flavors are blended, stirring occasionally. Cool.

To make sauce, place in a saucepan:

2 tablespoons chicken fat or butter
2½ tablespoons flour

Stir over low heat until smooth. Then, add slowly:

2 cups chicken broth
¾ cup light cream

Stir over low heat until thickened. Add:

½ bay leaf
¾ cup grated American cheese
1 cup canned meat broth

Stir until cheese melts, then remove from heat.

To make pancakes, combine in pint bowl:

2 eggs, slightly beaten
2 tablespoons melted butter
¼ teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
⅔ cup milk

Stir in:

¾ cup flour

Stir until batter is very smooth. Put a very little oil or butter in the bottom of a skillet. Put over moderate heat, and add about 2 tablespoons pancake batter. Tip pan quickly to spread batter evenly. When pancake is browned, turn and brown other side. Turn out on clean towel, and bake cakes until all are done. Then spread each cake with chicken and spinach mixture and roll up. Place two rolls in each of 6 individual casseroles. Top with sauce, and add a little additional grated Parmesan cheese. Place under broiler, heat and serve when browned and bubbling hot.

DATE PUDDING

Makes 6 portions

Prepare:

1 cup of cut-up pitted dates
1 cup broken walnuts

Add:

1 tablespoon flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
a little salt

Mix:

2 slightly beaten eggs
1 cup sugar

Stir into date mixture and turn into a shallow casserole. Bake in a moderate oven (325° F.) 45 minutes. Serve hot, with whipped cream.

THE LADY NEXT DOOR

At home, Peg's world revolves around husband Odd Ronning, daughter Elise Astrid and their "Lassie." On CBS Radio, below, she trades typical-married remarks with co-star Alan Bunce in *The Couple Next Door*, of which she's also creator and writer.

To Peg Lynch, the whole world is on a party line—all the same family, same problems, same love and goodwill

By DENA REED

MRS. EVERYWOMAN OF 1958—that's Peg Lynch of *The Couple Next Door*. As the creator and writer of CBS Radio's famous series, Peg has her typewriter keyed to domesticity with certainty, compassion and humor. When she tells of the tribulations of building a house, taking your child to a historic landmark, or managing a husband whose passion is fishing, you get the eerie feeling that she's been peeping into your own living room.

Couples from Maine to Washington in the process of letting a little family squabble blow up to a Big Fight, stop dead in their tracks, grin at each other a bit sheepishly and admit:

THE LADY NEXT DOOR

(Continued)

Distaff side of the Ronning household at work: Above, Peg prepares favorite recipe with her mother, Mrs. Lynch (best known to all as "Frances"). Below, daughter Elise Astrid shows Peg how well she can write, may soon be turning out scripts of her own!

"We sound just like the couple next door." Then they sit down and write Peg a letter begging her to keep up the good work of making marriage a series of delightful chuckles. For there are no scenery-chewing crises in *The Couple Next Door.* Instead, there are the small aggravating incidents and amusing problems which make listeners wonder aloud: "How could she possibly know that about us?"

Marriage, Peg admits, may have taught her a lot since she said her I-do's ten years ago. But the truth of the matter is that she had a canny knowledge of the famous institution long before she knew at first hand that it's nice to have a man around the house.

A charming member of Suburbia, Peg looks as if she never bothered her curls about anything more important than the Garden Club. All the same, she's a gal whose warm heart, wide-open eyes and keen reportorial ear is augmented by a sixth sense for knowing exactly how husbands and wives act when they're not on company behavior.

All this is pretty mysterious, considering that Peg was raised in a manless household. She was born in Lincoln, Nebraska, where her father died when she was two. After his death, her mother moved first to Kasson, Minnesota, then, ten years later, to Rochester, where Peg went to high school and the University of Minnesota. She specialized in writing and dramatics.

"Office" work is play for radio producer Walter Hart (far left), author Peg, secretary Helen Ronning (Peg's "Aunt Honey").

Drama was always Peg's dream, from school days, but she never imagined a career could so successfully combine both acting and writing. There's plenty of time over, too, for her little girl and such welcome visitors as young Kim Holbert (below, right).

As an actress, however, the trace of Nebraska in her speech, her slightly preoccupied air, her Norwegian reticence where emotions were concerned, all militated against her playing straight dramatic parts. When Peg played a dramatic scene, it ended in pure comedy.

All she had to do was step onto the balcony and utter with great seriousness the first two words from Juliet's speech—"Ah, me!"—and her classmates were off in gales of laughter. Peg was in despair. In a college production of "Ali Baba," Peg became one of the Forty Thieves. Each Thief carried a spear and Peg's got caught in the scenery—which would have collapsed on top of them all, had not Peg stood valiantly in the wings holding it up with her spear while the thirty-nine others sped past her to the stage and their Big Chance. Peg never did get to make an entrance that night and, as usual, she was desolate.

But, after graduation, she set out with firm determination and high hopes and landed a job at Station KATE in Rochester. Writing, acting, doing whatever was at hand to do, Peg hardly found breathing time. She wrote 250 spots a week and, with the announcer, acted in commercials. Since there were only the two of them, the easiest kind of commercial to write seemed to be a brief conversation between husband and wife in which they extolled the merits of everything from a pair (*Continued on page* 68)

The Couple Next Door, co-starring creator-writer Peg Lynch and Alan Bunce, is heard on CBS Radio, Monday through Friday, 2:30 P.M. EDT.

THE LADY NEXT DOOR

(Continued)

Distaff side of the Ronning household at work: Above, Peg prepares favorite recipe with her mother, Mrs. Lynch (best known to all as "Frances"). Below, daughter Elise Astrid shows Peg how well she can write, may soon be turning out scripts of her own!

"We sound just like the couple next door." Then they sit down and write Peg a letter begging her to keep up the good work of making marriage a series of delightful chuckles. For there are no scenery-chewing crises in *The Couple Next Door*. Instead, there are the small aggravating incidents and amusing problems which make listeners wonder aloud: "How could she possibly know that about us?"

Marriage, Peg admits, may have taught her a lot since she said her I-do's ten years ago. But the truth of the matter is that she had a canny knowledge of the famous institution long before she knew at first hand that it's nice to have a man around the house.

A charming member of Suburbia, Peg looks as if she never bothered her curls about anything more important than the Garden Club. All the same, she's a gal whose warm heart, wide-open eyes and keen reportorial ear is augmented by a sixth sense for knowing exactly how husbands and wives act when they're not on company behavior.

All this is pretty mysterious, considering that Peg was raised in a manless household. She was born in Lincoln, Nebraska, where her father died when she was two. After his death, her mother moved first to Kasson, Minnesota, then, ten years later, to Rochester, where Peg went to high school and the University of Minnesota. She specialized in writing and dramatics.

As an actress, however, the trace of Nebraska in her speech, her slightly preoccupied air, her Norwegian reticence where emotions were concerned, all militated against her playing straight dramatic parts. When Peg played a dramatic scene, it ended in pure comedy.

All she had to do was step onto the balcony and utter with great seriousness the first two words from Juliet's speech—"Ah, me!"—and her classmates were off in gales of laughter. Peg was in despair. In a college production of "Ali Baba," Peg became one of the Forty Thieves. Each Thief carried a spear and Peg's got caught in the scenery—which would have collapsed on top of them all, had not Peg stood valiantly in the wings holding it up with her spear while the thirty-nine others sped past her to the stage and their Big Chance. Peg never did get to make an entrance that night and, as usual, she was desolate.

But, after graduation, she set out with firm determination and high hopes and landed a job at Station KATE in Rochester. Writing, acting, doing whatever was at hand to do, Peg hardly found breathing time. She wrote 250 spots a week and, with the announcer, acted in commercials. Since there were only the two of them, the easiest kind of commercial to write seemed to be a brief conversation between husband and wife in which they extolled the merits of everything from a pair (*Continued on page 68*)

"Office" work is play for radio producer Walter Hart (far left), author Peg, secretary Helen Ronning (Peg's "Aunt Honey").

Drama was always Peg's dream, from school days, but she never imagined a career could so successfully combine both acting and writing. There's plenty of time over, too, for her little girl and such welcome visitors as young Kim Holbert (below, right).

The Couple Next Door, co-starring creator-writer Peg Lynch and Alan Bunce, is heard on CBS Radio, Monday through Friday, 2:30 P.M. EDT.

King of the TV "Set"

Ernest Adler, hair stylist and confidant to TV stars, airs his views on girls—and curls

Between rehearsals, Ernest Adler styles Dorothy Collins' hair. His assistant watches, while another performer rolls her own.

With minutes to go, Adler fits a blonde wig over Gisele MacKenzie's dark hair for a quick change.

Adler says, "Faye Emerson is beautiful in any style." Above, a classic "do" with a back twist.

Below, Adler adjusts Patti Page's hair. He prefers it up, away from her face.

By HARRIET SEGMAN

I WORKED in a beauty salon only once," confides Ernest Adler, "and was fired after two weeks. It was years ago, and I turned everyone out alike." Adler, now a top hair designer, has changed his philosophy of beauty since then, now advises: "Wear what looks best on you. Don't copy all the time." Among the TV stars whose hair he styles are Patti Page, Polly Bergen and Patrice Munsel. He'd *like* to do Mamie Eisenhower and Anna Magnani. "For Mrs. Eisenhower, a very soft feathercut," he says, "and, for Magnani, something extremely casual, not at all 'set'-looking." . . . He designs a different hairdo for Patti Page for every change of costume. A shirtwaist dress calls for something casual and soft. If she is in an enormous organdy dress to sing a ballad, he gets a "Southern belle" feeling with a curl or waved ponytail cascading from an upsweep. For a sophisticated number, he may put Patti in a black gamin wig, with the hair curved toward the face. Adler finds that theatrical people are meticulous about their hair, keep it immaculate, well brushed and permanent waved, lightened or tinted as often as necessary. . . . How to find your own style? "Experiment! Brush your hair into different arrangements until you arrive at the prettiest for you. Or—find a hairdresser who gives individual attention. A good stylist studies your face before he cuts." Preserve your set this way: "At night, use clips to hold waves and curls. Wrap tissue around your head. Over this, tightly wrap a hairnet and, in the morning, your set will be like new." He finds hair spray a marvelous assistant. "With only a few minutes between rehearsals, I can't wet-set the hair, so I use spray to get line, and as a final dressing. But don't hold it too close or use too much," he advises. "Some hair must be free for the sake of being natural. Faye Emerson is one beauty who knows this. She likes little wisps to show." . . . Every girl can be attractive, Adler feels. "An oval face isn't essential to good looks," he claims. "Don't think you always have to camouflage a high forehead with little curls, for instance. Your high forehead may be a very interesting part of your appearance. Keep your hair well-groomed and chic. Frankly, I'd rather see a fashionable-looking woman than a beautiful woman. I think most men would agree with me."

Photos of Patti Page and Faye Emerson by Martha Swope.

Alias HOBY GILMAN

Robert Culp is as complex as the Texas Ranger he portrays on Trackdown. But there's simple happiness in the life and dreams Bob shares with his wife

Eating out, Bob and Nancy Culp order a giant pizza, *paesano* style. But show business itself is meat and drink to them. They met backstage in a theater—and it was television which paved way to their marriage.

Most evenings, they prefer to do their own baby-sitting at home. Nancy says Bob is wonderful with little Joshua, born last April. Bob thinks Nancy's wonderful, too—as mother and as glamour girl—bought her lovely dress (below) to prove it.

By NANCY ANDERSON

WHEN TELEVISION'S *Trackdown* caught Robert Culp, it was one of the most difficult captures the Texas Rangers ever made. Bob is a young man who likes the stage, and he put up a fight before he surrendered himself to the starring role in the TV Western. "I thought about it a long time," he says, "because I wasn't sure I wanted to leave New York, and I wasn't sure I wanted to work on film." Besides—and this was a distinct problem for a prospective Texas Ranger—Bob didn't know how to ride a horse!

But, after carefully examining the personality of the Ranger he was to portray, Bob gave in. Now he's glad he did.

Six-foot-two Robert Culp looks every inch the Western hero. He's lithe and husky, level-eyed and firm-jawed. He bears the stamp of the High Sierras, where he spent a large part of his youth in company with his grandfather, Joe Collins, one-time professional trapper and prospector. Further, although his was a horse-shy boyhood, Bob is an accomplished athlete and, at seventeen, held the California prep-school record for pole-vaulting.

But, discounting physical characteristics, Culp isn't the typical Western hero at all. He doesn't think of "cowboys" as a type, nor does

Left, new dress spells celebration—so the young Culps descend from their home high in Beverly Hills. At first, they weren't too sure about moving to California, are now glad that they did.

Alias HOBY GILMAN

(Continued)

he expect to make a career of fast draws and hoofbeats. He's a firm believer in the psychological approach to Westerns. In portraying Hoby Gilman, he hopes he's creating an individual with a definite personality, not just a stock character out to thwart the rustlers or cut off the stagecoach robbers at the gulch.

"To individualize the role I play on *Trackdown,*" Bob explains, "I drew on my grandfather for the personality of Hoby Gilman. He was, as a young man, an adventurer, a frontiersman, and a wonderful human being. He ran away from home in Tennessee, when he was a boy, and went to Texas. From there, he moved on to California, prospecting and mining for gold. He has the most fabulous code of ethics I've ever encountered. And he considers everyone honorable until proved otherwise.

"Of course, he's had some disillusioning experiences. In the 1930's, he built a motor court with his own hands—I don't think he was ever an apprenticed carpenter, but he'd picked up the trade in frontier towns. Anyway, he built and operated this court and finally sold it at a loss, simply because he couldn't stand to see the public degrade itself the way some of them did. If he'd kept the property, he could have made a fortune, because it was located on a major highway. But Grandfather got out while he still had some illusions."

Any part—whether it's a Texas Ranger on television or the title role in "He Who Gets Slapped," in which he starred on the New York stage—can offer challenge to an actor. Or it must, if Robert Culp is to accept it.

"We're grossly guilty of the psychological approach on *Trackdown,*" he proudly maintains. "That's why I like the Hoby Gilman role. We've tried to get away from the pat cow-town plots that have been worn threadbare." Brushing aside the fact that many (*Continued on page* 75)

Robert Culp is Hoby Gilman in *Trackdown*, CBS-TV, Fri., 8 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Socony Mobil Oil Co. and American Tobacco (Lucky Strike).

Above, sunny patio of the hillside home is ideal place for photographing baby. Real admiration society: Nancy thinks if there's anyone more nearly perfect than Bob, it's surely their son Joshua!

Relaxing on a nearby beach, Bob and Nancy count the blessings moving West has brought them, and hope that wife—as well as husband—will soon get the acting opportunities her talent deserves. Below, both are motorcycle buffs, and understandably so: It was a chance re-meeting, after a jaunt on wheels, which brought Nancy and Bob together again, and led to the romance of a lifetime.

Workout at Beverly-Wilshire Health Club: Bob feels that good physical condition is an actor's responsibility for any role—but particularly an active one like Hoby Gilman in *Trackdown.*

Left, new dress spells celebration—so the young Culps descend from their home high in Beverly Hills. At first, they weren't too sure about moving to California, are now glad that they did.

Above, sunny patio of the hillside home is ideal place for photographing baby. Real admiration society: Nancy thinks if there's anyone more nearly perfect than Bob, it's surely their son Joshua!

Relaxing on a nearby beach, Bob and Nancy count the blessings moving West has brought them, and hope that wife—as well as husband—will soon get the acting opportunities her talent deserves. Below, both are motorcycle buffs, and understandably so: It was a chance re-meeting, after a jaunt on wheels, which brought Nancy and Bob together again, and led to the romance of a lifetime.

Alias HOBY GILMAN

(*Continued*)

he expect to make a career of fast draws and hoofbeats. He's a firm believer in the psychological approach to Westerns. In portraying Hoby Gilman, he hopes he's creating an individual with a definite personality, not just a stock character out to thwart the rustlers or cut off the stagecoach robbers at the gulch.

"To individualize the role I play on *Trackdown*," Bob explains, "I drew on my grandfather for the personality of Hoby Gilman. He was, as a young man, an adventurer, a frontiersman, and a wonderful human being. He ran away from home in Tennessee, when he was a boy, and went to Texas. From there, he moved on to California, prospecting and mining for gold. He has the most fabulous code of ethics I've ever encountered. And he considers everyone honorable until proved otherwise.

"Of course, he's had some disillusioning experiences. In the 1930's, he built a motor court with his own hands—I don't think he was ever an apprenticed carpenter, but he'd picked up the trade in frontier towns. Anyway, he built and operated this court and finally sold it at a loss, simply because he couldn't stand to see the public degrade itself the way some of them did. If he'd kept the property, he could have made a fortune, because it was located on a major highway. But Grandfather got out while he still had some illusions."

Any part—whether it's a Texas Ranger on television or the title role in "He Who Gets Slapped," in which he starred on the New York stage—can offer challenge to an actor. Or it must, if Robert Culp is to accept it.

"We're grossly guilty of the psychological approach on *Trackdown*," he proudly maintains. "That's why I like the Hoby Gilman role. We've tried to get away from the pat cow-town plots that have been worn threadbare." Brushing aside the fact that many (*Continued on page 75*)

Workout at Beverly-Wilshire Health Club: Bob feels that good physical condition is an actor's responsibility for any role—but particularly an active one like Hoby Gilman in *Trackdown*.

Robert Culp is Hoby Gilman in *Trackdown*, CBS-TV, Fri., 8 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Socony Mobil Oil Co. and American Tobacco (Lucky Strike).

Public Opinions about Pay-TV

(*Continued from page* 26)

The $$$$ Question (Mr. Thomas Jernigan, Richmond, Virginia): Are we Mr. and Mrs. John Doe or Mr. and Mrs. John Dough?

Opportunity's Knocking (Mr. Ralph B. Way, Opportunity, Washington): You have nothing to fear in a Pay-TV test. Probably less than 20% of us are fed up with movies of ancient vintage, rock 'n' roll artists with swivel hips, Westerns breeding a new race of gun-toting morons, singing commercials designed to blast the eardrums, pseudo-physicians peddling nostrums, daytime dramas written for the weak-minded. Good TV is so limited, those of us who enjoy it live in constant fear that some cockeyed pollster in your cockeyed New York City will soon convince the hucksters of Madison Avenue it is unproductive.

Her Man Godfrey (Mrs. Maude Briggs, Brookville, Indiana): Can't Arthur Godfrey see the results ahead of this deal? He has always tried to help out the audience.

Mrs. Robert C. Ivie, El Paso, Texas.

Ideal Marriage and TV Control (Mrs. Robert C. Ivie, El Paso, Texas): There are thousands of us family people in Hacienda Heights who have up to seven, sometimes more, children. We can't afford Pay-TV . . . P.S. My husband says he will go to sleep on the couch while I enjoy the TV.

Side by Side (Mr. N. Geller, Queens, New York): I think that Pay-TV will give a needed shot in the arm to free TV. The latter will have to improve its programs in order to compete successfully with what we hope will be greater achievements. I believe that free and fee TV can both live side by side to the benefit of all, rich and poor.

Ad Attractions (Alex Sable, Detroit, Michigan): As for no-commercial channels, good grief! If it wouldn't be for the commercials, how else would we be able to grab a snack, or run down to the basement to shovel some coal or discuss the show without missing a part of it? And just think of the strain on your eyes if we had to stare at TV without interruption.

The Correct Thing (Mrs. H. C. Leffler, Mt. Baldy, California): When guests drop in at my home unexpectedly and I have TV on, I wouldn't dream of leaving it on. Suppose I just paid to see a program and visitors arrive and I turn off my set. Do I get my money refunded? Of course not.

Mrs. Bessie Soule, Venice, Calif.

A Lady Speaks (Mrs. Bessie Soule, Venice, California): If they go ahead with Pay-TV, how about keeping in repair and supplying the TV sets, like they do with pin-ball machines?

Use for Lamented TV Set (Mrs. Chester Doan, Morrisville, Pennsylvania): The day it (Pay-TV) starts, I will chop up our TV set and send the pieces to the promoters, senators and congressmen who voted for it, to plug up the holes in their collective pinheads.

To Coin a Phase (Mr. Robert Philip Jensen, Owatonna, Minnesota): The prospect of millions of coins being absorbed nightly by millions of irresistible Pay-TV slots is thought-provoking. I suspect that one night's take would stagger the imagination. That money represents a lot of butter, orange juice, shoes and other goods and services that will be gone without in favor of a spectacular on TV. The present form of TV has had a healthy effect on our economy. Would the improved quality of entertainment promised by Pay-TV justify its cost to the people?

Nearly Lost Hers (Mrs. Mary Head, Miami, Florida): I do not want Pay-TV. NO! NO! NO! NO!

Doom for the Sack Look (Mr. Willard MacKnight, Salisbury, Maryland): The New Look of the future will be a change purse around the waist to pay for these absurd ideas (Pay-TV). After all, we're slaves to fashion.

Open Class System (Donald H. Gardener, Fanwood, New Jersey): If I wish to travel, I can go by coach or Pullman, but I see the same thing. I can purchase a 1930 Ford or a 1958 Cadillac and see the same things. I can go to Radio City Music Hall or wait a while to go to my neighborhood theater for the same picture. Pay-TV takes away that right. I either pay the price or I don't see.

Home Style Plan (Mrs. Marjorie Holmes Mighell, Washington, D. C.): We break up programs to fit the convenience of the family's tastes—sometimes half of one program and something else in the middle. What happens to free choice if you can't afford to switch channels?

The Candid Postmaster Himself (Mr. William S. Scranton, East River, Connecticut): I was Postmaster here for 20 years and sold radios, too, but was too old to install TV. I own the building the Post Office is in and will gladly distribute anti-Pay-TV literature.

The Psychology of Pay-TV (Mr. James Torre, Brooklyn, New York): Pay-TV would seem almost unethical in its repugnance, but who the hell knows ethical or not anymore? There's a psychological reason for everything, from matricide to Pay-TV.

Mr. and Mrs. James Torre and their children, Brooklyn, New York.

Information Booth

(*Continued from page* 17)

"Lazzarella" won second prize in the Festival of Naples, it wasn't until 1958 that his meteoric rise to fame began. He entered a song in the San Remo Music Festival and walked away with first prize. . . . English versions of "Nel Blu" were already in the works, when the Italian version was brought to the attention of Decca Records about a year ago. They waited a while, then, with great timing, scooped 10 other record companies with the Modugno master disc.

Yankee, Go West

Would you please give me some information about Tod Andrews who plays in The Gray Ghost *series on TV?*
S. N., Wecota, South Dakota

Except that he's a Yankee by birth, Tod Andrews compares favorably in every way with the dashing, handsome figure of John Mosby—the part he plays on *The Gray Ghost* TV series. Tod is an even six feet, weighs 165 pounds, has hazel eyes, dark brown hair, and is an expert horseman. . . . Although he was born in Buffalo, N. Y., Tod was reared in Los Angeles. At one time, this enterprising young actor organized a group of classmates and produced several short plays which were presented at a local movie house. . . . Tod continued his studies at Washington State College, where he could not at first decide between an acting career or a writing career. A fellowship to the famed Pasadena Playhouse for advanced drama study and a series of good reviews for his first professional performance later solved the problem for him. . . . His first appearance on the New York stage in "Quiet Please" co-starred Jane Wyatt. Then, a role as the Brazilian admiral in "My Sister Eileen" led to a movie contract. But Tod's preference for stage work eventually took him to Margo Jones' theater-in-the-round in Dallas and a role in "Summer and Smoke." After a successful run in Dallas, it was brought to New York, where Tod won high critical praise. After 110 performances, the show went on tour. . . . Tod followed this tour with still another one—for two-and-a-half seasons he played the title role in "Mister Roberts." . . . Back on Broadway again, he appeared in the comedy "A Girl Can Tell," and later replaced Joseph Cotten in "Sabrina Fair," before going into "The Best of Steinbeck" for ten weeks of touring. . . . His previous TV appearances include roles in *Suspense*, *Studio One*, and *Hallmark Hall Of Fame* dramatizations.

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.*

New Patterns for You

9270—Becoming half-size fashion with stunning collar, dicky front; neatly tabbed pockets. Printed Pattern in Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 4 yards 39-inch fabric. *State size.* 35¢

4547—Christmas delight for the little miss! Complete wardrobe for her slim, grown-up dolly: shirt, slacks, coat, hat, robe, skirt, blouse, slip, dress, for slim dolls 10½, 18, 20, 22 inches tall. See pattern for yardages. *State doll height.* 35¢

4846—For your holiday gadding, sew a jumper and blouse. Printed Pattern in Misses' Sizes 10-20. Size 16 jumper, 4⅜ yards 35-inch nap; blouse, 2¼ yards 35-inch fabric. *State size.* 35¢

4813—Everybody loves a cobbler apron! Make one for yourself, several for gifts. Printed Pattern in Half Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 2 yards 35-inch fabric. *State size.* 35¢

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

T V P

a Sentimental Tough Guy

Mike Hammer knows what he wants and goes after it . . . but Darren McGavin has clues for the private eye on how to get, and keep, the things that count

What makes a marriage run? Darren and Melanie say that it's learning to be individuals—together.

DETECTIVE Mike Hammer is a hard-hitting, fast-thinking bachelor. He may chase after an endless series of beautiful girls, but, so far at least, he's eluded marriage. Darren McGavin—who plays *Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer* in the Revue Productions television series—has been married for almost fifteen years. And, if the rugged private eye ever decides to settle down, Darren is ready with clues on how to keep the marital peace.

"You need to give a little, to understand the other person," says Darren, "but the ability to stand up for one's self, too, is very important. I think that the successful marriage lies in the ability of two individuals—and I mean individuals—to lead their own lives, but collectively. If that makes sense at all, it is what Melanie and I have done. We have arrived at this, and it only took us fifteen years to get here."

"The most outstanding things about Darren," says Melanie, "are his eternal optimism, enthusiasm and tremendous energy. He likes to get up and get going. On the other hand, I like to relax. We fought over this for years. So the final solution is, sometimes we do it his way, and sometimes we do it mine."

When Darren and Melanie York were married, both were fighting for a place in the acting world. "It was a lot easier to do it together," says Darren, "than separately." Darren worked as a soda-jerk, as a private detective, and as a scene painter at Columbia studios. Here, he was discovered and, two days later, was acting on the very set he'd been painting. "That was the beginning of my career as an actor," says Darren, "and since I'd never had any training in it, I began classes at Actors' Lab."

Darren has been seen on Broadway, on TV in *Casey, Crime Photographer,* and in such film roles as that of the dope peddler in "Man With the Golden Arm." Daughter Megan, going on two, and the new baby, Graham Bridget, are too young, but York, eight, has seen Darren in almost all of his recent roles.

"Everybody has to conform, but I do as little of that as I possibly can," Darren continues. "Who has to live in Beverly Hills? Not me! I live in Brentwood. I have a farm in upstate New York because I want to be a farmer. It is solid, it is close to nature, and it is important for the children. We can go back together to the levels of what is really important in a life—whether we have enough rain this year or if the snow is going to ruin the crops."

"There was a period in New York when Darren went around in blue jeans," Melanie recalls. "Now he likes to wear casual clothes and a hat. He didn't wear a hat in New York, but he wears them out here so as not to conform to Hollywood.

"Listen," says Melanie, "your tastes in furniture and in clothes, your tastes in ideas and philosophy, change. Underneath it all," she smiles, "Darren is very conventional. He carries a picture of the children in his wallet. He likes his family and he likes to come home and have his meals and relax. You see, he is a softy at heart."

Non-conformist? Darren refuses ta keep up with Hallywaod, but wife Melanie calls him "Mr. Average American," a fellaw who's never without a picture of Megan, Yark and baby Graham Bridget.

Right or Wrong—This Is Cullen

(Continued from page 32)

now. I hate to lose. But, when I play for money, I don't get any great satisfaction out of winning. Can't help wondering how much it hurts the other fellow."

Jerry Lee Lewis. Bill: "I think he ought to pick on someone his own size."

Rock 'n' Roll. Bill: "I'm not a rock 'n' roll fan. I'm not young enough to be savage. When I hear the beat, I don't want to get up and dance. I just feel like going to sleep."

Quiz Shows. Bill: "A good quiz show is a good show, and that's why a good one can go on for years. But there are too many imitations of the good formats and I think that's the problem today. The imitations hurt the good ones. So far as *The Price Is Right* is concerned, I'm particularly happy with the format. Basically, it's a good idea. We are not dependent on the popularity of any one contestant and have seldom had the same person on more than four or five times—and usually that has been on the daytime show. The game is the important thing."

Suspenders and Avocados. Anne: "I love avocados. Hate suspenders." Bill: Avocados are fattening. If you eat them, you've got to wear suspenders. I don't like either."

Funny Anecdotes. Bill: "I can't remember them. I don't feel funny these days. I'm serious. I have no desire to be a comedian or humorist. I'm sorry atomic energy was ever developed as such. I'm afraid that if one bomb gets into the wrong hands, it's goodbye-George. A terrible thing. Frightens me every time I see one in a newsreel. I truly, literally, get sick."

Godfrey. Bill: "I haven't been in touch with him in so long. When I worked with him, I found him easy to work with, good to work with. He hasn't hurt the world, nor has he given humanity any great gift. But he is very definitely a great performer. I think he will go on successfully for years."

Sack Dresses. Bill: "I like them." Anne: "I don't." Bill: "I hated them at first, but now I find them attractive. Besides, the skirts are shorter and I've always been inclined toward good legs." Anne: "The trapeze is horrible." Bill: "That I go along with."

Love. Anne: "I think it's wonderful. I'm in love and I enjoy it." Bill: "I think ninety percent of the people who say they're in love don't know what it means. For some, it describes a need or a pleasant association or a convenience—and so they say, 'Well, I'm in love.' Most of them don't know whether they are or not. To me, love means something akin to worship or awe. No matter what a person does, no matter how vicious, you go along with him or her. It's selfless, all-giving. Like the old blues song the woman sings about the guy who left her, went off with another woman, got in jail, but she doesn't care so long as he comes back. Well, maybe I'm cynical, but that's the way I think it should be." Anne: "I don't feel that strong. If that were true, I don't think people would fall in love."

Horses. Bill: "I'm deathly afraid of them." Anne: "Bill gets nervous if he's watching a TV western and the cowboy walks by the hindquarters of a horse." Bill: "I never rode, because of my leg. But I think they are beautiful animals. Only cats are more beautiful."

Potato Chips. Anne: "I can take them or leave them." Bill: "All my life, I've loved potato chips. When I was a kid, I used to sit in the mohair chair listening to the radio and go through a half-pound bag of 'em every night. I was thin and the doctor told my parents I could eat all I wanted."

Brigitte Bardot. Bill: "I've never seen her except in stills. I personally think she's terribly over-rated, because I don't lean toward the animal or purely physical in women. In other words, the overwhelming optical effect. I think a woman should be pleasing in looks. If Anne hadn't been goodlooking, we would never have met—because I wouldn't have got talking to her, in the first place."

Shopping. Anne: "I like to shop." Bill: "I've changed. Used to be that, whenever I passed a store, I had to buy something. I couldn't go in for a new shirt that I didn't order a dozen—plus a gross of socks. But a couple of years back, when I found myself without a cent in the bank, I did an about-face. Now I think twice before I buy anything. I don't feel right if I don't put something in the savings account every week."

Cold Showers. Bill: "Anne can take them, but they're not for me. I cool down to tepid and jump out. I get a chill just watching other guys in a cold shower."

Picasso. Bill: "Love his work. We're collecting paintings, but only originals—so Picasso is out of our reach. Just can't afford him. But he's strong and makes you think." Anne: "I'd rather live with Matisse, because he's made more concessions to the viewer in terms of visual beauty." Bill: "Paintings are our hobby. Anne is a painter, and I've always been interested in colors and form. We have a routine on Saturday. Before dinner, we visit two or three galleries. We've gathered a fine collection of sculpture and paintings, but we have a rule—we don't buy anything unless we like it personally."

Frank Sinatra. Bill: "I think he's the greatest popular singer of our age." Anne: "I agree."

Guns. Anne: "I'm not afraid of them." Bill: "You can't outlaw them. If there were no guns, there would be more poison darts and more stabbings. You can't blame guns for the state of humanity. A gun in wrong hands is a dangerous instrument, but the wrong hands will always find something comparably bad."

Opera. Bill: "I like the corny ones like 'Madame Butterfly' and 'Carmen.' Wagner is too heavy for me. But Anne has a better understanding of serious music. Her father is a successful musician-composer." Anne: "But, still, I go mostly for light operas, too."

Surprise Parties. Bill: "I hate them. If anyone gave me a surprise party, I would be angry. I don't like to be given anything. I don't know what to say. It's easier for me to give than receive. Not more blessed, but easier. I don't know what it stems from, but presents bug me." Anne: "I love surprise parties. Bill gave me one on my last birthday. A real surprise. We'd often watched the sightseeing boats that go around Manhattan, and that's where Bill gathered my friends. It was a complete surprise and just wonderful."

Dogs. Bill: "That was one of our reasons in looking for a place in the country. Anne likes boxers and I like police dogs—so we compromised on French poodles. But it's never got beyond the talking stage, because we don't think it's fair to have dogs in the city. We're putting it off until we have a house."

Retirement. Anne: "I'd like a house in California with our own little swimming pool and enough closets for Bill's hobbies." Bill: "I'd like to 'semi-work.' Do one show a week and write the rest of the time. But I've been burned so often. I mean, when it comes to plans. Mostly my own fault. Due to mishandling of money. But it would be nice, even if just for a year, to do only one program a week. I could use the rest."

Bikinis. Bill: "I dig them the most—so long as Anne isn't wearing one. I'd like a law that all other attractive girls had to wear them. I'm a sun bug, you know, but wouldn't wear one myself. I've gotten soft over the years." Anne: "I love them. When we were house-shopping, I kept looking for pools or patios that were hidden by walls so I could wear a bikini."

Soap Operas. Anne: "Hate them." Bill: "All my life, I said that I didn't like them. But I'll tell you, if one came on now, I'd get involved and listen for two weeks. When I first came to New York, I used to turn on the radio and listen to programs like *Snow Village* and *When A Girl Marries,* and I found myself following the plots. Too often, people belittle them because 'it's the smart thing to do.'"

Do-It-Yourself Projects. Anne: "I think they're ruining people's imagination. I'm thinking of those painting sets where you draw by the numbers. However, if they lead people to work on their own eventually, then they're doing some good." Bill: "I love it for people who buy a house with

their last dollar and have to finish off a room or attic themselves. But I can't drive a nail. If I had to have a bookcase and couldn't afford one, there's no two ways about it. I'd just roll up my sleeves and ask Anne to make it."

Monkeys. Anne: "I can't stand them. Too close to humans. They frighten me." Bill: "They always remind Anne of unfortunate humans. They remind me of fortunate animals. I can watch them all day. I think they're the world's greatest comics. Sometimes I like to stand back where I can't see the monkeys and watch the people. They're great, too."

After-Shave Lotion. Bill: "You bet." Anne: "I buy it for him by the quart."

Beethoven. Bill: "Great, and him I understand. A moving giant of a man—though I don't like quartets."

Compromise. Bill: "Very important word. Anne and I have unconsciously compromised—but we don't call it that. For me, Anne is the greatest woman in the world, so I find myself enjoying her to the utmost and saying to myself, *That's fine. Now do something in return.* But we don't compromise, in the common meaning. I once read that compromise may be, 'If you give up golf, I'll give up tennis.' That's not my idea. Too much like politics. I think that's bad." Anne: "People who are *different* have to compromise. But I agree with Bill. If you're conscious of it—if you have to 'trade'—that's bad."

Spaghetti. Bill: "Love it. And Anne's a wonderful cook." Anne: "Bill makes better spaghetti than I do." Bill: "Oh, no." Anne: "Oh, yes." Bill: "Anyway, I'm now experting on cheese souffles. About four years ago, I made friends with a chef who took me back into the kitchen and taught me. Well, the bugaboo in making a souffle is the fear that it will 'fall.' It won't, if you have confidence. The chef taught me something important—the only thing we must fear in making a souffle is fear itself."

Life Insurance. Bill: "Firm believer in it. I always feel if anything happened to me, I want Anne to be taken care of."

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. Anne: "He better not." Bill: "I never have. That's a funny thing. All my life, I've been attracted to brunettes."

Books. Bill: "Sorry to say, my reading is dead. The shows have been devouring me."

Television. Anne: "I like it. I think you can get too involved with it. Sometimes you find yourself looking at terrible shows. However, Bill and I watch a lot of TV." Bill: "In the entertainment world, I think it's the most important thing that has happened in the century. I love sports and, consequently, watch ball games. When it comes to other programming, I think television has its moments. The trouble is with producers who imitate and follow suit. There are too many quiz shows and too many Westerns.

"I think," Bill concludes, "we have the right to expect at least as much from television as we got from radio. When I was at CBS Radio, there were Norman Corwin and the Columbia Workshop. And there were other such exciting shows on the other networks. Right now, I can't think of anything on television that is comparable to what was the best on radio. But it's not all the producers' fault. The recession talk is partly responsible. Sponsors insist on getting as many viewers per dollar as possible, because they want to move their products. When the sponsor doesn't feel so hard pressed, he gives the producer more freedom.

"At first, television dictated to the public. Now the public—with its seeming demand for quizzes and Westerns—is dictating to television. Obviously, a happy medium would be best for all."

Why I Have to Be "Perfect"

(*Continued from page 40*)

I'd never know, and Jack said, "She *won't?* When you're telling me over the entire CBS network?" I hear it was a very funny interchange, and the audience loved it . . . but, that afternoon, four people called me and started off: "I hear you have three new sack dresses."

The first time I discovered Jack had mentioned me, I was sort of flattered to think he'd talk about me at all. Later, I was embarrassed and confused. Then I realized that this was what "Mrs. L" (which is my name for my mother-in-law) meant when we'd talked about my doubts and worries before marriage.

"You'll find it's quite easy to get used to a name everybody recognizes," she said. Then she added thoughtfully, "Of course, you have to have more trust and confidence in your husband than many wives. You'll have to *know* that he'd never do anything to hurt you. If anything comes up that at first you don't understand, you'll have to *know* that he's right in revealing things you'd instinctively keep secret in another kind of marriage."

The first proof of that came when I discovered I was going to have a baby. Naturally, Jack and both our families knew there was going to be a new Linkletter in November, but I didn't want to announce it immediately. I thought it would be easier for me if my students didn't know, and I wanted to tell them myself at the year-end banquet.

And until then . . . neither Jack nor his father breathed a word. But, the day after *I'd* announced it, ten million people knew! Strangely enough, I don't care. With every month of my marriage, I've learned more. Both Jack and I have changed so much—I'm finding it easier to talk to people, while he's become quieter.

From the moment I met Jack Linkletter, my life began to change subtly. The strange thing is that the changes, the adjustments, have been so small and nothing I ever anticipated before marriage. But, in the beginning, it had seemed to me there was no future for us. Our backgrounds, our whole approach to life, were so different.

We met on a blind date at "Presents" night at my sorority. I had just come back from a vacation in Hawaii, and Jack had just returned from four months in Munich, working for Radio Free Europe. Neither of us had a date, so the date was arranged by a friend.

That first night, I went back to college and told my roommate (who also knew Jack—later we double-dated a lot), "I had the most fun. I had a wonderful time. It was just *tremendous!*" Then I paused—I can remember it so clearly because we joked about it later—and I said, "I'd *hate* to fall for a guy like that." And my roommate, Ann Jorgenson, said feelingly, "I'd sure feel sorry for you if you did!" Later, she was one of my bridesmaids.

Right from the beginning, though, Jack was entirely *sure*. He simply decided that this was a good thing and it was going to *be*. I was not just *unsure*; I was equally certain that *nothing* was going to be. In the next few months, Jack maintained his position—mine kept swaying. His confidence simply frightened me to death, because the differences between us seemed quite insuperable.

I had "gone steady" twice during high school, but I was never engaged to anyone before Jack. In fact, I had never, in my entire life, planned to marry young. Ever since I was in school, I'd known I would finish my education all the way; then I expected to teach for two or three years and sort of "find myself." After that, I thought I'd be ready for marriage.

Never, in my fanciest dreams, had I thought of marrying into a family with a public life. I'd never been impressed by material things, and I was quite determined not to be sidetracked by the window dressing. Still, Jack was so completely different from my preconceived ideas of the son of a celebrity—and his family was even more different from my picture of the celebrities themselves. I was very confused.

Then Jack suggested we should take the marriage course at U.S.C. We both thought it might make my mind easier. In the end, it helped each of us . . . although, for a while, it just seemed to make us fight all the time! That was because our counselor, Dr. James A. Peterson—who later performed our marriage ceremony at Oneonta Church in Pasadena—kept raising difficulties we had never thought of. Then we'd go away and wrestle with them until we had reached an agreement.

We both made "A's." Jack's father had threatened that he wouldn't let us get married if we flunked the course—so we really *studied*. By the time we married, both Jack and I understood each other and ourselves, knew what we felt and thought, not just for the moment but for the future.

But knowing a problem and how to handle it when it arises doesn't remove the problem. On the face of it, you might think: *How wonderful to marry a man already started on a successful career—how nice to be able to honeymoon in Hawaii. . . .*

That isn't all there is to it. You pay a price for those things . . . and it's sharing your lives with other people through publicity. It's a big price for anyone who is quiet and reserved. It began, for me, when people started writing in to *House Party* before we were married, asking when Jack's fiancee would appear on the program.

Jack's father asked if I'd come down to the studio so everyone could see what I looked like. I blithely agreed . . . but when the moment arrived and I was actually on TV—! Jack tells me I turned a nice shade of chartreuse. I know my palms were wet, and I was just shaking with fright. It was my first experience of what it might be like, really, to be married to a celebrity. For weeks afterward, people kept coming up to me and saying, "I saw you on television."

After that, I should have been prepared for the burned rice, but I wasn't. My first reaction was a determination never to give Jack another chance to "mention" anything, but that only made cooking harder for me. After all, I was just a bride trying to be domestic—and I would sit in the kitchen with my eyes glued to the stove. Since the watched pot never boils, it used to seem *forever* until dinner was ready, and a good many other chores didn't get done at all.

I was terribly on my guard as to *what* I cooked, *how* I cleaned, *when* I marketed. And, every time I did anything I thought he just might pick up and remark about, I'd say: "Now don't you *dare* say anything about this on television!" Fortunately, in a few weeks I forgot my good resolutions and things reverted to normal: I started making mistakes again.

One night, Jack handed me a sheaf of papers. "Your fan mail," he told me with a grin. There were over a hundred letters, telling me how to cook rice . . . and, despite my embarrassment, I couldn't get over how many complete strangers sincerely wanted to help me.

When I first met Jack he was just the typical college boy, and I used to get *so* embarrassed at parties. By my standards, he made so much *noise*. He used to drive very fast, although very carefully. Today, I don't know whether he still drives so fast. You see, I'm so used to it!

Still, Jack was accustomed to a life that was open to public view, while everything in my life was always "mine"—and private until I chose to reveal it. When we were engaged, Jack had the habit of talking in public about things that I instinctively felt were "ours," and I was startled when he mentioned them. Later, *I* began to see that some of these things were not really intimate—and he, in turn, came to accept more of *my* point of view.

It's true that I have to trust my husband. If another man says something his wife wishes he wouldn't, only a few people hear it; she drags him into a corner and hisses, "Don't!" In my case, whatever Jack says, millions of people hear . . . and, if it's the wrong thing, it's too late to do anything about it.

"The sort of things my husband is likely to reveal are the little domestic incidents that occur in every family. And, to be fair about it, Jack never drags me into the conversation. It's the people he talks to on the air who ask questions: "How does your wife manage to keep house and teach at the same time?"—or, "Doesn't your wife use cream on her face at night?"

At first, I felt a bit like one chick who had thousands of helpful mother hens. Now I realize that *House Party* audiences are just naturally homey and interested in a young couple starting out in life. . . . I don't know if I'll ever get used to the warmth of so many people I don't actually know, but I'm certainly grateful for it and I'm certainly learning a lot!

One thing I've learned is that women stick together much more than any man thinks.

After the burned rice, I was determined not to spoil or burn anything else that Jack could mention on TV. Then I saw a recipe in the paper for a special Sunday breakfast. . . . the recipe wasn't quite

complete, and the result was just *deadly*. Jack ate it with a smile, making remarks all the time: "Just wait till they hear about *this* on television!" I felt he was making notes for a book on how-to-discipline-your-wife, and kept saying, "Don't you dare say a word about it!" I warned all my friends and family, and told Jack's father he wasn't to allow Jack to breathe a word—and, of course, Jack was only teasing. He never mentioned it.

At least—not for several weeks, until presumably I'd have forgotten all about it. Then he really got tripped, because what he didn't know was that I happened for once to be home . . . and of course I flew to the TV to see My Husband.

Imagine how I felt when I saw him chatting with one of the women in the audience and saying confidentially, "You should have seen what *I* had for breakfast the other day." Then he went on and told all about it. But I'll love that woman for the rest of my life! When he finished, she just grinned at him and said—so sweetly—"Well, maybe *you* should do the cooking."

All the while he'd been talking I could just feel all the women in the audience thinking what a terrible wife I was! Then this woman flew to my defense with the sly implication that, if he wasn't happy with my cooking, he had the alternative of doing it himself! At first, I could just have *died*. Later, I thought it was wonderful to see Jack put in his place. Needless to say, this is one of my favorite stories today.

How did I feel about the references to the baby? When you're having a baby, I find you feel so pleased and proud and happy that you don't mind telling the world! We don't care whether it's a boy or girl; we just want a *baby* . . . and the name will come out of the book used by the Linkletters for all their children. Of course, I hope that, by the time the baby is born and I start making mistakes with it, I'll have trained Jack so he won't dare make too many comments.

Today, I look back and find it hard to remember the things I thought would be *the* adjustments. I think originally I thought *everything* would be an adjustment. Yet, amazingly, we haven't had an argument or even an emotional frostiness. We certainly couldn't say we get along perfectly—because that's pretty impossible for any two people with definite ideas. One of them would simply have to lie down and die! But we seem to ignore our problems in the right way, and they work themselves out smoothly.

When a difference of opinion comes up, we don't say, "You aren't trying." We say, "*We* aren't trying," and then we agree that we'll both try harder. Furthermore, we both want to grow inwardly, and we try to help each other. Jack doesn't appear at every premiere, or push himself into all the public appearances that show-business beginners use to keep themselves in the public eye . . . because he knows I am not really familiar or happy with such things at present.

For my part, I try to learn more about *everything*, and to be good-humored about my shortcomings. Jack loves to tease, and if I never gave him anything to tease me about . . . I'd be a pretty uninteresting wife. I don't know that I'll ever grow completely used to being discussed and reported on television, to knowing that millions of people hear about it every time I make a boner—but perhaps it's good for me. I'm learning every day to have a better perspective about what is, and what isn't, *really* important in my marriage.

What's more, I bet I'm now the best rice cooker in the world!

The Lady Next Door

(*Continued from page 53*)

of shoes or gloves to a downtown movie.

More and more comedy crept into this selling copy—and became the forerunner of Peg's *Ethel And Albert* and *The Couple Next Door*. "You use what you have," Peg explains, in telling of this apprenticeship. "You look through the music library, the sound effects, the products you have to sell. Then you write and put them all together."

Heady with the success of her more-than-full days, Peg went on to Station WCHV in Charlottesville, Virginia, where she wrote a woman's variety show about food and fashions. Here, her "couple" grew to take in five minutes. Next came Cumberland, Maryland, at Station WTBO, where she was engaged to do a woman's show. Her he-and-she went right along and flourished into a fifteen-minute program, five times a week.

In February, 1944, Peg, full of Midwestern horse sense, git-up-and-go and a proven Good Idea, came to New York, supposedly to write a daytime serial. In three months, she had her bosses forgetting about the serial and immersed in putting on her *Ethel And Albert* as a network show five times a week. It was a huge success and stayed for a comfortable half-dozen years. In 1950, the famous couple came to TV as a ten-minute spot on *The Kate Smith Show*, then branched out as a half-hour television show, and now, as *The Couple Next Door*, has settled down in its snug berth on radio, its original "home."

No one is more surprised than Peg to find herself acting in her comedy. She has always thought of herself as a writer who studied dramatics primarily to give her a wider knowledge of the writing craft. Her experiences acting in college plays didn't change her mind. But, in her early days in New York, the agency found it difficult to cast an actress in the Ethel role.

Peg was helping with the auditions. The tryout line was a simple one to be said by Ethel to Albert: "Did you bring home the salted nuts?" It wasn't a dramatic speech but a domestic one that you'd suppose anyone could read. But, after numberless actresses had uttered that line in throaty, sexy tones, the producer held up his hands.

"Peg, for Heaven's sake, show them how to read that line," he begged. Peg did—in her usual off-hand way. All the worried preoccupation, the busy-ness of Mrs. Housewife, the small irritations of entertaining, the amusing troubles of domesticity came through, set off by the merest trace of Nebraska.

"Please, please, keep the part," the agency men begged Peg. But she was firm in refusing. She agreed to cue the prospective Alberts—nothing more.

"Peg is like that, always backing away from the limelight," says her producer, Walter Hart. "She backs away apologizing—and bumps into a pot of gold."

That's the way it happened now. The agency tried out actors, actresses and Peg in all sorts of combinations. Among the actors was Alan Bunce, a successful and versatile stage actor from the age of seventeen and a radio veteran, too. For years, he had played *Young Dr. Malone*. Now he read for Albert and everyone, including Peg, voted a wholehearted enthusiastic "Yes." Peg and Alan together were perfect and the agency was wise enough to insist that there must be no substitutes. Peg either had to launch her own brain-child or forget it.

She had to be cajoled into trying it. From the beginning, it was a backbreaking task and a terrific success. Writing either five radio shows a week or a half-hour TV show, along with taking on the acting chores, is a man-sized job. Peg solved the time problem by getting up between four and five A.M., two days a week, and writing nearly a twelve-hour shift.

"In college, whenever I had a theme to write or special cramming to do, I always got up at dawn," Peg explains. "I write best when I'm fresh, and I don't mind the early rising. On television, I had to learn lines like anyone else—because, by the time I was acting a script, I was three scripts ahead in my writing and had forgotten what I wrote. Radio is much easier. We can read our lines."

Peg's family consists of Odd Kent Ronning, her husband, an engineer; their seven-year-old charmer, Elise Astrid, from whose doings Peg gets lots of her ideas for 'Betsy' in her show; her mother, "Frances," who helps manage the household, and her Aunt Honey, who acts as Peg's secretary. They all live together happily in a large house in Fairfield, Connecticut, with enough rooms for an office for Odd, an office for Honey, a writing-room for Peg and playrooms for Elise.

Odd—oddly enough!—is Peg's third cousin, whom she had never met till he came over from Norway in 1946 to take some additional study in engineering. Peg, appointed official family-welcoming delegate, didn't appear in time to meet him. Their relationship might have gotten off to a bad start—except for the fact that, when they did meet, they liked each other at once. Two years later, they were married.

For all their being such busy people, the Ronnings are a close, warm family, inordinately proud of one another. The hub of their lives, is of course, Elise Astrid. Next to her, they delight in family living and in their sprawly house, which Peg fell in love with because of its homeyness in spite of its size.

When the demands of her work keep Peg in town overnight, she still has her old Gramercy Park apartment where she lived when she first came to New York. Nowadays, Peg uses it chiefly as her New York office.

"Between the time that the television show, *Ethel And Albert*, went off the air and *The Couple* came back to radio," Peg relates, "I had a chance to do some of the things I was too rushed to do before. I rested, I spent more time with Elise, I moved from our small house in Stamford to this larger one in Fairfield. I also got started on a full-length play with Walter Hart. And I took a European vacation.

"It rained twenty-eight days out of the thirty we were abroad," she recalls. "To keep Elise amused at the hotel, I bought her some modeling clay and soon she was joined by Danish, Swiss and Swedish kids and I found myself with a daily nursery school on my hands."

Peg is a gal whose friendliness overcomes most barriers. Wherever she happens to be, she talks to people—on trains and boats, in stores and beauty shops. What's more, she listens. She loves people and she always has one ear cocked for possible material. "I'm always expecting to hear something momentous and dramatic but, of course, what folks tell me about are the small things that happen to all of us."

Everything is grist that comes to Peg's mill. Something happens to her, to her friends, to Walter Hart or Alan Bunce. Peg listens carefully.

"Uh-huh. Uh-huh," she says thoughtfully. "Give it to me again." And you know she's filing it away in that fabulous tape-recorder that is her brain. It will emerge, a year or so hence, in a script.

People are always writing to tell Peg what happened to them, or to their Aunt Martha or brother Bill. Peg answers every letter. One night, maybe two years hence, their phone will ring and it will be Peg on the wire. "I just wanted to tell you we're using that story of your Aunt Martha in our script today. I knew you wouldn't want to miss it," she'll say.

There is dead silence at the other end and Peg wonders if the woman has fainted. But, no, she rallies—and the two will be deep in an excited, neighborly chat. When Peg next hears from her, she'll write: "We made a recording of your show. And now we invite all our friends in and make them listen to the time when we were part of it!"

Once, when Peg and Alan Bunce were attending a sponsor's sales meeting out west, a woman dashed up to Peg and said, "I've just left twelve guests at the luncheon table. But I had to come over to say hello. I'm Dorothy Herman."

"Of course," Peg beamed. And, from her scrapbooks full of fan mail over the years, she recalled the contents of Mrs. Herman's letter and asked after her family.

Peg likes the homeyness of small towns. Back in Kasson, Minnesota, when she was growing up, she'd hear her mother go to the telephone and say to the operator, "Hello, Clara! Will you please ring my sister?" And Clara would answer, "I can't now, Frances. She's not home. I just saw her go by to the post office."

Peg, with a wistful sigh, wishes that folks everywhere could know and like this kind of neighborliness. When she puts it into *The Couple Next Door*, she is making a one-woman pitch for a warmer, friendlier world. And, in small towns and big cities alike, people are responding to it. They write Peg, saluting her variously as "Dear Peg," "Dear Folks Next Door," and "Peg, old girl." But, no matter how they address her, they write that they love her, her writing, her wonderful characters, her wisdom and her chuckles. They thank her fervently; they beg her to keep going and never stop. And they add, "You're looking through our Venetian blinds and listening in on our party line—but we love it!"

If, in a cold, sophisticated world, something can make us kin, it would seem *The Couple Next Door*—and the lady who creates it—have what it takes to do it.

Jazz Swings In Again

(*Continued from page* 24)

program, *Jazz Party*, is a New York show which, through film, is seen in 24 foreign countries. It might well be considered a leader in the jazz trend—for, when it went on the air over the newly organized WNTA-TV, it soon jolted the ratings of its New York-area opposition.

Ford's formula is simple: He hand-picks a group of good jazz men, sets them down in a relaxed atmosphere in a big studio under low lights, and lets them play. There is no audience. Ford explains, "We want the musicians to play for themselves, not for applause which can be triggered."

Critics, as well as plain, ordinary listeners, love it. Writing in the New York *Daily News*, Kay Gardella compared it with another jazz program and said, "Everything we found fault with there, Ford manages to transform into a sort of artistic virtue on *Jazz Party*. He cheerfully admits, for instance, that he doesn't even know what the boys will play next or how they will play it. Then he gracefully gets lost.

"Then the musicians who seem to be boss of what they happen to be doing take over and do what they know how to do the very best they can. Cameras follow as best they can. Mikes pick up sound. When everybody is through with the bit, Ford comes back and says, 'Let's wait for the commercial and look out, man, there they come again. . . .' When the ride-out comes on the Ford show, it comes because there ain't no time left—not even for more music, much less for dull talk. Jazz music, like children, should be heard but not talked about."

To Jack Gould of the *New York Times*, technical arrangements by which WNTA broadcast simultaneously on AM, FM and TV were as thrilling as the content. Customarily chary with superlatives, Gould began his piece, "The chronic audiophile should have been in seventh heaven last night. *Jazz Party* was presented in both sight and stereophonic sound and it was one of the season's most exciting experiments in broadcasting. Heaven help the neighbors of those who had two radio sets and a television receiver going at the same time . . . But what sound! It had a vibrancy and a life-like quality that placed the sound of the average television program on a par with people talking under water. . . . *Jazz Party* is going to be televised in foreign countries and also relayed to service men over the video and sound facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Network. It would be hard to find a program better suited to cultural export."

That's the critics' view, but what about the kids? Ford concedes he doesn't get many fan letters from teenagers yet, but he's hearing about them. Parents write, "It's amazing. My son never liked anything but rock 'n' roll. Now he likes your show."

There's no doubt in anyone's mind that *Jazz Party* itself is a happy hit. A similar program has opened under guidance on KMSP, WNTA's sister station in Minneapolis. Art also plans to take a crew of jazzmen on tour to play Europe, South America and the big theaters. A motion picture is to be made.

But that might well be an individual instance of one man's popularity. Ford claims jazz is the new trend. Can he sustain the contention?

With the enthusiasm of a devotee, Art Ford insists he can. "A renaissance of jazz has started, the likes of which we've never seen. Count Basie's best-selling new single, 'Swingin' the Blues,' and the peren-

nial popularity of Ella Fitzgerald and Louis Armstrong are evidence of it."

It is triggered, he believes, by the improved techniques of recording Dixieland groups, "better reproduction of the high sounds of jazz—the cymbals, the drums and the brass.

"With such sound," Art says, "excellent bands like Benny Goodman and Count Basie bring some of the in-person excitement into recording and into the home that used to be found in the big theaters and dance halls where kids flocked in 1939 and 1940."

Art himself was pre-fan age in those days. Born in New York, April 15, 1929, he is the son of Arthur and Mary Ford. When his father, an Oxford-trained scientist and inventor, died, Art quit the High School of Commerce and went to work.

Like Richard Hayes, Al Morgan, Sandy Becker, Jennifer Jones and a number of other young entertainers, he learned by doing at a pioneer radio station, WWRL, Woodside, Long Island.

"I did my first disc-jockey job in 1941. Two years later, I went to WNEW." His first assignment at WNEW was *Milkman's Matinee*. First of the top-rated all-night shows, it was widely copied. He became program director of WNTA when that station was reorganized this year. Art is a bachelor and maintains apartments in Newark and on Park Avenue in New York. He also has a beach house on Fire Island.

He has studied musical trends throughout these years of broadcasting. He plays a little clarinet, "just for kicks, never for money," and he's a serious analyst of jazz and jazz trends.

Asked to define jazz, Ford says, "It is America's own music, a derivative of the blues, of the use of the primitive beat as carried into this country by the people from Africa. It developed in New Orleans with overtones of the French culture there. It went from New Orleans to Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, and from Chicago to New York. It expresses the happiness and unhappiness of people in the South. It is our own American primitive musical form. There is something peculiarly American which no one can quite put a finger on. It is just us. It has caught on all over the world. We should be proud of it. Europeans are envious of it. They appreciate it more than we do."

On the subject of rock 'n' roll vs. jazz, Ford's feelings are strong. "I don't expect this upsurge in interest in jazz to eliminate rock 'n' roll, I expect it to be an adjunct to it. A superior adjunct. Jazz is like the ABC's. It is our own modern primitive. Rock 'n' roll is just a cute cousin. It's fun if you know your ABC's. Then you can enjoy all forms—the spirituals, the rock 'n' roll—everything. Everything derives from the ABC's."

In considering rock 'n' roll numbers, Ford says, "Some are good, some are terrible." Referring to his worthy opponent in this debate, he adds, "It is Alan Freed's responsibility—any disc jockey's responsibility—to play the good, not the terrible, for any reason at all. I hold him strictly responsible. I admire his success, but, since he has this control over the youngsters, he must use it most carefully.

"As far as Freed is concerned, my only opposition to rock 'n' roll is that when it is played for the sake of just filling up a show of r-and-r music or plugging artists who are in some of his live shows, without too much thought of the absolute quality, it is then that I must disagree with Alan. When Alan plays the best of rock 'n' roll, to me this is exciting and humorous primitive music. (I use the word primitive in the same sense as I call Picasso a primitive.) Then I think he's doing a great service to the country and he's in tune with his times—and so many of those who criticize rock 'n' roll are not in tune with their times. I think it is important to be up-to-the-minute in understanding what young people want to hear, give it to them, and give them the best of it. . . . They're letting down their responsibility and duty to the vast audiences these r-and-r disc jockeys have. That would be my only complaint, but it's a serious one."

On the subject of progressive jazz, he was even sharper tongued. "It is a pity we got away from the natural, warm music that was so strong in the Thirties and Forties and into the lost caverns of progressive jazz."

Progressive jazz, to Ford, is not jazz. "It's a form of modern classical music. Actually, progressive musicians are playing more 'classical' than 'hot.' If you go to see a symphony concert, you won't see all the musicians smiling and stamping their feet. It doesn't happen in cool jazz, either. It has lost the essence of real jazz. It is, rather, an amateurish beginning of a form of classical music."

Its harm, he feels comes in that it "distracts young people from enjoying the great outlet and enthusiasm and humor and warmth of real jazz, which is what Benny Goodman played and Louis Armstrong played, and Billie Holiday sang. Progressive jazz has instilled in the minds of a lot of youngsters the idea that old-time jazz—as they think of it—is corny. It is not any more corny than the Constitution is corny, just because it was written many years ago."

Asked to name the jazz classics which are his all-time favorites, Ford says. "That's difficult. Certainly I couldn't name them all—it would be quite a list—but I should certainly include 'Buddy Bolden's Blues,' by Jelly Roll Morton, 'Rock Island Line,' by Leadbelly, 'God Bless the Child,' by Billie Holiday. There are more, of course, but those are important ones."

Sincerity and reality are the tests, he believes. "No successful jazz tune could live any time with phony, trick kind of lyrics. Jazz lyrics are based on the topics close to the musicians—poverty, unrequited love, faith.

"You can't grind out jazz, at least not the kind of jazz I stand for. That must be a spontaneous expression, to exist at all. Only the briefest melodic form is used. From there on, it is up to the musician. The musician has it, feels it in his heart, or it doesn't exist. You can manufacture dance music or cool jazz, but you can't turn Dixie on and off. It must be inspired."

It's an inspiration which Art Ford thinks young people understand. "Musicians of all ages are playing jazz. The youngest we have used was a ten-year-old drummer whom Woody Herman recommended to us, and he was just great. I think musical education is important because music is one of the best therapeutic outlets kids have in a troubled time when they need such outlets very badly. This jazz renaissance is on its way because we all have need for the kind of music we can feel united in liking."

The Big Beat Is Here to Stay

(*Continued from page* 25)

heard Benny Goodman and it changed his career and his life. "At fifteen, I turned a deaf ear to everything but swing."

He took his Goodman records with him to college and swiftly became the least popular freshman. "My fraternity brothers were Wayne King fans. They complained about my raucous noise."

His education in the classics brought him his first disc-jockey show at WKST, Newcastle. But, by auditioning new records sent to the station, he found out what was happening in that other branch of jazz, the phase that had not "become a lady."

In that field, the strong, primitive, original one-two beat had refused to be downed by sophistication. The spirituals, the work songs, the wild shouters, the frantic, moaning blues found their outlet in numbers recorded by little groups for off-beat record companies. Sold primarily to the Negro market, they were called "race" records. It wasn't until they began to sneak into the catalogues of big record companies that they were dignified as "rhythm and blues."

Finding such records sent to the station, Alan listened with fascination. He remembered songs he had heard in childhood. His mother's brothers had once been members of a blackface minstrel troupe and, when they came to visit, the family gathered 'round the piano and staged a show of its own, telling "Mr. Bones" jokes and singing deep-South songs.

Alan says, "Those records prompted me to some jazz research. I particularly liked the old Bessie Smith records. By the time I moved to Cleveland in 1949, I was a confirmed rhythm and blues fan."

With a pop music disc jockey show to program, Alan began to slip in an occasional rhythm and blues number. "Perhaps one in every twenty records." He had no thought of increasing the ratio until Leo Mintz, owner of the Record Rendezvous, offered to sponsor his show if Alan would play nothing but rhythm and blues records.

Alan was flabbergasted. "Are you crazy?" he demanded. "No one would listen. Those are race records."

"Not any more, they aren't," said Mintz. "I've been watching my customers. I know who buys them."

Alan launched the show and shortly thereafter stumbled into evidence of the explosive power of rhythm and blues. In October, 1952, he thought it would be nice to get his listeners together for a dance. He rented the 10,000 capacity Cleveland Arena and worried whether he could draw a crowd large enough to pay expenses. "Then," he says, "the lid blew off."

An estimated 30,000 fans aimed for the hall. Caught completely by surprise, the police fought to break up the traffic jam and control the crowd. The dance had to be called off and much civic commotion followed. In some circles, he was rated akin to a public enemy, but to the kids, he was a new hero who shared the music they liked.

His popularity brought him New York offers and Freed went to WINS. His success led to star roles in rock 'n' roll movies and to world-wide popularity. R&R shows he has headed have set new house records at the New York Paramount and other theaters. Last summer, he moved to radio station WABC and also started a new television show on WABD. In October, he plans to tour Great Britain.

With this personal perspective, Freed can point out changes he has observed in rock 'n' roll. "The first records gained popularity because they were wild, exciting, different from the pop tunes which hadn't changed

much since the Thirties. Some were composed by people with very little musical knowledge and necessarily, it was a primitive expression."

But it was vital and strong. It shook up the music business like a tornado roaring out of the Panhandle."

Since then, rock 'n' roll has both absorbed from other types of music and has influenced them. "Look at the way it has changed country and Western," says Alan. "It's not the old hillbilly whine of yesterday. Today, it is a different kind of tune."

In the popular music field the interchange has been constant. "Rock 'n' roll began benefiting from the pops when artists and repertoire men began giving its recording the same kind of care. Arrangements are prettier today and the sound is better," says Alan.

In turn, it has influenced pops. "Almost all the long established artists have recorded rock 'n' roll tunes, adapting them to their own characteristic style. This, I think, has helped produce the current phase of ballads, but you'll notice they are ballads with a beat. This big beat is versatile. It can be applied to almost anything."

The musical value of rock 'n' roll has improved as more people with talent and training grew interested in it. "We're getting better writers and new good writers are developing within the field. Fats Domino is a good writer. So are the Everly Brothers and Buddy Holly."

The big beat's best life insurance is the extreme youth of its song writers and performers, Freed believes. "If ever there was a youth revolution, this is it," he points out. "Tin Pan Alley lost its monopoly. Kids who never even heard of the Brill building have written their own tunes, recorded them themselves and turned them into hits. Some are no older than their audience. To cite two extreme instances, Laurie London is thirteen; Paul Anka, seventeen. There must be hundreds in their teens and many more who have just turned twenty."

Such kids may not be able to turn out high-polished lyrics, but Freed respects their gift for musical reporting. "They write about things which go on around them. They've killed off the trite June-moon-spoon croon by topical things like 'Wake Up, Little Susie,' and 'No Chemise Please.' I find them refreshing. They should continue to produce interesting popular music."

He also sees the possibility of some serious composers arising from these ranks. "While it is true that some of the kids can't read a note, we should remember that there are others who already have a good musical education. They're young, they're intelligent. They will continue to learn and develop. They have a drive and a will to succeed. Why shouldn't they later write more learned music? It happened with jazz. Certainly it can also happen with young people now producing rock 'n' roll."

Having stated his case for the big beat, Alan also had a word for its critics and his own. "All this business about rock 'n' roll producing juvenile delinquency is just so much hogwash. Juvenile delinquency begins in the home, not in a piece of music. If I didn't believe this was good, wholesome music, I wouldn't play it. I've got four kids of my own. I'm concerned about what happens to them, and also what happens to other kids."

Remarking that jazz addicts have been among those most scornful of rock 'n' roll, he remarks, "They should remember that all the things now said about rock 'n' roll were once said about jazz. The difference in social acceptability between rock 'n' roll and jazz is a mere matter of thirty years."

New Lives for Two

(*Continued from page 29*)

semaphores. "This is ree-dic-aluss," Desi exploded, "an' I wanna tell you sum-thin. W'y are we knockin' our brains out tryin' to think up a fancy title? Everyone will call it the Ann Sothern show, anyway—so why don't we juss call it—*The Ann Sothern Show!*"

And this is "juss" exactly the way a television star is promoted from *Private Secretary* to a smart, sophisticated assistant manager of a metropolitan hotel. The first of the CBS-TV *Ann Sothern Shows* will brighten the hearts and homes of viewers from coast to coast the evening of October 6. It's being co-produced by Desilu and Anso Productions (Ann's own company) and according to the effervescent lady herself:

"We read nearly a hundred story possibilities for the series before making a decision. I think this one has an enormously fertile format, and I believe and hope that—like Susan Camille MacNamara—Katy O'Connor will have great popular appeal and will interest weekly watchers of all ages. Some of my advisers thought the time was propitious for switching from comedy to serious drama, but I believe the world needs all the laughter it can get. We have a wonderful cast, and I, too, love Lucy—and Desi, who knows more about TV than any other producer. So I'm very happy and pleased about my new setup. However—along with all my other responsibilities—it would help if I had been born *twins!*"

Included in Ann's "other" responsibilities are furnishing and redecorating a new home in Bel Air . . . running her own winter Swiss Chalet which she bought in Sun Valley . . . regular buying trips for "Sothern's Sewing Center" at the same resort . . . management of the A bar S Music Publishing Company, the A bar S cattle company in Idaho (where she owns a breeding herd), a wonderful film library for Vincent Productions (named after her patron Saint) . . . and—closest of all to her heart—the care, concern and complete dedication to her number-one production, thirteen-year-old Patricia Ann Sterling.

"When my beloved Tish reached teen age last December," Ann recalls, "it was the toughest moment that every parent must face. You're forced to realize your child is no longer so dependent on you. It's a sad and hard decision to accept, even though you've known it's inevitable. When your turn comes, as you loosen the leash—if you're a wise parent, you'll give your child more freedom under parental control."

If you are a wise parent, says Ann. By no stretch of the imagination is there a moment's wandering in Ann Sothern's wisdom. Not where Miss Patricia Ann Sterling is concerned . . . and how fortunate Tish is to have a modern mother who says: "I'm of the old-fashioned school, but I've tried to remember that my daughter is an individual and, as such, it is her right to express herself. My sisters and I were never allowed to talk back to my mother, and I'm a great believer in children respecting their parents—one of the most important Commandments.

"At the same time, I'm aware of the importance of adaptability in today's fast-moving world. Tish has always been independent by nature and I've encouraged this, because it fosters self-reliance. Along with this line of endeavor, she's had to learn there are other people in the world and she cannot be selfish and exclude them as she plans her life. You can't always tell what goes on in the heart of a child, especially such a discerning one.

"On her thirteenth birthday—the great moment in her life so far—Tish received her most precious present. I gave her an eyelash-curler and that epitomized the full treatment! How well I can remember when I could hardly wait to be 'old.' It's so important to youth. Now that she's thirteen, Tish is allowed to wear light lipstick and one-inch heels when she goes to parties. It makes her feel positively *ancient*—and she loves every moment of it!"

Since Ann is on television herself, she gives the medium very careful consideration in her own home. "Some programs are too adult for children," she affirms, "while others are too adolescent. Once again, I think it is up to the parent to choose carefully. Children have a natural curiosity, and I have never closed the door on a question. They'll find the answers, regardless, so isn't it much better that they find the *right* answers. When Tish asked me about babies, I told her about babies. She's learned everything in a natural, normal way when she has asked, without information being forced on her. I've told her things as far as her curiosity goes, at every age. And so, at 13, I have a wise little owl and a well-adjusted one.

"I hope I will always be a progressive parent, but I may also be considered a strict parent. At least in one respect. So far, I can't bring myself to believe that Tish is old enough for dating. Of course, school dances are permissible and I plan to encourage club activities in church. I think her religion plays a great part in giving her a good set of values and a conscience."

At thirteen, Patricia Ann Sterling can pretty much rely on her own good taste, thanks to her mother's insistence that she learn through trial and error. But she was still learning when she came to Ann for one of their precious mother-daughter confabs. It had been a tough, tiring ten-hour day at the studio for Ann—but end-of-the-day time is Tisha's time in the Sothern household.

"I think I'm old enough now to pick out my own clothes," her daughter announced, curling herself up at her famous mother's feet. "May I buy myself a new dress to wear to Vickie's birthday party?" (Vickie is Ray Milland's daughter.)

"Yes, my darling, you may," said Ann.

The results of that shopping expedition bring tears of amusement to Ann's eyes when she tells the story: "When I came home from the studio and Tish rushed into my room with her new dress—it almost killed me! She had selected a bright orange sack model and was so thrilled with it, I just didn't have the heart to discourage her. I let her wear it to the birthday party.

But, that evening, a very chagrined young lady climbed into my bed. She was silent for quite some time and oh, how I've learned to recognize that pattern! 'I was just wondering, Mother,' a small voice finally found itself. 'Would the store allow me to bring back that dress since I only wore it once?' Obviously, someone—probably a boy—had teased her about the dress, but I didn't question Tish or pursue the subject. She had learned her lesson through experience and, to me, that was the most important lesson of all.

"Along the way," Ann says, "I have tried to impress on Tish that, like it or not, there are many things in life we have to take. That time not long ago, for example, when a remaining baby tooth needed pulling. Even though she didn't want to have it pulled, the tooth had to come out."

Raising a child without a father's influence (Ann is divorced) has deepened her sense of responsibility and doubled her efforts to stand by Tish and never let her feel she is alone in making her way. "A child must be made to feel that someone is always behind her," Ann believes. "They're very sensitive and vulnerable, especially during their teen-age years, and little things can leave big impressions. Tish knows I am there if she needs me. She knows, because I have been going to her school since she was three. She's poor in arithmetic, for example—so, after consulting her teachers, I gave her special tutoring. But I can't get angry with her—because I was poor in arithmetic, too. I assure you, it was a happy day for me when she passed the Stanford eighth-grade test with a ninth-grade rating!"

In Ann Sothern's book, if a child is shown that she is loved from the very beginning, she'll respond to discipline and listen to reason. "Sometimes Tish objects to my instructions," Ann admits, "but she still knows I mean what I say. Occasionally, I'll have to add: 'Right now, you don't understand—but, when you're a mother, you will.' This seems to appease her, and here's where I'm very fortunate. Disciplining a child can create fear of the parent and, to protect themselves, some children will resort to telling lies. This I can't bear. Tish knows that to lie is to cheat, and she knows I'll never condemn her for anything she tells me, as long as she tells the truth.

"I believe that every human being has certain rights of privacy and within reason, a thirteen-year-old is no exception. I have never listened in on a telephone conversation, but one day I started to dial before I realized my daughter was using the line. It really pained me when I heard one of her little friends saying, 'If your mother won't let you go to the slumber party, just tell her you'll run away from home and then she'll let you go.'

"I was disturbed, and this was definitely one of those times when a parent is torn between decisions. How thankful I am that I said nothing! When Tish came into the room, she was her usual sweet self as she said, 'Mom—can we go to the movies tonight?' She had completely ignored and dismissed what her little friend said on the phone and didn't feel it was important enough to repeat. In other words, she couldn't be influenced."

Along with her thirteenth birthday, Patricia Ann Sterling made an important announcement at the breakfast table. It didn't, however, come as a complete surprise to her mother—who says now: "*My* mother didn't stand in my way, so I never really could stand in Tisha's way.

"Fortunately, Tish knows how hard I work and what it entails. I hope she changes her mind later. But, in the meantime, I've been giving her lessons in ballet, piano, and singing, and encouraging her interests in sports—at which, incidentally, she excels. She's a superb horsewoman and swims like a fish. If she becomes an actress, this training will give her good foundation and, in any event, will serve as a good cultural and social background.

"As far as my own life is concerned," Ann sums up, "while I don't rule out marriage, there is nothing to be said about it now. My work seems to be cut out for the next few years, and who knows what will happen after that? Perhaps my fondest dreams will come true when I have a lot of grandchildren. This I will love. And in the meantime—if I can survive these teen-age years—I think we will have done a very good job of growing old *together*."

The Lawman's Deputy

(*Continued from page 47*)

of mischief in it. "You see, Edd, I made sure of every single detail before I even started thinking."

Peter was born in New York City on October 5, 1935, the second of four boys (Philip, now 25; Peter, 23; Michael, 16; Paul, 12). He came into the world with an inheritance of talent. While Mina devoted herself to bringing out her sons' artistic interests, Bud Brown encouraged them to follow in his footsteps, at least in an amateur sense. He himself had played ball for the New York (now San Francisco) Giants before joining the Navy. During his stint in uniform, he became middleweight champion of his fleet and, after his discharge, a professional ice-skater.

All the boys have shown considerable prowess at sports, and Peter literally hurled himself into football, tennis, baseball, pole-vaulting and swimming. Not all their games were so strenuous. Mina Brown taught her sons "play acting," the fun of impersonating characters from fiction and life. At six, Peter was on the New York radio program, *Let's Pretend,* but it wasn't until he was a student at North Central High School in Spokane, ten years later, that he appeared for the first time before a "live" audience, in "The Torch Bearers," at the Spokane Civic Theater. His mother directed the show. Even then, he had given no serious thought to acting as a career. "I was absolutely sure I'd be a success," grins Peter, "only I wasn't quite sure at what."

After graduation, his father pointed out that he would have to make some decision as to the future. "I had no special desire for a profession or trade, and I wasn't enthusiastic about college. But I did feel that, sooner or later, I'd have to put in my time in the service. Pop said that his years in the Navy had done wonders for him character-wise and, now that I look back on it, I think my two years in the Infantry helped me grow up. You learn to do without your family. You must solve your own problems, rely on your own skill and aptitude, and find courage and confidence inside yourself."

Although Peter was not in Special Services, he persuaded his officers to let him and some buddies stage a few shows for the men. "We got occasional USO performances in Alaska, where I was stationed," he recalls, "but they were far between. There was a great need for regular entertainment. So we decided to call for volunteers. It was amazing how many GIs showed up for acting duty. We had a ball. We did twenty-five shows in all, and I got in a bit of experience directing. I loved it, and someday I hope to turn all my attention to that—but not until I've done everything I can in acting."

Mustered out on June 6, 1956, he made a quick trip to Yakima, where his family had settled, and told them he had decided on a career in show business. "Naturally, Mom was delighted—she loves the theater. What surprised me was the reaction of Pop and my brothers. They backed me with all their hearts, and don't think their encouragement hasn't been a big help!"

In Hollywood, Peter began putting all the positive force in his mind to work. He had registered at an Eastern dramatic school for the fall term, but meanwhile came down from Yakima for a summer session at U.C.L.A. He was determined to find a place for himself in show business and concentrated everything to that end. Ralph Freud, his theater arts professor at U.C.L.A., urged him to remain in Los Angeles: "I think you're ready to tackle a career now. You have the talent and

the drive and brains to do it. Why waste a year in dramatic school studying things you were taught by your mother years ago?"

Bracing himself for a long tough fight, Peter signed up for special coaching with Hannes Lutz, then tried out for several roles at The Gallery and Horseshoe Theaters in Hollywood. He won good parts in their productions of "Desire Under the Elms" and "Teach Me How to Cry." At one of these performances, Albert McCleery, producer of NBC-TV's *Matinee Theater* spied Peter, watched him closely, and assigned him to four important roles in that dramatic series.

"I was still doing my positive thinking bit every day, and getting some lucky breaks. But you can't live off occasional parts," Peter recalls. With his bankroll low, but unwilling to write home for help, he went out and landed a night job in a gas station on the Sunset Strip. It was a strategic move that gave him a living and left him his days to make the rounds of casting directors. Whenever a star, director, producer—or anyone at all he suspected might have a connection with movies or TV—drove in, Peter was Johnny-on-the-spot with a big smile, and a spiel.

"I'm an actor," he would say, "I've done fifty-one productions. Have you got anything for me—or do you know of anything I might try for?" One night, luck fell his way. Jack Warner drove in and Peter made his pitch. Warner listened politely but made no comment. The next day, however, Solly Baiano, Warners' head talent man, sent for him.

Out at the Burbank studio, Peter was tested for "Darby's Rangers." He prayed, talked to his reflection in the mirror, and waited. The magic still worked, and he got the role. More than that, his screen appearance impressed the studio heads and he was signed to a term deal which gave him added parts in their various teleshows, *Cheyenne, Maverick,* and *Sugarfoot.* Fan mail was piling in now, and casting began to eye him with awakened interest. Producer Jules Schermer was looking for an attractive young chap to play deputy to John Russell's Marshal Dan Troop, who brings law and order to Laramie in *Lawman.* Peter went home, studied his lines, stared into his mirror, chanted his magic formula . . . and the rest is history.

At one period, the Browns lived on a 4,000-acre ranch in Yosemite, and it was there that Peter and his brothers learned to ride expertly. "I owned two horses and played cowboys-and-Indians whenever I could," he says. "I learned how to shoot from the saddle and I practiced the fast draw, banging away at tin cans, snakes, anything I could pretend was the enemy. Naturally, I was always John Wayne or Gary Cooper. Someday, I hope to own a ranch of my own. That's the place to bring up a family. In fact," he grins, "I'm doing quite a bit of positive thinking on that score these days."

This last is obviously a reference to Diane Jergens, the 20th Century-Fox starlet he plans to marry on October 11, at All-Saints Episcopal Church in Beverly Hills. That date will make it almost a year to the day that they have known each other. Peter was with Connie Stevens, Diane with Edd Byrnes and the occasion was a farewell party given by Tony Perkins for his friend, young Robert Ivers, who was entering service.

Peter had just caught a preview of a 20th-Fox film he had tested for, unsuccessfully. "I still think the part should have been handled differently," he said, and proceeded to give his version. Diane, a friend of the contract player who had won the role—and loyal to him and her home studio—took offense. The result was an argument that lasted all evening. Peter was fascinated by the black-eyed girl of twenty-one who spoke up so strongly for what she believed in. Diane didn't return the feeling. She frankly admits that, on that occasion, she thought Peter a brash, dogmatic young man. Undaunted, Peter called her for a date the very next day. She refused. But, finally, her curiosity got the better of her and she accepted a dinner date. They've been a "steady item" ever since.

Asked whether she shares Peter's faith in positive thinking, Diane shakes her red-gold head and laughs. "The only thing positive about me is my love for Peter. He's self-confident, rolls with the punches. I'm either flying high or down in a deep-blue mood. But Peter's wonderful—he always manages to cheer me up.

"Some months ago," she cites an example, "Peter and I were planning on going to a premiere. I'd bought a lovely new dress and we were both set on making a bit of a splash. Then hard luck hit. I was bitten by an insect under my right eye while doing a TV sequence in *Man Without A Gun.* Peter's tooth had been injured in a fight scene for *Cheyenne, a* few weeks before. On the day of the premiere, his cheek swelled a good two inches. So there we were, really a pitiful sight—me with my eye, Peter with his cheek. I was all for giving up and staying home. But you know Peter.

"Well, it's nothing for young actors not to be recognized by the crowd. But, in our condition, even our best friends didn't know us. I almost cried. But Peter was just wonderful. He patted my shoulder and said, 'Honey, believe me, someday they'll all know us. Right now, let's act so that, even if they don't know who we are, they'll know we're worth knowing."

Their courtship has been "mostly on an even keel," says Diane.

"That's because we have absolutely nothing in common," declares Peter, "except love."

That would seem to be an exaggeration, but it does remind Diane of another story: "We both love to take long drives and talk, talk, talk. And, ordinarily, Peter does his share. Well, this particular day, we were driving out to a party. All the way out to Malibu, I was chattering away and I didn't notice that Peter wasn't saying anything. When we got there, Asa Maynor, who was Edd Byrnes' date, took one look at my hair and laughed. 'Diane,' she said, 'what kind of a hairdo is that?'

"I reached up and there were two pincurl clips dangling right in front. I turned to Peter and said, 'Why didn't you tell me I forgot to take out those clips?' He shrugged and said, 'Honey, I spent the whole trip here trying to find the right words to tell the most beautiful girl I know that her hair's a mess.' And, for once, I was absolutely tongue-tied."

The day before *Lawman* was to begin shooting, Peter's family phoned to wish him luck. Surprise! Much jubilation! Kid brother Michael, just out of high school, had been given a bit in 'The Hanging Tree,' a Gary Cooper film on location near Yakima. "This makes four of us Browns in show business," Peter points out proudly. "Mom—Phil, who sings and has his own radio show in Coalinga, California —yours truly—and now Mike. That leaves Paul. He's the one who's most like Pop and I think he'll be a great athlete, too."

Busy as he is with *Lawman,* these days, Peter manages to find time to keep up his studies. Several lessons a week with Corey Allen, his current drama coach, plus assorted books on the theater, philosophy and literature, keep him intellectually alert. He and Diane are movie fans and go sev-

eral times a week. Afterward, they usually take a long drive along the ocean or through the hills, searching for a new steak house, discussing the show and the performances, their respective careers, and their future together.

As for the wedding: Peter has asked Corey Allen to be best man. Betty Lou Ellsworth is Diane's matron of honor. John Russell, Edd Byrnes and Army buddy Dick Denouit of Globe Photos will be ushers. About four hundred people are being invited. As the about-to-be-newlyweds explain, "We'll only be getting married once —so we want it to be a day we and our family and friends can remember."

Diane and her orange cat, Merry Ann—of whom Peter jokes, "She's part Persian and all alley"—will move into his apartment in Hollywood Knolls until they can afford to buy the house of their dreams. "We're both concentrating our wishes on a place with lots of fieldstone and picture windows," says Peter.

His engagement present to Diane was a 1956 powder-blue Cadillac convertible. "The poor darling," Diane confides with a wink. "He thought he was going to surprise me. What he didn't know was that I'd been taking a leaf out of his book and, for weeks, kept looking into his eyes and thinking, *Buy me a car instead of jewelry.*

As for Peter, his final comment on the girl he's marrying is quite simple: "I've never been more positive in my life . . . or so lucky."

Alias Hoby Gilman

(*Continued from page* 58)

cowboy stars have replayed the same role thousands of times and become rich and famous so doing, he says, "But we are going for a different audience . . . adults. After all, kids don't buy cigarettes and gasoline, and television sponsors want viewers who do."

Bob, nevertheless, warms up to one standard Western accomplishment—the fast draw. "Nancy," he says, turning to his wife, "guess what Rod Redwing told me today?" Rod Redwing is the Indian gun coach who has taught practically every major Western actor in Hollywood how to handle guns. He is the supreme authority on such techniques as "fanning," shooting from the hip, and other tricks of the trade.

"Rod," Bob reports happily, "said that I have the most authentic draw on television." What does that mean? "Most authentic draw," it develops, means that Bob's draw on *Trackdown* is visible to the television viewer from start to finish.

"The camera," Bob explains, "doesn't leave my hand and my gun. If you'll notice, on lots of shows, the camera shows the hero standing tensely with his hand just over his guns. Then the scene shifts to the villain making his play; then back to the hero, who will be coming up with his guns—which are already out of the holsters. He may actually have drawn the gun in a split second, but the viewers can't be sure. The film could have been cut and still have given the same effect. But you see my draw all the way."

Mrs. Culp, herself an ambitious young actress, smiles with wifely pride at this compliment from gun-coach Redwing.

"But," Bob continues, "Rod sort of took the edge off the compliment by adding, 'And I've never collected from this guy for coaching him.' He made me sound like a dead beat! Of course, Rod was joking. I haven't paid him for coaching me, because he only worked with me a few minutes . . . no real lesson."

It took more than a few minutes, however, to accustom Bob to horses.

"Did I know how to ride when I got this part?" Bob guffaws. "I certainly didn't."

Nancy laughs as loudly as her husband. Evidently, Bob's first brush with a horse was pretty funny, but all he adds is: "Before we began the show, I took riding lessons for a couple of days so I'd know which end of the horse came first. Then I kept working at it until now I'm quite confident."

Even at first meeting, the Culps' mutual admiration is strongly evident. Each thinks the other is simply great . . . off stage and on. Nancy speaks enthusiastically of Bob's performances in several off-Broadway productions and his recent guest appearance on a television playhouse. "Bob was wonderful," she says.

Bob, for his part, thinks his wife is one of the most talented actresses alive today, and frankly says so. "My dearest wish," he confides, "is to play opposite Nancy. She is a marvelously sensitive actress. Tremendously talented. Some husbands and wives don't work well together; they make each other tense. But Nancy and I help each other give a better performance.

"I've become associated with a new motion-picture producing company, Mardi Gras Productions, and we were offered parts in a film the company is making in Sweden this summer. I couldn't accept, because of other commitments. However, I'm working on a screen play that will have a part for each of us, and I hope Mardi Gras will make the picture next year."

Symbolically, Nancy and Bob met in a theater and were married because of a television show. Nancy had just finished work in a New York play, "The Climate of Eden," and was at the theater putting away some costumes. Bob, who was opening in "He Who Gets Slapped," wandered in, and they got acquainted.

"But it wasn't burning love at first sight," Mrs. Culp recollects. "Or at least we didn't realize it, if it was. I went on tour with a company and we lost touch with each other for about six months. Then, one day, I had been riding a motorcycle with friends, all day long, over on the Palisades. We'd got back to the Village and were in a little spot when Bob came in with someone I knew. My friend said Bob was hunting for an apartment. Bob said he was hunting for me. In any event, from that time until we were married, we were together almost constantly."

Although a conviction had grown that they'd be married "soon," it was *Trackdown* which brought matters to a head. "When I got the *Trackdown* part and knew I was leaving for the Coast," says Bob, "we got married at once."

Nancy thinks that her husband's television success has been both bad and good for her own career. It's taken her away from New York . . . and she thinks "live" acting is wonderfully stimulating . . . but it has also given her entree to directors and producers whom she couldn't meet before. "I can't work on Bob's show," she explains, "but, because of *Trackdown*, I meet many people who can help me."

The Culps have a young son, Joshua, born last Easter Sunday, but Bob doesn't think Nancy should be tied completely to the nursery. "I want her to have a career," he declares. "I'd be delighted if she were working in motion pictures or television. She's such a great actress."

If she were working, though, Bob makes it clear, that he wouldn't feel bound to help with the housework. "I think I'm a very good nurse," he smiles, "but I don't wash dishes or sweep up. I'm good with the baby, though, don't you think?" He turns to his wife.

"Oh, yes," says Nancy, who obviously thinks he's pretty good in all departments. But if there's any other man as great as Bob Culp in Nancy's eyes, it's young Joshua.

"We took him with us to New York this summer," she beams, "and he was perfect . . . not a bit of trouble. He's not afraid of anybody and behaved beautifully on the plane. We visited my parents in Baltimore, and not even the hot weather bothered him."

Travel seems always to have been a part of Bob's life and career. His interest in dramatics began when he was fourteen and he, with a friend, produced a one-reel, Tarzan-type motion picture shot in the hills around his Berkeley, California, home. However, because film was expensive, the young producers didn't try again. Later, at the University of Washington, Bob became seriously interested in acting and won a national collegiate award which gave him a chance to do some New York radio shows.

Manhattan-bound, he took along a letter of introduction to Howard Lindsay, the Broadway producer, who received him kindly but couldn't give him a job. Bob, therefore, enrolled at the Herbert Berghof Studio to polish his art. At the same time, it was necessary to eat. So, at night, he worked for the Chase National Bank punching an I.B.M. machine. Between studies, job hunting, and banking, he caught approximately three hours' sleep out of each twenty-four.

He still didn't abandon his Howard Lindsay contact. When he heard that Lindsay was preparing a new production, he tracked the great man to his home.

Lindsay expressed regret that he still had no part for the persistent young man, and asked, "By the way, what have you been doing?"

"Working," said Bob, "on the eleventh floor of the Chase National Bank . . . at night."

"And what do you do during the day?"

"Study. Hunt for a part."

"And when do you sleep?"

That was the question Bob couldn't answer.

Lindsay still offered no job, but he eyed the young man appraisingly, with a tinge of concern. A week later, Bob received a call from the play's production office to audition under Lindsay personally.

Bob got the part, a small one, in a Katharine Cornell vehicle, "The Prescott Proposals." It was the break that gave him his New York start. And, at first, he was a bit wary about accepting the Hoby Gilman role. Working on film would be a new experience, and he'd miss the live-audience reaction. But now reviewing his situation, he's pleased.

"There's keen competition in New York," he explains, "and competition is fine, up to a point. It keeps an actor acute. But, in New York, the competition is so keen it's unhealthy. Here I work under pressure, making a television episode in three days, but it's a different kind of pressure. Too, I'm becoming known to more people.

"Television today is what vaudeville used to be, the greatest of the mass media for entertainment. It's a proving ground and a showcase for young actors. I'm glad to be a part of it."

Yes, ma'am, that slick, city actor Robert Culp was hard to track down for a television Western role. But, once Hoby Gilman crept up on him, he was completely captured. It looks as though Bob will be Hoby for a long time to come.

WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST

(*Continued from page 7*)

and square dancin' and all the trimmin's. And Texas born and bred Alice, the purtiest gal of all, looked right at home atop the big bay stallion which led her grand parade, looking like he was about ready to jump the park fence. . . . Speaking of fences, in the San Fernando Valley Little League, over the fence is *not* out. **Gregg Gobel,** George's young'un, has been batting .412, and a good passel of them thar balls have been getting lost over the left-field fence. Gregg's average is highest in his league, and Daddy George proudfully boasts, "He's on the ball . . . he'll soon be big league—then he can support me." . . .

Meanwhile, back on the Western Avenue lot, **Hugh O'Brian** entertained members of his *Wyatt Earp* Friends Club. There was one little boy who spent the entire afternoon with his eyes cast on the ground. Hugh, thinking him shy, tried to encourage him by walking over and shaking hands. "Hello," said Hugh brightly. The boy mumbled a greeting but never looked up. "Come on, now," laughed Hugh, "you can look at me . . . I won't bite you." "Heck, no, can't look up," said the boy. "I'm collecting empty bullet shells and I don't want to miss any!" Such is the price of fame. . . . Hugh, by the way, has bought a new 22-foot speedboat. I hope he has it securely tied. . . . **Guy "Zorro" Williams** has a new sailboat, too, but the new four-month-old baby, Antoinette, has kept him from enjoying it. Toni, as she is called, is on a three-hour feeding schedule. Guy complains that Toni has the healthiest set of lungs on the West Coast, and that no matter how hard he tries to bury his head under the pillow, some of the wails still get through to him. Zorro Williams is leaving on a three-day personal-appearance tour on October 10, says he looks forward to the hard work, as it will be at least three nights of sure rest—his first in four months. . . .

And **Tennessee Ernie** is resting, too. Ernie planned on resting for six weeks in Hawaii, but there was so much to do he was completely worn out by the end of the first month. So he took two weeks up at his Northern California ranch to rest up from the four-weeks rest in Hawaii. From there, he rushed off to the Indiana State Fair where he and **Molly Bee** were booked. They spent their free time writing songs together. But neither will lay claim to the lyric of their first effort, which goes something like this: "Put another nickel in the meter, Peter, I want to park and spark . . ." I can see why. . . . But music does make the world go 'round—**Buddy Bregman,** musical director on NBC-TV's **Eddie Fisher** show, and **Anna Maria Alberghetti,** for example, are making the prettiest music together. . . . And with the success of his ABC-TV *Stars Of Jazz* show, emcee **Bobby Troup** raised his ex-wife's alimony —now that's a gent for you. . . . And **Red Skelton** and his wife **Georgia** kissed and made up—her breakdown came mostly as a result of worry over Red, who she feared was working himself into the ground. . . .

Gene Barry will have his two boys, Michael, 12, and Frederic, 6, appearing with him in his new NBC-TV *Bat Masterson* series—so it's a kiddies show. . . . **Ray Burr** is back in the hospital—polyps on the vocal cords. . . . **Ann Sothern** on a diet. . . . **Desi** on a diet, too, after **Lucy** found he couldn't get into last year's costumes which are being used in the October 6 premiere of the *Lucille Ball—Desi Arnaz Show*. Too much of his own cooking, no doubt. . . . Speaking of same sponsor, the demise of monarch *Studio One* is the occasion of both mourning and rejoicing, for with the death of the old stalwart, a new king ascends the throne, *Westinghouse Desilu Playhouse*. *Studio One* for ten years served up top-ranking dramatic TV fare. September 29 was their last show. The new series, best described as a *marriage* of TV monarchs, stands to provide viewers with such great entertainment they will have little time to mourn the now dead *Studio One*. Desilu's first show will be "Lucy Goes to Mexico," with the Mertzes and guest star, enchanteur **Maurice Chevalier.** . . .

Flashes from the Hollywood and Vine stoplight: **Gary Crosby** will not have a musical show of his own on ABC-TV as expected—his doctors are worried about his health . . . His brother **Lin** will do an ABC Radio show following his Dad's move to that network. . . . *Haggis Baggis* moves to Hollywood in the fall so that **Jack Linkletter** can finish his education at U.S.C. **Art** and his younger son, **Robert,** meanwhile, rode in the cab of the train to Taos, N. M. That's so Art could show Robert where all TV's hot air comes from. Art is now in a new biz—he manufactures the Linkletter Spin-a-hoop. He has enough kids in his own family to take the output of an entire factory, so the business is sure to be a success. Art has just been made Mayor of Hollywood, Florida—now he has both coasts covered. Art's producer, **John Guedel,** has a new show called *For Better Or Worse*, starring Dr. James Peterson of U.S.C. Dr. Pete teaches a Marriage and the Family course, and officiated at Jack Linkletter's wedding. This is the kind of show that could well have a rice company for a sponsor (see page 38, this issue). . . .

Sherry Jackson seeing **Pat Wayne** whenever she can . . . **Erin O'Brien** is being kept so busy these days with her singing appearances around the country that she's barely had time to say hello and goodbye to her two youngsters, James Patrick, 5, and Gregory Paul, 2. Erin's just returned from Spain where she finished "John Paul Jones," flew to Paris where she appeared on their *Paladium* TV show, and is out on the road again with hubby **Jimmy Fitzgerald** plugging her new Warners' release, "Onionhead." The children, meanwhile, are staying with Jimmy's parents in California. . . . It is now too late for **Clint Walker** to introduce **Ty Hardin** to the viewers of his *Cheyenne* show. Clint will probably mosey back to barn about the time his hay runs out—still betting it will be this season. . . . Pretty **Annette Funicello** is so pleased over her first movie role in Disney's "The Shaggy Dog." She trills, "It's so exciting to think we're going to be on the *big* screen!" That's very funny, since I overheard **Jimmy Stewart** saying one day how thrilled *he* was over doing his first *TV* show—GE's Christmas story in 1957. . . .

No one knows how much love there is in the entertainment world until something really sad happens—the recent and untimely death of **Jimmie Rodgers'** father in a boating accident brought flowers, letters and wires from his friends all over the world. . . . And, in the South, **Danny Thomas** is finally breaking ground for his St. Jude Hospital for underprivileged children. The hospital will accept children of all races and creeds. It is a dream come true for Danny, who remembers what it's like to be a barefoot boy and poor. That's the heart of Hollywood.

How to Marry . . .

(*Continued from page* 36)

It had the worst possible strike against it—that of "studio sponsorship." Gossip columns are full of items discounting this romance or that as being "studio engineered" and, as such, not to be taken seriously.

Barbara had met Mike three times. But each time he was, to her, a different individual. And it wasn't until after their marriage that she pieced facts together and discovered that all three of him were one and the same.

Her first exposure to her destiny had been in San Francisco, while she was a schoolgirl drama student at the Elizabeth Holloway School of the Theatre. Watching the movie version of "Julius Caesar" at a local theater, she was awed by the performances of Louis Calhern as Caesar and John Gielgud as Cassius, but she couldn't put out of her mind the image of the handsome, bearded young man who played Pindarius—one Michael Ansara, the program said. And, by a curious coincidence, Barbara met Mike Ansara's cousin shortly thereafter and dated him.

The next time she was exposed to Mike was on the Fox lot, where both were under contract. She observed the dark, handsome young man dashing about in a gay Corvette. She didn't know who he was, but marked him down as a very attractive person.

The third time was "the charm." Booker McClay, head of publicity at 20th Century-Fox—TV Productions, suggested that she attend an upcoming Carroll Righter horoscope party, where she might be photographed, meet people, and in general do herself some good, publicity-wise. She had just been signed for the upcoming *How To Marry A Millionaire* series; her two co-stars, Lori Nelson and Merry Anders, had some following, but Barbara was brand-new.

"I don't want to go," she said.

"But you ought to be seen places, for the sake of your career," Booker protested. "There's a young man under contract here that you really should meet, anyway. His name is Michael Ansara—he's Cochise on *Broken Arrow*. How about going to the party with him?"

Barbara knew about Cochise. But she didn't connect Cochise with either Pindarius or the dashing, dark-haired young man in the Corvette. "I expected him to be wearing a long, shoulder-length bob and carrying a bow and arrow when he called for me," she admits. "I figured I ought to bone up on the Chiracahuas and their problems."

When Mike arrived, she recognized the Knight of the Corvette immediately. But the Pindarius phase of his character was not revealed to her until much later.

With Michael and Barbara, the rapport was immediate. They had several dates in a row after the Carroll Righter party—where they had compared horoscopes and found they were an excellent combination, according to the stars. Then Barbara had to go to New York on a publicity trip with her two TV co-stars, and Michael discovered that he was desolate in her absence. He had been married previously, and unhappily, but he saw in this girl all he had ever wanted in a woman—a sparkling, bubbling personality coupled with an underlying warmth and tenderness.

Her absence that time was a revealing one for Barbara, also. *How To Marry A Millionaire* was her first real break. The series, which is to be aired this fall on the NTA Film Network, is based on the popular film of the same name, with Lori Nelson portraying the sweet, feminine member of the trio, as done by Betty Grable on the screen; Merry Anders doing the Lauren Bacall role, and Barbara doing Marilyn Monroe's sprightly comedy role of Loco, the beautiful but dumb blonde who can't see without her glasses but won't wear them because she fears it will impede her perpetual quest for a millionaire. Consequently, Loco goes through life running into doors.

On the publicity trip, Barbara's mind should have been focused unwaveringly upon *How To Marry A Millionaire*. Instead, she found herself lingering lovingly on the proposition of How to Marry Mike Ansara!

When Barbara returned from the tour, no formal words were spoken about marriage and a lifetime together. It was recognized between them as one of those unalterable facts of nature, and the only words spoken on the subject were the ones necessary to solve the mechanics of *where* and *how soon*. Now, besides being in love, they set about learning to like each other, to become acquainted.

Barbara learned a great deal about Michael. She was enchanted when she found out that the man of her dreams had been the Pindarius of her San Francisco memory. She discovered that he was of Lebanese extraction and, by coincidence, had grown up in Lebanon, New Hampshire; that he had tried being a skid-row cop, a cab driver, carpet salesman and collection agent before he finally turned to acting to help him overcome his shyness. She learned of Mike's childhood dream of becoming a doctor, which took him no farther toward a medical career than Seabiscuit's stable in Santa Anita, where he was billeted as a medical corpsman during the war.

She found out, too, a great deal about Mike's hopes and dreams and aspirations, his attitude toward his work. She became intimately acquainted with Cochise, the stalwart Indian who fights bravely and uncompromisingly in defense of the lands belonging to his people. She came to understand Mike's relationship to Cochise, in whom he finds the same classic nobility found in Othello and Brutus.

Mike, at the same time, was getting to know Barbara. He learned how, as a little girl, she lived in a world of magic, with elves and pixies as her sole playmates. He learned about her wonderful Aunt Margie, who wove a spell of enchantment for her, giving secret names to everything and everybody. Barbara was "Music," her mother was "Smile," and Aunt Margie herself was "Tinkle." There was a friendly entity named "Big John" who was chiefly invisible, and a more sinister spirit named "Dagolin" who lived under the house, ready to pounce when the occasion arose. Mike learned how these fantasies carried over as she grew to adulthood and began the serious study of music—her first professional role was as a singing rabbit on a San Francisco TV show.

She told him how her desire for a career had brought her to Hollywood, how she established herself in the famed Studio Club, spent her last hundred dollars on a jalopy and then, at length, had to go to work operating a machine in a bank to make ends meet until she finally got a foothold in TV.

Just getting to know each other was an absorbing and wonderful experience for both of them. And then, just two and a half months after their first meeting, Cochise claimed his squaw.

Both were working at the time. Mike was deeply involved with his Indian problems and Barbara was just as busy pursuing her elusive millionaire before the TV cameras. Mike's sponsor did not want him to get married, and Barbara's studio likewise felt that an unmarried girl might be more convincing in the role of a husband-chaser. So there were several strikes against them at the outset. But a wardrobe woman on the Fox lot gave Barbara the shove she needed: "If you love each other, and you know it is right, don't let anything stand in your way."

The wedding was arranged on the spur of the moment. They wanted it to be on a Friday night so they could have the benefit of a weekend together before returning to their demanding studio schedules. And they wanted a church wedding, in the Greek Orthodox faith. St. Nicholas Church was not available until ten in the evening—so their marriage was unconventional, from the very beginning.

Barbara had little time to shop for a wedding dress, but knew exactly what she wanted. A close friend volunteered to shop for a gown of her specifications and finally found it, a perfect gown in every respect—except that it was size-40. Barbara herself is size-10. But, nothing daunted, she got the dress and the Fox wardrobe department undertook to remake it, slimming it down to Barbara's trim dimensions.

Barbara heeded all the sweet superstitions of a first marriage. The gown was new. The shoes were old—she had bought them for her *Millionaire* test at Fox and believed they had brought her good luck. The borrowed item was a hat, a white feathered creation supplied by her sister. And the "something blue" was a handkerchief.

Everything went wrong on the wedding day. Mike's sister Rose, who was to be in the wedding party, came down with a brutal cold. Mike had no time to shop for a wedding ring, so he borrowed one from Fox's property department for the occasion.

"I couldn't have got ready if it hadn't been for Fox," Barbara admits. "Anabelle, the hairdresser, fixed my hair. And Mary Tate, the wardrobe woman, came to the house to dress me. All my mother could do was sit on the sofa and cry!"

There were no outside guests at the wedding ceremony, but the families of both bride and groom went far toward filling the church. There were some twenty or thirty people from Barbara's immediate family—sisters, cousins and aunts—and a like number from Mike's side of the family.

"After it was all over, we went to Mike's apartment," says Barbara. "Both of us had new scripts to learn for Monday, so there was no honeymoon. That will have to come later."

The Ansaras are now very pleasantly established in a not-too-new duplex apartment off the Sunset Strip. Everything is off-white—walls, draperies, carpeting, even a miniature French poodle named "Maggie." Maggie's off-whiteness is relieved by long black eyelashes. She constantly goes from one Ansara to another, wagging her stub of a tail and inquiring: "Love me?"

Mike and Barbara have had little time for hobbies. They both adore the *National Geographic* Magazine and, in what spare time they have, they devour it as some people devour detective and mystery fiction. They have great enthusiasm for travel, and in this way they travel vicariously until the time when they can see the world in actuality. Mike is also inordinately fond of Emerson's essays.

They admit freely that they don't particularly like to cook. Mike cooked one chicken dinner: "It was my first and last," he says. They thrive on frozen packaged dinners, books and conversation.

"No matter where we are, we feel at home together," Mike says. "We talk endlessly about what we're doing and what we're going to do. We're not static in our plans; we're ready to move in any direction. When our present shows end, we could vagabond around the world together. Or we could stay home and do a husband-and-wife television series."

The Ansaras haven't any particular formula for a successful marriage, other than striving for mutual understanding, and neither one dominating the other. Barbara feels that one of the greatest enemies of matrimony is over-familiarity; it breaks down respect. She feels that neither mate should take anything for granted.

Barbara regards her good fortune in finding love and happiness as a sort of latter-day miracle: "Marriage to Mike has been a complete revelation to me. Before I met Mike, I thought I'd make a good life and a good living for myself without the aid of anybody. I had never met anyone to whom I would entrust my life, and my future children's lives. . . . I was shocked when suddenly it happened.

"Some of my friends thought that the fact he had been married before might present a problem. But I'm glad Michael *was* married before. You see"—she says this with a twinkle in her eye—"I want to be the one who has to be taught. As a 'previous husband,' Mike has to be just a little more tolerant and understanding. He has to know that I'm not the only wife who's just a little crazy at times!"

"From These Roots"

(*Continued from page* 43)

being Emily and Ben Jr., both married. Ben Fraser, their father, is the respected editor and publisher of *The Record,* the influential newspaper of Strathfield, the town in which the Fraser family has its roots.

Liz was already engaged to an up-and-coming magazine editor and writer and was preparing to introduce him to her family when the show premiered on June 30. Certainly, this was no difficult role for Ann Flood to play. Herself a girl in love, she knew from the first how Liz felt.

Ann and Herb had met about five years ago, at a football game, a casual sort of How-do-you-do, glad-to-know-you kind of meeting. He was with his date, she with hers. "After that, we used to see each other around midtown New York and wave—or say, 'Hi, how are you?'—and go on our way," Ann recalls. "I decided one day I should at least know his name. I had forgotten it. He decided, about the same time, to find out mine. He, too, had forgotten. We broke down, and asked.

"I was playing opposite Don Ameche on Broadway in 'Holiday for Lovers.' Herb hadn't seen the show, but said he would come. He did, several times. We began to go out together. Ice skating. Walking in the snow. Having dates for dinner, for the movies. All the things two people do when they are getting interested enough to want to know each other better. And then it happened!"

On Easter Sunday, while they were having dinner together. she suddenly

turned her eyes from the restaurant window and found him staring at her. "I was wondering why Herb was looking at me so intently. Then I saw the little box he had laid in front of me on the table—and I couldn't touch it at first, I was so excited. It was his grandmother's stone in an engagement ring, and it made the ring doubly precious."

Herb, a native New Yorker and graduate of Fordham University, had had a taste of show business when he was in Army Special Services. He directed road shows, did monologues in night clubs, and learned generally what the entertainment world was about, before he gave it up to go into the sales end of television.

The first thing Ann had noticed about Herb, other than his tall, blond good looks, was how well they got along conversationally, how similarly their ideas ran.

"The first thing I noticed about Ann," he says, "other than the obvious—her blue-green eyes, auburn hair, slim figure and sense of fun—was that she seemed so completely natural and untouched by the whole atmosphere of show business. She treated her profession as the job it is. I had been around a lot of show people and I respected this approach to work."

Perhaps the way she fell into acting has something to do with Ann's present approach to her job. Whatever glamour it may have had for the girl who was in all the school plays at St. Catherine of Siena, St. Agnes Academy and Bay Shore High School—all in or near her home at Brightwaters, Long Island—was later to be overshadowed by the serious business of becoming a professional actress.

The whole thing started when Ann took a job as a receptionist during the summer before she was to enter Westbrook Junior College on a scholarship. The job was at the local beach club in Brightwaters, where the membership included a number of people belonging to the world of theater who each year put on community shows. Writer and member Geza Herczeg guessed that Ann had talent for more than the typing she was doing to help the group, and asked if she wanted to do a small part in the next play. After that, she got a big part, as Julie in "Liliom."

"That did it," Ann says. "Instead of going to college, I sought out Claudia Franck, noted actress and dramatic coach who was recommended by Mr. Herczeg. I still go back to her for refresher courses. And I began to make rounds and meet the real pros in our business and to learn the ropes from them as I went."

She took her mother's maiden name of Ann Flood when she was advised that her real name of Maryanne Elizabeth Ott would not look as well on a theater marquee or a television "crawl."

Her first audition for a play was marked by a novel interlude. The show was "Top Banana," produced by the husband-and-wife team of Mike Sloane and Paula Stone, with Phil Silvers starring. Paula and Phil sat out in the empty theater. They asked her to sing.

"I had studied voice about a year, spread over about two years of time," Ann explains. "I began to sing, and Paula asked if I could do it over in a higher key. She kept asking me to try to get higher and higher. I thought to myself, *This finishes it!* But she told me to come back later to meet Mike Sloane and audition for him.

"I decided I'd better do some practicing before I went back. I hurried to Claudia Franck's apartment. She wasn't home. Desperately I thought of friends nearby. They weren't home. I was living with my family then, 'way out on Long Island, so that was no help.

"Finally, I went down in the subway, got in the very last car, stood in the rear-end vestibule where there were no other passengers—and where the train noises drowned out my voice as I sang higher and higher. A few people seated near the back of the car could see my lips move. Some of them nodded as if to say, 'And a good day to you, too.' They had no idea I was vocalizing for what seemed then the most important audition of my life. After about an hour and a half of travel between the end of Brooklyn and the upper reaches of Manhattan, it was time to go back to the theater. P.S.—I didn't get the job, but I still think it was worth the try, and we still laugh about my subway vocal studio!"

Perhaps it reminded her of another time when she wanted to sing and didn't get the chance. She was eleven, and there was a St. Patrick's Day show at school. She wanted to sing "You're Irish and You're Beautiful," with a certain little boy. Two other little girls were being considered by her teachers for the role. "It was just as strong competition as I faced later on, in getting professional parts, but finally I was chosen for this one. My aunt let me wear the dress in which she was married—white and trimmed with green taffeta. It *rained* on St. Patrick's Day. The dress got wet and there was a green stripe on the white wherever the taffeta ran! And I didn't get to sing, after all. All I had to do was to hold the boy's hand and look at him soulfully while he did all the singing."

After the grown-up disappointment of "Top Banana," Ann did get the next job. A lead, opposite Orson Bean, in "The Fortune Hunter," on WOR-TV, a New York station which at that time telecast a different Broadway play every week, each play having a run of five nights. This exposure led to more television jobs for Ann—*Kraft Theater*, the *Goodyear Theater*, *Armstrong Circle*, *True Story*, *The Steve Allen Show*, *Matinee Theater*, and a number of appearances on the *Phil Silvers Show*, "You'll Never Get Rich."

When Ann auditioned for the part of Liz Fraser in *From These Roots*, it was an interesting experience in itself, apart from the excitement she felt at this new opportunity. She read with an actor who was auditioning for the part of her father in the story, rather than with a director or someone else in the office, as is frequently done.

"We were told to go ahead and read and move around spontaneously," she recalls. "It was the most relaxed audition I ever had. There were only a cameraman and a sound man in the room. The people who had to decide about me were tucked away in another room, watching a monitor. I was aware only of the actor I was playing with and the camera. It was as if we were doing the scene on the air."

She was called back twice, and was on the eve of leaving for Ann Arbor, Michigan, for two weeks of summer stock—repeating her performance with Don Ameche in "Holiday for Lovers," which had had a nice run in New York—when word came that the role of Liz was to be hers. She got back to New York just in time to start rehearsals for the opening show.

In the beginning, Ann's father had been against her becoming an actress. Frank J. Ott is assistant treasurer in one of New York's largest banks, a stable sort of business, and wanted his daughter to have a career in something equally stable. "Now he's completely won over," Ann smiles. "But it was very funny when I first began to get television roles. My parents liked what I did, but they would ask my brothers what they thought. The two younger ones—Kevin, fifteen, and Sandy, thirteen

—were blasé about the whole thing. 'Oh, okay,' they would always say. That's still their comment. Hank—my older brother, who is a commercial artist—and his wife show more enthusiasm."

Sandy, incidentally, is the family "manipulator." Requested by his mother early this summer to pull the dandelions out of the lawn, the resourceful youngster noted some children playing next door and asked, "Don't you kids want to bring some flowers home to your mother? You can come in my yard and pick all these." He even helped by pointing out where they missed one, until the whole lawn was cleared. When Herb heard the story, he commented on his future brother-in-law: "That kid can't help being a success in life."

Ann and Herb spent a part of the summer apartment hunting. No simple project, when a fellow wants at least one extra room as a work area where he can do some writing, and when a girl is interested in painting and wants a place where she can leave her easel set up and her work spread out. They share the same ideas about furnishings—a "traditional" background which can be changed occasionally by merely changing some of the accessories. They both like clean lines and simplicity, so there are no clashes of taste. "Later on, when we have children," says Ann, "we want a home in a suburban area, where they will have the advantages of country living."

Their wedding, planned for late November, will be at St. Patrick's in Bay Shore, close to Brightwaters. Herb has one brother, no sisters—"but so many cousins that there are some I have never met." Ann laughs as she describes the coming ceremonies as "a quiet, big wedding, if you can imagine those two adjectives going together!"

While Ann will be official cook for the Granath household, Herb has a few specialties he can toss up when required. One is something he calls "Frosted Broccoli," to which he gives a final fillip by topping with egg-white and browning briefly in the oven. Ann does a luscious roast chicken with rice and pepper sauce and can put together a frivolous dessert on short notice.

With a script to learn several times a week, the dress she began to knit four years ago will probably remain unfinished. Anyhow—she consoles herself—the styles have changed radically! Besides, it was worth putting it aside again last spring to knit Herb a tennis sweater: "He has been teaching me to play and it was only fair that I should make him the sweater."

Herb will be cueing her evenings when she studies but, since he's in show business, too, he finds every phase of it interesting. "I dig all that jazz," as he puts it. "Which means he understands what it's about and likes it," Ann translates.

"I think his work is fascinating. Herb is happy that I got the part of Liz. He is generous enough to think that I *earned* the opportunity to play her. Herb understands that my hours will sometimes be irregular, and I know that he has to spend some evenings away from me, with clients and business associates. This understanding gives us a good, workable basis on which to build a marriage."

Being Liz in *From These Roots* parallels Ann's own life in some ways. "She has had a wonderful family life, like mine. She gets the kind of encouragement in her career that my folks gave me," Ann explains—and concludes: "Having a continuing part in television—just at the time I became engaged and wanted to stay in New York, and to marry and establish a home—was the most wonderful break any actress could ask for. Any girl could have.

"Liz Fraser will have problems in her life, as I am bound to have in mine. No one escapes entirely. But we are both starting out with the knowledge that family roots go deep. Frank Provo and John Pickard, the writers of the show, have said it better than I can: *From these roots grow branch, leaf and flower, children of the sheltering earth, ripening in the tumult of the seasons—generation unto generation.*"

What Will They Think of Next?

(*Continued from page* 35)

Beaming, she told the audience that she was allergic to penicillin. "Any time anything happens to me, the doctors give me a shot of penicillin. And I swell up. I don't want to swell up; I want to lose weight. If I am elected Queen, I want it tattooed on my body: 'No penicillin.'

"Then, if I'm in an auto accident and am taken to a hospital unconscious, no one will shoot that drug into me." With that, the lady turned her back to the camera. "There's just one place where they always shoot you for penicillin," she confided. "I want the words, 'No penicillin,' tattooed *right there.*"

The audience went wild. The laughter was unrestrained. Everyone howled. Usually, under such circumstances, I take the hand-mike down, look very sad, and say, 'I quit right now. I am applying for a job as houseboy or gardener." Sometimes I take the mike down, blow goodbye kisses to the audience, and walk out the back door. At such times, Harry Mynatt, the producer, or Elbert Walker, the camera director, persuades me to come back, so that my wife's relatives won't starve to death. This particular time, I was so taken aback I forgot to reach for the mike, to disable it.

The strange things women sometimes say are easily accounted for. The women we choose are not rehearsed. They are nearly always housewives, and most of them have never made a public appearance in their lives. Take a woman like this, who has perhaps for years been dreaming of getting on *Queen For A Day.* Suddenly, she's there on our stage, and shaking. The lights blind her. She feels as if there were ninety million watts coming at her, a hundred million eyes winking at her.

Whether they're sixteen or sixty, they're nervous and scared. They know exactly what they want to say, but what they do say often comes out sounding very different from what they meant.

Take, for instance, the dignified lady with white hair who talked very happily about her family. "My husband and I have ten fine children," she said, beaming.

"You should be proud of them, and I'm sure they're proud of you," I said. "What does your husband do?"

"He's a production man."

The audience howled. This lady looked to see if her slip was showing. It was—but it wasn't precisely the kind of slip you wear. She'd neglected to say that her husband was in *electrical production.*

We don't go hunting for women who will say cute things. Before the program begins, twenty-one women are interviewed on the basis of what they've written on their cards. From those twenty-one, the five most interesting candidates are chosen. If any of the women gets flip or cute, or behaves as if she's

the kind who might try to put on an act, she's eliminated faster than you can catch your breath.

We don't try for cuteness, and we don't try for tragedy. Some people who don't know the program, have said that we try to exploit sob stories. Baloney! We try to keep away from the obvious kind. If a wife came to us with a long, sad tale of how her husband needed an operation, we'd tell her that it's against the rules for us to put on anyone who needs serious medical help. If we put on such tales, there'd be no end to them—and *Queen For A Day* would cease to be entertainment.

On the other hand, if a woman started to flatter me and tell me how much younger I look than I do on television, I'd be on my guard against her. She would probably not be one of my candidates for the day. Being human, I'm flattered by the women who say breathlessly: "I've waited all my life to shake your hand"—but I'm on my guard against them.

The thing that gets a woman on the program is sincerity. Whatever her wish may be, she's got to be honest about it. One housewife can't fool another housewife. If a woman who was trying to put on an act ever got on *Queen For A Day*, she'd practically be booed off the show.

Women say unexpected things, not because they're trying to be funny, but because, when the lights are shining into their eyes, the ideas they're trying to express don't come across the way they intend. The candidates know for sure what they mean, but the audience doesn't always know—until the meaning is explained. We get more laughs on *Queen For A Day* than I'd get at an Elks' banquet, but we get them on stories that are sincere.

For instance, there was the young wife from a mountainous area whose husband was a volunteer fireman. Since the town wasn't large or rich enough to support a regular firehouse, his home was used as the town firehouse. The town also wasn't able to furnish these volunteer firefighters with uniforms.

"I'd like some fire pants for my husband," she said.

"I should think you would. It would certainly be awful for him to be caught in a fire without pants."

"He has been. When the emergency firebell rings, he has to rush out of the house, no matter what he's wearing. When he wears his regular pants, they can get burned up in the fire."

"Is there anything else you'd like if you're elected Queen?"

"Yes, ear stoppers for our baby. The noise of the fire siren keeps waking her up."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, a red light for my porch."

The audience screeches with laughter. I disable the mike. To the audience in the Moulin Rouge, a red light on the porch signifies just one thing. But such a thought had never occurred to the fireman's wife.

When the laughter died down, she patiently explained that, late at night, the volunteer firemen, hearing the firebell ring, try to make their way to her home the way bees go toward flowers. But, not having the bees' instincts, they need a *red light* to guide them to the right house.

End of curtain. End of scene. Almost the end of Jack Bailey.

Actually, my sponsors are very patient, very understanding, very forgiving. Over the years, many prospects for the position of Queen have, in their excitement, forgotten that—since I have sponsors—it isn't cricket to mention competitors' products. Naturally, if I'm advertising Raleigh, she shouldn't say she smokes a competitor's brand. But the ladies—bless their honest hearts—sometimes do just that.

Many other emcees, confronted with this sort of thing, ignore it. I don't.

There are eight hundred women in my audience, all wondering: "Poor Jack. What will he do now? He's in trouble again." But on such occasions I don't dismantle the mike. I remind the prospective Queen who my sponsor is. I make her repeat four times, the words: "Raleigh, Raleigh, Raleigh, Raleigh," till she sounds like the cheerleader at a football game

The women in my audience are very hep. They know who my sponsors are, and are very loyal to their products. But how can you blame the poor woman with the lights blinding her eyes for forgetting such a thing? Sometimes they almost forget their own names, purely out of fear. After all, we don't use "pros." One reason we interview twenty-one women in order to select five is so that we can eliminate all the pros—those wise, experienced gals who move from show to show, just to collect loot

I never have used and never will use anyone I know, even slightly. Once, when we were running a "King for a Dav" show, one man made a dandy wish. His wife was one of those social workers, who spend all their time socializing, so that their husbands can never get a crack at the phone. This guy wanted a private phone of his own, or a message service.

My heart ached for him. I was all sympathy. So many men would know just what he meant. And I was all ready to put him on, till I caught a glimpse of his face. I'd met him once at a partv That meant he was *out*. Same way with any prospective Queen. She'll never be a candidate for Queen on my show if I know her.

To play favorites on a nationwide hookup can be fatal, and has been, in the past, to other programs. For instance, take one program which shall be nameless (it's no longer on the air). The emcee assured one and all that his guests were picked at random. Then one day, when a lady who had supposedly been picked at random went on the stage, he said in a stage whisper to his assistant: "Oh, my—. She forgot her crutches."

Obviously he knew the lady, and had coached her to wear her crutches, in order to wring the hearts of the audience. You cannot fool audiences like that. We hope it's no accident that *Queen For A Day* has been on the air for thirteen years. We think it means that audiences appreciate the sincerity that goes into the program.

The fact that the ladies are unpredictable probably helps give what they say a certain charm. When you don't know what's going to happen or what someone is going to say, you hold your breath wondering. I'm a great breath-holder myself.

The most embarrassing thing that ever happened to me on *Queen For A Day* occurred when a woman with about seven or eight children said she wanted to be married by a priest. Reading her card, I thought that she'd been married in a civil ceremony, and wanted a religious ceremony, too. Was my face red when I discovered that she and her mate had never taken any marriage vows at all!

The wish that tickled me the most was that of a dear lady about eighty who wanted a new set of teeth. Ordinarily, I wouldn't even put a woman with that wish on the air. But it isn't what they want—it's why they want it that is important. This eighty-year-old lady had played the cornet in the Baptist Sunday

School for many years. Now her teeth had become so loose she couldn't play the cornet anymore. You could just hear the flat notes come out!

I'm happy to say that she got her wish. I don't know whether we did the Baptist Sunday School a real service or not.

But older ladies really touch me. There was the woman of ninety-three who wanted to fly from California to New York. She would have gotten her wish, too, but her kid sister—aged eighty-seven—interceded. "I don't want my sister to fly," she said. "She'd only get lost and confused in New York. Just take her to a nice restaurant for dinner." We took her to the nicest.

One of the most memorable wishes ever granted on our program occurred when a lady wished for an electric eel. She had heard that, if you boil such an eel, the broth will cure arthritis and she wanted to try it on her nephew, who was suffering from arthritis. Darned if she didn't win!

Now, where do you suppose you'd call offhand for an electric eel you needed in a hurry? We made a number of phone calls, and located one at Long Beach. It had about 800 volts in its tail. A special handler with rubber gauntlets to protect his hands came along to handle it. Still the eel escaped and got off the table.

Most of the women jumped on tables and chairs. I was in the hall in no time. That was one time when, though we made every effort to comply, the Queen didn't get her wish. By the time the eel started squirming around the room, she no longer even wanted it!

Usually, most of the things that go wrong are the result of misunderstandings. The prospective Queens know perfectly well what they want to say. Is it their fault if I'm sometimes a little slow on the uptake, or if I and the ladies in the audience misunderstand? After all, we don't always know all the circumstances that make a seemingly illogical wish very logical.

Who can blame the wonderful minister's wife who'd devoted all her life to good causes, and said that once—just once in her life—she wanted to "go out and sin" for twenty-four hours? The audience gasped, but it was just a question of semantics (there's a big four-bit word). Her idea of "sin" was going to night clubs. As soon as the audience realized that, it was sure, just as I was, that God would forgive such a nice old lady that one day of sinning.

The woman who was a magician's wife may still be wondering why her audience became hysterical. The facts in the case were very clear to her. All during the War, her husband had been going to different branches of the USO, to entertain servicemen with his magic tricks. He went overseas, too, and entertained our troops in distant and dangerous spots. Then one day, during a bombing, all his magic equipment was ruined. His top hats, magician's costume, his guitars, and his rabbits and playing cards were all blown up.

"If I'm elected Queen, I'd like to get some new tricks for my husband," she said.

"Why?" I asked. (Oh, that fatal question.)

"His equipment was all shot up in the war."

Very often, the women are a lot smarter than I am, and I get ample opportunity to display my own ignorance over the telewaves. Once it was a preacher who had the last laugh on me. We'd made a phone call to Portland, Oregon, and the woman whose wish we were granting said that she wanted forty pairs of shoes so that forty underprivileged children could go to the church school.

Gloating, I called the preacher to tell him about the forty pairs of shoes my sponsors were providing because of this woman's wish.

"Nice, isn't it?" I asked.

The preacher agreed.

I went on: "You won't mind if, next Sunday, she doesn't put any money in the collection box, will you?"

"No," he said, "I won't mind if she doesn't put in any money next Sunday or any Sunday, because we're Seventh Day Adventists and worship on Saturdays. That's when we take up our collections."

Sometimes I'm asked what I've found, in the thirteen years I've been interviewing women, to be their most outstanding characteristic. That's easy. Women are the most generous breed of creatures on earth. In thirteen years, I don't think there have been twenty-five selfish wishes on our program. People have the wrong idea—that is, people who haven't watched the program. They think that, when a woman gets on *Queen For A Day,* she's apt to be full of larceny. Instead, she's there for the good of family or friends.

Once a year, when we have teenagers, something happens that reveals just how much larceny there is in *their* hearts, too. Each time, there are about eight hundred girls in the audience. And, among them all, there's not one flip or selfish wish. They're all there wishing to get something that will please their parents, to show their mothers or fathers how much they appreciate their hard work and their efforts.

Every day we have to eliminate hundreds of wishes which pertain to friends. And we make it a rule that, once a woman has put her wish down on paper, she must abide by it. After all, the selection is made on the basis of their wishes, and it wouldn't be fair to select a woman who had made one wish and then permit her to make another on the air.

Only once in thirteen years has any woman broken that rule of the house. She asked for a TV set on her card. But, when she got on the air, she wanted to build a house for her brother-in-law. "I'd like one, too, for my cousin," I said, "but that's not what you wished for. I don't mind your changing your mind and asking for something else, but don't you think you ought to go back to your original wish?"

The audience agreed. Women are supposed to have the privilege of changing their minds; but every woman who appears on *Queen For A Day* knows that she has temporarily given up that privilege.

When you stop to think that this has happened only once in more than 676 weeks, then you realize how honest the women who appear on *Queen For A Day* are. Any woman who wanted to could name one wish on a card, then take advantage of us by naming another when she actually got on the air. They could—but they don't.

And, when they win, they further reveal their personality by the way in which they accept the honor. Typical is a recent case. The lady who'd been elected stood with her head bowed for a minute.

Lots of people pray, but sometimes our prayers are just plain "gimme" requests. The ladies—God bless 'em—know about prayers of thanks. "Were you saying a prayer of thanks?" I asked her.

"Yes," she said simply, "I was."

Maybe I'm just a farmer and a small-town boy at heart; but in my mind I'll always carry this picture of a wonderful Queen, her head bowed, her eyes full of gratitude and thanksgiving.

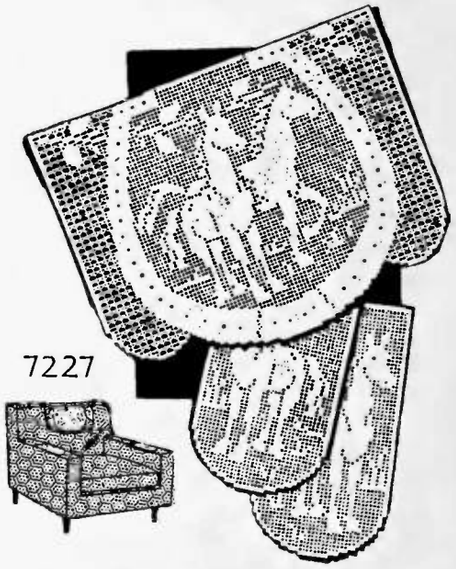
NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING

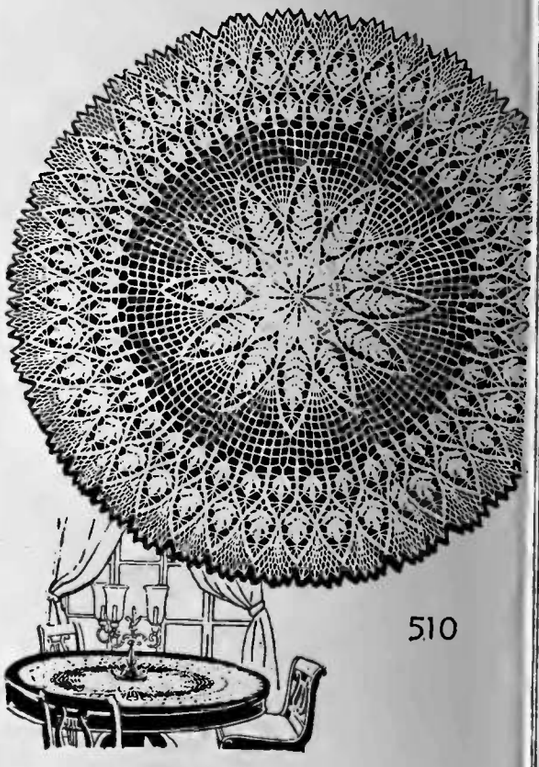
7358—Pot-holders make such useful gifts. These are gay, amusing, fun to sew and embroider. Pattern contains 7 pot-holders with directions for making them, transfer. 25¢

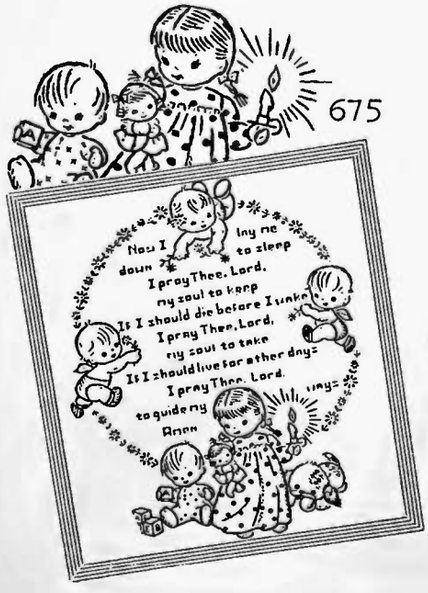
7161—Ho! Ho! Ho! A Santa doll to delight the tots. Easy to make from a man's size-12 cotton sock. Pattern, directions for Santa doll and costume. 25¢

896—Sleepy Boy—a sock doll—will delight a sleepy tot. There's a Sleepy Girl doll in this pattern, too. Directions, pattern for two sock dolls, pajamas. 25¢

675—Give baby a prayer for Christmas! This beautifully illustrated wall panel will teach him to say his prayers. Transfer of 16 x 20-inch panel, color chart. 25¢







510—This decorative table cover will be cherished for years to come. Crochet directions for 54- and 64-inch sizes in string; 36 inches in No. 30 cotton. 25¢

7227—The men in your family will like a handsome chairset with horses and horseshoe in filet crochet. Directions for 13 x 17½-inch chairback, 6½ x 12-inch armrest. 25¢

7234—Make yourself a tinkling Santa apron to amuse holiday guests. Sew others for gifts. Transfer of Santa head, applique pattern for cap, apron directions. Sew bells along hemline. 25¢

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

Modess .... *because*

- **menthol fresh**
- **rich tobacco taste**
- **modern filter, too**

As refreshing as the trickle of water down a mossy rock is the taste of a Salem. For through its pure-white, modern filter flows the freshest, cleanest taste in cigarettes. Rich tobacco taste with new surprise softness. Smoke refreshed, pack after pack. Get Salem by the carton!

Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company