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Why They Had to Split!

a BABY for ELVIS

Why Mrs. Como Didn't Go to Her Son's Wedding

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The Bullwinkle cover is an original drawing by Bill Scott, co-originator of The Bullwinkle Show

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Buy your February issue early • On sale January 4
In answer to many, many requests, Information Booth each month will spotlight off-the-screen lives of the top daytime serial stars. Send us a card, indicating your own favorite personality!

Some Quickies

I would like to know the birthplace and birthdate of actress Carole Wells.

C.H., Homer, N. Y.

Carole was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, on August 31, 1942.

Are June Blair (David Nelson's wife) and Janet Blair related? Also, where can I write to Mike Landon?
P.S., West Palm Beach, Fla.

No. Janet's real name is Martha Jane Lafferty. Write to Mike, NBC-TV, 3000 W. Alameda, Burbank, Calif.

Can you please tell me how old Kathy Young really is? She's such a doll!

D.D., Seward, Neb.

Kathy was sweet sixteen on October 21.

Will you please tell me where and when Ronald Reagan was born?

H.W., Atco, N. J.

Ronald was born in Tampico, Illinois, on February 6, 1911.

We'll answer questions about radio and TV in this column, provided they are of general interest. Write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Attach this box, specifying network and program involved. Sorry, no personal answers.

Here's Jeff

Who is the king of the daytime serials? Many insist it is Mark Rydell, who for the past five years has played Jeff Baker in As The World Turns. . . . A native New Yorker, Mark at first planned to make piano and conducting his career—he studied at Juilliard School of Music, Chicago University and New York University—but ended up throwing himself into acting. He studied at several dramatic workshops and, after a while, his TV experience began to mount up. Only 32, has close to 200 television shows to his credit. Among them, he has performed on Alcoa-Goodyear Theater, Naked City, The Web, and Danger! . . . A handsome 5-foot-10, with dark hair and hazel eyes, Mark is still unmarried. He says, with a smile, "You can say I'm terribly eligible and am looking for a girl who appreciates the arts, but who doesn't necessarily have to be an actress." He lives in a typical bachelor apartment on New York's East Side, with a piano and an enormous collection of jazz records for companions. A talented pianist, conductor and arranger, he favors jazz piano. He reads "everything," but has a special fondness for Thomas Wolfe . . . . In regard to the many queries asking if Mark and Rosemary Prinz are steady daters, the answer is "no." Although they did date before their TV marriage, it was strictly for fun. . . . Mark's ambition? To combine directing with his successful role as Jeff.

Here's Penny

Many a budding young actress has worked at odd jobs while trying to build a theatrical career. So it was with flame-tressed Rosemary Prinz, alias Penny Baker of the daytime series, As The World Turns. Petite Rosemary—5-foot-2, 96 pounds—has worked as a door-to-door pots-and-pans salesgirl, a hatchet girl, a typist and a department salesgirl. . . . Her first dramatic experience came at the age of sixteen, as an apprentice in summer stock. She soon graduated to ingénue roles and, after high school, went on the road, playing Corliss in "Kiss And Tell." In rapid succession, she did more road shows, half-a-dozen Broadway and off-Broadway plays, plus a good deal of nighttime TV drama. A highlight of her career was receiving the Wildberg-Gilmore Award as the most promising actress in 1950. . . . Today, Rosemary is a busy gal, often arriving at the studio at 7:30 a.m. and remaining till 5:30 p.m. Nights, she learns dialogue for the next day, takes classes in "body movement," studies voice, French and college courses, and attends a professional drama workshop. She is a gourmet cook and, having studied piano, she loves music. (Her father, Milton, was a brilliant concert cellist who worked under the great Toscanini and, later, in the Firestone Orchestra.) . . . Now divorced, "home" for Rosemary is a small midtown New York apartment near the East River—"furnished in a way that expresses my many interests."
WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST

by PETER ABBOTT

Jangle Bells: Talk that Jerry Lewis may return to TV next season. . . . Johnny Carson altar-bound again? . . . NBC execs mumbling in their beards because Marilyn, who was too exhausted to make that TV special, is now finding the energy to start another film. . . . TV producers looking north. Production costs in Canada are about one-third of state-side budgets. . . . Tennessee Ernie Ford returns to TV in the spring with a daytimer over ABC. . . . Paul Anka on the town with a Copa cutie. . . . Harry James and Betty Grable would love to do a TV series. . . . Welcome back to Calvin And The Colonel, which will get a half-hour of the open time left by the demise of The Roaring 20's. Other half goes to Room For One More, comedy with Andrew Duggan and Peggy McCay. . . . Garroway's friends bet he'll be back in harness next season. . . . Dick Clark very happy with a private secretary. Not his own.

The Holiday Twist: Anita Ekberg nixing TV offers but will make two movies stateside. . . . Star of one of the highest rated TV shows gets his way by crying backstage. . . . Will David Susskind and PM's Joyce Davidson elope? . . . 20th Century-Fox hops onto the "cultural
wagon” with development of a half-hour series based on the classic poetry of Homer. Ulysses will be the hero and some dramatic license will be taken. It was not revealed whether “The Odyssey” will be turned into an adventure or situation comedy series. . . . Robbin Bain, of Today, is a former “Miss Rheingold.” Yet she hates beer, loves to get twisted up with pretzels. . . . The Twist is the rage of N.Y.C., endorsed enthusiastically by high society and the teen-age set. . . . Fabian not hurting his popularity by accepting TV scripts that are suggestive and violent. . . . Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme have put in another order with La Stork. Eydie has been ordered by her doctor to take it real easy.

**Televitis:** Paar wants Downs to take over the nighttime series when he retires at the end of March. But Hugh says, in effect, “If nominated, I will not run.” Downs doesn’t say that Paar is irreplaceable, but insists that he’s not the one for the job. . . . On December 10, NBC-TV comes up with a video version of the 1946 hit movie, “Notorious.” Joseph Cotten is set to play the boss of a South American spy ring. . . . The rumor that Steve Allen and his new bosses at ABC are at it hammer-and-tongs is untrue. They are using only sharp pencils. . . . Juliet Prowse nabs ten grand for her Xmas date with Como. . . . Hollywood tragedy: A champagne cork popped into Jill St. John’s eye and gave her a mouse.

**Sing Along With Me:** Whether or not Robert Stack decides to renew his contract this spring may not be important. Sing Along With Mitch is gunning down The Untouchables in the rating war. . . . Network execs confused. No matter which way they turn, they get spanked. Adventure shows are criticized for violence; comedy series are said to be sheer idiocy; and no one wants cultural shows, even the sponsors. . . . The Brighter Day’s use of blind actors was initiated by a fan letter asking the producer to set an example in the employment of the handicapped. . . . Satchmo up for a Congressional medal. . . . NBC-TV will be in a switch New Year’s Day. First, the network picks up the Tournament of Roses Parade with Betty White and John Davidson at the mike. Next, NBC goes to the Sugar Bowl for the pigskin play-off, then back to California for the Rose Bowl game. . . . Danny Thomas advised by medics he’s working too hard and must slow down. . . . Bob Newhart insists script conferences take place in his apartment. Can’t stand to be in an office. Reminds him of the days when he was an accountant, which he loathed.

**And All That Jazz:** CBS-TV’s Twentieth Century concentrates on Dave Brubeck, New Year’s Eve, with films shot at Basin Street East and during rehearsal at Brubeck’s Connecticut home. . . . Who can explain audience reaction? Garry Moore, who loves jazz, found his evening audience cooling off when he presented a jazz star. On the other hand, Merv Griffin and Arthur Godfrey emphasize jazz and find their daytime audiences love it. . . . The Sam Cookes expecting. . . . Ever wonder about what’s happened to Tony Marvin? He’s working a full day on commercials and as a newscaster at Mutual. He still prizes his profitable and long association with Godfrey and thinks it’s just a matter of another season before he’s back on network TV. . . . Hugh O’Brian’s dream comes all the way true. He will make Broadway in a show of his own, and will be directed by Alfred Lunt himself. . . . Tony Perkins, they (Continued on page 57)
Pet Projects: *Hawaiian Eye* star Anthony Eisley says the family Persian has struck up a tender friendship with a backyard squirrel. Watching "Putter" (the cat) frolic with "Nutty" in a tree of their North Hollywood yard, Tony at first thought of having his cat analyzed. On second thought, he did what every actor does by instinct . . . call a producer and ask for an "audition." Walt Disney listened gravely to Tony's recital of the goings-on 'twixt Putter, the cat, and Nutty, the squirrel, and finally said, "I think there might be a story in it . . . but we'd have to change the names around. That cat's definitely 'Nutty.'" . . . And then there's Shirley Booth, who's no wackier than her TV characterization of *Hazel*. Shirley has three female pets—a parakeet and two French poodles. Before leaving to go to dinner one night, she called to a friend, "Turn on the television for the girls." Somewhat taken aback, the friend complied. She was startled to see the dogs jump onto the couch and the bird fly to the top of the cage and stare expectantly at the screen. The show came on, but the dogs barked and the parakeet scolded shrilly. "What do they want now?" inquired the benumbed friend. "Oh, the sound's too low . . . how can they tell what they're watching if they can't hear the dialogue?" called Shirley.

Greater Love Hath No Actor than when he gives up billing to his wife. When famed actor Sam Jaffe and actress Bettye Ackerman (Mr. and Mrs. in private life) were signed to play Dr. David Zorba and Dr. Maggie Graham on *Ben Case*, Sam was naturally offered co-star billing with Vincent Edwards. He resisted this honor, and then insisted that wife Bettye's name go above his on the dressing room they share. "I've had my day at stardom," explained Sam, "and I say, 'move over for the younger people—my lovely wife included.'"

Bride's Father Gives Wife Away: It's all really very simple. Leon Ames—who is the TV father of Myrna Fahey and the TV hubby of Ruth Warrick, who is the TV "mother of the bride"—put his head together with his real-life wife's and arranged a party where Ruth could meet her ex-real-life hubby, Carl Neubert . . . with the result that Ruth and Carl decided to remarry and so the "father of the bride" (TV, that is), gave his "wife" away (TV, that is) . . . now isn't that clear?

Playing the Field: Jack Carter, TV and night-club comedian making his movie debut in "The Horizontal Lieutenant," at MGM, was asked why it had taken him so long to make his film bow. "I'll tell you," he explained. "A long time ago, I was up for a small role. I discovered all I was supposed to say was 'Ho,' so I turned it down. They said they'd enlarge the role. Sure enough, they did. I was to say 'Ho, ho!' Well, I decided that I just wasn't ready for the movies, so I returned to clubs and the theater to get experience." . . . Fabian's *Bus Stop* segment now looks definitely postponed until mid-season. Fabe, who plays a psychological killer in it, is said to be great, but there's opposition by censors in the front offices, who feel his actions in the episode might have a bad influence on his fans. . . . It took Ann Doran a whole year to do it, but she finally persuaded the *National Velvet* brass to get her a completely new wardrobe and hairdo. It seems that, last season, Ann wore the same dress throughout and it was giving her a complex. "They're not Dior's," says Ann, "but at least the dresses are new." . . . Is Jim Garner doing the "method" actor casual-clothes hit? Hollywood wonders. He showed up at Jack Kelly and Mae Wynn's fifth anniversary party minus tuxedo. He was the only male at the party of 200 minus black-tie . . . Dan Duryea finally figured out what a "compatible" TV set is. "It fogs up for you—plays beautifully for your wife's relatives!"

(Continued on page 8)
THE WEST COAST

The stars shone brightly at the “King of Kings” premiere

It’s Jack Benny with his ever-loving Mary.

Johnny Walsh squired young lovely, Lori Martin.

Ann Doran and Arthur Space of National Velvet escorted his real daughters—Sondra (left) and Susan.

Carole Wells showed up with Bob Bishop, who is fast becoming her favorite beau.
WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST

Personal Notes: Edd Byrnes—just about the only Warnerite who hasn't submitted and sold an original story to his own series—explains: "The only writing talent I have is to endorse my weekly paycheck!" . . . Banner Films' "angry young man of television"—Dr. Albert E. Burke, whose A Way Of Thinking lectures are geared to get citizens to "think"—seems headed for a network slot. His show has aroused more comment than Alexander King, Mike Wallace and Oscar Levant rolled into one. . . . Former "Champagne Lady" Roberta Linn wed bandleader Freddie Bell in Las Vegas when he was "between shows" at the Sahara Hotel. It was Roberta's first marriage, and former boss Lawrence Welk was one of the first to wire congratulations. . . . In his upcoming Target: The Corruptors guesting, Dean Jones will sing a number entitled "I Lost My Best Friend." He wrote both the lyrics and music for it, and his recording is scheduled to come out day-and-date with the TV showing. . . . Broderick Crawford bought two houses in Europe—one on the island of Rhodes, another off the coast of Spain. He hopes to retire abroad within two years. . . . George Maharis's two brothers, Robert and Paul, and his sister Patricia have been signed to appear with him in a Route 66 segment. . . . David Nelson has gained ten pounds since his marriage—for a good reason. Bride June Blair is a good cook, but has a passion for tacos. She cooks them three nights a week. . . . Gardner McKay soon stars in his first feature, "Watcher in the Shadows," so co-star Guy Stockwell will carry at least six shows without Gar's usual Adventures In Paradise presence. . . . Don Porter, erstwhile Ann Sothern leading man, stars in the East Coast touring company of "The Big Man." A shrewd businessman, Don is one actor in a position to pick his roles. He long ago invested in real estate—today owns several apartment houses.

The Younger Set: Fourteen-year-old Lori Martin had her first real date for the premiere of "King of Kings"—but it was with "old friend" Johnny Walsh. Johnny, under contract to Warner Bros. Records, lives in Glendale—not far from Lori's home in Burbank—and they've known each other "since we were children," says Lori, who becomes more sophisticated and beautiful each day. Another "King of Kings" premiere attendee, Carole Wells, was escorted by Bob Bishop, who had been her for three years. Though Carole has dated Peter Brown, Duane Eddy, George Hamilton and many other eligible actors, Bob is still her favorite date and she says she's becoming more sure all the time that he may be "the only man in my future.

The Brave Don't Cry: When Larry Pennell of Ripcord quit professional baseball for a career in acting and signed up with Paramount, he wired his former team, the Boston Braves, as follows: "Movie money has made it impossible for me to be a Brave again." The next week, he got his first part in "The Far Horizons," with Charlton Heston and Fred MacMurray. After reading the script, Larry rushed to the phone and sent another wire to Boston. "Just got first role—was I ever wrong! I'm playing an Indian—and I don't get the girl!"

The Lively Arts: Many stage, screen and TV stars have taken up painting for a hobby, and John Beal, who emotes in all three mediums, is a professional portrait painter on the side. Recently, he sent out a circular, giving examples of his work and offering to do portraits based on photographs. Beal—who picks up his mail in Higganum, Connecticut—later got a note in the mail signed "Arden Fan." The note enclosed a signed but blank check and said, "I would like a portrait, please, at your usual rate—but instead of doing one of me, would you please do one of yourself and send it to the above address?"

The Heel of Fortune: Morey Amsterdam, philosophizing about his career, says: "I'm not lucky. But this co-star spot on The Dick Van Dyke Show is a real break. Funny thing about TV—time means nothing. People come up to me and say, 'Hey, I saw you on The Ed Sullivan Show the other night.' And maybe I did the Sullivan spot two years ago. Anyway, I'm lucky they remember those guest shots at all. It was usually my luck to either follow a precocious kid or a guy on crutches who's just sung, 'God Bless America.'"

Hollywood-Go-Round: Dean Martin, explaining just what the Sinatra-Lawford-Martin-Davis et al group is: "The Clan? The Rat Pack? That's not us at all. We're more like a P.T.A.—a Perfect Togetherness Association." . . . Bob Cummings, on his biggest problem in launching his latest CBS-TV show: "I do all my own flying and at first the sponsors, the network and everyone else concerned took a dim view of it. After all—what if I had an accident? I convinced them finally that I'd been soloing for thirty-five years, come next March 3, and never even had the experience of running out of gas." . . . Blind author James B. Garfield—whose show, A Blind Man Looks At You, has been on KGOJ Radio for twelve years—celebrated his eightieth birthday recently by paying a visit to his alma mater, the International Guiding Eyes school, with his guide dog "Fiera." Said Garfield, "I certainly enjoyed the trip. It's always good to see old friends again." The genial gentleman, blinded late in life, insists he sees better now with his heart than he ever did with his eyes. . . . Della Reese, discovered when she was thirteen, while singing with the Mahalia Jackson group, had Miss Jackson and her Meditation Singers with her recently when she played Las Vegas. It was their first appearance together in more than fifteen years. . . . Maureen O'Hara's Columbia LP is due out this month. . . . Singer Roberta Sherwood has made a pilot, Bringing Up Mother, for producer Tony Owen, Donna Reed's husband. . . . Margie Regan and Ron Harper of 87th Precinct discovered each other with their first on-screen kiss, and friends predict wedding bells will ring.
Sophisticated comedian
Milt Kamen finds life a barrel of laughs. But it wasn’t always so

by CHARLES MIRON

Housewives across the nation who listen to ABC Radio’s network feature, Flair, are becoming devotees of the distinctive humor of Milt Kamen. In fact, as one of the country’s hottest comics, Kamen is in such demand these days that life seems very good to him.

But, in other years, Milt’s lot in life was considerably less than amusing. “It’s hard to be funny when you might get your head beat in,” he observes, remembering all too well the (Continued on page 66)

Milt Kamen is on Flair, the big weekday variety program heard nationwide over ABC Radio. Check papers for time in your area.
The stars of today are the superb sportsmen of yesterday.

A nostalgic album of how today's beefcake idols looked when muscular skill meant more than acting ability.

- Is it just coincidence that so many of today's male TV stars have a solid background in sports? Hollywood hipsters think not, usually cite one of three reasons: (1) Sports fame, with its attendant publicity, is a shortcut to show-biz success. . . (2) It takes the same sort of dedication, drive and self-discipline to succeed in show business as it does in the arena. . . (3) Female fans are irresistibly drawn to a male with a fine physique—a man who radiates health and sheer animal magnetism—and are willing to overlook whatever shortcomings he may have as to talent, so long as he's a big, handsome hunk of man. . . Whatever the reason, there are more former sports heroes among today's stars than ever before in Hollywood history. Many capitalize on their athletic fame to get a first foot inside the stage door, then keep in the limelight through talent alone. Others are discovered through their performing abilities, then disclose their sports prowess later. . . One way or another, the ten athletes seen here are prime exhibits to prove why modern talent scouts must keep their eyes on both sporting events and little-theater.

Continued

1951: Movies discover diamond—Kevin Connors, 6-foot-6 basketball star from Seton Hall (N.J.) now playing pro baseball (for Dodgers, Cubs, etc.)! "Chuck" later won greatest fame as TV's Rifleman.

1946: Robert Stack, young Hollywood actor, impresses in water sports at Lake Tahoe! "Untouchables" hero has always been on-target: All-American skeet-shooting champ at 16; crack pistol shot and polo player in college; also has cups for outboard-motor racing.
Athletes All

7,000 "rassles" later, Bomber Kulkovich became actor Henry Kulky—Hennessey's lovable Max! Below: Scott (then "Denny") Miller dribbled a smart basketball, as senior guard on U.C.L.A. team of 1958-59—before he even dreamed of joining TV's Wagon Train.
The stars of today are the superb sportsmen of yesterday.

A nostalgic album of how today's beefcake idols looked when muscular skill meant more than acting ability.

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1951: Movie discover demand - Kevin Connors, 6 foot-6 basketball star from Seton Hall (N.J.) now playing pro baseball (for Dodgers, Cubs, etc.)! "Chuck" later won greatest fame as TV's Rifleman.

1946: Robert Stack, young Hollywood actor, impresses in water sports of Lake Tahoe! "Unsinkable" heir has always been on-target: All-American skeet-shooting champ at 16; crack pistol shot and polo player in college; also has cups for outboard-motor racing.

1952: Bomber Kukovich became actor Henry Kulky - Hennessy's lovable Max! Below: Scott (then "Denny") Miller dribbled a smart basketball, as senior guard on U.C.L.A. team of 1958-59 - before he even dreamed of joining TV's Wagon Train.
Western series, Lawman, spurred co-star Peter Brown's interest in riding! He trained his TV mount himself, is seen at left winning blue ribbon at Devonshire Downs—first horse show he entered.

Who doesn't know by now that Dennis Weaver's limp in Gunsmoke is a stunt performed by a top athlete? Back in Missouri, he set school track records—later led an Oklahoma U. squad to regional triumphs. Dennis placed high in tryouts for 1948 Olympics, has kept in shape over the years by practicing in his own backyard.
Van Williams—above, setting a high-school record in 1952—is an all-around athlete. The SurfSide 6 sleuth played football for Texas Christian, once taught skin-diving in Hawaii.

Champ hobbyist Bill Leyden, of It Could Be You, likes anything connected with speed. A former Air Force pilot, he races now in boats and cars (as above).

Before Fabian zoomed to teen-age stardom, he was tops on club-sponsored basketball teams in Philadelphia also halfback on his high-school football team.

Texas A&M’s Ty Hardin would be a football pro today—instead of Bronco on The Cheyenne Show—if it hadn’t been for gridiron injuries.
JACKIE GLEASON:

a FATHER at Last

Some five years ago, Jackie Gleason confided to a reporter: "Somewhere along the road, I lost a fine family. Three of the loveliest girls in the world slipped through my fingers. One was Genevieve, my wife. The others were Geraldine and Linda, my daughters. These three women—and you can take my word for it—are the greatest!"

Last September 9, Jackie and "the three loveliest girls in the world" were reunited when Geraldine, now 22, exchanged marital vows with Los Angeles advertising executive John Chutuk. But, immediately after the rite and wedding reception, Jackie experienced the familiar feeling of having the women slip through his fingers. His wife and younger daughter, Linda, left for their Beverly Hills, California home. Geraldine and her husband departed for Los Angeles. Jackie remained in New York—alone.

It would be incorrect to say that the rotund performer had "lost a daughter but gained a son" through those nuptials at St. Paul the Apostle Church. In Jackie's own words, he lost Geraldine years ago. She herself described their relationship in a national magazine last November. "All my life," she wrote, "much about my father has been a mystery to me. I have worshipped him, believed in his talent and been awestruck by his brilliance. But I have never entirely understood him."

At Geraldine's wedding in New York City, Jackie made a serious effort to recapture the feeling that once existed for the Gleason family. He slipped into a paternal attitude that had become so strange for him. Though Jackie's an accomplished actor, his perfect performance as "father of the bride" wasn't an act. He was genuinely nervous, as any dad might be on such a momentous occasion. His hands trembled noticeably while helping Geraldine out of the car on arrival at the church.

Strain etched new lines in his face, throughout the preliminaries. And as he approached the top of the aisle, perspiration trickled down his expansive face in tiny rivulets. It took some appropriate wisecracks from his daughter Linda, 20, to bring back the familiar grin known to so many millions of TV viewers and moviegoers.

As a matter of fact, Linda stole the spotlight from her father—something few entertainers in show business can boast! The vivacious girl was everywhere at the same time. She gave out details of the gowns to the press, introduced her mother to Jackie's friends, fixed the hems and adjusted the frills of other girls at the wedding party, joshed and kidded with her father and sister, kept everyone's spirits up. Later, she rounded up the wedding party for the reception, arranged for formal pictures.

Jackie just shook his head in amazement at Linda's tireless activities. "Poor Geraldine," he said in mock sadness. "She's merely the bride today!" But Linda's take-charge attitude wasn't surprising. She is very much like her illustrious dad—outgoing, bubbling with joy and vitality—though she, too, suffered the pain of loneliness in being separated from her father on so many occasions and for so long a time.

Jackie once said about his daughters: "I wasn't always home to give them all the love they deserved, but few fathers hoped harder for their happiness, and prayed harder for their goodness."

The Gleason girls seldom visited their father more than once or twice a year, over the past decade. When they did come to New York, Jackie lavishly entertained them and their boy friends. He delighted in showing off his beautiful girls to all his friends in the glitter spots of Manhattan. A few years ago, on their annual trek East, the youngsters were promised by Jackie that he'd (Continued on page 76)

His hand trembled, touching hers. His daughter Geraldine a bride—and so beautiful! What had he lost in all those years?
Like a famous Kelly named Grace (no relation), the co-star of Straightaway was born with

the

Unpredictable

Brian Kelly

It's a snappy racer for Brian in Straightaway—
a snappy co-star in the person of young John Ashley.

Former top athlete Kelly will try anything once—even with a trick knee from football! Latest is sand-skiing: From left to right—Brian, ski champ Penny Pitou, singer Molly Bee, John Ashley.
money, charm and good looks. Oh, yes, brains and acting talent, too. He can afford to be:

- Three years ago, when the world was young and Brian Kelly lived in the Hollywood Hills near another aspiring actor named Gardner McKay, Brian owned an overgrown pooch named "Pussycat." According to Gardner, Brian stopped by his house one Friday afternoon and deposited Pussycat. "Can you watch him for me for the weekend?" was the request. Not wanting to be unneighborly, Gar acquiesced, Brian was hopping back to Detroit to visit his folks Saturday and Sunday. Sure, Gar would baby-sit with Pussycat. After all, Pussycat was a fine animal. So fine was Pussycat, in fact, that when Brian appeared to pick him up, McKay didn't want to part with him. He'd grown attached to the dog. Taking him now (Continued on page 72)
Like a famous Kelly named Grace (no relation), the co-star of Straightaway was born with money, charm and good looks. Oh, yes, brains and acting talent, too. He can afford to be:
The networks' answer to criticism of

JUVENILE SHOWS

American Newsstand: At ABC-TV, editor-producer Fred Sheehan (in short sleeves) gets youthful slant on daily news from anchor-man Roger Sharp (left) and two recent journalism grads—Bill Lord and Dave Jayne (at right).
**Update:** Young Bob Abernethy (center) is on-the-air editor for NBC-TV's survey-in-depth of the week's events. Left — news producer Leonard Leddington, executive producer George Heinemann; right — director Don McDonough.

**by HELEN BOLSTAD**

Is the private life of today's high school student bounded by a date, a car and the next hit record? . . . Or do the tension and excitement of world events stir his curiosity and make him want to know more about the living history which affects his future? . . . It is true that froth and/or violence have been regarded by some programers as the sure-fire formula for quickly gathering a large teen-age audience. This season, however, two networks have bet the serious side and scheduled programs of news prepared especially for young people.

ABC-TV gave its American Newsstand a ready-made audience by allotting it the time immediately following Dick Clark's popular American Bandstand. NBC-TV telecasts its Update for a half-hour beginning at noon on Saturday. Both programs fit into the new trend toward public-service broadcasting—but both networks deny that Federal Communications Commission chairman Newton Minow's speech criticizing television as "a vast wasteland" had anything to do with nudging these shows into the schedule.

An NBC spokesman points out: "Mr. Minow made his speech last April. We cut our pilot for Update in March." ABC—where James C. Hagerty, former press secretary to President Eisenhower, is now a vice-president—says of its Newsstand: "This is part of Jim Hagerty's plan to expand our news service." Yet there is no doubt that this is (Continued on page 75)

*Update,* NBC-TV's news show for teen-age students, Sat., from 12 noon to 12:30 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Helena Rubinstein. *American Newsstand,* seen on ABC-TV, Mon. through Fri., 4:50 to 5 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Milton Bradley and Lohn & Fink.
Rosemary Clooney

WHY THEY HAD TO SPLIT!

by BEATRICE EMMONS
"That little baby carriage will save your marriage" is an old wives' notion which has been tried and exploded many times in Hollywood. The most recent and saddest case in point is that of Rosemary Clooney, who had five babies in less than eight years, all in a vain hope of holding on to her actor-director-producer husband Jose Ferrer.

"It was something I grew up with, the idea that having a big family was the best guarantee for a happy marriage. I'm afraid that, like all recipes, much depends on who's doing the cooking and under what conditions. I did my best, and for a long time I thought the Ferrers were a happy harmonious family. Our divorce plans go to prove there is no sure-fire formula to keep a marriage from breaking." This, in essence, is the statement made by Rosie as she placed her charge of "extreme mental cruelty" against Joe into the record in Santa Monica court.

The announcement came as a stunning shock to most of show business, though there are some—who are not surprised. "They were always an oddly assorted couple," these sources declare. It is an opinion which has occasionally been expressed since the beginning of their courtship in 1953. And it is easy to see why. It has something of the flavor of the Arthur Miller—(Continued on page 67)
Baby scenes in Paramount film "G.I. Blues" played for laughs—but gave true picture of the star's own innate tenderness and winning ways with small fry.
A brother or sister of his own—that's what

Presley wanted, more than anything else in the world!

The one thing fame and riches cannot bring . . .

It was good news Vernon Presley and his charming second wife, Dee, brought Elvis in Florida. Good news for the still-young father and for the sensationally successful son . . . the son whose early loneliness had never quite been banished . . . whose sense of loss and unearned guilt mourned a twin he couldn't remember.

It shaped up in rehearsal as a very funny scene. Against veteran actor Arthur O'Connell's mugging, Elvis Presley snapped off a smooth, expertly timed retort, and pretty Anne Helm gave a giggle that wasn't in the script. Gordon Douglas, the director of "Pioneer, Go Home," looked pleased. "Leave it in," he said. Everything was going just right.

Then one of the soundstage phones rang.

A moment later, a studio guard came up to Elvis. "Long distance, Mr. Presley." The grin faded from Elvis's face. Tense, strained lines appeared around his lips and eyes. "Excuse me," he said to the company, and walked to the phone on the rear wall. Members of the crew moved off, tactfully busyng themselves elsewhere. Arthur O'Connell looked after Elvis in surprise. "He looks scared," he said.

Five minutes passed. Then ten. It was time to shoot the final version of the scene. The actors took their places. The cinematographer readied his camera. Douglas glanced uneasily about. "Where's Elvis?" he said. There was a movement in the shadows back of the soundstage. Elvis came toward the set. In ten minutes, he seemed to have aged as many years. His head was held low. The touch of swagger had vanished from his walk. Silently, he took his place.

O'Connell spoke his lines. Anne Helm gave the next cue. They looked at Elvis, but there was no reaction. A moment passed. (Continued on page 62)
A brother or sister of his own—that's what Presley wanted, more than anything else in the world!

The one thing fame and riches cannot bring ...
BULLWINKLE:
THE MOOSE WITH THE MOST

by
ROGER BECK

His eyes may be crossed, but the humor shoots straight to the mark!

They created them all—but even Bill Scott and Jay Ward can be amazed by the zany antics of Bullwinkle J. Moose and such pals as Rocket J. Squirrel, Dudley Do-Right of the Mounties, the Genius Dog, Boris Badenov.

There's one star this season who is a big jump ahead of his competitors in getting laughs from the oft-unrealistic situations of TV comedy—because he's unreal himself: Funny, fictitious Bullwinkle J. Moose, who leaped to fame on the popular cartoon series Rocky And His Friends and now has star billing on his own Bullwinkle Show each Sunday.

Real or unreal, it's only natural that the inimitable cross-eyed moose is a veritable fountain of funniness. He's the brainchild of the zaniest pair of behind-the-camera laugh-provokers ever to hit Hollywood. The general tenor of madness that surrounds everything connected with the show was evident at its gala premiere. Everybody who is anybody in the film capital received formal, engraved invitations and a pair of tickets to widely separated seats—to accommodate couples who weren't on speaking terms! As guests arrived at (Continued on page 71)

The Bullwinkle Show is colorcast over NBC-TV, Sun., 7 P.M. EST, for General Mills, Ideal Toy Corp. and Beech-Nut.
“WHY I MARRIED AN OLDER MAN”

Gigi Perreau, a veteran actress at 20, points out the advantages of a May-and-December marriage—when you are May!

by DICK KLEINER

They were wed October 1, 1960, in the same church—St. Victor’s, Los Angeles—where they had first met seventeen months before. The solemn circumstance of their introduction is only one reason why Gigi Perreau and Frank Gallo believe their romance and marriage will last. More significant, of course, is the fact that both are Roman Catholic, look on divorce with disfavor and consider marriage a step to be taken only with the utmost seriousness. . . . There is still another reason, less obvious and quite purely personal: Gigi’s own dedicated search for a certain type to marry—an older man. To understand this, you have to understand Gigi. As she says, “It was important to my personality to marry an older man. Perhaps (Continued on page 58)
"WHY I MARRIED AN OLDER WOMAN"

Mike Landon, the youngest rebel of Bonanza, presents a vigorous defense for the wisdom of marrying a mature mate

by TEX MADDOX

... When Dodie and Mike Landon dared to elope, no one but Dodie's discerning mother believed they could make a go of their romantic marriage. In fact, they wed without his family's knowledge. Mike was nineteen, Dodie was six years older—a widow with a seven-year-old son—and his parents threatened to stop "the crazy step" if he attempted it. To Mike's father and mother and sister, he was maddeningly immature. He had already disappointed them by leaving college, by trying to become an actor. They felt that he ran away from life's challenges and they interpreted his teen-age uncertainty as self-centered nonsense.

But as Mike recalls those days—and that fateful first meeting: "The evening a mutual friend introduced me to Dodie for a double-date at her little house, we played chess and laughed. I had such a good time being the self I wanted to be, I had to see her the next evening. When I told my mother honestly that I had met and liked Dodie, she wasn't at all pleased. That night, she telephoned Dodie to send me home instantly because I was much too young to be interested in anyone older. Dodie cried—but she did just that. She wouldn't (Continued on page 65)
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Michael Landon (pictured on opposite page with his wife Dodie) co-stars as Little Joe Cartwright in Bonanza, now broadcast over NBC-TV on Sundays, from 9 to 10 P.M. EST, under the sponsorship of the Chevrolet Motor Division of General Motors Corporation.
Carol Burnett says:

IT TAKES A FOOL TO BE

A LADY COMIC

by JIM MORSE

Why don’t the ladies want to be comics? Why does creating laughter make the little dears so sad? Carol Burnett can tell you why. Almost in the same breath, she can tell you why she herself—a most successful lady comic—can state, with all sincerity, “I’m the happiest slob in the world!” As Carol explains it: “Unless there are unusual circumstances, anyone who is making a living in show business has no right to be unhappy. After all, there are no want-ads for actors. If a guy or gal is in show business, it’s because he or she wants to be. How many people are there who, when they wake up in the morning, actually look forward to going to work? Very few—but I’m one of them. As long as I can earn a good living by crossing my eyes once a week on television, I’d be a real kook if I had complaints!”

Although the word “kook” pops up frequently in Carol’s conversation, she’s far from being one. When not trying for laughs on stage, on TV’s The Garry Moore Show or radio’s The Carol Burnett—Richard Hayes Show, she is a serious gal with definite ideas about her personal life and career. Also—when not making (Continued on page 68)

The Garry Moore Show is seen on CBS-TV, Tues., 10 P.M. EST, sponsored by Oldsmobile, Johnson’s Wax and Winston Cigarettes. The Carol Burnett—Richard Hayes Show is heard over CBS Radio, M-F, 7:10 P.M. EST.
HOLLYWOOD'S
BIGGEST TOURIST ATTRACTION

The lights may twinkle and the stars shine at
"Sunset & Vine," but it's Lawrence Welk and
his champagne cohorts at the Palladium who
get the play when travelers visit glamourland

by MARILYN BECK

- Hollywood is famous for many things. It has the movie and
TV industries and their stars; glamorous night clubs; unusual
structures such as the Capitol Records building (shaped like
a stack of discs); cultural centers such as the Hollywood Bowl;
dozens of other attractions which long have made the film
capital a prime tourist target.

And now Hollywood has a new lure for out-of-town visitors:
Lawrence Welk! Since he moved his Champagne Music Makers
from the Aragon Ballroom in Santa Monica to the redecorated
Hollywood Palladium in the heart of (Continued on page 61)

The Lawrence Welk Show is seen on ABC-TV, Sat., from 9 to 10 P.M.
EST, sponsored by J. B. Williams, Union Carbide, and Polaroid. For
Welk programs heard on ABC Radio, check newspapers in your area.

Welk looks at the lights and says: "It's a long way from North Dakota!" But many in the vast crowds travel even farther—to
see the former farmboy, his musicians and singers (such as Norma Zimmer, pictured with the maestro on the opposite page).
THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING SHY
A message of self-assurance from Joan Harvey,
the entrancing Judy Gibson of The Edge Of Night

by FRANCES KISH

Behind a facade of poise is an innate shyness Joan Harvey has never quite overcome. But she believes shyness isn't necessarily a handicap. "If you are truly shy—and not pretending—not everyone will overlook you," she says. "Sometimes it makes people try harder to help." This has happened to Joan from her earliest job-hunting days in Hollywood to her present role as Judy Marceau Gibson on the CBS serial drama, The Edge Of Night. It's true that doors didn't spring wide for her in the film capital during the ages of seventeen to twenty-one, when she wanted so desperately to become (Continued on page 70)

The Edge Of Night, CBS-TV, M-F, 4:30 to 5 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Procter & Gamble and others.
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The Edge Of Night, CBS-TV, M-F, 1:30 to 5 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Procter & Gamble and others.
Robert Goulet

He sings like an angel.

He has just enough of
the devil in his eyes.

He’s a Broadway star . . .

He’s also modest!

by JAMES TAYLOR

"When did I first realize that I’d become a star?" repeated Robert Goulet. "I’m not sure that I know what a star really is, or what it means to be one. The word is much over-used. . . . Just because an actor plays the principal role in a weekly Western series on television, that doesn’t necessarily make him a star; although he may like to think of himself as being one. I know of an actor who played bit roles in a couple of TV dramas and had a better part in a commercial. Then he went on the road in a play and was billed as a television star! . . . Although I have hopes, I’m not a star. Not yet, anyway. Oh, people recognize me on the street and in restaurants. And I’m beginning to get a lot of fan mail. But that doesn’t mean I’m a star. It simply means that people recognize me from seeing me on television or the stage. . . . To my way of thinking, the real honest-to-goodness stars are performers (Continued on page 55)
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Carney and Barbara Cook start "Fads and Foibles" rolling with tintype pose of yesteryear.

Art Carney acts as genial guide through a hundred years of America's whackiest enthusiasms

Later this month, NBC's talented Special Project group will delight America's TV viewers with an hour-long show called "Fads and Foibles." Written and produced by William Nichols, with a score by Robert Russell Bennett, this musical tour through the history of the last century will cast a smiling eye on some of this country's zaniest enthusiasms. Narrator Art Carney will be joined by Barbara Cook, Alice Ghostley, James Hurst and Eileen Rodgers for a singing-swinging show, blending fact with fancy in a top program for The Du Pont Show Of The Week.

Above: In America—or anywhere—the battle of the sexes goes on and on. In this corner, The Vamp, Theda Bara, who destroyed every man who wandered into her parlor. During the same era, Rudolph Valentino tamed the ladies and turned them back into the soft, compliant creatures God intended.

"Fads and Foibles," seen Sunday, December 17, from 10 to 11 P.M. EST, is an NBC TV Special Project for The Du Pont Show Of The Week.
In the 1930s and '40s, people went mad about Latin American dances. After a while, some of us—including Alice Ghostley—said, "That's enough, that's enough, take it back; my spine's out of whack! There's a great big crack in the back of my sacroiliac!"

Right: Hollywood and its movies have fostered more fads and foibles than any other American institution. From Fairbanks to Brando, from Pickford to Monroe, Hollywood has set the fads. Here, Eileen Rodgers sings the joys of dancing at that "Moving Picture Ball," where "Douglas Fairbanks shimmied on one hand... Mary Pickford did a toe-dance grand."
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When Home Sweet Home grew too confining, there was the corner bar to restore masculine spirits. Art Carney and cohorts sing, "If a pair of blue eyes have deceived you, and a pair of red lips said you nay, don't appeal to champagne, all its bubbles are vain, you will only feel worse the next day."

"Temperance" was the battle word. Pamphlets, pictures, songs and plays showed that man's first drink was his first step on the road to hell. Barbara Cook sings one of the most popular songs of the day, "Father, dear father, come home with me now! The clock in the steeple strikes two... Oh, who could resist the most plaintive of prayers?... Come home!"

But such goings-on in the corner saloon so enraged a militant character named Carry Nation that she organized a posse of hatchet-women who passed through Kansas like a cyclone, leaving a train of wrecked saloons behind them.
Mother isn't a fad and she isn't exactly a foible, but for many years there was a fad for "mother" songs. James Hurst sings the best-known of them all, "M is for the million things she gave me," and so on to the end: "Put them all together they spell 'Mother,' a word that means the world to me."

One of the dance fads, coupled with Prohibition, inspired Irving Berlin's good-humored complaint, interpreted here by Eileen Rodgers. "'Tis a sad, sad day for me, this day of lemonade and tea. For now my dancing aspirations haven't got a chance... You cannot make your shimmy shake on tea."

And during the '50s, we had: Hula hoops, Liberace, panty raids, the sack dress, Bermuda shorts, beatniks, the motorcycle bay, Ladies and gentlemen, from the far-out fifties... —Elvis Presley and rock 'n' roll.
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The beautiful bride and the handsome groom sat at the bridal table holding hands. Around them, in the Four Arts Club, more than 350 guests at the wedding reception milled and chattered. But Melanie Adams Como, the bride of just a few hours, and Ronald Pierino Como, the proud groom, were unaware of the noisy crowd. Their intertwined fingers, their shining eyes and whispered words set them aside in a world of their own.

Suddenly, there was a stir among the guests and a man stepped forward. He stood in front of the bride and groom, poured champagne into a glass, and proposed a toast to the newlyweds' future happiness.

Melanie and Ronald came out of their private dream world and looked up.

Something was wrong . . . this wasn’t the best man, who traditionally made the first toast. And the father of the groom—where was he on this most important night of his son’s life?

Nowhere to be seen. The best man and the father of the groom were both missing.

Now the gossip, which had begun that afternoon during the marriage ceremony itself, started again: “See, the father does disapprove of the marriage. He hardly waited until the wedding was over before he and his other son skipped out.” . . . “The mother didn’t show up at all. Claimed she was sick. Convenient, eh? I bet there’d be quite a story if we knew the real reasons why Mrs. Perry Como didn’t attend her own son’s wedding.” . . . “Perry Como went to the ceremony in a brown business suit. I know he’s a relaxed guy—but a business suit at a formal wedding! How casual can you get?” . . . “Hear that Ronnie’s father and mother burned up the wires, when they heard their son (Continued on page 59)
go to her son's wedding
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“Perry Como went to the ceremony in a brown business suit. I know he’s a relaxed guy—but a business suit at a formal wedding! How casual can you get?”

“Hear that Ronnie’s father and mother burned up the wires, when they heard their son (Continued on page 59)
Meet the

The Addisons of *Mister Ed*: Larry Keating, who was once "neighbor" to Burns & Allen; Edna Skinner, former film star who came out of retirement to "live next door" to Alan Young's talking horse.

For five years, these boon companions of the Nelsons (left) have added spice to *The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet*: Movie veteran Lyle Talbot, as Joe Randolph; Mary Jane Croft—also known as TV voice of basset hound "Cleo"!—as Clara.

Mina Kolb helps Cara Williams prove two head

- Good fences may make good neighbors, as Robert Frost's farmer said. But TV writers find many a bonus in tearing those fences down, let neighbors swarm as they may! ... What would *I Love Lucy* have been without those lovable pop-ins, Fred and Ethel Mertz (as played by Bill Frawley and Vivian Vance)? Certainly, Jackie Gleason's *The Honeymooners* would have been only half as funny without their pals Ed and Trixie Norton (Art Carney and Joyce Randolph). It seems as though—like double dates in real life—foursomes are more fun in television. ... In fact, some TV "neighbors" have become so popular
Neighbors

As Flora and George, they add to the feudin', fussin' and fun on *The Real McCoys*; Madge Blake, who started acting after her sons were grown; Andy Clyde, who was a Keystone Cop in silent films.

Most harassed neighbors of all are the childless couple who live next door to *Dennis The Menace* (Jay North) and his parents (Herbert Anderson and Gloria Henry, both at left below); The Mitchells—as played by Sylvia Field and Joseph Kearns (at right).

“wetter” than one, on *Pete And Gladys*!

with fans that they got shows of their own . . . like Harry Morgan, the Pete Porter of *December Bride*, who now stars as the same character in *Pete And Gladys*. Wife Gladys—never seen in the earlier series, but plenty talked-about—came to life in the pretty person of Cara Williams. And now their show has added its own pair of neighbors! . . . Even “loner” Dale Robertson has signed on a trio of ladies who can run from their ranch next door to borrow sugar—and bring a feminine touch to his *Tales Of Wells Fargo*. Yes, it's neighbors, neighbors everywhere . . . without them, many a show would sink.
Meet the Neighbors

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Mina Kolb helps Cara Williams prove two heads are "wetter" than one, on Pete And Gladys!

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Joey and son Larry, 14, find California weather is great for playing backyard catch, the year around. And that sunshine's just fine for taking family pictures with Sylvia!

Sparring partner is Joey's old friend Charlie Faffif, known to boxing as "Young Charlie Zivic."

No doubt the sad-eyed comic felt a pang, moving West for The Joey Bishop Show. It was hard to leave the old home in Englewood, New Jersey—near the golf club he owned with pals Buddy Hackett, Phil Foster and Dick Shawn . . . hard to leave the Jack Paar gang, where he'd won TV fame and friends. But out West there were buddies, too . . . like Sinatra, who'd given his career such a boost . . . and brother Morris, already a manufacturer there. And Joey's used to traveling Coast to Coast, as a top night-club "draw." Best of all . . . though settling down to a series meant a gamble . . . he'd have more time to live at home, eat with the family, play games with his son. As the camera proves, the Bishops are all mighty glad they came!

Below: Helping Larry rock his dad's boat is Joey's older brother, Morris Gottlieb. At right: Full-dress (?) portrait of Joey Bishop, his wife Sylvia, their son Larry and his dog "Winkie."
From home in New Jersey, Joey and his family transferred to sunny Beverly Hills when his new TV series went into production. Looks like the good life, doesn't it?
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Beverly Hills home is new, but tablecloth (below) is old. Artist sketched "Bishop Brothers" on first club date in 1939.

THE TRANSCONTINENTAL BISHOPS

Mel Bishop, of old act, is welcome guest. ("Brothers" were no relation and only their driver was really named "Bishop"!)

Sports outdoors, bare feet and floors indoors— the Bishops are taking to California like natives.
NO TIME FOR SLEEP

Despite a 60-hour work week,

Richard Hickox of WISH-TV wouldn’t be happy with any other job

Richard occasionally finds time to work on a do-it-yourself project and listen to his hi-fi collection.

Working ten hours a day, six days a week, newscaster Richard Hickox of WISH-TV in Indianapolis finds little time for sleep—let alone relaxation, friends, family or hobbies. “But I wouldn’t be happy at any other job,” he says. “I fully believe I wouldn’t be in the business were it not for news, for it is the one facet which makes TV worth all the criticisms it is constantly getting.”

Born in Medford, Massachusetts, Richard was about to audition for a musical group in 1939, but—“the program director of WLAW in Lawrence got to me first and asked me if I’d consider an announcing job. I took it.”

Now a pro, Richard delivers the news M–F at 6:30 and 11 P.M. and on Saturday at 6:15 and 11 P.M., plus interviewing news personalities on his shows. These have included Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, SHAPE and NATO officials, Senators and Congressmen from all eleven Hoosier districts, numerous show-biz people, and at least three Presidential candidates—although never after they became President.

... In November, 1960, Richard took a two-week tour of France and Germany, as guest of the Seventh Army and Seventeenth Air Force. He spent three days in Berlin, covering both the East and West sectors. “The trip gave me an on-the-spot picture of one of the world’s most controversial trouble spots,” he says. ... He has also done several documentaries, including “Peace Is Our Profession,” “Cuban Report,” and “Decade in Europe.”

Despite his full days at WISH, Richard golfs in the 90s, pistol-shoots in the high 80s, and enjoys “do it yourself” projects. ... He and his wife Jessie, a former singer on radio, have two children: Diane, 14, and Richard Jr., now in the Coast Guard. And there’s “Laddie,” a collie which—Richard says—“considers himself a part of the family.”
Via Repertoire Theater, on WBBM-TV, local talent has been awarded a . . .

Showcase of Chicago

The theater was launched last August with an original drama—"Jeanne d'Arc: The Trial." Written by three young Chicago women, it starred Mariette Hartley and a cast of seventeen.
Creative talent in Chicago has been offered a new outlet: Local television—specifically, Repertoire Theatre, a weekly drama workshop on WBBM-TV. This show features original dramas, pantomimists, monologuists and dancers, under the supervision of executive producer Don Dillion. . . . The unusual aspect of Repertoire Theatre is that all talent, ranging from actors to writers, must be Chicagoans. To attain that goal, established Chicago writers and promising young scripters—plus composers, arrangers and adapters of music and musical theater—are being encouraged to bring their works to WBBM-TV. . . . "We are very rich in creative resources, having auditioned more than 300 actors, actresses, singers and aspiring comedians," says Dillion. "And passing through our studio doors have been many writers and young people ambitious in the fields of music, design and direction." . . . Producer Dillion began his TV career in Chicago with Station WBKB, and became manager of production operations when CBS purchased the station in 1953 and changed the call letters to WBBM. In 1958, he left the station to become associate producer of Playboy's Penthouse, but returned in February, 1960, as assistant program director—executive producer. . . . Dillion's series is now aired on Saturday afternoons from 2 to 2:30, with one major exception—four of the 30-minute shows will be expanded into 60 or 90-minute dramas early this year. . . . Going strong, Repertoire Theatre has presented or has in the planning stage: "The Decision of Tempy Jones," an original drama; Sachio Kane, a series of pantomimes; "The Magnificent Humbug," an original drama which is the story of George Bernard Shaw; a reading of Shaw's "Don Juan in Hell," and the dramatic theme of the Biblical story, "Song of Songs," set to music and dancing. A showcase indeed!
With way-out antics, Jim keeps the whole staff on the go.

0-0-0 O’Neill!

He’s an offbeat deejay who’s brought his music and mirth to Minneapolis and St. Paul

Jim O’Neill (or James Francis Patrick O’Neill, as he’s known to his most intimate acquaintances) joined KDWB Radio last summer, and folks of the Twin Cities have been chuckling ever since. Why? Because Jim believes the successful performer must always be himself—and, since Jim’s sense of humor is offbeat and tongue-in-cheek, the show merely extends his personality. Typical is his daily “little-known moments in history” section, saluting such figures as: “Glick, the obscure Chinese tinkerer, who unknowingly invented the first wheel in 1088 B.C., but thought he’d invented the first pair of skis . . . lived a frustrating life ever after, and finally had to invent traction in self-defense.” . . . A native of Casper, Wyoming, Jim was graduated from Creighton University in
Busy Jim enjoys home life with his wife Marjorie and their daughter Kathy, 12.

Omaha in 1952 with a bachelor's degree in history. This four-year span was preceded by two years in the Army in the Philippines, where he served with Armed Forces Radio Service. Jim thinks he may be one of the youngest “starters” in the broadcasting business. He was first employed as an announcer in Fremont, Nebraska, at the age of 14, for the magnificent sum of thirty cents an hour. He claims: “I was hired because of my sparkling personality, my innate charm, my native ability, and mainly because there was a war on and station managers would hire anyone who'd walk, talk, and be out of the draft.” Between then and now, Jim was on the staff of KOWH, in Omaha, from 1949 to 1956... program director at KFBI in Wichita... at WONE in Dayton... and went to the West Coast in 1959 to try combining air work and program management in Stockton, California... His present show on KDWB, seen M-F from 3 to 6 P.M. and Saturday from 10 A.M. to 2 P.M., consists of the hits of the moment, spiced with best sellers of the past. Jim refuses to name any artists or records he dislikes, claiming, “I consider commercial radio to be in the business of providing what listeners want, and I can’t imagine a listener caring less about the deejay’s personal taste.”... Jim and his wife Marjorie, who met in high school, rent a home in St. Paul with their daughter Kathy, a nondescript semi-black Labrador dog who likes chocolate cookies, and a bob-tailed domestic cat of mixed ancestry... Jim was formerly a member of Toastmasters International, and was runner-up in the speech contest finals in Washington, D.C., in 1954. Also, he is an omnivorous reader, a chess fancier (“although I haven’t won a game in three years”) and occasionally enjoys amateur theater, and local politics. “I used to like fencing, too, but I gave it up in a fit of pique when I was compared unfavorably with Douglas Fairbanks.”
PEOPLE ARE HIS WORLD

Eddie Clarke has a formula for success: Surround yourself with happy creative heads who will bring out your best

- What is the world's greatest asset? Eddie Clarke, program manager of KMBC Radio, Kansas City, claims it is people—and he should know, because people are his world. He has built a reputation for himself with the lives he has influenced and with the people who have guided his own career. . . . Because his career has been so successful, Eddie is constantly being asked for advice on how to break into the broadcasting industry. His first suggestion puts the emphasis on developing contacts. "The best place to do that now is in a small market, away from a metropolitan area," Eddie tells them. . . . A native Kansas Citian, Eddie just returned from Cleveland, where he was the first public service director in the history of Metropolitan WHK. He picks six individuals as his greatest and most stimulating friends. "These friends have done more to influence me than any other group, throughout my life. Perhaps the strongest of these is Jack Thayer, general manager of WHK. Thayer gets along with people because he surrounds himself with happy and productive creative heads who bring out the best in him," Eddie says. "I learned, only in the past year, that this can be the greatest asset a man can have. Most of the six started out with practically nothing, and today I've found that those who follow this philosophy end up at the top to stay." . . . Happily married, Eddie and his wife take special pride in his show boxer dog, "Capacrest Jockey." The name "Capacrest" comes from the famous kennels in New Jersey, while the second word is a fitting reference to both sports and Eddie himself—one of mid-America's best-known disc jockeys. Often called the nation's original "morning mayor," Eddie has a personality on and off the air that is smooth, yet pert. He smiles with his audience, avoids punching any one on his Morning Mayor shows. "They listen to be accompanied, and they live my show with me," Eddie says. "I feel it's my duty to keep them satisfied with quality, humility, and respect." Perhaps these are the reasons so many people rely on Eddie Clarke to start their day!
Robert Goulet

(Continued from page 36) like Garbo and Sinatra. It takes a long time to reach their status." These refreshing quotes come from a man who has received critical acclaim for his featured role in Lerner and Loewe's Broadway hit "Camelot" and his television appearances on Omnibus and the Ed Sullivan and Garry Moore shows.

Seldom has a new personality arrived on the New York scene and been applauded so warmly by the skeptical circle of critics. Jack O'Brien, syndicated TV columnist of the New York Journal-American, had this to say following one of Robert Goulet's guest-shots on the Sullivan program: "As a handsome, virile young singer, Goulet is far different from most of the younger stars... a brand-new handsome, robust young singing star with a fine, big stage-size voice containing great range in its color, timbre and style; he should become a r-r-really big star."

And Variety, the show-business trade journal, raved: "Goulet emerged as a new TV star in the making with his looks, his savvy projection and the high-grade quality of his vocalizing."

Singer-actor Goulet fits the perfect image of a matinee idol. He's handsome, very masculine, and his 165 well-conditioned pounds are distributed over a six-foot frame. Match this with blue eyes and a mane of dark brown hair and you have a ready target for young females.

"Yes," he admits, "much of my mail is from romantically inclined girls, and I hope it keeps coming. It won't put me in the great-lover class, however. Whenever the letters begin influencing me to think that I'm a hot-shot, I pick up another one that brings me back to earth. Like one I received the other day: The girl wrote that she was deeply in love with me. She complimented my singing by saying, 'After all the trash we've been forced to listen to, it's wonderful to hear a good singer.' Then she ended her letter by saying, 'By the way, I'm ten years old!'"

Although Goulet is a new name to Broadway and TV audiences, he shrinks when anyone refers to him as being an overnight success. "Overnight, to me," he says, "represented a long time. I'm twenty-seven now, and I've been singing since I was four. Of course, I haven't been a professional all that time, but I did get an early start.

"My father died when I was eleven and I never knew him very well, but I do remember him telling me that I had a God-given talent and not to waste it. When I was a boy, he used to practically drag me off the baseball field for my singing lessons. And then came the usual routine of singing in churches and in school. Ever since I can remember, I knew I was going to be a

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55
He is signed for fall-winter appearances on several of the major TV variety programs, including return engagements with Ed Sullivan, and will be starred in a musical spectacular in December.

"There's even been talk of my own series on TV," Goulet said, "but I don't know how to work it in with my 'Camelot' schedule. Right now, I'm going to concentrate on guest appearances and specials."

Although Goulet had early operatic training, he has no ambitions toward the opera as such. "My goal," he explains, "is to become a fine performer, in all the mediums. I hope to keep developing as a performer until I'm sixty. There is no point where you can say to yourself, 'I've learned it all. I can start relaxing now, and take things easy.'

"I believe it's important for a person to aim high—to aim at the stars. If you aim low with your objectives, you'll never achieve anything. And, once you achieve one goal, you should immediately put that in the past and set another one for the future. That's my philosophy. That's what keeps me going... trying to improve. Otherwise, I'd begin sliding downhill."

"I'd like someday to be a truly great performer. And to be recognized as such by myself, as well as by the public. That's important. A fellow may be able to fool others, but it's difficult to fool yourself."

"Sometimes I think that I was born thirty years too late—because I'd have had to have been around during the glory days of vaudeville. It would have been exciting. Really exciting. And vaudeville had great, truly great, performers."

"I guess I'll never be able to know what it felt like to be a vaudevillian, but I am lucky to be associated with another exciting medium—television. It scares me a little when I consider that, in one appearance on a program like Ed Sullivan's or Garry Moore's, I'm seen by more people than will see 'Camelot' in a year. But I'll always be grateful for my big break in 'Camelot' because it has been responsible for my TV appearances."

Goulet and his wife, Louise, are separated, and he lives in a bachelor apartment near Manhattan's Central Park. "Louise and I are good friends, but the marriage just didn't work out. I suppose that, when you concentrate on a career, something has to suffer. Show business isn't like any other business. Hours are irregular, and it's impossible to predict what's going to happen from day to day. That kind of situation isn't healthy for the average marriage."

Goulet's hobbies are golf ("I shoot in the 80s if I cheat a little") and reading: "I try to read good books. You know, non-fiction and classics. I'm trying to improve myself all the time—my mind, as well as my talent. I believe that a performer should be a well-rounded individual. The more I understand about life, the more I'll understand myself."

"I've had a lot of help in this respect from my mother, Jeanette, and my stepfather, Paul Beaupre, who live in Bakersfield, California. My sister, Claire, has also been a strong influence on me. There is so much in life which is cheap and shoddy, that close family ties are extremely important."

"Right now, I have a terrific challenge—trying to live up to the expectations of the critics. Their praise has been extremely flattering, but it has put me on a spot. If I should fail, I'd not only be letting myself down, but those who boosted me from nowhere to somewhere. That's why I'm working so hard to improve... and to keep improving."

"And someday, perhaps, if I keep improving, I'll be able to tell you what it feels like to be a star."
say, is blushing over a French doll. . . Cheers for Bell & Howell. They refuse to censor or interfere with the contents of their sponsored programs.

... Look for a Warner Bros. build-up of Bronwyn FitzSimons. Who she? Maureen O'Hara's seventeen-year-old daughter. . . You'd think Joan Crawford and Perry Como were trying to work out a disarmament plan, they're having so much trouble setting a date for her appearance on the show.

Santa Says: Did you know that Laramie is the highest rated show—
in Japan? . . . Comedian Gary Morton and Lucille Ball will exchange Christ-
mas gifts. . . Bob Hope's first special of the season, December 13, NBC-TV, will cost Revlon $375,000. Probably worth it—of the five top-rated specials last season, three were Hope's. Bob's big guest star will be James Garner. . . Gardner McKay hoisting sails with Leslie Parrish . . . Paul Anka sent enough money back to Canada to buy an Ottawa TV station. . . On Christ-
mas Eve, Donna Reed must feel very thankful with her family and her suc-
cess. As a girl, she worked her way through college washing dishes.

. . . Jack Le Vien—who set up the successful Winston Churchill series, The Val-
iant Years—has come up with another scoop. The Duke of Windsor has agreed to let Le Vien televise his life story. . . Garry Moore and Carol Burnett want a sponsor to back a special TV adaptation of "Once Upon a Mattress," the Broadway musical that boosted Carol to stardom. . . Tom Poston recommends that henpecked husbands turn off the sound on their TV receivers. He says there's no greater satisfac-
tion than watching a woman moving her lips in complete silence.

Female Dobie Hickman: Cynthia Pepper, full of ginger, slipped into N.Y.C. to talk about Margie, her ABC-TV series. "Being a kind of female Dwayne Hickman is more fun than work. And acting seventeen is no prob-
lem. With the right clothes and mood, I can be fourteen, seventeen or twenty-
one." She's just past twenty.

Looking Ahead: Among expected casualties, after first of the year, are the strong-arm programs, The New Breed, The Corruptors, 8th Precinct, Cain's Hundred, etc. . . Father Of The Bride going fine. Already in eight foreign markets. . . Chicago attorney for the Al Capone estate threatening to sue The Untouchables. . . Competition coming up for Mitch Miller? NBC has already contracted Meredith Will-
son, composer of "The Music Man," to do an hour-long weekly show begin-
ing in the fall of '62. . . Bing Crosby

Christmas gift from ABC-TV will be "The Enchanted Nutcracker," featuring youthful Linda Canby and Carol Lawrence of Broadway's "West Side Story."
"Why I Married an Older Man"

other girls would feel differently, but I needed an older man." Gigi Perreau was nineteen and Frank Gallo was thirty-five when they were married. Yet—although she's only twenty now—Gigi has already had an eighteen-year acting career. She was only two when she made her movie debut, toddling on the set of "Madame Curie" for a brief role as a baby. Since then, she has been a busy girl, working in dozens of movies and television shows until today she is one of the stars of Follow The Sun.

Throughout her childhood, there were really two Gigis. There was, first and perhaps foremost, the ordinary girl. Her parents jealously guarded Gigi's precious childhood, insisted that she attend ordinary schools (parochial, of course) and meet and play with ordinary children. And her father, who is French and has the European attitude toward the child-parent relationship, made sure that Gigi's professional career didn't turn her head. "They would slap me down when I needed it," she says. "I didn't miss a thing in my childhood and I have no regrets."

That was one side of Gigi Perreau—the average child. But there was another Gigi, too—the young actress, mingling with the greats of Hollywood on almost equal terms. She was naturally thrown into the company of adults much more than most children. And she liked it. "As a child, I always preferred the company of older people. I had many friends my own age from school, of course, but I much preferred the times when I was with adults."

When her parents entertained, Gigi would "stick my nose in," converse with them in ways that frequently astonished them. At the various studios where she worked, she hobnobbed with the crews and her fellow actors. Always it was older people she considered her closest friends.

And so it was perhaps only natural that she translated this into dating terms when the time came: "I was always more comfortable and at ease with boys older than I was." She dated some boys her own age when she was fifteen and sixteen. But her first serious romance, at eighteen, was with a twenty-four-year-old second assistant director. At that age, a difference of six years is sizable.

"I decided that I needed the security of an older person around," she says. "With others, it might be different. But, for my type of personality and character, I definitely needed the feeling of strength and experience that older men had." She has always felt that it might be a good idea for most girls if they married older men and thought that very few "high-school couples" know enough about life to make a go of marriage.

And so, when she met Frank Gallo—handsome and still in his early thirties, but then almost twice her age—she was immediately attracted to him. He was "an older man" and she felt comfortable and secure in his company. There were other, more practical factors which appealed to her, too: They were of the same religious faith, they enjoyed many of the same things. And there was that indefinite something which soon became defined as love.

A year after they met, they became engaged. Five months later, they were married. And thus Ghislaine Elizabeth Marie Therese Perreau-Saussine became Mrs. Frank Gallo. (Incidentally, since "Ghislaine" is pronounced with a hard G—as in "good"—Gigi pronounces her nickname that way, too.)

There have been the usual problems of adjusting to marriage. But, happily, there are no financial problems. Frank is advertising manager of the Schick Safety Razor Company, so his income is eminently satisfactory—sufficient for him to give his bride a Rolls-Royce as a wedding present.

One of the more unusual problems the two faced after their marriage was Gigi's inability to wash dishes. It seems that her home had always been equipped with an automatic dishwasher, and she simply had never had to do the job with such primitive tools as water, soap and dishcloths. Frank actually had to teach her how to wash dishes by hand.

She also had to learn how to cook. She had done some baking before her marriage, so that was no problem. But she had never cooked complete meals. So far, she enjoys it. And, except for one fiasco, she's been quite successful. The fiasco? Well, she'd been doing quite well and Frank was proud of her. But he said the big test would be when she first attempted his favorite Italian dish, chicken cacciatore.

One brave day, Gigi decided to try it. She got a recipe, bought a chicken and went to work. "While it was cooking, it smelled delicious. I was sure it was going to be a success. When the time came to serve it, I stuck my fork in the chicken—it was still tough."

She stalled for a while, tried the fork test again—still tough. She stalled some more. Eventually, she could stall no longer, and served it. It was so tough they practically couldn't eat it, though Frank diplomatically complimented her on the flavor. It turned out, of course, that she had merely bought the wrong kind of chicken—since then, she's made chicken cacciatore several times, and with success.

There's more to marriage than chicken cacciatore and washing dishes, of course. Gigi believes that a woman should help her husband, if possible. She has made it possible. She's always present at Frank's company functions, lending a touch of glamour to the occasion. The company has frequent picnics (they call them "Schick-nics," in honor of their product) and Gigi makes a point of attending.

She feels it is a wife's job to be beside her husband whenever such an appearance is called for. And she's gone further than that. She does research projects for Frank. Whenever her own acting career takes her around the country on personal-appearance tours, she goes into drug stores and asks the

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PLAY EDITOR

MY FAVORITE STARS ARE:

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MY FAVORITE STORIES IN THIS ISSUE WERE:

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Paste this ballot on a postcard and send it to TV Radio Mirror, Box 2190, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y.
Why Mrs. Como Didn’t Go to Her Son’s Wedding

(Continued from page 42) was going to get married, trying to talk him out of it. They said he was too young, that he should wait until he graduated from college, that he hadn’t even started in his career yet. But he stood pat. Finally, they told him to come home to talk the whole thing over. But nothing they could say or do changed his mind.” “The Comos are very religious. They object to the fact that Melanie’s not a Catholic and that her mother’s remarried.”

What the problem was the simple fact that the father of the groom and his younger son David, Ronnie’s best man, did attend the wedding. What the rumor-mongers didn’t take into account was how much Perry wished his wife might be there with him and how disturbed he was she couldn’t come. What they were unable to imagine was the push of thoughts, emotions and memories which had overwhelmed Perry Como as he stood in the small chapel at Notre Dame University’s Sacred Heart Church and watched his handsome, broad-shouldered son and the statuesque, brunette beauty exchange rings... 

They were both so young. Just kids, really. So very young, so unprepared for the responsibilities of marriage. Sure, they were both legally twenty-one. But Ronnie wasn’t even through with college yet, and Melanie was still taking a secretarial course at the University of Elkhart.

Okay, they’d known each other a couple of years. That helped. But how can two kids really get to know each other when they’re both swamped by studies? That geology course Ronnie was taking—it was tough. What had Melanie herself admitted? “Ronnie studies very hard,” she’d said. “Most of our meetings were Coke dates.”

A first meeting at a party, introduced by another Notre Dame student. Steady dating for a couple of years. Then the decision not to wait, to get married right away. “I love her,” Ronnie had said. Melanie had echoed and expanded on his words. “We have been in love a long time. I’m crazy about him and so is my family.”

His son’s bride was beautiful, Perry admitted. Not as beautiful as Roselle, his own wife—nobody was as beautiful as that—but lovely, nevertheless, in her bouffant floor-length dress, her face set off by a tiara and veil, her arms holding white roses.

And Ronnie, his son tall and handsome in his white dinner jacket. Dwarving his other son, David, the best man. So tall, so handsome and so very young. Maybe it was just that seeing Ronnie getting married made him suddenly feel older and less needed. Why, once in an interview, he’d indirectly admitted as much. “I don’t like that,” he’d said, “when your children grow and get ready to move away.”

Yet Ronnie and Melanie were of age, old enough to know their own minds and feelings and to make their own mistakes. What had he told a reporter at another time? His exact words: “Who am I to carp at teen-age marriage with a case history like mine?” Why, he’d been younger than Ronnie when he met and fell in love with Roselle at a wedding reception. And he’d been twenty-one too—exactly twenty-one—when he’d asked her to marry him and she’d said yes.

No, it probably wasn’t his son’s age . . . or the fact that he hadn’t finished school yet . . . or things like that which bothered Perry most. It was . . . it was . . . something sentimental and hard to put in words. Memories, perhaps, that he didn’t want to face. Memories of silly things, like incidents he and his son had shared together.

Like Ronnie’s cussed and yet admirable independence, the same independ- ence that had given him the courage to say, “Look, Mom and Dad, I’m in
love. I want to get married.” The indepen-
dence that had led him to insist, when he was just fourteen, on traveling to school alone—from Sands Point to midtown Manhattan by train, and then on to school by subway. Roselle and Perry had been worried about those trips, but Ronnie had insisted—and, looking back on it now, Ronnie had been right.

When Ronnie had affected sideburns and Perry grabbed him and started to shave them off, the boy had squealed and fought like a soldier. His son had lost that battle, but he’d had the last word. “Dad, you want to make me one of the herd?” he shouted. But Perry soothed him by telling him that he’d done it “just to keep my hand against the day when the big Como bubble bursts and I’ve got to return to the barbershop.”

Roselle had also tried her hand at cutting Ronnie’s hair—with disastrous results. The boy had come home from military school and told his mother he had to have a haircut right away because a special inspection had been scheduled for the following day. His mother said she’d cut his hair . . . she had watched his father do it so often she knew exactly what to do . . . it was easy! And she started snipping away.

The next night, Ronnie called Perry into the den. “We had inspection today at school and they threw me in the jug because I had such a terrible haircut,” he confided. “I just couldn’t squeal on Mom. And how could I tell her she’s an awful barber—just before Christ-
mas?”

Sometimes Perry wondered if he was too strict with Ronnie. Other times, he knew he wasn’t strict enough. Like the business about his son’s piano lessons. Ronnie just wouldn’t practice, no mat-
ter how much Perry pleaded, scolded, threatened or cajoled. At last, in desper-
ation, he had persuaded Roselle it didn’t matter—or, rather, tried to per-
suade her. “If he doesn’t want to play the piano, let it go,” he suggested. “Let Ronnie decide what he wants to do.”

In this matter, fatherly advice had prevailed. At another time, when Ronnie went against their wishes, Roselle punished him the same way she had done since he was just a small boy, by giving him a good spanking. But that was the last time! Ronnie was too strong, too solid. Her wrist hurt for days afterwards . . .

Memories of Ronnie acting as his ad-
vance scout to protect him from mobs: “Hey, Pop, let’s cut out of here,” his son would holler. “The natives are getting restless.” . . . Memories of Ronnie as a choir boy at St. Peter’s, a singer in em-
bro— and then, overnight, his voice changed and he blew the whole thing.

. . . Memories of Ronnie catching a forty-pound bass when he was just fourteen . . . of Ronnie talking him into recording a “snappier” song, “Hot Digg-
gety,” which sold more than a million copies . . . of Ronnie on his first formal school prom date, all spiffed up in a tuxedo.

Memories of his son’s confusion about how Perry made money as a singer. “How much money do you make?” Ronnie had asked. “Do you make as much as Paul’s father? He’s a carpenter, and he makes a hundred dollars a week.”

“Well, with taxes and things, I make about that,” he had answered. “Fine,” Ronnie smiled, satisfied.

His favorite memory was an even earlier one, when his son had been con-
 fused about just what Perry did in the City all day. He couldn’t get it straight that singing was work. Then, one day, he asked if he could have an auto-
graphed picture. Later, Perry told a magazine writer, “That was the biggest day in my life . . .”

Then the day came when Ronnie left home to go to Notre Dame. Perry found some vague excuse to go long with his son to South Bend, Indiana, that first time. The truth was, he just couldn’t bear to have his son leave home. And Roselle felt as bad as he did, except she hid it better. When they received a letter from Ronnie in which he con-
fessed he missed them very much, especially Mom’s food, they both knew he wasn’t so far away, after all . . .

Once, when he’d visited his son at college, he told Ronnie he would have to leave again at eleven the next morn-
ing. “Look, there’s another plane at 10:30 tomorrow night,” Ronnie had said 
firmly. “I’ll be finished classes at eleven in the morning, and I expect to spend the rest of the day with you!” And, of course, Perry had been pleased and very glad to stay . . .

Memories, thoughts and emotions running through a father’s head and heart as he watches his son getting married. Reactions and recollections which the gossips couldn’t imagine, of which they were unaware. It was true that Perry Como and his son David, after posing for wedding pictures fol-
lowing the ceremony, checked out of their motel and flew right back to New York. They were not at the reception.

And it had been all too obvious that Roselle, the mother of the groom, did not appear at the wedding or the re-
ception.

But the other charges the rumor-
mongers took such delight in repeating were completely untrue or grossly dis-
torted.

Perry Como and his son David flew back to New York right away because Roselle was really ill. Besides, Perry knew that his wife would want to know everything that had happened, as soon as possible, and he wanted to share his impressions with her immediately, too.

Mrs. Perry Como didn’t attend her son’s wedding because she was sick in bed. That was the simple, undramatic fact that the gossips had distorted and blown up into something suspicious. Even though she had been unable to be in South Bend in person, Roselle had sent the young couple her love and her blessings on their marriage.

Perry’s wife did more than this. She gave Melanie a beautiful string of pearls and a precious diamond ring, a family heirloom; precious because it cost a lot of money, more precious yet because of the sentimental value it possessed for Roselle and for Perry. Hardly the act of a woman who disapproves of her son’s bride and is opposed to his mar-
rriage!

It had bothered Roselle, a devout churchgoer, that Melanie was not a Catholic. But even that obstacle had been overcome when Melanie began taking instructions in Ronnie’s religion so that she might share his faith.

Both Roselle and Perry were against the marriage, at first, on the grounds that the young couple should wait a bit until Ronnie graduated and got started on his career. But this objection had faded quickly when they both saw how hopelessly in love Ronnie and Melanie were. Perry and Roselle had also mar-
rried young, and the realization that their own marriage had been a most happy one helped them accept the fact that Melanie and Ronnie deserved the same right to happiness.

Roselle stayed home, ill in bed—but her prayers and her love were with her son and his bride as they walked down the aisle of the little campus chapel. Furthermore, Perry did attend —and he’s not the kind of man who takes part in anything of which he and his wife don’t approve with all their hearts.

The big house in Sands Point is quite empty now. Ronnie—whom Perry once labeled “the Italian Daniel Boone” be-
cause he loves the outdoors so much—is married and, after he graduates from Notre Dame, will probably teach science somewhere. David is back at school in Connecticut. Terri, their daughter, is in high school down in Florida.

Perry and Roselle love Terri and David, both adopted, as much as Ron-
ie, their son by birth. “We’ve talked about adopting some more—I’d like to adopt about eight,” Perry says. “But we don’t like to be selfish about it.

There are so many couples who haven’t any children and are trying to adopt some. So I’m not saying we will and I’m not saying we won’t.”

Then he adds with a big grin, his strong fingers running through his hair, “When the children are all grown up, I may marry Roselle again!”
Hollywood's Biggest Tourist Attraction

(Continued from page 33)

Hollywood, Lawrence Welk and the world-famous ballroom have moved to the top of the list of tourist attractions in the film capital.

Verification of that fact comes from Bob White, assistant executive secretary of the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, who says, "We actually do not keep a list of what events attract the most people, but we do know that Welk has supplanted the Hollywood Bowl as the leading attraction.

"We feel, of course, that Hollywood itself is the prime lure. That people like to walk the streets where the stars walk. But there is no denying that Welk is the greatest single attraction. It shows up in our mail. The largest single item of inquiry is about tickets for the Welk TV show. It makes up a disproportionate amount of our daily mail," he notes.

The news comes as no surprise to the Palladium bookkeepers, who have been busy as the vaunted beavers keeping up with the tremendous turnouts for Welk's Friday and Saturday night dance parties. One of the largest dance halls in the nation, the Palladium was designed to hold 6,000 dancers comfortably. But, when Welk opened there, he drew more than 13,000 patrons for the two nights, with some 7,530 of them coming Saturday night. The next weekend drew 15,000.

The figure easily broke the previous attendance record set by the legendary Tommy Dorsey and his band when the Palladium opened its doors to the public for the very first time in 1940. And, ever since the hectic reopening last July, the crowds have continued heavy, although diminishing somewhat as the tourist season ends.

Barney McDevitt, a veteran Hollywood publicist who has been with the Palladium since its beginning, finds the Welk phenomenon hard to believe. "This man's fan mail is fantastic! Do you know that, during the first ten weeks Welk was here, he drew more mail than all the other bands we had here for twenty-one years—combined?"

When McDevitt says "all the other bands we had in here," he means every major band in musical history, for they have all played the Palladium—Tommy Dorsey, Ray Anthony, Jimmy Dorsey, Harry James, Charlie Barnet, Guy Lombardo, Stan Kenton, Artie Shaw, Benny Goodman, Les Brown, Glenn Miller, Woody Herman, Perez Prado—all the big names.

But Welk's mail in ten weeks was more than theirs combined in twenty-one years.

"We get large parties of people, from all over the West, in here just to see and hear Lawrence," McDevitt points out. "We recently had several busloads from Reno, Nevada—five hundred miles away—come down on a Friday night because they knew that was the only way they could see him in person. And when the bubble machine is turned on at night, and those bubbles float up and over Sunset Boulevard, it often causes a major traffic tie-up. The cars with out-of-state licenses will back up for blocks, just watching the bubbles."

The news is no surprise at all to Sam Lutz, Welk's canny manager. He's been in a position to observe the fantastic Welk appeal for a long time. "Do you know that we run as much as eight months behind on filling requests for tickets to his television broadcasts?"

"We constantly get letters from people who say they are planning their vacation around Lawrence and will come to Hollywood only if he will be in town and if they can get tickets to the show," Lutz continues. "We answer every letter and try to fulfill all the requests. Of course, when they want tickets for as far away as next summer as some of the letters we got this week do—it is easy to oblige.

"But we have a problem. The studio at ABC, from which the show is telecast, only seats 349—and we could easily use 1,000 seats. Consequently, there's never an empty seat at a Welk show. Many shows, you know, overprint their tickets and give away maybe twice as many as the studio holds, figuring that way they'll get a full house. We wouldn't dare do that. We print tickets for exactly the number of seats.

"And everybody always seems to show up. In fact, we do a dress rehearsal in the same studio, from 4 to 5 P.M. on Saturday, before a live audience. We don't have tickets for this, making it on a first-come, first-admitted basis. As early as noon, there are people lined up, waiting to get in. Network people tell me ours is the biggest request show in Hollywood.

"And don't think these requests come only from tourists! Lawrence draws most of his fans to the dances from right here in Hollywood and surrounding areas. Sophisticates have often looked down their noses and called the show 'corny,' claiming that Welk's main appeal is to farmers and backwoods and rural areas. I think they're beginning to change that erroneous opinion.

"Lawrence is popular everywhere. His TV rating in urban Boston and Chicago is as high as it is on the smaller stations in the suburban areas. Look what he did at the Pennsylvania State Fair this fall. He broke a thirty-two-year record for attendance which had been held by Roy Rogers. He also broke all records during two days in Springfield, Massachusetts.

"No, Lawrence's appeal is not limited to just one class of people or one section of the country. Why, motel operators here claim they get more inquiries about him than about anybody or anything else."

"The news of his success at the Palladium has been most gratifying to Welk himself. He had been reluctant to leave the Aragon Ballroom, the scene of his greatest fame. But the lure of a lifetime contract, plus the great $400,000 refurbishing of the Palladium, convinced him. "I guess we had to move," he says. "Santa Monica was harder for my fans to get to. Now we're closer to the freeways and I'm really happy we're in Hollywood.

"It is most flattering to be called the number-one tourist attraction and even to be mentioned in the same breath with Disneyland. Since Disneyland is not in Hollywood and we are, it's a very pleasant feeling. Sometimes, though, when a guy gets thinking he's pretty good, someone comes along to show him he's not so much, after all. Like what happened to me the other night at the Palladium.

"You know, as part of the show, I get out on the floor and dance with the ladies. I find that some of the men don't dance as much as they used to and the ladies miss it, so I started this tag dancing and it's worked out very happily. It seems to make the ladies happy when they can tag me and cut in and dance a few steps with me.

"Well, this night I had a few tags, then all of a sudden I felt a heavy slap on my shoulder. I turned and saw a good-sized lady, heavy-set, who said to me, 'Mr. Welk, I drove three thousand miles to dance with you. I've never danced a step in my life before, but I want to dance with you.'"

"Of course, I took her in my arms—but you can imagine that I had a little trouble getting into the beat, what with her size and the fact that she didn't know exactly what to do and all. Suddenly, she stopped, looked me right in the eye and said, 'You know something, Mr. Welk? On TV, you look like a much better dancer.' And she walked off."

"But, believe me, I'm so grateful she came."

Les Kaufman, an associate of Welk, sums up the modesty of television's leading music-maker—now Hollywood's leading attention-getter. "We had just finished the last of the expensive remodeling," he recalls, "and Lawrence came out to look at the marquee where his name was up in lights. He turned to me and said—very quietly and almost in disbelief—'Boy, it sure is a long way from our farmhouse in North Dakota.'"
A Baby for Elvis

(Continued from page 23)

Then, almost stuttering, Elvis spoke his line. A minute later, he missed another cue entirely. Everyone on the set glanced at him uneasily. Elvis Presley always knew his lines—and, usually, everyone else’s. They waited. Suddenly Elvis shook his head. With a kind of choked agony in his voice, he said, “Sorry, Mr. O’Connell—Anne—Mr. Douglas—fellas. I just don’t feel up to it.”

“It’s almost six o’clock, anyway,” the director said quickly. “Let’s call it a day.”

Without another word, Elvis turned and walked off the set. After a moment, Anne Helm followed him. She found him in his dressing room, staring into the mirror. In a corner, his cousin Gene and two old friends stood talking in whispers. At the sight of Anne, they exchanged a quick look, then filed silently out.

Anne crossed the tiny room to Elvis. She put her hand on his shoulder. “Elvis,” she said. “What is it? Tell me.” He turned to face her. The look in his eyes made her blood freeze; under his makeup, his skin was white and sick. “Dee lost the baby,” he said.

That was all.

To some people, it was not enough. “I always thought Elvis didn’t like his stepmother, anyway,” one skeptical observer said. “Of course, it’s awful for someone to lose a baby, it’s terribly sad—but, the way Elvis reacted, you’d have thought it was his own kid, not one who would have been only a half-brother or sister. I don’t see why it should be the end of the world for him.”

But others understood. They knew it was not the end of the world to Elvis. It was the end of a dream.

They were the ones who had been there when the dream was born, only a short time before.

The “Pioneer, Go Home” company was on location in Florida then. Elvis had come down by bus, pacing restlessly in the aisles through most of the trip. One of his friends, Lamar Fiske, had driven his station wagon down for him. Gene Smith drove down in one of Elvis’s Cadillacs, towing behind him the singer’s proudest new possession—a trailer bearing a twenty-one-foot Century Coronado cruiser. Reunited, the three friends had launched the boat almost immediately, had spent every spare minute aboard. Elvis had pondered long over a name for the boat. He knew that almost everyone expected him to do the obvious—to name it “Gladias,” after his late mother.

His extraordinary trait, what one friend called “a sort of delicacy of feeling,” kept him from doing that—for fear of hurting his father’s second wife. He had already gone out of his way, a dozen times, to explain to her that the often-repeated stories of his regarding her were not true; he had tried, over and over, to let her know how pleased he was at the happiness she had brought his father, and how fond he was of her three sons by a previous marriage. He sent gifts to all of them frequently; he spoke to them often by phone; he invited them to join him on location. He would not risk hurting them even by paying tribute to the memory of his mother.

“But what are you going to name the boat?” his friends asked.

“I’ve been thinking about ‘Ariadne,’” he said at last. “After my kid sister in ‘Pioneer.’ I’ve always wanted a kid sister.”

The next day, Elvis had a phone call. His father, Dee and the three boys were driving down to visit him on location. Elvis was pleased. But, fifteen minutes after their arrival, his pleasure changed into what seemed to be a state of mild delirium. He had always been generous with his time, as well as his money; now, suddenly, he could not do enough for his family, could not spend enough time with them to satisfy himself.

He took them along wherever he went; he visited with them in every five-minute break from work; he drove them to a nearby town, Ocala, to show them the place where he had first gone over big with an audience; he ate with them every evening. Often, he took them out on the boat, handing his stepmother on and off with infinite care. When finally they left, just in time to drive the three young boys back to school in Tennessee, he seemed suddenly lost, restless.

His friends decided to distract him. “Elvis, how about getting that name painted on the boat? You’ve got to decide how big you want it, what color—’Name?’ Elvis said blankly. ‘What name?’

‘Why, Ariadne. You were going to name the boat Ariadne, remember?’

‘That’s all off,’ Elvis said. ‘We gotta wait.’

‘Wait for what?’

His face lit up. He took a deep breath. Then, joyously: “Wait till the baby is born, of course! We’ll name the boat after the baby!”

The company packed up and went back to Hollywood. From there, the news spread. Elvis’s stepmother was pregnant. The baby was due in spring. Reporters descended on Graceland, Elvis’s Tennessee estate, where Vernon Presley and Dee were staying. To their surprise, the news was at first denied.

“Where’d you hear that?” Vernon wanted to know.

“From Elvis.”

Vernon left the room. A few minutes later, he was back. Laughing, he admitted the story was true. “We hadn’t planned to tell so soon, but as long as it’s out, anyway—” He laughed again. “Elvis just told me on the phone he didn’t know it was a secret.” It was unnecessary for him to add that Elvis obviously could no more have kept the good news “a secret” than he could have stopped breathing.

The return to Hollywood had not taken the edge off Elvis’s excitement. Now he phoned Graceland every evening to ask for news—an old tradition he had discontinued after his own mother’s death. Vernon and Dee had arranged to move into a home of their own in Memphis; he begged them to stay on at Graceland instead.

When he heard that Dee, only two months’ pregnant, was beginning to try on maternity clothes, he was delighted. When complications arose briefly, he insisted that she check into Methodist Hospital for a couple of days. Usually reticent about private emotions, he confessed to friends that he secretly hoped the baby would be a girl. Girl or boy, it was obvious that the unborn child suddenly meant more to Elvis than anything else in his life.

Even then, there were those who were puzzled, who wondered why. And others who knew Elvis and his story well enough to understand.

They knew that he had been born one of twins; his brother, Aaron, had died shortly after birth, and Elvis, the remaining twin, was given the dead child’s name for a middle name. There were no more babies for the Presleys, after that. It seemed to some of the people who knew Elvis best that he had always felt a vague, unmerited sense of guilt for having lived when his brother died; certainly, he spent much of his life trying to make up to his parents for being their only child.

Perhaps because of that hidden guilt, he himself needed love more than most. From his parents, he received it generously, but the love of the rest of the world was harder to achieve. His classmates and teachers remember him as a shy boy who looked different from the
other children, who had few clothes, little spending money, less free time. He soon learned that the one way in which he could be sure of winning approval was by singing.

Accordingly, he sang at school dances, at parties, at church socials, and basked in the warm applause. For a while, it was enough. Through his singing, he made friends, became reasonably popular. But this sort of acceptance always carries with it a germ of doubt. Is there a performer alive who has not asked himself: Am I loved for myself—or for my talent? If I lost the talent tonight, would I have a friend tomorrow?

For Elvis then—and later, as his fame grew—there was no easy answer. Once or twice, he found people who cared for him only for himself. His first tour manager, disc-jockey Bob Neal, was one. The Neals had five sons and treated Elvis as a sixth—for a while, he made them the center of his life, reveling in the warmth of the large family. But as the years passed, Elvis was no longer their son, and when the time came for Bob to choose between accompanying Elvis and going home to his own five boys, he had, of course, to choose the latter course. With all his heart Elvis understood and sympathized, but still—he was alone again.

He found another such friend in a cousin, Caroll Smith. But while Elvis was working on “Wild in the Country,” Caroll died.

He had his parents, of course, but parents, however loving, cannot fill a young man’s life entirely. And after the death of his mother, after his father’s remarriage, the void was even greater.

The obvious solution was for Elvis to fall in love, to marry. Several times, he thought he had found the right girl. Each time, he was bitterly disappointed. He finally confessed that, more often than not, he was being used by the girls he dated—that they were eager to share every moment of their dates with him with reporters in return for prestige, publicity, the thrill of seeing their names in the paper. In near-despair, Elvis tried to fill his life with substitute loves.

For a while, he developed what was almost an obsession about cars. He bought them—yellow Cadillacs, pink Cadillacs, station wagons, Rolls-Royces. He washed them himself, tinkered with them constantly, improved them in ingenious ways. Whenever he could, he parked them conspicuously on the street instead of in garages. He was not showing off. It was simply that a car was reliable; it could not betray him. It knew nothing of his name or fame, but it responded vitally to care and expert handling. He needed that response.

But, of course, it was not enough.

He began to collect a retinue of friends who could be with him constantly, safeguards against loneliness. Actors down on their luck, relatives, old acquaintances went on the Presley payroll, traveled with him, lived with him. He was open-handed and generous with them all. Clothes, spending money, the use of his possessions—all these were theirs for the asking. Some, like Nick Adams, credit him with saving their professional lives. Others are with him still; some will always be. But, though these friends have proved themselves loving and loyal, it would be a self-assured man indeed who could keep from wondering sometimes: Did I buy their love?

And then, in Europe, during his Army duty, Elvis became friendly with a sergeant and his wife. He became a visitor in their home. And he made the acquaintance of their baby son. Almost immediately, the child opened his heart to Elvis. Elvis’s arrival was greeted with great joy, his departure was a signal for tears. The little boy accepted Elvis’s tenderness and returned it with interest; he delighted in Elvis’s ability to make up games, to sing nursery songs, to tell stories.

The press made much of the fact that Private Elvis Presley often baby-sat for the sergeant and his wife. They thought it a kind of joke. But, to Elvis, it was no joke at all. This baby knew nothing about his money or fame. He simply loved the nice soldier who came and played with him while Daddy and Mommy went out. It was no joke at all to say that, in the innocence and love of a little child, Elvis found much of what he was looking for.

He might have found it again in the three stepbrothers Dee brought him when she married his father. From the beginning, Elvis was fond of them and they of him. Visitors to Graceland often found him playing football with them on the wide, grassy lawns, and the boys’ rooms were crowded with the toys Elvis sent them from his tours. But—at five, seven and eight—the little boys were old enough to know who their stepbrother was, to have heard his records, seen his pictures, to stand a little in awe of his fame. His relation with them was, of necessity, tinged by his career.

So, when Vernon and Dee told Elvis in Florida that they were expecting a child, a new and shining dream was born. A new life was coming into the world. Long, long before the child could know anything else about Elvis, it would have come to love him as big brother, friend and playmate—to love him for himself. And, this time, the baby would be his own flesh and blood. Not a stranger’s child from whom time and distance might part him—not a member of someone else’s family—but
MAKE-UP ON THE GOLD STANDARD

by BARBARA MARCO

The Golden Look is definitely in for holiday evenings, and all that glitters is very likely to be the real thing! Liquid gold for lips and fingertips, gold lamé foundation and powder to highlight the complexion, molten gold to gild the eyes and hair . . . all of these 24-carat cosmetics are making big news in evening beauty this year! . . . How can you be a Golden Girl?

We asked Robbin Bain—a model, actress and former "Miss Rheingold" who realizes the importance of make-up in dramatizing natural good looks. "I'm all for the Golden Look for evening," Robbin stated when we interviewed her in her Manhattan apartment. Robbin was wearing one of her favorite at-home outfits—toredor pants and a top in (you guessed it) gold brocade.

"To begin, I 'cool' the color of my complexion with pale blue foundation," she explained. "Then I highlight and accentuate the natural planes of my face with sheer golden powder." As we talked, Robbin revealed more make-up tricks: "Mix gold with green eyeshadow for emerald sparkle; gold with lavender for amethyst eyes," she said. "What about nails?" we asked. "I start with a coat of gold nail enamel under my regular polish for extra depth and shimmer," said Robbin. . . . Besides Robbin's favorites, here are a few more ways to glit ter this holiday season: Try gold foundation under flesh-toned powder for a subtle, luminous complexion. Dust flecks of gold over the face or nails for glitter plus! Deep, dark, mysterious eyes shine out like precious jewels from a setting of liquid gold eyeliner. Already darkened eyelashes can be gold-tipped; eyelids, shadowed by a mocha-cream eyeshadow that's sprinkled with ground gold. Streak an evening hair-do with fluid gold. Gild already polished fingernails with gold nail enamel or paint it on straight from the bottle for pure dazzle! Gold lipstick is a perfect frosting for brilliant color on the lips; when used under color, it flickers with a subtle yet constant glimmer. Yes—it's a smart gal who stays on the "gold standard."

TV Rando Mirror says: Although this Midas-touched make-up can't be put in the Beauty Budget category, an investment in a little pure gold pays big beauty dividends when that Big Evening rolls around!

Robbin Bain, NBC-TV's charming "Today Girl," loves the look of gold make-up for gala evenings and holiday dances.

Anne Helm, who stayed with Elvis for much of the day when he learned that the baby had been lost, told friends later that she had never seen anyone so badly in need of tears. "Every time I looked at his eyes, I wished he could cry," she said. "It might have done something to ease the hurt."

But another friend, one who has known Elvis for many years, saw it differently. "It's a tragedy for all the Presleys, of course," he said. "And yet, in a sense, it may be better for Elvis this way. You see, he's been a substitute father so often already. To his friends—he gives them things the way a father provides for his children. To those cars of his—he nurses them the way a mother takes care of a baby. To that kid he was so nuts about in Germany. Even to his own folks, in a way—providing for them, giving them a home, looking after them as if he were the parent himself.

"If Dee had had the baby, it would have happened all over again, only more so. The truth is, there's no need for Elvis to sub for someone else. He should have a family and kids of his own to love and fuss over and do for. I know he's been hurt by a lot of girls, but that doesn't mean there isn't one, somewhere, who'll really love him, if she gets the chance. That's what Elvis should be looking for now, even if it means his risking being hurt again.

"A wife and a family of his own—people who really belong to him—that's what he needs, what he really wants. I only hope this tragedy will bring that home to him."

Wise men say that happiness is often born in sorrow; that, out of disappointment, new hope can arise. It is possible that, for Elvis Presley, the end of his most cherished dream can mean the beginning of something more than a dream. Something like a new life—of his own.
"Why I Married an Old Woman"

(Continued from page 29) answer any of my calls for three days. Then we both knew we had to see each other again, and we did."

Mike's parents refused to meet Dodie. His mother—glad that he had never been serious about any particular younger girl, because she wished him to concentrate on his studies—ordered him to stay away from the trap she fancied Dodie had set for him. He couldn't be swayed, even by her tears. In his heart, Mike knew he was right. He'd never been attracted to anybody older before; he had no "mother complex." What his family never suspected was that Dodie simply treated him like the man he subconsciously yearned to be.

From the start, Dodie reacted as if Mike were obviously man enough to lick every obstacle somehow. "At first," she recalls, "I wanted to see him again because he was so much fun. He made me feel gay once more. Then I realized that, while I dreaded facing difficult decisions, Mike wouldn't run away from anything important. He wanted to understand and make the best move. Whenever we were together, he showed me how to be braver. I trusted the wisdom and strength I saw in him. I've always had complete confidence in him."

Dodie has no reservations about Mike, and Mike has never had any doubts about the wisdom of their marriage, either then or now. "We didn't have to put on any disguise with each other," he says, "I literally had no money to take her out, and she didn't mind. I liked her and Mark so much, it was marvelous to join them sometime every day."

Dodie is pretty and graceful. And, behind her quick friendliness there is a lasting loyalty, an intelligence and a zest for living fully which is irresistible to anyone as virile as Mike. A widow since she was eighteen—a month before Mark's birth—she was touched by Mike's tenderness to her and his fondness for her son. "Mike never ignored him, showed me what a great father he could be."

But she was deluged with warnings, too. She had never dated a younger man and, as a legal secretary in Beverly Hills, she was courted by men who were well established. Her friends unanimously assured her that she was balmy to care for a broke, bewildered would-be actor who appeared to be no more than seventeen!

Mike had had one TV lead. But that show wasn't seen until many months later and, even then, critical praise did nothing for him. He took a part-time job that allowed him to be available in case he received any studio calls. All he got was the awareness that he was experiencing and responding to the miracle of love.

For three months, they tested their feelings. Then they walked hand in hand, with Mark at their side, into the life they longed for, instead of letting onlookers rob them of it.

Mike and Dodie had one severe jolt after another, the first year they were husband and wife. She became puzzlingly sick and had to give up her job. Embarrassingly late with their rent, the three of them moved into a single attic room her grandmother arranged for. Dodie had to remain in bed three months, but she rose determinedly to cook on a couple of hot plates they plugged into a socket in place of a stove. They went without food when there was merely enough for Mark and their cats. They wallowed disaster when Dodie had to have an emergency operation.

Mike weighed forty pounds less than he does today, all that time he was desperately seeking another chance at acting. He supported his little family by door-to-door selling, because they wouldn't seek charity or settle for defeat. By holding on together till the tide finally turned, they proved their love could withstand such severe tests. After that was undeniable, his folks accepted his choice.

"Certainly, Mike can be unpredictable in surface things," Dodie smiles. "I wouldn't have been drawn to him if he were inevitably the same, deep in a rut. I'm glad he thinks life ought to be exciting and grateful he can make it so."

The manliness Dodie has always seen in Mike is what inspires him most. It's the reason he is realistically making his dreams come true today. Dodie herself has never evaded responsibilities, so depending on Mike has been her sincerest compliment to his abilities. But she was resolutely on her own until she recognized his all-around strength.

"I never wanted a husband who was weak," says Dodie. "So I waited. Mike never had to be babied. He never sulks or has silly tantrums. But he has a temper. He's very emotional, and so am I. We want to express our feelings, so do we. I could never pretend enough to become an actress, and Mike beams when that occurs to him. I want him to count on the sincerity we share. He turns off his acting, the moment the camera stops. But—if either of us is disturbed by anything—we say so, and hope the other is present to listen sympathetically and help with a quick solution."

"We don't permit superficial things to distract us from talking everything out," Mike says. "This is a basic part of marriage to us. Our hopes, our disappointments, the funny things that have happened—we want to discuss everything, and we do. We're not afraid to say we've been mistaken—or that the other has been, either—because it doesn't make sense to us to lie. Dodie has let me be totally truthful!" She has also let him love wholly. "This is why our love will last," he points out.

Promptly upon their marriage, Mike followed his instinct and became a devoted father to Mark, who idolizes him. Adopting Mark was not enough. Like Dodie, Mike couldn't be content lavishing all his attention on an only child. Two years ago this February, they found a second son. Josh was a few days old when he joined them, and his crib was beside their bed until it was time for him to be moved into the adjoining room.

By the time Josh was a year-and-a-half old, he was merrily dipping his toes in the swimming pool in their garden and begging to swim. Lately, Mike has broken all Hollywood precedent by blithely taking Josh to the studio on a number of working days. His toddler son is quiet as a mouse when the camera turns, eats beside his father in a high chair in the Paramount cafe, and shrieks with joy when Mike manages to dash into doorways, playing hide-and-seek, as they trot to and from the London dressing-room.

"I don't know how long this will last," Dodie declares. "Mike and I always said a child of ours would never get near a studio. But Mike says he misses Josh, and he's the boss."

Last February, they found another infant boy they wanted, so Jason joined the happy group. His personality, they notice, is also unique. They respect the individual differences in each child.

"This February, we expect to adopt a baby girl," Mike reveals. "Three sons definitely should have that balance."

Because he likes and understands babies and children of all ages, Mike is thoroughly at ease around them. He can't conceive of living without a warm family whirl, so Dodie's quiet skill at running a home superbly is one of her major charms to him.

"I am a spouse, not a helpmate. I have no housework to help. Like all fellows, I put things off when I see what I could do at home. Dodie knows it took me four months to remodel the den. That is, to get it to! To lay the linoleum, I had to rent a heavy roller. I left it outside for three weeks before taking it back a whole five blocks. And she didn't think I was horrible. She thought I was a husband!"

His hours at work are long. But, ever since they bought their Spanish-type house a year-and-a-half ago, he has been redoing its twenty rooms gradually. Painting and carpentering have become second nature to him. Dodie has done the detailed painting and put
down mosaic. She's made the drapes on her sewing machine. "I like to sew. We're busy with our hands. Now Mike's experimenting with the fun of being a sculptor in his spare time."

They budget wisely, shop for bargains so they can save as much as possible for a solid future. They aren't tempted to keep up with the Hollywood Joneses, but always have the welcome mat at their door for their friends and a hospitality feast for everyone who enters. They play bridge and pinochle spiritedly, read worthwhile magazines and books, and make a great occasion out of every birthday and anniversary.

"I like the way Dodie runs about the house in capris and a sweater and barefooted!" Mike exclaims, as Dodie scoots out to start dinner. "He picks out nearly everything I wear," she notes, overbearing that remark. "Luckily, he has the best taste. He can combine colors for me much better than I can myself. I think I'm awfully lucky to have a husband who is so interested."

Mike says, "I stop in at several shops, when I'm through early at the studio, and look at what they have in size-eight. No, I'm never embarrassed! Why should a man be? I get a kick out of astonishing her with something new, and I think she's terrific for dressing to please me, not other women. But she doesn't shop for my clothes," he concludes. "I think a husband ought to be bright enough to take care of himself when it comes to what he wears!"

Mike hasn't built a wall around his heart. He licked loneliness by not rejecting his opportunity for happiness when he saw it. He fought for it, and cherishes the love of the one woman he is sure he wants as his wife for the rest of their lives.

They are planning another wedding anniversary party for March. "Last year, I strung colored lights all around the playroom downstairs and it over-loaded the circuits," Mike confesses. "Dodie kept hurrying to put in another new fuse." This year, if they do any rewiring for their fifth anniversary, they'll remember to do it warily!

(Continued from page 9)

A Flair for Laughter

the high gray wall of the orphanage and the harsh treatment given all newcomers by both attendants and the other restless, displaced orphans. "My mother got sick," Milt explains. "With two brothers and sisters, besides myself, we had to split up."

He was young and, with the resiliency of youth, he bounced back. Now it seems like a distant memory—the daily fist fights, the meager food, the indifference, the battle for survival. Says Milt, "I came from Brownsville, in Brooklyn—that's the tough section which spawned Murder, Inc., the pay-for-death syndicate. I was lucky, though, because someone shoved a French horn in my hand instead of a gun."

Now in his early thirties, Milt confesses he was "scared" of the daily fight, and the killings going on about him. He was surly, tough. But, inside, he knew there must be a better world than the jungle about him. While attending Tilden High School in Brooklyn, he got his first look at the brighter side of life. "Mr. Shellen, of Tilden High, encouraged me to try music. It was my first bout with culture."

"Later on, when I transferred to Abraham Lincoln High, also in Brooklyn, Mr. Jacques Wolf, the head of the music department there, let me take a French horn home for the whole summer, to practice. Since I was too poor to buy one, the help he gave me was invaluable." Graduating from Lincoln, Milt enrolled at the Juilliard School of Music. He was a scholarship student, and he studied hard.

He left Juilliard in 1941, when he was called into a special section of the Air Corps. He became a photo interpreter for the Air Corps, and stuck with identifying planes, etc., until the end of the war. "Then, I got into the mad post-war scramble for orchestral jobs. "Everybody seemed to be able to play an instrument," he recalls. But Milt must have played his better than most, for he was soon signed to tour with "The Chocolate Soldier," under Oscar Strauss' baton. He also played for the Ballet Theater Symphony and the Columbus Symphony—all first-rate jobs, coveted by many a more experienced musician. Coming back to New York, he performed in the "pit bands" at such Broadway shows as "Lend an Ear" and "Where's Charley?"

The latter show starred incomparable stylist, Ray Bolger. "Watching him," says Milt. "I got my first inkling that maybe I'd like to try comedy. It was more subconscious with me. Still, after that, I began to go around to watch the different television shows which had comedians on—like Sid Caesar's show, a show which was later to play a big part in my life."

The fever of people laughing at funny-bits of comedy got into Milt's blood. He had to make a choice: Either continue with the French horn and make a comfortable living . . . or try comedy, with no certainty of any future at all. "I chose comedy. And, the next day, I sold my French horn so I wouldn't be tempted to fall back on getting a music job."

But, though Milt was ready to tackle the world of comedy, comedy was not ready for him—in the professional sense, at least. "So, I became a wrapper in the garment center for the next year." Times were tough, for Milt, in 1953 and the beginning of '54.

"I decided to join the army of extras who haunt television casting directors. I had to learn from somewhere, and where else," asks Milt, "could an unknown start, and learn his craft?" The Jackie Gleason Show and The Big Story found Milt in their background scenes, but observing Gleason was worth more to Milt than any amount of money they paid him. He watched the little touches that make a great come-

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Maria was getting the best of care, “the trip was spoiled for me and, then and there, I decided that I would not separate the family again,” Rosemary recalls.

This was a good intention which somehow eradicated her control. Joe is a serious actor whose love of the legitimate theater lured him and again back to Broadway. Rosey’s major interests— including her daily CBS Radio show with Bing Crosby— were on the West Coast. Nevertheless, she rented an apartment in New York and commuted as often as possible, in order to be at his side. While on the East Coast, she did her best to keep up with Joe’s intense concern with art, books, music and the theater. But her heart remained in the rambling Spanish-type house in Beverly Hills which the Ferrer family called home.

Occasionally, it was the other way around. When Rosie was singing at a hotel in Las Vegas, Joe would come to her dressing room after each show to take her home. She was expecting her third child, at the time, and sack dresses were in fashion. A writer who came backstage to say hello told her that the buzz which greeted her entrance was the women in the place asking each other, “Is she … or is it the dress?” Rosie laughed and launched into an animated conversation about some of the songs she had scored, “Come-On-a-My House” and others.

When Joe came into the room, suddenly the chatter turned esoteric. A long, rather academic discussion developed about “poetry in the theater,” to which Rosemary listened as she got ready to leave. The visitor was startled when Rosie suddenly tossed aside her powder puff and said, in an abrupt but strangely wistful tone, “Don’t you think we ought to begin to have more children?” It was quite apparent—and probably only natural—that her mind was more on personal concerns than on such company as Como and Bob Hope, and his appearance as the French-horn player from Mitchell Ayres’ band brought loud laughter. Perry asked Joe to come back for the following week. “He’s just like you always read about—a nice guy, a real pro, and a guy it’s a pleasure to be around. You might say, when you go to work for him, it’s like going to visit your friends.”

As critic John Crosby said, after viewing Milt: “Milton Kamen’s comedy ranged from the magnificent to less than that.” And Milt smiled. He remembers when “less than magnificent” was the high grey wall he was once forced to call “home”—before he developed his great flair for laughter.
Time had worked its alteration. Some years before, she had answered a query on her husband's interests by saying with obvious pride: "It's amazing, really. He acts, writes, directs, produces; he plays sensational tennis; he cooks like a chef; he fishes like Inzak Walton and he's also managing a boxer. And, best of all, he is interested in getting me interested in all these things. I'm learning something new every day and I love it."

What lies ahead for the Ferrers? A lingering hope exists that they may, for the sake of their five youngsters, come to some common ground and reconcile. At the time of the divorce announcement, Joe instructed the operator at the Dallas hotel where he was staying to accept no calls for him. He would make no comment to reporters. Friends said he was waiting to see if Rosie would change her mind. She did not.

In her suit, filed in the Santa Monica court, she is asking for $8,000 a month alimony and custody of the children. At first, she had planned on asking only for support of the children—but, on second thought, she realized that this was not practical.

It is well known that Joe comes from one of Puerto Rico's wealthiest families and has over two millions in personal assets. While he was always generous to Rosie and the family, he rarely discussed business affairs with her. This appears to have also been a bone of contention. Joe is of the Latin school that feels the man's place as head of the family would be impugned if he went into deals about money matters with the woman of the house.

"The future looks bleak for five little Ferrers," said one friend, "but everyone's still keeping a lamp of hope lighted. Maybe if Rosie's health gets back to normal—and Joe gets tired of racing around after this enthusiasm and that—and if both these things happen at the same time . . . well, maybe."

But, much as Rosie and Joe are liked in the film colony, nobody's laying odds on their future together.

It Takes a Fool to Be a Lady Comic

(Continued from page 31)
we were living together," she says. "It's hard on a marriage when both husband and wife are working in such an unpredictable business as this one."

Carol's first television assignment in New York was on ventriloquist Paul Winchell's children's program, on which she played the girlfriend of Winchell's dummy, Jerry Mahoney. This was followed by a short-lived comedy series with Buddy Hackett, as well as appearances on Garry Moore's morning program and on the Ed Sullivan-Dinah Shore and Jack Paar shows.

It was on Paar's program that she sang a satiric comedy song entitled "I Made a Fool of Myself Over John Foster Dulles," which so amused the late Secretary of State that he requested a personal recording of it for himself.

In May of 1959, Carol achieved one of her greatest ambitions. She opened in the starring role of a new musical, "Once Upon a Mattress," at the Phoenix Theater in New York. The show was one of the few productions in recent theatrical history to transfer successfully from off-Broadway to a Main Stem theater. In all, it ran for a year in New York. And, in the fall of that year, she joined Moore's nighttime show.

"I've been lucky all my life," Carol says, "and I feel especially lucky to be associated with Garry Moore. He's a true gentleman. The spirit on this show is almost unbelievable. Everyone is so friendly. There are no feuds. We like each other, and that goes for the stage hands as well as the performers.

"Garry never tries to hold anyone back. I don't have anything in mind right now, but if I want to do another Broadway show, it's okay with Garry. Not all bosses are that considerate. Actually, Garry isn't a boss. We don't think of him that way."

In addition to the stage and television, Carol has also made several night-club appearances, but she prefers not to work in that field. "I hate to compete with drinks and food. It's unfair competition. Seriously, night clubs aren't for me. Most people go to them to be seen, not to be entertained."

Carol and her sixteen-year-old sister, Christine, share an apartment in Manhattan with their two Yorkshire terriers, "Bruce" and "Fang." Carol grins: "These dogs are really kooks. Bruce is a female. (Yes, a female. I told a friend in California that, if I ever had a dog, I'd name it after him. The first dog happened to be a girl dog, but I kept my promise.) The other one, Fang, is my toughest critic. He hates my singing. It makes him howl. Even when I hum, he howls."

Carol recently recorded an album of show tunes ("Carol Burnett Remembers How They Stopped the Show") which has become a best-seller for Decca. "Although there are a few comedy numbers, it isn't a comedy album.

My type of comedy must be seen to be appreciated. You could say that the album is made up of straight songs."

Sister Christine attends a private girls' school in New Jersey, joins Carol in New York on weekends and during vacation periods. "I'm not being a snob in sending Christine to a private school," Carol explains. "But with my unpredictable hours, I'm not able to give her the supervision that any teenager needs. Besides, in Jersey, she's able to breathe that good country air."

"Christine, by the way, doesn't share my love for show business. She's a home girl. Wants to get married and raise a family, which is fine, of course. I've never tried to discourage her about show business. In fact, if she wanted to become a performer, I would encourage her.

"I don't understand performers who say they wouldn't permit their children to become entertainers. They themselves are having a marvelous time, so what's so bad about the business for their kids? Certainly, there are wrong people, or bad people, in show business. But that doesn't mean you have to fall in with them and stay with them. There are wrong people in any business. I've never felt that I had to associate with the wrong crowd to further my career. I've been able to pick my own friends."

"I've seen parents throw up their hands when they heard their son or daughter was going into show business. They should be pleased, not alarmed or disappointed. I don't want to sound kooky or corny, but there's no business like it!

As part of her "payment" to the benefactor who financed her trip to New York from the U.C.L.A. campus, Carol recently discovered and lent a helping hand to a young entertainer named Ken Berry. "I saw Ken in a West Coast revue called 'Billy Barnes People.' It was last winter, when we were in California to tape one of the Garry Moore shows. I was so impressed by Ken's talent that I actually cried. Why, he sings, dances, and has a natural comic flair."

"I told Garry about him, and he was equally impressed. He brought Ken to New York and featured him on one of his April programs. Garry told the audience, 'I wish I could say that I discovered Ken Berry, but that honor belongs to Carol Burnett.' Wasn't that nice?"

"I felt so very good about it. It was another chapter in my Cinderella story. Ken's own talent will take him to the top, but I helped a little to open the door. That's what makes life worthwhile. Being able to help people. And that's why I'm so happy. In my own way, by making them laugh and forget their troubles for a while, I believe I'm helping people. And when they laugh, believe me, it helps me."
The Advantages of Being Shy

(Continued from page 35)

a motion picture star. The two movies Joan Harvey has made—"Pretty Boy Floyd," and a new one, "The Answer"—came after TV and stage success in New York, not before. "Hollywood didn't think I had the right kind of face for movies. I definitely wasn't the starlet type."

This only served to deepen Joan's youthful feelings of inadequacy. As a brunette, with enormous hazel eyes and masses of dark brown hair touched with natural reddish highlights, she felt inadequate because she wasn't one of the current crop of blondes. As a tallish girl, almost five-feet-six, she felt inadequate because she wasn't petite.

Born in New York, she was the only child of parents who moved to the West Coast when she was three. Growing up in Hollywood was not the major spur toward an acting career. Five months in London were. Her father's work with "trailers," the short films which advertise coming movie attractions, took them to England when she was fourteen. "I got the chance to go to the Old Vic and to see a lot of live theater. To steep myself in the real art of acting. I had always been imaginative and when I felt very alone as a child—away at boarding schools or camp—I often made up my own games. I even dreamed up an imaginary girl friend. Being exposed to English theater intensified all the imagination and the love of the dramatic that was already there."

When Joan got back to California and was a student at Hollywood High, the memories remained strong within her. In both high school and at U.C.L.A., she began to work with small theater groups around town. She was noticed by a few people who said she had talent. "They could see I was shy and scared, but believed there was a chance for a new and sensitive face, even if I wasn't the usual Hollywood type."

So she began "batter at studio doors. One of the first was Fred Zineman's, about the time he was doing "From Here to Eternity." Mr. Zineman inspired no false hopes in Joan. He said at once that she was too young for the part he was casting—she was barely seventeen then—but he gave me something more important. He gave me courage. He has done that many times since, when I have gone to him for advice.

"You are very shy," he said to me, and explained that he had known what it was to be shy. He talked a long time about the feelings of inadequacy that beset a shy person. He said there were two paths I could take, and I had to make the choice. I could continue to go on interviews, let what talent I had 'come through' and try to forget myself. Or I could choose the other way, put on a sham personality to hide my shyness—cross my legs and wear too low-cut blouses. 'And don't do any of these things,' he warned. 'Don't ever be anyone but yourself.'"

The advice helped, but it still wasn't easy. After Joan read for a part, she would get so flustered that usually she backed out of the room saying "Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye" repetitiously and nervously, wanting only to get away quickly. Twice, after readings, she found she had opened the wrong door and backed into a closet. Laugh-ter followed her in waves, and she had to come back into the room.

At nineteen, Joan married Hol-lywood writer and director Harvey Bennett Fishman (who, as a child, had been one of the brightest of the famous Quiz Kids). The two were divorced not too long ago, after eight years of mar-riage. "We're still friends, but we found we were too happy together anymore. When I flew out to Hollywood on short notice to make 'The Answer,' Harvey let me use his apartment there. He was coming to New York, at the time, so I let him have mine. When we separated, we split all our belongings down the middle, entirely amicably. The only thing we fought over was the dictionary! Harvey said he needed it because he is a writer. I said I needed it because I am an actress. He got it."

Shortly after their marriage, and after Harvey had finished his Army service, they drove East. "He really made the change on my account, because we both decided I would never make it in Hollywood. It took us weeks to get across the country. Harvey wanted to stop and read every roadside historical marker, see everything. I finally got so involved myself that I was the one who began urging him to stop. We had a wonderful day at Gettysburg. The night before, he gave me a whole history course on the battles there. He has made me realize the value of education—to know because it's fun to know."

To know because it's fun, because it's stimulating and broadens the view-point, sent Joan back to college. She has been attending New York University as many hours a week as possible—plus one summer session—has close to three years toward her bache-lor's degree, wants to go on even after that. She had to drop one class to do an off-Broadway play, "Cry of the Raindrop," but got her professor to excuse her ten minutes early from another, every evening, so she could make curtain at the theater.

In Hollywood, Joan's only acting experience was in what might be called "way off Hollywood Boulevard." She played small parts in such little-theater productions as "Androcles and the Lion"—in which she walked around in scanty clothes, held a bowl of grapes, and never opened her mouth. In New York, she was working at paying jobs within a month. During the first year, she had about fifteen "extra" parts on TV. "I was always the farthest from the camera. I didn't want anyone to recognize me in such a role, but it was good money and good training."

Joan came to the conclusion that, if she did one more extra's job, she would never get a real part. It was hard to turn down money when it was needed—but when the telephone rang and she was wanted as an extra on a Robert Montgomery show, she found herself being courageous enough to say, "I'm not taking those parts any more." Two weeks later, this paid off. They gave her her first speaking role.

Strangely enough, although she could ride horseback before she walked and has taught riding to others, to keep going as an actress during lean periods, no one has ever given Joan a part in a Western for either television or movies. She even rides bareback, has instructed friends in riding when they got parts requiring it. "But not one person has ever let me use my own skills as an expert horsewoman."

Being in New York, getting a start in professional work, seemed to help Joan's shyness. "I got more and more courage. People have understood, and it is this kind of understanding which has kept me in the business." She got her first experience in a daily serial when she had a brief running role on Search For Tomorrow. She has done several off-Broadway plays, and was understudy to Gena Rowlands on Broadway in "The Middle of the Night," starring Edward G. Robinson. She also understudied the kid-sister part and got a chance to go on in that role—her first appearance on the Broadway stage. Then, on the road tour, she played Gena's role, the fem-inine lead, opposite Sam Levene. When Levene starred on Broadway in "Make A Million," Joan played the important part of his ex-wife.

The Edge Of Night called her a couple of times when Teal Ames, who played Sara, was ill. She always refused, thinking such substitutions would hurt her chances of getting a part of her own on the show. At one point, she was called for one they were just casting, but it was decided that she looked too young. Then, when she was tapped for the role of Judy, it was thought she might look a little too mature!

"When I went for the final reading, with the client present, they took me into another room, put my hair in a
Bullwinkle: The Moose with the Most

(Continued from page 25)

the theater's red-carpeted entrance, the most famous stars were met with stony silence. But the lesser-known members of the press were saluted with wild applause and cheering—supplied by an off-stage sound track. Each was greeted at the microphone by a master of ceremonies nattily attired in white tie, tails, Bermuda shorts and sneakers.

The Bullwinkle Show (including its rib-tickling, pomposity-pricking premiere) is the proud preparation of Jay Ward Productions, a firm built around Jay Ward and Bill Scott. Remarkably similar in looks, build, age and an anything-for-a-laugh approach to life, this Tweedlebum-Tweedledee pair are hard to pin down to specifics. When someone does manage to get them settled together for any brief period, he comes away with the impression of having witnessed a game of table tennis—with himself as the ball.

The best description of the two is the one they give of themselves: "I look like the guard on a losing football team of ten years ago," says Jay. "I remind people of the meat-and-poultry man at the A & P," says Bill.

San Francisco-born Jay is a graduate of the University of California and the Harvard School of Business. While selling real estate in 1947, he came up with the idea for Crusader Rabbit, sold the show to TV, then returned to the real-estate business. In 1957, he created Rocky—and, this time, gave up the business world for good.

Bill reversed Jay's eastward trek. Born in Philadelphia, he went West to the University of Denver. After graduation, he went on to Hollywood, worked on "Bugs Bunny" and "Daffy Duck," graduated to writing and producing Time For Beauty (one of TV's first hit puppet shows), then moved to the "Mister Magoo" series and the "Gerald McBoing-Boing" show, which won an Academy Award as best cartoon of the year.

Jay Ward Productions consists of a host of creative talents, including six other writers, five directors, a spate of animators and some of the most able delineators of various voices in show business, including Paul Frees, Hans Conried, June Foray, Mel Blanc, Louis Nye, Don Knotts, Charles Ruggles, Bill Conrad, Alan Reed and Walter Tetley.

It should not be surprising to learn that the firm has no president. "We're all vice-presidents," Jay and Bill announce. In the same straight-faced manner, they go on to discuss the man they consider most important to their organization—Ponsonby Britt, chairman of the board. "We needed him," says Jay, producing a prepared biography of their esteemed leader. "He had the money. He's head of the Widows and Orphans Benevolent Fund."

A harried publicity man hastens to explain that there is no such person as Ponsonby Britt, that he is just a name dreamed up by the kooky pair for a gag. "We decided to invent him because we thought the enterprise needed a touch of class," Bill admits.

Like Rocky And His Friends, from which it sprang, The Bullwinkle Show is classified by the network as a "children's show"—a fact which puzzles its producers. "We feel it's adult humor, but NBC can't understand the jokes, so they think it's a children's show,"

day. 'You are going to lose your baby,' she said sadly—and suddenly she was crying. And, when I married Larry on the show, his real wife, Maj, sent me flowers. The card read, 'He is the nicest husband in the world and I hope you will enjoy him, too.'"

At the beginning, Joan's greatest problem on The Edge of Night—where new lines have to be learned for each performance—was the teleprompter. "Along with shyness goes insecurity, and I was terribly concerned that the very day I might get rattled, and forget a line, would also be the day the teleprompter might not be running! So I had to build up reliance on myself, and that is good."

Joan has now proved that shyness need not be the drawback some girls think it is. Usually it makes you work harder for what you want. Often, it brings out an attitude of understanding and helpfulness in others which makes life happier for everyone.

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The Unpredictable Brian Kelly

(Continued from page 17) would be breaking up a close friendship. In typical Kelly fashion, Brian magnanimously gave the dog to Gardner on the spot. One salient point: Gar had good reason to grow attached to Pussycat: Brian's "weekend visit" to Detroit had lasted four months.

But that isn't unusual—for him. Almost everything Brian Kelly does is a little unpredictable. His acting career itself is somewhat implausible, considering his background. The husky ex-Marine almost didn't attempt it at all. He returned to his studies after serving in Korea, and was about to enter the final year of the University of Michigan Law School, when the acting bug bit him for good. He gave it all up, set out for Hollywood and, within a year and a half, was laboring as third lead in the detective series 21 Beacon Street. Now, as co-star of Straightaway, Kelly's career seems assured.

He did it all so casually, it seems almost accidental. Yet handsome Brian, with the devil—may—care Irish look, is a dedicated actor. "He's a lightning rod," one director said recently. "Anything that happens on the set means something to him. There's electricity in the air on a good show, and Brian picks it all up and stores it. He never forgets anything a director tells him. He's amazing."

It's not amazing when you consider Brian was a top student, all through school, and filled out a busy academic success with superiority on the playing fields. His high-school athletic prowess was legend around Detroit. He played football and baseball outstandingly well, led his classes in scholastic averages.

There was no reason for any of this to go to his head—not with five brothers and sisters at home, all doing just as well. And his family wasn't just starting on the road to fame and fortune. His father, the Hon. Harry F. Kelly, was Governor of the state of Michigan from 1942 to 1948 and is now a member of the Michigan Supreme Court. The Kellys of Detroit are quite well-known. Brian didn't embark on an acting career to find an identity for himself. He already had very strong identification, right in Detroit.

His desire to act goes much deeper. "I wanted to be an actor ever since I can remember," he'll comment now, "but I never admitted it to anybody, not even myself." He did appear in several high-school productions, but everyone tried out for those. That the handsome son of Governor Kelly was rather good in the lead of the senior play didn't surprise anyone.

Notre Dame beckoned, and Brian hoped to repeat his high school gridiron success. But, during the first practice of the freshman football squad, the fast-stepping Kelly got blocked effectively by two monstrous candidates for the Notre Dame line—and his knee was never the same again. Heartbreakingly, his athletic adventures came to an end that autumn afternoon. He has built the knee up in the intervening years and, last winter, was again in top shape for skiing, his all-time favorite sport. But it took exercises and constant determination.

One 21 Beacon Street sequence called for Brian to turn and run out of a hoodlum-filled room. In turning, his knee slipped out and he was in excruciating pain for several minutes. Rather than ruin the scene, which involved many extra players, Brian walked absolutely out of the scene, then collapsed in agony as the director yelled "Cut!" Helped to a chair by several burly grips, Brian snapped his leg back in himself, limped a moment or two, and walked into the next scene. "Never give in to your own weaknesses," he admonishes—and lives up to it, too.

With all the inner strength Brian has,
Detroit 4204. was as appearances and slopes as wood. time, out an while school, well-modulated tors. Facing Hollywood was had some anyone Hollywood in Korea, in working allowance and, Brian's career was doubtful. And, Brian's career had proceeded, he'd been seen in a few pictures, and he'd been working on a second assignment hand-colored in oils for greater beauty, speed, and style. Limit 2 to any one person. Send today for your FREE coupon to buy out and please enclose your name, address and favorite snapshot. Our supply of Polaroid Cameras is limited. Send coupon to DEAN, Manger, DEAN STUDIOS Dept. X-433, 913 Walnut St., Des Moines 2, Iowa

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7330—Turn bias-tape scraps into colorful trims for tots’ clothes, bibs; use on towels, cloths, aprons. Seven 3¼ x 5½ to 7 x 12-inch motifs. 25¢

to predict that the “unpredictable” Kelly will be a bridegroom early in 1962.

Now that Brian has a weekly series to shoot—and steady dates to keep—his tendency toward sudden trips has become more limited. No more quick excursions to Canada for skiing, or Mexico for skin diving. Hard to say, though, that Brian Kelly is getting stodgy because of it! While on location for a segment of the show in Florida, Brian and John Ashley were sitting in a motel room deciding what to do for the weekend. Brian was studying the airline rate card in front of him.

“You know something, John?” he suddenly brightened. “It wouldn’t cost us any more to go direct to Mexico than to go back to Los Angeles.” John, who knew what was coming, groaned inwardly.

Sure enough, within hours, the pair were in Acapulco. After a delightful weekend at one of the swankiest hotels, they discovered that neither had thought to bring any traveler’s checks. Their cash was low. The hotel wouldn’t take a personal check, and they had to be in Hollywood the next morning to resume shooting. But, instead of worrying, the two went down to the hotel dining room and ate a gigantic lunch.

While there, one of the guests in the hotel whose acquaintance they had made happened to mention the tremendous price American liquor brought in a certain part of Acapulco.

Within moments, the nattily-dressed Kelly was wandering through the oldest part of Acapulco, seeking a buyer for some excellent Scotch which had been a present from a friend in Florida. The sale was made and the two stars paid their hotel bill and made their plane. “He was never even ruffled,” John recalls. “You can’t shake him.”

Another friend considers his winter vacation with Brian last year typical of the man. They were about to leave for the Frozen North to ski, when Brian found he couldn’t get all his heavy sweaters into his new luggage. Without batting an eye, he pulled out all the heavy clothing, threw bathing suits and swimming gear into the same bag—and, within an hour, they were winging South of the Border. The friend wasn’t surprised . . . he’d even brought swimming trunks himself—just in case.

Brian isn’t being difficult, he’s just being himself. And his friendship is so highly valued among the young actors and actresses in Hollywood that it’s obvious his independence is appealing . . . even in an independent town like Hollywood, Brian Kelly is “the personalites’ personality.”

It doesn’t impress him. As long as he can act—and do what he wants, when he isn’t acting—he’ll be happy.

Send orders (in coin) to: TV Radio Mirror, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add 5¢ for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send 25¢ for Needlecraft Catalogue (as illustrated above).
to report the real world as thoroughly as we can without creating a totally terrifying picture. I'm not preaching, but I believe there should be some element of hope and uplift. Young people need to know that there is still charm and fun to be found in human beings."

Members of ABC's crew for American Newsweek are but little older than their viewers. Roger Sharp, the anchor man, finds wry humor in the fact that he has reached the advanced age of twenty-six. "All my working life, I've had editors, sponsors and producers say to me, 'Sure, you're a good reporter, but you look too young. Can't you bleach a streak of white in your hair?' Now I have the opposite problem of trying to stay looking as young as our audience!"

He was born in Akron, Ohio, May 24, 1933. His father, an advertising executive, encouraged him to work on school and college newspapers. Roger attended Monteith School in Detroit and took his college training at Michigan State, Wayne University and the University of Miami. He married Joan Churilla in Detroit, and they now live in Manhattan with their children, John, five, and Karen, four.

Documentaries he did on Cuba won awards for Roger. They also brought him first-hand knowledge of conditions in a Cuban jail. "On my first trip, I met Castro," he recalls, "but my report didn't cause too much commotion—largely, I suppose, because things were still unresolved. I came there the second time in March, 1960, just after that munitions ship was blown up and they started blaming the United States."

"I got permission to make pictures, then whom! three guards were on me and I was in the clink, the second newsman to be jailed. I was working for the group of stations which includes Tulsa's KOTV and, after I had spent a day in jail, an American congressman who happened to be in Cuba got me out."

Roger gained his first knowledge of Europe by doing a month-long tour of American military bases in France and West Germany. He made a second trip last summer and was in Berlin the day the Soviets started building the wall. He was also present when Vice-President Johnson arrived to reassure Berliners they were not alone.

Two new reporters, David Jayne and Bill Lord, took their masters' degrees in journalism last summer and were hired especially for Newsweek. David was born in Elizabeth, New Jersey, February 28, 1937. His father, a chemist, is now an executive at American Cyanamid and the family lives in Greenwich, Connecticut.

Dave took his B.A. at Williams, then enlisted in the Marine Corps, where he...
was assigned to the public information office and discovered he liked to write and do radio reporting. On discharge, he took his M.A. at Columbia University's School of Journalism. Dave is single and recently took an apartment in Greenwich Village. He lists as his primary personal interests: "A particular girl, politics and sports."

Bill Lord, M.A., University of Pennsylvania, 1960, was born at Saco, Maine, in 1937. Weekends, his high-school English teacher worked as transcription engineer at a local radio station. The pay for the stint was one dollar. When the station cut it to seventy-five cents, the teacher quit—and Bill took the job.

He studied communications at Boston University, has worked at WGBH in that city and made a European reporting tour for WJDA, Quincy, Massachusetts. Bill is married to Deborah Gude of Laurel, Maryland.

Roger Sharp summarizes the challenge American Newsstand holds for all of them: "On lecture tours, I have found that a high-school group asks me much sharper, more perceptive questions than, say, members of a business-men's luncheon club. Students have a real interest in what happens in the world."

It's a challenge for both networks, but one which they are solving with typical enthusiasm and resourcefulness. The resulting programs go far toward installing a brilliant, steady beacon for youthful viewers in what the F.C.C. chairman called "a vast wasteland."

(Continued from page 15)

Jackie Gleason: A Father at Last

John Gosen, of the Amos 'n' Andy team, saw her and told Jackie: "She's great. She looks like she's been in show business all her life." Jimmy Durante and Bob Hope also caught the production and were very impressed with Geraldine's performance. Bob even made plans to use her in a TV special.

However, all that can be forgotten now. Geraldine confided to friends at the wedding reception that she plans to do nothing more than a housewife. She is giving up her acting ambitions. The decision isn't likely to upset her father. In 1955, Jackie told a writer: "Show business is like a disease. You wouldn't want your kids to catch it, but there's very little you can do about it."

Linda, it seems, will pursue her career. She's very conscious of being the daughter of one of the world's great comedians. When Jackie was in Hollywood some twelve years ago, he took Linda to the set of the film, The Cisco Kid. She wore a cowboy suit and had her picture taken with the late Leo Carillo. When the picture was published a few weeks later, on a magazine cover, Linda hid the copy. Someone asked her why. "I don't want Daddy to see it," she explained in all seriousness. "After all, he might feel bad, having never made Variety's front page."

Jackie's wife, too, must have felt she was constantly competing against her husband's love for show business and its gratifications. The comic himself says: "It wasn't success that caused the rift between us, because it all began when I was out of a job and broke. The best I can say is that it was all my fault. I guess I wasn't wise or mature enough to recognize what a fine lady I married. Genevieve liked the quiet life—home, fireside and kiddies. I liked the loud life—show business, the laughs, the late hours."

The Gleasons would have celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary last September—if their marriage hadn't started to deteriorate five years after they said their "I do's." In 1943, the pair separated in Los Angeles and Genevieve was awarded $400 a month maintenance. They reconciled for a time, in 1948. But, in 1951, the marriage broke up for good. By 1954, Jackie was paying fifteen percent of his annual salary to Genevieve for support of herself and the children.

It was a legal separation, and not a divorce. "We are Catholics," Jackie said at the time, "and the church does not recognize divorce. We can't hope for an annulment, because we have no valid grounds for one. In the eyes of the church, I will always be married to Gen and that means I will never remarry."

At Geraldine's nuptials, some of Jackie's pals saw a faint glimmer of hope that the forty-six-year-old comedian would be reconciled with Genevieve. They noticed Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, who officiated at the wedding, talking with the pair. They knew that Bishop Sheen was a close friend of Jackie's, and they guessed that he was attempting to bring them together.

Jackie's cronies also couldn't help observing that Rev. James Stone was present, too—the parish priest who had performed the rites when Jackie and Gen were wed on September 20, 1936. But Jackie squelched the reconciliation talk, at Geraldine's $35,000 wedding reception in the Waldorf-Astoria, by whispering to an intimate pal that neither he nor Gen was remotely considering making a go of it again.

Today, the pair remain friendly toward each other, but that's about all. It now appears that the next time Gleason and "the three loveliest girls in the world" meet under the same roof will be when Linda marries—and not before then.

In the meantime, Jackie will pursue the active life he loves best. Possessed of enormous energy, he plans new movies, new TV spectaculars, new Broadway plays, new phonograph albums. He is seen currently in all the night clubs, enjoying life to the hilt. He occupies the center of the stage which he prefers. Wherever he goes, his friends gather around. He has many of them.

But there must be times when he feels like the loneliest man in the world.
• The language of music is understood the world over. What better way to communicate with your friends and loved ones than through the gift of music—especially at this time of year, when the spirit of the season works toward bringing people closer together. The revered cellist, Pablo Casals, says music is “a divine way to tell beautiful, poetic things to the heart.” Isn’t that what we try to do at Christmas time—to express the beautiful and noble thoughts often left unsaid the rest of the year?

Why not share a musical message this Christmas with those you care for most. There are suitable musical expressions of your thoughts and sentiments on record for every person you know, every close friend, acquaintance or business associate.

To help you select the gift that comes closest to expressing your thoughts for or your kinship with those you want to be remembered by, On The Record has compiled a list of Christmas gift suggestions on records. They are arranged by categories of musical tastes rather than personal relationships, such as Father, Sister or Boss, to give you a more accurate and handle checklist.

We have tried to concentrate our suggestions on the new records released for this Christmas season, so that you can be fairly assured that your gift has not already found its way into your friend’s home. But certainly many other excellent records that have been available for a while will make equally appropriate gifts. In fact, the entire On The Record section could be considered a Christmas gift list. Just take a look at the following pages and see the wonderful variety of records that await your friends’ and your listening pleasure.

AT THE YEAR’S END: A REVIEW AND PREVIEW

• The exciting record business this year included steps forward and backward, with a few sidesteps. There were many new dance steps, which teenagers invented as fast as you could heel-and-toe. And at year’s end one of them—“The Twist”—caught the fancy of the nation’s well-heeled, and finally became what journalists call a “dance craze.” Everybody was doing The Twist.

Comedy LP’s became a huge success, with the spicy ones also gaining acceptance, possibly because of the bland humor of TV and films. A Negro comic, Dick Gregory, set a precedent by breaking into a field which had previously relied on white entertainers, while Moms Mabley gained (Continued on 76H)
GIFT SUGGESTIONS FOR EVERYONE YOU KNOW

FOR THE FUNNYBONE

Shelley Berman puts in A Personal Appearance (Verve 15027). And Behind the Button-Down Mind of Bob Newhart (Warner Bros. 1417) present a laugh-fest manufactured by the world’s funniest Certified Public Accountant ... The 2000 and One Years (Capitol 1618) as limned by Mel Brooks with Carl Reiner is ageless humor for the young in heart ... And Jose Jimenez' Astronaut (Kapp 1238) is still timely too.

FOR THAT SPECIAL MOOD

The George Shearing Quintet has cloaked romantic standards in a Satin Affair (Capitol 1628) ... George Greeley plays Popular Piano Con-

certos of Famous Film Themes (Warner Bros. 1427) ... And Roger Williams has a feather in his Kapp with Songs of the Soaring Sixties (Kapp 1251) ... A gift of Andre Previn will add A Touch of Elegance (Columbia 1649) ... And Jackie Gleason provides the romantic touch with a Lover’s Portfolio (Capitol WBO 1619).

FOR THE JAZZ BUFF

The traditionalist will probably get kicks, unless he’s a purist, from Al (He’s the King) Hirt and his new Dixie band (RCA Victor LPM 2354) ... while classicists (those who dig the so-called Swing Era) will flip over The Fletcher Henderson Story (Colom-
bia C4L 19), which records the life of the man who practically invented swing ... Another big package of modern jazz is certainly Miles Davis In Person at the Blackhawk, Friday and Saturday Nights (Columbia CL 1669 and 1670, or C2L 20) ... Doin’ the Thing at the Village Gate is the Horace Silver Quintet (Blue Note 4076) ... Gerry Mulligan presents A Concert in Jazz (Verve 8415) with an extremely flexible and sensitive big band.

FOR NOSTALGIA LOVERS

I Remember Tommy (Reprise 1003) is Frank Sinatra’s salute to Tommy Dorsey and a must for Sinatra fans ... Of the many movie theme LP’s available Hugo Montenegro’s three-volume Great Songs from Motion Pictures (Time 2044, 2045, 2046) is the most nostalgic, filled with 48 memor-
able tunes from film musicals dating from 1927 through 1960 ... Or try The Greatest Hits from Columbia’s vaults (Columbia C2X-3), including Buddy Clark’s “Linda,” “Sentimental Journey,” and 22 others in a two-volume set.

FOR THE GENERAL RECORD FAN

Certainly a big gift item this Christmas will be the different versions of West Side Story available (listed as this month’s “Hottest LP’s”) ... The Nat King Cole Story (Capitol WCL 1613) makes a handsome gift for most anyone (See page 76H) ... Judy at Carnegie Hall (Capitol WBO 1569) can’t miss ... And any of Mitch Miller’s Sing-a-long, particularly his latest, Your Re-
quest Sing Along, will be welcome at large family gatherings ... or try The Slightly Fabulous Limeliters (RCA Victor LSP 2393).
“The 12 Greatest Songs Ever Written” is the imposing and almost presumptuous title of a new LP (Cameo 2003). All but one have stood the test of time, and certainly all have been outstanding popular favorites, but due to the amount of music that can be crammed into one LP, they’ve chosen a rather arbitrary magic number. The Golden Dozen tapped for posterity by Cameo (including music man Don Costa) are: “Begin The Beguine,” “Autumn Leaves,” “Never On Sunday,” “Summertime,” “Laura,” “You’ll Never Walk Alone,” “Stormy Weather,” “Stardust,” “Old Man River,” “Always,” “My Melancholy Baby,” and “September Song.” Any there you can’t hum?

Conway Twitty, along with Jo-Ann Campbell and Kenny Miller, are finishing up three weeks of location shooting in Toronto, Canada, for the United Artists film, “Johnny Melody.” Conway’s latest LP is “The Conway Twitty Touch” (MGM 3943).

Jimmie Rodgers is not resting on his laurels. He won a Motion Picture Exhibitor Laurel Award as one of the top ten new screen stars for his role in “The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come” for 20th Century-Fox. His new LP, “The Folk Song World of Jimmie Rodgers” (Roulette 25150), includes the very moving “A Little Dog Cried,” which appealed to many when it was released as a single.

Dave Brubeck, an accomplished jazzman who is frowned on by many in the “pure” jazz world for his commercial success, will be doing a Liberace (laughing all the way to the bank) when sales of his “Time Out” LP (Columbia 1397) are added up. On December 31 the Dave Brubeck Quartet will do a TV special, next month concerts in Florida, and on February 21 a Town Hall concert in New York.

An unusual record of probably the largest musical instrument in the world—covering three acres—has come to our attention. It’s the unique “Stalacpipe” organ located in the caverns at Luray, Virginia, a complex electronic system which plays stalactites like the pipes of an organ. The idea of inventor-musician Leland W. Sprinkle, Sr., the organ has a mystic, echoing tone that gives such melodies as “Beautiful Dreamer” and “America” ethereal beauty. The 45 RPM record, which includes seven selections for 98 cents, is available by writing to Luray Caverns, Virginia.

An impressive new series called “Living Literature” has Raymond Massey reading the writings and speeches of Abraham Lincoln, Ronald Colman reading Shakespeare’s sonnets, Thomas Mitchell reading Plato, Marvin Miller reading Mark Twain, and others.

Rick Nelson, who had a number-one record this year in “Travelin’ Man,” now has, appropriately, the number-one record in Denmark, Finland, Norway, Sweden, Germany and New Zealand—but Rickey’s international hit is not “Travelin’ Man.” It’s the flip side, “Hello Mary Lou”!
POPULAR

If You Go, Peggy Lee (Capitol 1630)—Miss Lee’s voice has become a wonderful musical instrument, capable of expressing the most fragile nuances of meaning and mood. Her artistry is so great that you soon forget she’s there. Only her velvet touch and a delicate fragrance remain, enchanting you with the murmur of love songs such as “Say It Isn’t So,” “I Wish I Didn’t Love You So,” and “As Time Goes By.”

Ella In Hollywood, Ella Fitzgerald (Verve 4052)—The First Lady of Song is so perfect that even a recorded-live performance (as here, at Hollywood’s Crescendo) becomes a showcase for her jewel-like tours de force.

This Little Boy Of Mine, Gloria Lynne (Everest 5131)—The splendid talent of Gloria is at last gaining wider recognition. The vitality and intensity of her gospel-based style infuse such tunes as “Impossible,” “The Jazz In You,” and Ray Charles’ “This Little Boy Of Mine.”

Roger Williams’ Greatest Hits (Kapp 1260)—Leading off with the nimble-fingered pianist’s first hit, “Autumn Leaves,” this LP runs through a collection of his biggest, including “Tammy,” “Claire de Lune” and nine others. Fans who haven’t all of his LP’s will treasure this one.

Sarah Vaughan’s Golden Hits (Mercury 60645)—Our Sarah has produced some beautiful records through the years and many are represented in this collection. She can sing with the soaring lyric quality of a nightingale on the wing, as you well know, if you’re a Sarah fan. It’s a pleasure to listen to this LP and recommend it to others.

Mood Music

Soft Vibes, Soaring Strings, Lionel Hampton (Columbia 1661)—Hampt has been with us through swing, hard-driving hop and rhythm-and-blues. Here his facile vibes work is set against lush violin orchestrations of moody standards for good effect.

The Golden Horn, Billy Butterfield (Columbia 8473)—Billy’s lyric trumpet has never sounded better than on this lushly orchestrated LP featuring tunes that in the past have received trumpet solo treatment, including “And the Angels Sing,” and “Tenderly.”

Pictures at an Exhibition (Mussorgsky-Ravel) Andre Vanderneut & the Paris Conservatory Orchestra (Command Classics 11003)—One of a new series, this recording comes from a company which pioneered the sounds of stereo percussion. They capture in this set the full brilliance of the composer’s popular work as orchestrated by Ravel. A fine addition to your collection, even if you have another version.

Cello Sonata (Shostakovich) & “Arpeggione” Sonata (Schubert), Daniel Shafran, cellist (RCA Victor LM-2553)—This young Russian cellist has a sureness of tone and technique, coupled with a poetic insight, that compares him favorably with Casals. Pianist Lydia Pecherskaya accompanies him with complete accord in these two sonatas, with an especial feeling for the work of their countryman.

Kreutzer Sonata (Beethoven) & Concerto For Two Violins in D Minor (Bach), Heifetz (RCA Victor LM-2577)—Coupled with Mr. Heifetz on the Bach Concerto is his young protege, Erick Friedman, in his debut performance. Both works are welcome additions to the ever-growing Heifetz discography.

Melodies of the Masters, 7 Volumes of Various Artists and Selections (Capitol 8563, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69)—Here is a veritable treasure trove of classical and near-classical melodies.
that can serve as either a nucleus library to build from, or as a general collection of perennial favorites to keep near the record player for musical emergencies. Each volume is keyed to a different theme, in numerical order: Music of Romance, Rhythms of Spain, Dances of the Waltz, Mysteries of the Night, Music of Reflection, Music of the Imagination. Artists both great and near-great are represented here, performing the fondly familiar and the vaguely familiar, including such obvious melodies (for such a collection) as "Liebestraum," "Ritual Fire Dance," an individuality of expression that, for a similar reason, immortalized Art Tatum. Two sides of Solal are offered, exciting solo pyrotechnics of standard tunes on one, and swinging, grooving ensemble work by his trio on imaginative originals by Solal. Don't miss hearing this one!

The Best of the Dukes of Dixieland (Audio Fidelity 5956)—Here's an excellent sampler of 12 of the Dukes' most popular two-beat numbers. If you're an unsophisticated Dixie fan, this will be an excellent introduction to this group that grew out of a college collaboration. Tunes include such oldies as "Dixie," "Saints Go Marching In," "Muskrat Ramble" and others almost too familiar.

The Blues in Modern Jazz, various jazz groups (Atlantic 1337)—Eight interpretations of the blues are offered here by an impressive roster of jazz stars, including Dizze Gillespie, Art Blakey with Thelonius Monk on the classic "Blue Monk," Lennie Tristano, Charles Mingus, Milt Jackson, Ray Charles, Jimmy Guiffre, and the Modern Jazz Quartet with a masterful "Bluesology," Gunther Schuller provides informative notes, making this a definite "collector's item."

The Soul Clinic, Hank Crawford (Atlantic 1372)—The Ray Charles band without Charles, is led by altoist Crawford through seven tunes, including three of Crawford's own. Here is improvising with purpose and style, and yet with well-knit unity and warmth.

Ole Coltrane, John Coltrane (Atlantic 1373)—This could well be titled "More of My Favorite Things," because the same driving intensity, the same incredibly exciting improvisations, are here. As hypnotic (or "hip"-notic) as Ravel's "Bolero," this LP is a great event, in which Coltrane's creative genius is more evident than ever before. A major jazz work!

COUNTRY-WESTERN

That Country Sound, Jaye P. Morgan (MGM 3940)—Twelve outstanding country hits are given full and understanding treatment by Jaye P., including "Slipping Around," "Cold, Cold Heart," and the title tune, which was a hit for both her and Johnny Cash.

THE BLUES

Jimmy Reed at Carnegie Hall (Vee Jay 2-LP 1035)—You can hear that blues sound on many of the current pop records these days, but Jimmy Reed's kind of "down home" styled blues is the real thing. Earlier this year, Jimmy appeared at Carnegie Hall and one of this two-LP set is devoted to that session. The other LP is a collection of his past hits, redone for this package.
Gift Suggestions for Everyone You Know (Continued from page 76B)

page libretto. Major roles are taken by Jon Vickers, Leonie Rysanek and Tito Gobbi.

FOR THE TOP-FOURTY FAN

Of the bewildering number to choose from, Chubby Checker's Twist LP's seem favored (Parkway 7001, 7002, and 7004) . . . Earl Palmer's Drumsville (Liberty 3201), a collection of rocking hits of the past . . . Elvis Presley's Blue Hawaii (RCA Victor LPM 2426) . . . Jimmy Reed at Carnegie Hall (Vee Jay 1035). Timi Yuro (Liberty 3208).

FOR THE YOUNG

Now that The Chipmunks are cavorting on the TV screen—which exerts its power over the small fry in the realm of commercials, as well as ideas—you will probably be besieged with demands for The Alvin Show (Liberty 7209). Stifle their cries with a gift package . . . Walt Disney is at it again, this time with a movie version of Victor Herbert's "Babes in Toyland," which will be exceedingly in vogue in the next few weeks before Christmas. An original cast LP (Vista 4022) has Tommy Sands, Annette, Ray Bolger and Ed Wynn doing a beautiful job on the revised lyrics. A delightful gift for young and old.

FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Season's Greeting (Capitol 1622). Various stars offering carols, sacred songs, folk songs and novelty tunes. Feliz Slatkin (Liberty 13013) Feliz' fantastic strings offer traditional carols and sacred songs. Wish You a Merry Christmas, Robert Rheims Choraliers (Liberty 6088). Holiday Sing Along, Mitch Miller (Columbia CS 5801). We Wish You the Merriest (Columbia CS 8499).

Christmas with Chet Atkins (RCA Victor LPM 2423). Includes classical and electric guitar readings of both carols and Christmas pop songs. The Coming of Christ (Decca). A beautiful production of the musical score from NBC-TV's "Project 20" program.

★Hottest LP's!★ West Side Story, five versions. Take your pick of these exciting musical treats: Original Broadway Cast (Columbia OL 5230), Movie Soundtrack (Columbia OL 5670), Leonard Bernstein Symphonic Dance Suite (Columbia 5651), Stan Kenton Jazz Version (Capitol 1609), Ferrante & Teicher (United Artists 3166).

On the Record's monthly survey of the hottest new LP's and singles lists those records showing the strongest sales in retail stores, based on reports from manufacturers, distributors, trade publications—including Bill Gavin Record Reports, Billboard Music Week, Cashbox, and Variety.

BEST SELLING NEW LP'S

Behind the Button Down Mind of Bob Newhart (Warner Bros. 1417)—The funniest C.P.A. around, and one of the bright new talents on TV now, too.

Close Up, Kingston Trio (Capitol 1642)—Well-known folk tunes done well by a well-known threesome.

Breakfast at Tiffany's, Henry Mancini (RCA Victor LPM 2362)—Holly Golightly and her whole incredible menage set to music.

Blue Hawaii, Elvis Presley (RCA Victor LPM 2426)—Elvis goes native, singing 14 songs from his latest film.

Never On Sunday, Connie Francis (MGM 3965)—Movie melodies get pert treatment from Connie, including the song she sang at the Academy Awards.

Your Request Sing Along with Mitch Miller (Columbia 1671)—No end in sight for the success of this series, unless the bearded one runs out of familiar old melodies.

I Remember Tommy, Frank Sinatra (Reprise 1003)—Nostalgia in full flower, as The Leader recalls the days when he was known as The Voice.

A Personal Appearance, Shelley Berman (Verve 15027)—Here's a very funny man with very funny material. What more do you want from a comedy album?

The Highwaymen (United Artists 3125)—Watch out, Kingston Trio, these boys are liable to ambush you on the road—and they outnumber you, too.

The Slightly Fabulous Limeliters (RCA Victor LPM 2393)—Folk singing at its best, with a humorous touch.

Mexico, Bob Moore (Monument 4005)—A top single with adult appeal makes this LP, with 11 more South-of-the-Border sounds, appealing, too.

Songs of the Soaring 60's, Roger Williams (Kapp 1251)—Roger is very much in tune with the times.

He's The King, Al Hirt and His Band (RCA Victor LPM 2354)—Neo-Dixieland served up by a master showman.

Rydell at the Copa, Bobby Rydell (Cameo 1011)—The teenage favorite in evening clothes for a well-received night-club appearance.

Stereo 33/mm, Enoch Light (Command RS 826 SD)—Brilliant sounds for the stereo fan and music lover alike.

Jamal's Alhambra, Ahmad Jamal (Argo 685)—An expert pianoman relaxing in his own club and making everyone feel at home.
★Hottest Single!★ Goodbye Cruel World, James Darren (Colpix)—Jimmy's running away to the circus 'cause he's lost his girl. Unusual sound and cute idea.

THE HOT SINGLES

Tonight, Ferrante & Teicher (United Artists)—This haunting melody from the musical of the season, given full expression by a hit-making piano duo.

Happy Birthday, Sweet Sixteen, Neil Sedaka (RCA Victor)—An obvious bid for teen-age popularity that pays off.

Run To Him, Bobby Vee (Liberty)—A ballad with that bright, up-tempo sound, with Bobby singing like crazy.

Everlovin'/A Wonder Like You, Rick Nelson (Imperial)—Ozzie and Harriet must be proud of this boy, who can make a hit of both sides of the record.

Heartaches, The Marcels (Colpix)—These boys have found that the best songs are the old songs—like "Blue Moon."


God, Country and My Baby, Johnny Burnette (Liberty)—An emotion-packed ballad with patriotic overtones, sung by Johnny with good tone.

Moon River, Jerry Butler (Vee Jay) & Henry Mancini (RCA Victor)—Both versions of this song, taken from the score of "Breakfast at Tiffany's," are making it big.

I Don't Know Why, Linda Scott (Canadian American)—Linda's distinctive voice and styling are rapidly building her a fine reputation as a vocalist.

I Want To Thank You/Door to Paradise, Bobby Rydell (Cameo)—The first, up-tempo side has the teenagers jumping, but adults are digging the ballad side, too.

You're the Reason, Bobby Edwards (Crest)—This country melody has universal appeal, well handled by Bobby.

HOT SINGLES CONTENDERS

Crazy, Patsy Cline (Decca).

My Heart Belongs Only to You/The Way I Am, Jackie Wilson (Brunswick).

Somewhere Along the Way, Steve Lawrence (United Artists).

September in the Rain, Dinah Washington (Mercury).

Gypsy Woman, The Impressions (ABC).

Nothing in the World, Marie Knight (Okeh).

There's No Other Like My Baby, The Crystals (Philles).

A Certain Girl/I Cried My Last Tear, Ernie K-Doe (Minit).

It Will Stand, The Showmen (Minit).

Dreamin' About You, Annette (Vista).

Don't Walk Away From Me, Dee Clark (Vee Jay).

Seven Day Fool, Etta James (Argo).

Walk On By, Leroy Van Dyke (Mercury).

Everybody's Cryin', Jimmie Beaumont (May).

Little Altar Boy, Vic Dana (Dolton).

Fever, Pete Bennett (Sunset).


The Unforgettable TOP 40 TUNES

Poll Brings Memories of the Recent Past

- When the great melodies of the "Rock and Roll Years" are recalled with misty eyes at succeeding "Auld Lang Syne" New Year's celebrations, which ones will come to mind? Los Angeles radio station KFWB polled its listeners to find out and came up with a list of the "Unforgettable Forty" of the years 1955 to 1960.

Number one record was "Theme From a Summer Place" (1960) by Percy Faith.

In the years ahead, are these the songs they'll be referring to when they say "They don't write 'em like they used to'? Which is your favorite of the recent past? Can you remember all of them—or were you listening to popular music during these years?

Here's the rest of the Unforgettable Forty, in order of their popularity in the radio poll:

### The Unforgettable

**TOP 40 TUNES**

*(Continued from page 76C)*

The Kingston Trio; "Hound Dog" (1957) Elvis Presley; "Venus" (1958) Frankie Avalon.

The second 20 on the list are:


### At the Year’s End:

**A Review and Preview**

*(Continued from page 76A)*

Fans outside her race. She wove 'em.

With the sale of single records declining, manufacturers had various ruses to cope with the situation. Most labels tried to make their one-shot singles artists into best-selling LP stars. Few succeeded. Technical and packaging innovations mushroomed. Warner Bros. issued four songs—two old, two new—for the price of a single record. Cadence and Mercury decided to come out with a "little LP," which would include six pop tunes for $1.69. And RCA Victor caused a mild panic among smaller independent labels by announcing a new pop label, Groove, to sell for 49 cents.

Early in the year several companies tried to get public acceptance for a 33 1/3 RPM single—with little success. Experts figured that first would have to come an inexpensive 33 1/3 record-player.

The main trouble with the record industry seemed to be, simply, too many records, which meant you had it pretty good, with an almost unlimited choice of records to buy.

### THE NAT KING COLE STORY

- For nearly two decades Nat King Cole has been one of the most popular entertainers in show business. Capitol Records, for whom he has recorded for the last 18 years—since his first hit, "Straighten Up and Fly Right" in 1943—has produced an ambitious, three-LP package aptly called "The Nat King Cole Story" (Capitol WCL 1613).

It comes as something of a surprise in hearing these records to realize that Nat Cole’s story can be told through his records. For they’re all here, making you realize that through the years the mellifluous voice of Nat King Cole has been hovering in the air about you. The melodies were a backdrop as you overcame shyness at the high-school dance, kissed your one-and-only to the murmur of the car radio, or in later years shared cocktails on a Saturday night with your loving spouse.

These "moments to remember" are an inevitable part of the Nat King Cole story. That is, your story is inseparable from the music he has made a part of your life, music like "Sweet Lorraine," "It’s Only a Paper Moon," "Nature Boy," "Mona Lisa," "Walkin’ My Baby Back Home" and "Unforgettable."

Thirty-six of Nat’s best-remembered songs are included in this handsomely-produced package. In rehearsing them all at one sitting, it does seem like "a little much" of Nat King Cole. All have been re-recorded under optimum studio conditions—retaining the style and arrangement of the original, to be sure, but with an added smoothness, skill and uniform perfection that verges on blandness. There is no denying, however, that Nat Cole is a pro, a thoroughly disciplined musician and performer whose artistry is not only unquestioned, but superb.

Three noted jazz critics—George T. Simon, Ralph J. Gleason and Leonard Feather, have contributed laudatory articles on Cole the man and the jazz artist, and on his discography. As Simon remarks, "Times have changed since Nat Cole started his career," and Nat himself puts it this way: "You grow up in this business and sooner or later you accept it as a business. You just can’t remain an enthusiastic young kid, always looking for the bright lights and nothing else. After a while you become a responsible, grown-up man."

The image projected of him is just that, of a devoted family man, a successful business man and a citizen concerned about the rights and welfare of his people.

It is precisely for this reason that some of the remembered vitality of his earlier recordings, especially, is missing from this reprise (if Capitol will pardon the use of the word). One vaguely wishes he might hear again the enthusiastic young kid looking for the bright lights.
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More than two million women bought Studio Girl cosmetics last year, and at our present rate, we'll double that figure this year! In fact, our market research tells us we have 25,000,000 excellent new prospects—women who prefer to purchase cosmetics from a trusted confidence in the privacy of their homes. You can earn up to $10 an hour part-time up to a $50 week full-time helping me supply this growing demand.

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Never will you have to turn down an order or try to convert a customer to something she shouldn't buy because "you don't have it." In addition to the famous line of daily-used cosmetics, you will sell more than 300 beauty, bath, and hair specialty gift packages from beautiful, full-color catalog pictures. There's a handsome line of men's toiletries, etc. . . . all at customer-attracting money-making prices. Each Studio Girl Cosmetics is beautifully packaged in regal white and gold. Each is manufactured of the finest medically-approved safenes. The Studio Girl is just right in our own modern beauty and spotting laboratories. The quality of Studio Girl Cosmetics is attested to by the fact that the women who purchased it to display in the American Medical Association's 50th Anniversary, Studio Girl Cosmetics is backed by an absolute guarantee of satisfaction to your customer!

OUR NATIONAL ADVERTISING SELLS FOR YOU
National radio, television and magazine advertising have made the name of Studio Girl known and respected throughout the world. More than 1,000 Radio and TV stations have carried Studio Girl publicity into the homes of countless millions.

STUDIO GIRL OFFERS YOU SECURITY WITH A BIG SUCCESSFUL INTERNATIONAL CORP.
Established nearly 20 years ago, Studio Girl Hollywood owns its own magnificent 40,000 square foot administrative building and factory in the beauty capital of the world—just minutes away from the major movie studios. There is another magnificent laboratory plant and shopping headquarters in Philadelphia where Studio Girl sales are made cities wide and world. The company subscribes 100% to the principles of the National Better Business Builders and the United States Chamber of Commerce. Your better will tell you of Studio Girl's top financial rating by Dun & Bradstreet. Yet despite its tremendous success, Studio Girl has always remained a family-size organization where everyone is friendly, cooperative, happy and prosperous.

DO YOU QUALIFY AS A MANAGER?
If you have been a crew manager, area manager or supervisor or, if you have had experience in sales, it is entirely possible you may qualify for the many details of your experience. Earn up to $2500 a month! Win free trips to Honolulu, San Francisco, Puerto Rico, Paris!

You Need No Selling Experience, No Formal Education
You may be in your 20's, or in your 50's or 60's. You may never have sold a thing in your life. You may want to work full or part time. It doesn't matter! If you want to earn from $20 to $10 an hour. . . up to $250 a week in a glamorous, highly respected business of your own. All you need is an open mind and willingness to follow a few simple instructions. I furnish everything and reveal to you Hollywood's most closely guarded beauty secrets! You simply pass this information on to your customers.

HIRE OTHERS, MULTIPLY EARNINGS
Studio Girl representatives are encouraged to appoint others to sell with and for them. Since you get a commission on orders taken by those you appoint, you can easily multiply your earnings in a very short time! Many Studio Girls are enjoying profits on 25 and 100% of their earnings. A FRIENDLY, RESPECTED LIFE
As a Studio Girl Advisor, you'll win new friends and take tremendous pride in rendering a service every woman needs so desperately. You'll become a respected and sought-after member of your community. Scores of our representatives are asked every day to demonstrate Studio Girl's short cuts to beauty to women's clubs, PTA meetings, etc.

DETAITS, BOOKLET, SAMPLES
If you seriously want to enjoy the benefits of this delightful and dynamic sales venture, you must make your application for your free Studio Girl Cosmetics booklet, revealing insured Studio Girl "Proven" Payout Plan. Remember, no obligation, nothing to lose but the price of a post card—just a postal card and your name and address.

HARRY TAYLOR
PRESIDENT

CANADIANS: ATTENTION!
FREE! MAIL TODAY! Receive Free Usable Studio Girl Samples!

STUDIO GIRL, Dept. 1022
1318 Sos Fernando Rd., Glendale, Calif.
IN CANADA: 850 Louis Ave., Ville LaSalle, Montreal.
Your Studio GIRL opportunity sounds wonderful! Is it really all you say? Satisfy my curiosity at once and rush full information on backcoming a Studio GIRL Beauty Advisor. Don't forget to send my amortation of free usable STUDIO GIRL Cosmetic Samples.

Name: ____________________________
Address: ____________________________
City: __________________ State: _________
Schussing, curving, cavorting...and then OOPS!

well, I'll just pick myself up...

and start over!

I love being active all winter long, every single month, every single day of the month. So naturally I use Tampax.

Tampax® internal sanitary protection is just as wonderful in the winter as it is in the summer. Never chafes. No bulk under heavy clothes or clinging stretch pants. Prevents odor. Ends disposal problems. And, a package of 10 Tampax tucks conveniently into your purse or overnight bag.

Try the modern way, the nicer way, the way of freedom. Try Tampax. Your choice of 3 absorbency sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) wherever such products are sold.

TAMPAX Incorporated Palmer, Mass.

Audrey’s son Jay likes to talk on phone almost as much as his mom.

Some Quickies
I would like to know if Pernell Roberts is married.

B.B., Larose, Louisiana
No, he is not.

Please tell me if John Forsythe and Henderson Forsythe are related.

J.T., Westfield, Massachusetts
No, they are not.

How old is Rod Taylor and is he married?

D.W., Toronto, Ontario
Rod is 31 and a bachelor.

I would like to know when and where Eddie Hodges was born.

P.D., St. Genevieve, Quebec
Eddie was born in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, on March 5, 1947.

Can you please tell me if Hugh O’Brian is married and how old he is?

P.T., Omaha, Nebraska
Hugh is 36 and not married.

All About Audrey
I would like to know something about the actress Audrey Peters.

W.P., New City, New York

If it weren’t for a knee injury, Audrey Peters might never have thought of becoming a dramatic actress. The pretty blonde native of Maplewood, New Jersey, began taking dancing lessons at the age of four, and, by the time she was twenty-one, had already appeared in several Broadway musicals. Audrey would have been content with her dancing career, but one day she tore some cartilage in her knee and the doctors said she might have a permanent limp. The thought suddenly occurred to Audrey that she wasn’t equipped to do anything but dance. So she promptly began taking drama lessons and exercises to cure the limp. She has since appeared in such TV shows as The Verdict Is Yours and U.S. Steel Hour and is currently seen as Vanessa Sterling on Love Of Life.

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

Chubby Checker Fan Club, Frank Pettis, 2361 E. Grand Blvd., Detroit 11, Michigan.

Chuck Connors Fan Club, Candy Mues, 709 Exeter Rd., Linden, New Jersey.


Margarita Sierra Fan Club, Louisa Carrillo, Route 3, Ennis, Texas.

Richard Webb Fan Club, Gwenie Winters, 205 First St., Beaver, Pennsylvania.

We’ll answer questions about radio and TV in this column, provided they are of general interest. Write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Attach this box, specifying network and program involved. Sorry, no personal answers.
Win Your Share Of A

$50,000.00

CASH TREASURE CHEST!

JUST FOR SOLVING OUR INTERESTING TREASURE CHEST PUZZLES!

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 "Treasure Chest" Game...offering you loads of exciting action, hours of fun and pleasure...and a chance at any one of 100 great cash awards totaling $50,000.00! 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 bonus award of as much as $2,500.00 along with the First Prize of $25,000.00...a grand first prize total of $27,500.00...a truly wonderful all-cash first prize!

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In just 6 years, National Book Club contests have offered $371,500.00 in prizes! That's a whole lot of money! But this new National Book Club Game, with its additional $50,000.00 in prizes, will boost that grand total to an amazing $421,500.00! If you are 16 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!

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BOX 777 • GLEN COVE, NEW YORK
What's New on the East Coast

by PETER ABBOTT

Let's Twist Again: Jack Benny's contract up for grabs. The binder to CBS expires this season and every network wants him in its act. . . . Westerly winds whisper that Elvis would like to be admitted to Sinatra's Rat Pack. . . . Dick Van Dyke's video wife, Mary Tyler Moore, separated from her husband, CBS salesman Richard Meeker. They have one child, Richie, age five. . . . Don't Bobby Darin's ex-flames ever fall in love again? Connie Francis seems farther from a steady than ever, and Jo-Ann Campbell hardly dates at all. Good news on Jo-Ann, though—she's making a movie on the Paramount lot. "Hey, Let's Twist." . . . Bus Stop working on an adaptation of Hemingway's "My Old Man" for early spring showing. . . . Upcoming dramatic production, "Three Roads to Rome," promises to be one of the big TV (Continued on page 12)
DEMING, NEW MEXICO
A RANCHETTE OF YOUR OWN
In The Healthiest, Sunniest Climate
In All America

$199 PER HALF ACRE

There is a broad ribbon of highway that begins in the heart of Savannah, Georgia and winds for 3000 miles to its terminus in exciting Los Angeles. This ribbon is mighty Route 80—the most travelled all-weather highway in the U.S. Millions of Americans have followed it to the West, coursing through the rich hills of Georgia and Alabama, passing through the heart of Mississippi and Louisiana and entering into the plains of Texas. Gradually the scenery begins to change. Texas begins to roll; distant hills become higher. Then suddenly one emerges into “The Land of Enchantment.” New Mexico’s wonders erupt in a blaze of color and majesty. The mighty mountains thrust themselves, tree-topped, into the unimaginable blue of the sky. Dust and smoke have vanished from the air and the lungs drink in great delicious draughts in heady delight. If it is wintertime snow may cap the lofty mountains. If it is spring or summer or fall the unspoiled air touches the skin softly and the feeling of well-being is nowhere else equalled. But winter or summer, it is almost certain the sun will be shining in New Mexico— the sunniest, healthiest state of all 50. Yet great 80 is just beginning to take you through the sunshine wonderland of America. In the tropical southwestern pocket of our country you glide through towns like Las Cruces and Deming. A short while westward and you are in Tucson and Phoenix, Arizona, and from there the West Coast beckons. But nowhere in this enchanting Southwest is there a more beautiful area than the mountain-rimmed, pure- aired New Mexico region of Las Cruces and Deming.

To live anywhere in New Mexico is to live better. The superb climate, naturally air-conditioned in the summer and brilliantly sunny in the winter— the breathtaking beauty of a lavish Nature— the young vigor of a state that is causing an unprecedented business and investment boom—the record which shows that one lives longer, that health improvement is almost miraculous— these are the reasons that tens of thousands of Americans already have come here to live, and hundreds of thousands of others will be following in the immediate years ahead.

Consider then: Here in the center of this miraculous climate and beauty are towns which have grown amazingly in the last 10 years. Las Cruces, for example: In 1950 it had 12,000 people. By 1960, 37,000 ... a rise of 300% in 10 years! (How about your town? Has it grown 3 times its size in 10 years?)

Like Tucson and Phoenix, this area is a beautiful semi-tropical paradise where palm trees and long staple cotton-fields flower the landscape. Statistics show the same 85% of possible sunshine, summer and winter; these same figures reveal even purer, drier air than in Phoenix or Tucson.

A few minutes from the flavorful town of Deming (population 8,000) is a 5,000 acre Ranch, picture-framed by the breathtaking Florida Mountains. So real, so beautiful, so typically the romance of the Southwest is this valley Ranch that it has been photographed for the covers of many magazines including the official publication of the State of New Mexico. What better way to describe its Southwestern flavor than to tell you that when the producers of the movie THE TALL TEXAN sought an authentic locale for their picture, they chose the very land we are now sub-dividing into the DEMING RANCHETTES. THE TALL TEXAN was filmed on our ranch, the same place where you may have a Ranchette of your very own!

This is the lovely basin of land where heavy equipment is now at work constructing wide roads facing every DEMING RANCHETTE. Every Ranchette will have direct access to avenues leading to three major highways surrounding our property— U.S. Highways 80, 70 and State Highway 11.

$5 DOWN $5 PER MONTH

DEMING RANCHETTES is blessed with water which is called “America’s finest drinking water, 99.99% pure.” Almost every shop in Deming displays this proud claim in its window.) Home building has already begun in DEMING RANCHETTES and electric lines and telephone connections await you. Schools, hospitals, churches, shops, theaters, golf course, tennis courts— these are close by in the charming growing city of Deming. Fertile soil is yours for the planting, and wait until you see the stunning landscape of cotton fields in bloom. Fruit trees... apple, peach, pear and plum... do not grow better anywhere.

And the price of your Ranchette? Just $199 complete for a half-acre, $5 down and $5 monthly. That’s the complete price—no extras, no interest, no taxes! At this moment you may reserve as many half-acre sites as you wish but please bear this in mind: DEMING RANCHETTES is not an enormous development and land such as this goes fast. At these prices you may want your Ranchette to be larger—one, two— even five acres. An immediate deposit will guarantee that your half-acres will adjoin each other (this may not be so in the near future). And you take no risk in sending your deposit. Your $5 per half-acre will definitely reserve your land but does not obligate you. You have the unqualified right to change your mind 30 days after we send you your Purchase’s Agreement, Property Owner’s Kit, Maps and Photographs—30 full days to go through the portfolio, check our references, talk it over with the family. If, during that time, you should indeed change your mind your reservation deposit will be instantly refunded. (Deming and Albuquerque Bank references.)

Ten years ago, in nearby Las Cruces, a comparable fertile half-acre such as we offer in DEMING RANCHETTES could have been bought for $199. Today it’s up to $200! Experienced realtors predict the same future for Deming— in a much shorter time! If this makes sense to you your next act is mailing the coupon below. And one more thing: we promise that no salesman will annoy you. Thanks, sincerely, for your attention.

DEMING RANCHETTES
DEPT. LH-22
112 West Pine Street, Deming, New Mexico

Gentlemen: I wish to reserve the following site in Deming Ranchettes:

☐ ½ acre for $199, I enclose $5 as a deposit.
☐ 1 acre for $395, I enclose $10 as a deposit.
☐ 1½ acres for $590, I enclose $15 as a deposit.
☐ 2½ acres for $975, I enclose $25 as a deposit.
☐ 5 acres for $1925. I enclose $50 as a deposit.

Please rush complete details, including my Purchase’s Agreement, Property Owner’s Kit, Maps, Photographs and all data. It is strictly understood that I may change my mind within 30 days for any reason and that my deposit will be fully and instantly refunded if I do.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY..............................................ZONE..STATE

T Y H
FEATURED ALBUMS OF THE MONTH BY THESE GREAT RECORDING STARS

**MITCH MILLER** on COLUMBIA records

119. Memories Sing Along, My Blue Heaven, Sleepy Time Gal, The Bowery, Dixie, 19 in all

**THE EVERLY BROTHERS** on WARNER BROS. records

72. A Date With the Everly Brothers, Cathy's Clown, Love Hurts, Lucille, 9 more

**RAY CONNIFF** on COLUMBIA records

117. Somebody Loves Me, Golden Earrings, Green Leaves of Summer, It Had to Be You, 9 more

**GEORGE SZELL** on EPIC records

112. Dvorak: Symphony No. 9, "The New World" The Cleveland Orchestra

**THE PLATTERS** on MERCURY records

1. Encore of Golden Hits, My Prayer, Twilight Time, Great Pretender, Only You, 8 more

**FERRANTE and TEICHER** on UNITED ARTISTS records

118. Golden Pianos, Warsaw Concerto, Miserlou, Exodus, Begin the Beguine, Bewitched, 7 more

**JOHNNY MATHIS** on COLUMBIA records

116. Faithfully, And This Is My Beloved, Secret Love, Blue Gardenia, Tonight, 12 in all

**ROGER WILLIAMS** on KAPP records

11. Yellow Bird, Green Sleeves, An Affair to Remember, Gigi, 9 more

**DORIS DAY** on COLUMBIA records

28. Show Time, The Sound of Music, Surrey With the Fringe on Top, I Love Paris, Ohio, 8 more

**HERE'S THE MOST EXCITING OFFER EVER MADE BY ANY RECORD CLUB!**

If you join the Columbia Record Club during its Winter Bonus Festival, you will receive ANY SIX records of your choice for only $1.89! Never before has the Club offered so many records for so little money! What's more, you also receive a handy record brush and cleaning cloth—an additional value of $1.19—absolutely FREE.

Just look at the brand-new selection of records you now have to choose from...more best-selling albums, more great artists, more record labels! These are brands new to the Club—and the first to be included in the 10 albums described under the artists' photographs featured above.

TO RECEIVE YOUR 6 RECORDS FOR ONLY $1.89—fill in and mail the postage-paid card provided. Be sure to indicate whether you want your 6 records (and all future selections) in regular high-fidelity or stereo. Also indicate which Club Division best suits your musical taste: Classical; Listening and Dancing; Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies; Jazz.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding records from every field of music. These selections are fully described in the Club's entertaining and informative music Magazine, which you receive free each month.

You may accept the monthly selection for your Division...or take any of the wide variety of other records offered in the Magazine, from all Divisions...or take no record in any particular month. Your only membership obligation is to purchase six selections from the more than 400 records to be offered in the coming 12 months. Thereafter, you have no further obligation to buy any additional records...and you may discontinue your membership at any time.

FREE BONUS RECORDS GIVEN REGULARLY. If you continue as a member after purchasing six records, you will receive—FREE—a Bonus record of your choice for every two additional selections you buy.

The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular list price of $3.08 (Classical $4.98; occasional Original Cast recordings somewhat higher), plus a small mailing and handling charge. Stereo records are $1.00 more.

MAIL THE POSTAGE-PAID CARD TODAY! to receive your 6 records—plus your FREE record brush and cleaning cloth—for only $1.89.

NOTE: Stereo records must be played only on a stereo record player.

More than 2,250,000 families now enjoy the music program of COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB, Terre Haute, Ind.

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**SCHUBERT: Symphonies Nos. 5 & 8**

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**THE BROTHERS FOUR**

**COLUMBIA SONG STYLES**

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**ANDRE PREVIN**

**FERNANDO MARRIOTTA**

**JULIE ANDREWS**

**FARRELL, ANDREWS, MILLER & LADY**

**JOHNNY CASH**

**THE FABULOUS JOHNNY CASH**

**MERRICK JENNY & PAUL**

**PATTI PAGE**

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**LORD'S PRAYER**

**SONGS OF THE NORTH & SOUTH**

**LENNER & LOEWE**

**MESSIAH**

**VIVIAN FAIR**

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**BING CROSBY**

**THE JOHNNY CASH SHOW**

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**FLORIDA**

**LORD'S TIME**

**WORLD'S GREATEST THEMES**

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**COLUMBIA**

**GREAT MATCH—CHIMES**

**COLUMBIA RECORDS**

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**ANDRE PREVIN**

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**JOHNNY CASH**

**FARRELL, ANDREWS, MILLER & LADY**

**HARRISON, ANDREWS, MILLER & LADY**

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**BROOK BENTON**

**RAY HAMILTON**

**THE SONS OF THE ARK**

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**ANDRE PREVIN**

**SCHUMANN**

**HARRISON, ANDREWS, MILLER & LADY**

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**BROOK BENTON**

**RAY HAMILTON**

**THE SONS OF THE ARK**

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**FLORIDA**

**LORD'S TIME**

**WORLD'S GREATEST THEMES**

---

**COLUMBIA**

**GREAT MATCH—CHIMES**

**COLUMBIA RECORDS**

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shows of the year. Slated for ABC-TV, it will star Deborah Kerr in three different roles. The working staff includes TV’s best—producer Fred Coe, director Arthur Penn and writer Tad Mosel.

Kicks & Co.: When the Steve Lawrencees guest on The Garry Moore Show January 9, the camera will focus on Eydie Gorme well above the waist. Eydie will be just a half-dozen weeks or so away from a second child. . . . Loretta Young may be back in the fall. She's trying to sell a new series in which she plays the mother of five. . . . TV shows will shrink next season. Sponsors unhappy with the full-hour series and all new projects are being based on the thirty-minute format. In fact, for the small sponsors, they will develop five- and ten-minute shows. . . . Walter Winchell blasts TV as being hog-tied by internal “timidity, skepticism, cynicism, commercialism and mediocrity,” but he continues to earn a fat fee for narrating The Untouchables.

Heads Up: A nameless exec at one of the networks estimates that one out of every three TV celebrities has been to a head-shrinker or is presently on the couch. . . . Hugh O’Brian creating much excitement, starring in that new Broadway show. In the meantime, ex-Queen Soraya has been in Los Angeles, keeping a whole continent between herself and Hugh. . . . How come Pat Boone never makes a TV appearance these days? With the stars, it's always extremes—either over-exposure or under-exposure. . . . ABC bought, sight unseen, Gene Kelly's forthcoming TV series, Going My Way, based on the successful Bing Crosby movie in which Crosby starred as a priest. Kelly will play the young priest, but the part of the elder priest in the movie will be changed to that of a Protestant minister in the series. At the moment, nothing has been said about a representative of the Jewish faith being written into the script. . . . Dwayne Hickman, Bob Newhart, Tony Curtis and Jimmy Durante all “die” when they have to get into a plane. . . . They don’t admit it, but Fabian is putting all his eggs into the Hollywood basket. Only for the press does he pretend to take his singing seriously. Matter of fact, even the good teen-age singers seem to have lost their edge, with the exception of Chubby Checker. And Checker is doing what even Elvis couldn’t do—making teen-age dance music popular with adults.

Kiss and Run: Wagon Train squeaks over to ABC-TV in the fall and will remain in prime evening time—same day, same time as it is now showing on NBC. . . . Eddie Fisher due to spend March in Manhattan, Liz, too? . . . Anita Bryant's deejay husband now working full time as her manager and sweating to get her a good movie role. Personally, Anita can take it or leave it. She's always wanted to prove herself a singer; but, beyond that, she would be just as happy by the fireside. . . . Being in love seems to make Andy Williams ambitious. He is trying to sell himself in a new TV variety series—if you recall, his summer show a couple of years back earned him the best reviews of the whole year. . . . Lucille Ball received a different kind of “crank letter.” Not many but some fans complained that she should have held out for a reconciliation with Desi. Actually, Desi gave her new marriage his blessings. Lucy postponed her honeymoon to tape “The Good Years,” a ninety-minute spectacular that CBS has slotted for January 12. Lucy will dance, sing, take part in comedy skits, and it’s her first TV appearance since April Fool’s Day, 1960. The show will be hosted by Henry Fonda and concerns itself with life in the U.S.A. from the turn of the century to World War II. . . . How about that Dick Chamberlain (Dr. Kildare) dating the daughter of Raymond Massey, who plays his boss, Dr. Gillespie?

$$$ & Seed Eaters: Sing Along’s Gloria Lambert has three dates set up for the Granada TV Network. . . . Ed Sullivan very excited about his plans for a special spring TV salute to Louis Armstrong. The two have been friends a long, long time. Lisa Gaye—who looks just like
Debra Paget because she is her sister—gets a Wells Fargo assignment the week following that of Debra's appearance. ... Bill Cullen working on the pilot of a new show. He would emcee a half-hour series presenting star acts from various night clubs around the country. Paul Anka at the Copa was the subject of the pilot. ... The new series for Craig Stevens, ex-Peter Gunn, has proved to be a big deal indeed. It will be made by Associated Television of Britain and $3 million has been earmarked for the project. The show will be a one-hour adventure series titled Man Of The World and will be filmed in the various capitals on the globe. ... Sesame-seed-eater Teal Ames, the actress who got all kinds of publicity when she departed The Edge Of Night, has now fled New York because she thinks there is too much fallout in the city. ... Amazing Arthur Godfrey hasn't a single gray hair in his head. ... Don't eat onions if you hope to get on an audience-participation show. One of the top quizmasters just about breaks out in a rash when exposed to even a mild case of onionitis. ... Tommy Sands and Nancy Sinatra blissful in their Manhattan apartment, but—with Nancy's career rising so fast—it may soon be a case of Mr. Tommy Sinatra. ... Howard K. Smith's departure from CBS, after twenty years of service, was due to a hassle over news policy. Smith's first new assignment is for National Educational Television. ... Gordon MacRae ingratiating himself with TV fans. He will be back to host a third hour spec for NBC in April. ... Sponsors on The Jack Paar Show will commit themselves only up to the end of March, when Paar leaves the show. It's a case of no Jack, no jack.

Off Camera: Carol Burnett doesn't have a divorce yet, but the separation is quite permanent. She is seen most often on dates with a New York publicist. Right now, Carol is hoping to do a TV spec with Julie Andrews. The girls work in perfect harmony on the stage. ... Arlene Francis is offering herself to the network with a package titled Breakaway. It would be a homemakers' show with remote live pick-ups. ... ABC-TV's Wide World Of Sports re-debuts this month. January 21, Jim McKay hosts the Bing Crosby Golf Tournament. ... Handsome Ron Harper, young detective star of 87th Precinct, polices the area—off and on the show—with Margie Regan. ... NBC has set the special, "The Story of a Debutante," for February 9. It will star neither Tuesday Weld nor Connie Stevens, but real debs, and will even include footage of the blue-bloods doing the Twist. ... Darryl Hickman, Dwayne's brother, gets his own show next year—a comedy series titled Hooray For Love. Story will center about a houseboat colony where married college undergraduates live. ... Bob Banner, producer of Candid Camera and The Garry Moore Show, says he takes the teen-age audience very seriously and considers their pleasure in planning his shows, because youngsters have a great influence on ratings. Garry Moore, on the other hand, has always refused to book in such teen-age stars as Connie Francis or Anka.

Home Stretch: David Brinkley is on as narrator January 24 with a news special, "Our Man in Vienna." ... If you haven't heard—singer Jill Corey and Pirate infielder Don Hoak made the altar-walk. ... Upcoming on NBC is a TV adaptation of Arthur Miller's only novel, "Focus." ... Louise O'Brien dating a Teheran big-wig. ... NBC has wrapped up Diana Trask with an exclusive five-year contract. ... Judy Garland has Sinatra and Jerry Lewis on hand for her big CBS show in March. And the word is out that she may follow up with a reconciliation with Sid Luft. ... Sports-car buffs should be alerted for the January 14 edition of CBS-TV's Twentieth Century. The title is "The Rage to Race" and it's all about what makes Sammy speed. ... When baritone Robert Merrill duos on TV with Roberta Peters, it's a case of ex-husband and ex-wife in harmony although both are now remarried. ... CBS financing a comedy series for Tom Poston. The noted satirist S. J. Perelman is working on the master plot, and the series will concern itself with life in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Phyllis Avery plays Poston's wife. Phyllis has played TV wife to George Gobel, Ray Milland (in Meet Mr. McNulty) and to the missile expert in the now-extinct daytime serial, Clear Horizon. She says, "It's getting so that I feel like an old maid when I'm not cast as a wife."
What’s New on the West Coast

TV doctor Ben Casey (Vince Edwards) has new “cure” for patients and guest Diane James seems to be enjoying it.

She’s a sweetheart—Lori Martin received title and bouquet from Y.M.C.A.s of Southern Calif.

by EUNICE FIELD

But No Cover Charge, Please! Both of TV’s young doctors (Kildare and Ben Casey) began their careers as singers. Dick “Kildare” Chamberlain studied for the opera and Vincent “Casey” Edwards was a night-club singer. Now that their shows are going well, both have been bugging their producers to let them work a little warbling into some of the segments. Cracked Dick, “You could bill it as the new bedside moaner.” Pleaded Vince, “You could show me holding the patient’s hand before the operation and crooning her to sleep, and the hospital could charge it up to anesthetics.” Commented Sam Jaffe, who plays the venerable surgeon in Ben Casey, “It’s not as wild as it sounds. What woman, watching the show, wouldn’t love to dream of a handsome young doctor singing to her alone? Operations would stop being a bugbear. It would (Continued on page 16)

For What’s New on the East Coast, see Page 6
NATIONAL BELLAS HESS

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What’s New on the WEST COAST

Troy Donahue and Suzanne Pleshette in Italy on location.

be better than hypnosis,” he said.

Songbird Sounds Off: Glamorous Julie London, whose album “Whatever Julie Wants” is a best seller, was asked what she really wants. Her answer was a bit of a surprise. “I’d like writers to stop depicting musicians as kooks, clowns and dope fiends. In almost every show about musicians, there’s some way-out nut who gets up to bleat, ‘I’d just die if I couldn’t blow my horn.’ I’ve known many musicians who blew their horns, musically or otherwise, but none of them would die if they couldn’t—and they know it—and even if they thought they would, they’re not so dumb as to say it. Not that musicians have no problems. They’re people, and the person without a problem would be dead. Most musicians are family men tied to hearth and home. I can only think of one musician I know who uses a needle—and that’s to take insulin because he’s diabetic.”

The Blind Date Was an Eyeful: Burt Metcalfe, the handsome bridegroom in Father Of The Bride, has good cause to remember September 10, 1960. That was the night he uttered the historic words, “I don’t care for blind dates.” A friend had called, quite late in the evening, to ask if Burt would join him and his fiancée for dinner. “I’ll have a blind date for you if you come,” the pal urged. A blind date which would accept an invitation so late in the evening seemed to Burt very unproving. But, for some reason, he went. “It was the night I met Toby,” he recalls, “and it was the night I fell in love.” Miss Toby Richman was less impetuous. She made Burt wait six weeks before accepting his proposal to wed, and insisted on a ten-month engagement before they wed. “Yes,” grins Burt, “I’ll never forget that night of September 10, 1960.” Chuckles his friend, “Why would you forget it? That was the night you ate your words about blind dates for dinner.”

Business Is Business Even If It’s Show: The number of actors going into sideline vocations to make moola is growing fast. Grant Williams recently sold some of his land up in Big Sur (California) on the advice of real-estate buff Connie Stevens and bought two houses in Los Angeles—two to live in, the other to rent. Connie also was the instigator of Polly Ponce’s first karate school, which has since grown into a chain. With uncles to advise her, Connie has already followed their path in reality, and bought, remodeled and sold five houses at a substantial profit. Polly Bergen’s specialty shop in her home town of Knoxville, Ten-

Danny Thomas’s companion at preview—actress-daughter Marlo.

nesssee, is doing fabulously. In two years, she has built it into a chain of nationwide franchised stores which feature her label, “Polly Bergen Fashions of the Four Seasons.” Jayne Meadows has opened her own “Meadows Travel Agency” and, for a kick-off gift, her doting hubby gave her the account of the Steve Allen show, which will be traveling to many cities. Raymond Burr, Gigi Perreau and her brother, Richard Miles, are in the art business. And Tab Hunter has an Oriental shop in Beverly Hills. Yes—it would seem that, as Ponce Ponce says, “Acting is just a short cut to becoming a businessman.”

Playing the Field: John Wayne, who made his bow as a recording artist recently with his Liberty Records single “Walk with Him,” plans to record an album of religious songs with son Pat. Out at Warners, they’re teasing Roger Smith and saying he should make an appearance on Room For One More. Roger’s mother—and father-in-law are visiting him from Australia, wife Victoria Shaw’s expected baby may be twins, his teen-aged brother is living with him, as is his recently widowed mother. There are also two Smith children on the premises. Roger takes it all in stride—went out and bought a station wagon so the whole group could go sightseeing on weekends. ... Connie Stevens is still dating Elvis Presley but won’t talk about it. Elvis demands more secrecy on the part of his girlfriends than Frank Sinatra. ... Gena (pronounced Jenna) Rowlands, who scored as the deaf-mute wife on 8th Precinct, completed “The Spiral Road” for U-I and goes into a feature titled “A Piece of Paradise,” to be directed by hubby John Cassavetes. “I’m looking forward to it,” she enthuses.
“I love working with John. We both approach our jobs as strangers and work it out from there. We leave our work at the ‘office,’ and I believe that is one of the main reasons we have such a happy home.” . . . Penney Parker, bride of Edward Bright, got two lovely paintings from her art-collector father-in-law, David Bright, as a wedding gift. Penney and Edward plan a European honeymoon, but will wait until the first year of Margie is filmed . . . Kirby Grant, who plays Sky King, says: “I must be getting old. I can remember when the headquarters of the ‘beet’ generation was the woodshed.” . . . Switch Department: Efrem Zimbalist Jr. had his TV set taken out of his Warner Bros. dressing room. “When I discovered I was beginning to enjoy television, I figured I’d been watching too much of it!”

**The Humor of Rumor:** When Suzanne Pleshette and Troy Donahue were in Rome for “Lovers Must Learn,” the gossip columnists had a field day with rumors about their “romance.” The young stars wasted no time denying it because they knew it would only set off more talk. In reality, they had been working from sun-up to sun-down and had little time to see anything of Italy or each other, except when they stood before the cameras. On their return to America, they decided to “go along” with the rumors and do some dating, though neither will admit it’s more than a lark. Then Troy began looking for a new home and, when Suzanne helped him find one, the rumors grew hot again.

Stories began to appear about the “probable home” of this couple. In this new batch of stories, Troy’s address was given and so their attempt to have some fun with the romance-rumormongers hit an unexpected result. Troy left his suitcase on the back seat of his car one day while he went inside to answer his phone. When he returned, the suitcase was gone and a perfumed note was pinned to the seat. It said, “Thanks for the momentos. A fan.”

That’s No Joke: Drum-trumpeter Ray Anthony, recently came back from a concert tour into which he sandwiched a number of talks on “Serious Aspects of Popular Music.” At the close of his lecture at Texas A. & M., he called for questions on this “serious” phase of music. The first question was: “Mr. Anthony, when will the Dodgers get through building their new ball park?” Ray’s still searching for the answer.

**People and Plans:** Early this year, Nick Adams’ brother Andrew, eighteen months his senior, winds up his residency at the Passavant Hospital in Chicago. He’ll then head West to set up practice in Los Angeles. Nick paid for Andy’s schooling while he studied medicine in Switzerland and now plans to build a four-story medical building for his brother to manage in Westwood. Meanwhile, Nick has been getting tips from Andy on how to play a young medic, which is just what he’s doing in his latest role in “The Intern.” . . . Dan Dur-yea received word of a dubious honor. He was notified by the warden of the women’s penitentiary in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, that the inmates had named the new recreation hall in honor of him. It seems his old TV series China Smith is very big in South America these days—and is the favorite show at the prison . . . The “older” folks are still doing the Twist, but the younger Hollywood set merely look at them tolerantly and dance the latest—“the Surf.” This is a creation based on surf-riding which has its participants starting by bending their knees practically to the floor, as though about to take off on a surfboard. “Everybody’s doing it,” says Roberta Shore. “Only trouble is, it doesn’t have the advantage of a Chubby Checker record for background. Any tune with a beat will do—with a drum simulating the sound of ocean waves. . . .” Latest rumor has Steve Allen taking over the emceeing chores on Tonight when Jack Paar exits in March . . . MGM plans a big two-hour special with the between-scenes footage shot for “Mutiny on the Bounty.” . . . Bill (“My name Jose Jimenez”) Dana will have a new paperback out next spring titled “What to Say If—” It’s described as a book of advice for temporarily tongue-tied people . . . John Payne, fully recovered from his traffic accident in New York last spring, returns to TV in a General Electric Theater segment to be aired in January . . . The stork is really being kept busy by the Crosby family these days. Now it is Gary, oldest of Bing’s sons, who will become a papa. He and his wife, former Las Vegas show girl Barbara Stuard, are expecting their firstborn this summer. Barbara has a son by a previous marriage and Gary recently adopted the boy.

**The Name Game:** Mixups, due to some similarity of monickers, have been plaguing the stars again. Pat Carroll, once a regular with Sid Caesar and now on The Daney Thomas Show, wishes people would cease and desist getting her and Peggy Cass tangled. "Maybe it’s because we’re both blonde, have the same initials and have appeared fairly often on Jack Paar’s show, but we keep getting mail meant for the other. For the past few months, I’ve been bombarded with letters from fans who want to know ‘the real dirt’ about my trip to Berlin. It was Peggy. Further complication resulted when Peggy arrived in Hollywood to star in The Hathaways at about the same time I joined The Danny Thomas Show. There’s one bright feature to all this,” sighs Pat. “Peggy and I, without realizing it at the time, bought homes a few doors from each other. That makes it so much easier to deliver mail to each other. Last week, our poor mailman con- fided, ’Miss Carroll, both you and Miss Cass are lovely ladies but I wish one of you—whichever it is—would go back to Berlin.’” . . . An-

**Burt Metcalfe** hated blind dates—until Toby came along.

other twosome with name problems are Rex and Rhodes Reason, real-life brothers. Rhodes, now in Bus Stop, has been getting loads of sympathy from fans who are sorry he left The Roaring Twenties. Actually, it was brother Rex who starred in that show. The topper in this name-scrambling came when columnists reported that Brian Keith’s house had been robbed while he and his fiancée were at the Cocomoat Grove. Brian’s wife could have given him the fish-eye—except that, by coincidence, she was with him at the Grove that night. It turned out to be Brian Kelly’s home that had been robbed. Kelly, that is—not Keith!
From the rubber-faced funmaker,

When I was a beginner in show business and first began meeting celebrities, someone told me to be extremely careful what I said when I was introduced—especially to a veteran performer, and particularly the leading-lady type. Never, never, I was advised, tell a long-time star: “Oh, Miss Soandso (or Mr. Doakes), I’ve enjoyed you in the movies ever since I was a little girl.” This is perfectly fine, if you are still a little girl. However, if you are above the age of ten, prepare to duck! All of which leads up to the introduction of this article, which is supposed to be my personal, no-holds-barred, grind-your-teeth-and-write-baby impressions of Garry Moore.

I first heard of Garry Moore when I was a wisp of a lass attending grammar school in Hollywood, California. No, Garry wasn’t in my class. I didn’t know where he was. I really didn’t care where he was.

All I knew was that I occasionally heard a fellow named Garry Moore on a radio program. Jimmy Durante was on the same program, and I remember that I used to love the way Jimmy played the piano and sang (Continued on page 69)
a heartwarming tribute
by MARCIA MINNETTE

Offhand, what would you guess to be the greatest single danger faced regularly by a virile, six-foot-two, handsome he-man star of television? Not a cantankerous cayuse, not a bone-jolting ride in a runaway stagecoach . . . not a tribe of Sioux, nor a shoot-out with sheepmen, nor even a barroom brawl with the bad guys! A laconic, clear-eyed, two-fisted hombre like Clint Eastwood (who plays Rowdy in Rawhide, Friday evenings on CBS-TV) can manage standard Western-sagebrush emergencies with the back of his hand. . . . What stops him cold is the female of the species. The thrill-hungry teenagers. The romance-craving adults. The attention-avid, dream-covetous, love-starved aggregate of womankind.

Perhaps “stops him cold” is not the best possible choice of phrase in the situation. There is a warmth about Clint’s bold blue eyes . . . a virility about his shock of undisciplined bright brown hair . . . an easy grace about the way he handles his powerful frame . . . which telegraph the impression that he is—as the Spanish say—“much man.” Clint can even sing, as proved by the hotcake success of his Gothic recording, “Unknown Girl” and “For All We Know.”

Like another fairly famous roustabout named Gable, Clint has seen quite a bit of action in his young years. After finishing high school in Oakland, California, he (Continued on page 91)
Time and again, Barbara Luna and Doug McClure postpone their wedding date. What are they afraid of? What are they hiding?
Lost Its Flavor?

Is it “goodbye, young lovers,” for Barbara Luna and Doug McClure? Not so you’d notice it—though their attitude might be summed up as: Burned once, play it cool the next time around. But when will they quit courtin’ and get hitched? . . . Says she: “I do love Doug. But I’ve been in love before and know it can go wrong. This time, I’m not rushing into marriage until I’m absolutely confident that there’s more than love and attraction between us.” Says he: “Sure, I love Barbara. But I’m a guy who once plunged in where angels fear to tread—and I’m no angel. I’m not springing into anything until I’m sure we’re both sure this is no passing fancy.” . . . When Doug wed lovely Faye Brash in Hawaii, some five years ago, he was only 21. Back in California, he worked day and night in movies and TV, and Faye grew lonely for her island home. Eventually, neither their little daughter Tane nor marriage counseling could avert divorce. . . . Faye took the child to Hawaii. “I had Tane with me this summer,” Doug beams. “She and Barbara get along just great. But we didn’t want to get married while she was here—too confusing for a four-year-old! Another thing holding up our plans is time. We want an old-fashioned honeymoon, with no interruptions while we get our marriage off to a good, understanding start.” . . . Doug has been busy with Checkmate, on CBS-TV. Barbara just played opposite Frank Sinatra in “The Devil at Four O’Clock”—and gossip wagged when she drove a car Sinatra lent her. “There was no romance,” she says, “but I shouldn’t have been surprised about the talk. My friendship with Marlon Brando was misinterpreted, too. Doug is still—and has been, for the past two years—the only one I love.” . . . What’s been holding up the wedding? Do they need a longer courtship to make up their minds? Or will they wed even before you read these words?
Time and again, Barbara Luna and Doug McClure postpone their wedding date.

What are they afraid of?

What are they hiding?

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About the time you read this, Robert Horton will have finished his fifth year and 150th segment of NBC-TV’s Wagon Train. That done, will he dismount, squint into the Western sunset for the last time, and stride off to new rangelands—as he has threatened to do, several times before? Five years is a long time to have been on the Wagon, any wagon. But there have been many sober satisfactions for Robert Horton, actor, as he hit the dusty trail each Wednesday evening under the sombrero of Flint McCullough, frontier scout.

Let Bob give you the rundown: “Before I was on Wagon Train, I was a successful actor. That is, I was known to producers, directors and casting offices. I was making a comfortable living but had not yet made a sharp impression—as an outstanding individual—upon audiences. I was one of the thousand familiar faces whose names nobody knows, outside Hollywood.

“To develop, an actor must work at acting all the time. To make use of himself as a talent, he has to try everything in the field, and he must do it before an audience. It can’t be done in a classroom. (Continued on page 90)
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Dolores Hawkins' Own Story:

The item in the West Coast column was blunt and brutal: "Manhattan model Dolores Hawkins put it on the line for Gardner McKay: 'Set the date, doc, or I'm not flying out here no more never!'" Clear as water, no two ways about it, no ands, ifs or buts—America's Number One cover-girl-model was fed up with being dangled on a string by America's Number One TV-movie bachelor and had told him: *Set the wedding date, or else* . . . That's what it said in the paper, but we at TV Radio Mirror decided to get the whole story straight from the beautiful lips of the girl directly involved. (Continued on page 83)
Think you know who she is?
OWNS MR. FRANK SINATRA

Marilyn Maxwell? Ava Gardner? Lauren Bacall? Dorothy Provine?

Turn the page and see...
Think you know who she is?

THE WOMAN WHO REALLY OWNS MR. FRANK SINATRA

Turn the page and see...
The woman who owns Frank Sinatra is not young. On her last birthday, she was forty-two years old, some twenty years older than the girls Frank Sinatra usually dates.

She is neither glamorous nor beautiful. Heads do not turn when she enters a room. She is not exciting. But she is intelligent and has, despite her shyness, a kind of serene and pleasant poise. Her friends and neighbors in Hollywood always use one word when they talk of her. That word is dignity.

Her name is Nancy Barbato Sinatra.

Ten years ago, her marriage to Frank ended in scandal and divorce. At the time, it seemed as if Frank was willing to do literally anything to be rid of her.

Yet, today, Frank Sinatra... a man who has carefully carved a reputation for callousness... a man who has repudiated women who fully expected to marry him... a man who indulges in cruel sarcasm at the expense of good friends—and who sums up his philosophy with the words, "If I don't live to please myself, I'll end up living to please someone else!"... this man has voluntarily surrendered the freedom he once worked so hard to obtain. He has once more sought out Nancy Sinatra, even though she does (Continued on page 81)
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First a thin gray line of smoke...

Then a sickening cloud of black...
The flames came next, and with them
a nightmare by day!

By CONNIE STEVENS
As told to Dean Gautschy

Never have I been so terrified . . . so helplessly
sickened . . . so in jeopardy. Sometimes I won-
der if I—or any of the thousands of others who
went through the experience—will ever erase the night-
marish memories of last November 6 from our minds.

It was eight o’clock that morning when my father,
Teddy Stevens, roused me from peaceful slumber.

“Time to get up, Connie,” he called from the bed-
room door. “You have to be at the studio by nine-

I usually had to rise at five to report for make-up
and be on the set of Hawaiian Eye by eight. However,
on this day—so I thought—the breaks were with
me. I only had to record (Continued on page 78)

Connie Stevens co-stars as Cricket in Hawaiian Eye, seen on ABC-TV, Wed., from 9 to 10 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.
1. At start, they're in neutral. Soon war will erupt. They? Dick Van Dyke and Mary Tyler Moore of CBS-TV.

2. Simple, isn't it? Any husband can teach his wife to drive. Sure!

6. Child's play, yet... "I'll cut out some angels. Heaven's near enough!"

Then There
3. The braking point, usually reached at first intersection. "Don't hit that man, the one with the badge on!"

4. Dual control? He's lost

5. "Spoilsport. What's scaring you?"

7. "Watch out for that flashing red light!"

Was This CRASH!
Twist

with Paul Anka

and Chubby Checker
To Learn The
Hottest Dance of the Year,

turn the page
Here’s How Arthur Murray Is Teaching It

Basic Twist: Feet 12” apart, knees slightly bent . . . twist hips! On count 1—twist left hip forward, right hip back; 2—reverse. . . Side-to-Side: Feet apart, weight on left—twist 4 counts; shift weight on right—twist for 4 counts.

Practice side-to-side for 10 minutes. . . Forward-and-Back (above): With weight on right foot—place left in front of right, “twist” for 8 counts; do same step with weight on left. When man goes forward, girl goes backward.

Back-to-Back (also known as “The Backscratcher”): Start by doing side-to-side twist. After fourth count, man turns to the left—girl to right—so that the couple dance back to back for total of 16 counts doing the side-to-side twist.

Here’s How Paul Learned It

Chubby Checker—“Mr. Twist” himself—shows Paul Anka, Nancy North, how it goes.

“Arms and hips always go in opposite directions,” Chubby points out. “Knees relaxed!”

Arms to right, hips to left—“Imagine you’ve just taken a shower and are toweling off.”
The Chase (similar to that in Cha Cha): Girl makes a half-turn on left foot to get into position. Twist as pictured, shifting weight forward and back, changing every 4 counts. To get back to regular position, girl makes ½ left-turn.

The Whip: An exhilarating arm movement you can add to the forward-and-back twist. Each partner swings an arm in the air—as though whipping a lariat into play—once every 8 counts. (Invent some “imitations” of you own!)

Tick-Tock: Arm movement for the forward-and-back twist . . . outstretched arms swinging to cross in front, as shown. On count 1—hands outstretched; 2—position illustrated; 3—spread hands about 24” apart; 4—same as count 2.

Which foot first? No matter, says Chubby—long as they’re apart, one in front of other.

Partners never touch but will imitate anything—from “Bowling” to “Choo-Choo Train.”

They’re really rockin’ now at the Peppermint Lounge . . . Twist h.q. at Times Square!
For Ray Charles, living his life in pain and blindness, there was only one way out: Song—and his terrible addiction. This is the story of how it all happened.

by MARTIN COHEN

The scene at the Indianapolis police station on November 14, 1961, was grim. Across the table from Detective Sgt. William Owen, with Detective Sgt. Robert Keithley standing by, sat a handsome young man wearing dark glasses. Behind the glasses were the sealed eyelids of the blind . . . but the blind can cry—and Ray Charles, one of the country’s top jazz and pop singers, was sobbing uncontrollably. “I don’t know what to do about my wife and kids. I’ve got a month’s work to do and I’ve got to do it.” Sgt. Owen further quotes Charles as saying, “I really need help. Nobody can lick this thing by themselves.” . . . (Continued on page 85)

In France, public and private life followed the singer with devotion close to idol.
My Heart...
"I See You With My Heart..."

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a New Love for Lucy

"I take thee, Gary . . ." and then it was all sentimental tears and glowing happiness for our favorite redhead

by ELLEN CRANE

The wide blue eyes were serious—and there was more than a hint of tears—as she stood before the minister to say the words which were to spell the start of a new life. Her startling orange-gold hair was subdued under her blue-green tulle headdress. Her voice was warm and firm as she repeated, after the minister, "I, Lucille, take thee, Gary, to be my wedded (Continued on page 65)
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**BUD PALMER:**
When he left the New York Knickerbockers for the TV mike, Hollywood missed a bet. But pro basketball gained a lot of sex appeal!

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**By JAMES TAYLOR**

— "This may surprise you," says sports announcer Bud Palmer, "but one thing I've learned is that most women who dial their TV set to a sports event are more interested in watching one particular person—one of the athletes—than they are in the result of the contest. That's why close-up shots are important. If the female viewers think a certain basketball or baseball player is cute, they don't want to be told by the announcer that their favorite is good-looking—they want to see for themselves." Judging from the mail received at NBC, there's still another big reason why millions of women have become interested in sports telecasts. They want to see another particular person: Bud Palmer. At six-feet-four and a slim 185 pounds, Palmer is unquestionably one of television's most handsome personalities. He has the physical appearance of a Hollywood leading man—which he might well have become, had it not been for the deep interest in athletics that led him to a professional basketball career before (Continued on page 94)
for Lady Sports Fans
BUD PALMER:

When he left the New York Knickerbockers for the TV mike, Hollywood missed a bet. But pro basketball gained a lot of sex appeal.

By JAMES TAYLOR

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How We Taught Our Daughters The Facts of Life

by Isabelle Lennon
Several years ago, a friend of mine told me a delightful story about a seven-year-old boy who rushed breathlessly home from play and asked his mother, "Where did I come from?" With a sigh, but bravely facing up to a bright child’s legitimate curiosity, she explained how he had come into the world. The boy lost interest swiftly, but the earnest mother persisted with her report to the last, then asked, "Now do you understand where you came from?" The boy shrugged. "I guess so," he said, "but the new boy who just moved in across the street says he came from Philadelphia!"

That illustrates one of the first principles by which Bill and I had been guided (Continued on page 76)
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Ice water in his veins! Venom in his voice! A single nod can mean death to an enemy! That's Frank Nitti of The Untouchables. . . . Now, how about Bruce Gordon—who plays him?

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by MORTON COOPER

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a way with Hands

Reggie Dombeck, pretty hostess of ABC-TV's Number Please, shows you "how"—and "how not"

by BARBARA MARCO
"A girl's hands can be one of her loveliest assets," says blonde, blue-eyed Reggie Dombeck. "There's nothing more irritating to a man than a woman who constantly twists her curls or fiddles with her jewelry. Take a thumb-twiddler, for instance." Reggie twiddled her thumbs, but managed to look graceful doing that, too! "Thumb-twiddlers reveal their uneasiness among people," she explained, twiddling better—or should we say worse? Then there's the nail-biter. A woman is so unattractive when she chews on her fingers. And she ends up with ugly stubby nails." . . . She went on to demonstrate other gestures that lack poise—as shown here. Reggie, who has been analyzing handwriting since her girlhood in Chicago, believes that you can tell a lot about a person by their hands. "One of the first things I notice when I meet a woman," she says, "is whether or not her hands are well-groomed. Then, of course, it's important how she shakes hands." A firm handshake, in Reggie's opinion, is the key to a strong, vital personality. Limp, clammy hands are a dead-head's giveaway. Reggie herself is brimming with enthusiasm for her busy life of television shows and rehearsals, a modeling career and classes at the Museum of Modern Art . . . and, as we said goodbye, we noticed that Reggie Dombeck has a very firm handshake!

Scratching an imaginary itch and tugging at the hair are symptoms of what Reggie calls "a lack of vitamin C-for-Control."

Children who fidget can look cute . . . but the woman who nervously gestures with the silverware or wrestles with her jewelry can only appear uneasy.

The gal who twiddles her thumbs and chews on her nails reveals her lack of self-assurance for all to see!

The "fingertip snob" has her pinkie instead of her nose up in the air . . . but both types of affectation are equally unattractive.
The TV price has always been right—for Cullen.

Sullivan bets on aces—here's Hope in person!

In this season of the "kill," when new shows get bombed out, let's take a look at those delightful entertainers who go on... and on...

For John Daly, the richest kind of "jam."
The marshal "a bum?" Not to Arness fans!

Allen Funt with small but very candid friend.

Untouchable—and restless: Bob Stock.
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Innumerable stars make their bows on the TV screen each season—many to disappear after a few months in the national spotlight. But there are others who survive, year after year, perennial favorites in a business notable for its change. Among the twenty most popular shows of the 1961-62 season are a dozen of TV’s most durable darlings.

What keeps them on top? Well, here are some of the “inside” reasons.

When Garry Moore is planning his regular feature, “That Wonderful Year,” he ought to give a thought to 1950. That’s the year Garry made his first...
fumbling start on television, with a five-
times-a-week daytime show which was still going great guns eight years later, when he bowed out in favor of his weekly nighttime variety show over CBS-TV.

As a guest, he might consider John Daly, who—that same year—was setting up shop as moderator of a new panel show called *What's My Line*?

Or he could go back two years earlier, to 1948, when a Broadway columnist named Ed Sullivan was making his first TV appearance as a master of ceremonies—with a couple of unknown comics called Martin and Lewis as his guests. That year might be worth a "special," for it was then that Perry Como—who (Continued on page 72)
“Contract trouble” took out Rod Hendrickson—seen with Ann Flood—just a few months before From These Roots folded.

Beckoned by movies, Lynn Loring was judged too young for Hollywood role, may return to Search For Tomorrow.

A roundup of the switcheroos going on in the great, wonderful world of daytime drama.

Haila Stoddard—off TV and The Secret Storm—because of Broadway work as producer.

Nancy Malone switched from The Brighter Day to The Guiding Light.
There'll be some changes made

by FRANCES KISH

Last September, a rumor began going the rounds. It started in the South, where or how no one knows. It was said that in the daytime serial, As The World Turns, Jeff Baker (played by Mark Rydell) and his wife Penny (Rosemary Prinz) were not going to reconcile. Not then, or ever—because Jeff was going to be responsible for Penny's death. How and when, no one knew, but there it was, passed along from friend to friend, from house to house. Whispered in beauty parlors, discussed in tearooms and at snack counters. TV RADIO MIRROR received anguished letters. There was a long-distance call from a woman too worried to wait for the mails. “We can’t believe it,” was the gist of what was said. “Say it isn’t so.”

It isn’t. It never was. No one was more surprised to hear the rumor than the people responsible for the show. But the commotion this rumor caused for a while, in some areas, was very real.

This is only one example of the avid interest TV viewers take in these stories they watch day by day. Even more, in the individual characters and the actors who play them. This is also why any major cast change

Penny Baker (Rosemary Prinz) didn’t die in As The World Turns—though rumor whispered she would!
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brings instant and irate mail, telegrams and telephone calls. “If viewers only knew how much we dislike losing an actor who has been playing a key role,” sighs one harassed producer, “they wouldn’t get so angry at us!

“Good actors—and the daytime serials have some very good ones—get good offers. Many prefer to stay where they are. They like the parts they play. They like the security of their jobs and

the stability of a more normal home and social life than actors generally have. Some have already had fine careers on Broadway and can’t resist a play they like. Some are still waiting for that big Broadway chance. The movies lure others, daytime serials still being one of the best showcases talent can have. It just happens that, in recent times, more key characters have been changed, for one reason or another, in more daytime dramas.”

So, if there has not been turmoil in the serials, there has certainly been turnover. The plot lines of the shows are growing more realistic. Even principal characters are allowed to die in them now—a drastic innovation. Tim Cole of *As The World Turns* died of an incurable disease, as did an important female character in *Love Of Life*. But killing off the popular heroine of a top serial still remains the outstanding innovation of the 1961 season, or any other thus far. On *(Continued on page 92)*

"Death by tragic accident" on *Edge Of Night* cleared the way for Teal Ames to follow a new dream.
Wally Phillips of WGN, Chicago, is one radio announcer who'll never be at a loss for words. He admits he was so chatty as a youngster in Portsmouth, Ohio, that "even my mother was glad when I left home, because she couldn't get a word in when I was around."... At any rate, Wally has been creating a "stir" in the entertainment world ever since. At his breezy best, he is a satirist who delights in poking fun at all institutions he considers stuffy—especially in the radio and TV field. This is quite a switch for a youth who attended a seminary for three years, intending to become a priest.... Returning from the seminary to attend high school in Cincinnati, Wally wangled the lead in a play as "Brother Orchid," the part made famous in the movies by Edward G. Robinson. He joined the Air Force, though, before getting his diploma. ... Wally later took night courses at Schuster-Martin School of Drama, made some tapes and accepted a disc-jockey post at WJEF in Grand Rapids, Michigan. At WSAI and then at WCPO, both in Cincinnati, Wally gained himself a reputation as a humorist and satirist by opening fire on the tired routines used by deejays. It was at WCPO that he first conceived the idea of goofing up interviews which had been recorded with celebrities from a standard list of questions. Instead of opening with the script's line: "I guess it's a thrill to have a hit record going?"—Wally would cut it, "Don't you think your voice has gotten a little shaky over the past year?" To which the star's recorded reply would be: "I'll go along with that." Then instead of the required "You've got a big record on its way up?"—before the star's reply, "Well, luckily it's two"—Wally injected, "I'll give you credit for one thing: You've got a head on your shoulders." The star's recorded answers panicked Wally's audiences and started him on a new gimmick—buying voice tracks. ... As Wally's ratings went up, he, too, climbed in the radio field—to WLW in Cincinnati in 1952 and on to WGN in 1956. Over the years, his collection of voice tapes has grown and become a highlight of his shows. TV star Ben Alexander, who met Wally while touring the country, declared him to be: "The cleverest interviewer I've met in any city." And, although Wally may occasionally cause station executives to turn gray overnight, with his unorthodox style of delivery and comic take-offs, he continues to wow his faithful listeners!
At top, child star Eddie Hodges joshes with Dave Allen (Captain) and Jim Bolen (Cooky). Below, Lone Ranger and gobs swap tales.

Take a funland cruise with

Jim Bolen and Dave Allen

from KMOX-TV in St. Louis

A couple of makebelieve seafaring characters hoist a mythical ramp, cast off and sail the S.S. Popeye from KMOX-TV in St. Louis, each weekday at 4:00, and at 11:30 on Saturday mornings. They’re heading on a cruise laden with fun, cartoons and extra special surprises for “little people.” . . . Dave Allen (the Captain) and Jim Bolen (Cooky) have been classed as the most influential babysitters in an area where there are more than 859,000 TV homes, for records show that they’ve captured more than 50 percent of the TV audience with their show for the past three years. The list of adventurers waiting to receive a boarding pass for the “Peanut Gallery” of the show extends into May. . . . Allen, 6'2", can wield his 220 pounds into the chair of the station’s Farm Director (when the latter’s away); don a service-station attendant’s uniform and sell automotive wares (which he does); emcee a variety show (which he does frequently); and star in a stage production with the finesse of a pro. . . . Bolens—5'9", and 70 pounds less than Allen—can nevertheless lift the greatest of melodies from a set of vibes and piano keyboard. Though he once drummed and sang his way with the Benny Goodman and Ted Weems traveling bands in 1949, Bolen has forsaken percussion sidelines and currently maintains a busy free-lancing schedule with a six-voice singing group and combo—turning out commercial jingles for ad agencies. . . . Both personalities are veterans in the broadcast entertainment field. Allen found a part-time announcing job in 1947 while he was attending
Dave rehearses for starring role in "Make a Million," as Sue throws cues, and wife Hilda lends an ear.

At home, Jim shows off his antique mug collection to Melissa, Pamela, wife Liz, Belinda and tiny Chris.

Western State College, Macomb, Illinois. But Bolen did not have to search the field—he was born in the trunk of parents who traveled the Orpheum circuit. At the age of three, he was a song-and-dance act with his talented mother; and when he reached his teens, he found himself with the Special Services division of the U.S. Navy, working the entertaining circuits. After the war, Bolen formed a singing group and joined the Kate Smith radio show out of New York.

 youngster. On their TV programs, the team works without scripts and develops plot and situations as they go along. "We reduce ourselves to the broadest possible humor," says Bolen, "looking for a good way to finish—and then build up the show to that point." Allen adds, "Also, we have to remember that the little people believe so much in characters that they become upset and cry if someone gets hurt or is in trouble. Most important—you must enjoy your work, because kids spot it if you don't." . . . Both men own and operate two music shops. And despite heavy schedules, Allen owns a restaurant, is active in little-theater work, loves to fly-fish Missouri streams for smallmouth bass, and enjoys woodworking, music and writing. Bolen's hobby is collecting antique phonographs. . . . Allen and Bolen have become heroes to their own children, too. Dave's eight-year-old Susan constantly helps out on script reading assignments, and Jim's three daughters—Belinda, 12; Pamela, 9; and Melissa, 6—take pleasure in rehearsing song routines with their father. Bolen says Chris, 1½, is being groomed musically to accompany his singing sisters.
Mme. Slack's primary goal—which she accomplishes beautifully—is to encourage her students to think in French and thus assimilate the language as naturally as they did their mother tongue.
Bouquets are in order for KETV in Omaha—it offers educational programs for pupils and parents alike.

Anne is also a favorite camera subject for husband Raymond, son Larry.

THANKS TO KETV (Omaha) and Mme. Anne Slack, several thousand third- and fourth-grade pupils are learning French via TV by watching Parlons Français. And this is only part of the unique educational service offered by KETV. Since September, the commercial station has devoted eight hours each week to telecasting fourteen instructional courses, including social studies, arithmetic, science and English, along with French. At present, some twenty school systems in eastern Nebraska are using this specialized classroom service, reaching approximately 25,000 pupils in the state's largest "school." . . . Except for the French course, which is on film, the courses are produced live with experienced teachers at the University of Nebraska's education station, KUON-TV, in Lincoln. Then, with the aid of translators in Central Nebraska, they are simulcast by KETV. . . . Parlons Français is also unique—the first and only in-school TV course of instruction offered on a national basis. Mme. Slack uses the "audio-lingual" method of instruction, avoiding the use of the written word entirely during the first two years of the program, so the students will learn to think in French. Following her two fifteen-minute French lessons each week, a classroom teacher follows up with her own lessons. . . . The star and teacher of Parlons Français is a sparkling, brown-eyed native Frenchwoman, who sprinkles her personal correspondence with exclamations points, a habit that reveals much about her personality. But Mme. Slack lays claim to more than beauty and a winning way with children. A teacher of broad classroom experience, she transferred her rare ability to the TV screen some eight years ago when TV teaching was just an infant stepchild of education. For six years at WRGB in Schenectady, New York, she was the teacher, writer and producer of Fun With French, a live TV course sponsored by Schenectady Public Schools. Her success brought her to the attention of the Modern Language Association and finally to the Massachusetts Council for Public Schools, which was seeking ways and means to develop a foreign-language program to be used in the elementary grades. With a grant from the Ford Foundation, Federal and other funds, the Modern Language Project of Boston was established and Mme. Slack became one of the pioneer planners and motivating forces that led to the Parlons Français series. Today, this conversational French course is being telecast to an estimated audience of two million elementary school pupils in 43 metropolitan areas from New York to San Francisco and from Calgary, Canada, to Tampa, Florida. . . . Mme. Slack majored in English and Latin and also graduated from the Paris Conservatory. She was awarded the "Meritorious Service Award" by the United States for her services as interpreter and translator to U.S. Army Headquarters in Algeria and Morocco during World War II. During this time, she met and married GI Raymond E. Slack Jr., who brought her to the United States as a war bride in 1947. The Slacks now live in Marblehead, Massachusetts, with their 13-year-old son, Larry. . . . With KETV simulcasting educational programs, the coverage has been increased to homes and schools in more than 100 counties in four states. Now, when Johnny comes home, Mom or Dad can talk knowingly with him about what he learned in school that day. No wonder KETV and Johnny's family say, "C'est magnifique!" It's such a wonderful way to learn!
A MARKED MAN?

Was Mitch Michael of WOKY destined for a successful radio career? Going by his large listening audiences—yes!

He's in great demand at record hops in the area.

"Karting" fan Michael has won many trophies.

“My mother says, with tongue in cheek, that I was marked before birth to be in radio—because, a few weeks before I was born, she made a tour of KTUL, Tulsa, which was just being opened for the first time. Secondly, she says that my first words were noises like a radio announcer,” reports Terrell Metheny Jr. Destined? Well, Mitch Michael, the musical director of WOKY Radio in Milwaukee, heard Mon-Sat, from 3 to 7 P.M., is none other than Terrell. . . . “As far back as I can remember, I wanted a radio career,” he says. And he’s had one for nine of his 26 years. . . . A native of Van Buren, Arkansas, Mitch started with a teen-age deejay show for KFPW in neighboring Fort Smith during high school days and, upon graduation, received a scholarship from KTUL to attend the University of Tulsa. He later worked full time at Station KTUL. “With the influence of KTUL on myself, perhaps my mother was right,” comments Mitch. . . . In rapid succession—using the names of Ronn Terrell and Terrell L. Metheny Jr.—Mitch was program director of KWOS in Jefferson City, Missouri; assistant program director at KANS in Wichita (now KLEO); and deejay at WKDA in Nashville, before coming to WOKY. At Nashville, Wichita and Tulsa, Mitch’s ratings zoomed to number-one. Altogether, Mitch has done everything from sweeping floors to writing copy . . . from announcing parades and sports events to spinning records. . . . “I guess I’m like a printer with ink in his veins or an actor with the theater in his blood—I wouldn’t be happy in any other type of work,” says Mitch. His ambition is to devote most of his waking hours to radio, with the ultimate goal of going through the channels of deejay, then program director, station manager and—someday—owner of his own station. . . . Blue eyes, brown crewcut, young, single, and with the Army behind him, Mitch is publicized as the “most eligible bachelor in show business.” He lists his hobbies as dating, reading, dating, swimming, dating, racing go-karts, and dating. With his assured success in the radio world, the next big question seems to be: When is Michael marked for marriage?
A New Love for Lucy (Continued from page 43)
husband. . . . But her hand shook a trifle as the big, broad-shouldered man beside her lifted it to slip the ring on her finger.
"I now pronounce you man and wife." There was a pause then, as the two show-business stars stood, not knowing quite what to do. The minister broke the silence: "Let me introduce you to Mr. and Mrs. Gary Morton." She turned then, as brides have from time immemorial, to receive her husband's kiss. She smiled, the radiant smile of a woman in love, and all the tension and doubt were over. She hugged Paula Stewart, the girl who had introduced them, and Paula's husband, Jack Carter. She reached for her two children, and her mother, and Gary's mother. Suddenly all was laughter and tears and gaiety inside the dignified walls of New York's Marble Collegiate Church.
"They're waiting outside, Lucy," someone said, minutes later. "There must be a thousand people out there."
The warm smile reserved for those she loves best disappeared as Lucille Ball Arnaz Morton, taking her husband's arm, walked out the door to their car—and the mass of photographers and reporters and people waiting there, who crowded against the police barricades as cameras clicked and flash bulbs popped. "Kiss him, Lucy," "Let's have one without the veil, Lucy."
The quiet, dignified service was over. It was the public image of Lucy, the clown with the sharp wit, they wanted. The Lucy known the nation over answered their questions, posed for "just one more" picture, waved gaily at the crowd, and ducked the shower of rice on her way to the car.
No, they hadn't time for a honeymoon just now. She was rehearsing for a TV special which was to be taped from November 29 to December 3. Gary, meanwhile, had a commitment in Las Vegas—and, marriage or no marriage, "the show must go on." But they were snatching a few days at the Concord Hotel, up in the Catskills, and would be together for the holidays, in Lucy's home in Beverly Hills.
. . . Later, in January, they'd have time for a real honeymoon, in Acapulco. . . . Yes, they planned to live in California, in the big house which became Lucy's as part of her divorce settlement. . . . Yes, both planned to continue their careers, though not together. . . . Yes, she and Desi would continue to share custody of their children. . . . Yes. . . .
And at last, after the reporters and photographers had had their innings, and they'd said goodbye to their relatives and friends in a flood of champagne, it was over. Mr. and Mrs. Gary Morton set out for the two-hour drive through the New York countryside for an all-too-brief respite before they took up their crowded lives once more.

IN THE EXCITING NEW ISSUE

MEN WITH HAREMS
The Exclusive Exposé of How Mormon Outcasts Have Revived Polygamy, Told for the First Time Anywhere in This Issue.

DEATH AT ARM'S LENGTH

Behind-the-Headlines Story of George Small, a Prizefighter Who Accidentally Killed an Opponent in the Ring.

MARRIAGE FOR THREE

A Woman's Attempt to Win Over Her 17-Year-Old Stepson Backfires When He Falls in Love With Her.

Plus Many More Timely and Helpful Features, Wonderful Prize Stories, Beauty and Mouth-Watering Budget Recipes, in February TRUE STORY.

Buy Your Copy Today Wherever Magazines Are Sold
How did Lucy feel as she stood before the altar on that bright Sunday afternoon of November 19 while her long-time friend, the eminent Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, pronounced the words that were to so change her life? How does any clown feel at a time too serious or too sacred for jests?

Did she remember the time, twenty-one years before, when she had promised to love, honor and cherish—or was it "obey"?—another man? Did she think fleetingly of that other man, Desi Arnaz? He had sent his best wishes. "He likes Gary," she had told the press. "He accepts Gary."

As she and Gary sped over the country roads, did she recall that other trip twenty-one years before, when an impetuous young movie actress and an equally impetuous Cuban bongo-drummer had driven through a nearby countryside to say their "I do's" before a Greenwich, Connecticut justice of the peace?

There were many similarities—and many of the same problems. She was better known than her bridegroom then, better established in the entertainment world. Now, once again, she had taken as her mate a man whose name spells less glitter than does hers, in the glittering world of makebelieve. Lucy didn't mind then, as she doesn't now.

"It doesn't bother me," she said, "I just wanted to make sure it didn't bother him. But he had the right attitude—he's adult about it."

And she hesitated only briefly because, like Desi, Gary is a few years younger than she—if a woman of Lucy's vibrancy can be pinpointed in years.

"I'm glad he kept asking me. It was right—and it is right."

Once more, too, there was the unhappy prospect of frequent separations. A comedian who plays top-flight clubs from coast to coast must be away from home often, just as Desi was in those earlier years.

"We haven't discussed that much," Gary said thoughtfully, a few days before their marriage, when he was asked whether their dual careers and the resulting separations might not pose a threat to their happiness. "We are sure our happiness will work everything out. My main career is making her happy."

And despite the similarities and the problems, Lucy's bid for happiness now is based on a new quality—fun.

They had laughs and pizza on their first meeting, a blind date arranged by Paula Stewart, who had the ingenue role in "Wildcat," the play in which Lucy was starring. And, as one date led to another, and one laugh to more, a year went by. Twelve months so filled with jokes and gaiety that Lucy, who had said only a few months before, "I'm afraid of marriage," could no longer resist.

It had been a depressed Lucy who, after her divorce from Desi, had come to New York to pick up the threads of her life. She was the star of a Broadway play, filling a theater each night with her own flaming personality. Her children were with her, and her mother. But, after the stage lights had dimmed and the audience had left the theater, it was a sad-faced clown who took off her make-up and went home to her luxurious apartment—alone.

Lucy needed a guy, her friend Paula felt. Someone to take her to Sardi's or El Morocco, or any of the other night spots where show-business folk make merry after their night's work is over. Someone gay and fun, who could make her laugh, turn up the corners of her generous mouth, and bring back the sparkle to her eyes.

So Paula arranged a date for her with an easy-going comedian who was appearing then at the Copa cabana. She told Lucy something about him, of course . . . that he came from the Bronx and had got into show business as a result of being assigned to special services when he was a GI. . . . that he'd been on Broadway in "Mr. Wonderful" but that mostly he played night clubs all the way from the Catskills to Las Vegas, mixing up imitations with gag trumpet-playing . . . that, like Lucy, he'd been married, a marriage which had ended in an annulment a few years before.

"You'll like him," she said. "He's really a very funny guy."

Paula chose more wisely than she knew. Almost at once, life for Lucy began to be fun once more.

That's all it was at first—fun.

"My first impression of her was of her fantastic sense of humor," says Gary, his eyes twinkling as he recalls that first date. "She was working hard at the show and was dead tired, but it couldn't cloud over her happy spirit. We had a lot of fun together . . . But I had no inkling it would ever lead to marriage."

The weeks passed . . . and the months. From the beginning, when Gary was working out of town, telegrams— the crazier the better—flew back and forth between them. Later, after Lucy had returned to the West Coast, Gary found excuses for being there too. They were together here, there, everywhere. Lucy's eyes sparkled once again; the corners of her mouth turned up in a radiant smile.

"We just seemed to turn around—and a year had passed. We couldn't help thinking what a beautiful year we had spent together. We wanted to continue having beautiful years together."

And so, in that New York church on a bright Sunday afternoon in November, they made their vows. The woman who had struggled for years to achieve fame and fortune, only to have them turn bitter in her mouth, was determined now to find happiness.

"I want a happy quiet life."

Life with Desi was many things. It was tempestuous, exciting, unpredictable. It included quarrels—and reconciliations. Happy, certainly, at times, else it would not have lasted so long. But quiet? Never. Fun? Nobody, in all their years together, ever suggested that theirs was a fun-shared marriage.

As Hollywood saw it, they were an ill-matched pair from the start. Desi was a volatile Cuban, with the reputation for being a playboy that all Latinos in show business have. Lucille Ball was tagged as a brash and sophisticated blonde who was inevitably cast in "other woman" roles. Hollywood gave their marriage six months. Deep down inside—where she was still a frightened girl from Jamestown, New York—Lucy wasn't that optimistic. "I gave us six weeks," she said, when it was ended, in May, 1960, in a Santa Monica divorce court.

As was the custom in Spanish families, no matter where or for how long transplanted, Desi was the master of the house, from the beginning. The lesser star in the
eyes of the public, he reigned supreme at home, to be waited on, catered to. Lucy said she loved it. But as both pursued the careers which kept them separated so much of the time, there were quarrels... reconciliations... quarrels.

Lucy is not a girl who gives up easily. She was fired from more than one job when, at sixteen, she braved New York in an attempt to get a toe-hold in the big and wonderful world of show business. She refused to give up then; lived in a cheap furnished room and haunted neighborhood cafeterias, picking up left-over scraps of food to relieve that empty ache in her stomach. Later, when she was told she would never walk again, after an accident had struck her down, she was back modeling within two years.

The same determination made her refuse to give up on her marriage. When Desi's Cuban temper exploded, Lucy clowned him out of it. Even when, in 1944, she got as far as the divorce court, she changed her mind before the final decree was handed down, determined to keep her marriage together. And, ten years after their civil ceremony, she went through a religious ceremony in the Catholic church of which Desi was a member.

It was to save the marriage which both knew was tottering that I Love Lucy was born. With it came success, bigger than Lucy had ever dreamed of. She became America's darling, but what made her happiest was Desi's recognition as one of the most important and highly respected men in the then new and burgeoning field of television.

There was all the fame... and all the acclaim. There were, at last, the children she had so wanted: Lucie Desiree, born in 1951, just four weeks before I Love Lucy was launched... and, two years later, with all the world waiting anxiously, Desi IV, whose birth has been set down in a new history book as one of the great emotional events of the last decade.

What else is needed for a happy marriage? A house in Beverly Hills, staffed with efficient servants? A place in Palm Springs for weekends? A Cadillac to match a woman's blue eyes? They had them all... and more.

But happiness does not consist only of fame and acclaim, of luxurious homes and furs and jewels and all the other things money can buy. It is not made up, always, even of children. Or of trips to Europe, or even of buying the entire movie studio where both were working when they met.

As their empire grew, Desi became more and more immersed in work. And the harder he worked, the harder he played. In the summer of 1959, for the first time since I Love Lucy became television's top show, they did not vacation together. That Christmas, while Desi spent the holiday in Palm Springs, Lucy and the children were in Sun Valley. Their conversations, at least when others were present, were brief and business-like. Tension on the set increased.

And, the day after she received a final screen kiss from her husband of nineteen years, Lucy gave up.

When she appeared in court that day in May, she was a picture of unhappiness. The last three years, she testified, had been a nightmare. There were tears in her eyes and in her voice as she told something of their problems—enough to convince the judge divorce was the only answer.

To outsiders, even to many of the people who knew them, Lucy seemed the reluctant one. The one who, though she had taken the decisive step, hoped deep down to win back her man.

They divided all their possessions down to the last golf cart (for Desi) and the cemetery plot (for Lucy). There was little bitterness about the division—there were millions for both. And, while Desi carried on as head of their company, Desilu, Lucy buried herself in work. First came a movie, her first in five years, with Bob Hope.

"Am I happy?" she said then, in answer to a reporter's question. "No. Not yet. But I will be. I've been humiliated. That's not easy for a woman."

And while Desi worked and brooded and attempted to quench the flame of his torch with other girls... in New York, Lucy was keeping her word. She had said that she would be happy. And, as the weeks and months went by, she was... Made for fun and happiness, how can she miss?
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(Continued from page 18)

those crazy songs of his. I don't recall what Garry Moore did. It wasn't that Garry didn't make an impression on me or that I didn't like him on the radio. Not at all. The simple fact is that I was so young I wasn't allowed to listen to the radio that late at night. Occasionally, I'd sneak a listen in my bedroom. Whenever I did hear Garry and Jimmy, I was breaking the family law.

I suppose if I wanted to make points with my boss I should go on record here that he was my idol from that early age. But, from what I've already told you, you'd know that was nonsense. And, after all, I guess magazine stories these days are supposed to be controversial.

Well, here's some controversy: My favorite radio program, at the particular stage of my life I've been discussing, was Let's Pretend, a fairy tale that was broadcast on Saturday mornings. I was bugged on Let's Pretend. It got me right here, if you know what I mean.

My ambition at the time was to become a writer or an artist. Being a comedienne was the farthest thing from my mind. If anyone laughed at me in those days, I'd run home and hide in the closet. However, I had heard of Garry Moore. That's something.

As I left grammar school and went on to high school and college (U.C.L.A.), Garry left Jimmy Durante and radio and moved over to that infant medium called television. Garry had a morning program of his own on TV. Again, I suppose I should say that this program thrilled me. It didn't. I never saw it. Remember, I was attending classes during the morning. However, I began to hear and read more and more about Moore. (How's that for a tricky play on words?)

When I was in college, my ambition changed. I decided to give up my plans to become a novelist or an artist, in favor of a career in the entertainment profession. I don't recall what caused me to change. Perhaps I was spending too much time hiding in the closet.

At any rate, like so many other aspiring performers who dream of seeing their name in lights on Broadway and all that malarkey, I packed my bags, crossed my eyes, and came to New York. (Perhaps I'd been influenced too much by those fairy tales on Let's Pretend.)

I became one of the fortunate few. In November of 1956, I was given an opportunity to audition for that "old-timer" I used to hear on the radio occasionally—Garry Moore.

I decided to do a take-off on girls auditioning for a Broadway show. Nervous as all get-out, I showed up at the studio to do my stuff. I looked into the control booth, and there he sat. He smiled at me. I'll never forget it.

Auditions are one of the toughest things in show business because there is seldom a way to determine if you are doing well or laying a bomb. Until you are finished, that is. There's no audience. Only you and a few strange people with an expression on their faces that seems to say: Okay, let's get it over with.

During my audition, I kept looking at Garry in the control booth. I couldn't hear him, of course, but he continued to smile and to laugh. This was encouraging, but I still didn't know if he was laughing at me or with me.

Afterward, I was ushered into his office. The first thing I noticed was that Garry really wasn't old. He must have started when he was very young. A child prodigy, or something like that.

"Would you like to be on my morning show?" he asked me. That was like asking a sailor if he'd like a date with Marilyn Monroe!

I appeared on his program nine or ten times. And that was the start. As a direct result of those performances, I was booked to appear on major nighttime programs with Ed Sullivan and Dinah Shore. Everything I am in this business I owe to Garry Moore. When I needed a break,
a head for FIGURES

Ask Joan Freeman, who plays Elma, the cute waitress at Grace's Diner in ABC-TV's Bus Stop, and she'll tell you, "I'm a sensible type—that's the kind of girl I am." As a "for instance," Joan points out that she's "dying to play older parts." She adds, "After all, I'm really twenty, though you wouldn't believe it, seeing me in Bus Stop, with my hair in a pony-tail, me in an apron or slacks, and acting it up like a seventeen-year-old. The way I see myself in private is terribly chic, my hair fluffed out bouffant, on stilts heels and with dresses that at least hint at my 35-19-35 measurements. But, as I say, I'm a sensible type. So, when other actresses tell me to be patient because, ten years from now, I'll wish I could play a teenager, I say to myself, 'Joanie, these people have been in the business a long time and they know. So be sensible, Joanie, and hold your horses.'" . . . Joan—who was born in Council Bluffs, Iowa, but brought up in Burbank, California—may carry her pretty head high, but it's seldom in the clouds. She is playing it safe by going to U.C.L.A. a couple of nights a week. "I'm studying to become a certified public accountant," she explains. "Acting is fun and very exciting . . . but not always dependable. I want something to fall back on. I'm a girl with my head on my shoulders." . . . Joan says that her biggest thrill is traveling. She can "burrble endlessly" about her trip to Italy, where she appeared in "Come September," for Universal-International. "I love seeing new places and meeting new people." She was recently named "Miss Pro-Am" for the 1961 golf tournament at the Hotel Sahara, Las Vegas. About her experiences in that "fun town," she says: "I was fascinated by all those lines of people throwing money into those machines. I decided to do some playing, too. I bought two dollars' worth of nickels but decided to be sensible and not throw them into the slots. Instead, I bought myself a nice lunch for the money." . . . In the romantic department, Joan refuses to make any definite statements. "A boy called me up the other evening," she recalls, "and he said, 'Tell me the truth ... are you engaged?' and I said, 'Certainly, I'm engaged. I'm brushing my hair.' And that's as far as I'll commit myself about romance. A number of eligible young Hollywoodites have been attracted by her tresses and piquant beauty. Joan describes her appeal as being the result of her "having my feet on terra firma. Also, at income-tax time, I'm convenient to know. I'm familiar with the forms." However, there's no question that it's her form, and not the Government's, the males are interested in. Joan herself says, "With two nights a week at college, and so much rehearsing and lines to be learned, I don't have a lot of time for dating. I will say this: When the right man comes along, I'll know it, and I'll act . . . because taking a husband isn't like buying a car. When I saved enough money to buy a car, I decided not to get flashy, but to be sensible and buy a Volkswagen. But when I fall in love, I'm going to show my good sense by not being sensible at all. I'm going to let my heart, not my head, guide me. You see, in many serious matters like religion or marriage, you can't figure things out cold turkey. You must have some strong faith and emotional strength to rely on."

'Off TV, actress Joan Freeman studies tax forms. On TV, the male viewers are much more interested in hers.'

he gave me one. More important, when I needed a friend, he became one.

This may sound sickening to those who prefer to have their idols smashed, but Garry Moore is the nicest man I've met in or out of show business. I make my living by being a comedienne. However, it's impossible for me to even attempt to be funny when I speak of Garry.

The Garry Moore Show is considered a "family" show. And it really is one. I've heard of employers who tell new employees: "We're one big happy family here." And then they begin to pick their pockets. That isn't the case with Garry. He fills your pockets—and your heart.

During the 1959-60 Broadway season, while I was appearing in a musical called "Once Upon A Mattress," I began doubling as a regular on Garry's Tuesday-night program (seen on CBS-TV from 10 to 11 P.M. EST). I've been with him ever since. I know the man. Very, very well. We've worked closely together. I've had every opportunity to see his good side and his bad side. I've yet to see the latter.

Like most of us, I've been fooled by first impressions. Some people I've met—who, I thought, were going to become friends—have turned out to be opportunists. They liked me as long as they believed I could do something for them.

If I've learned nothing else, I've learned that there is a big difference between friends and acquaintances. We all have many acquaintances, but most of us have few true friends. Garry Moore is a friend.

When I met him, I expected to meet a nice man. I met the nicest. Why? I can hear someone saying, "Sure, she likes him—he pays her a big salary."

That's not it, at all.

Anyone who knows Garry well can talk to him—about professional or personal problems. He's like a close relative. I feel that I can tell him anything and be confident that what I say will not be repeated.

I guess I'm making him sound like a saint. Well, I can't help it. I was asked to write what I think about Garry Moore, and that's what I think.

In the five years I've known him, I've never seen him lose his temper. I've never seen him blow up, and he's had many a reason to do so. He must have bad days. After all, he's human. But when he does, he doesn't let anyone know it. He wants to have a happy show, believes the best way to have one is to be happy himself.

Garry Moore is, naturally, the head of The Garry Moore Show. However, he's not the "boss." Not in the general sense of the word. Personally, I never think of him as being the boss.

People frequently ask me if Garry is a religious man. No. We don't talk about it. But he must be. No one could be as good as he is without being religious.

What do we talk about? Many things. For one thing, we kid around a lot. Garry likes to laugh, and to make others laugh. But he—and we—know when to kid, and when not to.

He has his serious side. He talks with
conviction, and becomes very worked up, when discussing the world situation or subjects like racial bias. He's the most unprejudiced man I've ever met. Any form of bigotry makes him burn.

We seldom mix socially, except when we are on the road. You know, traveling to California or somewhere to do our show. The reason for this is that he's busy when he's in New York, and so am I.

In addition to his regular Tuesday-night program, he stars on I've Got A Secret on Monday nights, over CBS-TV, and also tapes a weekday show for CBS Radio. I also have a CBS Radio program, with Richard Hayes, which is heard Monday through Friday from 7:10 to 7:30 P.M. EST. So, you can see, neither of us has much time left over for social events.

When Garry does have a few free moments, he spends them at home with his lovely wife, Nell. Incidentally, Nell and I have been told we look alike. I hope she doesn't mind my saying so.

Garry is an extensive reader—second to none, except maybe President Kennedy. He's not just a Book-of-the-Month-Club-type reader. He digs serious books. Reads about everything. That's why he's such a good talker.

He has the faculty of being able to look into the camera and talk directly to you at home. And he's completely natural when he does it. I can't do it. I have to be a "character" of some sort.

I wish I could tell you more anecdotes. I know that they are expected in stories like this. But when Garry does nice things for people, he doesn't make them known. He's not one of those people who say, "I just did this—or that for him—or her."

But this one I can tell you.

Last spring, when we were in California to do a show, Gale Storm was supposed to be one of our guest stars. She was going to appear in a sketch with me. A day or two before we were scheduled to tape, Gale became ill and was forced to cancel her appearance.

Barbara Nelson, one of the dancers on the show, was offered the chance to fill in for her. Garry often does that: Gives an unknown an opportunity. Well, Barbara stayed up all night to learn the part. She did very well, performed like a trooper.

Instead of just putting Barbara on the back and giving her a few extra bucks, Garry gave her a huge, fat gift certificate. He told her, "If I give you money, you'll spend it on someone else. This is for you to use on yourself."

That's it.

From what I understand, stories about nice people are rare these days. People want to read sick bits, articles full of controversy. That would be impossible when it comes to Garry Moore.

He may sound too good to be true. Perhaps he goes home and beats the barn door weekends. I wouldn't know about that. The Garry Moore I do know is the one I've told you about.

He's a nice guy, and that's all there is to it. So help me.

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TV's Durable Darlings

(Continued from page 55)

already had a radio show—began being seen as well as heard. . . . In an industry where, experts agree, five years is a life-time for any show, Garry and John and Ed and Perry are still carrying on a love-affair with the American public.

So is Bill Cullen, who has been wowing it even longer. Since he began emceeing Winner Take All in 1946, Bill's never been missing from the TV scene. For the last five years, he's been heading up The Price Is Right—and, for exactly twice as long, has been a panelist on I've Got A Secret.

There are a lot of reasons for the enduring popularity of any television personality. In the case of one William Lawrence Cullen—no actor, no singer or dancer, and no matinee-idol type—the general consensus is that it's warmth and informality, coupled with an enthusiasm which hasn't dimmed in all his years in show business. It's doubtful that anyone, including the taxi driver who delivers him to the studio each day, calls him anything but "Bill." He's that type, and always has been.

"I love my work and have no desire to be anything but what I am, a TV host and panelist," Bill said last fall. And it shows. So does his boundless enthusiasm, which got him into radio to begin with. As a kid back in Pittsburgh, midget-car racing was his dish, and he learned enough about the internal workings of automobiles so that—when the family finances forced him to leave college—he was able to hold down a job as a garage mechanic. There, the imitations of radio favorites with which the effervescent youth entertained his co-workers landed him a chance as an announcer with a local station—and Bill was on his way.

By 1944, the 24-year-old was making $400 a week with KDKA, but gave it up in favor of a $55-a-week job in New York. He's doing somewhat better now. When he quit his local radio show last fall, to devote himself exclusively to television, his income was admittedly in the six-figure bracket.

Bill is one of the few folk who appear regularly on more than one network. Price is on NBC-TV. But Monday nights, after he's totaled up each contestant's winnings, Bill strolls over to CBS-TV for I've Got A Secret. Other panelists have come and gone during the ten years this program has been on the air, but two of America's favorites—Bill and the show's host, Garry Moore—are perennial.

Another who's been able to hurdle the barbed-wire entanglement which separates the networks is John Daly. While, as vice-president, he was heading up the news department at ABC-TV, a post he resigned a year ago, John was also appearing regularly on CBS-TV Sunday nights as moderator of What's My Line?

Since he dipped into radio newscasting in 1937, the 47-year-old Daly has been reporting news stories all over the world. (It was while he was covering the Presidential campaign of 1956 that he met Chief Justice Earl Warren's daughter Virginia, who became Mrs. Daly a year ago.) John still thinks of his work as reporter and commentator as his bread-and-butter—and his moderating as the jam. But it is as moderator of What's My Line?, where he can display his urbane charm, that he is best known to the American public.

The Daly charm, suavity, and accent derive from Johannesburg, South Africa, where he was born, with a veneer of Boston, where he grew up and attended college. Actually, What's My Line? takes very little of John's time. The show is rehearsed, and there are no lines to learn. He arrives at the studio at 10:10. Dusts on a little powder and, at 10:30, is ready to introduce contestants to his panel of professionals: Dorothy Kilgallen, Arlene Francis and Bennett Cerf, all of whom have been with the show since its inception. A few minutes after 11:00, he's on his way home—having earned, it's reported, $3500 for his evening's work.

Not everyone gets into show business by sitting at a drugstore counter, waiting to be "discovered." Can you imagine Ed Sullivan, for instance, perched at a soda fountain listening for those magic words, "You ought to be in TV"?

Ed began as a newspaper man, and still thinks of himself as one. As a Broadway columnist for The New York Daily News, he knew a lot of people in the entertainment world. When the paper began putting on benefits, Ed was drafted to round up the stars to appear. Along with that, he was given the job of emceeing the shows. From this beginning evolved a radio show and, in 1948, Toast Of The Town—as The Ed Sullivan Show was originally called.

Ed makes no pretense of being a "personality." His job, as he sees it, is to introduce the performers and let them carry the entertainment ball. It is his news sense, most people agree, which has made and kept him one of TV's most popular stars.

Television was a dirty word in Hollywood when Ed's show first appeared on home screens, but the "Unsmiling Irishman" maneuvered dozens of movie stars onto his stage. Outstanding sports figures have almost invariably turned up on Ed's show, along with show-folk who were making news. When Julius LaRosa was given the leave-ho from the Godfrey empire, he was immediately signed up by Sullivan.

Ed's budget, and his pay, were infinitesimal at the beginning. On that first show, in 1948, he had $500 to spend, paid Martin and Lewis a nifty $200 for their spot. By 1956, he was paying Elvis Presley $50,000 for three appearances, without going into the red.

Ed's take-home pay has become a good deal healthier through the years, too. And last year, he signed a new thirty-year contract with CBS. By that time, Ed will be 91—and presumably will have laid by enough money to retire on.

While Ed was trying out his show, fourteen years ago, another fellow who wasn't much more at ease in front of a camera was making his TV debut, too. Fellow named Perry Como—who, like Ed, is still around and still doing fine. Perry didn't start off with much of a splash. He already had a fifteen-minute radio show, and someone upstairs got the idea that he might as well do it in front of the TV cameras. One thing led to another and, seven years later, the ex-barber from Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, was hosting an hour-long variety show on NBC-TV. He still is.

A lot of other singers have come and gone during those fourteen years, but Como—relaxed and ingratiating and velvetoiced as ever—goes on, season after season.

Perry Como's Kraft Music Hall is gay and light-hearted, as fitted to its star as his well-tailored suits and as impeccable as his private life. But all this doesn't necessarily spell success, and Perry has his own explanation for his long-playing love-affair with the American public, "You can go just so far with talent," he said, not long ago. "After that, if you make it big on television, it's because somebody's watching over you somewhere. I'm sure somebody's watching over me."

Over Garry Moore, too, perhaps. In his eight years on daytime TV, Garry used every zany trick in the book, and more. He appeared in shorts, stuck his head in a lion's mouth, climbed the studio wall—and became the housewives' dar-

TV's Lovable Darlings...

Lawrence Welk's young songbirds, The Lennon Sisters—with a new portrait on the cover, new exclusive "inside" story •

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ling. On his current show, he's more restrained, but still the amiable fellow with the bow-tie and the crew-cut.

Underneath that sandy hair, however, is a brain which shouldn't be underestimated. Out of the Moore show came Candid Camera, one of the big hits of last season, and Garry can take bows for the regular appearances of talented Carol Burnett, voted TV's most popular girl star last year.

If Garry wanted to have a whirl at "That Wonderful Year of 1955," he'd have another show-stopper—with Lawrence Welk supplying the music, and James Arness and Richard Boone shooting it out in the action department.

It was in July of that year that Welk and his band were slipped into Saturday night as a summer replacement on ABC-TV—and all the artillery the other networks have brought up since has failed to dislodge him.

The one-time farm boy from North Dakota, who learned music and show business the hard way, is a success story which has seldom been matched. Brought up in a family of high principles and low income, he never had a music lesson; left school after the fourth grade; spoke only German until he was twenty-one, and still has occasional trouble with his English. But, after twenty-two years' experience, he's the most popular band leader in the nation, and the most highly paid. In 1960, his band grossed $3,500,000.

Much of Welk's success is, of course, due to his knack of knowing the kind of music the public wants, and his insistence on playing it. But he has also endeared himself to his millions of fans by his ability to present his "Champagne Music Makers" as one big, happy family, and by his constant attention to every detail of his show. A deeply religious man, Welk turns thumbs down on any song or costume or routine which might be in the least objectionable. His danceable music, the wholesome quality of his show—and the Lennon Sisters—have entrenched him firmly in the heart of America.

Thousands of bad guys have bit the dust, and dozens of Western heroes, too, since Gunsmoke first appeared on home screens. But the adventures of Marshal Dillon have remained so popular that this season, the Saturday show was lengthened to an hour—while re-runs of the earlier half-hour version have also been shown. Tuesday nights, on the same network, CBS-TV.

The doughty officer of the law is James Arness. A huge man—6'6" and 220 pounds—he fits perfectly the public image of the hero of the Old West. An unknown when the series began, he has become so associated with it that, when he became fidgety a couple of years ago, the network drew up a new contract which gives him a financial interest in the show and insures that, so long as there's a

Let's talk frankly about internal cleanliness

Day before yesterday, many women hesitated to talk about the douche even to their best friends, let alone to a doctor or druggist.

Today, thank goodness, women are beginning to discuss these things freely and openly. But—even now—many women don't realize what is involved in treating "the delicate zone."

They don't ask. Nobody tells them. So they use homemade solutions which may not be completely effective, or some antiseptics which may be harsh or inflammatory.

It's time to talk frankly about internal cleanliness.

Here are the facts: tissues in "the delicate zone" are very tender. Odors are very persistent. Your comfort and well-being demand a special preparation for the douche. Today there is such a preparation.

This preparation is far more effective in antiseptic and germicidal action than old-fashioned homemade solutions. It is far safer to delicate tissues than other liquid antiseptics for the douche. It cleanses, freshens, eliminates odor, guards against chafing, relaxes and promotes confidence.

This is modern woman's way to internal cleanliness. It is the personal antiseptic for women, made specifically for "the delicate zone." It is called Zonite®. Complete instructions for use come in every package. In cases of persistent discharge, women are advised to see their doctors.

Millions of women already consider Zonite as important a part of their grooming as their bath. You owe it to yourself to try Zonite.
NEW PATTERNS FOR YOU


9418—Bodice has pretty button detail; skirt is easy six-gore. Printed Pattern in Half Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 2⅛ yards 45-inch fabric. State size. 35c

4898—Smart travelers for spring through summer. Printed Pattern in Half Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ dress takes 3¼ yards 35-inch; jacket 1½ yards. State size. 35c


9058—The little ensemble that takes you through spring to September. Printed Pattern in Women's Sizes 36-48. Size 36 outfit requires 6⅛ yards 35-inch fabric. State size. 35c

See 106 exciting styles in new Catalog. Four page wonder wardrobe. 35c.

Send orders (in coin) to: TV RADIO MIRROR, Pattern Department, P. O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add 10c for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send 35c for 1962 Spring-Summer Catalog of Printed Patterns.
Eliot Ness on the spur of the moment—and a public idol overnight.

Bob's contract runs out at the end of this season, the third for *The Untouchables* on ABC-TV, and it's considered unlikely that he'll renew. More money probably wouldn't interest him; he comes from a prominent Los Angeles family and has always had plenty. At 43, he has many years ahead of him as an actor, and would like to accept some of the other roles which come his way. But he doesn't underestimate what the series has done for him. As he said last summer, "I hope the millions of friends I've made as Ness will continue to remember me as Bob Stack."

Plenty of other well-known movie actors have tried television to their sorrow, but nobody was surprised when *My Three Sons*—also seen over ABC-TV—was one of last season's hits. Fred MacMurray, long a movie favorite, has a casual, disarming charm that's hard to beat. He's just as casual about his success. "To me, things just happen," explains the man who was named television father of last year for his "warm and deft comedy portrayal."

Fred is fifty-three, a man of simple tastes, and reputedly a millionaire, so it wasn't money that lured him onto home screens. It was a plan which would allow him to complete his work for the entire season in just three months, leaving him time for his family, his hunting and fishing, and for making a movie now and then, if he felt like it. He did; went to Europe last fall to film "Bon Voyage" for Walt Disney.

_Candid Camera_ got a spot of its own over CBS-TV on Sunday nights only last season, after it had been a successful feature of the *Murray Show*. But its creator, Allen Funt, has been practicing his legal eavesdropping since 1947.

Funt certainly had no idea of a career in show business when he was attending Cornell, and doing graduate work at Columbia and Pratt Institute. It was during his experience with the Army Signal Corps, where he learned about concealed wire recorders, that he dreamed up the "gimmick" which has occupied him ever since.

After more than a million candid interviews, he credits much of his success to the fact that he "looks like an average Joe." He has, in this time, become expert—particularly in his handling of children—and his interviews are calculated to entertain, but never to ridicule. As a result, a man who is totally unlike the popular image of a TV personality appears weekly in one of the most popular shows on the air, and certainly should be the star of "That Wonderful Year of 1960."

New stars and new faces may come and go, but television's "golden dozen" remain solidly entrenched at the top of the popularity polls—and in the hearts of millions.
The Facts of Life

(Continued from page 47)

in teaching our children an appreciation of the holy mystery of life's beginnings. We have tried to avoid telling too much, too soon.

We like to begin the process gradually by instilling a sense of awe for all the transcendent powers of God. A helpful book, in this respect, is entitled, "How God Made You," and introduces the facts of human life, after marveling over some of the other wonders of creation. The book was written by a Catholic doctor, Robert P. Odenwald, M.D., illustrated by Mary Reed Newland, and published by Kenedy Publishing Company.

Its dust-cover blurb reads, "If you wonder how it was you came into the world, your father or your mother will read this book to you. Or, if you are old enough, you can read it for yourself." "It explains how God created all things in the world—the plants, the animals, the birds, the fishes, and every human being. Of course, you know that people are different from all the other creatures because God gave us a soul as well as a body."

"Dr. Odenwald tells you how your life began as a tiny, tiny seed, and how the seed grew until you became a baby. He also describes where you lived before you were born. This story is one of God's greatest miracles."

After I had read the story—for the first time—to our Mimi, who is now six, she tipped back her head, beamed at me and asked, "You mean you and Daddy loved each other enough to have me?"

"You and your ten brothers and sisters," I said.

Mimi snuggled deeper into my arms while her bright glance roamed around our busy living room, where the other members of the family were engaged in their own activities. One of her small, dimpled hands extended in a caressing gesture, as if she could wait tenderness to each. It revealed more eloquently than words that Mimi had learned well her first formal lesson in family love and loyalty, and in reverence for God.

I know that some people, going to the opposite extreme from telling too much too soon, believe in withholding such information until children are twelve to fourteen years old, but we think there is danger of an unfortunate, unclear interpretation being given to the facts of life if someone other than a child's parent or teachers sets the mood in which the knowledge is imparted, and directs the attitude with which it is received.

The ten-year-old daughter of friends of ours indicated that she had been receiving certain curbside information when her parents undertook to prepare her for the birth of a brother or sister. She listened to her mother's story of the wonder of God creating mankind in His image, then announced with a sniff, "That's not what I've heard around school."

Obviously, a sense of timing, a parental awareness of the extent of a child's development—the when of the thing—is as important as what is told.

Like most parents, Bill and I believe that object lessons are useful in putting across a point. When our Danny was on the way, Dianne was nine, Peggy was six, Kathy was four, and Janet was not quite two. We decided that we should buy a female dog who could illustrate the birth process by having puppies.

Good idea, but had puppy; she proved to be a night prowler. Repeatedly, she came up missing for several days at a time, finally disappeared permanently. The next dog perished in trying to cross a busy street against the light. The third puppy snapped at our new baby. We gave up the dog idea, and rejected taking on a cat for the same reasons.

Our next experiment was with guppies, which—as most people know—are tiny "live-bearing minnows." The advantage of using guppies as an object lesson is that they reproduce often and in quantity. That's also their disadvantage.

We installed our guppy in a large ex-dill-pickle vat. Then, because a mother guppy devours her young if they aren't placed in a nursery at once, we set up a second glass tank for the newcomers. Shortly afterward, we had to equip a third tank for middle-aged guppies.

Before long, we had more fish than Marineland and, in a moment of deep-sea discouragement, I gave the collection to a group of children assembling goodies for a carnival. I decided that the facts of guppy life had been explored as extensively as was useful when Pat (now ten, but then about six) yielded one afternoon, "Hurry up, everybody, and come watch. This mama guppy is about to explode ... again!"

Next, we hit upon the garden method of dramatizing the growth process. Each child had a plot in which to plant a vegetable crop, or—in Mimi's case—daffodils. This provided a natural introduction to the similarity between the beginning of plant and human life: The need for a seed to be planted, the necessity for loving care and patience in awaiting the new life, and the fact of great diversity in all manner of growing things.

We praised the youngsters' success lavishly, sympathized with their failures, and pointed out possible improvements. Indirect as it seems, that sort of training also correlates with teaching the facts of life. We think that, from the day of birth, every child must be given a sense of the difference between right behavior (which brings praise) and wrong behavior (which elicits correction or punishment).

Also, we believe in inculcating that "old-fashioned" virtue, family pride. We
teach the children how to behave in public, warning them not to "disgrace" the family. We praise members of the family who behave well at family reunions, church functions and other community affairs, and the entire clan turns a dark eye upon anybody who gets out of line. If children grow up with a sense of group unity and an eagerness to retain the approval of that group, temptations which— if responded to—would surely alienate the clan, cease to be attractive.

Sometimes family pride and loyalty manifest themselves in unexpected ways. Not long ago, when I was rearranging our basement storage, I came across a flowered dress and a pair of ruffled panties Janet had worn when she was about three.

I showed the clothing to our present three-year-old, Annie, saying, "Jannie wore this when she was your age." That settled it. Annie insisted on wearing the outfit as soon as it was washed, and she resisted taking it off—even to sleep. She told everyone, "Jannie dress and me dress."

Just as Annie looks up to her older sisters and imitates them, the older girls try to set a good example for the babies. None of our girls has ever questioned our family rule that she cannot have singleton dates until after she is sixteen. I know that some people will say we're hopelessly out of date in our thinking, but our concern isn't for agreement with popular trends, but for the proper development of our children.

We think that lone-couple dating before the age of sixteen imposes unnecessary burdens on youngsters, burdens more social than moral. Boys in their early teens really aren't interested in girls. They'd rather be playing in or watching or talking about some sports event, or devoting their time to some hobby. They're usually awkward and embarrassed in the presence of girls, and resentful of being forced to attend dancing parties . . . unless the food is terrific.

However, we do believe in church group activity for youngsters under the age of sixteen. Naturally, such social functions are chaperoned by people we know well. Even then, problems come up. Not long ago, Janet went to a school sock hop with her group, then went on to a pizza palace. She had promised to be home by eleven-thirty. The pizza was slow in arriving, and the only public telephone nearby was out of order, so Janet insisted on being brought home. It meant that the boys had to pay for pizzas they weren't able to eat—a major catastrophe, of course. A few weeks later, we made it up to the boys (and showed our appreciation to Janet) by having a party for them at our house.

Once one of our daughters has passed her sixteenth birthday, she is free to accept dates with boys who have come to our home and met us before the first date takes place. This new dating plan brings up a fresh approach to the teaching of the facts of life. Bill takes over this chore.

(Continued on next page)
He assumes that the youngsters, having grown up around a pair of demonstrative and deeply devoted parents, take it for granted that falling in love and getting married can be one of the most precious and rewarding experiences in life.

He tells them that timing is one of the secrets of happiness: As the Bible says, “To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heavens; a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant and a time to pluck up that which is planted; a time to kill and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up; a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance.”

He says, “A girl should look upon herself as a precious gift to be given to her husband when she marries. A man brings to his wife the assurance that he will provide a home for her and their children; he assumes the obligation of protection and care, and it’s seldom easy. All a girl has to bring to her husband is herself, so that self should be unburnished.”

“Before marriage, she should hold herself in trust; after marriage, she should give herself richly, fully and freely. The time for withholding has passed. I’ll tell you, it helps a man a lot to have an affectionate wife when the bills come pouring in.”

Bill is going to teach our sons the same idealistic code of ethics. We all know that parents are inclined to give a son more latitude than is allowed a daughter, but Bill says, “Just because wider freedom for a boy is the general practice doesn’t make such leniency right. It is as wrong for a boy to be promiscuous as it is for a girl. I believe in the single standard: Integrity for everyone.”

I think Bill sums up our facts-of-life philosophy when he says, “The full sweetness of love and the privilege of having children are two of God’s greatest gifts to human beings. We are trying to teach our children to appreciate these gifts and to be worthy of them.”

Scars of the Hollywood Fire!

(Continued from page 33)

some songs for the show. A snap. The sky was clear blue as I stood in my pajamas before the window, trying to shake the sleep from my eyes. My home is built on terraced ground, making my view of Beverly Glen Canyon and the San Fernando Valley below a breathtaking one. The style of the house is Swedish modern with three bedrooms, a den and a huge living-dining room—with a beamed cathedral ceiling where the roof swoops from the high ridgepole nearly to the ground.

On this morning of November 6, I had only lived in it a few months, but I wouldn’t have traded it for a villa on the Riviera. The house had become a vital part of my life; it reflected all that I had accomplished in Hollywood.

As I was admiring the view, my eyes pinpointed a long, thin streak of chalky smoke lazily rolling over Mulholland Drive, less than a quarter of a mile away. In addition, I became aware for the first time that it was extremely windy outside. The trees buckled under the blasts; sand and dirt were twirling in crazy patterns.

I watched the smoke for a few seconds. Somehow, I didn’t become cognizant of any danger. I felt snug and safe. There was no premonition in my thoughts. Yet my Yorkshire terrier, “Nui,” was acting strange. Nui sleeps with me, and usually beats me out of bed. I looked around in disbelief, to find the dog cowering in the blankets. Nui wouldn’t budge even when I left the room to have breakfast with my father.

We were just finishing breakfast when my secretary, Howard Fox, arrived. Howard mentioned the smoke, but still we didn’t feel any cause for alarm. Instead, we discussed my forthcoming personal appearance tour for “Susan Slade.”

Suddenly, I realized that my two other dogs weren’t in the house. I walked outside on the back terrace, in my pajamas and robe, to find them. “The wind was terrific; blowing in strong, hot gusts. What had been a thin line of gray smoke now appeared in the sky as a pall of black. A sickening black that suddenly clouded the sun from view. For the first time, I felt uneasy.

The dogs were whimpering by the side of the house. They, too—like Nui—acted as if they sensed danger. My father explicitly burst out the door. “I just heard over the radio,” he yelled, “that there’s a big fire in Stone Canyon. It’s moving our way. We might have to evacuate.”

I couldn’t believe it. I didn’t want to believe it. Stone Canyon is just over the hill. The wind would move the fire our way. Worse yet—the entire hill in the back of the house was covered with a mass of tinder-dry brush. “Quick!” I said. “Get the garden hose!”

It was fruitless. The hose was only a small one. The water just trickled out. It would take days to wet down the house and yard with it. And that wind-driven brush fire was only minutes, perhaps seconds, away. The telephone rang. The caller was Hugh Benson, one of my Warner Bros. bosses.

I shall ever be grateful to him. He knew my home must be in danger. He knew, too, that every cent I had in the world was tied up in this home. He said he was sending help from the studio. Officials had blocked off all canyon roads. But, within minutes, a studio police car screeched to a halt in front of my house. By now, flames on the ridge above were
Two studio policemen jumped out of the car. They dragged a large hose with them. They connected it to a faucet in the garden. The water shot out in a steady stream. What a wonderful sight! In a matter of minutes, they had the roof hosed down and were wetting the brush. Still we weren’t out of danger. The fireman continued to bear down on us. Sparks were flying everywhere around us. Daddy and I used the garden hose to fight them. My housekeeper Jeanne (she’s been in this country only a short time from Scotland) informed me that the neighbors said we should prepare to evacuate.

“What should I pack?” she asked. The words hit me like a sledge-hammer. Until then, I couldn’t believe that the house and my dreams might go up in smoke. I couldn’t answer her for a few seconds. I was rebelling against realization. The realization that we were in danger. I still rebelled when I replied to her: “Don’t pack a thing. If we have to leave, we’ll go in the car and won’t bother about anything else.

Tears came to my eyes with the words. I had no more time to think about it as I grabbed the hose and struggled higher up where I had seen some embers land. But several times Jeanne’s words came back to me. What to save? What to save? Sounds a little ridiculous, but the one thing I thought of was my white Grecian dining-room table.

“I keep asking myself, people. I guess react oddly in times of panic. I could only think about saving the dining-room table. My neighbors were busy, too. One woman I know of threw all her valuables into her swimming pool.

Meanwhile—unknown to Connie—over the hill in Bel-Air, the fire was out of control over a huge area. On one street, not one home was saved. Joe E. Brown’s house of dreams went up in smoke. All he saved were two suits. Sally Baiano, talent chief at Warner Bros., lost his $80,000 home. Fortunately, Robert Conrad—Connie’s co-star in Hawaiian Eye—hadn’t started construction of his home on a lot he had purchased on Mulholland Drive, a half-mile west.

It was the worst fire in Southern California history. More than 450 homes (mostly in the $100,000 class) were either destroyed or badly damaged. Smoke—it started to mushroom like a nuclear explosion—covered a wide area: Hollywood, Beverly Hills, and even downtown Los Angeles. In another canyon, Red Skelton was battling to save his place. Workmen from his studio rushed up fire equipment. They pumped water out of his swimming pool. Flames licked the ivy in his backyard. It was touch-and-go—but they finally saved his home. Kim Novak received a call, on the set of “Boys Night Out,” that the fire was only a block away from her home. She rushed there and, along with director Richard Quine, beat out the flames in her backyard.

Blood, sweat and tears marked the battle of man against the ravages of nature. There were stories of tragedies, heroisms and narrow escapes from violent death. One woman fled her burning home—split a second before it crashed to the ground. A man saved himself in a burning house by wrapping himself in wet blankets. Connie herself was one of the truly lucky ones—as she describes:

I was still hosing down the yard when a miraculous thing happened. The wind was still angrily buffeting the terrain. The heat of the fire, roaring out of control only a few hundred yards away, was almost unbearable. So was the smoke. Then—the wind shifted, just as we were about to drop the hoses and jump into the car and flee for our lives.

The wind shift sent the towering inferno swallowing the ridge, creating a temporary haven in the neighborhood. Still, I fully realized that the wind could shift back again. So I continued with feverish intensity. The wind became so strong, it was as if the smoke were trying to blow my whole existence away. Once, I rolled several feet, bruising my arms and legs. I regained my footing, and then—to my amazement—discovered I was still in my pajamas. They were soiled and blackened by smoke. There was no time for vanity. I went on working, but later put my car coat over the night attire.

Optimism was high in the area when the wind changed direction. Previously, some men had grouped to plan a mass evacuation. I even took a breather, and Howard and I walked around to see if we could help anyone else. I can say enough praise for my neighbors. You never know how many friends you have, until there’s an emergency. I had lived in the area only a few months. Since I had early calls at the studio and returned late, I never had a chance to get acquainted with any of them.

They all asked me if there was anything they could do to help, and I was asking them the same question. One of them, an attractive young woman, came up to me. I thought I recognized her. It wasn’t until we started to go back to our homes, after talking at least twenty minutes, that we introduced ourselves. She was Margaret O’Brien, the film actress. She lives around the corner.

Back at my home, the phone wasn’t idle for a second. There had been a rumor that my house had been destroyed. So many of my friends were both relieved and surprised when my father or Jeanne answered the phone. I had calls from relatives in New York. And Elvis Presley called from location for “Kid Galahad.” Although his home in Bel-Air was in danger, he was concerned about my safety.

By now, reports over the radio (we kept it on full blast) were horrifying. Overhead, we could hear the roar of the fire-fighting planes sweeping botar to save homes.

That bomber-bombing worked, too. Cliff

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Robertson’s place was surrounded by the fire—then a plane scored a direct hit on his roof with the white, chalky liquid. The houses on either side of Cliff’s fell to ashes. Cliff’s remained scorched but intact. Walter Wanger’s former home (he recently sold it for $100,000) burned to the ground. Actor John van Dreelen lost not only his home but also priceless paintings from Holland.

There were tense moments for Barry Coe, who managed to save his wife and baby in the nick of time. He felt sure his home was a gonner. By some trick of fate, it was spared as flames leap-frogged over it. Zsa Zsa Gabor wasn’t as fortunate. The chimney, that evening, was the only upright section in what used to be her $275,000 mansion.

We could still see the flames, now moving toward the ocean, in the afternoon. Howard and I walked up to Mulholland, which had been a blazing caldron only three hours before. We looked down into Stone Canyon. The sight was horrifying. I felt sickened. Only the previous day, this was one of the most beautiful sections in the hills. It was now hell.

There was a dead silence in the air. A nauseating silence broken only by the crackle (a horrendous sound) of the fire still burning in the canyon. Nothing but devastation remained on either side of the paved street that winds its way through Stone Canyon. Red-hot embers floated down on the ground beside us. We tried to stamp them out. More came. Deer, rabbits and other wildlife were fleeing around us, their little eyes crazed with fright. These were the fortunate animals. Others lay charred on the ground.

I had to get away from the sight. Suddenly, too, I felt alone. Alone in a wilderness of survival-of-the-fittest. The canyon of Hell below could well have been where I lived. “Those poor people,” I said to Howard. “Those poor people. Losing everything.”

We paused for a moment, on the way down. Howard passed me his binoculars. On a ridge about two miles away, I focused on a beautiful home. It appeared untouched by the fire. As I was looking, flames shot over the ridge like a monster spouting fire. Embers ignited a rear portion of the roof. Within seconds, the home was afire. Probably the most pathetic sight I’ll ever see in my life occurred next.

A middle-aged woman rushed out of the burning structure, carrying a chair. I was too far away to hear—but from her actions, she appeared to be in hysterics. She set the chair down by the rear end, flinging her arms in utter despair. She, too, was alone. The only things she had to show for a life that took many years to nurture in the white house on the hill, were a wooden chair and a cotton dress.

A report that the wind had shifted again sent me back to manning the hose. I don’t think I want to see a hose again for a long, long time. I was glued to it most of the day. While I was back on the hill in my yard, I kept an ear open for news about the fire on the radio.

I froze when a newscaster warned: “Residents in Beverly Glen Canyon, beware. There’s a report that the fire has driven snakes over the ridge and they’re coming into the canyon.” If anything crawls, I’m terrified of it. And snakes petrify me. I dashed off the hill like lightning and into the house.

We laughed about it later—but I called out then: “Let’s get out of here. Get the car. Let the house be. I’m not going to face any snakes!” But the snake report proved erroneous, thank heaven, and by late afternoon we were out of danger.

In other areas, the fire went unabated. Already, the damage went into the millions. Some 2,000 firefighters were on the lines. The state labeled the fire scene a “disaster area.” Schools were evacuated. Police and firemen had helped evacuate 3,000 people in the path of the flames. The Red Cross set up an emergency station.

Winds pushed the fire toward the rich Pacific Palisades area. Van Williams had ample warning and moved everything out of his home to a safe area. His home was spared by a last-ditch stand of firefighters. Others were fortunate, too. Cary Grant, Alfred Hitchcock, Marlon Brando, Ginger Rogers, Robert Stack, Bobby Darin and Sandra Dee, Greer Garson, Robert Taylor—all came within a wind-shift of losing their homes.

Man appeared hopelessly helpless against the odds. Yet, because of the efficiency of the fire crews, not one life was lost. Some home owners had to be removed from their property buildings. They refused to leave even in the face of death. These same home owners owe their lives to the dedicated men who fought the fire for three days. Monetarily, there wouldn’t be enough gold, even in Fort Knox, to repay them. They would deserve much more. Connie is only one of many who are grateful—and who remember.

Ironically, only last summer, another brush fire had swept through the Beachwood area of Hollywood. One of the residences destroyed was the first home I owned since coming to the movie capital. I loved that place, too—it held many fond memories. Sadly, and with reluctance, I visited the place after that fire. What had been my father’s bedroom was a crumpled heap of burnt wood. What had been the living room was a tangle of mass of wood and iron. The new owners, I was told, escaped with only the clothes on their backs. They lost everything else.

The embers of both fires have cooled. Yet the memories are still vivid—especially, that Monday last November. How grateful am I? How fortunate, that I wasn’t one of the many who returned to ashes where the fulfillment of ambitions once stood. And the lucky ones, like myself, will never forget that “luck” can be a miracle—because we, too, will bear the scars of memory of that day.
The Woman Who Really Owns Sinatra

(Continued from page 31)

not fit into the fast-moving, neurotic world he seems to prefer.

The simple truth is that, today, Frank Sinatra sees Nancy more regularly than he did through much of their marriage. When he is in Hollywood, he visits her at least twice a week. He showers her with gifts. On special occasions, such as birthdays and holidays, he is drawn to her like a magnet. His frequent trips out of town are invariably preceded and followed by an evening with Nancy. It has been said that she is "the custodian of whatever peace of mind he has."

It is as though there are two men concealed within the lean frame of Frank Sinatra. Today, Nancy Sinatra knows only the better of the two. She once knew the other... intimately.

Their marriage began with love. They had met in their teens, counted for more than four years. Frank had to defy his strong-willed mother (who never wanted him to become a singer) to marry Nancy; Nancy had to accept an uncertain future with a struggling musician whose earnings barely equaled what she made as a secretary. They saw enough good in each other to make the sacrifices worthwhile.

In Nancy, Frank saw a girl whose faith in him was almost religious. In Frank, Nancy saw a young man of unbelievable personal charm and talent. She did not really understand how insecure Frank was, how much he doubted his own worth. She did not know that success, when it came, would aggravate rather than ease her husband's inner torment.

In the early days of their marriage, Frank's career reached such a low ebb that Nancy had to go hungry—even while she was pregnant. Frank was starved, too... but not only for food. He was starved for love, more love than Nancy or any one person could give him. He needed the world to love him. When, at last, fame burst upon him, it did not satisfy him. He could never forget that the first screaming, fainting hollywood-soxers upon whose admiration his success had been built were fakes, bought and paid for by a clever manager.

Now girls screamed and fainted, from one end of the country to the other... but did they really love him—or were they, as their indignant parents complained, merely the victims of a mass hysteria? He sought reassurance constantly. When the movies brought him to Hollywood, he began to look for it in the arms of beautiful women.

Frank threw himself into a series of "friendships" with other women, ranging from stars like Lana Turner and Marilyn Maxwell—whom he pursued diligently—to dozens of unknown starlets who pursued him. Hollywood had seen husbands on a "binge" before, but even Hollywood was shocked at the gusto with which Frank set about his peccadillos. "You'd have thought," one indignant observer said, "that he was deliberately setting out to rub Nancy's nose in it."

Frank courted his "broad" conspicuously... in restaurants, in night clubs, on movie sets. It was no secret that he had rented and furnished a lavish duplex apartment in which to entertain his dates. Nancy's phone rang constantly; there are plenty of women in Hollywood who take pleasure in reporting a husband's escapades to his wife.

At the beginning, in the early days, Nancy had not complained of hunger or loneliness. Now, too, she said nothing. She did not start to drink or to pursue romances of her own or to try to make a career for herself—the classic refuges of Hollywood's wounded wives. Instead, she tried to transform herself from a middle-class New Jersey girl into a woman worthy of her husband's exalted rank in the entertainment world.

She took college courses to broaden her cultural background; she learned to dress herself in expensive, well-chosen clothes; she changed her hairdo to emphasize her best features; she acquired the know-how to run an expensive home and entertain important people. She never tried to become one of the giggling, wisecracking, fast-moving fillins. Sinatra seemed to prefer. Perhaps she knew she could not do it. Perhaps, as an admiring Hollywood believed, she had too much innate dignity to try.

Whatever she did, it was not enough. Frank's escapades grew steadily more frequent, more blatant, more insulting to his wife. One psychologist explained: "A man with as deep an inferiority complex as Sinatra's just has to keep proving to himself that people really love him. Subconsciously, he feels that the people who care for him most—in Sinatra's case, his family, as well as his fans—only love him for his 'good' side—his talent, his charm, his popularity. But, underneath it all, he believes himself to be a no-good, a bum. He is sure that's his real self. So he's got to find out if people will love him even after they see his 'bad' side—if they do, he's home free."

"But, of course, he can never find out. No matter how badly he behaves, he can always tell himself he hasn't been bad enough yet to make the test valid. So he goes on, flouting conventions, getting
worse and worse, until finally everyone does desert him, and then he tells himself, I always knew it. There’s nothing extraordinary about this behavior pattern. What is extraordinary is that, in Sinatra’s case, no matter how bad he got, his wife—the person he hurt the most—never did give up on him!

But everyone else did. When he crowned his adventures with a wild romance with Ava Gardner, traveling with her to Texas, Las Vegas, New York, Mexico and Spain; when he made headlines by punching newsmen and smashing photographers’ cameras to avoid publicity; when he seemed willing to subject his long-suffering wife and innocent children to every conceivable degree of humiliation in order to force Nancy to give him the divorce she and Nancy struggle. His records went unsold. No one wanted his services as an actor. One New York newspaper listed his name under the caption, “Things That Will Not Last.” Even his relationship with Ava Gardner foundered. They quarreled so bitterly that—even after Nancy divorced him—his marriage to Ava had to be postponed at the last minute. The new marriage did not last long. Frank had at last proved his point. He had done his worst, and no one loved him any more.

No one but Nancy.

Throughout that whole incredible period, she never said a word against him. On the contrary, she praised him. Asked for an opinion of Frank, she said, “There is no one as good and as kind as he.” Asked if she would consider remarriage if the Church approved, she smiled sadly and said, “I’ve already had the best.” She did not try to hide the fact that she was still deeply in love with the man who had betrayed her.

It is this selfless love that Frank Sinatra has been unable to resist.

His fans came back to him only after he won an Oscar for his performance in “From Here to Eternity.” He quickly made new friends to replace the ones who had given up on him. No longer King of the Bobby-soxers, he established himself as “Leader” of a tight little group of important and talented people—the famous (and infamous) Clan. He found that he could readily attract almost any woman—sophisticates like Lauren Bacall, titled women like Lady Adele Beatty, talented women like Peggy Connolly. None of them ever passed his acid test.

Only Nancy. With Nancy, he could feel perfectly secure, knowing that he had done his worst and that she loved him still.

And that is why, to Nancy Sinatra alone, Frank is able to be consistently kind and generous. He has showered her with gifts—mink coats on one birthday, diamond rings on another, equally expensive presents in between. He has been just as lavish with praise, calling her “courageous,” “wonderful,” “a perfect mother.” He has rejoiced in his success by seeing her comfort when he is depressed, her applause when he is successful. Nancy had the satisfaction, last year in Las Vegas, of seeing Frank ignore the exotic Ava Gardner (who had spent an hour primping in the washroom of the plane that carried her there) simply because Nancy was also in town.

Those who believed that Frank kept seeing Nancy only because his beloved children lived with her were astonished to find that when little Nancy, his favorite, married and left the house, Frank’s visitor did not become less frequent. Every time he invited his children to see him perform, their mother was also invited—an honored guest.

And even though Frank Sinatra knows how to spend the money he earns, he has never quibbled about the tremendous amount the court awarded Nancy in alimony. By law, she receives a full third of everything he makes. At the time of the divorce settlement, Frank Sinatra’s income was far less than it is today—and yet he has never shown the slightest interest in having Nancy’s share of it decreased. To date, Nancy has collected well over two million dollars. Since she will continue to collect until she remarries, there is a great deal more to come.

There is no doubt that Nancy Sinatra “owns” Frank today... owns him financially, owns him emotionally. She is the custodian of his peace of mind. She is full owner of his past—that part owner of his present. One of Hollywood’s favorite guessing games is whether she will be offered his future as well.

Many think she will. One close friend says: “Nancy has never given up hope of getting Frank back. She turns down more dates than any woman her age in town. The few times she’s got involved with a man, she’s stopped short of marriage. If Frank came back to her, the Church would approve, their kids would approve, the whole world would approve. I think Nancy sees Frank as a big boy who started sowing his wild oats later than usual and who has taken longer than most. When he’s done, he’ll come home and she’ll be waiting for him.”

One of Frank’s cronies agrees. “Frank could have got married half a dozen times in the past couple of years. And he came close, too, particularly with Bacall. But, each time, he broke it off with some flimsy excuse—or with no excuse at all. I think he knows that someday he’s going to try back to Nancy, and he doesn’t want to have to go through a third divorce to do it. It’s just a matter of time.”

But others see it differently. They recall the most perceptive statement ever made about Frank: “What he really wants...
out of life is to be married to Nancy—
with no questions asked.” To all intents
and purposes, they say, that is exactly
the situation that prevails. Frank can turn
to Nancy whenever he needs her—and
still lead his late-hours life, keep his free-
dom, date his “broads.”

The present situation is ideal—not only
for Frank—but for Nancy, as well. “People
think,” these others point out, “that
Nancy divorced Frank because she simply
couldn’t take any more of his shenanigan-
s with Ava Gardner. That’s not true.
Nancy could have taken anything, as long
as she could hold on to Frank and have
hope that he’d come back to her. She
only gave him up because she saw, long
before he did, that it wasn’t herself he
was destroying, but himself. Married to
her, Frank’s romance with Ava was an
international scandal; it was ruining him.
If she divorced him, he could do what he
liked without ruining his reputation. So
she gave him his freedom, for his sake,
not her own.

“It turned out to be too late. I think
she knows Frank still hasn’t grown up
enough to settle for one woman . . .
even a woman he cares for as much as he
cares for Nancy. He’s still eaten away by
the need to prove himself—and it usually
takes quite a few dams to help a man do
that. I don’t think Nancy wants to put
him in a position where his dates become
scandal material again. I think it’ll be
a long, long time before she marries him
again . . . if she ever does.

“After all, why should she? The Frank
Sinatra Nancy loves . . . the one she re-
members from when he was a wide-eyed
kid with a ukulele and a lot of ambi-
tion . . . that’s the only one he shows her
now. The way things are now, she already
owns his good side—lock, stock and bar-
rel. Let the rest of the world have what’s
left!”

Dolores Hawkins’ Own Story

(Continued from page 27)

Dolores Hawkins herself. Dolores’s reac-
tion was as strong and definite as the
column item itself had been. “Ridicu-
lous!” she said. “I don’t have any diffi-
culty in finding men who want to marry
me. I don’t know why columnists always
do this.”

After Dolores had simmered down, we
were able to get the complete, unvarnished
truth from her about her relationship with
Gardner McKay.

It was six years ago that Dolores Hav-
kins first laid eyes on Gardner McKay.
She’d been modeling for about a year when
she got a call to pose for famed glamour
photographer Richard Avedon. When she
stepped out in front of the camera, she
noticed that there were three male mod-
els standing behind her to provide back-
ground effect for the scene.

One was definitely not a “background”
kind of fellow. She stared at him, forget-
ting for a moment where she was, and
definitely liked what she saw. He was tall
—six-foot-five, at least—so tall that he had
to scrounge his head down a little into his
neck to miss hitting the overhead studio
lights. His hair was brown, his jaw was
strong, his lips were tight-pressed and
sensitive.

But it was his eyes which made her
draw in her breath sharply. Large deep-
set eyes. The tenderest yet most hypnotic
eyes she had ever seen.

Gardner McKay stared back, and he
liked what he saw, too. A slim, trim fig-
ure that fused upward into a long, beau-
tiful neck. And, above this, an amazing
face. Chiseled features he immediately
wanted to reproduce in sculpture. A mar-
velous, tremulous mouth. A pert, crinkly
nose. And eyes—how to describe them?
They were . . . they were simply tre-
mendous.

The voice of photographer Avedon
broke in upon them, firmly but with the
hint of a laugh in it: “All right, Miss
Hawkins, whenever you’re ready!”
That was the beginning.

When they met later, Dolores responded
to something else about Gardner McKay—
his voice. Not just the deep, manly qual-
ity she heard when he spoke, but the
things he said, too, and the enthusiasm
with which he said them.

He found meaning and excitement in so
many things. He was a model and a pho-
tographer and a sculptor and a painter,
he told her. Life was fun, a constant
adventure, and he was discovering beauty
everywhere.

Looking back at the time of their first
meeting—and the period immediately fol-
lowing—Dolores says, “I remember him
as being a terribly nice, refined boy. He
has never changed. He’s intellectual and
very sensitive.”

The years rolled by. Dolores became
America’s most photographed model, a
$60-an-hour, $60,000-a-year cover girl, and
Gardner was discovered by Hollywood and
handed the starring role of skipper Adam
Troy in the hour-long weekly series, Ad-
vventures In Paradise (now seen Sunday
nights, over ABC-TV).

But the pattern of their personal roman-
ance ran far less smoothly.

“I dated him a few times in New York
when we first met, and then we didn’t see
each other for a while,” Dolores says.

“The reason: I became engaged to some-
one else. No, I won’t tell you his name.”

But the engagement didn’t stick and
soon Dolores started dating Gardner—
and other fellows, too—again. “That’s
what so many people don’t understand,”
she says. “Sure, I go out with Gardner,
but I date other boys, as well. And he,
of course, runs around with other girls
when not with me.”

He certainly has dated other girls—

Since her recent divorce from Bob Wagner, Natalie
Wood has had eyes only
for Warren Beatty. Will she
marry this elusive newcom-
er? Don’t miss the answers
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* * *

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stories on more of your favori-
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ROCK HUDSON, LIZ TAY-
LOR, PAUL NEWMAN, and
more, more, more . . .

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Maria Cooper, Barrie Chase, Linda Hutchins, Suzanne Pleshette, Joan Collins and Greta Chi, to mention just a few. But, somehow or other, the magnetic attraction they both experienced that first day they saw each other always seemed to work its old magic, and Gardner and Dolores manage to get back together again.

It was during the trial of his recent paternity suit, when Gardner was accused of being the father of Mrs. Patrice Frantz's daughter, eighteen-month-old Gabrielle, that the affair—again, on-again romance between Dolores and Gardner met its most severe crisis.

"I told Dolores about it before it broke," Gardner says. "I wanted her to hear about the paternity suit from me, not from the papers. I told her the truth. I was terribly worried about the effect it would have on our relationship. She was in New York at the time. I'd call her frequently. But being three thousand miles apart made it hard.

"I had misgivings about how long her loyalty would stand up when she was faced with comments from all kinds of people—people at work, people she met socially, people who believe what they read and might try to make her believe it, too. I wondered how durable her faith could be in the wake of rumors. I had faith in her, but I know the power of gossip. I know it's wiped out more people and more happy relationships. I didn't want that to happen to us."

The trial, in Gardner's words, "was hell"—until that wonderful moment when the jury filed in and the coroner delivered the verdict: "We find Gardner McKay not to be the father of Gabrielle Frantz."

Gardner was overjoyed, and he wanted to break the good news to Dolores immediately. "The first thing I did when I got home was to place a call to her in New York," he says. "Then I thought I'd celebrate by taking a bath. The call got through to her while I was in the tub. I told her the news; she was delighted... delighted... All my conversations with her had meant a great deal to me. They'd keep me going. She had loyalty... great loyalty."

Dolores flew out to Hollywood to be by his side. This was her demonstration to the world—her answer to everyone who had sniped and kicked at Gardner when he was down—that she'd believed in him before and still believed in him now.

They went dancing at the Beverly Hilton's Star on the Roof. They went driving up into the Hollywood hills, accompanied by Gardner's shaggy dog, "Pussycat." They went sailing, took in a few movies, ate dinner at swanky restaurants, grabbed snacks at drive-ins. It was exciting. It was lots of fun.

And then the columnists started writing drivel about them again.

"It makes me so angry," Dolores says. "One of the columnists wrote that I was commuting by plane every weekend to be in California with Gardner. They accused us of having big fights. I asked Gardner, 'Can't you do something about the rumors?' I often reproach him about them, but he just shrugs and says he can't do anything."

It's not only the untruths that columnists print about Gardner and herself that bug Dolores. It's also the rumors they spread that she's trying to "use" him to get publicity.

"Magazines are constantly wanting to do picture stories of the two of us. I don't want to do it," she says. "I know the few times my name appears in print, it is in connection with Gardner McKay. I hate for people to think I'm trying to cash in on his name. I don't need any publicity, and don't want any. I make as much money as Gardner does without having to worry about getting my name in the paper!"

"Don't forget. I've had screen tests before Gardner McKay ever came to Hollywood. I worked very hard to build my career. I didn't have to be associated with any actor to get where I am today. I don't want to be known as Gardner McKay's girlfriend. I can continue to make it on my own."

Dates on the West Coast, dates on the East Coast, six years of close friendship, a relationship that has survived scandal and rumors and gossip—so the question is: Does Dolores Hawkins want to get married?

Dolores says, "Sure, I'd like to get married. All girls want to get married and have children."

So far, so good.

But now the $64 question: When are you going to marry Gardner McKay?

The answer, a blockbuster: "I've always considered Gardner a marvelous, sweet boy, but we've never been anything but good friends," says Dolores. "Our relationship is strictly platonic, and there isn't a chance in the world that I'll marry him!"

"Not a chance in the world?"

"I refuse to marry Gardner McKay for a very simple reason," she replies sweetly. "I don't love him."

"But what about Gardner? What about—?"

Dolores interrupts and answers our question before we even finish it: "And what's more, Gardner doesn't love me!"

That does it. End of an interview. Never argue with a woman, especially one who genuinely seems to believe that what she says is really what she feels.

But there's something else to be considered. Something that her words or her words cannot wipe away. A magical electricity that sparked between them the first time they met, and which flares up again each time they get together.

Gardner McKay may be foolish to try to pooh-pooh a reaction like that. And Dolores Hawkins, like any woman, can always change her mind.
"I See You With My Heart"

(Continued from page 40)

The "thing" was dope. That same afternoon, the two arresting officers had entered the hotel room where Charles was resting between concerts. Charles was alone, but Sgt. Owen said that he found thirteen capsules which had contained heroin, a jar with three-quarters of a pound of marijuana, a hypodermic needle, an eye dropper and a burner.

The story broke in headlines in many newspapers. But, for those in the know, this was not an isolated case . . . not restricted to the Negro or the contemporary musician. Behind the beat, whether it be Dixie or rock 'n' roll, the music business is fiercely competitive and sometimes destructive. One of the early jazz greats, Bix Beiderbecke, died at twenty-eight of pneumonia—but the real killer had been acute alcoholism. While Billie Holliday lay dying in a New York hospital, police were waiting to arrest her on a narcotics charge—and not for the first time. And there have been many other great jazz men charged with the use of heroin . . . among them. Charlie Parker, Stan Getz, Gene Krupa.

Not all the papers headlined the Ray Charles story. Some passed it over or buried it deep inside their editions. There seemed to be some uncertainty among them as to the importance of Ray Charles. But there is no uncertainty among musicians and millions of record buyers. Ray Charles, although only thirty-one, has been inspiring other singers, literally setting the style in the music market.

His single records are always best-sellers, usually the top hits. His albums are always among the most wanted. Hollywood has come to him with sheaves of thousand-dollar bills to record movie themes. Abroad, he is revered and the New York Times correspondent reported Charles to be the most popular recording artist in France.

It is doubtful that any of this crossed his mind while he waited in the police station at Indianapolis. Sgt. Owen reported that Charles had broken down emotionally, but the detective indicated that Charles had not been a casual user of narcotics. Owen described Ray's needle-pricked arm as "one of the worst I've ever seen." He said that Charles had admitted using drugs since the age of fifteen.

It was at that age Ray Charles went to work as a musician. He had told me about that. Just ten days before the arrest, when we met for an interview in New York. I had been thinking of that interview, wondering if anything in his story there is the answer to a man's need of drugs. . .

Charles was close to an hour late for the meeting. I waited with Milt Shaw, president of Shaw Artists Corporation and booking agent for Ray. Shaw impressed me with the importance of the singer. He told me that Ray had been paid $25,000 for four hours of recording at 20th Century-Fox. That Ray was booked on a college concert schedule with a $5,000-a-night guarantee. And then Shaw said, "I'll tell you something about Ray. He's generous and nice. Now they're all nice when they're starting out, but when they get big"—and he shrugged. "Well, Ray is still the same nice guy."

He talked about Ray's family and noted that Della, Ray's wife, wasn't blind. "They met in Texas. Ray will tell you the story. He likes to talk for himself." That led Shaw to another observation: "Ray is independent. He runs the orchestra himself. He knows the sound he wants and, if there's a bad note, he knows instantly who played it. He does much of his own arranging. He supervises his own taping at a recording session. And I mean right down to the placing of the microphones. He can split a beat on tape with the best audio engineer in the business."

And then Charles came in, a man of medium height with strong, regular features, dressed conservatively, and wearing the dark glasses. Following the edge of the desk, he guided himself to me and shook hands. There was a call to be answered. One hand groped for the telephone—but, once there, his fingers moved quickly and with dexterity. Then he sat down behind the desk. "You want to ask some questions," he said, and smiled.

We started at the beginning, and it was a story of a man who has overcome seemingly impossible handicaps. Ray Charles was born in Albany, Georgia, September 23, 1930. When Ray was six months old, his father, a carpenter, moved the family of three to Greensfield, Florida. "It was a town no bigger than this room," he guessed. A few years later Ray became blind, he said. "Let's look at it right. If you lost your sight as an adult, you would be a total wreck. But I grew up blind and learned to live with it."

As a young child, Ray's vision was normal. At the age of six, he came down with mumps or measles—he doesn't remember exactly what it was. But, for lack of proper medical attention, complications set in. . . and suddenly, for the six-year-old, the world was all darkness.

His parents put him into a school for the blind at St. Augustine and that was where his musical education began. He learned piano and saxophone. It wasn't easy. Music was written in braille. He would memorize the score, then go back to the instrument and learn to play it.

"I guess I ought to tell you what it was like at home then," he said. "The neighbors would all scold my mother because of the way she treated me. She was kind of scorned for the things she made a blind boy do." She made him wash clothes, scrub, make up beds, iron, even cook.

"Anything that was normal to do, she put me to do," he explained. "She would tell the neighbors, 'One of these days, I won't be with him to help him.' She would
tell me, ‘You lost your sight, son, but you haven’t lost your mind.’ She taught me independence. She didn’t let me pity myself.”

At school, he got a solid foundation in music. The accent was on classical compositions, but Ray listened to popular music on radio. “Sometimes I would put aside my lessons and play for my comfort, my own joy. I’d put the braille aside and try some boogie-woogie or something I’d heard nie Cole do.”

With the natural love of music came the desire to be a musician. It made sense to Ray, but not to others. “The kids called me ‘Roc’ for my initials. They would say, ‘Roc, you’re supposed to learn to make brooms, mops and chairs. You can’t sing and play the piano. Why don’t you just make up your mind to do what other blind kids do?’”

Ray recalled, “I would go off and cry, but I came back more determined than ever. Partly because of my mother. I trusted her. She kept telling me that, if you had a strong enough belief, you could accomplish anything.”

At fifteen, Ray Charles lost his mother and then, within the same year, his father. He was alone, with no relatives. “I went out looking for work as a musician. The first band I got into, there was a regular pianist but they would let me sit in near the end of the night.”

He worked when he could as a pianist or saxophonist. “Of course, no one had braille arrangements. I would get one of the guys to read off the music and I would write it down in braille, then go back to my room and memorize it. It was a lot of work, but it strengthened my memory, taught me to remember.”

Living wasn’t easy. He got seven or eight dollars a night—and it was a “helluva good week” if he worked two nights. “The strange thing is that people can learn to live with less. When I had parents, there was all I wanted to eat. But I learned that man can go from day to day to day on a can of sardines and a few crackers. You just have to remember that can until you really need it.”

He began to be recognized as a good musician—but somewhat in that early period—at fifteen, according to the statement given out by the Indianapolis police—Charles had his first taste of heroin.

At that age, a boy is still a child and most fifteen-year-olds live in a home, enjoying the security of the family, being helped and prepared for adult life. Had anyone warned him about drugs? It seems unlikely—when, even today, few schools educate youngsters about the dangers.

The first exposure to narcotics could be very innocent. A fellow musician says, "Roc, smoke this. It’ll make you play better.” Could a fifteen-year-old say no when he didn’t know about “the hook”—the habit—possibly even had no idea of what he was taking?

At seventeen, Ray decided to do something on his own and organized his first trio. “I admired Charles Brown and Nat Cole. I imitated them. We began to travel and got as far as Seattle, Washington. There they won a job on a television station, and the trio was the first Negro act to be sponsored in the Northwest.

But then Ray began to have mixed feelings about his music. He wanted to develop a style of his own and he gave it much thought. "It seemed to me a person must play from deep within himself. You do that, and you don’t have to worry about originality—because then you are doing what no other man can do, and that is being yourself. They call my music ‘soulful’ and that’s what I think it is. I sing from the soul.

Many music critics have spoken of the spiritual feeling in his style. Some have written that he got his early training in spirituals. ‘That’s not at all true,’ he told me. ‘I never sang in choirs. I didn’t have time. I was too busy trying to make a dollar to eat. But I’m basically a very religious man and love gospel music and, if you love something, it’s bound to rub off.”

His wife Della was singing in a gospel group in Houston, Texas, when he met her. He speaks of her and his family with feeling. Their home is in Los Angeles and he has three sons, the eldest six years. "I’ve got very definite ideas on how children should be raised," he said. "I’m of the old school and believe they should at all times be respectful. But, most important, I believe the best thing for kids is their parents. We have no maid to help out with the boys, although Della might get a baby-sitter once in a while. She never goes on the road with me, for I think no outsider—not even an aunt or grandmother—can take the place of a parent.”

His blindness hadn’t followed his relationship with his kids. "They like to go to the beach or have a picnic. I like that, too." His hobby at home is working with his intricate audio equipment and he handles the complicated switches and knobs and buttons himself. And he listens to music, all kinds. "I love to hear certain operas, and I’m only sorry that they aren’t in English so that I could get fuller enjoyment from them.”

He has had memorable experiences. The first night he played in Carnegie Hall, he brought down the house. He got a sensational welcome at the Hollywood Palladium recently. He remembers Paris with love. "It was almost too much in France. We were scheduled to do only four concerts, but so many turned out that we had to do two more.”

He talked about what his career is like these days, behind the ovaions and burraks. “It never gets easier. It’s a struggle when you’re trying to get to the top. And with me it wasn’t overnight. It was step by step, all the way. And when you get up there, you’ve got to work even harder to maintain the position. There’s always someone else trying to knock you over. I don’t regret that part of it. There’s always room for improvement in a man. Competition keeps a man from getting lazy.”
Ray has refused to compromise the inner feeling about what his music should be. Recently, a movie company gave him a song and offered him $15,000 to record it on a movie track. Ray took the song home—and, the next day returned the music with his apology: "I'm afraid that's what happened. I worked on that song all night. I tried it every different way—as blues, a tango, a waltz, everything—but I couldn't get any feeling out of it. And, believe me, it didn't make me happy to turn down fifteen grand! I'm just not in the position to turn down that kind of money."

He has a reputation for demanding the best from his band—in fact, of being tough. Though his sidemen, without exception, are loyal. Yet, away from the bandstand, he is soft-spoken. At no time during our interview was there the slightest trace of self-pity when he spoke of handicaps and hardships. Evident was the dignity instilled by his mother... pride in music... purposeful integrity. There was no sign of weakness in the man.

So how do you account for narcotics in Ray Charles's life? The use of drugs becomes a habit and, as we know, one of the most difficult to shake. The beginning came to Ray when he was fifteen, an orphan, his only hope in life being himself. He was dependent on those around him, the men with eyes who had to put up with him while he learned. It could be that simple.

Many musicians felt deeply for Ray when the Indianapolis arrest became news. Many, many musicians—many of the very best—have never been dope addicts. They were saved, not only for Ray, but because his arrest perpetuates the myth that drug addiction is an occupational disease in the music business, although statistics show otherwise. Government reports indicate that the largest users are juveniles, followed by doctors, nurses, criminals, and even housewives. As a group, musicians are tenth or eleventh.

These figures give Ray Charles little comfort. At press time, he was released in the Indianapolis municipal court on $1,250 bail. The charge of being a common drug addict was dropped, but hearing was set for January 4, 1962, on possession of narcotics and possession of narcotic equipment. If convicted, he could get up to fifteen years in prison.

Regardless of the outcome of the trial, Ray Charles, who has overcome blindness and poverty, has yet to overcome the biggest problem of his life. The destructive effects of narcotics on the individual are without parallel. As he himself has said, he sings from the soul... he sees with his heart... and the pain his body has already known has only just begun.

The Most Sinister Villain of All

(Continued from page 48)

most nefarious Gold Dust Twins... suave despite his obesity, Greenstreet dispensed death by the slowest and most painful means... and if you saw Lorre holding his girl's hand, you could be pretty well sure that the rest of her was at home—probably in the oven.

Each of these estimable cutthroats was, at one time or another, called "the man you love to hate." But all of them are simply mischievous boys, compared with Bruce Gordon, as the infamous Frank Nitti on ABC-TV's The Untouchables! As "the enforcer" of the Capone era, Nitti wears a frightening scowl, a tight double-breasted striped suit, and a well-deserved reputation for sadism. His various business interests involve dope trafficking, bootleg whiskey, the proprietorship of speakeasies and bawdy houses.

When he clumps toward his chair at the head of the conference table, his confederates in mayhem are apt to rise instinctively. "Let's keep on the good side of him," they motion to each other furiously. "If he didn't enjoy his breakfast this morning, who knows which one of us is liable to be taken suddenly killed?"

Gordon-Nitti's stock in trade—and no other current heel can come close to approximating it—is The Threat. Using little more than an ominous frown and a rumbling voice he threatens better than any screen blackguard of the past or present.

After all, Al Capone wouldn't pick just anyone to serve as ace lieutenant. As a result, he is the meanest man ever to cross the television screen.

So effective is Gordon's interpretation of unbridled nastiness that a large chunk of the viewing public sees him as Nitti and assumes that Nitti is Gordon. An appreciable amount of his fan mail proves it, and those letters run from blasts to blessings.

There is the group which excoriates him for not keeping better company ("Although you do or order ruthless things, I can tell that your heart's not in it. I'm sure it's all the result of an unhappy childhood, but let me assure you, as one who knows, that it's never too late to change. Rid yourself of your unsavory friends, choose wholesome companions, and the future will take care of itself.").

There is the lunatic fringe which applauds his nine-to-five brutality ("You don't take no lip from nobody") and wants to learn how to become more like him." And then there are the out-and-out mash notes—which bewilder Bruce Gordon most. "Every once in a while," he says, "I receive letters from women who are obviously dementia. They refer to the way I Holler and handle myself in situations, and they end up with some- thing idiotic, like 'I could go for you.' Fortunately, my wife is good-natured!"

(Continued on next page)
It may come as a shattering blow, to at least some of these correspondents, to learn that Bruce Gordon himself is about as savage as Heidi. He used to sing in church choirs, has never laid a glove on his family, and devotes a lot of his free time to caring for and feeding the birds and animals his elder son insists on bringing home.

"I'm appalled, though I suppose I shouldn't be too surprised, that the layman finds it hard to differentiate between the actor and the part he plays," says this extremely genial six-footer. "I'm not talking about the times I go shopping at the market and the guys raise their hands and gat it up with things like, 'All right, Nitti, don't shoot!' That's to be expected and I appreciate the recognition, naturally.

"What never fails to startle me, though, are the questions by people I'm not convinced are altogether kidding. They'll ask, 'How does it feel to handle a Tommy-gun?' Now that's unanswerable, of course. I shouldn't let it bother me. I guess actors have faced that since there've been actors."

The 185-pound, hazel-eyed, dark-complexioned Gordon is—despite those almost apoplectic fits which Netti pitches on TV—a veteran performer bothered by almost nothing. A bricklayer's son, he was born forty years ago in Fitchburg, Massachusetts, the second of three sons. In search of jobs during the most critical years of the Depression, their father moved them and their mother to New Jersey and eventually to Brooklyn, where Bruce grew up.

"We were poor," he recalls, "but then everyone was poor. The difference between us and some others was that we had all the fun there was to be found, and we never let our spirits sag."

Bruce announced early that he wanted to develop into an opera singer—a decision which infuriated his father perhaps as much as it will perplex those fans who view their Gordon-Nitti as a faultlessly manicured gorilla. The Gordons were working people, and a son who wanted to enter show business was almost as shameful as one who wanted to join Capone's mob. Absolutely no, warned Gordon Senior.

"It was my mother who encouraged me," Bruce confides. "Once I had the bee in my bonnet, it stayed there. I sang in glee clubs and church choirs, usually on week ends while I was in high school. Was I a good singer? Well, let's say I wasn't on my way towards greatness. I knew when to quit. But, by then, I had both feet in show business, and I gravitated toward the theater."

The theater, in the middle 1930s, wasn't wringing its hands desperately for inexperienced actors. Gordon considered himself lucky to land a job as an usher at the legendary Palace Theater in Manhattan. Incorrigibly optimistic, he was positive the breaks would come by an amalgam of ambition, boundless energy, and an ability to be at the right place at the right time.

When he wasn't at work, he read incessantly, taught himself to be indifferent to anything he couldn't afford—including food—and made the casting office rounds with another impoverished hopeful, Eddie Albert. Through the Palace's chief usherette, he met her brother, still another hungry and unemployed actor named Barry Sullivan. It could hardly have occurred to any of these three young men that their reaching stardom was only a short matter of time.

Gordon finally made his debut in the legitimate theater in no less than a Max Reinhardt play. "It was called 'The Eternal Road,' and I was one of one hundred extras. We had eight or nine complete changes of body makeup during every performance. For all that, we earned a munificent $14.85 a week. And we had a ball."

Eventually, he was given speaking parts in considerably less populated plays in New York—until the outbreak of World War II. "After I was shoved out into the cruel world by the Navy," he remembers, grinning, "I was fastidiously unemployed. But I was back in Manhattan. At about that time, I met Jane Farrar, a marvelous singer and actress who'd just returned to town from Hollywood. She'd had an extensive musical education, subsequent to drama study at Northwestern and the Goodman Theater in Chicago. She bought the lunches."

And she married Bruce Gordon. "Now," he adds, "I buy breakfasts, lunches and dinners—not to mention a few other odds and ends."

Except for his Navy hitch, Bruce worked steadily on the stage from 1937 to 1954, happily sandwiching Shakespeare in between appearing opposite Helen Hayes and Katharine Cornell. Soon known as a "pro"—a versatile actor who is a quick study, can take direction easily, and can always be guaranteed to give more than is expected of him—he was a natural for television and became its busiest actor. (In his hundreds of roles on TV dramatic shows prior to The Untouchables, he's been everything from an apologetic milk-toast to a literate and sensitive lover.)

It was while Bruce was acting in a coast-to-coast series called Men Of Prey, filmed in New York, that he came to the attention of the Hollywood caliphs. A long-distance call asked him if he'd like to try California: "That was just about when live television was on its last legs in the East. The offer was good, and I figured I didn't have much to lose, so I said 'Sure.'"

In Hollywood, there were a few movies—The Buccaneer, among them—and a fresh batch of TV jobs. ("I was the gentlest soul on earth in Have Gun—Will Travel and Hotel De Paree, and on the Jane Wyman Theater and plenty more.") Then, less than three years ago, Desilu Productions decided to film a two-part
In the meantime he is, by his own admission, a happy man. The Gordons live in Northridge, California, with their two boys. "Vincent," he says proudly, "is thirteen. He wants to go off alone into the Mato Grosso and study insect life and mammalia. The way the world is going, I hope he makes it. Brian, who's eight, wants to get off for the moon and beyond. The way the world is going, I hope he makes it!"

Their house is built in the French provincial farm-house style which, as he grins, "in Southern California can mean just about anything and usually does. The interior was beautifully done in Early American by my wife. I'm not being careful when I say that. It really is."

Away from the studio, Bruce likes to stay close to home. Asked his outside interests, he reports, "Outside" is very well put. I spend all my free time outside, filling up dog holes and replacing fence boards they knocked loose. We have three French poodles, one Labrador retriever who wandered in about two years ago and won't go near the pool, and one Great Dane puppy who weighs in now at 160 pounds. He's very ferocious looking, but he spends all his free time smelling flowers.

"My other job is to feed and take care of the various small animal and bird life. Vincent is interested in, while he's at school. Right now, there's one broken-winged crow--his name is "Quincy T. Blackbird"--and one ground squirrel and one rat that live in the same cage. Most recently, we've acquired a baby gray squirrel Vincent found at the bottom of a tree. After a month of warm milk and Pablum, it's getting fat and sassy."

As the most striking exemplar of TV violence and as the father of two growing sons who doubtless are as impressionable as all other youngsters, Gordon is not unconscious of the fact that the show on which he appears has come in for its share of criticism. He and Jane are strict parents--they won't permit Brian to view it--and he's convinced that all parents must bear the responsibility of what their children may see on the screen.

He can recall the Saturday afternoons of his own childhood, when he sat in darkened movie houses and watched the Robinsons, Cagney and Rafts display far more intricate violence than is evidenced today. "I don't know that seeing them and what they did made any appreciable difference in the way we grew emotionally," he declares, but he's quick to call that declaration no excuse: "Certainly, discretion should be used. But you just about never hear of juvenile delinquents who were properly brought up by their parents."

Frank Nitti is seldom discussed in the Gordon home. But he can't entirely be avoided: "Not long ago," says Bruce, "my boys came home a little late for dinner and I got tough. They retaliated by asking, 'Do you have to be Frank Nitti at home, too?""
On the Wagon—Off the Wagon?

(Continued from page 25)

Unfortunately, there is a lack of a dramatic proving-ground in America today. Everything having to do with show business is too expensive nowadays for a novice to get the experience that would make him possible to develop. I, along came Wagon Train when I needed it most. A series demands an actor’s exertion every three weeks; it provides opportunity for him to try different techniques, and it subjects him to pressures.

One of the pressures (of which Bob no longer speaks) was the antagonism of the late Ward Bond. People who worked in the series say that differences of opinion between the two men were inevitable. Bond was primarily a foot- ball player who had drifted into the bare-knuckle school of one-dimensional characterization. He was a great guy, but his approach to acting was physical and had only profane disdain for a player who approached a role with of cerebral antecedents. What is my notion for this sequence? or What new dimension of character is explored in this sequence? Bond was as uncomplicated as a boxing glove; Horton is as complex as an intercontinental ballistic missile.

Bob says, “I began to believe that I had realized the greatest potential of the McCullough character during the second week of Wagon Train’s second year—that’s quite a while ago. During that week and the next, through eight or ten segments, I had a chance to play melodrama—I was about one-third of a stunt man in one chapter... fights, flights by night, really rough work... I had a chance to do a comedy show, a suspense bit, and a sensitive segment in which Bob McCullough established communication with a little girl, treating her as a person, not as a small, poorly-trained animal. ...”

“If the first year’s segments could be shown in anthology, followed by the fifth year’s chapters, I think the contrast would demonstrate that I have matured as a human being, and that the character of Bob McCullough matured as we went along. Neither of us is the same man he was in the beginning.”

Bob’s serious approach to any job is indicated by the work he did on that first year’s segments. He discovered that each chapter, written by a different author with a different slant on the personality of Bob McCullough, portrayed the scout in a new way. For cohesion’s sake, Bob invented a background setting and character structure for Bob McCullough, in a manner which has since guided writers for the series. Not every writer was grateful for the help; there was some grumbling, but Bob was not a man who gives up when he knows he’s right.

Apparently there was some dissonance on Wagon Train because Bob re- fused to allow Flint McCullough to “become a costume.” The TV industry is blood brother of film manufacturing, and both branches of the family go for gimmicks. The striped vest, the hog’s leg firearm, the white hat for good guys and the black horse for varmints, the ruffled shirt and the swallow-tail coat—all have been employed to “establish” a character.

An exception was McCullough. Bob played him as an individual who modified his garb with the season and the weather; he wore a slicker in the rain, a sheepskin-lined leather jacket during a snowstorm; he wore chaps when the trail led through deep undergrowth, and he wore levis when Wagon Train moved across the prairie.

The result of Bob’s sticking to the concept of an actor playing a part (rather than a costume indicating character) has been that “people, having seen me each week—but not forever the same—have wanted to see me function in other areas. Still, I have never capitalized on Wagon Train. For instance, when I appeared as Sky Master- son in a 1959 summer production of ‘Guys and Dolls,’ I was billed as Robert Horton and no mention was made of my TV role. The same is true of my summer 1960 appearance in ‘Briga- doon.’”

When Hollywood people, landlocked before TV sets, heard about Bob’s suc- cess in “Guys and Dolls” and “Briga- doon,” they asked, “What’s Horton, an ace oater, doing with the song-and- dance bit?” Actually, it was all part of getting off the Wagon. Bob had started vocal training when the series was less than a year old. He says, “I’ve never wanted to be a ‘safe’ actor. Many people are content to continue the thing that brought success. They are unwilling to change their style, try something new, extend themselves in an unexplored direction.

“Sure—I’ll admit that testing a new boundary is like giving birth. You have to expect to suffer the pains and anxieties of any genesis. However, once you’ve gone through the range of production, you feel that you must find when her child is placed in her arms.” And he adds, “To be afraid of failing is human and natural; to be afraid to try—even though you realize that you may fail—is the greatest pos- sible sin against oneself.”

Carping critics might say it’s just dandy for the perennially successful to spout philosophy, but that would be an injustice to Bob. He is no stranger to falling on his face. In 1960, he returned to England for his second singing tour. His 1959 personal appearance had been received with laudatory notices; how-
ever, in 1960, he caught cold during a week's layover in New York, and was unable to rehearse. His Atlantic crossing was storm-tossed, and the plane was so late in landing that he had to go directly from airport to theater.

As he says, “You can’t stand up in front of an audience and explain, ‘I’m sorry, but I’ve had a cold for a week. Also I’m tired, so I’ll appreciate your making allowances.’” Instead, he sang “Time After Time,” “Just In Time,” and “So In Love,” to the best of his ability, circumstances considered.

The press ignored the circumstances and treated Mr. Horton to a royal grilling. Doggedly, Bob continued his tour. He conquered his cold, sharpened his technique, and gradually won his audiences. By the time he reached Liverpool, he was sending home rave notices.

He wrote to Marilyn Bradley (whom he married on December 31, 1960): “I have learned a useful term from my business manager: quod pro quo. It means giving a fair return for a fair output. In my case, exchanging entertainment for the time and money of an audience. I take this obligation very seriously.”

How will this quod pro quo idea be solidified in action?

Bob was offered the starring role in each of two different Broadway-bound musicals before he finished the final segment of his Wagon Train stint. He intends to accept whichever role offers the greatest challenge. He says, “I want to become as much a fixture on Broadway, in the musical theater, as I have become a fixture in television.”

Everyone who knows him well believes that Bob, having unhitched his star from the Wagon, is about to lasso a rocket to the moon.

We’ll keep you posted.

“Kiss Me Sexy! Kiss Me Sexy!”

(Continued from page 21)

worked in a logging camp in Oregon for a year. While he was in service, based for a time at Fort Ord, he used a three-day pass to make a flying trip to Seattle to visit relatives. On the way home through a stormy Sunday night, Clint and the Navy patrol-plane pilot rode the aircraft into the sea; Clint—who had been teaching a course in survival techniques—took an involuntary postgraduate course. He swam four miles to shore.

During this same general period, Clint was making good use of his free time by working in a nearby tavern... as a bouncer. He had little trouble, because—like Gable, Tracy, and Stewart—he was as popular with members of his own sex as he was with the gals. I've always been lucky,” he shrugs, “always had a lot of friends. And, if Will Rogers will excuse me, I've never met a girl I didn't like.”

This geniality might have had no particular result, except total acceptance within his own small circle, if Clint had taken up life as a businessman in some middling-sized U.S. city. That it was Clint's destiny to become famous, to be recognizable almost anywhere in America and around the globe, has resulted in some fascinating problems.

People who traveled with Clint on his personal appearance junkets last summer say that, by the time he returned to California, Clint was baffled, flattered, and “shook.” Pleased, you understand—but perplexed... and wary.

It started as he walked through a hotel lobby the first evening of the trip. A crush of teenagers had assembled spontaneously, upon hearing that Clint Eastwood was to appear on a local deejay show. As Clint made his way along the living corridor, hands reached out to stroke him. They caressed his shoulders, his muscular back, his biceps, his hair.

Once in the car, Clint turned to one of his companions and blurted, “Now I know how a Collie pup feels at a Sunday-school picnic.” His companion grinned wickedly and cracked. “More like a stallion at a horse show. Whoa, boy.”

The next morning, as Clint was having breakfast in the hotel dining room, a dimpled, brown-eyed waitress passed Clint a note. It supplied her name and address and continued, “Will you please send me an autographed photograph? I'd like the picture to show a front shot of you in bathing trunks just after you've been swimming. And I'd rather have a color picture instead of black and white.”

When the Rancho troupe went on location last fall, the unit manager chose an area which has remained largely unchanged from the 1870s. A ghost town, still in excellent repair, is conveniently situated among rocks and crags... however, a short distance away, there is a thriving settlement with an excellent motel, bar, bowling alley, supermarket.

The bartender told Clint: “Civilization? Sure, we've got it to a degree, but look out for the women in this town. We ought to name this place Frantic City. F'rentise, the redhot at the end of the bar wants you to drink a drink.”

“She wants to buy me a drink?” Clint echoed. “Thanks, but I'll buy mine and one for her—if she'll stay at her end of the bar. I've been on horseback all day and I'm too tired to talk.”

Conversation may not have been primarily on the mind of the lady who lifted her glass in salute to Clint... but she must have been the only silent type in town. Clint went to his cottage at 9:30 p.m. At 9:31 p.m., the telephone rang. Clint's roommate (one of the technicians for Rancho) answered. Cooed a dulcit voice: "Clint, you don't know me, but I'm a devoted fan of yours. I thought you..."
might be lonesome, so I called to invite you to come up to my house for cake and coffee.”

“This isn’t Clint. I don’t know where he is. Will I do instead?” asked the technician, eager to be helpful. Slam! went the telephone. Sometimes a Good Samaritan is not appreciated.

From that moment until after midnight, the telephone rang every five or ten minutes. The technician told Clint the next morning, “I didn’t do myself a bit of good—and there you lay, sleeping as if the telephone had never been invented!”

At the end of the week, location shooting completed, Clint decided to make a quick trip to San Francisco to join his wife Maggie and visit Maggie’s parents. As he strode through International Airport, looking around for the blonde and beautiful girl of his dreams, Clint realized that he was not alone. A statuesque doll was keeping step with him. When she slowed his pace, she slowed hers; when he speeded to a near-sprint, she matched his stride.

So he stopped. She stopped, turning to face him. “I’ve been pretending that we’re married,” she said. “I’m five feet, ten inches tall in flats, so it’s almost impossible for me to find a guy who makes me feel slight and feminine, but you do. And how you do. You’re the perfect sex symbol. Are you and your wife getting along okay, or is there a chance for me?”

From a distance of thirty feet they came a joyous cry: “Clint!”

“Maggie!” yelled Clint, taking his wife into his arms—and adding, “I’ve never been so happy to see anybody in my life.”

Neither of the Eastwoods was much surprised, a few days later, to read a line in one of the movie columns to the effect that “a northern informant says that Clint and Maggie Eastwood are breaking up. Not even in Hollywood is a good man safe. Clint and Maggie had a ball at a big party, one evening, but were a little amazed to read subsequent reports of the gala. One account said that Clint and a celebrated glamour girl had “danced every dance together and had eyes for no one else.” As Clint remarked to Maggie, “Dancing every dance would have been a good idea—except that we’ve been working twelve hours a day for the past two weeks, and you couldn’t coax me off that sofa.”

Maggie merely grinned. She knows her lad. She is convinced that—in addition to the obvious sex appeal which comes off the picture tube—there is a paramount quality in the Eastwood makeup which gives him his terrific impact: Integrity. A word one doesn’t hear often these days. A rare and wonderful word which stands beside that other bulwark word, love, to give a wife a sense of security.

And a good thing, too . . . because, the other day, Clint made a personal appearance at the opening of a new shoe store in a city which shall remain nameless. In the midst of a brief program, there came an interruption. She was about sixteen with a gorgeous head of curly brown hair, eyelashes to shame a Jersey cow, and a most remarkable profile all the way down. Hurling herself at Clint, she pressed against his chest and encircled his body with strong young arms. Tipping back her head, she begged, “Kiss me sexy! Please—kiss me sexy, Clint!”

Clint looked around wildly, calling to an associate, “Come take her away from me.” As the girl was disentangled, Clint proved himself to be the Western-type Beau Brummel expected by his fans. To save face for the girl, he said, “You see, lady, my will power is weak.”

He added to an associate, as he retreated to the dressing room: “And if anybody wants me, just say I went thataway!”

There’ll Be Some Changes Made

(Continued from page 58)

Washington’s Birthday of that year, Sara Karr, feminine lead of The Edge Of Night, breathed her last right on camera. She was run down by an automobile while saving her baby daughter.

The network’s switchboards across the country were tied up for hours with calls from bewildered, unbelieving and outraged viewers. The mail was unprecedented in both tone and volume. Teal Ames, who had played Sara from the show’s beginning on April 7, 1956, simply “wanted out” and had given notice some months before.

“We just couldn’t stick a new face in there and call her Sara,” the producer explained. “Teal was too closely identified with the part. It was different in radio—an actress only had to sound like her predecessor. We couldn’t have Sara go off somewhere to visit and leave her family. That was out of character for the kind of wife she was. So we did what we had to.” But nothing like it had happened before, in full sight of an estimated ten million viewers. It made daytime serial history.

Incidentally, Teal Ames has left acting, at least for now, and is on the West Coast with a group of people interested in a new philosophy of living. “Teal cares more about soul development than fame,” one of her closest friends has commented.

When—eight months later, on October 10—Mike Karr departed the same show, because John Larkin who played him sought greener fields in Hollywood, the effect was anti-climactic. John’s leaving should have blown up a much greater storm than Teal’s. The Edge Of Night, unlike other serials, is the kind of action drama which puts the main emphasis on the male lead, and both men and women
thought he was just great. But the show had learned its lesson. Karr departed for the state capital to assist with the Governor’s crime commission, and there was a last lovely scene when Mike and his two-year-old Laurie Ann (played by Lar-kin’s real daughter, Victoria) said goodbye to the family for a while. The way was thus left open for Mike to return any day—as indeed he may.

One discerning viewer, noting that Lar-kin was in the show less and less during last fall, asked us pointblank if he “was going to do a Tead” and leave.” Proving that the real fans of the serials grow alert to the small signs of big events to come.

Impending cast changes are usually “top secret,” known only to those who must be told. There was a leading male actor who had become so independent that the producers worried. What if he walked off one day and left them without a hero? They searched for a “younger brother” type with the same appeal to feminine viewers—and succeeded admirably. The new man was gradually built up, not as a threat to the older actor, but as “an ace in the hole” for the guardians of the show’s popularity.

A young actress in a pivotal part on another serial was warned for six months that she should lose weight. In real life, she was described admiringly as “well-stacked,” but the ten pounds that TV cameras add seemed even more on her. She didn’t—she could’t—make it. And now a slimmer girl plays her part.

Sometimes it’s something as prosaic as “contract trouble” which puts a new face up there on your set where a familiar old one has greeted you. Failing to come to terms at renewal time made Rod Hendrickson withdraw, last summer, as the beloved newspaper editor, Ben Fraser, in From These Roots. And his departure seems now a prophetic piece of bad luck, since the series itself was removed from the scene completely on January 2 of this year. (Its replacement: Our Five Daugh ters, about which we’ll be telling you in a later story.)

Sometimes changes come about because of love and marriage. When Wendry Drew met the man of her dreams, married, and left the role of Ellen in As The World Turns, Patricia Bruder was carefully selected. In the script, Ellen went on a trip for a short time. However, Patsy looks quite a bit like Wendy, and the fans now gladly accept the new Ellen.

Sometimes an actor leaves a show, and wants to come back. Lynn Loring, who created the role of Patti on Search For Tomorrow when she was nine—and then grew up with the part—decided to leave, last summer, at eighteen. She still loved the role and the show, but there was the kind of offer from Hollywood no young actress could turn down.

She flew out from New York to do the usual hair and wardrobe tests. Result: Diminutive Lynn, with the serenely lovely face, was found to photograph far too young for the romantic lead she was supposed to play in a Disney feature film. “I looked fourteen,” she wailed. Lynn will no doubt be playing Patti again.

On The Secret Storm, fans may often wonder about Halla Stoddard, who has had a long run as Pauline Fuller. Halla’s part has been written out for some time now, because of her dual activities as a producer and actress. She is half of the production team for Noel Coward’s current Broadway hit musical, “Sail Away,” and always has another finish in some Broadway or off-Broadway show.

Actors are often written out temporarily, during stage rehearsals and road tours preliminary to the Broadway opening—written in again as their time permits, when the show gets going—or welcomed back into the fold when the show flops. Sometimes the Going gets rather rough. When William Prince began the part of Dr. Jerry Malone in Young Dr. Malone, he was in the midst of the tryout tour of the Broadway play, “The Third Best Sport,” opposite Celeste Holm. His life was a series of quick trips to New York to rehearse the TV show, and back to Washington—and later, Philadelphia—to carry out his stage commitment.

There was another notable innovation in recent months in the serials, The Brighter Day, formerly done live from New York, moved bag-and-baggage to Hollywood, where it is now taped. Many cast members were asked to accompany the show out West, Blair Davies and Mona Bruns, playing Rev. Richard Dennis and his sister. Aunt Emily, were two key people who went along. But some performers had other commitments in and around New York, and some were loathe to leave the East for personal reasons.

Nancy Malone, who had played Babbie for some time, was one who didn’t make the trip. She appears regularly in the New York-based Naked City, likes to stay near Broadway. She soon found herself happily ensconced as Robin in The Guiding Light, a part filled at various times by various other actresses. Now it has been expanded for Nancy and. if she stays in it long enough, it may be another one of those roles where it becomes harder and harder to “stick in a new face.”

When Audrey Peters took over from Bonnie Bartlett as Vanessa in Love Of Life, it just happened to be Vanessa’s wedding day. Ron Tomme, who plays Bruce Sterling, found himself engaged to one girl on Friday and marrying another one on Monday! Sometime later, Lee Lawson took over the part of Sterling’s daughter Barbara from Nina Reader, with hardly a hitch in the proceedings.

Because, as every devoted viewer knows, performers may come and go. Characters disappear and reappear. Sometimes with the same face, sometimes not at all the same. But the stories go on and on. As a famous dramatist once wisely said—”The play’s the thing.”

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Doctors warn picking or scratching at warts may cause bleeding, infection, spreading. Now, science has developed an amazing compound that penetrates into warts, destroys their cells, actually melts warts away without cutting or burning.

Its name is Compound W®. Painless, colorless Compound W used as directed removes common warts safely, effectively, leaves no ugly scars.
A Bonus for Lady Sports Fans

(Continued from page 44)

he entered the field of radio and television.

As a matter of fact, Palmer—who is now seen and heard each Saturday afternoon on NBC’s on-the-spot telecast of National Basketball Association games, plus other network sports specials—actually had his start in Hollywood.

He was born there, the son of Maurice “Lefty” Flynn, an All-America football player at Yale who became a silent-movie star. “Most of my dad’s pictures were Westerns,” says Palmer. “He’d have been a sensation on television.”

It was in Hollywood that Bud became interested in basketball. “I was about six years old, and there was a backboard in the public school yard. It was only natural that I would start throwing the ball around.”

When he was nine, Bud’s mother Blanche—who now lives in Princeton, New Jersey—took him and his sister Barbara to Europe for four years. “I went to school in Switzerland, and forgot all about basketball. My sports interests there were in skiing, soccer, hockey and rowing. Some of the knowledge I gained then, about these sports, is paying off for me in a big way now when I do my sports specials.”

Palmer returned to the U.S. when he was fourteen and entered Phillips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire. “It was there that I became a man,” he laughs. “When I entered Exeter, I was five-feet-three and weighed 103 pounds. When I left, four years later, I was six-feet-four and weighed 184.”

The next stop was Princeton University, where Palmer was an All-American in three sports—basketball, lacrosse and soccer—and was voted the best athlete in his class. “While I was at Princeton, I planned on eventually entering the diplomatic service. Becoming a television announcer or even a professional athlete was something I had never even considered.”

After graduation, he entered the Naval Air Corps, and was discharged in early 1946 as a Lieutenant, Junior Grade. “Although I became a pilot,” says Bud, “most of my Naval career was spent on the basketball court. This wasn’t necessarily by choice—the Navy has a way of telling you what to do.”

“I remember one day when 500 of us reported to the Chapel Hill, North Carolina Pre-Flight School at 5:30 in the morning. There was the usual formation, then ten of us were told to remain behind when the others were dismissed. We were ordered to report to the gymnasium, where we scrimmaged all day and played our first game as ‘the Chapel Hill team’ that night.”

Shortly after his discharge, Bud attended a National Basketball Association game at Madison Square Garden. “As I sat there,” he recalls, “it suddenly dawned on me that the players I was watching were fellows I played with or against in the Ivy League or in the Navy.”

“The next day, I went to see Ned Irish, the boss-man of the New York Knickerbockers, and told him I’d like to play pro ball. Ned phoned Joe Lapchick, the coach at St. John’s, who remembered me from my Princeton days and recommended me. Mr. Irish offered me a contract.” Palmer joined the Knicks for the 1946-47 season and remained with them for three years, captaining the team for the last two.

“When I was playing pro basketball,” he says, “I began to think about the future and what I wanted to do in life. I thought some of becoming a coach, but I changed my mind when I saw what was happening to Joe Lapchick, who left St. John’s and was coaching the Knicks. Joe went through murder on the bench. His health suffered. He began trying to read newspapers in the dark. I didn’t want that to happen to me.

“During my last season with the Knicks, I cut into television indirectly. I began selling films—old movies—to TV stations in the various cities we visited. They were horrible movies. Twenty-five of them were Westerns which could have been cut up and made into forty-five films without anyone knowing the difference.”

Following the 1948-49 basketball season, Bud made his debut as a TV performer. “I was a big man on daytime kiddie shows in New York,” he grins. “I appeared regularly on two programs—Kids A.C. and Gobo’s Circus. On the latter show, I was ‘Palmo the Magician.’ There are still people who remember that show and call me ‘Palmo.’ I was the world’s worst magician. I couldn’t even fool the kids in the studio audience!”

His sports-announcing career began in 1949, when he joined Marty Glickman in broadcasting the Knickerbocker games on radio Station WMGM in New York. In the years since then, he has been one of radio- TV’s busiest sportscasters and has telecast a wider variety of sports than any other network announcer.

“It’s a challenge,” says Bud, “when I’m assigned to televise a sport few people know anything about—the lesser-known sports, such as tennis, rodeos, ice skating, rowing. There is no precedent to follow. You make your own rules. It’s not like baseball, football or basketball, where camera techniques have been perfected.”

Palmer considers radio to be more difficult for a sports announcer than television. “Of course,” he admits, “you can get away with more on radio than you can on TV, where the audience can see for itself what is going on. I’ve learned that you can never get into trouble on TV by talking too little. When in doubt, I keep my big mouth shut. On the other hand, on radio you have to talk constantly.”

Bud admits that he has had a lot of breaks, but points out that, when they came along, he was ready for them. “That’s the secret of success in any business. You can’t sit home and wait for a break to happen. You have to go out and look for it.”

“When an opening came along, several years ago, for someone to broadcast the play-by-play of the Rangers’ hockey games here in New York, I went to see Ned Irish again and asked for the job. He said, ‘But, Bud, you’ve never had any experience broadcasting hockey.’ I told him that, if he gave me the job, I’d be ready.”

“During the training season that year, I spent six weeks in Canada, at my own expense, learning everything I could about hockey and doing the play-by-play on a tape recorder. When the season started, I wasn’t doing my first game. I’d already done about fifty on the tape. That’s what I mean about making your own breaks, and being ready for them.”

He considers the United States—U.S.S.R. hockey game in the 1960 Olympics his greatest thrill as an announcer. “It was the first time the U.S. ever won an Olympic Gold Medal in hockey,” Bud notes. “And the natural rivalry between the U.S. and Russia built up a tension so thick you could have cut it with a knife.”

His most embarrassing moment on TV came at the start of an NBC bowling show—when he introduced himself by saying, “Hi, everybody, I’m Tom Hennesey!” As he explains, “Hennesey was a bowler on the program—I don’t understand why I used his name as mine. It just came out. It broke me up and I laughed all during the show.”

Bud and his wife Daisy—who met him on a blind date—share an enthusiasm for sports, are active participants in tennis, golf, water skiing and skin diving. They live in an attractive Park Avenue duplex with their two daughters Betty, 11, and Gene, 2, and son John, 4.

But, while the children do watch Bud on TV, he’s not their favorite performer. “My daughter Gene prefers Popeye. And John frequently tells me, ‘I like to watch you, Dad, but I like Yogi Bear better!’”

Nevertheless, Bud foresees a tremendous future for sports on television. “TV has come a long way, but there is still lots of room for improvement, especially in respect to human interest. The visual impression on TV is much stronger than the audio impression. People would rather see it than have you talk about it.”

“I’ve heard lecturers talk for two hours about a subject—and gained less than from seeing a five-minute film on the same subject. That’s something we have to remember in television. We should let the cameras do the work. That’s what television is all about.”

And when the cameras are on Bud Palmer, himself, even the least sports-minded ladies have something to cheer about!
There’s a new twist in the music business now, as almost everybody knows. The phenomenal success of the new dance fad (among the more athletic members of society) has brought renewed interest from adults in single (or 45 RPM records)—and perhaps greater understanding of today’s popular music. Most important, the new twisters are finding that this so-called “teen-age” music is fun!

Record companies are diligently trying to supply the demand for twist music. In fact, nearly every pop record that includes drums, guitar and saxophone is called a twist. The original and best-selling twist is the Chubby Checker version on Parkway, which is combined with his other twist singles in an LP called “Your Twistin’ Party” (Parkway 7007). Chubby is undoubtedly the hottest property around right now. (See him demonstrating the Twist on page 36.) And he stands to profit mightily from the happy accident that gave impetus to the Twist craze.

Another artist whose future is secure is Joey Dee, who happened to be on the spot at New York’s Peppermint Lounge when Society paid its visit. Roulette outbid the other record firms for his services and immediately released “Doin’ the Twist at the Peppermint Lounge” (Roulette 25166).

As soon as publicity on the Twist broke in national magazines, record company executives rushed about with contracts and pen in hand, looking for any artists remotely connected with the Peppermint Lounge. Scepter Records discovered they had had Joey Dee under contract for a while, so they immediately rushed into production an LP of material previously recorded, titling it “Joey Dee and the Peppermint Twisters” (Scepter 503).

Other Twist LP’s rushed onto the scene include “Do the Twist With Ray Charles” (Atlantic 8054), “It’s Twistin’ Time,” (Capitol 1578) with George Hudson and the Kings of Twist, “Twist With the Ventures” (Dolton 1010), “Arthur Murray’s Music for Dancing the Twist” (RCA Victor LPM 2492), “Society Dances the Twist,” Lester Lainin and His Orchestra (Epic 3825).

Both principals in the Twist rage, Chubby Checker and Joey Dee, are working on motion pictures featuring the Twist. Paramount has just released “Hey, Let’s Twist,” starring Joey Dee and the Starlites, which will tell the story of the Peppermint Lounge and the start of the Twist craze. Chubby is now in London filming “It’s Trad, Dad,” a British-American release marking his film debut.

Single records with twist in the title keep coming in a never-ending flow. Probably the most far-fetched tie-in is Elvis’ new “Rock-A-Hula Baby,” which Victor is calling a “Twist Special.” Few others of the 50 or more released so far seem to have a chance. And what ever happened to Hank Ballard, who merely wrote the original Twist and first released it? Well, at least he’ll get royalties.
Broadway Shows on Record

- How to succeed in business without really trying? Simple. Any record industry tycoon worth his secretary's typewriter knows the answer, and so does his secretary. Record a Broadway hit.

These sentiments come direct from the publicity department of RCA Victor which—as the largest company in the record business—should know. Further qualification: Producer of Broadway's new smash musical comedy, "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying."

Of course, it would be unfair to say there's no effort involved in recording a Broadway hit. First off, you've got to find a Broadway hit, then make sure you've got the right to record it. The major record companies have found they have a better chance of getting recording rights if they happen to have money invested in the show. Victor, Columbia, Capitol and a few others have been doing just that.

Columbia's $300,000 investment in "My Fair Lady" brought the biggest returns ever. Victor has the feeling that its "How to Succeed..." could be just as big. Columbia's "Kean," starring Alfred Drake, is forecast as another blockbuster. Capitol's big entry this season is Noel Coward's "Sail Away," starring Elaine Stritch.

Here's a rundown of the new Broadway show albums most likely to succeed: "How to Succeed In Business Without Really Trying" (RCA Victor LOC-1066)—Far and away the biggest hit this season, this riotous satire of big business, starring Robert Morse and Rudy Vallee, has a sparkling score by Frank Loesser and a wondrously funny script, due mostly to Broadway’s famed show doctor, Abe Burrows. The show is based on Shepherd Mead’s book of advice for lazy junior executives. The most enduring tune in the show: "The Company Way."

"Sail Away" (Capitol WAO 1643)—Noel Coward’s attempt at an American musical comedy may be entertaining theater but is not enthralling music. Star Elaine Stritch does the one standout number in this satire on traveling Americans: "Why Do the Wrong People Travel?"

"Kean" (Columbia KOL 5720/stereo KOS 2120)—Alfred Drake has a magnificent romp in this lavish production that recounts the adventures of a swashbuckling Shakespearean actor. Some critics believe it has a "My Fair Lady" success potential. The tuneful score includes at least one show-stopper: "The Fog and the Grog."

"Milk and Honey" (RCA Victor LOC 1065)—The sure voices of Robert Weede and Mimi Benzell make this one of the major musicals of the season, and Molly Picon is charming as a husband-seekng widow. She stops the show with "Hymn to Hymie." Most memorable tune: "Milk and Honey."

"Let It Ride" (RCA Victor LOC 1064)—George Gobel and Sam Levene starred in this remake of a sturdy plot which, in its first musical version, featured Eddie Cantor as "Mr. Banjo Eyes." It is the hilarious tale of a meek office worker who can miraculously pick the winning horse every time. "Let It Ride" tells the old story with a new musical score by old pros Jay Livingston and Ray Evans. Brightest tune: The title song "Let It Ride." The rousing show-stopper, "Just an Honest Mistake."


In addition, Capitol has released an original cast LP of a show that folded after a brief run. "Kwamina," a musical set in South Africa, starred Sally Ann Howes, with music by veteran composer Richard Adler. Capitol reasons that the show did not fail on Broadway because of the music, "and music is precisely what you get in an original cast LP."

Record dealers say Broadway show albums are among their top sellers. Here are 10 still in great demand:

- Camelot (Columbia KOL 5620), The Sound of Music (Columbia KOL 5450), West Side Story (Columbia OL 5230), Carnival (MGM 3946), South Pacific (Columbia OL 4180), My Fair Lady (Columbia OL 5090), Music Man (Capitol WAO 990), Fiorello (Capitol WAO 1321), Unsinkable Molly Brown (Capitol WAO 1509), and Gypsy (Columbia OL 5420).
THE LISTENING POST

- The success of Judy Garland's Carnegie Hall LP (Capitol BO 1569) has prompted both Decca and MGM to re-release some of her vintage recordings that have been gathering dust in their vaults. These are "The Magic of Judy Garland" (Decca 4199) and "The Judy Garland Story" (MGM 3989). The MGM album includes songs from six of her musicals for Metro. Judyphiles will want both of these albums.

Art Linkletter, the genial host of long-running TV shows featuring party games, now has his first LP for Capitol, titled "Let's Play Games With Art Linkletter" (Capitol 1644). Nine games are on the disc, including a series of "sound" games, where the listener must identify hard-to-recognize everyday noises, famous voices and offbeat sounds.

As if the baker's dozen or more of Mitch Miller Sing-Along LP's were not enough, Columbia has issued two more, this time featuring two of Mitch's lovely soloists, Diana Trask (Columbia 1705) and Leslie Uggams (Columbia 1706). Before you buy your next Sing-Along album, give these two a listen; we think you'll find them as exciting as the regular series.

Or if you prefer, you can be the first in your block with an English Sing-Along LP, as recorded in London by Capitol, titled "An English Music Hall" (Capitol T10273). There's uninhibited fun and gaiety here.

For several years now they've been saying "big bands are coming back," but there was little to back up this statement. But now, Si Zentner's "Up a Lazy River" is high in popularity, the first straight big band arrangement to sell as a single in many years. It was taken from an LP called "Big Band Hits" (Liberty 3197) and released as a single.

It's well known in the trade that successful song writers are also frustrated performers, and this month two top writers came from behind their song sheets and tape recorders to record their own LP's. Barry Mann hit with his second single for ABC-Paramount, "Who Put the Bomp (In the Bomp, Bomp, Bomp)" and it's the title of his new LP (ABC 399), consisting of his own compositions, such as "I Love How You Love Me," "The Way of a Clown," and "Bless You." From Nashville comes the talent of John D. Loudermilk singing his own tunes, including the hit single and LP title, "Language of Love" (RCA Victor LPM 2434). John is the creative spark behind such tunes as "Ebony Eyes," "Stayin' In," and "Sad Movies."

Speaking of country-Western music, it's also given us Jimmy Dean's "Big Bad John," a No. 1 hit, Bobby Edward's "You're the Reason," on Crest, Sue Thompson's "Sad Movies (Make Me Cry)" on Hickory, and Patsy Cline's "Crazy" on Decca. The latest to join this roster is Leroy Van Dyke, whose Mercury recording of "Walk On By" is rapidly moving toward No. 1. Leroy's first LP will be out soon.
UP 'N' COMER:

Bobby Vee

- One of the fast rising young personalities today is Bobby Vee, whose fifth LP, "Take Good Care Of My Baby," (Liberty 3211), has just been released. The LP includes his two-side hit, "Run to Him" and "Walkin' With My Angel."

Eighteen-year-old Bobby (Real name: Bob Velline) was born in North Dakota. Three years ago, he formed a group with his brother Bill and two other boys, Jim Stillman and Bob Korum, calling themselves Bobby Vee and the Shadows. They did not make much progress in their career until tragedy gave them their opportunity. When Buddy Holly and Ritchie Valens were killed in a plane crash, Bobby and the group were asked to fill in. Not long after, they came to the attention of Liberty Records, through Snuff Garrett, one of Liberty's A&R men, who'd been a friend of Buddy Holly.

Garrett heard Bobby's first record, "Suzie Baby," on an unknown label and thought at the time that he sang with the same "feeling" as Holly.

"Devil or Angel," Bobby's first record for Liberty, became the number one disc in the country, closely followed by a second smash hit, "Rubber Ball."

Bobby's now doing a single act, and all his records seem to have that magic ingredient which makes a hit. And young Bobby will need that magic ingredient to help him during the transition from a teen to an adult personality. The ballad "Run To Him" is a step in the right direction.

★Hottest LP! I Remember Tommy, Frank Sinatra (Reprise)—A nostalgia-filled package for Frank's fans, old and new.

On the Record's monthly survey of the hottest new LP's and singles lists those records showing the strongest sales in retail stores, based on reports from manufacturers, distributors, trade publications—including Bill Gavin Record Reports, Billboard Music Week, Cashbox, and Variety.

BEST SELLING NEW LP'S

Blue Hawaii, Elvis Presley (RCA Victor LPM 2426)—The songs from Elvis's movie, sung with his usual enthusiasm,

Behind The Button-Down Mind, Bob Newhart (Warner Bros. 1417) —More "What-if" situations from the comedian in need of an encore (see page 102).

Never On Sunday, Connie Francis (MGM 3965)—Connie sings movie themes with spirit.

Breakfast At Tiffany's, Henry Mancini (RCA Victor 2362)—Music from the hit movie.

West Side Story, Original Cast (Columbia OL 5230), Movie Sound Track (Columbia OL 5670), Stan Kenton (Capitol 1609), Ferrante & Teicher (United Artists 3166). The big hit musical of the season.

The Twist, Chubby Checker (Parkway 7001)—The music to twist your sacroiliac by.

Your Twist Party, Chubby Checker (Parkway 7007)—A collection of all the twists by the king of the Twist himself.

King Of Kings, Movie Sound Track (MGM 1E2)—Inspiring musical score of the Biblical epic.

Milk And Honey, Original Cast (RCA Victor LOC 1065)—A beautiful production starring Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell and Molly Picon.

Mexico, Bob Moore (Monument 4005)—Bright sounds from South of the Border.

Golden Waltzes, Billy Vaughn (Dot 3280)—For those who have yet to discover The Twist.

Doin' The Twist At The Peppermint Lounge, Joey Dee & The Star-liters (Roulette 25166)—Here's the group that created the national stir, twistin' up a storm.

Chubby Checker—Bobby Rydell (Cameo 1013)—Two teen favorites doing bright, up-tempo material that is gassing their fans.

Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie, Ella Fitzgerald (Verve 4053)—Ella swinging effortlessly through standards and jazz themes.

Do The Twist With Ray Charles (Atlantic 8054)—Old favorites, with the Twist beat, in a new collection.

Runaround Sue, Dion (Laurie 2009)—Collection. Dion's most mature effort so far.
★Hottest Single! The Lion Sleeps Tonight, The Tokens (RCA Victor)—Based on the old folk tune "Wimoweh," this version has a captivating sound.

THE HOT SINGLES

Run To Him, Bobby Vee (Liberty)—The magic touch applied to an up-tempo ballad.
Walk On By, Leroy Van Dyke (Mercury)—This top-selling Western hit has wide appeal.
Tonight, Ferrante & Teicher (United Artists)—From the hit Broadway-Hollywood musical.
Happy Birthday, Sweet Sixteen, Neil Sedaka (RCA Victor)—A happy sound for the teens.
When I Fall In Love, The Lettermen (Capitol)—A smooth follow-up to their first hit, "The Way You Look Tonight."
'Til, The Angels (Caprice)—An unusual blend of voices on a recurring hit.
Funny How Time Slips Away, Jimmy Elledge (RCA Victor)—A beautiful ballad sung with warmth and understanding.
Well I Told You, The Chantells (Carlton)—Excellent answer to Ray Charles' recent hit.
The Twist, Chubby Checker (Parkway)—The original and big-selling version.
Moon River, Jerry Butler (Vee Jay), Henry Mancini (RCA Victor)—Two records. From the movie "Breakfast At Tiffany's."
Let There Be Drums, Sandy Nelson (Imperial)—A driving beat and infectious arrangement.
The Peppermint Twist, Joey Dee & The Starliters (Roulette)—National publicity helped this group from the Peppermint Lounge.
There's No Other (Like My Baby), The Crystals (Philles)—This group sounds like the Shirelles.
Rock-Hula Baby, Elvis Presley (RCA Victor)—A twist sound from his movie "Blue Hawaii."

HOT SINGLES CONTENDERS

Just Out Of Reach, Solomon Burke (Atlantic).
Gypsy Woman, The Impressions (ABC).
Up A Lazy River, Si Zentner (Liberty).
When The Boy In Your Arms, Connie Francis (MGM).
If You Gotta Make a Fool of Somebody, James Ray (Caprice).
Turn Around, Look At Me, Glen Campbell (Crest).
Johnny Will, Pat Boone (Dot).
Unchain My Heart, Ray Charles (ABC).
Dear Lady Twist, U.S. Bonds (Legrand).
Hey! Little Girl, Del Shannon (Big Top).
Maria, Roger Williams (Kapp).
Let's Twist Again, Chubby Checker (Parkway).
Revenge, Brook Benton (Mercury).
The Majestic, Dion (Laurie).
Little Altar Boy, Vic Dana (Dolton).

UP 'N' COMERS:
The Lettermen

- Of the three boys that make up the new vocal group, The Lettermen, only Jim Pike is a genuine letterman—he excelled in football at Idaho Falls High School. The others are Robert Engemann, who was a missionary for two years and now is an elder in the Mormon Church, though he's only 26, and Tony Butola, a veteran night club and studio singer, who is proud of being one of the few full-blooded Croatians in the world (Croatia is now a part of Yugoslavia).

The boys' first big record was "The Way You Look Tonight," which introduced their distinctive blending of mellow voice tones. Their new Capitol record, "When I Fall In Love," is also well on its way toward Hitsville.

Before organizing the trio last year, Tony had been a member of other groups dating back to the famed Mitchell Boys Choir. Robert had appeared with Lawrence Welk. And Jim had appeared in the Louis Prima-Keely Smith show at Hollywood's Moulin Rouge.

Bob and Jim met at Brigham Young University in Utah, where they sang with groups appearing locally. A year ago in Los Angeles they met Tony and decided to try their luck together. Tony had already had some success with a group he organized in 1957, the Fourmost, with which Connie Stevens got her start.

Tony, whose hobby is song writing, was born in Sharon, Pennsylvania. He is 21. Jim is originally from St. Louis, Missouri, and he, like Bob, is 26. Bob, the only married member of the trio, is a native of Highland Park, Michigan.

The smooth blend of sounds the boys have achieved certainly contradicts their diverse backgrounds. With hit potential assured, they may be making close harmony for quite a while ahead.
POPULAR

★★★★ Broadway Swings Again, Jonah Jones (Capitol 1641)—Jonah’s swinging trumpet takes the melodic line of 12 hit Broadway show tunes to continue his successful formula of bright arrangements of show tunes, mostly from the current season, including “If Ever I Would Leave You” (Camelot), “The Sound Of Music,” “Together Wherever We Go” (Gypsy), and “Til Tomorrow” (Fiorello!).

★★★★ Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie!, Ella Fitzgerald (Verve 4053) —Another album by Ella is always an event. Particularly notable in this effort are three tunes most known as instrumental jazz compositions: Lester Young’s “Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie!” Thelonious Monk’s “Round Midnight,” and Dizzy Gillespie’s “Night In Tunisia.”

★★★ The Best of Steve Lawrence (ABC 392)—Steve is one of the few “quality” vocalists to sell single records and still maintain a warm, easy-going style. Included among expertly done ballads are two of his hits for ABC, “Footsteps,” and “Pretty Blue Eyes.”

★★★ America’s Biggest-Selling Pianist, Floyd Cramer (RCA Victor LPM 2466)—The highly distinctive piano style of Floyd Cramer is heard here on his hit single, “Your Last Goodbye,” and 11 others. His method of slurring the notes came, he says, from hearing old-style Southern steel guitarists. He calls it “a lonesome country sound,” which might help explain the brash claim of the title.

MOOD MUSIC

★★★★ Love Tide, Nelson Riddle (Capitol 1571)—Superb mood pieces from one of the most talented composer-arrangers. This collection of lush and lovely orchestrations is a fitting sequel to his highly successful “Sea of Dreams” LP of several years ago.


★★★ More Music For Dining, Melachrino Strings (RCA Victor LPM 2412) — The unobtrusive arrangements of the Melachrino Strings are perfect for setting the romantic mood for that special tête-a-tête. Included are such flowing melodies as “You Are Too Beautiful” and “L’Amour Toujours L’Amour.”

CLASSICAL

★★★ The Incomparable Bjoerling, Jussi Bjoerling (RCA Victor LM 2570) — Culled from recordings made during the last three years of his life, this LP is an excellent sampling of Mr. Bjoerling’s art. He died last year at the height of his career. He is heard here in 12 arias from standard Italian tenor repertory.

★★★ Concerto For Organ, Strings And Timpani (Poulenc) & Jeu de Cartes (Stravinsky), Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony Orchestra (RCA Victor LM 2567)—Stravinsky’s delightful “Game Of Cards” is given a spirited reading here. Currently it is the only recording available. Originally composed as a ballet score, it is capable of standing on its own. The Poulenc concerto is handled effectively by organ soloist Berj Zamkochian, but the main interest here is in the Stravinsky side of the record.

★★★ Chopin Concerto No. 1, Artur Rubinstein, soloist (RCA Victor LM 2575)—Chopin’s greatest interpreter has essayed a new recording of the E Minor Concerto, this time with the New Symphony Orchestra of London, Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting. Release of this recording coincides with a series of ten Carnegie Hall concerts given by Artur Rubinstein at the end of 1961.

★★★ Malaguena, Carlos Montoya (RCA Victor LPM 2380)—Flamenco guitar and Carlos Montoya are almost synonymous, and in this new collection Montoya proves again his virtuosity in capturing the Gypsy spirit of these Spanish folk tunes.
JAZZ

Cesar Franck Symphony, Pierre Monteux conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra (RCA Victor LM 2514)—The D Minor, Franck's one symphony, is given the majestic and regal treatment it deserves by Monteux.

Time Further Out, Dave Brubeck (Columbia 1690)—Here's a minor classic for Brubeck fans. This album takes as its point of departure a jazz interpretation of an abstract painting by Miro. But more specifically, it is an exercise in treating the blues with unusual (and one might even say off-beat) time signatures, such as 5/4 and 9/8 time. The intricate rhythmic variations are deftly handled.

The Essential Count Basie, (Verve 8407)—Count Basie has endured when most big bands gave it up as a lost cause, and he and The Duke (see below) remain as today's giants of big-band jazz. This LP shows the Basie band off to good advantage as they do some of their early classics, such as "Jumping at the Woodside" and the great "One O'Clock Jump."

The Indispensable Duke Ellington, (RCA Victor LPM 6009)—This two-LP set is a must for Ellington fans, containing some of Duke's most memorable takes for Victor during the years 1940-46, that is, the pre-LP era. Along with the predictable inclusions, such as "Don't Get Around Much Anymore," "Carnegie Blues," "Sophisticated Lady," and "Mood Indigo," there are surprises, such as two piano-bass duets with famed bassist Jimmy Blanton, who died before his full potential could be realized. This is exciting Ellingtonia and not to be missed.

Never On Sunday, Ramsey Lewis Trio (Argo 686)—The Ramsey Lewis Trio has been achieving a particularly felicitous cohesion of sound on recent recording dates, and nowhere is this more true than on this LP. Every track here, from an exciting arrangement of "Never On Sunday" to the hit jazz version of "Waterboy" and the Gershwin classic "I Got Plenty Of Nothing," is easy listening.

TEEN

Chubby Checker & Bobby Rydell, (Cameo 1013)—This pair of show-wise teenagers put on a performance that keeps moving from beginning to end, a pro job in every respect, and one that will provide lots of excitement for teen listeners and a few hip oldsters as well. Certainly this is a standout LP in its class. Chubby and Bobby have long been friends and had long wanted to do a record together. Their clowning around in a recording studio one day gave the first idea for the album. The infectious fun the boys were having spread to musicians and engineers alike. The result was an unusual "fun" recording. High spot is a medley of "Your Hits and Mine," with Bobby doing Chubby's Twist among other favorites like "Side by Side," and "My Baby Cares for Me."

COMEDY

Jose Jimenez In Orbit/Bill Dana On Earth, (Kapp 1257)—As a follow-up to his highly successful Astronaut LP, Bill Dana has his pathetic Jose in orbit, with expected comedy results. Although, in essence, it's a stretched-out running gag, the situation is still good for some chuckles and guffaws. The other side shows Bill Dana doing more down-to-earth impressions and characterizations, culled from his night club act. Dana's writing partner Don Hinkley acts as straight man on the set.
the Many-Sided Mind of Bob Newhart

- Bob Newhart is referred to by his record company, Warner Bros., as "the world's best seller of comedy albums." He is the only comedian who got his start as a record artist before branching out to other facets of show business. And now he is the only recording comedian with his own television show. These are reasons enough for taking a close look "Behind The Button-Down Mind Of Bob Newhart" (Warner Bros. 1417).

On the face of it, Bob Newhart is a shining example of the successful "New Wave" comedians, a group which includes Shelley Berman, Mort Sahl, Lennie Bruce and newcomer Dick Gregory, Mike Nichols and Elaine May qualify, too, and Jonathan Winters. Bill Dana, Charles Manna, Carl Reiner and Mel Brooks. Stan Freberg is undoubtedly the most talented of the lot. And, for specialized or regional material, include Brother Dave Gardner, Rusty Warren, Wood Woodbury and Moms Mabley.

Most of these comedians sold surprising numbers of records last year, which could point up the fact that Americans are in dire need of a laugh or two. Certainly radio and television no longer supply many of those laughs. In fact, radio has reversed the situation, now depending on records to supply them with comedy material (with disc jockeys often complaining that comedy LPs contain too much "blue" material for the air). Television, of course, some time ago abandoned its comedians, or gave them bland situation comedies to wallow in. The notable exception is Jack Paar, who has done more than anyone to give the "New Wave" comedians a chance to be heard — and to plug their records. And on television we now have Bob Newhart. How will he make out?

There is a familiar, anguished cry in show business, "What do we do for an encore?" From where we sit in front of the television set it would seem that Bob Newhart is desperately trying to find the answer to that question.

His first LP, "The Button-Down Mind Of Bob Newhart" (Warner Bros. 1379), which catapulted him into the spotlight, is undoubtedly a pure gem of classic American comedy. Try, if you will, to improve on Newhart's sketch about the Commander of the U.S.S. Codfish talking to his men. The sketch covering the television rehearsal of the Khruschev landing is superb topical humor. And the sketch about the driving instructor might well be come a necessary part of high-school audio-visual education in the future. Newhart is rightly celebrated for that first LP, but . . . "What do we do for an encore?"

Record retailers will tell you that seldom does a second record by a comedian sell as well as the first one. Chalk it up to the novelty wearing off. Or, more frequently, a plain lack of good follow-up material. Certainly the Newhart legend has been kept alive better than most. But with a weekly television show eating up material, Newhart is bound to be looking harder and harder for that "Encore."
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Jack Benny 33 A Valentine From His Friends.......Charlie Manna
Lawford-Sinatra 36 Are Peter and the Wolf Hurting the Kennedys?  Bob Lardine
Shore-Montgomery 38 The Woman Who Broke Up Dinah's Home...Jim Hoffman
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Connie Stevens made the clubs in N.Y.C. with elder rock 'n' roll statesman Elvis Presley, then returned to Hollywood to start a romance with, of all people, Glenn Ford! They even hosted a holiday party together. . . . Lovely Shirley Jones, after recovering from motherhood, will star in TV version of "Brigadoon." . . . It's not Hugh Downs but Johnny Carson who will move into Jack Paar's show—if, that is, Johnny can buy his way out of his present contract. . . . NBC mighty proud of its adaptation of the wonderful comedy, "Arsenic and Old Lace." Set for February 5th, starring Boris Karloff, with Dorothy Stickney as one of the endearing but poisonous sisters. . . . Carol Lynley makes the TV scene in a maternity dress on February 6th. (Her baby's due any date after that.) Along with Cara Williams, Dick Van Dyke and Dan Blocker, she will be featured in "The American Family," comedy skits starring Henry Fonda. The show will make laughs about our national preoccupation with statistics.

Gardner McKay may have lost his best girl,
Dolores Hawkins, but he's found a former one, Greta Chi. Does Greta know about Gardner's New Year's resolution—to definitely get married this year? ... Bob Newhart romancing a N.Y. model. ... Phil Silvers makes the news the hard way—with an infected toe. ... Jim Arness not too lonely since his marital split. The "Kitty" in his private life is Nora Evans.... If Father Of The Bride comes back next season, which is far from a certainty, they will add a baby to the cast. Couldn't do it this season. A series takes only six months to make and nature can't be rushed. ...

Abbe Lane still suing NBC for an ankle injury incurred four years ago, but the funniest legal wrangle of the season concerns the same network and one of Hollywood's most famous movie queens, Sylvia Sidney. She charges that the network, in advertising a Bobby Darin show, (Please turn the page)
Who's doing the Twist? Everybody! Above, Cara Williams. Below, Cesar Romero with Mrs. Ray Stark (she's Fanny Brice's daughter).

What's New East Coast

continued

referred to her as the leader of an "all-mother" harmonica band and that she would appear as such in the show. She didn't and claims she never had any intention of doing so. . . . Stay home the night of February 11th. CBS-TV starts off the evening with an hour musical, "The Broadway of Lerner and Loewe," starring Julie Andrews, Richard Burton, Robert Goulet, Maurice Chevalier, Stanley Holloway and, of course, Alan Lerner and Frederick Loewe. This is followed by Theater '62 offering a TV adaptation of the exciting movie, "Spellbound." . . . Side comment: Lerner and Loewe now split as a team and this may be the last chance of seeing them together. Another curious sidenote: Although the Lerner and Loewe Broadway shows, the last two, have been backed by CBS-TV to their profit, the TV show goes to NBC.

Jane Fonda returns to Manhattan in April to do a Broadway show, which will make Tony Perkins happy. . . . Clu Gulager observes, "It's amazing how many things a girl can do without before she's married." . . . Bus Stop appears doomed so perhaps Rock Hudson is merely consoling Marilyn Maxwell. All this talk of a serious romance is pure nonsense. Absolutely. . . . The 19-year-old beauty Patty Harmon, hostess on the new Groucho Marx show, had a funny thing happen to her on the way to the studio. She lost her real first name, Joy. Sponsor Lever Brothers didn't like her bearing the name of a Procter & Gamble "child."

Bobby Rydell twists with caution. Having more bad luck these days with minor injuries. After a picture session in Central Park, he rushed to the doctor's. Got hit by a squirrel. Next time he'll bring his own nuts. . . . Miss Show Business finally makes the scene February 25th. Judy Garland, who hasn't been seen on TV since 1956, comes on with a big variety, assisted by Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin. Kay Thompson will be creative consultant.
Robert Young gains a son when daughter Barbara marries Tom Beebe this June. . . Rod Serling planning a movie version of Twilight Zone. . . Legit composer Gian-Carlo Menotti will be among those paying tribute to Louis Armstrong on the forthcoming Ed Sullivan special. Menotti was by the great jazzman's side in Rome when Louis nearly died. . . Explanation of Pat Boone’s scarcity on the TV scene explained by his asking price for a guest appearance: $30,000. But Pat has caught himself a plum in the upcoming film “Maria.” Nancy Kwan will be his leading lady. . . Ricky Powell, son of Dick, has turned over his earnings for working on daddy's show to the John Thomas Dyes School, burned to the ground during the Bel Air fire. . . Dick Powell, himself, turning philosophical. He notes that he doesn’t like to watch his old movies on TV, commenting, “I was never that young or thin.”

When Cain’s Hundred was set till spring, its star, Mark Richman, celebrated by going to a Chinese restaurant. He bit into a fortune cookie, lost half a tooth and repairs came to $250. The message in the cookie? “You have expensive tastes.” . . Imported for “Two Weeks in Another Town,” Italian dish Rossana Schiaffino wore a full-length chinchilla for the “West Side Story” premiere while her date, Dick Chamberlain, sported a fancy-Dan tux. Coming out of the theater, Dick was rushed by seven teen girls. Afraid he might lose his tux to the souvenir-collectors, he ran faster than Dr. Kildare in an emergency. . . They want Edie Adams in New York for the Today show, but it’s a mighty long commute from her Hollywood home with Ernie Kovacs.

CBS bulging with mail protesting the coming departure of Dennis Weaver. Dennis slated for his own hour musical variety series in the fall. So far, no word on whether Marshal Dillon will get a new deputy or try to make it without. . . Canny as well as bonny, Myrna Fahey put down her tickertape long enough to buy a 15-unit apartment house. She did it up pink and will manage. . . For Goodness Sake: Why is it so much more enjoyable to be bad? When Eliot Ness (Bob Stack) turned hood in a recent Untouchables, he took wife Rosemarie out on the town to celebrate. . . and Barry Sullivan got jealous and demanded a reprieve from his goodie role in Tall Man in order to play a baddie in Target: The Corruptors. (P.S. NBC wouldn’t give it to him!) And Jeff Morrow, hero of Union Pacific, chimes in with this “for instance.” A kid came running to his pal’s shouting, “I got a whole box of bombers for Christmas.” Said a pal, “Gee, now you can bomb the Russians!” Yelled the kid ecstatically, “Russians, nothin’ now I can bomb everybody!”

Since the start of Dobie Gillis, Dwayne Hickman and Tuesday Weld were said to be feuding. So how come those dinner dates in dim dine-and-dance spots? And how come, when Dwayne came down with the virus, Tuesday was on hand to soothe the fevered brow on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays? . . Mourns Brett Halsey, “I got to be a success!” And let’s face it, he has got to, what with alimony to two ex-wives, plus support for three kiddies, and a yen to get hitched again to Debbie Loew, ex of Tyrone Power and Nico Minardos. . . Well, well, well! With the help of a forked willow branch, Barton MacLane is said to have brought in (Continued on page 71)
All About Anne

Please tell me what you can about the actress Anne Francis.

P.K., San Francisco, Calif.

Though pretty, blue-eyed, blonde Anne Francis looks as sweet and wholesome as the girl next door, her on-screen roles—both in movies and on TV—have been anything but that. She has played a delinquent teenager, an alcoholic mistress, a gun moll, a woman of intrigue, and a prostitute. As a matter of fact, she herself says: “I’ve played a prostitute three times and, each time, my career has picked up noticeably.” Anne has no objection to playing nice-girl roles, however, and has done such on many TV shows, including Twilight Zone, Wagon Train, and The New Breed. . . A native of Ossining, New York, she began her career as a child model. By the time she was seven, she was a regular on radio and, at 11, appeared on Broadway. . . The actress married Bamlet L. Price Jr., a producer of documentary films, in 1952 and divorced him in 1955. She is now married to Dr. R. D. Abelloff, a Los Angeles dentist.

Too Much Mike

Dear Editors:

How come all we ever read about is Michael Landon? Not that I don’t like him, I do very much, but I also like the other three on Bonanza and would like to read something about them for a change.

M.A.P., Palmyra, N.J.

You’re in luck. Just turn to page 46.

—Ed.

Some Quickies

I would like to know if Lawrence Tierney and Scott Brady are the same person?

J.A.E., Pontiac, Ill.

Scott and Lawrence are brothers.

—Ed.

Please tell me if Mitch Miller is married and to whom?

M.L.R., Norman, Oklahoma

Mitch has been conducting a marital duet with Frances Alexander for 25 years.—Ed.

I know that George Sanders and Tom Conway are brothers, but which one uses the real surname?

M.C., Philadelphia, Pa.

George uses the real family name.—Ed.

Please tell me how old James M. Arthur is.

V.H., Trotwood, Ohio

James is twenty-three years old.—Ed.

Can you please tell me where and when Lee Patterson was born?

N.M.B., Erie, Pa.

Lee was born March 31, 1929, in Vancouver, B.C., Canada.—Ed.

Meet Mary

What can you tell me about the actress Mary Murphy?

J. A. Z., Little Rock, Arkansas

Believe it or not, pretty and vivacious Mary Murphy was discovered for the movies while eating lunch at a Hollywood drugstore counter! This happened while Mary was on a lunch break from an exclusive Beverly Hills department store. Not long after, she made her debut in a Bob Hope picture, and has gone on, since then, to numerous roles in practically every television series and a regular one on CBS-TV’s The Investigators. . . A blue-eyed brunette, Mary has two ambitions—to do a Broadway play and “to see the rest of the world I haven’t seen.” She likes ice skating, horseback riding, tennis, swimming, abstract painting (water colors and oils) and reading. . . Mary received an annulment of her marriage to TV actor Dale Robertson, whom she married on June 3, 1956.

Calling All Fans

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

Shelley Fabares Fan Club, Madeline Bennett, 2832 Orange Ave., La Crescenta, California.

Norma Zimmer Fan Club, Frances Young, 1604 E. Susquehanna St., Allentown, Pa.

Crosby Brothers Fan Club, Priscilla Koernig, 349 Banks St., San Francisco 10, Calif.

Mark Richman Fan Club, Louis Kief, 39165 L’Anse Creuse, Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y. We regret we cannot answer or return unpublished letters.
THERE'S A WORLD OF MUSIC

- Music travels fast—and far—these days. The Twist is just as big in France now as in the United States. Ray Charles is France's best selling jazz artist. Yves Montand now has his own show on Broadway and a batch of highly popular LPs. One of the biggest hits last year was "Calcutta." Another big one was "Wooden Heart," first a hit in Germany. Bob Moore's "Mexico" is a top favorite. Connie Francis last year had the number one record in five or six different countries. So did Ricky Nelson and Paul Anka. The story of the hit Broadway musical "Milk and Honey" takes place in Israel. Record companies are sending their talent scouts on world, or at least European, tours. Now in England's top ten are Elvis Presley, Bobby Vee, Dave Brubeck and Jimmy Dean.

These facts all point up the increasing global aspect of the music business. It certainly will affect the kind of music you will be hearing in the years to come. As record companies become more conscious of the world market for American records and the tit-for-tat popularity of foreign artists here, they'll release more and more "global flavored" music.

Here is the way one record company capsules its world-wide strategy: "The rest of the world is just as important to us as our own country and we are doing everything we can to maximize the overseas market."

"We are working with our artists," says an official of Reprise Records, "so that they will cut tracks in many languages to ensure easy world distribution. Our comedians are being asked to record material of universal significance."

Frank Sinatra, who owns the Reprise label, is planning a television spectacular filmed in London, but designed for world screening. Affiliates of Reprise in different countries will help

( Please turn the page)
There's A World Of Music
(Continued from page 9)

pick their top local artists to be included in the film. Sinatra is also planning to release an LP of "Great Songs from Great Britain."

Chubby Checker has been busy re-recording the Twist in different languages for overseas distribution, a fact that may point to a future state when record talent men will ask a potential artist if he's multi-lingual before they ask if he can sing.

Mercury Records, which is now owned by a European firm, Philips, has sent three artist-and-repertoire men on European tours in recent months. One of the artists they are considering is Johnny Halliday, top rock 'n' roll singer in France and sometimes called "the French Elvis Presley." Mercury says it plans to keep its A&R men up-to-date on foreign music trends by allowing them to view the situation first hand.

Reasons for the widening market for American recording artists are many. Here are some: More G.I.s and American tourists are in Europe, and the Armed Forces Radio Network airs much popular American music, with an estimated audience of nearly 50 million. (And Soviet Russia now beams a nightly radio show on AFN's frequency after it signs off, playing American records mixed in with propaganda information from "Moscow Molly.")

American movies are now given world-wide distribution. Elvis Presley's "Blue Hawaii" movie is being eagerly awaited in most foreign countries and, meanwhile, sales of his "Blue Hawaii" LP, from Norway to Australia, are soaring.

More artists are making regional or world-wide tours. Bobby Rydell is currently on a tour of the Far East and recently was scheduled to play in Hong Kong, one of the few American artists to do so for quite a while.

Record firms are not overlooking our taste for music of many lands. Capitol and RCA Victor have regular series of international music. Smaller labels have found it profitable to concentrate on the music of one country. Monitor Records has a fine catalogue of Russian folk music and some classical artists, and Fiesta Records has a well-received series featuring different countries, such as "I Remember Greece," "I Remember France," etc. In fact, most record firms are trying to include foreign music of one kind or another in their list of available LPs.

Of the new releases, here are some that give you an idea of how easy it is to travel via music:

CUADRO FLAMENCO! Los Macarenos (Capitol T 10301)—subtitled "Andalusian Classics by Spanish Gypsies Recorded in Barcelona," this LP presents the authentic Spanish gypsy music we know as flamenco. All the excitement and color of a gay fiesta is here.

AVE A GO WIV THE BUSKERS (RCA Victor FPM 104)—The Buskers are Cockney street singers and musicians, and their distinctive songs, some bawdy, some sentimental, are still intelligible to the average American ear. A "different" musical experience, to say the least.

RAINY NIGHT IN TOKYO (Capitol T 10287)—This LP offers traditional Japanese instruments such as the samisen and the koto blending with modern orchestral arrangements of melodies that are part of Japan's long heritage.

MIRIAM MAKEBA (RCA Victor LPM-2267)—Though she released this LP over a year ago, this talented singer from Johannesburg is still the greatest interpreter of South African music. Introduced to this country by Harry Belafonte, she is now a star in her own right.

SWEDEN'S ROLLICKING OJEBOKOREN (Capitol T 10294)—This cho-

rus of about two dozen singers, ranging in age from 15 to 25, are non-professionals who get together for the joy of singing. Their youthful, vibrant voices present some of the lilting, traditional songs of Sweden, melodies that can be hummed in any language.

AN ENGLISH MUSIC HALL (Capitol T 10273)—This one goes back to London of an earlier day, with daffy ditties and beery ballads warbled by six soloists, Four Singing Waiters, plus a medley rendered by the full company! You're invited to join in, just as granddaddy did. Sort of a "sing-along" of the gaslit era?

There's no limit to how far you can travel by armchair and hi-fi in the world of music. Who knows, records might eventually replace travel folders for armchair globe-trotters.
THE LISTENING POST

Good news! Judy does it again.

Broadway shows are better—or at least more popular—than ever this year. The original cast albums, of course, are almost guaranteed best sellers. But this year many record firms are also producing popular instrumental or jazz versions of the hit Broadway musicals. “How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying” is given the big band treatment by Ray Ellis for RCA Victor, and a jazz version by the Gary McFarland orchestra on Verve. Stan Kenton’s version of “West Side Story” on Capitol is already a hit LP. “Kwamina,” which folded shortly after it opened, has been jazz-styled by Billy Taylor on Mercury, and similar treatment has been given to “Milk and Honey” by Charlie Shavers and Wild Bill Davis on Everest. The “Subways Are for Sleeping” score by Jule Styne has been jazzed up by Dave Gruson on Columbia, and the McGuire Sisters have a pop treatment on Coral.

Les Paul and Mary Ford, the popular guitar-vocal team, have a new LP in the works for Columbia titled “Kinda Dreamy.” Les and Mary have been playing one-nighters for the last five months in the Midwest at rodeos and fairs. When they checked into San Francisco’s Fairmont Hotel for an engagement, their three-year-old daughter Colleen looked in awe around the plush hotel lobby, finally said: “Where’re all the horses?”

Capitol is not resting on Judy Garland’s laurels. They’ve just released a follow-up to her smash “Judy at Carnegie Hall.”

Keeping the record straight: Bobby Darin and Sandra Dee said all along—for nine straight months—that they’d have a boy, and sure enough they did. Named him Dodd Mitchell. Bobby’s also got a new hit single, called “Multiplication.” . . . Shortly after ABC-Paramount released “The Best of Andy Williams,” French dancer Claudine Longet married all of him . . .

Al Hirt is not only arranging the theme song “Al Di La” for Warner Bros.’ movie, “Lovers Must Learn,” but also co-starring with Troy Donahue and Suzanne Pleshette.

Ground swells indicate that the next dance craze for the younger set—now that the Twist has been taken over by adults—will be the Surfer’s Stomp.

Newcomer Timi Yuro appeared with Frank Sinatra on his recent Australian tour. . . . Look for the next big pop movie theme to be “Tender Is the Night”—over six different versions have been recorded.

Singles records are staying around longer than they used to. Not long ago, six weeks was about the life of a pop tune, but now 12 to 16 weeks seems average. Chubby’s “Twist” currently has been on the charts longest—30 weeks.

Patti Page is still a rage—two ways.

Patti Page, who hasn’t had a pop hit for a spell, is pretty sure of a big one in her current “Go On Home” for Mercury. And yet, in her second movie assignment, “Boy’s Night Out” for MGM, she plays a straight dramatic role. . . . Dodie Stevens has a role in Allied Artists’ “Reprove,” starring Ben Gazzara, Sammy Davis Jr., and Rod Steiger. . . . Elvis’ next one is “Kid Galahad” for United Artists.
POPULAR

★★★Andy Williams' Best (Cadence 3054)—This is just what the title says—a collection of Andy's best sellers. And an impressive group of songs it is. Andy shows again on this set that he's one of the most accomplished pop singers around, appealing to both the teen set and adults. Included are: "Canadian Sunset," "The Bilbao Song," "Butterfly," "Are You Sincere," "The Hawaiian Wedding Song," and seven others.

SPoken WORD

★★★The World Of Dorothy Parker (Verve 15029)—Those who have not read any of Dorothy Parker's incisive poems, phrases of dazzling wit, or short stories full of compassion and le mot juste should hurry to the nearest bookstore, and those who have not heard her doing these things should hurry to the nearest record store. Particularly delightful is her reading of an Esquire book review of Zsa Zsa Gabor's as-told-to autobiography. A gem.

SPECIAL

★★★Events & N.Y. Export: Op. Jazz, from Jerome Robbins' "Ballets: U.S.A." (Robert Prince, composer) (RCA Victor LPM-2435)—Ballet, and particularly jazz ballet, has become quite popular in the last few years, thanks mainly to television. Foremost of the TV choreographers is Jerome Robbins, who has staged some of the biggest and best productions in show business, including "West Side Story," TV's "Peter Pan," and the Ethel Merman—Mary Martin TV spectacular of several years ago. The development of jazz ballet, mostly on TV, has produced a new music to go along with it. These two exciting examples of it, composed by Robert Prince, for Robbins' permanent ballet company, are what could be called pictorial music: it's easy to imagine choreography to accompany the music. This is contemporary music, as current as today's newspaper. In fact, Prince says of "Events" that it depicts the fantastic confusion the ordinary day holds for everyone, "the total effect is that of reading the morning newspaper."

JAZZ

★★★Closeup In Swing, Erroll Garner (ABC-Paramount 395)—Often referred to as an individualist in jazz. Erroll Garner displays here the reason for this estimate. His creative genius is poured into every improvisation, making of simple melody like "All of Me" or "I'm in the Mood for Love" an extended variation on the theme that is akin to a symphonic suite. And yet, as the title suggests, he swings. Two of his own compositions are included here, plus eight well-known standards. Each in his hands, gains a special life of its own.

MOVIE MUSIC

★★★El Cid, Miklos Rosza (MGM E-3977)—All the pageantry and splendor of the film, which deals with a medieval Spanish hero, has been captured in this superior musical score, composed and conducted by Miklos Rosza, whose score for "Ben Hur" won an Academy Award. He is also represented musically on local screens by "King of Kings," thus qualifying as an epic expert.

FOLK MUSIC

★★★Bob Gibson And Bob Camp At The Gate Of Horn (Electra 207) —All kinds of wonderfully strange and nutty things seem to happen in basement night clubs, and many of our new artists, such as Mort Sahl and the Kingston Trio, have come from these show business incubators. Bob Gibson has been gathering a loyal following for the past few years with his unusual material, and here, with Bob Camp at the original Gate of Horn (which humorist Shel Silverstein delineates riotously in the liner notes), Gibson keeps the audience laughing with some deliciously pungent satire, of folk singing as well as other aspects of our culture. "The Thinking Man" alone is worth the price of the album.

★★★Martha Schlamme In Concert (MGM E-3978)—Such a versatile and talented artist as Martha Schlamme is a joy to hear. Though she is here
catalogued as a folk singer, her appeal is much wider in scope—in fact, international. She goes far beyond the average folk singer in range and appeal of her material, and reworks every song, be it a song of war sung in French, Yiddish, or Russian, or a love ballad of a girl entranced by the Russian cavalry or of a girl who waters her garden with wine. Her sense of the dramatic, that is, her concern for the meaning of her songs, indeed puts her in a category all her own. And her choice of material from many lands tends to prove once again, in song, that men and women have the same concerns—love and death—the world over.

CLASSICAL

★★ Keyboard Giants Of The Past, various artists (RCA Victor LM-2585)—Victor has dug into its vaults and come up with a collection of its great pianists, ranging from Paderewski, recorded in 1923, to William Kapell, 1951. It's rewarding to be able to compare the styles of these giants of the past on one recording. Included are three selections that have not been available before on LP—de Pachmann recording Chopin's "Impromptu in F-Sharp"; Harold Bauer and Ossip Gabrilowitsch. Arensky's "Waltz"; and Mischa Levitzi performing his own "Arabesque Valzante." A superior collection for pianophiles.

★★ The Incomparable Birgit Nilsson (RCA Victor LM-2578)—This is the first time Madame Nilsson has recorded a song recital and the results are excellent. She has chosen songs of Schubert, Wagner, Strauss, Sibelius and Grieg, including his famous "I Love Thee," to which she seems to bring a new dimension.

BAND MUSIC

★★ The Spectacular Sound Of Sousa, Paul Lavalle (MGM E-3976)—Lavalle has become known as the bandleader of America, and his faithful treatment of Sousa's most stirring march tunes will be a treat for "march around the breakfast table" fans. The recording is high quality and the coloration of the brass comes through loud and clear.

★★ Bobby Vee (Liberty 3211)—Bobby is in top form on this set. He sings his recent "Run to Him," "Walkin' With My Angel," and the smash "Take Good Care of My Baby." He has a new sureness of tone and phrasing here that shows he's gaining professional status.

★★ $1,000,000 Worth of Twang, Vol. II, Dwayne Eddy (Jamie 70-3021)—Dwayne's first volume with this title proved highly successful and this second set is his best yet. He strides right into some of his previous singles with his driving guitar and rhythm section. Included are "Pepe," "Drivin' Home" and "Gidget Goes Hawaiian."

★★ This is Vic Dana, (Dolton 2013)—As soon as Vic's debut single, "Little Altar Boy," started to catch hold, Dolton issued this first LP, a collection of ballads done with tenderness and surprising vocal control. Though this LP is perhaps premature, Vic Dana has a future and will be heard from again.
HERE TO STAY!

Jimmy Dean

- Jimmy Dean's biggest hit to date has been "Big Bad John," which establishes him once and for all as a pop singer to be reckoned with. Previously he had some success for Columbia Records in the country music field.

Born 32 years ago on a farm outside Plainview, Texas, Jimmy began his musical career at the age of 10, first learning to play piano, then mastering the accordion and guitar. His musical career started when he was in the Air Force, filling in as replacement with a group of service buddies who called themselves the Tennessee Haymakers and sang country songs during off-duty hours in Washington, D.C., base bars for $5 a night.

In 1952 he was hired to perform for U.S. troops in the Caribbean, after which he returned to Washington for appearances on radio and TV. In 1957 he had a network TV show on CBS.

But his emergence as a pop singer four years later is due partly to the fact that the record buying public is now accepting more country-Western artists. His Columbia LP, titled "Big Bad John," has proven to be a big seller. Jimmy's most recent single release is an unusual recitation which he wrote, addressed to "Dear Ivan." Emotion-packed and in a patriotic vein, this looks like another solid seller for Jimmy.

There is no doubt that Jimmy Dean, after a musical career that spans 21 years, has finally found his public.

TOP 50 RECORDS

★Hottest LPs! The Twist, with a wide choice of LPs on the market. Most notable are: The Twist, Chubby Checker (Parkway 7001), Your Twist Party, Checker (Parkway 7007), Doin' the Twist at the Peppermint Lounge, Joey Dee & His Starliters (Roulette 25166), For Twisters Only, Checker (Parkway 7002), Do the Twist With Ray Charles (Atlantic 8054). (Also see page 16.)

On the Record's monthly survey of the hottest new LPs and singles lists those records showing the strongest sales in retail stores, based on reports from manufacturers, distributors, trade publications—including Bill Gavin Record Reports, Billboard Music Week, Cashbox, and Variety.

BEST SELLING NEW LPs:

West Side Story, Sound Track (Columbia OL 5670)—Music of the film version of this outstanding Broadway musical continues to enthral.

Milk and Honey, Original Cast (RCA Victor LOC 1065)—This melodic story of American widows in Israel, the land of milk and honey, stars Robert Weede and Mimi Benzil.

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying, Original Cast (RCA Victor LOC 1066)—Robert Morse stars in this tuneful spoof of big business.

Chubby Checker—Bobby Rydell (Cameo 1013)—Two of show business' hottest new artists team up in a pro session that moves along at a brisk pace, showing off their versatility and spontaneous good humor.

Sail Away, Original Cast (Capitol WAO 1645)—Noel Coward's magic touch has produced a musical that sails along as long as Elaine Stritch is on stage.

Joan Baez, Vol. II (Vanguard 9094)—A soft but lyrical voice gives full meaning to some less popularized folk ballads.

West Side Story, Stan Kenton (Capitol 1609)—An exciting Afro-Cuban jazz version by the master of progressive sounds.

King of Kings, Original Movie Music (MGM 1E2)—The musical score of the Biblical epic as composed and conducted by Miklos Rozsa.

Brothers Four Song Book (Columbia CL 1697)—A bright and happy sing-along with the quartet pulling some old chestnuts out of the fire.

Best of the Dukes of Dixieland (Audio Fidelity 1956)—All the familiar Dixie tunes are here, served up in rousing fashion by this uninhibited group.

Ella in Hollywood, Ella Fitzgerald (Verve 4052)—Her unassailable work is highly evident on this session which brings the art of singing to a point close to perfection.

Let There Be Drums, Sandy Nelson (Imperial 9159)—This 21-year-old drummer, now with a current hit single, treats the drum like a musical instrument that sings with emotion.

Flower Drum Song, Sound Track (Decca 9098)—Music from the movie version, a pale copy of the original Broadway show, but still full of the same delightful melodies.

Kean, Original Cast (Columbia KOL 5720)—The hit Broadway show with Alfred Drake starring in a tour de force role as the famed swashbuckling British actor.

Time Further Out, Dave Brubeck (Columbia CL 1690)—An excellent followup to his hit LP, "Time Out," with lots of surprises in store for finger-snapers and toe-tappers.
★Hottest Single! CAN'T HELP FALLING IN LOVE, ROCK-A-HULA BABY, Elvis Presley (RCA Victor)—From his movie "Blue Hawaii" come these two top sides, the first a moving ballad, and the second an up-tempo "twist."

HOT SINGLES:

The Lion Sleeps Tonight, The Tokens (RCA Victor)—The Wimoweh folk ballad in modern dress has universal appeal, one of Victor's biggest sellers in quite a while.

Baby It's You, The Shirelles (Scepter)—This group's best effort in the rhythm-blues field since "Tonight's the Night."

Peppermint Twist, Joey Dee & the Starlitters (Roulette)—Here's the group from the Peppermint Lounge, riding the crest of a national publicity wave.

When the Boy in Your Arms, Connie Francis (MGM)—Another warm vocal by this popular stylist.

Unchain My Heart, Ray Charles (ABC)—Ray has another hit, singing in his inimitable soulful way.

Revenge, Brook Benton (Mercury)—Brook has a liquid, flowing way with a song.

The Wanderer/The Majestic, Dion (Laurie)—A two-sided hit for this teen artist who's gained stature since he went on his own.

When I Fall in Love, The Lettermen (Capitol)—A sound followup to their first smash, "The Way You Look Tonight."

Jambalaya, Fats Domino (Imperial)—This oldie gets good treatment in Fats' hands.

Multiplication/ Irresistible You, Bobby Darin (Atco)—He's in the groove for a two-sided hit.

Pocketful of Miracles, Frank Sinatra (Reprise)—A delightful song in the tradition of Frank's charming "High Hopes."

Turn On Your Love Light, Bobby Bland (Duke)—A great shouting blues delivered a la Ray Charles.

Dear Lady Twist, Gary U. S. Bonds (Legrand)—Another version of the twist, served up by this popular teen artist.

Small Sad Sam, Phil McLean (Versatile)—A very funny take-off from Jimmy Dean's "Big Bad John."

HOT POP CONTENDERS:

I Know, Barbara George (AFO).

Funny How Time Slips Away, Jimmy Elledge (RCA Victor).

Poor Fool, Ike & Tina Turner (Sue).

If You Gotta Make A Fool of Somebody, James Ray (Caprice).

Norman, Sue Thompson (Hickory).

A Little Bitty Tear, Burl Ives (Decca).

Twist-Her, Bill Black's Combo (Hi).

Flying Circle, Frank Slay (Swan).

Letter Full of Tears, Gladys Knight (Fury).

Do-Re-Mi, Lee Dorsey. (Fury).

Go On Home, Patti Page (Mercury).

And Then Came Love, Ed Townsend (Challenge).

Dear Ivan, Jimmy Dean (Columbia).

Happy Jose, Dave Appel (Cameo), Jack Ross (Dot).

I'm Blue, The Ikettes (Atco).

Your Ma Said You Cried in Your Sleep Last Night, Kenny Dino (Musicor).

Surfer's Stomp, The Mar-Kets (Union).

Percolator, Billy Joe & the Checkmates (Dore).

I Told the Brook, Marty Robbins (Columbia).

Shimmy Shimmy Walk, The Megatons (Dodge).

UP 'N' COMER:

Joey Dee

- Joey Dee's rapid rise to stardom is due to a Twist of fate. It's well-known to most by now that Joey Dee and His Starlitters is the group from the Peppermint Lounge in New York, where the Twist craze got its start.

Dee was born in 1940 in Passaic, N. J. He has five sisters and three brothers ranging in age from 17 to 42. His group, the Starlitters, consists of Carlton Latimer, organist, age 22; Willie Davis, drummer, 21; and Larry Vernieri and David Brigati, both 21 and singers and dancers. They've been together for three years, with one year at the Peppermint Lounge.

Signed with Roulette immediately after national publicity broke around them, the group now has a top Twist single, and their LP, "Doing the Twist at the Peppermint Lounge," is also high in popularity.

At the beginning of the year, their first feature film was released, "Hey. Let's Twist," which tells the story of how the fad started.

Two more films are set for Paramount and a national tour will keep the boys busy until they return to the Peppermint Lounge.

The 21-year-old singer also has an LP released on the Scepter label, which ties in the Twist phenomenon. Dee was under contract to Scepter before the Twist was discovered by Cafe Society.

Although there has been much competition from all sides to cash in on the dance fad, Joey Dee and Chubby Checker seem to share the lead—though the whisper at the Peppermint Lounge is that they don't really like sharing it. It's a close rivalry that's making for hot music.
CHECKER & RYDELL
PACK A ONE-TWO HIT PUNCH

- If two heads are better than one, two top recording stars are also better than one. This was the thinking of Cameo-Parkway Records when they decided to get their two star performers together in a studio to cut an LP, "Your Hits and Mine" (Cameo 1013).

The timing was perfect. Bobby Rydell, who for a long time has been a teen-age favorite, was being recognized as a bright new talent for television and night clubs. He had appeared on the Jack Benny and Red Skelton shows, with other shows in the offing, and had appeared with George Burns in his night club act, and broken in his own act at New York's Copacabana.

Chubby Checker, who entered show business imitating an established star, Fats Domino (in fact, patterning his stage name after him), had just found himself the center of the biggest publicity break of his or nearly any other performer's career. When the Twist caught the fancy of Cafe Society, Chubby's two-year-old recording of it had already enjoyed better-than-average success with the teen set and there still seemed to be continuing interest in his three Twist LPs. Almost overnight (in show business terms) Chubby's Twist records were the most sought after records around.

Teaming two artists on one record does not insure success, Bobby Darin and Johnny Mercer tried a short time ago and nothing happened. But Chubby and Bobby, in addition to having talent, are both "hot properties."

The spontaneous kicks these boys get working together is what makes their joint effort such a delight. The LP is fast-paced, highly entertaining and humorous. The two young performers obviously had a ball recording it, as they poke fun at each other, imitate each other's style and deliver some fresh and inventive special material that should win them new adult fans.

For these reasons, it is no wonder that their album has become one of the hottest LPs in record shops and a favorite with radio disc jockeys.

This LP also points to a trend. Expect a lot of other record artists to join forces in coming months. The success of Bobby and Chubby has not gone unnoticed in the waxworks.

TWIST AGAIN

- Since the Twist still dominates the pop music scene, we'd better bring ourselves up to date on the latest developments.

Foremost is the fact that Hollywood jumped into the act, with at least three movie firms racing to see who could get out the first movie about the Twist. Just under the wire was "The Continental Twist," starring Louis Prima and June Wilkinson. Paramount's "Hey, Let's Twist," with Joey Dee and the Starlitzers, made it in time to catch the New Year coming in. "Twist Around the Clock," with Chubby Checker, seems in no danger of losing at the box office, even though it lost the race.

Night clubs throughout the country, whose owners enviously studied photos of the standing-room-only crowds at the Peppermint Lounge, have quickly turned to the Twist for their salvation. Reports from all parts indicate that Twistin' clubs are doing their best business in years—by firing their expensive name acts, and hiring less expensive and usually unknown rock 'n' roll combos to supply dance music.

And the record firms have not been idle. The initial rush of Twist LPs was only the beginning. Atco Records has released "Twist with Bobby Darin" (Atco 138), and the Bill Black combo has "Let's Twist Her" (Hi 12006). There's also "Look Who's Twistin' . . . Everybody!" by Oliver and the Twisters (Colpix 423), "Dancing the Big Twist" by the Ray Bryant combo (Columbia 1746), Louis Prima's "Doin' the Twist" (Dot 3410), "Let's Do the Twist for Adults" by Danny Davis and the Titans (MGM 3997), "Meyer Davis Plays the Twist" (Cameo 1014), and "Twist with Steve Alaimo" (Checker 2981).

Among all the others, one came up with an ingenious "twist," called " Dixieland With a Twist" by the Carpetbaggers (Chancellor 5023). Surprisingly enough, there's a refreshing, swinging sound with lots going on, carried off with good humor.

And we can't finish this brief survey without mentioning the courageous attempt of Coral Records to buck the trend with what should be nominated as the album most unlikely to succeed — "Dance Along to Strict Tempos Approved by the U. S. Ballroom Council," Jack Hensen and Ork. (Coral 75-7387).
It was a mild mid-October day and the afternoon sun filtered through the open courtroom window, touching the judge’s black robes, lighting the “In God We Trust” motto inscribed on the wall—and (Continued on page 73)
a Cure for
Dr. Ben Casey played by Vince Edwards:

Without a script, he may not know a scalpel from a forceps, but he makes a woman happy to open her mouth and say “Ah!” Vincent Edwards (“I hate to be called Vince but there’s nothing I can do about it”) is no bland, featureless performer destined for screaming and fainting and grabbing by the pony-tail set. This is a man for a full-blooded woman—and even other men like him for it.

He’s not too young: Thirty-ish. He can act, has twelve years of professional experience to prove it. He’s a well-muscled athlete of six-feet-two. He weighs 195 pounds. In swimming trunks (his favorite attire), Vince displays a chest like a bearskin rug. An intense young man with the direct gaze of a neon sign underneath heavy brows, Vince is handsome in a kind of homely way—or vice versa. His nose, slightly dented, has a noticeable hump in the middle and suggests familiarity with the boxing ring. Luckily, his ears haven’t suffered the cauliflower fate.

There are those who say that Vince’s rugged masculinity gives him the look of a younger and darker Burt Lancaster. Abner Greshler, Vince’s agent, agrees: “Hal Wallis brought Vince out to the Coast as a sort of threat or to annoy Burt a little, since both are similar types.” (Please turn the page)
Actually, the reticent, rather mysterious Mr. Edwards is no copy of anyone. He’s himself. There’s an electrifying quality about this man who looks more Greek than Italian, a magnetism based on virility rather than little-boy-lost appeal.

He is definitely not lost.

At the beginning of the brightest, most promising year of his life, he is the same man he always was—a self-confessed “loner.” But, of course, since that Monday night last October when he strode into view in Dr. Casey’s side-buttoned white jacket—top button carefully unbuttoned, ballpoints lined up in breast pocket, stethoscope bulging at the hip— (Continued on page 81)
a little exercise...

lots of loving care
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Dwayne Hickman says: I **ACT** 17...

I **AM** 27...

I **FEEL** like a hundred...

So would you if you'd been through what I have!

There are thirty-three different models of Dobie Gillis shirts (Montgomery Ward, Sears, and Penney's) but Dwayne Hickman shakes his head at all of them. None is quite right with an ascot. And if you don't think ascots are important, then, unlike Dwayne, you've never gone two years between love affairs. If you had, you'd know, like Dwayne, that anything is worth trying—at least once.

Anyway, Dwayne isn't even counting shirts; he's counting half-hours—five years of them on *The Bob Cummings Show*, three years of them as star of *Dobie Gillis*. What's more, there's a year's worth of half-hours to go on his contract. And if things go well—with Dwayne's luck, how could they do anything else—who knows how much longer than that? Dwayne broods on it and groans.

"My fans think of me as young and full of bounce," he says. "The fact is, I'm cranky, careworn and exhausted. I never even wanted to be on television, and now when I count the half-hours on the screen, I'm the oldest man on TV."

Then he gives you (Continued on page 68)
IF YOU THINK FABIAN
IS ONLY KIDDING IN THIS PICTURE,
YOU'RE IN FOR AS BIG A SURPRISE
AS BOB MARCUCCI WAS!
The first hint that the end was near came when it seemed Fabian had lost his voice. His manager, Bob Marcucci, was having the same trouble. At any rate, neither would talk ... and no one could blame them. It was a hard thing to say and, when the announcement finally came, it was as though both had choked on the words. There was just the bare statement of fact—it was all over between Fabian and Bob; they had definitely split.

Why? As we questioned both camps, we found an aura of painful sadness that begged silently for sympathy and understanding. Fabian and Bob have both been deeply hurt.

This is not just an everyday business farewell, and it adds up to more than just a cool handshake and the shreds of a contract blown every which way by the winds. From the very start, this was not the usual partnership between performer and manager. Between Fabian and Bob Marcucci, there was none of those brisk, computer-like wheelings and dealings where a lynx-eyed front man milks a hot property for their mutual profit—and there (Continued on page 77)
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Lose POUNDS Before You Lose HIM!
Jo Ann Castle's advice to wives who want love

Jo ANN CASTLE couldn't believe her ears. She had been a bride for exactly two weeks, yet here was her brand-new husband telling her off! Of course, he was a camera engineer for ABC-TV and presumably knew all about photographic angles—but did that give him the right to say such things about her curves?

Dean Hall was saying, in loving but positive tones, "Honey, now that we're married, you're going to have to reduce. You're twenty pounds too heavy."

Jo Ann listened, open-mouthed. He went on, "It isn't good for you physically or professionally. Here's the card of a man who's done wonders for some people at the station. I want you to call him. Now."

Meekly, she took the card, phoned Dr. Douglas Chadney's office—and made an appointment for that very afternoon. "Good girl," said Dean. He added, with a grin, "In a way, it's all my fault, I guess."

And, in a way, it was.

Jo Ann's weight problem started in the late summer of 1960. Until that time, both her prospects and her person had been in great shape. For a year, she'd been a regular on Lawrence Welk's enormously (Please turn the page)
Lose POUNDS Before You Lose HIM!

continued

It was Dean Hall's idea his wife should reduce . . . Jo Ann's idea that working on the new home could help take off weight.

Hip, hip, away! A new and slenderizing slant on housework.

This chimney-sweep looks for glamour, not soot.
popular Saturday show on ABC-TV, playing honky-tonk piano and appearing in production numbers. She had acquired a sharp wardrobe and was buying a red Jaguar. At twenty-one, she was lovely to look at, delightful to listen to, refreshing to know. Professionally, she was successful. Socially, her crowd of boyfriends was as thick as Los Angeles traffic.

Then, one brilliant September day, Jo Ann and several other members of the Welk "stock company" strolled over to the studio cafe for a cup of coffee. A cameraman from ABC-TV stopped at Jo (Continued on page 79)
George Maharis regarded his dark, hard-skinned hands much as though he were seeing them for the first time. He turned the palms up and studied them for another moment. "My hands lie about me," he said quietly. "I mean, they lie about my insides."

He looked back at his hands. "You know, people judge you by your hands," he said. "They set you up as this kind or that kind of person. I never do that. I won't make the same mistake about others that they do about me. Most people peg me wrong. But, from what they have to look at, I don't blame them."

"I was meant to be another kind of guy, but I have to live a different outer image. I'm just beginning to realize that. People say I'm direct. I want to be tactful. People say I'm tough. I want to be tender. People say I'm a diamond in the rough." He laughed. "You know—I'd like to be a diamond in the smooth?"

He stared out the window. "Not long ago, I met a girl who turned me inside out. All I had to do was look at her and my heart pounded and my mind felt like it was on a merry-go-round."

"She wasn't Hollywood-beautiful, but she was more attractive to me than most of the glamour girls. I wanted to know her, to understand her. The thought even entered my mind that I could love her. I wanted to touch her and feel her warmth and get that great electricity. Yet I wanted her to feel the same way. That half-a-love-is-better-than-none baloney is not for me. (Please turn the page)

by TONY WALL
Anyhow,” George remembers, “I played it cool. I knew what she expected of me. The rough, tough, fast-working bachelor who’s out to make it with every girl he meets—and the more he can make in a week, the better. I surprised her, I thought. I took it easy after I met her. I touched her and got the voltage. I put my arms around her and felt her body. That’s a great moment, isn’t it? When a girl you’re crazy about responds.

“Things went along pretty well, but our emotions were building. Every time we dated, it became more and more difficult to keep our heads. Finally, one evening, we both realized—without saying a word—that we could stand it no longer. She invited me to her apartment. My heart almost jumped out of my chest and my head was reeling. She smiled at me as she opened the door. We went in.

“The first thing that hit me was the white carpet, wall-to-wall, in every room. Every square inch of that apartment floor was white! I flipped.

“I said, ‘I want to take off my shoes. Okay?’ She said okay. I walked around and trotted from one room to another in my bare feet. It was the most luxurious sensation I’ve ever experienced with a girl.

“Then I said, ‘You know, it’s like walking around on a hundred dead polar bears.’ She looked at me as though I had said something dirty. ‘Get out!’ she hollered. ‘Get out of this apartment! Get out!’

“She picked up my socks and shoes, shoved them at me and pushed me out the door and locked it. And in the silence that followed the slam, I heard her—very faintly—crying.” Maharis paused and shrugged in a confusion that still bugged him. “Can you imagine that?” he asked. “The only thing I can figure out is that she loved polar bears!

“Maybe my mistake was being flippant. I guess the worst thing you can do with a girl, when her emotions are aroused, is to be funny. It ruins everything—instantly. Perhaps if I had said that the white carpet made me feel I was walking on clouds in a beautiful dream, there might have been a different story to tell. . . . What I mean is that, so often, when you try to be honest, you get in trouble—or lose a gal.

“Hell, I started in show business by being a wise guy. I wanted to be a singer then. I walked the streets of New York, auditioning for managers who ignored me after the first note. I had a voice like steel.

“One tired afternoon, I went to a theater where they were trying out male singers for the chorus in a musical. I sang a few bars, as everyone else did. The guy who was listening turned me down without even looking up. He said, ‘Sorry—next.’

“I hung around anyhow. About forty-five minutes later, he stood up and said, ‘Now all of you who were accepted, step forward.’ You guessed it—I stepped forward and got a job.”

The confusion which Maharis admits suffering is a bewilderment only George himself imagines. His fans consider him one of the (Continued on page 38)
a Valentine for Jack Benny
On noting the bloom that's gone from my cheek,
On spotting a new hair of gray every week,
I think it's just marvellous, simply divine—
That I've got a husband who's just thirty-nine.

Mary Livingston

"Love in Bloom"—bah! It's just a hoax!
And who wants to hear all those warmed-over jokes?
How can it be possible that now you're in clover?
Let's go down to your vault and talk this thing over.

George Burns

Excuse me, Jack, I just had to explain—
I've forgotten and left my script on the train.
But, Jack, I'll ad-lib, I'm a natural wit—
And look, if you fire me once more—I'll quit!

Tom Wilson
I won't tell you how much this Valentine cost,  
It's your birthday, too, so it's money well-spent.  
Besides, the price doesn't matter, Jack Benny,  
To us who love you, you're worth every penny!

Say, folks, would it do if I added a line?  
The verses you read here are really all mine.  
For flowery phrases I've little regard,  
But for Mr. Jack Benny—look, ma, I'm a Bard.

On Valentine's Day it wouldn't suffice  
To write down a compliment saying you're nice.  
Would you mind, Mr. Benny, in all due respect—  
If I phone my good wishes and feelings—collect?

For Benny, I'd give my right ear like Van Gogh,  
I'd stop the commercials on my nightly show.  
For all that he's done for me through the years—  
—I can't go on—I'm choked up with tears.
Are Peter & The Wolf Hurting The Kennedys?

No memo has been issued on White House stationery. No edict has been promulgated. No secret conferences have been held in smoke-filled rooms. No cabinet meetings have been called.

But one thing is certain.

Somehow, somewhere, some time ago, the Clan led by footloose and fancy-free Frank Sinatra received an informal request from the nation's capital. It was: To avoid making big, black headlines which might in any way reflect on

(Continued on page 90)
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(Continued on page 90)
THE WOMAN WHO BROKE
It started innocently... no one could have guessed it would end in heartbreak and headlines. For the real story behind the breakup, please turn the page.
THE WOMAN WHO BROKE UP DINAH SHORE'S HOME

It started innocently... no one could have guessed it would end in heartbreak and headlines. For the real story behind the breakup, please turn the page.
After 18 happy years, George was suddenly linked with other women.
George was a very devoted husband in the early years.

In 1954, Jody was adopted into the seemingly enchanted circle.

It had been
a good life...
a good love...
It should have lasted forever
A story you wouldn’t expect . . . one to read after a bone-tiring day . . . when even a bed looks too hard!

They call him Perpetual Motion. The Dynamo. Mr. Energy. The Atomic Blast. Mr. Nuclear Fission. But it all adds up to the same thing. Put him in front of a camera and mike, or on a stage—TV, radio, Broadway, Atlantic City, Miami Beach, anywhere—and it’s go, go, go! The man seems tireless. The round black eyes throw off sparks. The dark head tosses. The arms circle constantly. The feet are never still.

Yet the odd thing about Bert Parks is that, at heart, he’s no exhibitionist. At a party, he can be the quietest man in the room. He sits on the sidelines and watches, enjoying what the other fellow is doing. Even Bert’s laughter (Continued on page 83)

by FRANCES KISH
the Bert bounces
Lorne Greene and his bride drink a honeymoon toast.
Shhhhh! We’re Married

The whole town buzzed. Until the very moment Lorne Greene and Nancy Anne Deale applied for their license in Santa Monica last December, Hollywood hipsters hadn’t even known that the 46-year-old star of Bonanza was romantically interested in the pretty 28-year-old actress.

Now, suddenly, it was being whispered that they’d been deeply in love for at least two years, and planning their wedding for months. Why all the secrecy? Was it the difference in age? After all, that wasn’t as great as in some other highly publicized filmland marriages, such as Debbie Reynolds and Harry Karl!

Was it the failure of Lorne’s earlier marriage, back in Toronto? But that— (Continued on page 89)
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From left: On couch—Kathy, Peggy, "Sis" and Chris, Bill and Annie, Mimi, "DeeDee," Janet. Floor—Joey, Billy, Danny, Pat.

Homework for everybody! Sis even finds time to help the singing Lennon Sisters (Peggy, Kathy, Janet) with their clothes.
Well, read my story—I keep house for more people than I can keep track of • by Isabelle “Sis” Lennon

Just let me list the members of our family: Bill Lennon, father of eleven. Isabelle Lennon—I'm usually called “Sis”—mother of eleven. (We have had twelve children, but Mary, born in 1948, died as an infant.) Diane, called “DeeDee,” now married to Richard Gass; Peggy, born in April, 1941; Kathy—August, 1943; Janet—June, 1946; Danny—February, 1950; Pat—November, 1951; Bill Jr.—July, 1954; Mimi—October, 1955; Joey— May, 1957; Anne—January, 1959; and Chris—March, 1960.

DeeDee and her husband have their own home but, happily for us, seem to be in and out of our house almost as much as the unmarried children. “Ex officio” members of our household include Kay Esser, who is in charge of the girls’ wardrobe for The Lawrence Welk Show, (Continued on page 84)

With the second shift off to school, Sis settles down to her chores—with the “assistance” of strictly non-orphan Annie.
Bob Cummings has been blasted in recent headlines which have nothing to do with Hollywood stardom. The stories themselves report the U.S. Government’s seizure of certain vitamin-mineral products and sales promotion material, on charges of misrepresentation in the prevention or treatment of disease. But the big type has focused on Bob, as an officer of the parent company and as author of “Stay Young and Vital.” We are proud that Bob has chosen TV RADIO MIRROR to present his side of the controversy.—The Editors

“I’ve never felt so hurt—they’ve hit me where I live.” Bob Cummings’ still young and vital features were creased with distress as he spoke. His open hand lay across the newspaper story about a Government crackdown against one of the distributors for Nutri-Bio Corporation. Bob, as vice-president of the company, had been singled out in all the headlines dealing with the allegations of the Food and Drug Administration that the food supplements were being promoted with false claims.

“Look here,” he said, “I’ve spent almost a lifetime building up my credit with the American people. If I’ve had any success at all, it’s because they like me, because they believe in me. And up to now, they’ve had no reason to doubt that the word of Bob Cummings was as good as gold. (Continued on page 65)
BOB CUMMINGS TALKS BACK TO THE U. S. GOVERNMENT

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IS THERE ROOM IN YOUR HEART FOR A NEW FAMILY?

You never know what love can do, but when you welcome Our Five
Like many sisters throughout the land, the five in this new TV family are as different from each other as night and day. Completely individual, unlike in looks, temperament and talents, as well as age! But they are bound together by that strongest of ties: Love. Their mutual devotion—even in the midst of those personal disagreements which can sometimes split even the closest family—helps them to surmount all problems. And problems, of course, are inevitable... in a TV daytime drama, as in life itself. But, first, we'd better introduce you to the Lee family, as seen on Our Five Daughters over NBC-TV, Monday through Friday, 3:30 to 4 P.M. EST. From left to right, they are: Mary, 27; Barbara, 25; their mother Helen and father Jim; Anne, 16; Marjorie, 18; and Jane, 23. . . . Anne is still in high school, struggling with typical teen-age problems in class, at home, and in her budding social life. Marjorie is already the cute coquette, popular with boys, aware that she can have what she wants from life by using her charm. Jane is the serious one, the family “brain,” who has no time for boyfriends and only one goal: To hang up her shingle, now that she has her law degree. Barbara is her (Please turn the page)
IS THERE ROOM IN YOUR HEART FOR A NEW FAMILY?

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mother’s image—solid and reliable; she has good sense, good looks, a good job and excellent marriage prospects! Mary, the eldest, is the only Lee girl who’s married . . . thus far. Her husband is Don Weldon, a young advertising executive, and they’re looking forward to the arrival of their first child.

Getting together a cast with such divergent tastes and interests was a Herculean task for all connected with the new serial drama. Our Five Daughters was months in the making, before it replaced From These Roots on the network. Actually, it’s been a full two day appearances, even the best actor cannot help but let his own personality come through. On a single show, he may achieve a great characterization completely different from his own personality. But just let him try that, on a daily serial which may run for years, and bits and pieces of himself are bound to show. So we chose our people carefully.”

With this in mind, it’s intriguing to follow those chosen, as their own lives and temperaments become interwoven with a fresh, exciting story, day after day. Some are familiar faces; others may be new to daytime audiences. For the record, here is the roll call: Jacquie Courtney as Anne . . . Iris Joyce as Marjorie . . . Nuella Dierking as Jane . . . Patricia Allison as Barbara . . . Wynne Miller as Mary.

And, if you think their TV mother, Helen Lee, looks loveliest of all, you have an eye for beauty and a memory for movies of yesteryear . . . she’s silent-film queen Esther Ralston! Father, too, will be recognized by Broadway playgoers and TV viewers . . . truck-dispatcher Jim is handsome Michael Keene. Rounding out a distinguished roster are Robert W. Stewart (previously seen on From These Roots) as Uncle Charlie, and Ben Hayes as Mary’s husband.

All together, and with the many characters who inevitably touch their lives, they act out a story producer Burr believes will be a welcome departure from what he considers the two basic types of serial so far: “We are trying to go up the middle . . . between the saccharine and the melodramatic. There’s a place for all, but it’s this third type we want to do in Our Five Daughters. We’re going after reality.”

He reminded us that, in the opening episode, Jim met with an accident which incapacitated him. “This is the thing every woman within a certain income bracket fears every day of her life, consciously or unconsciously. She asks herself, What will we do if this family’s husband and father gets hurt or ill? She can sympathize, identify, and understand. She can see something of herself in Helen’s situation.”

Identification, entertainment, quality. Add to these a storyline which can dart in any direction in which five lively sisters are apt to steer it, and Our Five Daughters is bound to find a place in your heart.

Helen and Jim Lee: Realism and romance are blended in their TV lives—as in your own.
This man's story is one you'll want to tell your grandchildren...
It began four years ago, on television...Do you remember?
DO YOU KNOW THIS MAN? He's John Glenn:

You saw him on the television screen, over four years ago. Now, after a long and rather busy interval, he's back on video with a different sort of act. You might even call it a spectacular.

The ruggedly handsome face and boyish smile of Marine Lt. Col. John Hershel Glenn has become a familiar sight to tens of millions of TV viewers in recent days—as America's first pioneer to orbit into outer space and around the earth. Today and for a good many tomorrows to come, he will continue to outshine all the Matt Dillons and Paladins and other dramatic heroes who grace or disgrace the nation's 50,000,000 television screens weekly, nightly, and

The greatest test of all: John in the cockpit of a Mercury spacecraft—just where he wanted to be.

Sharing John's TV jackpot: Eddie Hodges—who went on to win his own youthful kind of fame.
The Man Who Hit The Jackpot – Twice

sometimes hourly. They are make-believe. Glenn is real. His historic feat does more than bring vicarious thrills to men and boys who'll never out-draw the evil rustler or crack open an international dope ring. Glenn's fantastic flight fires the imagination and reaches deep into the human soul to stir and gladden the heart.

And yet, through it all, through all the days of unimaginable significance, John Glenn remained John Glenn: Diffident, endearingly modest, somehow boyish in the way he seemed to convey his astonishment and delight at the greatness that has befallen him. But, of course, beyond that is the image he will always project of confidence and strength. The Astronaut is, perhaps more than anyone else right now, the embodiment of America's vast, deep invulnerable might.

Col. Glenn's test role, as you've seen it on television, has been far different from his earlier visit to the land of the cathodes. (Please turn the page)
He's John Glenn: The Man Who Hit The Jackpot — Twice

continued

Cudgel your memory a bit and see if you can conjure up the picture of a younger, a trifle more playful Marine officer who, back in 1957, laughed and hijinxed his way into millions of homes from the stage of the once highly popular TV program, Name That Tune.

In his orbital feat, Glenn shared the television screen with the hellish green and red flames of a mighty Atlas Missile.

In Name That Tune, Glenn, then a Marine Major, shared it with the green of the good old American currency and the red of the flaming, tousled hair of a young boy named Eddie Hodges.

Urging them on in Name That Tune, joking with them, laughing and occasionally singing with them, was that program’s emcee, comedian George de Witt.

Nearly four and a half years have elapsed since Glenn’s performance on that happy-go-lucky big-money prize show, and a good deal has happened to all the principals involved since then. As we shall see.

Name That Tune was one of the most popular of all the big give-away shows. And Marine Major John Glenn was one of Tune’s most charming, delightful contestants.

His appearance on the show—he premiered on it in September, 1957—was no accident. Two months earlier, Glenn had become the first man to span the entire continent by jet at supersonic speed. On July 16, 1957, he’d pushed his sleek, needle-nosed Navy F8U Crusader from Los Angeles to Brooklyn in the breathtaking speed of three hours and twenty-three minutes. It was a dazzling achievement, and the newspapers and a few TV news shows were quick to leap at the opportunity of interviewing America’s latest Jet Age giant. And Glenn made a fine impression, from the start.

While observing one of these TV interviews one day late in July, Harry Salter (then producer of Name That Tune and now producer of today’s Yours For A Song) concluded that Glenn had that mysterious, elusive personality ingredient called “projection,” and decided to rope the dashing air hero for Tune. A staff member journeyed to New Concord, Ohio, where Glenn was then staying, learned that Glenn had the musical knowledge and background to qualify as a contestant and, when the Major agreed, promptly signed him up.

Now enter Eddie Hodges. Earlier, in Name That Tune’s eternal hunt for new faces, another staff man literally bumped into young Eddie while he was walking along a New York City street with his father and grandfather. The staffer got talking to Eddie, was captured by his sprightliness, his buoyant personality and his quick sidewalk wit. (Example: “Where’d you get that red hair?” Answer: “It came with my head.”)

He quickly, right there on the spot, asked Eddie to become a contestant on the show.

Eddie’s appearance on Name That Tune dovetailed with John Glenn’s. Under the show’s format, a stage contestant was asked to “name a tune” sent in by someone else. In this case, the someone else was Major Glenn. Eddie instantly recognized the tune—“South America, Take It Away”—and, accordingly, Eddie and Glenn became partners in the big drive for the top money of $26,000.

Anyone who saw the two of them, the Marine hero and the goggle-eyed young urchin fresh from the streets of New York, can scarcely forget their high good humor, their brow-furrowing search for the right answers, their jokes, their bantering with George de Witt, and always, at least once during each appearance, a duet—Glenn with his boisterous baritone voice, Eddie with his piping boy’s soprano. Occasionally, George, unable to constrain himself, joined in the singing, too.

On five separate Tuesday nights, Eddie Hodges teamed up with the handsome Marine Major (whom he was by now unabashedly hero-worshipping) and, each time, they reached the nightly jackpot of $5,000. At the end of the five weeks, they had won $26,000—five $5,000 prizes, plus the

(Continued on page 70)
ONE FOR THE ROAD

Meet Millard Hansen, who “drives” his listeners home each weekday evening, via WCFL

As a child, Millard Hansen would talk to a doorknob... pretending it was a microphone. Today, that doorknob has become a real mike... one which thousands of Chicagoans are tuned to every day as Millard does his 4 to 7 p.m. Road Show. Having been through his own share of traffic jams, Millard knows driving home after a hard day’s work can be a nerve-wrenching experience. So the youthful deejay gears his program especially to homeward bound motorists with music, up-to-the-minute news, weather and traffic reports all cleverly woven together with lots of bright patter. Soon after Millard outgrew his doorknob-talking-to stage, he was ready to plunge into broadcasting for real. A local station (WHFC) in Cicero, Illinois, presented a daily high-school program and Millard was soon writing, directing, producing and acting in it. He then went on to jobs at other Illinois stations, eventually joining up with WCFL... Married since last May, Millard and his pretty brunette wife Vivian share a small apartment furnished in Danish decor. Vivian works as a supervisor for the telephone company but always has plenty of time to help Millard choose records for his show. Both dislike rock ‘n’ roll, preferring music by the big bands, old favorites and standard tunes. In return for her aid, Millard lends a helping hand with the dishes and other household chores. But, says Vivian with a grin, “He’s a better deejay than he is a housekeeper!” Ask one of Millard’s many listeners and they’ll tell you that’s just how they like it. How else could they be driving home on air?
“FLOPPY” and the Small Fry

A cute little puppet keeps the kids smiling . . . with a helping “hand” from Duane Ellett of WHO-TV in Des Moines.

“I really feel sorry for the guy who does not enjoy his work,” says Duane Ellett, a fellow who really does enjoy his work for WHO-TV and Radio in Des Moines, Iowa. When confronted with the fact that he does five morning shows a week, brings the kiddies seven television shows a week and has a deejay show Monday through Friday—all afternoon long—he simply says, “I enjoy it a great deal.” . . . All but three of Duane’s thirty-eight years were spent in the Des Moines area, the last fifteen of them with WHO. “We are one big happy family here at Central Broadcasting, and I am proud to be a member of it,” says...
Duane. Speaking of happy families, he has one at home, too. His charming wife Lois naturally has plenty to do, keeping three healthy children in line. Their thirteen-year-old son Dan is the baseball fan. Nine-year-old Barbara is the musician, while two-year-old Kathy is the “trouble-maker—according to Duane. . . Duane has had a varied career in radio and television, starting as a staff announcer while attending Drake University in Des Moines. From this, he progressed to deejay shows, singing with WHO’s staff orchestra, doing Western ballads on the WHO Barn Dance Frolic—with a dash of writing, sportscasting, news reporting—and then, with the advent of television, ventriloquism. Talented at woodcarving, Duane created a little wooden hand puppet, or hand “puppy,” and named it “Floppy.” Couple Floppy with the best in animated cartoons, and small wonder the small fry refuse to watch anything else! . . . Duane’s hobbies encompass camping, outdoor cooking, woodcarving, and antique cars. His advice to young people would be to get all the education possible and then—“Find a job that is at least related to the work which you really enjoy.” Duane Ellett is happy, walking, talking proof of the wisdom of that pleasant and practical philosophy.
MEMOIRS
OF THE
Everyone loves to reminisce . . . and people in the movie industry are no exception. So listen, as they recall the excitement, the razzle-dazzle and thrills of days gone by

Bronco Billy Anderson, the screen's first cowboy, relates how he played six parts in "The Great Train Robbery"—none of them on a horse . . . Allan Jones recalls how he almost "became" Nelson Eddy . . . and Roddy McDowall reflects on the problems of being a child star . . . All these colorful anecdotes are a part of Memoirs Of The Movies, a series of sixteen broadcasts being presented by the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company in cooperation with the Oral History Research Project of Columbia University. Based on first-person recollections of movie greats, the series is the first in a continuing project built around actual voices of people who participated in the activity or event under study. Some of these personalities have since passed from the scene, but their voices live on to tell the story of happiness and heartache that was—and is—Hollywood, U.S.A. It's an exciting story you won't want to miss.
A "LIVE" WIRE

Popular singer Roberta Sherwood brought music, sparkling conversation to Jack's show.

Everything about Jack Denton's WLW-C show is live—the audience, the band, the guests. But the liveliest of all is Jack himself!

Lovely Gloria Swanson and Jack discuss everything from show business to styles to finance.

Ask WLW-C's Jack Denton what made him go into broadcasting, and he says with a grin, "Hunger." Actually, it was a desire to get off the road...he had, for many years, been playing night clubs and summer-stock shows. A chance visit to his hometown of Aurora, Illinois, was the beginning. A friend of Jack's told him of a new show which was starting on WLW-C in Columbus and Jack decided to audition. He got the job, and has been becoming more and more popular with viewers since his daily 9 to 10:30 A.M. show began in October...

Jack likes to say he started in show business at the bottom...of a pole. At the age of sixteen, he joined a Midwest traveling carnival as low man in a perch-pole act. Soon after, he entered an amateur show, using Milton Berle's jokes. Berle happened to be playing the same theater and was a bit surprised to find someone stealing his material.

He soon thought of a way to stop it. Two years later, he hired Jack as his writer. From there, Jack went on to become a night-club entertainer...this time using his own jokes!..."In case anyone is curious," smiles Jack, "I'm a bachelor. That's a guy who only has to fix one breakfast in the morning." Jack makes said breakfast in an apartment which is located near the studio. When not so occupied, he likes swimming, reading, and playing his bongo drums. As a matter of fact, Jack is so fond of the latter, he carries the drums around in his car so he can be ready to play at drop of a downbeat...Jack answers all letters himself. The reason? Says Jack, "I remember writing fan letters to radio stars when I was a small boy. To this day, I can remember those who answered and those who didn't. I'd like to be remembered as one who did."
Bob Cummings

(Continued from page 50)

Now, we have more than 75,000 distributors who operate for us under a contract that states clearly what they may and may not do in selling our products. One distributor—mind you, one out of 75,000—goes astray. Why? The entire company—all our products, everything—are trying to do one thing: improve the eating habits and health of the country—is thrown under a cloud. And my name is splashed about in black ink as though I personally had broken the rules of the Food and Drug Administration. Perhaps it's true that this distributor is misusing claims for the products. But aren't the headlines which link me to the violations equally misleading and harmful?

An investigation of the facts seems to support Cummings in his feeling of indignation. For example, one thing not included in the press reports about the charges down was Bob's first reaction to the investigation. It was a loud and hearty "I'm for it!" He then went on to declare that he was speaking first as a citizen, and second as an official of Nutri-Bio. "To me—and this is a passion that goes back to my childhood—nothing's more important as the health and progress of our people. That's why I sincerely welcome the action of the F.D.A. I'm glad to see that they are on their toes, watching over the interests of the consumers. I can't speak, of course, for all our distributors scattered over the land. But, to the best of my knowledge, Nutri-Bio has always tried to meet the requirements of the F.D.A. What's more, as long as I'm connected with the firm, it always will."

Although the charges leveled against the Washington, D.C. distributor mark the third complaint made against Nutri-Bio in the four years it has been in business, this would appear to be a good record as compared with other companies in the same line. Bob phrases it: "We're not perfect and we don't claim to be. We've never said our products are miracle drugs or can overturn the laws of nature. While we screen each distributor carefully, there are simply too many for us to guarantee them all, absolutely and forever."

Along with the charges of making false and improper claims for the vitamins and mineral products, the F.D.A. also claims that Bob's best-selling book, "Stay Young and Vital," was being used in pushing sales. "This," argues Bob, "can't be put on me, can it? Using the book for this purpose is strictly against company rules and this fellow in Washington must have known that. Besides, my book was written long before I became a vice-president of Nutri-Bio." Bob's usual air of radiant good cheer was not in evidence. He tried to smile, but his face stubbornly refused to relax its troubled frown. "What's being overlooked in all this hullaballoo is the fact that, long before the book or my position at Nutri-Bio, my greatest concern in life was the subject of diet, exercise and health. It has been a more

Let's talk frankly about internal cleanliness

Day before yesterday, many women hesitated to talk about the douche even to their best friends, let alone to a doctor or druggist.

Today, thank goodness, women are beginning to discuss these things freely and openly. But—now—many women don't realize what is involved in treating "the delicate zone."

They don't ask. Nobody tells them. So they use homemade solutions which may not be completely effective, or some antiseptics which may be harsh or inflammatory.

It's time to talk frankly about internal cleanliness.

Here are the facts: tissues in "the delicate zone" are very tender. Odors are very persistent. Your comfort and well-being demand a special preparation for the douche. Today there is such a preparation.

This preparation is far more effective in antiseptic and germicidal action than old-fashioned homemade solutions. It is far safer to delicate tissues than other liquid antiseptics for the douche. It cleanses, freshens, eliminates odor, guards against chafing, relaxes and promotes confidence.

This is modern woman's way to internal cleanliness. It is the personal antiseptic for women, made specifically for "the delicate zone." It is called Zonite®. Complete instructions for use come in every package. In cases of persistent discharge, women are advised to see their doctors.

Millions of women already consider Zonite as important a part of their grooming as their bath.

You owe it to yourself to try Zonite.

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WHO WILL WIN PHOTOPLAY'S GOLD MEDAL AWARDS?
SEE THE STARS YOU PICKED IN PERSON ON THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW
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mented, can never replace an overall program for health. Nutri-Bio, he claims, set out to preach the doctrine of good health habits in every aspect. Mary and Bob are apparently dedicated to this cause. In times past, they set up foundations to research natural food products and their importance.

"People have sometimes laughed at my preoccupation with the care and development of our national health," Bob says. "Now President Kennedy has come out emphatically on the need for building our physical standards. President Eisenhower was also deeply interested in this field. I think a lot of people must have been appalled to learn that, of 200,000 students who were put through certain tests set by the Government, about half flunked out. Many schools are putting a new stress on the value of eating and exercising properly, on sufficient sleep, and the arts of relaxing. If each individual found a health program suited to his ability and needs, and followed it scrupulously, the entire health level of the nation would rise."

When Mary married Bob in 1945, she became interested in food supplements and began to adopt a better regulated health-building routine. "I was an actress before I got married," she explains, "so, naturally, I knew my number-one asset was my appearance, energy and drive. Even before I met Bob, I was already eating to stay healthy, but I made many mistakes. From Bob, I learned a great deal about nutrition. And I've never felt that keeping fit was a boring or irksome duty. It has become one of the joys of living."

Bob and Mary have backed the program known as "Meals For Millions" and similar plans designed to bring food supplements to less-favored areas of the world. It has seemed to them one of the more intelligent ways to foster good will along with good health. So much do the Cummings believe in their products that Nutri-Bio has been sponsoring "Love, Laughter, and Bob," a rerun of an earlier Bob Cummings Show, on ABC-TV. Now the firm is sponsoring his new Bob Cummings Show on CBS-TV, with Mary—and, at times, their five children—doing the commercials.

"I can't make my position any clearer than that can," he says. "I believe in the product. I believe in the show, I believe that good health insures the safety and future of our country, and I believe in positive thinking on this and other subjects. Those who know me will ignore any story linking me to the F.D.A."

Bob Cummings is an individual, like John J. Tunney or Bill Smith. He is not 75,000 distributors who are also individuals, with individual inclinations to do right or wrong.

"I'm proud that my name has meant something, up to now, in the field of keeping young and well. I feel that all this unfair publicity as good-naturedly as possible. But I'm serving warning: This is a thing touching on my integrity. I'll fight to preserve my reputation, to get the truth before the public, and to save my show."

Kathleen Post
that wonderful grin of his, which is young and full of bounce. It's true Dwayne never wanted to be an actor. It's true he considers himself a "grassroots American" and something of a dud; but he looks very debonair in ascot and tweed jacket at the wheel of his T-bird, and he's dreaming of "a suave new phase in which I'll have a lot more ascots and striped blazers and black slacks—without a belt, of course—a wardrobe to match that Rolls-Royce with the license DH1, like Cary Grant's CG1 and Frank Sinatra's FS2. I don't know what the 1 and 2 mean, unless they indicate the line-up of cars in the garage, but I like the idea. I like the idea of several dinner jackets and of writing home from Cannes and Monte Carlo: 'Having a wonderful time and, yes, I might be induced—maybe—to make another picture I don't want.'"

Also on this dream trip, he's planning to chase girls—real girls, not actresses—all over the world. A weekly show leaves little time for social life, and Dwayne has had to solve this problem by dating the girls who show up on the series each week—Dobie's major interest being girls. Dwayne meets his new date Wednesdays at rehearsal, dates her by Friday and drops her by Sunday, because there's always a new name on the call sheet, and hopefully, she might turn out to be different.

The trouble with actresses

"Actresses," he says, "are an incredible breed. Fun is out of the question. One beauty wants to talk profoundly about the Protestant Reformation. Another wants to be taken to some little one-act plays. They think it's kind of chic to be a part-time art lover. They probably disguise the fact that they're totally involved with their careers.

"They don't make good dates because they're not interested in you; they'd be terrible wives; their constant aim is to go somewhere to be seen. I've seen thirty minutes every week on 190 outlets over the CBS network! I like to drive along the ocean or go to the park, visit the zoo, see a ball game. Can you imagine taking one of Dobie's girls to the ball game?"

"I haven't fallen in love for a long time. There was Dorothy Provine, but that was two years ago and even that wasn't like the love I knew when I was nineteen. I was madly in love then, with a plain, ordinary nice girl, who came from Marymount to the dance at our school. I was a poor dancer and I could think of nothing to say, but I loved her. A few weeks back in a coffee house, wearing long black stockings and a sort of anarchy suit, I tell you, I ran. Like Dobie, I don't have a girl—and like Dobie, I'm always looking.

The one girl he understands is his sister Delrude, twenty-one, who was just graduated from Immaculate Heart Convent and is planning to get married.

"We've been a very close family, actually, all of us individualists, all different, but we like to be together. I have my own apartment but I wouldn't be caught dead cooking, so I go home for breakfast and dinner. My mother says I'm home more now than when I lived there and, of course, one of my close friends is my brother Darryl, even though he's now married.

"It was Darryl who was the cause of it all—show business, I mean. He was taking a dancing lesson one day (he must have been five or six) when a movie studio hired a whole bunch of young girls from the dancing school for Bing Crosby's 'The Star Maker.' Darryl got a pretty good part in that film and went on from there.

"Then, when he began to graduate to adolescent parts, I took over on the juvenile parts. At ten, I made my debut as Claudette Colbert's son in The Secret of the Happy Years, and in 'The Boy With Green Hair,' and with Bob Cummings in 'Montana Mike.' I was never a very good child actor—I couldn't create another character, as Darryl could. But parts were offered and the money was good.

"No one in our family took it very big. My mother, of course, had to go with us to the studio—she spoke the language—but my dad never really knew we were actors. He's still pretty vague about it. He's an insurance broker and he's crazy about cars; he has a '53 De Soto he's depreciating over a ten-year period. It's the nuttiest of the bunch—he thinks acting is sort of like loafing... Then I grew out of kid parts and went on to Cathed-ral High and then to Loyola University, a Jesuit school.

"I was majoring in economics, planning to be a stockbroker. I was also crazy about Victorian litera-ture. Around school, they figured I was pretty square. I pledged Alpha Delta Gamma, but I'd be studying and miss the meetings. Besides, I wouldn't carry cigarettes around for the upper-classmen or call them 'sir.' Pretty soon, they threw me out for not conforming. That was fine. I had plenty to do. I played a lot of tennis and some golf. Saturdays, I worked as cashier in a car wash, ten dollars a Saturday.

"The man who runs this place is an old friend of my family, and I still go there every week and get my car cleaned. Today we were pulling on him, he told me I ought to come back and work at the old job. 'People think all actors are stuffed shirts,' he said. 'If they could see you working around here on Saturdays, they'd know you aren't a stuffed shirt. In a few Saturdays, you could earn the opinion in the whole Glendale area!' He said he'd pay me a dollar-twenty an hour and I was tempted. But I had to turn him down. I spend my Saturdays studying script.

Dwayne had completed his first year at Loyola when a leftover agent from his childhood suggested he go over to see Bob Cummings. Cummings was looking for a young kid for his show. "I wasn't so hot about the idea, but it was summer and I didn't have a job. The next thing I knew, I was making a pilot. And I'd no sooner started back to school than the series was sold." He had the three-unit course which met Monday, Wednesday and Friday and, unfortunately, the series shot on Wednesday and Friday. After a while, the two jobs became impossible. Occasionally, he's wished he were back at Loyola and, last year, he threatened to leave Dobie and do just that. The reason? The part he described in which he was sentenced when he took on the role.

"I've never found out whose idea that was." Dwayne says, "but someone thought bleaching my hair would make me look different than I'd looked on the Cummings show and also it would make me look younger. It made me look older and strictly a freak. I have a dark complexion and dark eyebrows, my eyes are sort of green and the white hair was shocking. On screen, I faded into the background. Off screen, I wore a hat. That thatch could have ruined my career.

"Last year, when I took my stand against the bleak job, the agency people were in a panic. They said it would ruin the image, how could we explain it? I told them I wasn't going to explain it. I'd just as soon go back to college. So, last year, on the show, the hair was tinted brown. This year it's black as it is. And, so far, nobody in the viewing audience has said one word."

Dobie grows older, too

The hair isn't the only change. When the series started three years ago, Dobie was seventeen (Dwayne, twenty-four), a scatter-brained kid who stole money from his dad's cash register, never thought of a job—thought, indeed, only of girls. With Dwayne pressing, his producers have allowed him to mature five years in three and the character has come a little closer to the actor who plays it. To remain vital, Dwayne points out, a series must be ever changing, like life.

But the fact remains that the series has forced the actor into the role of comedian, when he wants to do serious acting, and TV shows don't sell in sense of perfectionism. It hurts to spend ten minutes filming a tough scene he'd like to rehearse for two hours. It hurts when critics pan the show. Sometimes he feels that critics only like shows with low ratings: "The critics seem to think these must be great artistic
triumphs which the public hasn't brains enough to dig. Maybe they're right. Dobie originally was a brilliant satire with social implications like 'Alice in Wonderland.' Nobody got the satire, and the show slid into the family groove.

"Of course, you should never let critics worry you. When I was a little kid, I did a play at Pasadena Playhouse, prior to a possible opening on Broadway—'This Proud Young World,' with an all-juvenile cast. Reviewer Frank Eng praised the play, he said Darryl was excellent. On the contrary, he said, his brother Dwayne was as inept as Darryl was outstanding, that I'd given up an obviously promising formula. This was the second night of the show, the night after the opening. I needed all the encouragement I could get. I read this review, folded the paper and went out on stage. Later, I made up my mind not to pay any attention to reviews—you know, of all the people in the play, Darryl and I are the only ones still working?"

"There is a big turnover in show business, especially in series TV, which is a grind. You must produce a feature a week for the amount of money allowed, a volume of business. We make it as good as we can. So far as I'm concerned, the weekly series will eventually go down the drain because it doesn't have that much scope—you can't make thirty-six hours a half-hour. You're trapped.

"Plenty of other series stars have felt trapped, too, but most actors playing an established character—such as Wyatt Earp, or Perry Mason, or Paladin—just naturally exploit that character and become identified with it. Dwayne, who was interested in Victorian literature, in art, music and sports, wouldn't be found dead exploiting Dobie and is always faintly embarrassed when anyone identifies him.

"I'm not a teenager anymore," he protests. "By the time you get to be a success in this business, you've grown what you've achieved the success doing. A successful juvenile is too old for juvenile. Ditto the leading man." Yet the question remains: What will he do when they start wooing him for another contract? "There are naturally inducements they give people who stick with a show five or six years—strong inducements," he reflects. "Richard Boone ... Raymond Burr ... I don't know if I'd be strong enough to resist. You get hungry three times a day, you have to provide for your old age, and I'm a worrier. I hope I can remind myself that three years of a successful series have done for an actor all they can do ... that an actor's sense of security comes from something superbly done that, from here on, it's too grave but it's not getting me into serious adult acting where I want to be."

If Dwayne listens to those arguments, we'll understand. Two years without love is long enough. It's enough to make any man—or woman—feel old.

—JANE ARDMORE

Dobie Gillis is seen over CBS-TV, Tuesdays at 8:30 P.M. E.S.T.
Do You Know This Man?

(Continued from page 58)

initial $1,000 they were given to “bet” with—and Eddie and the Major split their winnings.

All in all, they’d put on a terrific show for the viewing millions and their brief interlude was fun for everyone.

A lot—an awful lot—has happened since then.

Little Eddie Hodges, who sang and joked and laughed his way into the hearts of so many Americans at home, inevitably drew the attention of the star-makers on Broadway. Shortly after his departure from Name That Tune, he was auditioned for a role in the smash Broadway musical “The Music Man.” He won the role handily and established himself as a genuinely competent young actor.

Later, Eddie went on to star in TV specials, made his motion picture debut with Frank Sinatra and, still later, returned to Broadway. At the moment, Eddie—no longer the young, wide-eyed lad of a boy but a sprouting teenager—is continuing his schooling, but there is little doubt a huge and successful career lies ahead of him.

Name That Tune itself continued its climb in the ratings and was at the zenith of its massive popularity when the appalling quiz show scandals broke across the nation’s headlines and it—along with every other big giveaway show—was hastily yanked from the air.

As for George de Witt, the veteran comic entertainer had little trouble in finding a new TV berth, and, before long, was back in his emcee role, guiding the newly created Be Our Guest show along the airwaves. But trouble continued to plague him. Before long, he became enmeshed in a public headline-grabbing battle with the beautiful Mary Ann Mobley, who—fresh from her triumph as Miss America of 1959—had joined the program as its featured singer.

In a show of tears, in which she accused George of issuing an “it’s Mary Ann or me” ultimatum, the Mississipi belle quit. Less than twenty-four hours later, George himself gave seven weeks’ notice that he, too, was through. The show, he said, had no format. And besides, he couldn’t seem to get along with the show’s producers. Since then—by now it was the spring of 1960—George de Witt has had no show of his own and has devoted himself almost exclusively to night-club acts, mostly in Florida and New York.

And John Hershel Glenn?

John Glenn, as perhaps every literate person in the world knows today, went on to heights hardly dreamed of a generation ago and unmatched by any other American today.

In the years since 1957, the doughty Marine Astronaut soared to fantastic fame, far and away eclipsing everyone else who shared those lighter moments with him on Name That Tune.

It wasn’t easy.

Soon after his epochal, record-shattering jet flight from Los Angeles to New York, John Glenn joined with thousands of other pilots in the grueling competition to be named one of America’s famed Project Mercury Astronauts. It was a little harder for Glenn than for most of the others. He was then thirty-six years old and regarded as something of an old-timer—too old for the sky-torturing training program he would have to endure.

Glenn soon proved them wrong. Along with six others, he became a part of the country’s vaunted Astronaut team and plunged into the long, tedious rigors of preparation for an orbital flight around the earth.

Most of the tests would terrify an ordinary man. One involved lying on a couch in a Rube Goldberg-ish centrifugal machine that spun, tossed, somersaulted and pitched its prisoner at blindingly dizzy speeds. The battering, teeth-clattering ordeal, aimed at simulating conditions of rocketing through the vast sea of space, managed, of course, to shake Glenn thoroughly. But it otherwise left him in fine fettle.

Norr was he fazed by the seemingly endless hazards of practicing split-second escapes through the narrow portholes of dummy space capsules bobbing precariously in the ocean.

These were only some of the tests. There were others. He soared into the heavens with the other Astronauts aboard C-131 transport planes that would suddenly dive, pull up jarringly and dive yet again to float the astronauts in midair at zero gravity to test their reactions to weightlessness. Through all of these, through every demanding test, Glenn—and the others—emerged with flying colors.

But then, of course, everything behind him had honed him for the ordeals he was then facing.

Here was a man who had flown 59 fighter bomber missions in the Pacific during World War II and earned three Distinguished Flying Crosses.

When the Korean War came, he was back in the thick of the fighting again, flying 100 missions. At war’s end, he had won an incredible 17 Air Medals and two more DFCs.

After the war, Glenn turned to test piloting, and that, in turn, led him down the path to Project Mercury.

Trim and leathery-tough—standing five-foot-ten and running at least two miles every morning to keep at his best weight of 180 pounds—John Glenn himself has always attributed his dauntless and icy calm, in the shadow of death, to faith and understanding.

He is not afraid, he told close friends, because he understands, and when he does not understand, he finds out. For example, Col. Glenn—a very religious man—early in his Astronaut career, went to his Presbyterian minister and asked to find out whether it was ethically right to tamper with the outer reaches of space. Only when he was assured he was not offending God, did he continue.

As Project Mercury rolled along, there were moments when the public, if not Glenn himself, felt somewhat frustrated for him.

Virtually every reporter who covered the Astronauts’ training came away with the impression that Col. John Glenn was the “pappy” of the seven-man unit. A favorite description was that he was the “leader among equals.”

Everyone was sure that, when America launched its first sub-orbital flight down the South Atlantic range, Col. Glenn would be aboard the rocket. Instead, it was Navy Commander Alan Shepard Jr. Then came the second sub-orbital flight, and again all eyes turned to John Glenn. And again, he was denied. This time, the Astronaut was Capt. Virgil Grissom.

Since the Russians had sent two “cosmonauts” around the planet—Major Yuri Gagarin, who orbited the earth once, and Major Gherman S. Titov, who made the fabulous flight 17 times—they were beginning to say of Glenn, “always the bridesmaid, never the bride.”

But John Glenn never lost faith in himself or sight of the larger goals, and neither did his family. His wife Anna, a childhood sweetheart whom he had met in his hometown of New Concord, Ohio—at the tender age of six—and his two children, John David, 15, and Carolyn Ann, 13.

Time flew and John Glenn’s day of greatness finally came, and, with a mighty, flaming roar, he zoomed into the firmament.

Into the bright blue heavens above, into history. —John R. Pascal

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WHERE'S NEW COAST

(Continued from page 7)

an artesian well on his Double Rainbow Ranch. If Kawas, a young George Bennett doing a ditto on his ponytail? Purrs Connie, "No one can make it in show business by being a carbon copy." Sasses Kathy, "I've been wearing a ponytail since I was five." Now, girls, no hair-pulling!

MGM tell their upcoming series Zero One. Take Killard, say they, and double it in spades! . . . Chuck Connors and wife have put the "No Trespass" sign on their private lives. "We're trying to work out our differences," says Connors, "but it's strictly between the two of us." Sadly, it's now between them and a bank. The divorce papers have been filed. . . . Has the leader of the clan flipped his hair-piece over that Roaring 20's piece of work? And vice-versa? . . . It's still "no marriage" for Troy Donahue and Suzanne Fleshette but it's "still married" for Colleen Moore and Jimmie Rodgers. Ty Hardin can't be serious when he says, "Perhaps Ann-Margret and I are getting too serious." Everyone knows the Swedish doll, a strong contender for the Mary Martin role in "Sound of Music," doesn't believe in "marriage." To call it, she's being dated financier Bert Sugarman, and since she died her hair red, the family icebox has been raised night after night by other late dates. Question, please: Why do her lights up when you say "Avalon"?

Fabian's build for "Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation" is a phony. Scared the fuss'd play "hob" with his lifestyle, which (at present) includes Kathy Kirsch, Kitty Reagan and back-home beauty, Barbara Magnelli. . . . B'ni B'rith's "Man of Year"—Dick Boone, who also cops a special award for toiling on behalf of the 50th anniversary of Navy Ayv-ashon. . . . Gardner McKay's dog-pal, "Pussycat," finally made the scene in Adventures In Paradise. So help us Hannah, Gardner framed the call sheet, which said pigs, cows and chicks must be on set at 6 A.M. sharp. But Pussycat could not arrive in time!

Dinah Shore keeping herself too busy for regrets. She's got herself continually booked into clubs. First the Eden Roc in Miami and then the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas. She will film her May TV show at the Riviera. . . . If you notice, actors don't know TV. Video accounts for the bread and butter of well over fifty percent. . . . The word is that Frankie Sinatra Jr. (Continued on page 72)
The women of Scandinavia have always been envied for their glorious blonde hair. Now with our time-saving or that ugly, bleached look, you can safely give your hair the radiant, golden shine that women call BLONDEX, this new Swedish CREAM Shampoo. Made especially for blondes, contains ANDIUM to lighten and shine as shampoo, leaving your hair soft and easy to manage. Washes away dinky film that keeps hair from being sleek—gives it lovely lustre and flattering highlights. Fine for children's hair too! GET BLONDEX today at drug and dept. stores or

Wash Golden Color into BLONDE HAIR
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The women of Scandinavia have always been envied for their glorious blonde hair. Now with our time-saving or that ugly, bleached look, you can safely give your hair the radiant, golden shine that women call BLONDEX, this new Swedish CREAM Shampoo. Made especially for blondes, contains ANDIUM to lighten and shine as shampoo, leaving your hair soft and easy to manage. Washes away dinky film that keeps hair from being sleek—gives it lovely lustre and flattering highlights. Fine for children's hair too! GET BLONDEX today at drug and dept. stores or

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MURRAY HILL HOUSE, N. Y.

(Continued from page 71)
Bob Hope remains the king of ratings for the second year. Last season he held three top ratings and is about to set as high a mark this season. In his first production, he captured 54 percent of the audience—more than NBC's rival networks had combined. . . . Natalie Wood, always a strong-minded lass, seems to have lost her mind as well as her heart to Warren Beatty. He's advising her on business matters and she in turn is giving her business associates a tough time. . . . Look for a big look at Sophia Loren on NBC—they are preparing a full hour of candid shots on her personal life. . . . Mitch Miller gave CBS-O'REILLY a contract, making her a regular for the rest of the season. . . . Max Liebman has promised CBS-TV a smasheroo of a comedy series next year with a far-out format. Each week he will parody some well-known tale such as the story of Robin Hood or Franklin. . . . Hugh O'Brian may confound his public and turn up in a comedy series.

The young actress to keep an eye on is Dorothy Hackett, who turned up this season in Ben Casey, Twilight Zone, Gunsmoke, The New Breed and The Defenders. She played roles ranging from a Mexican dope fiend to the sophisticated wife of a drama critic. This is the same season three major critic awards last year in an off-Broadway play, "Call Me By My Rightful Name," and then turned down the chance to play in the movie version. A slender gal with burnt almond eyes, she says, "I'm choosy about movies but TV renders an exciting life that I couldn't have. "I'm not sure whether it was a mistake or a new approach . . . but I had to admit, it was effective."

When Rose Marie was Baby Rose Marie, she wore a big bow in her hair and it started a style trend of "Rose Marie ribbons." Now that she's on The Dick Van Dyke Show, she has a tiny bow and that has started a new line of velveteen bows. . . . Pardon her Hungarian, says Zsa Zsa Gabor, mulling over a night-club act, but she wants to be more than a "glamour girl." "I voud like to sing, and dance and do zee whole shmeer."

Gene Barry is one of more entertainers to go abroad and says they should do it at scale rates, for international goodwill. Gene, whose Bat Masterson is large in South America, has been tapped for the "Distinguished Overseasmanship" medal by the Brazil Herald, the first time in history Henry Frank has been honored. Sighted on the set of The Outlaw: A sign reading, "There Are No Outlaws, Only Misdirected Cowboys!" . . . Jane Morgan's reason for haunting the Perry Como set: He makes me cry! Perry Como's reason for liking her visits: She makes me laugh.
“Slander!”

(Continued from page 17)

the defendant who sat in the witness chair. The New York County Supreme Court was a little more crowded than usual this day, but much quieter. There were no coughs, no whispers; nothing that would make the spectators miss any of the testimony, any gesture of the defendant. This was their chance, they knew, to see what the King of the Night People was really like.

For this was the trial of Jack Paar; the $300,000 suit for “slander” which had been brought against him by Pupi Campo.

Pupi was in the courtroom, too, watching Jack. Watching and remembering and hardly believing that something begun in 1955 was finally to be resolved after six years.

It had all started so simply, Pupi remembered. Jack was then starring on CBS-TV’s Morning Show and Pupi was the bandleader. In fact, everything was going so well then that Pupi simply couldn’t imagine having a care in the world.

He wasn’t only a bandleader. It was while working with Pupi that Jack first got the idea of chatting with the cast, as a panel, with which he’d had such success on his nightly NBC-TV Jack Paar Show. Pupi’s Cuban accent and the way he’d occasionally trip over English had been a perfect ploy for Jack’s humor. Newspaper reviewers saw the show and praised Pupi, as well as Jack.

Pupi was going far, everybody in show business said. So far, in fact, that Jack raised his salary from $275 a week to $833.

But—even better than Pupi’s success—he was also in love. His girl was Betty Clooney, sister of Rosemary and singer on the show.

And that’s when all the bad things happened.

Betty went home to California on vacation and singer-comedienne Eddie Adams was hired as her temporary replacement. One day, while Betty was still away, Jack told Pupi he wanted to see him. “I’m letting Betty go,” he said. “I want you to be the first one to know.”

“But why?” Pupi asked. “Everything was going so well!”

“Look, Pupi, I don’t want any romance on the show. And Eddie’s more versatile. She can sing, she does comedy... she stays,” Jack told him.

After that, Bay was dropped. Pupi got more and more unhappy. He told friends: “Everything was going okay until we told him we were going together. And the way he let her go. After working for him a year, he couldn’t even tell Betty himself. He had to have his producer fire her for him!

When Jack heard Pupi’s complaints, he again told Pupi he wanted to see him. “I know you think I fired Betty because you’re going with her,” he said.

“But that’s not true. I’ve told you, Eddie is more versatile and that’s what the show needs. Maybe it was cruel. But...”

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is there ever a nice way of giving anyone notice? “If you had gotten married, one of you would have had to go, anyhow. I don’t want married couples on this show.”

Six weeks later, Pupi was fired. The shows were getting too crowded with guest stars, Jack told him. Maybe they could use Pupi once or twice a week as a regular guest, rather than as a regular member. But the shows were just getting too crowded.

“And, Pupi,” Jack said, “if reporters ask you what happened, just tell them you want to spend more time with the band.”

What do you do with a thing like this, Pupi wondered. Do you keep quiet and be a good guy and maybe he’ll take you back? Or do you do what you feel like doing—get mad, let everybody know?

Pupi got mad. He told friends he was fired because he was going to marry Betty. He said he knew, when she was let go, that he’d be next.

“Oh, no,” Jack said. “It’s purely a matter of talent. We can’t find anything for the boy to do. I told him I didn’t want to continue him on the show at the high salary he was getting. I have to be forced to say this, but neither Betty nor Pupi are top-flight talent.”

A few nights later, Pupi and his band were playing for a party at the swank Colony restaurant in New York. Columnist Earl Wilson asked Pupi what had happened with Jack. And Pupi told his side. Then a reporter was sent to check with Jack—and Jack, as Pupi later said, “went wild.” He told Pupi, “Why did you do this to me? You’ll be sorry!”

Jack then told the reporter Pupi couldn’t sing, couldn’t dance and had no talent. “I couldn’t use him on the live show as a bandleader. He couldn’t read music or lead a band on TV. Once he’s out there, he doesn’t know what to do.”

Pupi sued...

Now, six years later, in the courtroom, Pupi heard an attorney question Jack: “What would you say was Mr. Campo’s talent? What was his act?”

“As I recall,” Jack answered, “it was waving his hips in front of the band.”

“Mr. Paar, are you a comedian?”

“I have been called a comedian in the Congress of the United States.”

“Now, Mr. Paar, did you reach the conclusion that Mr. Campo couldn’t sing?”

“I wouldn’t hire him as a singer,” Jack paused then and smiled, adding: “But you cheer for a guy who tries.”

“Did you reach the conclusion that Mr. Campo couldn’t dance?”

“Not as a solo performer.”

“Couldn’t dance, Pupi thought. I came to this country just because I could dance. That was back in 1940. In his native Cuba. He’d already been in some movies and night clubs in Havana when an American press agent saw him. The funny thing was, he wasn’t even working the night he was...

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The present: No future?

Jack was still on the witness stand and Pupi heard the attorney asking him. "Was the romance between Betty and Pupi the ready-cut show?"

"Yes," Jack answered. "I had no objection to their getting married. All the world loves a lover. But being married and being on the show, that's a whole new argument. That's not the way to run a TV show—or a department store, you know?"

The lawyer waited for the spectators' laughter to die down, then asked, "You've been around show business for a long time. For an extensive time?"

"What do you mean, 'extensive?'"

"For about twenty-eight years. Mr. Paar?"

"Yes," Jack said. "About that, with ups and downs."

"Do you know any married couples in show business?"

"Such as?"

"Burns and Allen, Mr. Paar?"

"But—Jack was very excited now—but they control their own show!"

And how about Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz?"

The lawyer asked. Very animated, shooting out his left hand to make his point, Jack told him: "See . . . there . . . you proved my point. They're divorced!"

Divorced, Pupi thought. We'll never get divorced. Our marriage is the only good thing that came out of this."

Betty would always stay by him. Pupi knew that. She had proved it when she married him four months after he was dropped from the Paar show. Jobs were already beginning to get scarce, but that couldn't stop her from becoming his wife. Or from having children—Carlo, Carrie, and Cathy Ann. Three little funny combinations of her Irish and his Cuban ancestry. And they were all happy, too. Except for this thing.

He wished he didn't have to see Jack. But he had decided long ago that he had to. "After all," he had reasoned, it was terrible things he said about me. When a big person like that, someone you've worked for, says you have no talent, who'll hire you?

Nobody. Pupi had found out. Since the day Jack had made those statements, he hadn't had a single television offer. "I'll take anything anyone offers me," he said. He took some night-club bookings with his band. His salary was cut to half what it used to be, before all this happened.

"That's why you're here today, in court . . . because, if it was proved Jack slandered him, maybe he'd get more work. Maybe his "reputation" would be restored."

"After Betty left the show. Jack was testifying, 'we could not convince Pupi himself to let go because Edith Adams was better for the show. Pupi's actions became more offensive, more obscene. He began Heckling his own people, the people he worked with."

"Did Mr. Campo have talent?" the lawyer questioned.

With a look and a wrinkled forehead, Jack thought for a moment: "Talent is a very loose word."

"Well, was Pupi a talented TV performer?"

"A TV personality, not a performer," Jack answered.

I was always a performer before, Pupi told himself. Before all this. Now I get one job, then I wait months for the next one. And no television. With three children, you need TV work. That added income is very important. We spend what we make. There's no money to save.

"But when was the just money," Pupi had explained. "It's a blow to your ego, you know? You want to run away. That's what we did. We moved to Florida, bought a home there, got as far away from all this as we could."

He had come back for the trial. . . Suddenly, the judge turned to Jack. "You may speak, Mr. Paar?"

"You mean it's all over?" Jack asked. "Yes, it's all over."

"You mean," Jack said, "that's all there is to it?"

"Yes."

"Gee," Jack grinned. "that's not the way Perry Mason does it."

Jack Paar's day in court was ended.

The jury subsequently found a $15,000 verdict against him. They probably reasoned that—if it were true that Pupi had no talent—Jack would have hired him sooner, instead of keeping him on the show for a year and a half. Jack may appeal the verdict . . . but, at least for now, he was off the stand.

It was just a matter of time before Jack had to rush to a rehearsal of his show. He walked over to the bench and picked up his double-zipped, tan leather briefcase. It's a big case. On one side, the golden letters "NBC" are engraved. On the other side is the network's much-maligned peacock symbol—the sign of "living color." Surrounded by his wife Miriam and his lawyers, Jack Paar carried his briefcase out of the courtroom into the street . . .

And Pupi Campo? He went home to wait for television bookings. As of this writing, none had yet come.

-J. PAT GREEVES
Behind the Break-up:
The Pictures That Shook Hollywood

He brought shame to the D.A.'s wife... murdered an old shopkeeper... viciously stabbed his idealistic lawyer. Who? Fabian, that's who! In the Bus Stop episode, last December, called "A Lion Walks Among Us" (originally, "Told by an Idiot"—till ABC-TV decided that was just too much). Though it was a violently dramatic role any seasoned actor would love, many viewers objected to seeing their favorite teenager as a psycho. So, apparently, did Bob Marcucci—who thought he'd raised his boy to be a singer. Was it these TV scenes that exploded the bomb between the Fabulous Fabian and his discoverer-manager?
If You Think Fabian Is Only Kidding . . .

(Continued from page 25)

the togetherness ends. These two were like father and son—closer, in fact, because there was not the distance of age. Perhaps big brother and kid brother would be more exact.

How then, could this rift happen? The two friends who had worked with them professionally, claim no one thing is to blame. They know it would take more than one blow-off to break these two up. For the real story behind this split, we must go back four years to a casual meeting that was to cast new light forever.

Bob Marucci had been visiting friends in Philadelphia. Looking at the steps next door, he noticed a fifteen-year-old who seemed bowed with the burdens of the world. Something about the boy hit Bob. He crossed over and began talking to the boy, who told him he was Fabian Forte. He knew he was talking to the boy for a while, trying to take his mind off his troubles. Before leaving, he asked the big question, “Can you sing—are you interested in being a singer?”

The boy looked shocked. “I can't sing,” Fabian told him candidly. “All I can think about right now is my father.”

He couldn't sing, but—

In spite of Fabian's answer, Marucci was sure he had what it would take. When Domenic Forte, the father, came home from the hospital, Marucci approached him and the family. At first they were skeptical. Even though Bob had been introduced to them by their good friends and neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. John Palmini, they weren't sure they would trust his judgment. They didn't want their boy to be hurt going after something he couldn't get. And why should they believe he could make it as a singer? He made fine grades in other subjects but he had flunked out for the school chorus. It finally took Bob's uncle, Benny Oquita, to convince the Fortes. “Bob will be a father, a brother and a friend as well as a guide for your boy,” he told them. “Before you know it, Fabian will be a big star . . .”

It was no idle boast. Marucci has the gift of star-making—and also of friendship. He meant every promise he made to the Fortes.

His management of Frankie Avalon (who is, of course, the third man—the one at the right!—in the striking picture which opens this story) was already a dramatic proof of his abilities. He took Fabian Forte in hand. With the help of his partner, Peter DeAngelis, Marucci worked tirelessly to teach him to control his voice and bring out every originality of manner and style. Later they sent him to New York for lessons from a top vocal coach.

Fabian became, in a sense, the creation of Bob Marucci. It was Marucci who decided he use the single name, Fabian. “More intriguing,” he said. Marucci selected the clothes Fabian was to wear, the songs he would sing, the places where he would be seen. Down to the last detail, Marucci studied and acted to further the boy’s career. Fabian never complained. He was grateful to Bob and he always spoke loyally of his mentor and friend. “Bob knows what's best for me,” he often declared. “I never even dreamed of being a professional singer until he came along and said, 'You can do it.' Bob knows what the score is, and I'm all for him . . .”

Soon Fabian was cutting records for Chancellor, the Marucci-DeAngelis company. When “I'm a Man” was released, his fans had heard no making of a hit. Thousands of teenage girls rushed to the stores to buy it. The voice of Fabian was heard throughout the land. Marucci shrewdly booked him on the Dick Clark show, and arranged for a series of record hops. A careful American Booking policy was being followed. “Turn Me Loose” brought Fabian his first million-sale “gold record” and glowing receptions everywhere he stopped on a cross-country tour. By 1959, less than a year after he auditioned for Marucci, Fabian was number-one with the fans and they had begun to refer to him as “the fabulous one.”

All this while, Marucci was doing more than managing Fabian. True to his promise to the Fortes, he kept a sharp, affectionate eye on the lad. A boy of 16, he reasoned, could hardly be left to make his own decisions. So Bob made them for him. Unlike other young stars, Fabian traveled with no personal entourage. Dick Nelson, for instance, always had a couple of buddies along when he went on the road. And Elvis Presley took several pals with him. Fabian, however, was completely dependent on Bob’s companionship. And Bob sent almost daily reports to the Fortes, who were naturally anxious about their son. It was good to know the younger had a devoted friend who would protect him from infatuated young girls (Bob was accused of the watchful chaperone on Fabian’s dates) and see to it that he ate properly and got enough rest and recreation. Fabian’s mother often demanded of her son, “Are you giving Bob any trouble?” All seemed perfectly harmonious in the Marucci-Forte camp.

Then Fabian went to Hollywood to make his first movie, “Hound Dog Man.” A tough schedule of work was before him. His life amid the glamour of the movies was full of details, tensions and responsibilities, few of them amusing or exciting. On occasion, he dated pert Annette Funicello or Judy Harriet, a starlet, but always under the close supervision of Bob. Hollywood reporters, experienced in the foibles of human nature, especially when it is

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involved in show business, were quick to make mental notes of this. They noticed, too, the way Fabian would glance at Bob for help when anyone asked him a direct question. How long could this last, they wondered? What happens when this kid begins to grow up and feel his oats? But then, seeing the bond of genuine affection between these two, they shrugged off the questions.

By late 1960, the growing business of Chancellor Records was weighing heavy on Bob Marcucci. He had less time to go on the road with his talented young charge. Finally he found it necessary to ask Marotta, formerly in the promotion department of the record company, to travel with Fabian. Looking back, this innocent move seems to take on a new significance. The opening wedge, purely in the interest of business, had come. Fabian was no longer quite as dependent on Bob as before. Marotta, moreover, was now at his side when he made “Love in a Goldfish Bowl” for Paramount, and it was Marotta who accompanied Fab to Hollywood for the filming of “A Summer World,” a movie that somehow never got off the ground.

Beginning of a rebellion

Fabian blew his stack when the film was abandoned. Twentieth Century-Fox claimed they were having casting problems—possibly true, since Bradford Dillman took a suspension rather than play, as he put it, “second fiddle to Fabian.” But the press was taken by surprise when he reared up and heatedly said, “I can’t see why I was brought out here to sit around for five weeks and do nothing.” Reporters, used to having Fabian turn to Marcucci to answer any questions, now listened open-mouthed as he went on, “And I’m not impressed with the idea that I haven’t been wasting my time because I’ve been studying drama and practicing horseback riding. That won’t do me any good with the fans. They can make you or break you and I’m not about to stay idle while other singers go before the public to make sure they’re not forgotten.”

This was Fabian’s first dissent. His first criticism of the way his affairs were being handled. Marcucci and company took serious note of it. Could it be that the very closeness, the very intimacy, of Bob’s big-brotherly management was now proving burdensome to the boy he had always been growing eager to try his own wings? “How do you go about meeting girls in this town... girls that are just girls and don’t spend the evening talking shop?” Fabe complained to one reporter. Was Marcucci’s policy beginning to seem like “all work and no play” to the boy now filled with vitality and the desire for adventure?

Perhaps the answer to all these questions is in the fact that Fabian was now 18 and, at 18, a young man is not the same as at 15. Perhaps Fabe, the eldest of three Forte sons, and always adviser to his younger brothers, felt himself “too grown up” for what has often been jokingly referred to as Bob’s “mother-hen” attitude toward him. Or can it be that Fabian, dissatisfied with the box-office returns on “Hound Dog Man” and “North to Alaska,” and only slightly mollified by the improvement in “High Time” and “Love in a Goldfish Bowl,” had come to the feeling that he ought to be allowed a larger vote in the decisions affecting his career?

A close associate told TV Radio Mirror, “Fabe’s gone on record... from now on, what he doesn’t want to do. He just won’t.”

Fabe wanted” to do the role of the elbowed-out in the segment of Bus Stop that recently churned up a storm such as television hasn’t seen in many a moon. He was cast as a hymn-singing psychopath who made passes at a married woman and went on to brutally rob and kill an elderly shopkeeper. Critics yelped that the public image of Fabe as a star of all-American boyhood had been ruined, and though many viewers praised the performance, there was an alarming number of letters protesting in horror and dismay. Some fifteen ABC-affiliated stations bluntly refused to run the segment. Among the areas most incensed was Fabe’s hometown of Philadelphia. The response of was, in Hollywood public could scarcely be called a blockbuster success. On the other hand, producer Robert Bleas trumpeted the claim that Fabian deserved an Emmy for his performance.

The Forte family, unable to view the show in their Berlin, New Jersey home—which gets no television via Philadelphia channels—traveled to New York to catch it. In a solid phalanx, they supported his courage in taking the part and his artistry in doing it. Fabian found himself getting serious attention for the first time from Hollywood personalities of stature. Ida Lupino and Howard Hughes, with Ida adding that she hoped for the pleasure of directing him some time. Dean Martin’s comment was, “Just don’t crowd the field—there’s enough Italian actors around,” while Milton Berle wired, “Here I was up for an Emmy”—for “Doyle Against the House” on the Dick Powell Theater—and “you had to come along.”

“For the first time,” Fabe confided later, “I feel like an actor. I want to keep studying, to learn more. I don’t want to develop into a heavy, but I do want variety in roles. That’s the only way I can prove myself as an actor.”

Apparently, Fabe has done just that—taking the Bus Stop segment when it was completed, some six months before it was aired. Darryl Zanuck cast him in a dramatic role in “The Longest Day,” his epic movie on the Normandy invasion.

When the smoke of the Bus Stop battle cleared, two things emerged clearly. Fabe’s appearance had given the show its highest rating of the season—and Bob Marcucci’s opinion was a matter of mystery.

Rumors of a split had been whispered even before the show. Now, Bob’s silence seemed to confirm them. As Fabe turned more and more to acting, the split widened. After all, Marcucci makes his home in Philadelphia; most of his income is from Chancellor Records, located there. Most movie and TV acting jobs are on the West Coast. If Fabian carried out his plan, which would mean spending most of his time in Hollywood, this would pose a disagreeable problem of commuting for Bob. Most of all, he must feel some chagrin that the youngster he discovered and trained as a singer now wants to make the music business only a second-string to his bow. To Marcucci there is nothing as exciting or important as the making of records. And while Marcucci has allied both Fabe and Frankie Avalon to take on “occasional” acting roles, it was mainly to build them up as record stars.

Apparently, Frankie Avalon, after five years with Bob, is still happy. He recently signed a new contract with Marcucci—and since he is now over 21, he made the decision, not his parents. But Frankie, from the beginning, was never as completely under Bob’s wing as was his friend Fabian. He was older and had already wet his feet in show business when Marcucci signed him. He didn’t need the attention and training of the completely inexperienced Fabian. And just as when Fabian arrived to begin 20th-Fox’s “Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation,” but he is keeping as quiet as Bob about the break-up. After all, both are his friends and he wouldn’t want to take sides. Frankie and Fabe had lunch together at the studio—but Fabian did not visit the rented house Frankie and Bob Marcucci were sharing.

The end—and another beginning

Whatever the cause of the estrangement—whether the “creation” rebelled against his creator, or the creator grew disillusioned with his “creation”—the long hand-in-hand climb to fame and fortune is over. Up or down in the future each will do it on his own.

The announcement of the split came from the Marcucci-Fabian press agent, via a two-sentence statement to the Hollywood trade papers stating: “Actor-singer Fabian and his manager, Robert Marcucci have amicably terminated their association...” There have been further reports in the press that the parting was entirely friendly one—but none of the quotes has come directly from the two people involved.

Both Fabian and Bob have kept their silence—as if it’s still too soon to talk about the long friendship is hurt by this lost friendship. Bob has indicated he will devote more time than ever to Chancellor Records—and developing new talent. Fabian says that Tom Marotta will remain with him as his road manager.

That’s all they’ll say, as they turn from each other and begin to follow separate paths. To friends of both, it seems like two brothers, ripped apart by some family difference, searching for something to take the place of their old warm good-fellowship. Perhaps only this search for something else will bring their paths together again.

EUNICE FIELD
Lose Pounds Before You Lose Him!

(Continued from page 29)

Ann's table and told a yarn about the day's funniest live-show snafu. Then he moved on to another table and set that group to laughing. He was blondish and rangy, with the map of Ireland stamped on his cheerful face.

Jo Ann watched him, "He's fun," she said. "What's his name?"

"Dean Hall," she was told. "A great guy and a terrific man behind the lens."

Jo Ann liked his blue eyes, the set of his well-thatched head, the jaunty way he talked. She didn't know how or when, but somehow she thought, I'll be seeing him again.

The following Sunday afternoon, she left the studio earlier than usual and walked slowly toward the parking lot, indulging in a mood. The late sunlight slanted over the well-proportioned buildings and softened asphalt moved like velvet underfoot. Her parents and her sister had driven to San Diego for the weekend, so they weren't expected home until late that evening. Jo Ann was without plans, at loose ends in a world that seemed far away.

"So... where are you going?" asked Dean Hall, falling into step beside her.

She told him, "Home, I guess," and started a conversation about that week's Welk show. It was good to talk shop with someone who understood show business, you know, and that could project a fresh viewpoint.

After a few moments, Dean said, "Let's get out of this blazing sun. How about having a Coke with me... or maybe dinner, since your family's out of town." So they had dinner at Samoa House, one of the best dining spots in South Sea restaurants, and afterward they saw "The Apartment." Later, in the moonlight, they sat in the car in front of Jo Ann's home and discussed life... and music... and the mysteries of "timing" in a career.

During their first full week, they had two dates. During the second week, three. Naturally, they saw each other daily at the broadcasting station. When Jo Ann was free for twenty or thirty minutes, she would visit Dean's set. Because it is always easiest to instruct the mind where the heart's involved, Jo Ann began to learn something of the technique employed on the side of the camera opposite where she usually stood. She was fascinated.

In the evenings, she and Dean sometimes talked about his work, sometimes about hers, as they lingered over dinner. Occasionally, they saw a movie. More often, they sat on the living-room floor and listened to recordings played on Jo Ann's hi-fi.

That October was the loveliest Jo Ann had ever known. She awakened in the morning with the feeling that all her dreams had been filled with a golden secret. One Sunday afternoon, she stood tall and weightless, buoyant as a feather. At night, the world was a waltz of late-blooming jasmine, the very perfume of love.

Jo Ann made no attempt to analyze her bliss. And she made no attempt to hide it; secrecy would have been ineffective, in any case. The Arabs have a proverb: Three things there are that cannot be hidden—love, smoke, and a man riding on a camel.

Her parents decided, in November, that Jo Ann was seeing too much of Dean Hall. She should, they advised her, have dates with other men. She was too young to be serious, and her career was flourishing too well to be jeopardized. She should be using her time for piano and accordion practice, for vocal instruction. There was too much to be done, for her to be mooning over a man. They voiced no criticism of Dean Hall. He, as an individual, was not the point of objection. Interference with Jo Ann's career was.

Jo Ann tried to be a dutiful daughter. She and her mother had always been devoted, so it was natural for Jo Ann to take her mother's counsel seriously. She tried to concentrate on her piano. But, after a few moments, she would stroll to the refrigerator to find a soft drink, a tureen of leftover roast... or a dish of pudding.

She would awaken in the night, terrified by a misery that was easily translated into hunger, and briefly stifled by a three-decker sandwich. Between meals, she ate candy bars, potato chips, onion nuts, and chips, and those co-workers noticed her expanding curves and kidded her about them. Jo Ann said, "I'm the jolly, fat type. I live to eat. I've never met a food I didn't like, or one that didn't like me."

But Jo Ann's jollity, like that of many heavy people, was a pose. She was really wretched. She hated the new clothing she had to buy, and she was ashamed of her new appetite. She longed for the golden hours of October—spent with Dean. She saw him nearly every day at the studio, but both were busy during working hours; there was little time for talk, no opportunity for leisure. Several times, she managed to have secret dates with Dean. But their very secrecy, the sense of hiding, and the need to lie about the evening when she returned home, robbed the dates of joy during their occurring and of thrill in their remembering.

She talked it over with her best friend, Joyce Wolters, who said, "Don't you know what's giving you a bad time? You're in love. So is Dean. No one could see you two together without realizing it."

Jo Ann explained that her family thought she was too young to know her own mind, that she shouldn't marry for at least two more years. Joyce laughed, noting that some families would insist that a woman of thirty-five was too young to marry. "Some families are possessive," she pointed out. "After all, you're not only bright, light-headed flirt; you're steady, sensible, and twenty-one. I think you should make up your own mind... and no, you can't order another sandwich."

That evening, in a restaurant hung
A MODEL DIET FOR
A MODEL FIGURE LIKE JO ANN'S

For a slim, trim figure like Jo Ann Castle's, try this model-tested beauty diet from Eileen Ford, head of the famous Ford Model Agency in New York. For years, Eileen Ford has been chief beauty adviser to some of the world's most lovely women. She has helped hundreds of women to be more beautiful than they ever dreamed they could be. Proof of the success of this diet can be seen on magazine covers across-country. Be sure to check with your doctor first. Then, try it...and stick to it...you'll be on your way to a glamorous figure in no time flat!

Eileen Ford's "Model" Diet

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Breakfast</th>
<th>CALORIE COUNT: 900-1200 A DAY</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Choice of: Grapefruit juice...................1/2 cup, unsweetened, 50 calories</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Half grapefruit ................................1/2 small, 50</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Half cantaloupe ................................1/2 medium, 25</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Medium piece of watermelon ...................100</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One or two boiled or poached eggs. ..........75 or 150</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Black coffee with sugar substitute ..........0</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Liquid sugar substitutes can be used on grapefruit)</td>
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Minimum calories: 100; maximum: 250

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lunch</th>
<th></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Choice of broiled hamburger or two hard boiled eggs...............150 calories</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raw tomato and raw carrot.........................25 each</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glass of fortified skim milk........................1 cup, 85</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>(Fresh ground pepper for seasoning to cut down on water-retentive salt)</td>
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Calories: 285

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Dinner</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Choice of tomato or other vegetable juice, grapefruit juice or tomato soup.............juices, 25; soup, 50 calories</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Choice of broiled steak, liver, lamb chop, chicken, fish or hamburger, roast leg of lamb, beef or chicken........medium serving, about 400</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vegetables: Choice of spinach, stringbeans, tomatoes, carrots or cabbage (without butter)........medium serving, about 25</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salad: Lettuce with lemon and fresh ground pepper or wine vinegar and light oil................30 to 50 calories</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dessert: Choice of half grapefruit, medium piece of watermelon or half cantaloupe........25 to 100 calories</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Black coffee......................................0</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Minimum: 505; maximum: 625

HOW TO STAY ON A DIET

1. Eat the best cuts of meat and the freshest fruits and vegetables; they're more nutritious and much more appetizing. 2. Never let yourself get hungry. Keep snacks handy: Carrots, celery, watercress, cucumbers. Hunger pangs are unnecessary and dangerous for your will power. 3. Eat small amounts of food at a time to "shrink your stomach." Five small meals a day are better than one enormous one. 4. Use a pepper mill or lemon juice to give your food accent. Salt helps your body retain water and therefore weight. 5. Avoid crash diets. They are dangerous and lead to gorging. 6. Stand in front of your mirror, stripped down every day. Take a deep breath and stand straight and tell yourself that you are thinner, even if it's an eighth of a pound. Believe it and it will come true. 7. Once you have lost the weight, don't go back to your old eating habits. You need less food to keep your lighter body going, so eat less than you used to or you'll gain the weight right back.

with holly and tinsel, while Christmas carols supplied background music, Jo Ann had dinner with Dean. Searching his eyes, she asked, "Do you want to marry me?"

"More than anything I've ever wanted in my life," he answered solemnly.

And so they were married on Sunday, January 8, 1961. Jo Ann appeared with the Lawrence Welk band at the Aragon Ballroom until two that morning, then she changed into traveling clothes, and she and Dean set out for Las Vegas.

In Dean's excitement, he had forgotten to fill the car with gas. They were halfway across the desert before he noticed that they were running on the fumes of jet aircraft passing overhead. They passed a dozen filling stations—all closed.

"Fine way to start married life," Dean gloomed. "Walking five miles, or maybe fifteen, for a can of gasoline...I'm sorry, honey."

"There's a station—right there, at the bottom of the hill. Someone's around there, because there's smoke coming from the living quarters in back." Jo Ann crossed her fingers.

The car, its fuel gauge knocking the "E," rolled downhill and into the station, coughing its last as it stopped beside a pump. While the tank was being filled, Jo Ann dropped a quarter into one of Nevada's ubiquitous slot machines (nearly every filling station has at least one) and hit the jackpot.

"See—we're high...lucky," she jubilated. "Two good breaks in ten minutes...how can we lose?"

The ceremony was performed at three o'clock that afternoon, with Joyce Wolters and Stanley Skoff serving as attendants. Jo Ann wore a short jade-green satin afternoon dress, princess style, with a square neckline and three-quarter sleeves. Her hat was white, and so was her orchid corsage.

Afterward, she telephoned her mother with the news. It proved to be a stormy conversation, which sent Jo Ann to her wedding dinner—famished. "I'm going to go on a diet tomorrow," she announced, tying into a fourteen-ounce steak and a baked potato. She had said it before...in her honest heart, she admitted that she might say it again, many times...without results.

She reckoned without her brave new husband. Two weeks later, she was in the office of Dr. Chadney, who checked her pulse, respiration, and blood pressure, and ordered certain additional laboratory tests to be made. Next, he gave her a prescription for medication to be taken three times daily, thirty minutes before meals.

He warned her, "Tonight, you won't be able to eat dinner. You won't be hungry; but you'll have a sense of comfortable well-being, as if you'd just enjoyed a banquet."

He was right.

He also gave Jo Ann a calorie chart to memorize as fully as possible, and he laid down three irrevocable rules: No refrigerator-raiding at any time. No alcoholic beverages, ever. Consistent taking of the vitamins he prescribed.

It was unnecessary for the doctor to
A Cure For What Ails Every Woman

(Continued from page 20)

there have naturally been changes in his life that he now finds it almost impossible to be alone and unrecognized in a crowd, a side-effect of his success. But perhaps the biggest change is his own attitude toward this. He no longer has to be alone, no longer has to prove that he can go it alone. And Vince, who has been trying to prove this from the day he was born.

He was born on July 9, 1931, in the tough Brownsville section of Brooklyn. But not even his birthday was his alone. He shared it with his twin brother, Anthony. Although Vince and Anthony were not identical twins, their parent—Julia and Vincent Zito—naturally tended to think of them as a whole. And this helped Vincent. It helped him to see the way that he had colored whole way of life. He set out to show he was "different," and it didn't seem to matter to him how he was different.

In his own words, Vince sums it up this way: "I was always the oddball. My dad got his gray hairs from me. He used to ask, 'What's with this kid, anyway? Something funny about him—never mix with the others in the family.' Ours, like most Italian families, was a close-knit one. I tried, but I couldn't help being an oddball. My twin brother Tony doesn't look anything like me. He's red-haired, like my mother—remembers Danny Kaye. I had little to do with him as a kid, and haven't seen him for ten years. Tony's in business. I guess I was just a young Ben Casey. I severed the umbilical cord for good at sixteen when I left home for Ohio State."

What Vince does not say is that, forced to share everything in a family of nine—including his own birthday—finding he could not conform to the rigid togetherness his folks expected, he decided to share nothing of himself, until he had proved he could stand alone, until he was accepted for himself. But first he had to find out what he really was.

He did this, according to John Cassavetes—distinguished actor-director and friend of Vince's since they were student actors—by dipping into different kinds of social life, by passing through various phases during his twelve years in Hollywood.

"Vincent raced motorcycles at one time," Cassavetes recalls, "but he was never a kook. A very green kid when he came out, Vincent went through various cycles—the Elia Kazan cycle, the Sinatra set, night-club comics, a few fringes in Hollywood. He did this merely because he wanted to learn as much as he could from many different groups, not because he longed to be a hanger-on. Today, he counts among his good friends Sammy Davis Jr., fighter-comic Maxie Rosenbloom, Jerry Lewis and Rocky Marciano. I've known Vincent a long time. He has a really don't know much about his life. Vincent is the reticent type. In a way, he's some-what of a mystery man who keeps his phone number and address to himself."

This last statement is further borne out by Abby Greishe, Vince's agent for the last decade. "I had known Vince for years, and yet he never knew where to find Vince. That wasn't a problem until Jim Mosher (who made the outstanding Medic a few years back) was looking for someone to play Dr. Ben Casey. "Medic is a pretty good show, but I wanted a few leading men in the show who had some experience. I had already tested sixty leading men without finding what I wanted," says Greishe. "I read the script, saw that Casey couldn't be a pretty boy, but must be real masculine and a real actor. Suddenly, I got a flash and knew that Vincent Edwards was exactly the right actor. I talked to the Ben Casey producers as had the film on Henry Fonda's Deputy series in which Vince did a superb job as a frontier doctor. That did it! They wanted to see him quick, like yesterday. No wonder Vince says: 'Fate had a lot to do with me getting Casey.'"

"But for me remained the problem of finding Vince, whom I hadn't yet signed. He was then in his motorcycle-racing career, you know, the Brando bit—a kind of near-beatnik character with the boots, leather jacket, unruly hair—the whole thing. And unlike any other method, Vince hadn't given me his phone number. When I'd asked him, he said, 'Don't call me; I'll call you.' I can't figure this guy out. He was in his

prescribe a course of exercise because she was already so active, dancing, playing honky-tonk piano and working on a big TV show (not to mention her work as a homemaker, which Jo Ann—with typical energy—has turned into a regimen for trimming off unwanted inches!).

During the first three months of Jo Ann's medication, she reported to the doctor each week after that, she reported, it was going well. Ten months after starting her diet, her weight was down to 125 pounds (from 152), and she was working to shed five more.

At this writing, she still requires some medication and her caloric intake must be kept under 1200 per day. But she now wears a size-12 dress, a size-11 belt—and, for the first time in her life, she can wear capris. In fact, she has gone out all for vivid playtime outfits. "Glamour girl!" she exclaims when Jo Ann followed his advice so promptly—swallowing her pride, instead of gulping down a soda to soothe the hurt his candid words had caused.

"Glamour girl," he can say now. She's obviously not going to lose her looks.

And, in a way, that's his fault, too!—FRED A. DUDLEY BALLING

Jo Ann Castle is seen and heard on The Lawrence Welk Show—ABC-TV, Sat., 9 to 10 P.M. EST. Other Welk programs are heard over ABC Radio; see papers.
hiding-from-people period, and I had to find him, but quick! So I even hired a private detective who, believe it or not, found him under a car at out at the Ascot Car Races in the Crater Bowl near Allibu Beach. There was Vince ready to take his motorbike, but stopping to work on a pal’s Maserati!”

And so Vince Edwards became Dr. Ben Casey, but even that he didn’t talk about. “I had to draw out of him that he was signed for the Ben Casey series,” Cassavettes remembers. “We talked a long time when I asked him, ‘Vince, what are you up to now?’ ‘Oh, I’m starting a TV series,’ he said, as a throwaway line. And, later, when critics gave him braves for his portrayal of the doctor, I called to congratulate him. Vincent was grateful, but he quickly changed the subject. He’s a loner,” Cassavettes concludes. “The last of the real individualists, a man who stands alone.”

This has held true in the romance department so far, too. In a town where it is almost a cult to marry early and often, Vince has adroitly managed to retain his single status. As Vince puts it, “Twice I got to the track, but was gate-shy. I had two starts, but didn’t finish.” Translated, this means Vince was engaged twice and dis-engaged both times. “They’re both happily married now. One was Jackie Loughery, now Mrs. Jack Webb, the other a dancer. Betty Ulrey.”

But now that he is on the road to finding himself, Vince maintains he is looking forward to marriage, though his tremendously full schedule makes even dating difficult.

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Just fill in your favorites and your choices, in the box below, and one of our 400 prizes may well be yours! This month’s prize: “Tops in Pop—a Rock ’n Roll Roundup,” by Steve Kahn. History, pictures, intimate biographies of ten top performers—you’ll get ’em all in this timely book—if yours is one of the first 400 complete ballots we receive. Mail it today!

*Paste this ballot on a postcard and send it to TV Radio Mirror, Box 2150, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.*

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**MY FAVORITES ARE:**

**MALE STAR:** 1.

2. 

3. 

**FEMALE STAR:** 1.

2. 

3. 

**FAVORITE STORY IN THIS ISSUE:** 1.

2. 

3. 

**THE NEWCOMER I’D LIKE MOST TO READ ABOUT:**

**THE FAMOUS PERSON, NOT IN SHOW BUSINESS, I’D LIKE TO READ ABOUT:**

Name ........................................... Age ...........

Address ................................. 3-62

**Vincent Edwards is Ben Casey on ABC-TV, Mon., 10 to 11 P.M. EST.**
This Is the Way the Bert Bounces

(Continued from page 44)

isn't the raucous kind. Just an appreciative, “yeh-thaat's-funny" kind of chuckle.

At home, Parks gets his exercise cutting the grass in summer, doing odd jobs around the house all year round—although, long since, he could afford plenty of help outside and in. He is no great sports enthusiast. Tennis and golf he can take, or leave, though he does like them. His evenings are more often quiet than not. "I don't need something going on around me every minute to be happy," he says.

Now, in his thirteenth year in broadcasting—both radio and TV, of course—the list of Bert's shows is staggering. Beginning as an announcer over the hometown radio station in Atlanta, Georgia, at seventeen; going on to bigger and better jobs in New York, two years later. He was straight man and singer with The Eddie Cantor Show on radio, a few years later still—the Big Chance. He didn't flunk it. It has been go, go, go! ever since.

His newest TV show, Yours For A Song, came in the middle of a four-week run of "The Music Man," at New Jersey Paper Theatre. He starred on Broadway in the show, played 300 performances. "Probably the most difficult part ever created for one man," he says. "And I would like to do another. When people come in and pay their money to see you, that's the test. That's what I like." Yours For A Song went on the ABC-TV network two months ahead of the scheduled date, first as a half-hour nighttime show on Tuesday, starting last November, then quickly expanding to include a daily half-hour in December. The format is fairly simple. A pair of contestants who have a knowledge of popular songs, old and new.

The orchestra plays, Bert helps a contestant sing the lyrics flashed on a screen—but certain words are omitted for the contestant to fill in, for a cash award. At the conclusion of each round, the one who wins the most money meets a new challenger. And so it goes. Bert plays it for laughs and fun, keeping contestants contented—and in line. "I watched the daytime shows and what I missed was music, especially singing," Parks says. "Lots of games, but little music. I like to hear singing—and like to sing. This was for me. But I wasn't expecting to get started all of a sudden."

The beginnings were frantic. There he was, still playing the brassy Harold Hill in "The Music Man" across the Hudson in New Jersey. There were the first tapes of the nighttime TV show to be made. Then they were followed by five-a-week for the pending daytime show. For the first time, the "indestructible" Bert Parks almost lost the title. He got a checkup, took a short vacation, came back like a space capsule re-entering the recovery rendezvous in the Pacific. How does he really do it all, all the time? Why does he continue to work so hard, after a list of shows as long as your arm? Going back from his latest before this one on TV, Masquerade Party, the roster includes Break The Bank (eleven years, all told, on that!), County Fair, Bert Parks' Bandstand, The Big Payoff, Double Or Nothing, Balance Your Budget, Bid 'N' Buy, Giant Steps, Two In Love, The Bert Parks Show.

And the most famous of them all. Stop The Music—the one that edged the fabulous Fred Allen off the air by sheer magnitude of its giveaways and the dynamism of Quizmaster Parks. The jackpot went up as high as $30,000 for one night's audience. Off in those days, and no mean amount even in these. He was involved in the Miss America pageants (and still is), in commercials, benefits, and all the usual extras asked of all performers.

Conceivably he could work less, provide less for the Income Tax Bureau's cut, if he wanted to. His answer to this? "I get restless if I don't have enough to do. I have to keep busy. I like to spend a lot of energy on something I like."

How does he keep the supply of energy flowing? "Why, any busy person kept going? You pace yourself, get rid of a sense of urgency, don't let others disturb you. People around me try to hurry me. 'You must do this today.' But why does everything have to be done today? Why can't some things be left until tomorrow?—'Maybe they'll get better and easier and quicker tomorrow,' Bert shrugs lightly. "You have to control your own time and only do as much as you can without strain. A good day's work should leave you feeling stimulated—not battered and beat."

Bert has a theory that fatigue is far more mental than physical. Made up of little worries and frustrations, things you don't get solved or finished. "You don't get tired from the hard job you do well—or, for that matter, from any work you really enjoy."

He detests post-mortems. "I used to go back over every detail of a show. Worry how it could have been done better, reproach myself for every flaw. I tore myself apart. You can, in this business. Now I never rehash. I thank my wife, Annette, for helping in this."

"When I talk to Annette about anything—business, home or family situations—we get done with it. She never starts harking back to it, as some wives do. When I have finished a performance at the studio, I leave. If something should be discussed, that's okay. But no going over and over what's finished and done by now. You keep revolving a thing in your mind."

The people who tell him he ought to be tired made him tired. If Bert has heard it once, he has heard it a thousand times: "Don't you just collapse from fatigue at the end of the day?"

His answer: "I don't, unless you remind me how tired I should be."

(Continue the page)
Annette protects him from too many social pressures. She has always kept the kids out of his way when he came home beat, but now they’re quite grown up. The twins, Joel and Jeffrey, will be sixteen next summer. Annette Jr. will be thirteen in March. They have a lively social life, but their parents are more restrained.

“Too little time,” Bert says. “We have friends—but not business contacts. None of that what-can-he-do-for-me company. We barely have enough time for the people who really mean something to us. When we can get together with them, that’s our fun.”
Parks works well under pressure, even though he avoids it at home. He’s a quick study, needs little rehearsal—

Yours For A Song isn’t that type of show, anyhow, except for camera-and-lights rehearsals. He’s good at ad-lib, isn’t ashamed of being a little corny at times and more than a little folksy. “People identify with us as friends. Isn’t that what a show like this is about?”

A static show bores him, makes him more restless. His repertoire is rapid, his manner informal. His stock in trade is in being extemporaneous, fast, and as funny as he can be on quick notice. He gets interested in the guests—apparently, even the dullest ones. Perhaps that’s because they present the greatest challenge.

It all looks easier from the outside than from the inside, trying to break through on good days and bad, with good guests and awful ones. With Bert’s long background of experience, he could chuck it all and go into production or the executive end of the business. Or he could work less, take more vacations, take it easier.

The idea doesn’t interest him.

“This is what I like to do. And if you want to be a performer, you have to participate actively in it. It’s a profession that is changing all the time, and you have to build up new things with which you can be identified. With each new project, you work out a new routine for yourself. You begin to find the shortcuts, the ways to make it easier. You put on those extra spurs when it’s necessary to get things done.

“That’s all there is to it. That . . . and no over-dramatizing of yourself, your job, or your importance.”

This is the way Bert Parks bounces. A strong gets more bounce to the energy ounce than almost anyone else in the business.

—The End

Bert Parks stars in Yours For A Song, as seen on ABC-TV, Tues., at 9:30 P.M. EST, and Mon.-through-Fri., at 11:30 A.M. (in all areas).

You Think You’ve Got Troubles!

(Continued from page 49)

and Madolin Wilson, who is our secretary-accountant and head of the Fan Club. And—except on Sunday, when we ad-lib meals—Clara Theophile presides over our kitchen. (There’s a good deal of free-enterprise eating when Clara isn’t around to guard the refrigerator.)

Also present, at some time during each day, are several of the more than fifty Lennon cousins who live in the Venice area.

Our house—the building—is quite different from that regarded as typically Californian. Occupying a large lot, it is a two-story structure, exterior white frame and its entrance walk is bordered by tree roses. The interior consists of a huge cement basement, above which there are three stories.

The first floor is divided into a large living room with a heartly fireplace, an enormous dining room which is also used as part-time office by Kay and Madolin, a large kitchen with a many-windowed breakfast area, and a service porch in which the washer and drier seldom know an hour of unemployment.

When Clara tells me in triumph, as she is leaving for the day, “I finished every bit of the laundry,” we look at each other and shake our heads in amazement. It simply doesn’t seem possible.

On the combined second and third floors there are six bedrooms and one huge bathroom which has been subdivided into three areas: One contains the tub with overhead shower, one contains the commode, and the third—usually filled with a snowdrift of toothpaste, combs and towels—contains two companion sinks.

Bill and I occupy one bedroom. Peggy and baby Chris are roommates, Annie and Mimi share a room, Kathy and Janet live together, and the boys’ dormitory houses Joey, Bill Jr., Pat and Danny. The sixth bedroom is occupied by my mother, who visits us often; when she is away, the children draw straws for the privilege of sleeping in Nana’s bed.

Behind the house, in a large fenced yard, several structures have been built for the accommodation of Life a la Lennon. Most used is a covered lanai (or terrace) equipped with a long picnic table and two benches, a Coke bar, and a juke-box. On Diane’s wedding day, and a formal reception was over—about 150 people came here to the house and settled in the lanai.

We had a perfectly wonderful time dancing, singing, and enjoying ourselves generally. We were only sorry that Diane and Dick had gone away on business, because they would have enjoyed it, too! (As a matter of fact, when DeeDee listened to our rhapsonic description of the party, she was downright exasperated over missing it. Can’t wait until one of the other girls gets married.)

South of the house, on a grounded trailer in which the Lennon Sisters’ professional files are kept, and beyond that is a little-girl-sized playhouse used mainly as a fortress by Annie and Mimi against the Skinned Knee Indian tribe represented by Joey, Bill Jr., Pat and Danny.

Opposite the playhouse is the boys’ club room, the decor of which has been achieved by mingling football helmets, shoulder pads, baseball pennants, South Sea matting, cartoons cut from magazines, and such.

The “swimming pool” is surrounded by a six-foot fence, breeched only by a padlocked gate whose key is hidden in a secret place known only to family members over fifteen years of age. Anyone who unlocks the gate automatically becomes responsible for the welfare of everyone who goes swimming.

At the extreme back of the lot is the clubroom for the older girls: Peggy, Kathy, Janet, and Janet’s best friend, Joanie Esser, who is an honorary member of the Lennon family. Storage cabinets line all four walls of this room. Half of the cabinets are taken up for wardrobe space in which the Lennon costumes for The Lawrence Welk Show can be hung (recently, we suffered a crisis when thirty new dresses had to be stored).

The other half is divided into shelf sections to accommodate the Lennon collection of single and album recordings, and the clubroom furnishings include a huge sofa-bed, a television set, a record player, several slipper chairs, and a telephone.

That’s our plant layout. This is the way it operates.

Morning starts at 6:45, when I arise, dress quickly and prepare breakfast (usually French toast, hot cereal and milk) for high-school Janet, who leaves the house at 7:30. Peggy and Chris are ready to help wash, dress, feed, and dispatch to St. Mark’s school (a block from our home) the second shift, consisting of Danny, Pat, Bill Jr., and Max.

By the time the schoolers have left the house, the young fry—represented by Joey, Annie and Chris—are ready to locust a path through anything left over.

Sunday mornings, after nine-o’clock church services, are gala. Menu consists of pancakes, heated cinnamon rolls, raisin toast . . . and sour-dough French bread for particular Annie, now three. Served with this variety of breadstuffs are several kinds of fresh and stewed fruits, eggs in each customer’s favorite version, and milk, milk, milk.

During his early days as a father, Bill was (as most people know) a milkman. Naturally, it gives him a patriotic thrill to be the best customer of our present milkman. We buy sixteen quarts a day!

Dinner, at night, is aimed at six—but the truth is that, if the entire family should ever happen to convene on the dot, some evening, I guess I’d faint. Each of the children has some outside activity, so a cafeteria system is the only arrangement that makes sense for us.

The menu always encompasses a sturdy meat course, two vegetables, a
family needed had just a major
WAYNE—from i line go always railroad
just live caught realized tried large pound
—make what
care.

In planning our part. Each of our eleven children was born in a different month of the year, an arrangement that supplies one—but only one—birthday each month. I shop all year for birthdays and for Christmas, wrapping and storing as I make purchases. Sometimes I forget what I’ve bought, but not often. I seem to have a built-in filing system with a mental pigeon-hole for the wants and needs of each child.

Working in a dental appointment for each child every six months would baffle the author of a railroad timetable, but—with the marvelous help of Madolin Wilson—I have mastered the Order of the Molars. However, I’ve
given up trying to keep track of which child needs what shot, when I’ve turned over the problem to our family doctor, who makes regular house calls.

Annie, our three-year-old, has caught onto this doctor bit. She likes to open the door for guests, but when she sees that the caller is her doctor (and her godfather), she demands, “Me day for shot?”

If the doctor says, “Not today, Annie,” the medical man is treated to a sugary smile and ushered into the house. If the doctor remains prudently silent or merely nods, Annie decamps. This seems like a gag, because—whenever she is caught—the subjects docilely to treatment.

In any family there are moments of disagreement, but we think we have hit upon an ideal procedure. The eldest child present, when hostilities break out, is responsible for arbitrating instantly and fairly. If the problem can’t be solved by the eldest witness, it is taken up with Daddy as soon as possible. His ruling is final.

Luckily, disputes are rare. As each new child has come along, he or she has been given a gift from Heaven, and loved devotedly. Everyone belongs to everyone else. Diane often comes to our house in the morning and says, “May I take Annie for the day?” Or Chris. Or Joey. One day last week, Peggy and Kathy took all three of the little ones and spent the day at Diane’s home. They rearranged the furniture in Diane’s bedroom, and came home so full of news that all six were talking at once. When Chris decided he was hungry, in the midst of the reports, he shouted lustily at Dee Dee to get his bottle. Me, he ignored completely.

The clothing budget for a big family is always a major headache. We’ve solved it, as nearly as possible, by making the hand-me-down process painless. When an older child gets a new dress, or pair of levis, a point is made of praising the purchase and saying to all those potenti- tally in line for the garment, “Aren’t you glad that when Janet out-grows that, you’ll get to wear it?”

Annie has now grown into a yellow print dress which belonged to both Janet and Mimi, and she holds the gown in esteem so great that she has to be talked out of wearing it on a twenty-four-hour basis.

In final analysis, I think the first secret in managing a large family is to live each day for itself as fully as possible, thinking: How lucky we are, instead of How am I ever going to get around to dusting?

The second secret—and the most important one—is to live for each other, and to live for God. In a God-loving, God-fearing household, the future takes care of itself. —The End

The Lennon Sisters—Peggy, Kathy and Juliet—sing on The Lawrence Welk Show, as seen over ABC-TV, Sat. to 9 P.M. EST. Other Welk programs are heard over ABC Radio; see newspapers for time in your area. (Blouses worn by the Lennon Sisters on our cover are from Ship ‘n Shore.)
The Woman Who Broke Up Dinah Shore’s Home

(Continued from page 43)
and George had left Hollywood, reported for New York, the papers were filled with additional statements.

Dinah’s attorney announced: “Miss Shore will file for divorce on very general grounds. No specific acts will be alleged. They have remained on very friendly terms.”

It was disclosed that Dinah expected to win custody of the children, but, as a friend of both Dinah and George asserted, “George can have both of them any time he wants them, of course. This isn’t an ordinary game, you know.”

But the most typical comment was the one made by one of the guest performers who appeared on Dinah’s last show before the divorce announcement was released. “This is the wildest surprise,” he said. “There was just no indication at all.” In the days that followed, this remark was echoed by people throughout America.

How did it all happen?

In the wake of the official announcements and the general public surprise came the endless rumors, gossip and speculation from Hollywood second-guessers. Their explanations of how and why Dinah and George’s “perfect” marriage had gone up in smoke boiled down to four main charges:

Dinah was spending too much time being the big television star and had neglected George.

George couldn’t stand the fact that his career was going nowhere while Dinah was more successful than ever.

Dinah and George had been “incompatible from almost the beginning of their marriage” but had stayed together because of their mutual love for the children.

George had been linked with other women—the names most frequently mentioned were Ziva Rodann, Diane McBain and Madlyn Rhue—and Dinah was fed up and couldn’t take it any longer.

The third charge—“incompatibility from almost the beginning”—was silly on the face of it, but that didn’t stop the rumor mongers from making and spreading it, just the same.

First of all, the Montogmerys had been married five years before Missy was born. Even at that time George adopted Jody in his infancy, so the children couldn’t have kept them together in those early years!

Secondly, the know-it-alls had been predicting their divorce almost before Dinah’s and George’s signatures had dried on their marriage license back on December 5, 1943. Even at that time one gossip columnist went so far as to declare in print: “On their way back from their Montana honeymoon, George Montgomery and Dinah Shore will stop at Reno to break it up.”

What gave rise to this “incompatibility” notion in the first place?

Well, Hollywood sophisticates just couldn’t figure out what George could see in Dinah or why he would want to marry her. He wasn’t an established star when he first met her—he’d just made a few run-of-the-mill Westerns—but, with a powerful physique and rugged good looks that had columnists calling him “the second Clark Gable,” his career was very promising indeed.

Sure, the Eddie Cantor radio show had made Dinah a most popular singer, but her hair was kind of stringy, and she had buck teeth and, all in all, she was sort of plain.

Not the kind of girl a fellow who had dated Linda Darnell, Ginger Rogers, and Marlene Dietrich would fall for. Not the kind of girl a fellow would turn to when he was already engaged to Hedy Lamarr.

But the know-it-alls didn’t know a few essential things. They didn’t really know George. They didn’t really know Dinah.

They didn’t really know the power of love.

It was back in the early ’40s that Dinah fell in love with George Montgomery. She’d been making a personal appearance in Atlantic City, and one day a tall, good looking fellow walked into a movie. Dinah promptly fell fast asleep. She woke up just in time to see George Montgomery’s face in a close-up on the screen.

She gasped. Then she nudged her friend and said, “Where has he been all my life? That’s the man I’m going to marry.”

Her friend laughed and said, “Stop dreaming and go back to sleep.”

Subsequently, Dinah learned that George was rumored to be engaged to Hedy Lamarr. “I felt sorry for her,” Dinah recalled later, “because I knew I was going to marry him.”

Dinah’s determination, and a little tricky help by Fate, made her dream come true. In 1943, she was singing for servicemen at the U.S.O. Hollywood Canteen, but she hadn’t forgotten George. She couldn’t forget him, even though she’d only seen him once, and then on the screen. And she confided to some girl friends who shared a Hollywood apartment with her that she was in love with him.

In her own words, Dinah related what happened next. “I was getting ready to go to the Canteen one night when I suddenly had the feeling I was going to meet George that night,” she told a reporter.

“Sure enough, I did. He asked me for a date. After that night, we never had a date with anyone else.

“I took him right home to prove to my roommates that my intuition was working right and that meeting George Montgomery was not just a dream, as they had insisted.”

George called on her the next morning, Sunday, after taking his mother to church. And he brought Dinah a bunch of violets.

It was easy to see why Dinah had fallen for George. She’d been an outsider all her life: As a child she’d been skinny “Fanny” Shore, a member of the only Jewish family in the town of Winchester, Tennessee—population, 2,500—and the victim of anti-Semitic taunts; as she grew up she was teased about her gimp legs, the aftermath of a polio attack when she was 18 months old; as an adolescent with a long, thin face topped by straight, brown curls that looked “like they were ironed,” and a scrappy body, she felt positively ugly in comparison to her beautiful mother (“I had only to look in the mirror to know I wasn’t pretty,” she recalled later) ; as a young woman when she went to New York to try to become a singer, she felt guilty. (“I really thought that what I was trying to do was disgraceful. To him, only brazen women were in show business.”)

With a background like that, is it any wonder she said, “I had to be loved,” and that George Montgomery was the man she chose?

But what about George? Why did this 200-pound, six-foot-two ladies’ man choose her?

Despite his attractiveness to women, George was bashful and shy, and just didn’t feel at home with super-glamour girls. That’s what brought him to Dinah the day after they first met—that was the tip-off. He was a shy, romantic guy looking for an old-fashioned girl.

His own words explain how he felt when he met Dinah: “What attracted me to Dinah was the same quality I saw in my mother; she was so generous.”

And so they were married.

Marriages are made of this

Their “incompatibility” survived a honeymoon on George’s sister’s Montana ranch during which George worked from sunrise to sundown in the fields helping get in the hay and during which Dinah had to wake up each day before dawn to cook breakfast for fourteen hungry farmhands.

He shared her burning good steaks until they tasted like charred leather and her habit of just dropping her clothes on the floor wherever she happened to change.

Their marriage survived and prospered and was blessed with children: Melissa Ann (“Missy”), born in 1948, and John David (“Jody”), adopted in 1954.

So much for the charge that Dinah and George “had been incompatible from almost the beginning,” but how about the accusation that Dinah spent too much time being the big television star and had neglected the children?

This being a wife and a celebrity, too, was a problem. But Dinah faced it squarely. “My biggest fear,” she admitted, “is that with my work I’m taking something away from George and the children.”

But she worked out what seemed to be a practical solution.

In words, she put it this way: “George and I have a sort of unspoken but clearly understood agreement of what’s
important in our lives. There’s no question about it. To us, our children and ourselves come first. George and I love show business, but we knew our career was foremost. Therefore, I was much more interested in the success and durability of my life as Mrs. George Montgomery than my career as Dinah Shore.

In actions, she made sure that she spent all possible time with her husband and family. She never let a day go by that she didn’t drive home from the studio to have dinner with the family—even if she then had to drive back to the studio for more work.

A much more serious problem in the Montegomery’s marriage was summed up in this realization that “George couldn’t stand the fact that his career was going nowhere while Dinah was more successful than ever.”

George seemed to be content in taking a back seat while his wife was in the career-driver’s seat. He seemed to be content with putting around in his basement, making furniture, and running a hobby that suddenly blossomed out into a successful business. He seemed to be satisfied in just making an occasional picture—actually, about fifty pictures in which he always saved the old homestead or captured the rustlers. But he had been easy and sometimes, to hear himself referred to as “Dinah Shore’s husband” or to remember that he’d once been heralded as “a star of today and a movie great of tomorrow.”

Not that Dinah didn’t try to involve him in her own career and success; she did. She consulted him every point along the way, she asked for and depended upon his candid and honest reactions to her performances. She often had him as a guest on her Chevy Show.

As the years went by, the transformation of “plain Fanny Shore” into “glamorous Dinah Shore” was almost miraculous. In 1955 and 1956, she received Emmy awards for being the best female singer, and in 1957, 1958 and 1959, she was given the same prized statuette for being television’s outstanding female personality. During the past twelve months, she was awarded fifteen top honors, including a citation by the Gallup poll as “one of the ten most admired women in the world,” a distinction shared with such ladies as Helen Keller and Eleanor Roosevelt.

But George’s ranking, according to some of his friends, was lower than his “Mr. Shore”—tried to revive his own stagnant career by starring in a TV show, Cimarron City. The show was neither successful nor unsuccessful, neither praised nor panned. It just stumbled along and then folded.

Of course, this was a shock to Dinah when the Chevrolet people didn’t renew her own contract after five long and profitable years. It was a shock and yet it was also a blessing in disguise. Now she could cut down her shows from twenty to ten a year, now she could see more of George and the kids.

“The kids are getting bigger, and now, for the first time, I get home when they’re getting home from school,” she said. “You know, you can drive yourself crazy trying not to let your show interfere with your family. Actually, I wanted to cut down to only two shows this year and make my family.”

She said something else, too, in a kind of desperation that came from the heart of a woman who realized her marriage was shaky: “The only thing I want most out of life is to be a good wife and mother. If I accomplish that goal, it will be there long after the spotlights and the microphones are gone.”

But something else was happening to Dinah’s marriage, too, something that a cut-down TV schedule and more time at home with the family couldn’t help. George was being seen in the company of “other” women.

Rumors about that had started more than two years ago, but then they were shrugged off as being “silly.” After all, Hollywood is the “biggest small town of them all,” where if a man has lunch with a woman, the columnists record it that evening. Dinah may kiss a woman on the cheek or holds her arm while crossing the street, everyone is convinced they’re having an affair.

George was trying to start all over again as a producer-director-actor, so it was natural when he was seen in the company of pretty actresses, George was trying to learn the techniques of being a director, so it made sense that he’d hang around the sets of Hawaiian Eye, 77 Sunset Strip, Maverick, and Surfside 6. It was on the set of the latter show that the rumors started flying about George and Diane McBain.

“He couldn’t keep his eyes off her,” one of the crew members confided. “The two spent a lot of time together talking. It was kept very hush-hush, naturally, as he was a married man.”

“Diane insists there was no romantic attachment between herself and George, yet one of her close friends claims that they did date and that he (the friend) had the two of them up for dinner one night at his apartment.

“The relationship—if one existed—was just a passing one. She wouldn’t have given him a second look,” one friend says, “if she thought that his marriage was a happy one. Yet George, in the Philippines, made it clear that he and Dinah were headed for a divorce court.”

The Philippines—when George went there to make two pictures, the rumors began in earnest, except that they involved another “other” woman, sexy Israeli actress Ziva Rodann.

On the day after Christmas two years ago, George took off for the Philippines for location shots. He stayed six months.

On her Christmas show that year, Dinah had Missy as her guest. The appearance of daughter and mother together on the program helped to foster the image of Dinah as a devoted wife and mother who considered show business just a sideline.

But George was far away.

Today, some people even go so far as to claim that her sponsors, last season, insisted that Dinah preserve

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87
the illusion that everything was going well with her marriage, because they were afraid that should the popularity of the truth were to leak out.

What was the “truth”? Well, for one thing, George was being linked romantically with seductive Ziva Rodann, his co-star in “Samar,” one of the two films he was making. Once, while George and Ziva were eating dinner in a Roy K. Kerr hotel, they were interrupted by Italian Prince Raimond Orsini, one of the actress’s admirers, who in a fit of jealousy challenged George to a duel. The whole incident was smoothed over with apologies from Orsini and a “think nothing of it” by George, but it did force Ziva to make a statement.

“My relationship with George Montgomery was strictly on a business basis,” she said, “He’s a married man—and happily married to Dinah Shore.”

On another occasion, when asked how Dinah liked the idea of her playing love scenes opposite George in “Samar,” Ziva answered, “This is one as one could possibly be. I met her at her house in Hollywood, and she said, ‘You’d make a wonderful Ana.’ That’s the part I play. You could hardly ask anybody to be kinder than that.”

When Ziva and George returned to the United States after three months in the Philippines, she insisted, “We were only good friends,” but admitted that, when she’d lunched with him in New York a week before, “George seemed to know something was going to happen to his marriage—although, she added, referring to the divorce announcement, “I never expected this.”

Then, at the end of the interview, Ziva asserted: “It’s true I want a husband... but only mine... nobody else’s—so I wouldn’t be interested in Dinah.”

It is true, however, that, since her return from the Philippines, Ziva has started turning down dates with Hollywood’s eligible bachelors and has broken off with one of her steady dates, attorney Dan Busby.

What this indicates about Ziva and George—if anything—only time will tell.

At one time, George was also said to be interested in newcomer Madlyn Rhue and was seen on the lot while she was filming “A Majority of One,” but if Madlyn returned his interest, she certainly doesn’t now. For the past few months, she’s been going steady with Bill Dana of the Steve Allen Show.

“Other” women? Career competition? Neglect? Incompatibility? Whatever the reason or reasons, Dinah did the best she could to keep from breaking up her home.

As one of her intimate friends says, “Marriage was so sacred to Dinah she could have made such a decision only after a lot of soul-searching. This divorce was building up and building up. It wasn’t done impulsively, but only after long deliberation and attempts by her to work out their differences.”

Another person close to Dinah adds, “I believe Dinah got up enough nerve to ask George for the divorce after Rosemary Clooney and José Ferrer called it quits. The FERRERS were an image of a perfectly matched couple. Yet, when they separated, there were no serious repercussions.”

This same friend, when asked if George was surprised and shocked by Dinah’s decision, answered, “Yes,” but adds, “George, like José Ferrer, probably felt that it could never happen. He has been living under the same roof—the few times they were under the same roof—as George and Dinah have been doing for the past year, became unbearable.”

Today, when more than thirty-five million Americans turn on their TV sets, they still see Dinah Shore, prancing, and dancing and smiling. Before she met George Montgomery, she said, “I had to be loved.” But at the same time she said something else, too: “I had to win everybody’s affection.”

Dinah won everybody else’s love, but in doing it, she lost George’s. Who was the heartbreaker, who male? Dinah or George? Tragically, it was Dinah herself. Not Dinah the wife and mother, but Dinah the woman forced into the many roles that go into being a television star. Too many demands were made on her; too many people—from the sponsors to the stagehands—depended on her. Somewhere, somehow, in spite of everything she did to prevent it, Dinah’s worst fear—that her work would take something away from her husband—came sadly true. —James Hoffman

The Upside Down World of George Maharis

(Continued from page 32)

most personally sure-footed TV stars to come across the tube in the last decade. He is one of the few male video luminaries who have almost as many men fans as women. From men, he draws not only admiration but respect. Millions of men admire and envy male stars—few men can stand comparison with them. This unusual fact prompts an examination of one of the least known aspects of Maharis’ turned-around popularity. It is not easy to explain, but an understanding of it gives George a prowess and stature that are unique.

When Maharis portrays a tough, two-fisted roamer whose straight talk gets him in and out of trouble. His capers with Martin Milner on Route 66 are, of course, fictional. For years, John Wayne and Robert Mitchum portrayed the same kind of hard-headed, fist-swinging heroes in their pictures—also fictional.

Yet the private lives of Wayne and Mitchum were plagued by anonymous challengers who stopped them on the street, in bars, any place, to pose the question: “I seen you in the movies, Mitchum. How tough you really are?” That’s how the fights started. It got so that Mitchum, in particular, could not appear in public without having a half-drunken glory-seeker walk up and dare him to fight.

It does not happen with Maharis. To date, he has never been so challenged—even though he is both shorter and light in weight than these giants of the screen. But Maharis doesn’t think he is left alone solely because of “respect.”

“Maybe,” he said, “it’s because it’s easy to see that I don’t like troublemakers but that I’d never walk away from what I consider to be the right thing. I just don’t try to pacify them or any man who is looking for a fight. I know twenty men I’d never, but never, pick on—for the simple reason that I know they’d tear into me with everything they had. We don’t always expect to win the fight, but we are certainly going to raise a fat lip on or before the last lap. ’You’ve heard of a ‘sore loser.’ Well, the man who drops any of the guys I’m talking about will be a sore winner—and I mean sore—all over. The point is that a man who starts fights is either a bully or he hopes that the ‘big name’ will back down for fear of bad publicity. And I’ve had it with bullies, anyhow. ’It may be, too, that I’m not tall enough to pick on. Even nature turned me around! ’When I was a kid, I always resented the proportions of my body. I had short arms, short legs. Everybody in the neighborhood had long legs. And—as any guy brought up in New York City knows—if you’ve got short legs as a kid, you soon learn to protect yourself against the long legs.

"I feel better about it now. I still don’t like the way I look. I never have. My eyes squint up when I smile and I look Oriental—and they are too nice a race of people to have to explain me! So, although I don’t look like Rock Hudson, I don’t worry about it. I decided: To hell with comparing myself. I opened up a new scene. I’m going to have to get along with what I’ve got. The only time I feel peculiar is when I’m in a room full of handsome men. They wear their damn’ suits so well, I feel like a truck driver who hasn’t changed from his work clothes. I get next to some of those guys who are six foot and better and I experience awkwardness. I want to hit them a couple of times for looking exactly the way I want to look.” He grinned. ’They could at least sit down and give me a chance! ’You see, everything in my life is turned around, just the opposite of what I want.”

Does that mean he’s unhappy with success? “Hell, no! But remember—success of the kind I have is professional. I have more money, more friends, more of everything, but success isn’t everything it used to be. I have a few things, but all the other things are like a guy inside. As a matter of fact, the biggest surprise success gives you is a more acute sense of your deficiencies. ’When I was working in a grocery store, a few years back, stealing food for lunch, it didn’t make a damn’ bit
The Best Kept Secret in Hollywood

(Continued from page 47)
said the few who really knew anything about Lorne's private life—had been over, years ago... surely the scars had healed. Perhaps there'd been a hitch in Lorne's divorce? Or violent objections from his twin children, now seventeen years old?

There had to be compelling reasons for all the hush-hush, but the answers weren't easy to find. And Hollywood loves a mystery only when it's sharp-eyed, sharp-tongued ferrets have a track to sure-fire clues. The inside dope? It took unusually long to gather together the tidbits:

Nancy had been a teen-aged student in the Toronto Academy of Radio Arts which Lorne founded after World War II... They had been in New York at the same time, when Lorne co-starred on Broadway and Nancy continued her acting studies in that city... When Lorne went on to Hollywood and TV fame, Nancy had followed not long after, but perhaps there'd been a hitch. She'd appeared with him in one of the first Bonanza episodes...

All very tantalizing, but only fragments which didn't begin to explain why Hollywood—the town that can concoct imaginary romances between couples who haven't even met—had failed to recognize a very genuine one right under its nose. Above all, the few tidbits they knew didn't reveal how Lorne Greene had turned the neatest trick in filmdom: Concealing all his romantic plans until the very moment he and Nancy got their marriage license!

That had been the tip-off. The first slip in Lorne's and Nancy's well-laid plans—though they'd been so sure that no one would find out a thing until after they were married, perhaps even on their honeymoon. They chose a quiet December afternoon, when everyone else was either working or shopping frantically for Christmas, to slip off to the seaside town of Santa Monica for their license. No one, they felt, would recognize "Hollywood" in these two sedate citizens clad in everyday clothes.

Lorne, of course, had removed all traces of greasepaint, though he'd been filming a Bonanza episode, just that morning, in full Ben Cartwright regalia. He hadn't given even an inkling of his plans to Dan Blocker or Michael Landon or Pernell Roberts, who co-star as his sons in the TV series. He was going to tell them after the private marriage ceremony he and Nancy had arranged for the following Sunday in a rabbi's chambers.

All that had to be changed, after "Ben Cartwright" was revealed and the news of his impending marriage hit the headlines. The ceremony was still....

of difference whether I was tall, short, skinny, smart or stupid. When you're hungry, you have no use for morals, principles, ideals or any of that jazz. You're hungry and your stomach is screaming for food. You have to survive. And, besides the hunger, there is the panic of desperation. A hungry man is a dangerous man. I know it all too well.

"I didn't want to steal food. I used to look at a can of mushrooms in my hand and want to drop it like a hot potato. Because that hand and that can said, Maha! ..." You insult yourself, your parents and every single person in the world who loves you, when you steal. It's no good, and it's a thing to carry around with you ever so special. "It'll happen to me, I hope," he murmured. "God wouldn't let it be disaster if it didn't? It's got to!

"No, it'll happen. And when it does, he smiled, "I'll make it worthwhile for both of us. I don't know where or how. But I'll know and I'll kiss her with a hungry mouth and the whole world will stop turning just for an instant—just for us.

"That's the moment when my whole life will change and go the other way. Because, until now, life has given me everything, I'd like to start giving a little of it back."

A thought came to him. "I just hope she doesn't judge me by my hands!"

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Lorne was highly successful in both movies and television, and Nancy herself had come far as a dramatic actress. Her talent had also been recognized by John Cassavetes, one of her stage mentors, who cast her in his motion picture, "Shadows." And, in 1959, she appeared in the TV show "Bonanza." (This love story was kept secret from them for so long. To get the real answer, they'd have to travel back in time and space. More than a decade ago, in Toronto, where Lorne—once a $10-a-week ad agency employee—faced what looked like a bright future as one of Canada's top radio and TV stars, he had a lovely wife and adorable twin children, a boy named Charles and a girl named Linda. One of his pet projects was the establishment of the Academy of Radio Arts in Toronto. And one of his students was Nancy Anne Deale. He recognized her talent, she idolized her teacher—then recognized as one of the best in Canada—but the interest was purely academic. It was only by accident that they ran into each other again in New York, where Lorne was playing the lead opposite Katharine Cornell in "The Prescott Proposals," and Nancy had enrolled at the Neighborhood Playhouse School of the Theater. Their paths didn't cross again until both were in Hollywood. By then, Lorne had planned to meet his children in New York to tell them, but the carefully guarded news got out before he had a chance to tell the twins about their "other mother" with all the honesty and wisdom of Ben Cartwright himself.

There was a lot to tell, all of it good. Nancy Anne Deale is quite a woman. Attractive and shapely, she says that age makes no difference in marriage, believes that love is the one prerequisite to a happy home. She's never been married before, looks forward to running a home, and both Lorne and Nancy want to have a family all their own.

Lorne can now tell Hollywood: "I never get to win a girl on Bonanza—but, this, I had better luck!"

—IRENE STORM

Lorne Greene stars in Bonanza, as colorcast over NBC-TV, Sun., 9 to 10 P.M. EST, sponsored by Chevrolet.
feeling when I realize that the President of the United States is my brother-in-law," he says. "Sometimes, I stop dead in my tracks and say: Can it be? Or, gee, I know him! He’s related to me."

The ironic side of this relationship is that, prior to Kennedy’s election, Lawford was much the bigger celebrity. Kennedy was just another Senator, and not a very famous one, at that. Millions of movie fans recognized the British-born Lawford at a glance, but the Massachusetts Senator, with his family, has passed unnoticed in a crowd. Now, of course, the situation is different.

The lanky thirty-eight-year-old actor dismisses any notion that Kennedy’s ascendency to the highest office in the land affected his career. “I’m a little more noteworthy,” he says. “That’s about all. I think my career got a big boost when I did ‘Exodus.’ I’m delighted that it happened long before he became President.”

Lawford also shrugs off the notion that Kennedy is displeased when he takes part in the current festivities. "It’s too bad, actually. In ‘Advice and Consent,’ for instance, Pete portrays a playwright Senator whose foreign audiences might logically accept as truly representative of our government."

"Obviously,” says Pete, “if the President and I take part in any party, we wouldn’t have. But it should be equally obvious that he wouldn’t have said anything to me about it, because the fact that I was offered such a role couldn’t reflect on the President. He’s bright enough to see that. He’s also too busy to worry about trivialities like that.”

Pete doesn’t think he’s changed at all since his brother-in-law took residency in the White House. His friends are quick to agree. Top comedian Caroll Burnett, of The Carry Moore Show, claims that the last Lawford he saw was "very much in awe of Pete when I first met him. I expected him to be conceited, but actually he’s a little shy. He holds himself in. But we had a ball together. He got along with everyone—and, as you know, our gang is as far removed from you as you can get."

"No one kidded him about the White House,” Carol notes. “You can run that kind of thing right into the ground. The last time he was on the show, he kidded around something awful. Right in the middle of my number, he jumped on the stage and said: ‘That was a good idea! I was kissed by Peter Lawford!’"

As Carol points out, no one thinks it’s quite cricket to kid about the White House. But before Kennedy was elected, the jokes flew like guided missiles. When he arrived in Los Vegas early in his Presidential climb, he roared with laughter as Joey Bishop said to him, from the stage of a night club: “If you get in, Frank Sinatra has to be Ambassador to Italy and Sammy Davis Jr. to Israel. I don’t want too much for myself—but just don’t let me get drafted again!”

Kennedy himself is appreciated good, lively humor. When he was a bachelor Senator in Hollywood, every one considered the handsome New Englander a “hip guy.” Actress Arlene Dahl, who dated Kennedy quite a bit in those days, told this reporter in an exclusive interview: “Jack made a big hit in Hollywood. He was extremely intelligent and idealistic. He had some wonderful ideas about South America. I remember. He thought of himself as a backslab boy with a sense of humor who talked about any Presidential ambitions.”

Even today, J.F.K. takes an avid interest in the entertainment world. He and his wife often have new movies sent to them for private screening, such as “Flower Drum Song.” When he is in New York City, and in his spare time, he makes it a point to see a Broadway play. And it’s not unlikely that, when the President and his brother-in-law, Pete, get on the golf course, they chat occasionally about show business.

It may be that it was on the links, too, that the subject of a subordinated Clan was mentioned. But Lawford denies this vehemently. “I’ll tell you what happens when we play golf,” says Pete. “I have to wear shoes. After all, he is the President of the United States.”

The very mention of the word Clan irks Lawford, even when he’s alone. "I don’t think I’ve ever had a clan actually," he says, “it’s just a group of people who have known each other for years and like each other. We like to get together and that’s all. I’ve known Frank seventeen years, Dean about ten. This is just a group of friends—like you might have.”

The group of people comprising the Clan today includes Sinatra, Lawford, Sammy Davis Jr., Dean Martin, Joey Bishop, Shirley MacLaine, Keely Smith, Natalie Wood and Milton Berle. Many celebrities such as Sal Mimeo and Bobby Rydell have also been to become "members,” but realize they are too young—or simply not wanted.

As of this writing, no member of the Clan has got out of line where he’d cause Kennedy any misgivings. At least, their behavior to date has detracted not one bit from the Kennedy popularity. According to a recent Gallup poll, the President’s policies are deemed perfect by 75 percent of the American people.

The biggest detractors of the President seem to be Republicans—which figures. After all, every member of the Clan is a life-long Democrat. To get a good idea if the G.O.P. formed a Clan of its own for the next Presidential campaign.

Arlene Dahl may have been thinking along these same lines when she revealed that she voted for Nixon in the 60 race. "I felt sorry for Nixon. It seemed to me he had a good idea if the G.O.P. formed a Clan of its own for the next Presidential campaign."
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IT HAPPENED THIS MONTH:

10 “Every Day Was Velvet” .................. Hal Humphrey
21 “I Can Never Make Up with Jack Paar” .......... Jim Morse
22 “Our Black Market Baby” .................. Nancy Anderson
24 Battle of the Bedside Manner! .................. Tricia Hurst
28 Heart to Heart and Nose to Nose .................. Maxine Block
30 Is It Friendship or Is It . . . ? ................. Eunice Field
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Wanted: Five "Characters"

Dear Editor:

I would like to know why such a fine program as From These Roots was taken off the air. The skits replacing it is so inferior that it isn't worth watching. I tried to get interested but every day it was like a broken record repeating the same theme—Daddy is in the hospital and there isn't any money and there isn't any money and there isn't any money and on and on. The girls are foolish and immature. Why not put girls with character before the public? I know that you aren't responsible, but I just wanted to tell my opinion to someone. Thanks for listening.


"International" Breed

I would like to know something about Greg Roman of the New Breed.

C.M.B., Lima, Ohio

Greg Roman might be called an "international" personality. His name sounds Italian. On ABC-TV's The New Breed, he plays a Mexican-American. His parents are Turkish-Armenian. He was born in Canada. Today he lives in California. But, no matter what his inter-nationality, one thing is sure, his acting ability is such that any country would be happy to claim him.... Dark-haired, dark-eyed Greg began his career in his native Canada appearing in little-theater groups. From there he went on to a Hollywood theater workshop, to Broadway, to road companies, to movies, and eventually to TV.... It was while Greg was studying acting with Broadway director Frank Corsaro that he met his actress-wife Donna Drew. They were married April 4, 1958, and now conduct an experimental workshop for actors, writers and directors in Hollywood.—Ed.

Some Quickies

Please tell me where and when George Nader was born.

R.W.A., Eastside, Oregon

He was born in Hollywood on October 19, 1921.—Ed.

Could you please tell me if Shirley Temple Black has been married more than once and how old she is?

B.C., Lincoln, Nebraska

Shirley was married once before, to John Agar. She is 32.—Ed.

I would like to know if Lee Marvin and Tony Marvin are related?

I.D., Genoa, Colorado

They are not related.—Ed.

Calling All Fans

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

Jimmy Dean Fan Club, Patricia Idol, 1626 Monroe St., N.W., Washington 10, D.C.

Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme Fan Club, Linda Bienvenue, 165 Philip St., Attleboro, Mass.

Steve London Fan Club, Julie Vee Leeke, 2051 Second Ave., New York 29, N.Y.

Jane Morgan Fan Club, Sue Kelly, 3415 King Edward Ave., Montreal 28, Quebec.

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Three's a Coward: While making "Rome Adventure," director Delmer Daves took a drive with Troy Donahue and Suzanne Pleshette. Eager to show off his new Vespi, Troy whirled at top speed around wicked curves, up and down hills and finally came to a tire-smoking stop, inches from a stone wall. Suzanne, indignant, threw a slap in Troy's direction but it hit Daves instead. Bitter words were traded and Daves ducked repeatedly. But on the trip home, Troy's arm was about Suzanne's shoulder and she slept blissfully on his. Next day, Troy asked the director along for another drive. Daves turned pale. "You go on alone. You two deserve each other—that was the hardest-hitting scene you've ever done!"

Deborah Walley announced plans to wed John Ashley in the summer. . . . Cindy Robbins and Jack Haley Jr. have definitely discovered each other. . . . and Molly Bee "flits" from Ron Ely (now in the service) to Australian beau Digby Wolfe, who also has an eye for Helen O'Connell. . . . Sixteen-year-old Anna Capri, new Warner starlet, is seeing a lot of Bobby Burgess. Walk dancer.

TV fans are beginning to make themselves heard. Soon after The Law And Mr. Jones was cancelled, half a million cards, wires and letters were flooding ABC-TV. Even the Bar Association of seven states joined in the hue and cry. Now belatedly the network announces that the show will return April 19. Says its popular star, James Whitmore, "It just proves that the individual viewer can have control over what he has to see." It's a pity the public couldn't do the same for The Westerner and other fine shows cancelled for no good reason—but maybe Mr. Jones has started a trend. The networks are being inundated with protests of TV "specials," which fans contend aren't "special" at all—just run-of-the-mill.

And Ty Hardin remains the town's Number One "Roving Bachelor of Large"—with a new girl on his arm almost every night. Ty's blond hair was darkened for his role in The Chapman Report, in which he plays a brawny football player. Director George Cukor felt Ty's natural hair made him photograph "too handsomely." . . . Walt Disney's Mickey Mouse Club returns soon via re-runs on ABC-TV. . . . Martin Gabel plays Hercule Poirot in new MGM Agatha Christie series.

Party of the Month: Ron Harper's birthday cake had 87 candles—not for his age, of course, but in honor of 87th Precinct, in which he co-stars. He made chili for over 60 guests, but his actor-pal Mike Carr sent Ron a case of canned chili to be on the safe side. Ron gave lessons in the "Holly-Golly," another of the Twist improvisations, and Marlo Thomas and Peter Falk were judged best. Sarah Marshall and Karl Held, a long-time twosome, were cooling as usual and seemed not the least concerned that Karl's option for Perry Mason had just been dropped. "It was great fun," said Ron, "but as a Hollywood party it was a bust. Nobody got tossed in the pool and nobody even socked somebody else's hand."

Almost everybody who is anybody showed up for "The Major- ity of One" premiere. Star Rosalind Russell is a 10-to-1 favorite to grab this year's Oscar. . . . Bob Crosby's Cathy, now wed to Texas oilman E. F. Gilbert, has retired completely, she reports, and is an expectant mother. . . . Annette left for Italy this month to star in "Escapade in Florence," and will be gone five months. Her family is flying over for the Easter vacation.

It's Good To Be Bad: So says Dan Duryea, who has made a career of playing villains. For actors who want to be heavies, Dan has this tip: "First thing, kick a dog. Step number two, slap a dame. You will then receive 10,000 letters yelling about what a rat you are. After that, you'll be remembered every time they're casting a villain." . . . Myrna Fahey's skating and skiing antics are giving producers of Father Of The Bride cold feet. They've ordered her to "cease and desist" before she has a bad spill and puts their shooting schedule in deep freeze. And Bob Conrad failed to get his "flying" orders. Warner Bros. told the "Hawaiian Eye" he was grounded—had to give up plans to buy a plane.
Quip-Quack: A visitor on the "Kid Galahad" set observed Elvis Presley showing Anita Wood around. Sez he, "Elvis, there are two things I envy—your list of phone numbers and your stamina." ... Molly Berg misses New York. Her rented mansion on the West Coast, she says, is "elegant but lonesome. If I open a window to yoo hoo, all I get back is an echo." ... Since she was named Honorary Mayor of Reseda, Calif., Amanda Blake, Gunsmoke's Kitty, has decided to move into the town. "You heard of absentee landlords," she says. "Well, I don't want to be an absentee mayor." ... Chirps Rita Moreno, "If women writers were more feminine, women actresses would have better parts."

Bob Barker was preparing a pretty German miss for her appearance on Truth Or Consequences. "Frankly," he said, "you must expect anything to happen to you on this show." "Oh, that's okay," she smiled. "I'm not married." ... Heard on the set of new Warner series Lone Sierra: "That dance of Evan McCord and Kathy Bennett? We're calling it 'The Pretzel'—sort of a hard Twist." ... Peter Brown says he saw a young woman driving a flashy car in Las Vegas with a sign on the back of the car reading, "Just Single!" No, he didn't follow—most of his time these days is spent with Maurine Dawson. Peter is very anxious to give marriage another try.

Broadway lark Julie Andrews and funny gal Carol Burnett team for a black-tie night at Carnegie Hall this month. ... Pat Boone tells of meeting a young starlet who, when asked how she felt about Red China, replied: "Oh, it's just fine, as long as it doesn't clash with the tablecloth!" ... Marlo Thomas, who loves animals, had a field day during shooting of a recent Joey Bishop Show segment calling for a Great Dane, French Poodle, Chihuahua, and two Siamese cats. Just to liven things up, Marlo brought her own pet Boxer "Bunny" to the studio. For once the usually glib-tongued Joey was "out-voiced" and left at a complete loss for words. Marlo left, too—for N. Y., to hunt for a Broadway play.

As Vanessa, queen of the TV daytime serial, Love Of Life, Peggy McCay suffered every conceivable anguish. When fourteen female fans named their daughters after Vanessa, Peggy sent each baby a doll—until one fan returned the doll and asked her to pay for the birth of her baby! Said Peggy's Room For One More co-star Andrew Duggan: "I'll bet that hurt!" ... Personal Obit: Lunching with lovely Ernie Kovacs a few days before his tragic death, I asked why he made a career of zany, unpredictable things. Ernie's answer: "For the same reason a guest does a handstand as he is leaving. He wants to be remembered after he's gone." ... You'll be remembered, Ernie, but not just for that.

Connie Francis, signed by MGM to a four-year disc and film pact, is the only artist in the record business who has had 17 consecutive hits in the past two years, eight of which zoomed over the million mark. ... Is Ronnie Reagan going the extremist route as an act of revenge against the Kennedys for their blasting of G-E? ... Ground-breaking for the $4 million Motion Picture and Television Museum takes place in June.

Guy Stockwell spent eight weeks at Hollywood's Coronet Theater deciding whether it pays to be or not to be Hamlet. He'd like to do a Broadway play. ... Starlet Dawn Gray swam in a huge glass of champagne at ceremonies opening the mammoth Wilshire Boulevard Barrington Plaza Housing Development. ... We know what a "shotgun wedding" is. So now we're learning what a "riflemen divorce" comes to. It comes to $2,350 a month alimony from Chuck Connors to the erstwhile Missus. The real, tragic cost: They have four children. (Continued on page 8)
Who's that with...

Who else but Arthur Godfrey. And you—if you're with us on "Arthur Godfrey Time" weekday mornings on CBS Radio. If so, you expect the unexpected. If not, you're missing the sparks that fly when people and Arthur Godfrey get together! Comedians, musicians, boy scouts, singers, 4-H Club members, inventors, writers, movie stars drop in. Then Godfrey's ad libs set off verbal fireworks that light up even the biggest stars in exciting new ways.

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Aladdin, popular violinist-singer-comic on the Welk Show, collects languages on the way some people collect stamps. ... Was that Carol Lawrence window-shopping on 57th with Robert Goulet? ... Las Vegas comics report that the town getting the biggest hand and biggest laugh at the mere mention is: Of course, Brooklyn! And naturally the state that gets the most applause is Texas. There are always a few Lone-Star-Staters in the crowd. ... Are the "art houses" about to switch to commercial films now that so many old movie theaters are surrendering to TV? ... Tennessee Ernie returns to ABC TV, April Fool's Day-plus-one!

Champ of the fast-draw gals is Mary Astor, taught by cowboy Ben Cooper. The actress' third book, "The Image of Kate," hits the stores this month. ... Poncie Ponce plans to open his own night club. Poncie's nickname is "Businessman" since he's been collecting so much loot from his Karate schools. He looks so young on TV, few fans realize that he is the father of three children. ... The Hex With Sex: A bald pate proved "it" for Yul Brynner. A skinny frame spelled "SA" for Frank Sinatra. Being oversized meant "sex-cess" for James Arness and Dan Blocker. So why are so many perfectly proportioned, hairy and handsome young actors out of work? Eh?

When Grant Williams of Hawaiian Eye came down with a "sloppy cold," he was nursed by lovely Leslie Parrish. A week later, Leslie had to have a wisdom tooth out and Grant took over the job of nursing her. ... The circle is completed. "Marty," which bowed on TV ten years ago, then went on to movie fame, now returns to television. ABC will launch a Sunday night series of two-hour film programs April 8, with 15 top United Artists pictures, including "Marty," "The Pride and the Passion," "Witness for the Prosecution." ... Ex-Champagne Lady Alice Lon, who has lived in Dallas since she left the Welk show in 1959, wed airlines pilot George W. Bowling. They'll make their home in Texas.

Let George Do It: Since helping Bobby Darin, Joanie Sammers and Ann-Margret up the ladder, George Burns has become a target for every stage-struck kid. While planning to Las Vegas for the Darin opening at the Flamingo, George was served coffee by a striking young stewardess. "Want to get into show biz?" he asked. The girl nodded, too excited to speak. "Okay," said George, "this is an audition. Kick the back of your head and say cheese."... Such sycophancy. They closed the Cain's Hundred set at MGM because the skinny-clad cuties were putting on too much of a show. ... Doris Day's been given ultimatum—camouflage freckles on-screen or be picketed by American beauticians!

It Still Spells Ali-money: When Brad Crawford got his license to wed Joan Tabor in Las Vegas, he listed as grounds for his first divorce, "I was impossible." The clerk ex'd this out and penciled in "mental cruelty." ... Steve Allen, the irrepressible, signed to write the score for musical about red-hot Sophie Tucker....Nick The Rebel Adams to give May lecture on acting at University of South Carolina. ... Molly Bee signed five-year Liberty Records pact, slated to do "The Molly Bee Story" for Star Route. ... Walt Disney planning feature starring "Coffie," the white mule who got so many guffaws in "Sergeants 3." ... Andy Williams signed Leslie Uggams for his May 4 spec.
Fiddle-faddle: The death of Fritz Kreisler, world-famed violinist, recalls the joke he once told about himself. Someone he met asked, “What do you do?” Kreisler replied, “I scratch a little.” Quoth the other, “And from that you make a living?”... Is Kathy Nolan about to quit The Real McCoys for life as a London lady, or is Sir Matthew Wellington only blowing bubbles?... Currently drawing the crap-shooters from the tables of the Sahara in Las Vegas are The Modernaires with Ray Eberle and Tex Beneke’s band. They add up to nostalgic memories. ... Says Dick Boone, “ Fitzgerald once wrote that four A.M. was the ‘midnight of the soul.’ What hour would be the dawn?”

Heard Around: Dodie Stevens and John Saxon have stars in their eyes. ... Why hulabaloo over Warren Beatty turning down role of President Kennedy in “Pt 109”? It’s still a free country. Besides—could be Warren was afraid he “couldn’t cut the mustard.” But this ain’t the best passport into “the clan.” ... Drifting off: Will his new songstress—Nico Ventura—replace Keely Smith in Louis Prima’s aching heart? ... Did Rocky Cooper pull the rug from under news commentator Les Lampson’s ro-ro-monce with daughter Maria? ... Will Newton Minow’s roo and Robert Sarnoff’s sass, at probe of TV sex and violence, end in a television self-censoring code like the movies?”

Beat me, Daddy: Cyd Charisse insisted on a realistic pummeling from Kirk Douglas in “Two Weeks in Another Town.” Having given her all for art, she took to bed till the aches were eased. ... Don Everly wed long-time girlfriend Venetia Stevenson in San Diego, after graduating from Marine boot camp. Venetia will forsake acting and live wherever Don is stationed. ... Horace Heidt Junior has whipped together a swinging combo that’s playing the school circuit in San Fernando Valley. ... Sex Dick Powell: “I wanted to aim ‘higher’ once. After all those years in musicals, I decided to be an actor. I wanted to be a regular Paul Muni. Now look at me.” A lot of folks do, Dick, and they like what they see.
The death of Ernie Kovacs cut loose volumes of reports about his baronial manner of living. He paid a cook $1,000 a month. He smoked 20 cigars a day at $2 apiece. He collected guns, armor and Rolls-Royces.

He tossed big all-night and next-day poker games, and maintained a turntable in his driveway for pointing guests homeward in their own garish cars.

They referred to him as the zany Hungarian who had his private steam room and a communications system throughout his Beverly Hills abode which could reach him in the remotest bathroom.

When Ernie's friends were interviewed, they told of his love of living, the unselfishness and humor of the man. "A lovely and dear man," said his friend Jack Lemmon, and similar sentiments were echoed by Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin and Kim Novak.

It would be a shame, however, if the memory people carry of Ernie was no more complete than that. He was a character, all right, and all of the nice things his friends mention, but he was much more. During the past several years, I had the opportunity to observe Ernie Kovacs quite closely and become his friend. Let me fill in a few blanks, before it is too late.

With the possible exception of the late Fred Allen, no comedian worked harder or more devotedly at his craft than Ernie. Like Fred, he pre-

This is a tribute to a man we'll all miss—badly. But it is not a sad story. Instead, this is Ernie Kovacs—the way he'd want you to remember him

by

HAL HUMPHREY
"Every Day Was Velvet"

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HAL HUMPHREY
fered to create his own ideas and material, and he put in long, exhaustive hours at it. It was an uncompromising labor. If his creative motors were turning over properly, Ernie might knock out his ideas for a 30-minute show in 30 minutes. Other times, he would be at one idea for days before he felt it was right.

After sessions like this, Ernie had very littlecole time for TV executives who felt compelled to fly-speak his efforts without even attempting to find out what he was trying to do.

"I get tired of fighting the Don't-you-think? boys," said Ernie. "You work and sweat to bring something different to a show, and then during the dress rehearsal these guys pop up and begin by saying, 'Don't you think it would be better if . . . '?"

He was never afraid to incur the ill-will of those who were in a position to damage his career. A career, to Ernie, was secondary to satisfying himself, no matter how high the price.

It wasn't that Ernie believed he was a god-given else in the business was a dummykop. He accepted qualified criticism as graciously as anybody, and realized that not all of his creations were polished gems.

One of Ernie's favorite characterizations on his ABC-TV shows was "Percy Dovetonis, the fellow who detested company to give birth to the world and preferred reading poetry. Ernie once described him as "a beautiful soul who hasn't quite made it over the line into this rude, virile world."

I'm sure that one reason for Percy's being a favorite of Ernie's was other comic's inability to copy him. Ernie's inventiveness was often (and still is) certified by the fact that his contemporaries were not above purloining whole bits of business from him, and branding them as their own.

Ernie liked to be outspoken, and he no doubt enjoyed the shock he created with this almost bullish and supposedly outgoing attitude toward the world. Blended into this side of his personality, however, was not only a sensitivity to people but an almost tender side to the man himself.

The reports about Ernie's mode of living are substantially true. He loved to live it up big, not to be ostentatious—he never advertised it. He never employed a personal press agent.

Money, to Ernie, wasn't a form of security. It was simply something civilization told him he must have in certain circumstances. When the money came around. It wasn't likely to spoil Ernie. He never kept the stuff around long enough to feel tainted.

Much of Ernie's lust for living—82 cigars, the finest liquors, gambling, traveling, fine clothes, mansions, cars—could be traced to an experience that almost took his life.

When he was 19 and working in summer stock in Brattleboro, Vermont, he let himself run down. Playing cards all night, not having enough money to eat well, low resistance, led to double pneumonia and pleurisy and he was carted off to the New York City charity hospital on Welfare Island. After three months, he was transferred to a New Jersey charity hospital, since he was originally a Jersey resident.

Every week, the doctor would jab a needle through his ribs to drain the liquid. And the next day—"I could hear the liquid sloshing around me inside, again. And then I'd have to lie in bed, staring at the ceiling."

At a time of life when a young man should be chasing girls and dreaming big dreams, Ernie was cooped up in a dreary hospital, a recipient of state charity. And all around him was death.

"It was depressing," he recalled. "In the summer, you could hear the conversables taking the fellows and their girls to the beach. So I decided to get out, too. I'd climb out the window and meet my father outside, and he'd give me a shotgun and I'd go hunting for rabbits in the woods nearby. At other times, I had a girl friend who'd meet me outside the grounds and take me out for a ride and coffee."

World of shadows

He couldn't keep still; he refused to knockk out to the inevitability of death. So he ran a poker game in the bathroom. He started a checker tournament and everybody got so excited, the doctor ordered it stopped. He ran a hospital newspaper, did it all himself. "Everybody got thinner and thinner and died," he once said. "So I ate everything in sight, and kept my weight up."

He took advantage of a bad situation by improving his mind. He read one book each day, while at the same time wearing headphones and listen to classical music on the radio.

He also entered contests, sending in jingles and slogans. He finally won $65, gave it to his mother (who was estranged from his father) and she bought an old model-A Ford to drive in to see him.

His zest for life apparently was inherited, and as he lay in bed, fighting for his existence, he vowed that if he ever got out alive, he'd make every minute count.

One day he made up his mind that he had no future in the hospital. He had been hospitalized for 18 months, and enough was enough! He notified the astonished doctors that he was leaving. They warned him that, if he walked out, he wouldn't live three full days. Ernie vowed, "I'd rather die on my feet in three days than die on my back in three years!"

He walked out jauntily, joined his mother in Trenton, New Jersey. She rented a small store, and hung a curtain. In front of the curtain, she sold house dresses for $2. In back of the curtain, they slept on the floor.

He got a job directing a local-talent show, although he still had a temperature of 102. For more than a year, he worked on this show, getting no salary, but being happy—and simply ignoring the illness.

When friends urged him to go back to the hospital, he refused. "Every day I'm on my feet is velvet . . . pure velvet! By all odds, I should be dead by now."

Regaining his health, he went on through life like that: Every day was velvet!

The one element not mentioned in Ernie's life here, so far, is his family—his talented wife, Edie Adams, and daughters Betty, 14, Kippie, 13, and Mia Susan, 2½.

Ernie frequently used to stamp around his canyon manse shouting rebelliously, "I bet I could outdo by with such pandemonium. It never occurred to Edie that she was "putting up" with anything. Edie has done such wifey things as commuting to California each weekend by plane to spend twelve hours with Ernie, while she was co-starring in Broadway's "Li'l Abner."

At a party one night in New York, Edie dropped a cigar from her purse. A friend asked if she had taken up the habit! "No," said Edie, "but I miss Ernie so, that it helps every once in a while to caress this cigar and smell its fragrance."

What Ernie had which most Hollywoodites don't have was a sense of humor about himself and his family. Were he to read anything so personal as this piece, he would laugh his most maniacal laugh, and toss out several explosive Anglo-Saxon words to label it.

Going to Ernie's home for an interview was always difficult. "Aw, let's talk about something pleasant," Ernie would say. "Who wants to read about me or television? And if you put both in the same column, you're really dead!"

So, you would sit and swat stories around a lift from listening to Ernie's matchless descriptions of his travels as a man trying to put laughter on a paying basis in TV.

Ernie was writing three books, the last time we visited. The titles were "Nuclear Fission at Home," "John Has Fungus" and "How to Rob Small Stores." I only hope he got to finish them.
SAVE OUR SONGS

The Twist has moved in on the music scene, but another wind is beginning to blow. It is, at present, not of hurricane dimension, but it is building, and since most of you probably know about the Twist, let me tell you of this new turn.

Last year, we saw the arrival of a folk artist who captivated the country, Joan Baez, Vanguard recording artist, experienced huge sales on her first two albums. We also saw the Kingston Trio arrive, then the Limeliters. Last Fall saw the return of the great folk singer Josh White. (This time he incorporated his children in his act.)

Among this month's records, the Twist albums were out-numbered two to one by folk or folk-derived pop albums. In this issue, you'll see reviews of Jo Stafford, Hank Williams, a newcomer Walter Forbes, a romantic country string album and the Limeliters.

I think we'll be getting more, too. Verve Records informs me that they will shortly release two more albums of Big Bill Broonzy. A young trio, Peter, Paul and Mary, seem to be just coming in view. They have been doing very well at the Blue Angel in New York.

What seems to be behind this, is the desire of American people to recognize and endorse their folk music as something that is needed culturally.

In the past, only smaller, independent labels like Riverside, Vanguard, Elektra and others bore the burden of keeping folk music alive. Of course, the major labels have always dabbled a bit, but nothing to constitute a shot in the arm. But now the worm turns. There is an awful lot of action going on, and justly so.

For the first time in a long while, we have no dearth of very high level young folk artists, which is an indication of the growing concern with folk music.

I can assure you though without your endorsement, purchases and support, the whole movement, with its very fine

(Continued on page 20)

Johnny Carson's Corner

- We haven't had a hit song about dogs in some time, but despite this, several months ago the City of New York experimented with a novel idea. Some nameless genius decided what the canine population sorely needed were comfort stations. How the need was determined eludes me. I personally know three dogs in my apartment building that were not questioned at all. Nevertheless, the city proceeded to erect a test comfort station, a neat arrangement, of white sand and a fire hydrant, enclosed by a small screen. The screen, I assume, was to spare the dogs any undue embarrassment. As they say at Cape Canaveral—"It did not go according to plan." Actually, dogs went two or three blocks out of their way to avoid it. I don't know the final disposition of the comfort stations—I believe they were torn down to make room for some slums.

Actually, the venture was doomed from the start. The dogs already have the largest comfort station in town—the area from 5th Avenue to the East River—and believe me, the dogs do not avoid this area. As a matter of fact, I have the suspicion dogs come from as far away as Newark to use the facilities. If you doubt me, try walking to work some morning from First Avenue. I have a hunch this was the beginning of the Twist.

Now, I like dogs generally—I have had many of them. The first one was named Tanton—just a mutt. I never liked pedigrees. I can't see owning a dog with a better blood line than I have. Tanton was a cross between a Great Dane and a Collie. He grew like crab grass. We finally had to get rid of Tanton. One day he ate the City Council. The second dog I owned dur-
Your Monthly ON RECORD Guide

POPULAR

★★The Lettermen, A Song for Young Love (Capitol)—This marks the debut of three young fellows who just hardly can sustain an album's worth of music. They get a rather nice blend, although they still have a way to go. The style of the group begins to wear on this reviewer half-way thru the second side. The format of young love seems not a bad idea, but it might have been a better package, had they turned the boys loose, a little. They certainly do some tunes gracefully. I'd watch for the following album. The tunes include "I'll Be Seeing You," "Smile," "When I Fall in Love," "Dreamer," "The Way You Look Tonight" and others.

★★★Sing Out!, The Limeliters (RCA Victor)—This is a very entertaining album. These lads pump it out, injecting humor where they can. The track "Joy in the Land" highlights one side. The whole album has the professional stamp upon it. Listen for the touching "Everywhere I Look This Mornin'," also the surprisingly Latin "Golden Bell" and "Wayfarin' Stranger," which is given the solo voice treatment. Lots of entertainment here.

★★Horn A-Plenty, Al Hirt-Billy May Orch. (RCA Victor)—For all lovers of the big pulsing band and Al Hirt's exciting and lyric trumpet, here's your cup of tea. Billy May has turned in some beautiful arrangements, and the band is first-rate. All this and the bearded wonder's biting trumpet. "Holiday for Trumpet," "Easy Street," "Till There Was You" and a host of swingers. Very nicely done.

★★★This Heart Of Mine, Carol Lawrence (Choreo)—A sparkling and sophisticated group of tunes, beautifully arranged and sung delightfully by Miss Lawrence. She is, I'm confident, one of the few Broadway-type singers who will make a dent in the popular circles. Her readings, though at times over dramatic, are good. She has the capacity to swing, too!

The scope of the tunes proves out how much she is capable of doing. The touching "The Year Turns 'Round," the different Carmichael tune, "I Get Along Without You Very Well" and the title song. Dick Hazard and Harry Betts deserve much credit for the backgrounds, all of which maintain a strong level. For those who like productions, large in size, investigate this album.

★★Linger Awhile With Vic Damone (Capitol)—A very settled package. He's one of the better voices you'll hear, but there is a lot this album could have achieved and didn't. Nice warm arrangements, fair readings of the lyrics, but that "exciting it" isn't in evidence. There are moments, but it's common knowledge how wonderful Vic can be. E for effort.

★★★The Classic Della, Della Reese (RCA Victor)—A compilation of tunes adapted from classical themes. Included is the hit Puccini theme, "Don't You Know." Della belts them out in her own inimitable way, with some fine backing from Glenn Osser and orchestra. Her readings have never thrilled this reviewer, as they rely more on Della's style than on the message of the lyric. At any rate, for those who dig the style, it's a goodie.

JAZZ

★★★FOCUS, Stan Getz—Comp. by Eddie Sauter—Cond. by Hershy Kay (Verve)—Here, the most popular jazz tenor saxophonist in the last ten years turns in another monumental performance. This time we hear him in a setting of strings, plus the extended modern compositions of veteran writer Eddie Sauter. He covers every mood. Beautiful lyric playing on the slow "I Remember When" which sort of just sits as he glides. Chugging along in the "Night Rider." He seems to enter a completely new area with this album, one of much greater dimension. Eddie Sauter string writing is not lush or sectional. It's more like linear chamber music writing, the qualities of each piece are developed to the utmost. Many stars for this wonder-ful excursion into some new areas for jazz. This is music to listen to and listen to and listen. . . .
Mel Tormé—My Kind Of Music (Verve)—It’s a real velvet delight when Tormé sings his own material. This album’s check full of the best Tormé-written tunes such as: “Born To Be Blue,” “County Fair,” “A Stranger in Town” and the classic “Christmas Song.” (Which ironically was made a hit by Nat Cole.) Mel’s singing is better than ever. The arrangements are well fitting. This album was recorded in England where Mel seems to be just about the hottest. After hearing “County Fair” again I can tell you it’s as beautiful as ever. It’s this reviewer’s humble opinion that Tormé tunes are as important as his finely polished resonant voice. I could listen to five albums like this.

Combo!, Henry Mancini (RCA Victor)—A well organized jazz group, integrating some good solos by the talented Art Pepper on clarinet, Pete Condi on trumpet and Johnny Williams on piano and harpsichord. Mancini’s arrangements, which are underwritten to leave room for the jazz blowing, are all top level. Very interesting are “Swing Lightly,” “Moanin’,” the new jazz classic, and “Everybody Blow.” For buffs, it’s recommended.

Very Tall, The Oscar Peterson Trio along with Milt Jackson (Verve)—Four bigger jazz talents you will not find! This album is very tall and wide. Oscar’s piano-playing, always full of energy and drive, deviates to Milt’s rather pointed and subtle path for several incredibly relaxed tunes, “Green Dolphin Street” and Milt’s beguiling “Heart Strings.” Oscar’s left hand creates the hacking sound in “Work Song” as Ray Brown and Ed Thigpen romp behind the proceedings. I find Milt to be very comfortable and creative in the setting of Oscar’s trio. In fact, he appears much more relaxed with them than he generally does with his steady group, the Modern Jazz Quartet. These are two of the few great improvisers left. Fresh and invigorating, hearily recommended.

Jazz Special

The Essential Art Tatum (Verve)—This brings back many memories for me personally. I can remember being in California during 1955, just ready to get a flight back to New York, when I passed a jazz club on Hollywood Blvd. and saw a sign stating Tatum would be opening there that night. Well, I can tell you I stayed three extra days and spent them draped over a table taking in what I still consider the only absolute marvel of the jazz piano. Tatum will last a long, long time. Not even on the horizon is there a pianist half as facile. All one has to do is ask Oscar Peterson or Billy Taylor, John Lewis or any of the piano talents about Tatum and then prepare to have your ear bent for hours.

Tatum is a legend, and it’s a pleasure to see Verve’s Essential Series bring some of the best interpretations from their original Tatum Series, which in itself was marvelous, into this album.

I remember while I was working with Gene Krupa, he related to me how, even though Tatum only had a bit of vision left in one eye, it was impossible to sneak things over on him, such as cheating at cards and other playful things. Well, you can believe it. He rarely ever leaves a rock unturned musically. He sifts everything out of a piece. Listen to “Elegy.” He does everything but play it backwards.

Every track in this album is a joy. “Willow, Weep for Me” is done up in all shades. Yes, and the shadow of Tatum permeates everything. On a few tunes you’ll find the tenor saxophone of another big talent, Ben Webster. The runs, the striding left hand out of the past, the warmth and the humor of Tatum are all here.

If you are a casual jazz fan and a lover of fine pianists, I, without reluctance, recommend this without reservation. You jazz fans need no introduction to the thirty fingers of Art Tatum. For record libraries, a must!!!

P.S. (Art Tatum passed away in 1956, but lives through the remarkable medium of the phonograph recording. Consider yourself lucky to be able to hear him. I do.)
SPOKEN WORD

★★★★The Story-Teller, a session with Charles Laughton (Capitol) (2 LPs)—This album, I honestly feel, no one should be without. After so much sick humor, endlessly chattering comedians cornering the spoken word market, this is a potful of fresh air. Mr. Laughton’s materials are all worth hearing about. His light vignettes about The Goldsteins and Margaret O’Brien, excerpts from Jack Kerouac’s “Dharma Bums” and Shakespeare’s “Caesar,” some barbs from “Major Barbara” by Bernard Shaw and “The Phaedrus” by Plato are some of the gems. His voice becomes an instrument, the shadings, the resonant chest sound, the quiet laughter that sneaks into phrases, like a phantom unseen, unheard, but felt strongly. His absorption with righting some wrongs, defending modern painting, sculpture and writing, not with rhetoric, but simplicity, should just not be missed. This cannot be recommended too strongly. A dramatic giant, reading and interpreting the works of geniuses, with a dash of lightness and pixie-ish story-telling, with depth and profundity, humor, truth, theater and a large dose of Laughton’s love for communicating the joy of living. Go out and get this one! (The cover and jacket with album notes by Mr. Laughton, plus two drawings from his collection, on the inside cover, are added pluses. Very good taste, indeed.)

COUNTRY AND FOLK MUSIC

★★★★On Stage! Recorded Live! Hank Williams (MGM Records)—The great Hank Williams, who passed away in 1953 at the age of 29 years, was certainly a legend in his own time. As a songwriter, you'll remember his “Cold, Cold Heart.” There were many more hits, too. He seemed to stretch out all over. His talent and name seem synonymous with country music.

When Hank passed away, the entire South took a day to mourn. People didn’t even work in some cases. This certainly showed how much he meant to his fans and admirers. MGM Pictures have been trying to start the filming of “The Hank Williams Story.” Elvis Presley has even been mentioned for the lead part. Let's hope, before not too long, we'll be able to enjoy, on the screen, the life of the great Hank Williams!

This album’s value lies in the fact that it's live. No different takes to choose from but one; The performance. This album, like the MGM Garland album, has historic value. It also has a good deal of talk by Williams, preserving his speaking voice for posterity.

For the country fans, this is a must. For those who missed this chap’s talent when he lived, you might take a look-listen!

★★★★Rakhel—Songs of Israel (Monitor)—A very interesting journey, musically, to the ancient land. Its scope, from the enchantingly modal “Gazi Lee” (Don’t Drive My Lamb) to the ever-rejoicing “Hava Nagila,” is quite broad. Rakhel (a rather stunning beauty, judging from the cover) is certainly a talented young lady. She strides through the material, with much passion and a flair for vocal gesture. The real sleeper on the album, not of course to slight Rakhel, is the seven-man ensemble and the arrangements, which create vividly the Mid-Eastern locale. Considering the level of folk albums, this certainly is above average. Care to join the pilgrimage?

★★★★Jo Stafford Sings American Folk Songs, Orch. Cond. Paul Weston (Capitol)—Well! This is absolutely enchanting. No reservations about Miss Stafford. This is a compilation of the finest ballads of the Southern Appalachians, or hill music, as it were. Jo’s ability to sing folk is huge. She reads so well, keeps the vibrato to a minimum, and deliberates over each touching phrase. I cannot recommend this strongly enough. The tunes include “Barbara Allen,” “Black is the Color,” the very warming “Red Rosey Bush” and “Poor Wayfarin’ Stranger,” also the playful “Sourwood Mountain,” “Single Girl” and “Cripple Creek.” Bravos for all concerned. Don’t leave this one in the store, it belongs with the best in your collection.
Ballads and Bluegrass, Walter Forbes (RCA Victor)—Good news! Roots seem to be in order these days, and this young fella knows very well how to dig! I continue to be amazed at the quality of our young folk singers. Walter Forbes' talent, although ground-ed in folk, will make a dent in the “pop” market. He's full of fire! His lyric reading is excellent, his choice of tunes fits his present capacities. (The album notes contain no mention of the wonderful Blue Ridge band or the voices who join Walter intermittently.) This is a young lad to watch!

CLASSICAL

Gabriel Faure—Complete Works For Piano Vol. I, Grant Johannesen (Golden Crest)—This double jacketed, twin pack is certainly a refreshing breath of French piano music. Contents range through several periods of Faure's creative musical life. The eight short pieces Op. 84, nine preludes Op. 103, several impromptus and barcarolles, a nocturne here, a valse there, all make the dip into the fountain of Faure's genius an enriching experience. The fine Grant Johannesen appears throughout the four sides entirely sympathetic to Faure's compelling need for shadings. As the master himself was a gifted pianist and organist, the pieces lie beautifully for the instrument. Golden Crest and Mr. Johannesen can well be pleased with their Vol. I of Faure Piano Music. The quality of the recorded sound is not as first rate as the choice of material and performance. Still, plenty here merits attention.

Johannes Brahms—Short Piano Pieces, Miklos Schwalb, piano (Golden Crest) (2 LPs)—Again Golden Crest comes up with a twin album pack of interesting, not often heard piano music of the classical-romantic giant, Johannes Brahms. As with the Faure package, I think this is an introduction of the proper dimension for people not so inclined to listen to classical music. The pieces played here are of short lengths, and so people who feel larger works are sometimes hard to understand, because of their breadth, can easily enter and see the form of these shorter works. Miklos Schwalb runs the gamut of expression here. The heroic, militantly played Rhapsodie in E-flat Minor Op. 119 and transparent, lulling Intermezzo in A-flat Op. 76 are only two of the gems you'll find here. With all credit to Mr. Schwalb, I think this package stands on the pieces. A good newcomer to all record libraries.

MOOD MUSIC

Capitol Records has just brought out three, sort of, mood albums all intent upon the most relaxed reactions from the listener. It could aptly be called “easy music.”

Night Fall—On this one, Carmen Dragon and the Capitol Symphony Or-

SHOW AND FILM MUSIC

The Original Soundtrack From “Summer And Smoke,” Elmer Bernstein (RCA Victor)—For those people who would like to be reminded of the stunning performance turned in by Geraldine Page and Laurence Harvey, this is the way. The music, though terse, as most movie music must be, is quite enjoyable as a separate entity. It covers a wide range of moods, but constantly brings the touch of tragedy so inherent in the Tennessee Williams play. Elmer (“Man With the Golden Arm”) Bernstein again rates kudos.
ON THE RECORD

TOPS IN SINGLES

1) Chip, Chip, Gene McDaniels (Liberty 1344)—Very strong, should climb.
2) Open, Buddy Knox (Liberty 1355)—A strong contender.
3) Tomorrow’s Clown, Bill Giant (MGM 13054)—Watch this one.
4) Do-Re-Mi, Lee Dorsey (Fury F2011)—A sleeper.
5) Daddy Knows Best, Carlo Gerace (Chancellor C1093)—With a little help, this could be in the money.
6) Motorcycle, Tico and the Triumphs (Amy)—This may be the sleeper.
7) I’m Going But I’ll Be Back; Sugar Babe, Buster Brown (Fire)—A very strong coupling could do it.
8) Kansas City Twist, Harrison (Fury-Wilbert Harrison)—This might do it, with some help.
9) Hip Twist, Shirley Scott (Prestige)—Good for the juke box!
10) Struttin’n Twistin’, Roosevelt Grier (Liberty)—This could sneak up.

A LIFE IN SONG

★★★★ The Judy Garland Story, Vol. II (M-G-M)—What you have here is just about the biggest talent in the entertainment business, roaring along as usual. This is an historically valuable album. It covers things Judy did in pictures, dating back to 1938.

The legendary “You Made Me Love You” from “Broadway Melody” which has the famous “Dear Mr. Gable” verse. You’ll go through a few songs from the Andy Hardy movies, then move on to her big one, “The Trolley Song”—these tracks, incidentally, are from the movie score—from “Meet Me In St. Louis.” From “St. Louis,” there is also “The Boy Next Door.” An interesting version of “You Can’t Get a Man With a Gun” from “Annie Get Your Gun”—which movie Judy, in 1950, was not quite well enough to make, but she did record part of the score in anticipation of doing the film. And of course, this group would be incomplete without the monumental “Over the Rainbow” from “The Wizard of Oz.”

It was a pleasure to listen to this album in order to review it. Judy affects this reviewer like he’d been hit with a bomb. For people building a library of the important records made, this should definitely be included.

Much credit to MGM Records, for repackaging these gems of show business’ “Golden Girl.”
LUNCH WITH DION

Several weeks ago, I had the pleasure of taking my midday repast with one of the industry's brightest young stars. Riding quite high on the nationwide best-seller list with "The Wanderer," Dion remains unassuming. We chatted about some of his new recordings, which as of yet are not released, and about the music and entertainment business in general.

We touched many things, one of which was arranged music as opposed to the "let's get a band of good players together and see what comes out." He felt strongly about an arrangement constricting and defeating his naturalism. Again, of course, hearing in mind who may have written the arrangement, and what the tune itself requires. His point was, that in light of how difficult it can be to get an air of excitement going in a studio, the chances of four or five men, who play together constantly, getting that feeling, are much greater than assembling twenty men who may not have ever played together before. This, of course, relates particularly to making single records of the hit variety. Of course, when planning an album of standards, other things enter in which often require a large ensemble and arrangements.

We reflected on some of the blockbusters in the business. He spoke very strongly about the marvelous performing qualities of Sammy Davis, Bobby Darin and Harry Belafonte. I'm sure we'd have gotten to more had not the afternoon been slipping away from us.

I enjoyed talking to such a bright young man, striving to always improve and get the best out of himself and, at the same time, to keep his ears wide open to what is going on around him.

★★★Run Around Sue, Dion (Laurie LLP/2009)—Well, here is a kick for all the kids! Dion shouting out some of the big ones, "The Wanderer," "Dream Lover," "Take Good Care of My Baby" and the title song, all cooking in his walkin' groove. The ballads "Life Is But a Dream" and "Runaway Girl" are done warmly. The band is hollerin' right along. This album should do well.

PIECES OF EIGHTS

- Roulette just released two albums by the Barry Sisters. One called "Shalom" bringing us certainly some of the best versions of Jewish songs heard in a while. "Exodus" is the big one. Also some standard material in an album entitled "We Belong Together." Both very pro . . . MGM has done up the music of Jerome Kern. Big band, strings and Kern's best tunes. For the Mood People . . . Gene Krupa's band wails right through "Classics in Percussion" on Verve, "American Bolero" being the high spot. . . . Incidentally, last month a recording session was planned for Gene and Buddy Rich to do, but Buddy got held up in Vegas, so Gene had to solo-it.

The "Subways Are For Sleeping" score has been released in a jazz version by Dave Grusin on Epic. . . . On the serious side are two duet albums released by Angel and Columbia. De Los Angeles and Fischer-Dieskau sings lieder on Angel, and Richard Tucker and Eileen Farrell sing duets from Verdi's operas. . . . Roulette has just put out the sound track of the "Hey, Let's Twist" movie. Joey Dee's band doing the shouting. . . . An album of John Coltrane's saxophone-playing recently released on Prestige along with an album by Mose Allison. . . . Tini Yuro's "Soul" album on Liberty loaded with standards . . . Joe Basile's Parisian sounds on Audio Fidelity is good mood package.
tale, will slide once again into the woodwork.

I'd just like to leave you this closing thought. Bill Broonzy left America and went to Europe and was one of the biggest acts there. It would be a shame if Americans left it, once again, to Europe to support its best folk artists. You know it's our heritage. Let's help it and enjoy it!

Johnny Carson's Corner
(Continued from page 13)

ing the war. The price of meat was so high I had to put him up on blocks for the duration.

Before I put the cover on the typewriter, I think I'd like to lighten the situation by passing along an anecdote involving a couple of dogs. It seems a gent brought a vicious looking Bulldog into a local pub. He growled and snarled and made it known to one and all that he was a rough, tough woofer, who advertised that his bite was going to be worse than his bark. As I got it, sitting in the corner was a lethargic looking, unkempt yellow dog. The Bulldog spied him and went into a rage as ambitious, overgrown pups sometimes do when they cast an eye on another animal. The bartender, recognizing trouble, pleaded with the gent in no uncertain terms: "Get that dog out of here. I don't want a fight in my place."

Well, the inevitable happened. The Bulldog broke away from his leash and, fangs bared, headed straight for the half-sleeping yellow dog in the corner. Friends, it was all over in a minute. The yellow dog opened his mouth wide, clamped down on the charging overzealous Bulldog and, well, it was no contest.

The Bull was stretched out with all the fight gone. The owner stood there with a look of amazement on his face.

"I don't understand this," he said to the bartender. "A minute ago that dog was sleeping; my dog rushed him and—look what happened. What breed is he, anyway?"

"Darned if I know," said the bartender. "All I can tell you is that they brought him over from Africa and you should have seen him before I shaved that big head of hair off his face."

Carson stars in Who Do You Trust, as seen on ABC-TV, M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST.
Ed Sullivan breaks his silence:

Thousands have written asking me to reconcile with Paar.

My answer is:

Once he was my friend.

He will not be my friend again.

Once I could count on him.

Now I only count him out.

Even if I wanted to...

I CAN NEVER EVER--MAKE UP WITH JACK PAAR

(Continued on page 68)
For Mike, TV's Bonanza had been lucky indeed. All happiness seemed within their grasp. And then...
MIKE LANDON ASKS:

"Were we wrong to take a black market baby?"

The headlines struck Mike Landon with the sickening force of a blow in the stomach. From the line of heavy black type marching across the page, fifteen letters stood out, burned like the Scarlet A. They spelled "Black Market Baby."

Mike wadded up the paper and flung it in the wastebasket, as though it were something unclean. But even with the paper crumpled and hidden, he could still see the sensational headlines, "Doctor Charged With Black Market Baby Sales."

"Black Market Baby!" Mike spat out the words under his breath. "What do you mean, 'Black Market Baby'?" he thought. "Babies that have been given to parents who love them? Babies that are giving joy to parents who otherwise would be childless?"

Like a man hypnotized, like a man under irresistible compulsion, Mike retrieved the paper from the basket and smoothed it on the table. Angrily he read the story.

The doctor who was accused was a man whom he liked and who had done him an incomparable favor. One of the babies that the doctor had placed with parents hungering to love it was Mike's and Dodie's adopted son, Josh.

Mike and Dodie had wanted a baby so badly and so long. (Continued on page 70)
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Mike and Dodie had wanted a baby so badly and so long. (Continued on page 70)
BATTLE OF THE BEDSIDE MANNER!

WHICH ONE HAS THE RIGHT PRESCRIPTION FOR YOU?

(Please turn the page)

Vincent Edwards as DR. CASEY
Some patients just don’t know what’s best for them. Like the women who are always watching Dr. Kildare when, really, Ben Casey would be better for their ills. Or vice versa!

Both fine doctors but so distinctly different. Both young and handsome, both possessing that secret ingredient which is more exhilarating than any “wonder drug”: Sheer sex appeal. But their approach and treatment are almost exact opposites. And, after all, everyone knows the best doctor is the one that suits your personality.

So just flip the dial and choose your side in the battle of the bedside manner.

In Observation Room A, we have a typical Dr. Kildare viewer and would-be patient. Here’s a lady looking for someone to mother or fall in love with. She may not succeed, but she’s going to come away with the lovely, warm feeling that Kildare is such a sweet, understanding young man. Boyishly enthusiastic, exuding a general air of doing his very best,
he is the American woman’s dream of the boy next door who needs to be taken care of—by the right woman.

Where else can you find a boy-next-door who needs you and who can also remove a kidney stone?

Under the influence of his sympathetic smile and earnest manner, any girl could enter the hospital just to visit a friend—and come out minus her appendix. Kildare not only gives a female the will to live. He instills in her the desire to get up and run—aft er him.

Unless, of course, she’s already chosen another TV medico!

In Observation Room B, for instance, we have an ardent and faithful fan of Ben Casey—that doctor who is so strong, silent, and dedicated to the point of trying to push the germs away with brute force. You just know Ben worked his way through med school.

There is no boyish grin here, no light-hearted approach to that corn on your big toe. Any other doctor might (Continued on page 82).
“I can’t talk about it,” Jimmy Durante told me, breathless as a young man in love for the first time... then proved—just like anyone head-over-heels in love at any age—that he couldn’t stop talking about it! The object of his affections? A mite of a baby girl with a bit of a nose which is only a minnow alongside the whale of Jimmy’s world-famous “schnozzola”... though it’s obvious that every tiny feature is engraved larger than life in his big, generous heart.

Adopted or no, little Cecilia Alicia is the first child for both Jimmy and Margie Durante... the crowning jewel that became the best of all anniversary presents last December—just a year after their long-awaited marriage. Jimmy told us all about it, in an exclusive interview, as we chatted one late afternoon in his pearl-gray house behind the sculptured lawn on a quiet, tree-shaded street in Beverly Hills... told us of the joy that has come to the Durantes with the arrival of Cecilia Alicia... and of the ever-present fear that she might be taken away from them someday... the still-unresolved question of their eligibility as adopted parents—because of age. Margie is now 41, and Jimmy... well, Jimmy not only was a widower (following a happy though childless marriage) before he ever met Margie, but had embarked on his fantastically successful career almost a dozen years before she was born! And adoption agencies seem to frown upon any prospective parents past the first flush of youth... That’s why Jimmy hesitates to talk of this new love that has entered his life. “Ya see,” he explained in his grammar-fracturing gravel voice, “it’s better to keep numb—’cause we don’t wanta upset the apple-pie cart by sayin’ too much right now... like how old the baby is, where we got him—I mean her. I can’t get used to sayin’ ‘her’ because, for so long, I been thinking we’d get a boy. A girl is just as welcome,” he added with a blissful beam, “long as we got a healthy baby. That we did. What a pair of lungs!”... Hopefully the Durantes have already initiated adoption proceedings through a private agency. And, a week after her arrival, the pretty, red-haired, brown-eyed infant was christened at St. Victor Catholic Church—Cecilia, for Margie’s mother, and Alicia, just because they like the name. The ceremony was conducted by the same priest who baptized Mrs. Durante as a convert to Roman Catholicism a year ago. “The baby was as good (Continued on page 74)
Is it friendship or is it...

You'd think it was one of the rare and perishable orchids that Raymond Burr makes a habit of growing—that's how carefully the reports of a budding romance between the scholarly Perry Mason of television and the ever-glamorous movie queen, Barbara Stanwyck, are being handled by those who love to play Hollywood's most popular parlor game: "Is it or is it not love?"

Why this delicate approach in a town where few secrets are kept and most rumors blown up to brutal proportions? The answer is simple. There are few performers who hold the respect, admiration and affection of the public "Missy" and Ray Burr do. It is obvious that if real love has come to them, it would not be a light or casual thing. Both are intelligent, mature and possessed of depthless pools of sensitivity. Each has known unhappiness and has paid the inevitable price for fame. . . . This is why nobody with any knowledge of Ray or Barbara expects them to admit to more than friendship until they are absolutely certain in their own hearts that love and marriage is their mutual path to happiness. At the moment, they meet such questions with the secret, happy smile of a collector who has just acquired a precious Tang vase. They have no intention of sharing their delight with anybody. Thus an eager town is asking this hopeful question: Will the wonderful friendship between these two blossom into the most popular love affair Hollywood has known in years? While the town asked, TV Radio Mirror went after the answer.

This is what we found out: (Continued on page 72)
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(Continued on page 72)
“Paladin would never beat a woman—at least, not on film. And neither would I . . .” Richard Boone screwed up his mobile face so the lines in the forehead etched deep channels, as he expressed a conviction long in doubt among his millions of fans in videoland.

“But,” your reporter asked, “isn’t it hard to woo and win a woman without being tough about it? Everyone who’s ever interviewed you has said you are rugged, swarthy, but homely—although interesting. How do you become so attractive to the fair sex?”

Boone’s blue eyes narrowed to slits, as though he were playing the restless, cultured gunslinger of Have Gun—Will Travel, who had just encountered a foe. He stood tall, all six-foot-three of him, but somehow he seemed crouched like an animal ready to spring.

“I guess he’s attractive to women because he’s so formidable, yet so gentle at the same time,” Boone reported in his booming basso, running his hand through his dark, unruly hair. He was speaking of Paladin, the Western hero he has immortalized on CBS-TV, but there was no doubt that Boone equates Boone to television’s most gallant and adventurous character. After five years of living, breathing and being Paladin, it’s not likely a man would not absorb some of the traits of that vigorous daredevil—nor that he would not give Paladin some of himself, too—shaping Paladin to Richard Boone’s own character.

Even in his eighteenth-floor suite in New York City’s Essex House, overlooking Central Park, Richard Boone was still that Western hombre in the figurative armor of a dashing knight. Standing in his silk dressing gown, which flapped open at the neck, Boone looked as Paladin does in his San Francisco hotel room, before setting out on his travels. Your reporter felt just like a client who had come to hire Paladin and send him off on another hair-raising (Continued on page 90)
BEAUTIFUL!
IS
INSTANT-MONEY MAN
LOOKING FOR
YOU
TV'S
SAYS
“It’s like being a bounty hunter in the old days,” says Herb Saxton. “He did what law enforcement officers couldn’t do. He had no constituted authority, just tracked down wanted men for the reward. I seek out people for the same reason—the loot involved!” But there’s one big difference. Herb’s “wanted” men (and women) are very happy to be found. Wouldn’t you be, if you knew the “loot” he mentions might be yours? And it could well be, if your name is among those listed in this story!

Herb traces unknown or missing heirs—the successful results of his exciting pursuit have been seen on Art Linkletter’s House Party at least five times in the past year. The year before, there were eleven lucky “wanted” people facing those CBS-TV cameras. Next year—who knows? “It’s always a gamble,” says Herb. “You never know what the outcome’s going to be. I carry an active file of 500 cases all the time, and I close an average of about ten a year.

Not all of these—in fact, only a few—are available or suitable to bring on TV. Another (Continued on page 83)
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If it’s been a while
since your husband looked
at you the way Bob Horton’s
looking at his wife,
this story tells how to put
the gleam back in his eye

by

CHARLOTTE DINTER

“I’ve already had two unsuccessful marriages,” said Robert Horton. “Marilyn has had one. But this one is going to work—because our relationship is the best possible one for a man and a woman. I am the head of the house, the breadwinner. I go out in the morning, as it were, to club the bear that will feed my family. I say to my wife, ‘Lady, don’t tell me what kind of bear to get, or when or how to get it.’ That’s not her role. Her role is to cook what I bring home.

“Our marriage works because Marilyn boils my bear.”

He said it out loud—for publication. And right in front of his wife. She never blinked an eye.

The idea of Bob’s being absolute monarch of their home, the maker of ninety-eight percent of the decisions in their lives, is not new to Marilyn Horton. It was not an unpleasant shock that occurred when the honeymoon was over. From the beginning, Bob was mercilessly honest with her.

Soon after they met in Ohio, in a production of “Guys and Dolls,” Bob was telling her that he loved her—but that he had no intention of marrying her. She was the woman he wanted to be with, but he would not give up his career in Hollywood to follow her home to New York. If she wanted to be near him, she would have to leave her family and friends, live in a strange city three thousand miles from home—and never, never forget that they could never be married.

She found out that Bob had changed his mind only when she heard their engagement being announced at a party. She learned her wedding date less than twenty-four hours before the ceremony took place—and the (Continued on page 87)
Three Years After The Quiz Scandal:

WHERE ARE THE
And so the saga of the great television quiz shows of the '50s has come to an end. . . . Now—here in this year of 1962—after more than three years, the sordid mess that became one of the most sensational scandals ever to scream its message of crumbling morality across the black banners of the nation's press . . . now the sad, sad tale is over. It has become a part of history. Justice has been served. Or has it? Has it really? (Please turn the page)
On January 17th, a handful of the glittering cast of characters in the fantastic duplicity that fooled tens of millions of Americans appeared remorseful and contrite in the echoing halls of Special Sessions Court in New York City and pleaded guilty to charges of second-degree perjury. Here was the gaunt, ascetic Charles Van Doren, the once pixieish but now demure Elfrida Von Nardroff. Here was the brilliant psychologist David Mayer, the quiet music teacher Paul Bain. Here were a housewife, a businessman, a student—ten in all—admitting they had lied to a Grand Jury when they said they had received no help in answering the brain-numbing questions on such fabulous shows as Twenty-One and Tic Tac Dough.

Their court-administered punishment is, of course, known by now. They drew suspended sentences. They were rebuked by Justice Edward A. Breslin, but they were given no jail terms, no $500 fine. The judge even spared them the pains of probation. Their long humiliation, he said, had been punishment enough. And they went free.

They had, of course, faced up to their wrongdoing and been prepared for the worst. It was the law's will that their penalty be lenient.

But in the larger sense, the question again begs an answer. Out of the tawdreness of the whole TV scandal, has justice truly been served?

What has happened to the lives of the twenty contestants who finally admitted their part in the "fix"? Has there been any real change for them? And what of the uncounted number of contestants who similarly took part in the national disgrace and who, incredibly, got away with it?

Have they all got off scot-free?

Perhaps, in the search for an answer, it would be best to focus on one contestant and one alone, for the moment, and follow that person's voyage through the harrows of the TV scandal and its bitter aftermath.

Consider, then, Elfrida Von Nardroff, the biggest of the money winners among those who pleaded guilty on that bluster January day in Special Sessions Court.

The moment the black truth about the television riggings exploded into the open, Elfrida went into a self-imposed, unhappy exile.

Today, the ebullient Elfrida of the quick, wide smile that endeared her to so many millions as she frowned, worried and play-acted her way to a staggering $220,500 pot of gold on the now defunct Twenty-One program—
today, Elfrida still dwells in the chill remoteness of that unhappy exile.

Life goes on and Elfrida lives it, but there is a distortion, a refraction, as though her existence is now the somewhat askew reflection of life as it is seen through a monster prism.

What does life hold for Elfrida Von Nardroff? How has the scandal affected her?

Today, Elfrida is back at work. She still lives in New York City. She has resumed her studies in college. She still has her old friends. She has met some new ones. But her life is still highly secretive. She has changed her address and only her family, her employer and closest friends know where she lives. Her name appears in no telephone directory. She is, in a sense, still hiding.

Years have elapsed since the great pink-champagne bubble burst, the TV quiz shows were exposed for what they really were, and a whole pantheon of heroes and heroines came tumbling down in disgrace.

Now we are in 1962. And in one sense, everything has happened to those fallen idols . . . and in another, nothing at all.

Because if it's true that Elfrida Von Nardroff ascended to dizzying heights of wealth and notoriety, it is equally true that before her conquest of Twenty-One she was simply another career girl, facing the workaday world each day along with millions of others across the land.

That is approximately what she has returned to today—except, of course, that in the tainted interim she became a wealthy person.

So, too, with Charles Van Doren, the handsome, cultured Columbia University professor who admitted in tears that his $129,000 performance on Twenty-One was a sham from beginning to end. So, too, with Vivienne Nearing and the others charged with perjury whose winnings may have been smaller, but no cleaner. And so, too, for the hundred or so others who took part in the rigged programs but got away with it. They all, after blazing their way into the public's view and living their brief moments of fame, drifted back to their old way of life.

For some, the transition was wrenching and painful because—unlike the great majority of others who were in on the "fix"—they became involved in criminal charges with all the attendant publicity and headline humiliation. Among the last to receive suspended sentences this January—aside from Elfrida, Van Doren, Mayer and Bain—were Henry (Continued on page 80)
Don't pick a wedding gift for Juliet Prowse and Frank Sinatra till you read this story

Wedding Bells go
by WALTER WINCHELL

In a way, the plot of Frank Sinatra’s life has been more dramatic than any of his films. For many years the lights flashed and bells rang. Life was a song for Frank. . . . Suddenly the melody ended. The music was replaced by the harsh sounds of failure. His record sales dived. His flickers were box office flops. He was broke. The government sued him for $110,000 in back taxes. He was the target of withering criticism in and out of the press. As the final indignity, his agents dropped him. . . . The only one who refused to panic or surrender was Sinatra. Out of the darkness came the indomitable spark—and a star blazed again. . . . The turning point, of course, was the role of Maggio in “From Here to Eternity.”

Sinatra primed his resurgence with a true fighter’s instinct. In recalling the dark days, he has stated: “One morning I woke up and decided that this kind of thing has got to stop. The facts weren’t (Continued on page 92)
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WHAT TV IS DOING TO JACKIE AND HER CHILDREN

Dr. Robert L. Wolk, member of the American Psychological Association and noted private practitioner in psychotherapy, is a consultant to the New York City Court of Special Sessions, clinics and humanitarian organizations. Arthur Henley, TV-radio writer-producer and creator of the program Make Up Your Mind, has done many articles and college lectures on psychology. Together, they form a highly skilled "team" TV Radio Mirror has asked to analyze a special problem of concern to all Americans. (Please turn the page)

by Dr. ROBERT WOLK and ARTHUR HENLEY

It's a big world to John Jr. and Caroline.
The camera still pursues the Kennedys, from the White House to their summer home in Hyannis Port.
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What TV Is Doing to Jackie and Her Children

Can closeness of the family group make up for lack of privacy in the Kennedys’ lives?

Continued

Every boy wants to be President and every girl would like to be First Lady. But would you really like to live in the White House and bring up your own little boy and girl in the full glare of TV, with cameras ever ready to focus on each fumbling step, each childish gesture? It’s a serious problem—as John and Jackie Kennedy well know! How can they shield young Caroline and John Jr. from the millions of eyes watching them? What can they do to keep them from growing up as show-offs . . . angry rebels . . . or perhaps inhibited youngsters who too readily play second-fiddle to their celebrated parents? All thinking Americans share their concern and ask the same searching questions—questions which we’ll try to answer here (Continued on page 76)
Judy is an exclamation point. . . . A star . . . a zest . . . an excitement . . . a heart stopper . . . a blues bringer. All these things and more. . . . She's Judy Garland, a myth in her own time.

She's on stage now; the white spotlight fixed on her too-round face, her too-heavy makeup. Her voice is shaky at times, almost tremulous, and then big, blaring, brassy. Yet to the audience each note is personally touching.

She's been lonely, she's been lost, she's still reaching out for the end of the rainbow. She knows what each person in the audience feels. At the end of each song, the audience, in a religious-like fervor, applauds, cries and shouts: "We love you, Judy! We love you."

It's as if they're saying: "If you can go through so much trouble and still survive, why then, oh, why can't we?"

That's what made her a myth in her own time.

But Judy Garland is also a mother. And her life (Continued on page 85)
At home or away from home, Judy, Liza, Lorna and Joe stay together. Judy shares all their interests, but refuses to be a “stage mother.”

At a recent party, Judy and the kids pose for a formal family portrait...

...Then Liza and Judy peeked at the cake. They looked, but didn’t eat.
What can we do to wipe away those fears
That strive so hard to claim us for their own?
What can we do when walking through the years
To make us know none goes his way alone?

A New York Corporation advertises
That it has many shapes and many sizes,
Some concrete and some steel, some underground,
Some that are square and some that are quite round,
All equally protective for the day
The nuclear bomb should chance to come our way.
They'll build it for you—one room,
two or three—
Depending on the size, the cost will be
From high to inexpensive, all depending
On just how much you think
you should be spending! . . .

Meanwhile, what course of action should we take
When fear knocks at our doors? What can we say?
How will we find the fortitude to shake
The paralyzing bonds of fear away?
I've heard it said, when fear knocks at the door
Send faith to answer it, and you will find
That there is no one there; and what is more
That we are all particularly blind,
For faith is always there for you and me,
It's just our own unwillingness to see!

The lights are burning mighty late these days
To chase the shadows from the laboratories,
As scientists discover all the ways
To help us put an end to all our worries
With instant death! It comes in many sizes
With many different names! It advertises
If you'll just put your trust in God aside
And let the manufacturer provide
Some powdered faith to spread upon your bread
You'll love their product—
even though you're dead!
Just think of all the man-hours spent today
In dreaming up new measures of destruction!
If we should take one-twenty-fifth away
And concentrate it on a new construction
Of love and deep concern for all mankind,
Regardless of the color, race, or creed,
With just that tiny effort we would find
That we can use our every thought and deed
an inspiring message you wouldn’t expect, in ringing phrases you won’t soon forget

In building for the Lord our God! We’d see
His blueprints—clearly showing how to build
The right kind of a life for you and me;
A life of action, every moment filled
With things to do for others! Every line
Will show the way so clearly no mistakes,
No errors can be made, save yours and mine
If we should trust our future to the fakes,
The charlatans, inhabitants of Hell
Who try to make us join the growing band
By shouting, “Come on in, the fire’s swell!
This is a real hot buy! The Promised Land
Is nothing but a promise! Settle here!
We’ll build to suit! Just tell us your desire!
Our price is not too cheap, but not too dear!
We build with Grade-A brimstone! Take a flyer!”

God is a quiet builder. All creation
Attest to this. And when the Lord God looks
And sees that it is good, then every nation.
That seeks to write its name in history books
Must know this is the building each must buy
To mount a wakeful watch and be secure
In knowing it shall live and never die,
In knowing young and old and rich and poor
Stand before Jesus in the selfsame light
That led Him down the throughway to the cross,
That ended for all time the dark of night
By light of truth! It seemed like such a loss
To those who walked with Him, to whom He said,
“O ye of little faith! Your Father knows
Your needs! Why are ye fearful? Do not dread
The storms of life! Stand up against the blows,
O ye of little faith!” Stand up with God!
And find out what it is to know no fear. . . .

We’ve come to pretty passes in our time
But none to match the one we’re in today
Which sees us blinded by the dust and grime
Of insecurity and fear! Our way
To that bright goal we called our destiny,
To lead all men to freedom and to love,
Seems to be blocked, because we will not see
The light that shines so brightly from above,
Steady and strong and piercing through the clouds
Which Communism uses to confuse
And to confound the frightened,
brain-washed crowds

Who only seek a doctrine they can use
To bring some order to their headlong flight
Out of confusion to eternal night!
But we can, if we will, so clearly see
The light beyond, over, above the dark,
Which breaks through every bond and sets men free!
And even where the Reds had made their mark
Across the freedom of the human race
There is a price once paid for all men’s souls. . . .

Remember the old game of “Put and Take”?
Let’s play it once again for Jesus’ sake!
Remember you must “put” before you “take”
The future of our world to be the stake!
Remember to be loved you must first love
Another as yourself, or life will be
All empty days of fear which never move
And never make much sense for you and me.
Remember to be hated you must hate!
Such poison as can fill the human brain
Seems to make a mockery of fate
And turn the wheels of warfare once again!
Remember to be served you must first serve!
First reach into a life that’s not your own,
Bring warmth and comfort to a shattered nerve—
You’ll know the love that never lives alone!
Remember you must give before you get!
Give freely of yourself when there is need!
Follow Jesus everywhere; and yet
Where there are cowards, be prepared to lead!

Remember you must seek before you find
All that there is in life worth looking for
Which brings the love of heart and soul and mind
Which knows and fills our every need and more!
Remember, put your faith in God, and take
The only stand to lead the world to peace—
Stand steadfast as a Christian for Christ’s sake!
And hate and greed and sin and war must cease!

Have faith in God! Do not have faith in fear!
Add this commandment to the list of ten!
Let the commandment be: “Thou shalt not fear!”
And when you’ve said it once, say it again!
“Fear not, for I am with you!” saith the Lord.
What better place for faith than in God’s Word?
Christ died and rose again to make it clear
To all men of all times: “Thou shalt not fear!”
Bob Conrad goes choo-choo for Cha Cha — and an unexpectedly upswept-hairdo Connie — in a high-Sierra version of The Twist.
CONNIE STEVENS LEARNS

a new Twist on the Twist...

Ty Hardin gets the message: "Do the basic twist. Left hip forward, right back—reverse. Do it side-to-side . . .

once in each direction. Then go into a cha-cha—three small steps to the right, three small steps to the left."

Lively as the "Cricket" she plays on Hawaiian Eye, Connie's in on everything new and exciting. Naturally, she was there when Margarita Sierra—"Cha Cha" of SurfSide 6—taught Hollywood a new dance! Above: Your own picture-lesson in "The Cha Cha Twist."

(For more news about Connie, please turn the page)
Everyone's been talking about Connie Stevens' dates with Glenn Ford. Everyone but Connie herself—till she gave TV Radio Mirror this exclusive interview. Then she talked freely and frankly to reporter Jim Gregory, just as she was leaving for a week in Paris as Glenn's guest at the premiere of his MGM movie, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Result? An unusual self-portrait of an attractive girl and her attitude toward a much-discussed romance.

Reporter: Fans often seem to think you should go with somebody your own age level. Do you think they might criticize you for dating somebody older?
Connie: Yes, I thought I might. But it didn't worry me. Mr. Ford has an irreproachable reputation, and I'm lucky that way, too. No one's had anything terrible to say . . . yet! (Laughing)

Reporter: Let me ask you this—because I do feel I know you. Do you think, as a Catholic, you might be criticized for dating someone who's been divorced?
Connie: I haven't known Mr. Ford that long, it's not as serious as the busy-bodies make it out. So I haven't delved into all that. But I don't think so.

Reporter: Do you think the publicity has built it up to some degree?
Connie: (Calmly) Sure. It's a shock.

Reporter: You mean the May-September angle is a shock to people?
Connie: I don't know what that is.

Reporter: Well, the idea that he's older than you are.
Connie: Gee! He's not that much older. I've never heard of that before—never.
But I think it's shocked quite a few people in the press. Because he's a very conservative and well-known actor and I'm kind of the young Iowa type of kid, in the rock 'n' roll age—which I'm not, really, but it's that kind of thing. It's almost like Ingrid Bergman and (laughing)—Frankie Avalon.

Reporter: Or vice versa. shall we say? Or we might say... Bing Crosby and Kathy Grant! But, seriously, there's one thing I've noticed about you. You have such a good relationship with your father. Do you think that has made you feel it wasn't so unusual to date somebody older?

Connie: It's not unusual at all! Mr. Ford is a friend of the family, besides being my friend. My father likes him very much, and he's met my whole family, I've met his, and—there's just no problem, that's all.

Reporter: I know Mr. Ford and—he's very nice. I can see why you like him.

Connie: He's a gentleman. You don't find very many of those!

Reporter: Would you say "especially in Hollywood"?

Connie: Yes. And that's why Mr. Ford is refreshing.

Reporter: Do you ever feel at a loss—conversationally—with Mr. Ford?

Connie: Me at a loss? (Both laugh)

Reporter: Do you think—and you don't have to answer this—do you think there's a possibility you might get engaged to Glenn Ford in the near—or let's say foreseeable—future?

Connie: You said I don't have to answer that one.

—The End
HOW MUCH SHOULD A HUSBAND TELL HIS WIFE?
They started to elope, then decided to wait and have a real wedding. John Ashley was grateful for the extra time. His TV show Straightaway was going well; so was Debbie's career as the movies’ new "Gidget." But one thing still shadowed their happiness—John’s past. Before it was too late, he had to tell her everything.  
(For John's own story, turn the page)
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For John's own story, turn the page.
John Ashley never told this story before. It could have shocked a young girl like Debbie. Instead, his words made her proud she had chosen to marry this boy. You'll see why.

I do not know who I am.
I came from the body of a woman I have never known. I do not know whether she is alive or dead. . . . I hope she loved my father. I hope he loved her. I hope—because I don’t know. . . . I care—but not very much. They never married.

I was born, anonymously, in a large Midwestern city in 1936, but I grew up in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

From here, I can only tell the story the way I lived it, beginning with the first misty memory of my life.

My father is a doctor and the most wonderful man I’ve ever known. I’m not saying that because he’s my father—he isn’t.

My mother is all the essence of goodness and love God could put in a woman. I don’t say that because she is my mother—she isn’t.

I have a sister. I remember her coming to the house in my mother’s arms and my father cooing over her as if she was the only baby in the world. But I was terribly disappointed that she was so small. I was five and more interested in someone my own size.

My sister is a quiet, lovely young married woman today. If I’d known then what I know now, she would have been the best friend I had as a boy. But I didn’t know and she didn’t know. So what I might have had with her is gone beyond recapture. Lost in the days of my bewilderment and conceit and cocksureness. It was not until I discovered that my sister was not my sister that I finally understood.

My father was not a rich doctor, but we had few financial worries and he lived for his family. He had only to suspect that we wanted something and it was ours. I had a great boyhood—with parents who lavished love on me, yet tried not to spoil (Continued on page 60)
John had everything: Birthday cakes, a fond mother, pets, a fine home, nurse, and a baby sister, fishing trips with Dad and a car of his own. Then, at 17, he learned the truth!
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No angel, this kid . . .

Yet, for all that love and companion-ship, I could be a pretty vicious kid. I could always think up something to make my kid sister cry. And if my mother punished me, I'd sneek into her closet and tear one of her dresses. Once I said, "I hate you! I wish you weren't my mother!"

I will never forget the look of searing agony on her face. She bowed her head and began to cry. I hate to admit it, but I was glad I had hurt her. It was years before I found out how much I'd hurt her.

I developed into what most people call a bright youngster. A little too bright. One day I broke a toy. I flung it against the wall, screaming a bad word. Mother came running. "Where did you hear such a word?" she asked. I refused to answer and she sent me to my room. "When your father comes home you'd better be ready to answer him," she warned.

Soon as she went out, I began to laugh. I knew where I'd heard the words. A few nights before, my father had turned off the radio just before a certain politician was to make a speech. "I'm not listening to that," I heard him exclaim. But I never did tell him how I learned the word.

If I was a menace in some respects, I wasn't incorrigible all the time. As I look back, I realize that everything was pretty much peaches-and-cream for me. In my teens, they got even better—clothes, parties, friends, girls. And, at sixteen, a car. All I had to do was ask for it and promise to drive carefully.

In those years, I came even closer to my parents. They were wonderful to me, they never pushed, they simply explained right from wrong. "The rest is up to you," they said. When the minutes of the parents' bodies—began to confuse me, I could go to my father. Calmly, with dignity, he discussed the physiological and moral aspects of approaching adulthood. And he told me I had no right to be intimate with a girl.

My father wanted only my happiness, at any sacrifice to him. When he learned how I longed to attend the high school where my friends were—but we lived inside the zone—he talked it over with my mother. Suddenly, we moved. Mom went through the laborious task of packing to leave the house she and Dad loved, and unpacking in a strange house. Dad went to the expense of moving his laboratory. He inconvenienced his patients and himself, just to make me happy at Will Rogers High.

It was my father's dream, since my childhood, that I study medicine. He was a third-generation physician. And his wonderful, serious eyes used to light up with the pleasure he'd have, the day I became an M.D.

When I was younger, I was left-handed. Dad taught me to switch. "You've got to learn, son," he'd say. "There's no such thing as instruments for left-handed surgeons." I learned it was a job to use my right hand, it annoyed me. When he thought I was a head начал, he'd say. "He'd bring along a length of surgical gut, and he'd teach me to tie surgical knots with one hand around a bed-post. I learned to enjoy those sessions and that's a tribute to my father's gentleness, understanding and hope for me.

High school was a breeze. As I looked back now, I can see it's the greatest time of your life. Your parents look after you, they feed you, clothe you, give you money. All you have to do is exist. I did a pretty good job of that.

Senior year, I went eyeball-crazy over a girl who was considered the class beauty. One day, a buddy of mine stopped me, leaving a letter and laughing. "Your little mouse wrote my little mouse that you're her big cheese."

I was vain enough to read it. "He's really a doll," my girl wrote about me. "I'm really in love with him."

And then came the line that changed my life: "It doesn't make the least bit of difference to me that he's adopted."

Adopted? Who's adopted? She must be more of a kook than I figured. I wouldn't think about it anymore. But, driving home, the word kept bugging me. "Adopted." Ridiculous! Still, it wouldn't go away. That night, just before supper, I told Mom about the letter. I knew it was silly—people were always trying to make me do. Doc. That boy of yours is a chip off the old block. He's the spittin' image . . . " My sister even looked like me.

But the greatest cause for my thinking it was all nonsense was my cockiness. I was squared away in Tulsa. I had it made. I was in. I was set. Man, I had everything. I was the kid with the fast car and the money. Everyone thought I was a rich kid. And I was adopted.

What was all this adoption jazz? I wasn't ready for Mom's answer. I wanted her to laugh and tell me that girl was off her rocker. Instead, Mother looked at me. In her eyes was all the loneliness and yearning the world had suffered since it began. Softly, she asked, "You're interested—would you be interested if you were, John?" I know now that the question almost tore her heart out.

In a flash it happened to me. Panic. Screaming up from my guts, to my stomach, through my chest, up to my neck, into my face and my brain. For one hideous second, I thought I was going to explode.

Somehow I answered her question. "No, it wouldn't make any difference, I said, barely able to utter the words. "But I want to know."

My mother lied to me for the first time in her life. She had to.

"No, honey," she said, "of course not. No boy could look more like his dad than you do."

As crazy as my heart was beating, I knew she was lying. And Mom knew I knew it.

When my father came home and we sat down to dinner, I knew Mom had told him. There wasn't a word spoken. We ate in deadly silence. When he thought I was a head начал, he'd say, "John, I'd like to speak to you." He motioned me to the study. When we closed the door I looked at him as though I had never seen him before in my life.

Then he told me. He tried to tell me, I guess, the way every foster father tries to tell an adopted son the truth.

"John," he said, "shortly after your mother and I went on tour, we learned that we could not have children. It was one of the most terrible shocks we have ever shared. We longed for a son and daughter. We decided to adopt. I can't tell you how long we searched, the heartaches, the disappointments.

"We didn't ask for the healthiest child or the best looking, but we did want a baby that would be the nearest thing to what we felt our own would be like, We picked you from hundreds of babies, John, because we couldn't help loving you more than the rest. Believe me, there is no difference, it's exactly like you are our own child—"

And then I exploded!

Who are my parents?

"Love!" I yelled at him. "Love! Don't say it! How could you, when you didn't think enough of me to tell me the truth? You've lied and deceived me every minute of my life! Why didn't you tell me? Why? Why?" I screamed at my father's bowed head.

"But for the love of Heaven," I yelled, "you lived with me! For seventeen years! You know me and you say you loved me and yet you didn't have the confidence in me to know it wouldn't make any difference! Goddammit, I didn't care if I was adopted. Why didn't you trust me? Why couldn't you be honest? I've looked up to you all my life and now I find I have a fake father! That's what kills me!"

He shook his head slowly. "I couldn't know you that well, John. I wanted to, but no man can see what's in another man's mind. You're consider-able, I don't care if you're adopted. Why didn't you trust me? Why couldn't you be honest? I've looked up to you all my life and now I find I have a fake father! That's what kills me!"

"Great," I cried. "That's just great! Now I don't even have a sister. Who is she? Where did she come from? What's her name? What's my name?"

And the bitter truth hit me again. "You said we're a family—but we're strangers! Who are my real mother and father?" (Continued on page 67)
When ABC-TV's lovable comic Soupy Sales gets a pie in the face, he doesn't think it's violent! He—and his viewers—just say:

IT'S HAPPY TIME

...You'd think the local bakers would be delighted with Soupy Sales. Soupy should be loved by the oven boys for his consumption of custard pies—a minimum of four a day for seven years! But the sad truth has finally leaked out. The pies-in-the-face Soupy takes on television are made of shaving cream piled high in a pie crust. "I discovered some time ago," Soupy explains, "that whipped cream sours under the lights and the smell doesn't exactly make you appealing to others. So, shaving cream was the answer. It wipes off easily. Of course, I've got to keep my mouth and eyes closed, but that's become an automatic reflex with me." But Sales isn't a total loss to the pastrymen, anyway. "I really do dig pies," he says. "I'm hooked on them and eat at least a full one a day." ... Soupy—whose daily comedy routine includes comic puppet make-believe and comedy situations—was born Milton Hines in Franklinton, North Carolina, 35 years ago. The history of the name dates back to his childhood when schoolmates hung the tag of "Soup Hines" on him. ("Sales" was just pulled out of the air because it went well with "Soupy.") Soupy's family moved to Huntington, West Virginia, when he was eight and that's where he first decided he wanted to be an actor. He played the role of "Peter Rabbit" in a school play—and was bitten by the show-business bug. From that point on he volunteered for all the school theater activities. After graduation from high school and Marshall College, where he majored in journalism, Soupy went into night-club work as an emcee, "You know," he explains, "the kind who sprinkles the introductions with jokes, which usually aren't too funny." He had broken into radio while in college, broadcasting a Man On The Campus show three times a week for WHTN, and felt that radio was what he wanted to aim for. In 1950, Soupy started as a deejay in Huntington, later went on to Cincinnati, Cleveland and Detroit, where he scored big with his Breakfast Time With Soupy Sales. His success in the Michigan city led to his being selected as a summer replacement for ABC-TV's Kukla, Fran And Ollie in 1955. His Lunch With Soupy Sales was seen network for several years, then dropped in 1961, shortly after he moved his activities to Hollywood, where his show is seen Monday through Friday, 5:30 to 6 p.m. But his fans flooded ABC-TV with letters after his national show was cancelled, so Soupy has now returned to the network and is seen Fridays at 7:30 p.m. (EST). ... A few years back, there were some protests from viewers that Soupy's television antics were too violent. Soupy ignored them. "As the father of two sons—Tony, 10, and Hunt, 8—I'd never do anything on my show that I wouldn't want them to watch. All I can say is that if it's violent, it's a happy and funny violence. And, if the worst type of violence television were to show is a pie-in-the-face, then the medium could be proud."
Wild games, unusual contests and hilarious stunts are all part of Bob's fast-paced morning show.
TV viewers in Fort Wayne have two “musts” for morning— their steaming coffee and Bob Hill on WANE-TV

Bob Hill did his first “broadcast” from under a table! And he and his audience never quite got over it. Luckily for Bob, it changed the course of his life and it’s one of the reasons why he is such a successful broadcaster today. Here’s how it all happened:

During World War II, Bob was stationed in Chicago to learn the wiring of coastal guns. One assignment was to build a small radio set. Hill finished his before the rest of the class, crawled under a table and began a play-by-play description of the World Series. The entire class stopped working and listened for ten minutes, until one of them noticed the absence of crowd noises. The instructor was more interested than annoyed. Said he, “If you can keep an audience interested for that length of time, you should go into the announcing business.”

Today, Bob is keeping a much larger audience interested for a much longer time, with his popular daily TV show Breakfast In Fort Wayne and a daily radio show.... Bob seems to have made most of the big decisions of his life... on the floor! The first (as was mentioned previously) concerned his career. The second, made even earlier, concerned his wife. Bob was attending a high-school dance and started to walk across the gym floor. He slipped, and slid to a position at the feet of a very attractive young girl. He asked her to dance, and literally fell “head-over-heels” in love with her. Says Bob, “We’ve been married for twenty years and I know now that, in this case, a first impression was the best one I ever had.”... Today, the Hills, whose family now includes daughter Pam, 9, and a bowl of goldfish, live in a ranch-type house in the suburbs of Fort Wayne. Bob likes to play golf (“I’m not very good at it”), swim, go boating, and take pictures with his movie camera (“I’m just an amateur but I love to take pictures of my family”). He’s off the floor now!
Rae Deane and her "pals" happily entertain for both kid and adult viewers of WJRT-TV.

Fred Flintstone (above) is welcome visitor to the show, which is planned (right) by Rae, Frank Deal and director Bruce Ruhlen.
FIVE MORNINGS a week on WJRT, in Flint, Michigan. A wholesome-looking honey-blonde steps before the TV cameras with a cast of delighted puppet characters led by Montgomery the lion, Dilly the sole remaining “mahat-mashoo,” Sonia the witch, Percy Quincy the dragon, and Herschel the lion. Rae Deane Turnage, the program’s hostess, is a Flint schoolteacher who entered television last September. It was her first experience in broadcasting, but her teaching experience and familiarity with children’s songs and stories provided an ideal background. Behind the puppets on the show is the valuable second half of Rae Deane And Friends, puppeteer Frank Deal, who also doubles in brass on other station assignments. The meeting of these two personalities has resulted in a charming program which has been described as “kidult”—the combination of children’s characters who sometimes engage in dialogues of adult humor, allowing the group to play “over the shoulder” to the parents watching. Although Rae is essentially a television novice, puppeteer Deal has been in TV since 1955. At that time, he was starving in New York after three years of trying for steady work as an actor. He did work some off-Broadway plays, including a major role in “Hippolytus,” but had to pick up odd jobs where he could find them. In 1955, he decided to enter TV. He held reservations about the medium, thought it non-creative and bland, and entered it solely for the security. Since then, however, Deal has found it creative, and a challenge for his talent as an adroit puppeteer. Frank enjoys skiing, but has other interests to occupy his mind. At home, in his compact bachelor’s efficiency apartment, he does little cooking (except for sauerbraten, which he loves). He often relaxes with hi-fi, books, and painting. Off camera, Rae lives in a modern house containing colonial and provincial furniture, including several pieces she made herself. She lives alone, sharing the house with her pet chow “Koko.” Although she doesn’t cook extensive meals, she enjoys preparing two favorites—pineapple upside-down cake and teriyaki steaks. The latter is a dish she enjoyed while teaching school in Hawaii during 1956. When she isn’t at home, she’s probably on a neighboring ski slope, or working with Flint’s community theater. She acts as secretary for the group and has directed the music for their production of “Damn Yankees.” She also teaches piano and speech correction in the Flint school system.
THE WILD ONES

A little on the "wild" side himself, KMOX-TV's Richard Grossenheider understands animals

- "There must be something of the wild animal in him... something very sensitive to sounds, something keenly aware of passing shadows, something ever on the alert for signs and warnings... How else could he understand animals so well?" The above is a description of Richard Grossenheider, who appears each Saturday afternoon on KMOX-TV's Wildlife, serving as a sort of "talking-book-of-knowledge" on the world of animal life, in answer to questions posed by the program's hostess Pat Fontaine. Richard, an artist-naturalist-photographer, has been interested in animals ever since he was old enough to turn the pages of wildlife books and pester his parents with questions about them. He pursued his studies on zoology, mammalogy and related subjects through college, until World War II cut short his education. Even then, he put his free time to good use. While others were off on a pass to the local big cities, Richard used the hours to study the local tropical plants and animals. A great believer in the preservation of wildlife, Richard says, "All forms of wildlife and plantlife are important to our American heritage, contributing a wealth of knowledge to our standard of living and happiness. We must live in harmony with our natural surroundings, because they enrich our lives. And," he adds thoughtfully, "conversation and conservation go hand in hand." Richard himself is an expert at both.
How Much Should a Husband Tell His Wife?

(Continued from page 60)

He shook his head again. "I don't know," he said. "We were never told. It didn't make any difference to us."

"Well, dammit, it makes a difference to me! I want to know who I am!"

Silence fell, like an iron cloak.

"Why did my mother give me away?" I wanted to know. "What happened? Tell me! What happened?"

Dad looked me square in the eye. "Your parents had to give you up because they weren't married."

That was the final shock. I was numb. All I wanted was to dig a hole in the earth and crawl in it and die. Born out of wedlock! The unwanted hangover, the living and breathing embarrassment to a man and a woman who didn't even have the courage to accept their penance—me.

I looked up now at my foster father, and even in my trance I saw the near-unbearable pain that was butchering his insides. He looked a thousand years old.

**The time of despair**

I stood up. "Thanks," I said. "Thanks for telling me what I really am." I walked out of the study and up to my room.

There's an old saying: The bigger they are, the harder they fall. I'd been playing life high, wide and handsome—the big shot! A swinger with the girls, a school athlete with the big letter on my sweater, money in my pocket, a beautiful home, the works. As I said, I had it made.

Then, in one instant, I didn't have anything else.

I didn't go to school. I ate my meals in silence. Days, I went from one movie house to the other; nights, I stayed in my room and mourned the terrible thing that had happened to me. To me—never before to anyone else!

On the third or fourth day, I met my best friend. I told him of Tulsa. I walked away without looking back. For days after that, I drowned a thousand times in the pool of misery.

The most terrible part was looking at the desolate, tormented faces of my parents, I tried, but I couldn't bring myself to look at either. I just couldn't say the words. I didn't know what the hell to call them.

As I look back, I know they were the ones hurt most. I was just feeling sorry for myself. My father was right, I was too impressionable. But, at the time, I thought I was going crazy. I felt as if I were a freak with two heads, and everyone was looking at me and laughing. I felt like human rubbish—unwanted—retired by two people only because they couldn't have a child of their own.

At night, I'd sit in my room and stare at the walls and at the things I had collected all the years I thought I was somebody. Pictures, party souvenirs, my baseball and a board of neatly tied surgical knots.

Everything I once loved I now despised. Phonics, fakers, liars, deceivers! All the words of hate and despair screeched in my head till I'd get sick to my stomach and throw up. I couldn't live with them anymore, and I couldn't live with myself.

I tried to imagine what my real mother and father looked like. If I had their images, I could hate them more. If I ever met them—!

One night, toward the end of the second week, I went to sleep so exhausted from hating that I hoped I'd never wake up.

Something happened that night. I don't know—whether I woke up in the darkness and thought consciously, or whether it was a dream. But from somewhere, deep down, I saw Mom and Dad from as far back as I could remember.

I saw them and heard them... the kind warm voice of my father saying, "With your right hand, son, with your right hand..." ... the quiet, resolute expression on his face as he spanked me when I was a kid... the sound of his pleasant laughter as he fished... or the happy roar of his voice at a baseball game when we'd jump up at a home run.

And my mother's gentleness as she tucked me in bed... the reluctance in her voice when she had to inform my father that I'd misbehaved that day... the sweet sad songs she used to sing... the loving tenderness of her lips on my cheek when she kissed me goodnight.

It was like watching a parade of all the ways they had loved me. They had made over their lives to us—my sister and me. There was no possible way they could have been better parents. Just taking me into their home was more than my real parents had been willing to do.

It was then that I realized what a fool I was. The torment and anguish of the past two weeks was of my own making. I was a dummy, all right—but not for the right reasons.

And in a curious way I saw something else, something above and beyond the comprehension of any *natural* child of a man and a woman: I would never, for as long as I lived, ever have to wonder whether I was wanted by Mom and Dad. They had searched for me and found me. They wanted and needed me even before they ever saw me. And that love had never faltered.

To this day, I don't know whether my odd awakening came in hours or in an instant. But in the morning, I felt marvelous. All my hate and despair and self-pity had vanished.

I came downstairs, put my arms around my mother, kissed her a "Good morning, Mom," as though nothing had ever happened.

She didn't cry. But the sun came up in her face. And we both knew that the long, dark night was over.

My father came in and I said, "Hi, Dad." He stopped, the smile he had with the happiest panie I've ever seen on the face of a living person. He put his arm around me and said, "Hi, son." And how the hell we ever kept from bawling like a couple of children, I'll never know.

Then my sister walked in. She had taken the news of her adoption better than I ever did. That morning, all I could think of was how badly I had treated her.

She stood there for a moment, sensing that something had happened. I said, "C'mon over and sit next to your brother for a little while."

Breakfast was a banquet that morning. Simple, but a banquet. And that's the way it's been since. The four of us. As happy a family as God ever put together.

Do I want to know my natural parents? No. Or, more accurately, it doesn't matter. If my real mother were to walk in, I'd be interested, but there'd be no love. She would only satisfy my curiosity, and if she went away again, I'd never miss her. The same goes for the man she once loved.

They brought me into the world. But there is no place and there is no going back. I have made no attempt to find them and I never will.

**These are my parents...**

My father is a doctor in Tulsa. And my mother is his wife. He is seventy-one now, and she is sixty-eight.

For the rest of their lives, they shall have all the love and attention I can give them.

I admire and respect my parents more than words can say. And my gratitude for what they have given and taught me is too great for expression.

No boy, no man, could ever have had more. If I lived to be a hundred, I could never give them as much as they gave me.

I am grown-up now. When I go home and get off the plane, I can't control my emotions. I wish my parents were there with me. I embrace my mother as all loving sons should.

And my father? I walk right up and kiss him on the mouth.

I'm not the least bit ashamed to do that anymore.

The hell with the handshake.

He's my father and I love him.

—JOHN ASHLEY, as told to TONY WALL

John Ashley is co-starred as Clipper Hamilton in *Straightaway*, as seen on ABC-TV, Wednesdays, at 8 P.M. EST.
A year ago, Ed Sullivan called Jack Paar a "rebel" and then vowed to say nothing more about their feud. Today, because of two new developments, Ed is breaking his silence for the first time with this exclusive interview to TV Radio Mirror.

"There will never be a reconciliation between Jack and me," Sullivan says, "we'll never be friends again."

"I'm not as angry as I was then. Time will cool you off. But one thing is certain, when Jack let out with that display the night I refused to debate, he finished us.

The new developments are these: One of TV's hot rumors has been that when Jack retires from his nightly show he's slated to take over the hour opposite Sullivan's program. The reasoning behind this prospect is reported to be that it would give incentive to Paar and would also permit a running battle with Sullivan, which would bolster Paar's rating.

And the other reason Sullivan decided to speak out was when Paar added fuel to the feud's fires by sending a "special" Christmas message to Ed.

"Oh, Benny, a friend of mine," Sullivan said, "I don't have to send 'special' greetings to him."

**It started over money**

The feud, in case anyone has managed to forget, all began early last March when Sullivan's syndication column reported that Sullivan had notified the major talent agencies that, henceforth, any performer appearing on Paar's late-night NBC program for the "scale" of $320 would not be entitled to more than that amount on his own CBS Sunday-night show which frequently pays up to $7,500 for a guest shot.

Sullivan's temper had been triggered by Paar's on-camera boasting that big-name guests appeared on his program for $320 after receiving checks in four figures from Sullivan.

"As Sullivan explained at the time: "I was in the odd position of being indicted right in front of the network as a dope."

Paar exploded and pleaded his case before his audience, almost with tears in his eyes. His show, he said, was a late-night, low-budget production that couldn't pay the money Ed shells out each week. He challenged Sullivan to a rating contest; Ed countered by challenging Paar to a debate.

The debate never came off. Ed vetoed it because Paar, according to Sullivan, had "whisked" Paar apparently backed down on a format that called only for debate—a simple exchange of arguments and rebuttals on their personal differences about pay scales for entertainers. Jack wanted to have the debate followed by a general discussion between himself and Ed.

"That could have been murder on Paar's program," Ed said. "I wanted to talk about the issues and only the issues. I intended to make my point and understood to appeal to the intellect of the audience."

When the debate failed to materialize, Paar blew off steam for forty-five minutes on his own show, calling Sullivan at the very end "a liar."

**Misuse and abuse?**

Sullivan ended his participation in the verbal exchange by saying: "This controversy is clearly a misuse and abuse of the airwaves and has become objectionable to the public. I will have nothing more to say on the subject." He added that the March insults, little has been said. Until Ed consented to be interviewed by TV Radio Mirror...

When this reporter recently visited Sullivan in his mid-Manhattan offices, his first question was: "Do you mind talking about Paar? Have you patched up your differences?"

Sullivan, who had been slouching in a chair, was immediately on the alert.

"The answer to both questions is no," he said.

"Has anything happened in the past year that would make you change your opinion of Jack?" we asked.

"No," Ed said, "nothing. We haven't spoken to each other in a year, so nothing could happen." (Sullivan's last published opinion of Paar was that he was "an intemperate name caller who continually and wilfully distorts the true issues of the day."

"Okay, Ed," we said, "so all this happened last year. And you say nothing's changed. Don't you suppose there's a chance—an outside chance—that you and Jack could kiss and make up?"

Ed screwed up his face. "I've had arguments with a lot of people over the years. As a columnist on the Daily News, I've been engaged in some pretty stiff battles. I've made enemies but I've also made friends. And when there's been a falling out with some of these people over the years, time has tended to heal the rift. Eventually we've gotten back together. At least in most cases this holds true."

Perhaps it's different when two close friends split. I hold to the opinion that once such a break-up occurs, between two close friends, there is no reconciliation.

"At least I know there'll be none between Jack Paar and myself . . ." From the tone of his voice when he referred to Paar once being a "close friend," it was apparent that Sullivan still feels a deep hurt over the turn of events.

It was as if he were saying—in answer to my question, and to the thousands who had written to him: "Once Paar was my friend; he will not be my friend again. Once I could count on him; now I only count him out."

Five years ago, when Paar was fired by CBS, it was Sullivan who paid him $5,000 to appear for as many appearances as he wished to make on his Sunday night vaudeville. These appearances later led—either directly or indirectly—to Paar being hired by NBC to take over the Tonight show.

Asked to comment on his relationship with Paar during this period, Sullivan replied, "I'd rather not. It would be misinterpreted. What I did . . . I did . . . because we were friends. I thought we had a sound and lasting friendship. I was wrong."

**Paar would be tough**

"What about Paar's rumored new show opposite you? Does it worry you?"

"Certainly I worry," Ed said. "The longer I'm on the air, the greater the worry. Paar would be tough competition. But I've had tough competition before.

"After fourteen years, I wish they'd stop throwing blockbusters at me. I wish the rival networks would pick out real soft programs to oppose me, so I could sit back and relax for a while.

"When I started my program fourteen years ago they said it would never survive. Well, I'm there in front of the cameras every Sunday night."

"First they put the Comedy Hour against me. That was a real blockbuster, with rotating stars such as Jimmy Durante, Eddie Cantor, and Martin and Lewis. Then it was Steve Allen. Now it's Walt Disney. But my ratings are as good as ever.

"I'm still at the old stand, ready to face the next challenger. So, if it's Paar, I'm ready. In fact, with my program—which is entertainment—having Paar on the opposite channel might even help me."

"I just love to meet these blockbusters head-on."

And there you are. Ed Sullivan still wants no part of Jack Paar. Except, maybe, a rating battle. —Jim Morse

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"Were We Wrong to Take a Black Market Baby?"

(Continued from page 23)

Hopefuly they had visited state agencies, and sadly they had come away—until a doctor had worked a miracle.

"There's something so wrong with the system," Mike thought. "Very, very wrong. . . . Sure, it's wrong to sell a baby like so many pounds of hamburger, just as it is wrong to sell any human being. But a man has brought people happiness. . . . 'Black Market Baby'—words—a catch phrase that's a natural for a headline. But what does it make me? What does it make my son?"

When Mike and Dodie eloped, they were so much in love, so excited at their own daring, they never even thought about distant problems which seemed irrelevant in the ecstasy of the moment. Problems like: How would they pay the bills? How would they feel if they learned they could have no children?

Dodie already had a son, a little boy born only a month after her first husband died. Because she had been married and had been supporting herself and her child, she felt that she was more mature than Mike. He was only 19 then, and she was so afraid he didn't really know what he was doing, she had almost called the wedding off.

As it was, Mike had broken with his family because of Dodie. His parents had warned him, over and over, that he was too young to be so seriously interested in a girl. Finally, in a temper, he stormed away from a scene and out of the house. He rushed to Dodie and told her, "I only want you. Please marry me."

"There's nothing I'd rather do," Dodie had told him quietly, "but I couldn't bear to ruin your life. Mike, dear, you're just a boy. I'm going away for a while, and, while I'm gone, think carefully about the responsibilities you've asked to assume.

"When I come back, if you still want to marry me, meet me at the airport. I'll wire when I'll be in. If you don't want to marry me, just don't show up. I think my heart might break, but it would certainly break if we were to marry— in a year or two—you were sorry.

That's how it was. Dodie went away, and Mike was as restless as a caged animal. Then, when she returned, he was late to the airport to meet her because of a flat tire. But she was still waiting when he got there, and the look in her eyes told him that she would have waited for him forever.

"Dodie," was all Mike could say just then. Later, on the way to Mexico, he told her over and over, "There's nothing else in the world I really want, so long as I have you."

All that I want is you...

For the first several, wonderful months of their marriage, this was entirely true. As a matter of fact, Mike actually had very little except Dodie—no money, no steady job and no professional prospects. He loved Mark, Dodie's son, but the fulfillment of his days was Dodie, With her beside him, nothing was wanting.

He was more sure than ever that Dodie was all he'd ever need, the day he knew that she was going to die. All her reassurances, before she had been wheeled into the operating room, couldn't dispel the awful surety that she was going forever.

Dodie had been a nurse before they married, and, when they learned that she needed an operation, she had been as cheerfully reasonable with Mike as she might have been with a difficult patient. "Don't worry about anything," she had told him, pressing her cheek against his. "I know better than you that I'll be fine."

But, before Dodie went to the hospital, she had made a request which redoubled all his fears: "Mike, darling, if anything should happen to me . . . please, I'd like for you to adopt Mark."

The words chilled Mike like a plunge into an icy chasm. Of course, he'd want to adopt Mark. His love for his young stepson had been increasing every day. "You two are more alike than Mark and I are," Dodie had fondly told them, every time her men were particularly sweet or particularly difficult.

"How could he exist at all, without Dodie? He looked at the little boy already asleep and wondered whether Mark would miss his mother half so much as Mike would miss his wife.

On the day Dodie went to the hospital, Mike felt that he had already lost her on this earth. "Oh, God," he prayed, "if I can only keep her, I won't want anything else, ever."

While she was in the operating room, he felt as though he were dying, too. The world around him was unreal—meaningless—and when a solemn-faced doctor came out to speak to him, the world came to an end.

Unmistakable was the expression on the doctor's face more tragic news. "Mr. Landon," he said, "I'm sorry to have to tell you this."

Mike licked his lips. He fought a ridiculous impulse to lean over and put his head between his knees. Didn't that prevent fainting, help you cling to your senses?

"I did everything possible," said the doctor, "but your wife—"

"Here it comes, Mike thought. I knew it—then he heard the incredible words: "Your wife," the doctor was saying, "can never have another child."

Mike began to laugh wildly. He slapped the doctor on the shoulder and pumped his hand up and down.

"How can I thank you enough?" he asked insanely. He was trying to thank the doctor for not saying those terrible words, Your wife is dead.

Later, though, when he told Dodie about the surprise, she laughed as hard as her stitches would permit. "That doctor must think you are terrible! I know he believes you hate children, you monster.

"Children," Mike scoffed. "Who wants children, as long as I have you?"

But as months passed, as Mike became established as an actor, he and Dodie and Mark, too, discovered that the Landon family did want more children—lots of them.

How about adoption?

"Honey, I'm so sorry," Dodie told Mike.

He pulled her onto his lap. He was filled with gratitude and tenderness. "Nobody," Mike said honestly, "could ever have given me as much as you have."

Thinking back to the days before Dodie's operation, Mike remembered that she had asked him to adopt Mark if she should die. She must have known he'd be a good father.

She had lived, and he had adopted Mark, just the same, because by then Mark was already completely his own in every sense except the legal one.

"Remember, Mrs. Landon," the judge had reminded Dodie, "that—although this boy was born to you—after the adoption, he will be as much Mr. Landon's as he is yours."

"He's that already," Dodie had answered unhesitatingly.

Mike knew from experience that love, not a transmittal of genes, makes a man a father. He wasn't sure when he first realized how badly he wanted to adopt another son, but the knowledge that they must have a second child seemed to come to Mike and Dodie simultaneously. When one of them mentioned it, the other already knew what was about to be said.

"Let's have another boy," Mike planned. "I like boys. Then we'll have a girl."

"Come on it," Dodie chided. "Why do the boys get such priority?"

"The boys must be the oldest," Mike explained. "My sister is older than I am, and it's rough on a boy to have an older sister. I know. In fact, let's have two more boys and then a girl. Right?"

"Right!" Dodie laughed.

Although Mike wasn't as big a star then as he is today, he had an adequate income. He was saving money, thanks to a manager, and he could give a child financial security, as well as the more important emotional security.

He and Dodie were young, both now in good health, and so it was with expectations of a reasonably short wait for a baby that they applied to an adoption agency.

"I wasn't this scared before I had Mark," Dodie confided.

"Don't worry, my dear," he said. "I hate to brag, but we are ideal parents. Doesn't Mark have pets? Don't I go to the P.T.A.? What more could a social worker want in screening prospective parents?"

He was half teasing, but half serious. His boasts were anchored in fact. Mike and Dodie had saved papers and papers. They were interviewed and interviewed, and they were then sent home to wait. Nothing happened.

"It can't be much longer," the Landons told each other.
But, one day, Mike's patience cracked. "Next time we answer questions, I'm going to ask questions of my own!"

Next time, facing a case worker across a sterile desk, Mike asked point-blank: "Are we ever going to get a baby? We seem to be having more trouble than most couples. What's the problem?"

A question of religion

The social worker twirled his pencil on its point and hesitated, obviously trying to think of the best way to state facts. "Mr. Landon," he said at last, "I shall be quite frank, because you appear to be intelligent. The problem is your religion. You're Jewish, and you'll have to wait until we can find a Jewish baby."

"We'll have to do what?" Mike yelled, standing up. "Wait until you've found a Jewish baby? Do you know how long that will be. It will be forever. As you made such a point of mentioning, I am Jewish, so I know what I am talking about! Jewish families are big, affectionate families. Jewish people don't desert their kids, no matter how hard times get.

"They are crazy about them. They don't leave them on doorsteps or in the back seats of cars. And, if a Jewish couple is killed in a wreck or something, dozens of grandparents, aunts, uncles and cousins are eager to take the children."

"Have you ever really known any Jewish people, or am I the first one you've met?"

Mike was steaming. Dodie futilely tugged at his sleeve, trying to calm him. "Hush," she whispered. "We'll never get a baby this way.

But Mike kept going.

"And another thing," he said, "how come we can only adopt a Jewish baby? Will we love that kind more than some other? Will it love us more? Do you think we'll only be kind to a child whose mother was of my faith?"

"I don't know about you, but I can love a Catholic baby or even an atheist baby. As a matter of fact, I never knew that a baby was born with its religion built-in—like the size its feet will eventually be!"

The agency representative was making hasty notes, as Mike talked, and occasionally shaking his head. Unfortunately, Mr. Landon was less stable than he had thought. Very unfortunate. Such a nice-looking couple, too.

As Mike and Dodie left the office, Mike was penitent. "Oh, honey, I'm sorry. I've really fixed it so we'll never get a baby!"

"Maybe," Dodie said, with the first note of wistfulness creeping into her voice, "we weren't intended to have more children. But it's hard to accept . . ."

"Yes," Mike agreed solemnly. "It's hard."

They almost gave up hope—but not quite.

"I'm going to talk with everyone I know," Dodie said, "and see whether someone can help us. I was a nurse, so I know doctors, and I worked for a while in a lawyer's office, so I know some attorneys. Somebody, somewhere, may know of a baby that would just adore to be our little boy."

One day, Mike was on the set and looked around to see Dodie running toward him. Since she seldom interrupted his work, he knew something really urgent had brought her to Paramount. As she neared him, Mike saw that she was crying and—since Dodie seldom cried—her tears were all the more alarming.

"Mike, oh, Mike," she sobbed. She fell into his arms shaking uncontrollably.

"What's wrong, Dodie? What's happened?" "Something must be wrong with Mark, Mike, thought, and he began to tremble, too. Nothing else could tear Dodie apart like this.

Softly, he smoothed her hair. "Honey, tell me."

Miracle in a black market?

"Mike," Dodie sniffled, dabbing at her eyes, "it's a miracle. We've just had a baby."

Sure enough, through Dodie's legal and medical connections, she had reached a doctor who knew of an adoptable baby. That very day, the doctor said, they could go to the hospital and get it.

Mike, to his amazement, found that he was as weak and overwrought as his wife. He would never be able to drive...
Is It Friendship or Is It . . .?

(Continued from page 30)

In an exclusive interview with Burr, we tried to pin down some definite admission of a serious romance. His answers did point to more than the usual casual Hollywood "friendship" where an actor and actress are in secret about to be seen. 

Question: What other interests do you share?

Answer: Music, theater, literature, politics, dancing, good food, the outdoors, boating, fishing, horses.

Question: How do you account for Miss Stanwyck's long hold on the affections of the public?

Answer: Well, she is such a quality of character that I outlined before. But aside from her great talent and dedication, any man, woman or child watching a Stanwyck performance senses at once the unforced sincerity and truthfulness of her interpretations. On or off screen, she is a magnificent human being . . .

Question: Do you feel you might marry again, and what would you want from it if you took the step again?

Answer: So at last we come to the big question you've been leading up to. Well, I'm not going to relate this directly to Barbara Stanwyck. I will say that I do hope to marry again. When I do, I'd hope to get from it what I always desired—the opportunity to love someone and be loved in return.

Question: One last question. When Perry Mason leaves the air eventually, what are your plans?

Answer: We will have a good solid two weeks' vacation. After that, I have no concrete plans just yet. But projecting myself into the future for a moment, I wouldn't ask anything better than to do a couple of shows a year with Barbara Stanwyck—and that goes for the next fifty years. I view that prospect as a most agreeable future.

Barbara's side of it

Inasmuch as Missy Stanwyck, always reticent, was in the hospital with a case of pneumonia at this time, a thorough interview with her was impossible. Burr, however, had been a regular bedside visitor—especially considering the pressure on his time—and he sent loads of flowers.

And Barbara did say: "In the past I've said that Hollywood is essentially a lonely town and stardom makes it even lonelier. I still believe that's true. But it does help to have a friend as dear and devoted as Ray Burr." Would she go so far as to suggest that such a friendship could ripen into love? With her celebrated candor, she replied at once, "I'd suggest nothing of the sort. I've always believed that the words 'friend' and love are taken too lightly. I don't take my friendship with Ray lightly and that's all I care to suggest. Let me say that when you are walled off for the time being, as I am now, from your friends and dear ones, any town, not just Hollywood, seems the loneliest place on earth. Work is another such wall. It brings people together sometimes. It did Ray and myself. But it also divides with respect to time and opportunity for seeing friends and exchange of experiences . . ."

When we asked her what she admired in Raymond Burr, her answer was less evasive and more to the point. "Who wouldn't admire a man of his calibre? He's fascinating, a man who mingles an exquisite sense of humor with great knowledge both of books and current events. And his humanity! His consideration! Last year when we were both up for Emmys, he took me to the awards to help me get a dollar that I'd win. His concern was completely for me, to calm my nerves and give me confidence. You know he won an Emmy, too, that night, but from his actions when I won, you'd think that was the sole reason for his being there. His many acts of kindness have been told before. They're well known, not through his lips. Charity, good causes, he's always ready to do his share. When Bill Talman got into trouble with the network, it was Ray who went to bat for him and recovered his job. This is a man with a great heart, a great talent, and an instinct for goodness that is not as stylish nowadays as it should be. I'm afraid . . ."

When we told her that Burr had declared that he'd like to do shows with her for the next fifty years, Barbara smiled enigmatically, "I'm not a teenager, you know. I don't think I ought to look forward to fifty years of anything . . . but I do hope, do I believe that my friendship with Ray will last as long as I do."

For those who would like a blunt, straight yes or no as to whether a possible marriage is brewing, this must be said in explanation. The tragic marriage of both Ray and Missy, which might have wrecked the lives of weaker characters, cause them to proceed with caution along a path strewn so plentifully with the broken marriages of show business. Burr's first wife, British-born
Annette Sutherland, died in the same plane crash that killed Leslie Howard in 1943. A son by that marriage, Michael Evan, died of leukemia when he was only ten. Burr, in his loneliness and sorrow, married Isabella Ward in 1947, but they were soon divorced. In 1950, he tried again, this time with Laura Morgan. They were preparing for a honeymoon, unfortunately postponed several times, when her son, Vital, became death. It was cancer, and death came again into Burr's life.

Barbara, on her side, was an orphan who fought her way to young womanhood in Brooklyn, lacking the love and protection of a mother and father. She was too eager for someone of her own love, someone who would cherish her, when she met Frank Fay. Fay was one of Broadway's brightest stars, while Barbara was still in her teens, rising rapidly in show business. He was her first, her greatest love, but the marriage was a disaster. Perhaps because Barbara's career was taking a meteoric turn in films while Frank's had sadly declined, a bitterness grew, wholly on his side. That she tried, in spite of humiliations and rebuffs, to keep the flame alive, has been testified to by mutual friends. The divorce was inevitable. Barbara suffered, but suffering lent her panther-like grace and a new dignity. Then Robert Taylor, elder to her, fell in love with her, and they were married. It could not have been too happy a time for her. She speaks even less about Bob than she will about Frank.

One ironic aspect of this Burr-Stanwyck "friendship" is based on a disparity in their ages. Ray is seven years younger than Barbara. Although the vast majority of people are all for him, a very few have also spoken about the inadvisability of such a relationship, if or when it grows more serious. "He's too young for her," they whisper. In this connection, it might be well to recall that when Burr was dating Natalie Wood in 1955, this same group commented then, "He's too old for her . . ." Burr laughs contemptuously at both opinions. His attitude then was, "Natalie's very mature for her age." And now, "Nobody's as young as Barbara Stanwyck . . ."

Perhaps the best way to sum up this "maybe romance" is to quote an elder statesman and seasoned observer of Hollywood. Prefering to remain anonymous because of his "respect for both of these fine performers," he made this wry comment:

"Burr and Stanwyck are aware of the old axiom of the art world, 'Never tamper with a masterpiece . . . you can only harm it.' I think that's the reason for their posture of defense against a world that, in all eagerness for their happiness, would like to force an admission of love from them. If there is love budding or coming to flower between these two great artists and wonderful human beings, they are going to guard it jealously and are not likely to risk it by exposing it to a premature frost."

-EUNICE FIELD

Burr stars as Perry Mason, CBS-TV, Sat., from 7:30 to 8:30 P.M. EST.
as gold at the chriss’nin,” Jimmy chuckled, frugally lighting his inch-long cigar stub, “but on the church steps beforehand she made like a high-soprano. . . . We’ll give her a good home. The baby’s mother wants us to have her. But,” he sighed philosophically, “the adoption is in the hands of the good Lord.”

The quiet home where we talked seemed the least likely of places to find the piano-breaking, ex-speakeasy and night-club veteran entertainer. Actually, Jimmy Durante commutes every day between two houses—the Beverly Hills daytime “office-house” and another high in the Hollywood Hills. Marriage has caused complications in his real-estate holdings. It appears that Margie refuses to give up the elegant hilltop modern house, off the Sunset Strip, which Jimmy bought for her a few years ago. He, however, is reluctant to leave his bachelor bachelorhood and the sedate, shingled, ranch-type residence where he has lived since 1945. “Jimmy holds onto it,” says a pal, “because he likes the shower bath.” But the Schnoz complains in mock anger, “I’m the only husband in California who is keeping his-and-hers houses and swimming pools! One of us has got to move—but Margie says it won’t be her.”

We sat in the Early-American breakfast room, just off an immaculate kitchen. “It’s a good thing we got two houses, really,” Jimmy conceded, with a roguish wink. “Can you imagine a baby sleeping here?” He nodded toward the living room, where a three-ring circus appeared to be in progress. Jimmy had been rehearsing for “Jumbo” at MGM and then rushed home to rehearse for The Ed Sullivan Show. Writers, arrangers, musicians, press agents and assorted CBS personnel were part of the mob scene which always surrounds the baby. The reports of his show-business family appeared on the rough edge of exhaustion, but Durante was scarcely winded.

New life in the act

"Jimmy the Well-Dressed Man”—attired in baggy slacks and a neat navy-blue Italian sweater—executed a gay buck-and-wing as he joined me, then sat down to talk. A tiny man with a wisp of gray hair decorating his skull, youthful blue eyes and a ready smile which express the essential kindliness of his nature, he told of the changes in himself and Margie’s routine since the baby came. He spoke touchingly of the miracle of a new life and the tenderness he and Margie felt for this tiny addition to their family.

But, being Durante, he couldn’t refrain from having his little joke. “I tell ya, it’s not our house any more. With diapers. And bottles. And sterilizers. And 2 A.M. feedings. I can’t smoke my cigars anywhere near the baby; I can’t keep ‘em in the ice box, neither. No pyanna playin’, no noise. No racing forms in the nursery. Why, God, I thought Dr. Zoll is in charge; I don’t say a word.”

Suddenly, the parakeet behind Jimmy fluttered and cried out, “I gotta millyan of ‘em.” Jimmy greeted the interruption with an indignant stare and shouted hoarsely, “Everybody wantsa get inna da act.” The bird subsided and Jimmy continued with his recollections of the first time little Cecilia, in a new environment, cried all night and he walked the floor with her. It was a convulsing story, complete with Jimmy’s marvelous sound effects of a crying baby. But, along about 3 A.M., when the baby added some new sounds to her wailing, Margie had become frightened.

A mortifyin’ crisis

“She tells me, ‘Ya gotta call the doctor,’” explained Jimmy. “I was ashamed to wake him but finally I did, begging him to come right over. Immediately the baby quieted down and I phoned, saying, ‘Doc, you don’t hafta come. But Dr. Zoll says, ‘I got my pants on.’ So I says, ‘Take off da pants.’ Back and fort we go, till he agrees to go back to sleep. Then, the baby starts that ‘chu, chu’—sound again. I was mortified. I don’t drink, but I had to take a couple cherries. Next morning, Dr. Zoll comes and he finds nuttin’ wrong—just like he said.”

But Durante can be a serious man off stage, when the occasion calls for it. In detailing what Cecilia means to him, he forgot his cyclonic nonsense. He worried that people might think he was using the baby for a publicity gimmick out of his love for her. His hobby, like his addiction to horse races and wagering a buck now and then at Las Vegas, he talked of his pleasure in watching how naturally Marge handled the infant, even though the whole experience is a new one to her.

"The main thing is not to spoil a baby,” Schnozola declared. “You can’t give a child too much love, but you can give him so many things that he never learns to go out for what he wants. In my day, we were willing to work. We started performing in beer parlors, in burlesque, on street corners. Anywhere people would listen to us. I got my professional start at seventeen, playing piano for $25 a week, in 1910. They kept me at that piano like I was chained to it,” Jimmy chuckled. “One night I got up for a couple minutes to go to the washroom and the manager comes over to me and says, ‘What are you trying to do tonight?’”

Jimmy spoke of his own brothers and sisters, now departed, of his nephews and nieces who are bringing up their children. “I help out where it is needed,” Jimmy declared, “and they can always count on me. I could pay off their mortgages, but it wouldn’t be good for them.” Jimmy is known as one of the softest touches in show business. He never turns his back on a sad story and he does enormous works of unpublicized charity. Much of this stems from his strong religious beliefs. A devout Catholic who never misses Mass, he always visits the grave of his late wife, Jeanne, after church on Sundays, though she passed away eighteen years ago.

The gentle clown has always had a soft place in his heart for children, too, whether relatives or the offspring of friends. Vivacious, pretty Margie recalls an incident that happened some years ago. “We were visiting some friends at Del Mar and the conversation centered on babies. Our friends, expecting a new arrival, were jokingly be-moaning the future—the 2 A.M. feedings and the necessity for waking up early each morning. ‘Well, if you don’t want that,’ I said, needing them, ‘I’ll take it.’”

“Yeah, that’s right,” Jimmy chimed in, ‘we’ll take it.’ Our host reminded Jimmy that you had to be married before you could adopt a child. ‘Well, we’re gonna get married, ain’t we?’ Jimmy asked, looking at me. It was the nicest proposal I ever had! Naturally, when Jimmy told the press I was delighted, except for one omission—he didn’t mention the date of marriage. That was back in 1950.” At Christmas time, he presented Margie with a ring set with two diamonds. When she asked him coyly if that meant they were engaged, Durante teased, “What a matter, doesn’t it fit on your pinky?”

The long, long bridal path

Six years later, Jimmy finally mustered the courage to announce that they would be married the following year. The betrothal stretched out over the next four years, though Jimmy placed a huge diamond on Margie’s correct finger. When finally—on December 14, 1960—the lovable little man said “I do” to his pretty, redhead fiancée, it culminated one of the longest and truest love stories of the theatrical world. They’d met at the Copacabana in New York in 1944, when Jimmy was the world-famous star of the show and young Margie was a combination switchboard operator and hat-check girl.

Later, in Hollywood, Margie acted in a few TV plays and movies. An attractive beauty, she had many suitors. But there was never anyone but the Schnoz for her—though it wasn’t altogether a peaceful romance! Like most sweethearts, they battled and made up, then battled again. Naturally, there was much speculation as to why the marriage didn’t take place years ago. Jimmy maintained that Jimmy, following the death of his first wife, believed he was meant to live out his days as a bachelor.

According to Margie, though, Jimmy was “afraid of marriage. He’d become
so set in his bachelor habits, he quaked
at the thought of someone tossing his
cigars out of the refrigerator or laying
down the law when he scattered racing
forms all over the living-room couch.

After they'd been (as Jimmy put it)
"gona together" for years, Margie
decided the time had come for direct
action. "When are we going to get
married?" she asked. "Married?"

Jimmy cried, pretending to be shocked.
"Why, we hardly know each other."

When Jimmy speaks of his headline-
making marriage, he can be as senti-
mental as a Lawrence Welk bubble,
though his natural wit keeps popping
the cork, too. Asked how he liked
married life, Durante wobbled his head,
chewed hard on his stub of cigar,
flapped his arms like a pelican and
snarked: "Hah! Married life is a lot of
boobs. Let me tell you about that
day Margie and me tied the knot. There
was such interest in us that I was plain
flapperplastered. Why, when I got to
the church and saw that mob and those
photographers and newreel men and
reporters, for a minute I thought I was
Cooshlaff."

"Cooshlaff?" I echoed, perplexed.
"Yeah, you know, the Primer of
Roosha."

Jimmy leaned back reflectively in his
chair, toyed with a spoon on the bright
red place mat, and a faraway look came
in his eyes. "It's been a wonderful year
—this first year of marriage—and now,
with a cute little baby girl, it's even
more perfect. Everywhere my little gang
and I performed, the audience was great.
St. Louis, Vegas, Miami, Tahoe, New
York—everywhere . . . I took along
thirteen pals. I woulda brought more,
only I was still on my honeymoon," he
ended with mock coyness.

Everyone but Pierre

It's been a long, happy honeymoon
for Margie, too. "It's been great—every
step of the way," she confided. "Since
Cecilia came, Jimmy has been on Cloud
Five. That guy—he's in a dream. He's
even a better pop than I thought he'd
be, so gentle, so proud. We've both
always wanted a baby and we're so
happy. All but our French poodle,
'Pierre,' who's very jealous. He held
first place before the baby came. But
I'm sure he'll change."

Mrs. Durante admitted she had
helped a cousin take care of her own
recent baby, to get practice in caring
for the new little Durante. She was
given all kinds of advice from their
close circle of friends—many of whom
had no children of their own. As soon
as Jimmy's longtime pals heard of the
new arrival, they sent Cecilia every
toys like from dolls to swings,
tricycles. "Ain't she cute?" Jimmy
asked everyone proudly. "Look at those
big brown eyes and that red hair! She
looks like me when I was a baby—all
except for the nose. . . ."

Before I left, I asked Jimmy if he
thought the nose would grow. His
answer was to crinkle up his face in a
big wink. After all, we both knew: A
nose by any other size would smell as
sweet.

—The End.
What TV Is Doing to Jackie and Her Children

(Continued from page 46)

by applying sound psychological principles to the Kennedys' attitudes, their own backgrounds, and the demonstrable effects of similar spotlights on the children of other famous parents.

This psychological interpretation and analysis will be in italics—like this.

It's well-known that Jackie Kennedy is keenly aware of the importance of being a good mother. "If you bungle raising your children," she has said, "I don't think otherwise you do well matters very much."

Strong words from a highly sensitive, intelligent young woman who writes, paints, and speaks several languages fluently! But there's obviously much more to our First Lady than a sophisticated glamour-girl, "a sophisticated wife," she insists. "Keeping house is a joy to me. One of my greatest pleasures is to see that everyone else is happy in it."

Unfortunately, in Jackie's case, the house she "keeps" is the White House, which belongs to all Americans and is toured by everyone. In fact, not long before you read this, Jackie herself conducted a guided tour of her home—the nation's home—before the cameras, to be telecast from coast to coast. What kind of roots can a child develop in a home that is a national monument?

What privacy means

The White House is a big place and the Kennedy family most certainly restrict tourists from their private quarters. As for the rest of the house with all the coming and going, it's doubtful that the children truly consider it part of their home. But the lawn and other areas are more public than private. It would be only natural for the children to wonder why strangers stop to stare and perhaps point at them or call. "Privacy" must come to mean something different to Caroline and John Jr. from what it does to the usual child. These two are special—"curiosities," in fact.

On a deeper level, moments of absolute privacy allow a child opportunity for fantasy—the kind of daydreaming that exercises their imagination, provides an outlet for their emotions—and for experimenting with "forbidden" things: Looking in drawers, opening closets, discovering their own bodies. Every child needs such freedom.

But the White House is full of State secrets and with all the coming and going, which must be protected from little blabbermouths. And surely there are maids, nurses and Secret Service men constantly hovering about. In addition, children of such a prominent family must of necessity turn happy, shining faces to the world. It is neither crying-babies nor temperamental "brats."

Restricting such normal expression forces maturity on a youngster too soon, substituting precociousness and frustration. So circumstances beyond her control impose extraordinary demands on Jackie, as a mother, and require extreme devotion and attention to offset the children's lack of privacy. Jackie herself grew up in difficult circumstances. Her parents, to whom she was greatly attached, were separated. She missed her father keenly and visited him often until his untimely death shortly after her own marriage. Perhaps this is why she has remarked about her own husband, "Even if he is President...we must have some time together."

This, of course, is more easily said than done. President Kennedy is probably faced with more urgent problems today than any other President. How can he have time for his children?

When Caroline reached the age of four and John Jr. became one year old, a joint ceremony was held at the White House. No doubt Daddy wanted very much to be on hand, but the Associated Press reported only that "the President was lured from his office and world business for a brief look at the festivities."

Every child needs a father as well as a mother. Bringing up children properly becomes a problem even in ordinary homes where the father has a job that keeps him away a good deal.

Among celebrities, the lack of a father's attention—whether because of work or a broken marriage—has probably contributed to bringing up as "problem children" who were not able to cope successfully with life. Headlines have been filled with the names of the late Diana Barymore, Lana Turner's daughter Cheryl Crane, Sarah Churchill, and the late comedian Bob Burns' daughter Barbara, who recently committed suicide, leaving behind a poignant note: "All I ever wanted was your love."

It seems likely that Jackie's concept of "an old-fashioned wife" may be related to her own unhappy childhood and the breakup of her family. The notion of "togetherness" has a lot in common with the modern notion of "togetherness." Sincerity and desire, however, may not be enough. Jackie has to share the President with the world. She cannot interfere with his preoccupation with world affairs and, at the same time, she must keep his image alive for the children.

But it can be done. Those families which haven't succeeded usually had the mother, as well as the father, "absent"—emotionally, if not literally. Show-business children who turn out badly had been, in most cases, abandoned or even physical abuse. A substitute—substitute nursesmaids—substitute parents—and could not identify with a loving mother or father. They felt forced to gain their parents' attention in unusual ways. They had been by the very nature of their calling, egotistical, ego-centric faces. - they were motivated by a drive that transcends family. Most of these unfortunate young people were reared without real roots in a strong family group. Their parents were either too preoccupied or had no attachment to each other. Disregard for moral standards, as in the tragic case of Cheryl Crane, must inevitably lead to rebellion and a life of confusion.

Even the busiest famous parents may truly love their children, but their inability to express such love can be inhibited by their own ego, preoccupation with their career, and the different standards of their profession—which are not the standards of the children, as taught them in school or through religious training. This may have intensified the feeling of not being loved in a sensitive girl like Barbara Burns.

When a little girl is exposed to her dad's importance, she may shrug it off or giggle about it. On seeing her daddy on TV the first time, little Caroline is reported to have run to the set, pressed her hand against the image of her father, and said, "Silly daddy!" She certainly didn't seem to be overly impressed by his importance.

But perhaps she is beginning to be impressed. After her baby brother was born, she loved to push John Jr. about in his carriage and introduce him to visitors by saying, "Meet the President's son, "little sister."

Though Caroline, at her age, couldn't truly recognize the eminence of her position as the President's daughter, she could feel that she is "somebody special." However, her remark might be a little premature, for the President's desire for a son. The Kennedy family has been rather partial to male offspring.

Caroline may have sensed something of this in her acknowledgement of John Jr. as "the President's son" and herself as his "older sister." Junior is not her brother so much as he is her father's son. This could be indicative of an approaching "sibling rivalry"—so often found among brothers and sisters—for which the Kennedys must be prepared.

The danger of spoiling

Jackie's press secretary, Miss Pamela Turner, has said that the First Lady is reluctant to let Caroline see newspaper pictures of herself because "she feels Caroline is too young to understand why her picture is in the papers and she wants to keep her from being spoiled by it."

But Caroline has shown some interest in getting into publicity shots. When press photographers were trying to get a shot of her mother by herself, Caroline insisted on being photographed, too. When her father was holding a press conference, Caroline boldly among the reporters, tugged at her dad's trousers and demanded that he help her put on her mother's shoes, which she held in her hand.

Such eagerness for attention by a small child would simply be considered cute in such families. But Jackie famous family, every such "cute" incident has a way of becoming greatly magnified.

There is no great cause for concern in what Caroline did here. It's perfectly normal for a child to want to be part of the excitement around her and to
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The same holds true for Caroline, who can strive to emulate her mother on levels other than physical beauty. Jackie has many varied fine qualities with which Caroline can identify. On the other hand, Jackie was not truly the poised, charming, warm person she is projected to be, Caroline could become confused as to her real personality. In other words, if the public image doesn't coincide with the real Jackie, Caroline could model herself after a false ideal based on the power of the Presidential office and the Kennedy fortune and grow up into an insufferably egotistical woman!

Fortunately, however, as the famous author Aldous Huxley has remarked, "Children are remarkable for their intelligence and ardor, for their curiosity, their intolerance of shams, the clarity and ruthlessness of their vision."

Everything points to the fact that our First Lady is truly genuine in her demonstrations of feeling for her family and that she is happily endowed with a fine intuitive feeling for a child's world. Speaking of the difficulties in bringing up the young, she has said, "The personality of the child seems to guide you... Children have imagination, a quality that seems to flicker out in so many adults. That is why it is such a joy to be with children."

True to her convictions, Jackie has been most imaginative in her play with her children. "Let's go out and kiss the wind" is her way of asking Caroline to come outside to play.

Huxley's remark is highly appropriate. If Caroline and John Jr. grow up to view themselves in realistic terms, the negative factors of being raised in a famous family will not influence their behavior.

Jackie's sensitivity can be enchanting to a little girl like Caroline. Poetic imagination on the part of a parent can deeply enrich a child's life and make childhood the beautiful process it ought to be, instead of the materialistic stage it becomes in the lives of most youngsters. It isn't new and better toys that make childhood memorable and healthy, but love and laughter and soaring imagination that make it fun.

There are real dangers, though, in being a President's child. Not long ago, the American people heard rumors of a plot to kidnap Caroline, which led to an immediate ban on photographers and reporters and the sharp curtailment of her play activities on the White House lawn.

It's interesting to note, however, that Margaret Truman—in marrying a man who is at the top of his field, journalism—persisted, so to speak, in modeling her husband after the strong, outspoken, famous personality of her father. So, in spite of all Jackie's own efforts, it may still be the President who will in the long run forecast the destiny of both Caroline and John Jr.

Many times, famous parents have been accused of exploiting their children. Criticism has been leveled at many stars who have proudly permitted their youngsters to make personal appearances with them—and also at former vice-president Richard M. Nixon, for allowing his daughters to share the spotlight with him on TV. Following this exposure, many people wondered how the girls adjusted, personality-wise, when their father suddenly lost status as a celebrity.

Even a President cannot remain at the top of his field indefinitely. And no matter what he may do afterward, he will never stand in the same spotlight as before—which is all the more reason why the Kennedys have tried to spare Caroline from facing the cameras. "If she is in the papers all the time," Jackie once told the press, "that will affect her classmates, and they will treat her differently."

She wants her children to be accepted and their friends treated as an equal. "We always treat her the same," she's commented about Caroline, "but it is how other people treat her because they have read about her... That's what worries her.

Jackie shows admirable good sense in trying to keep her children from being identified too closely. "Almost all their friends must, of necessity, be restricted to very special youngsters. There is a possibility here that Caroline and John Jr. might doubt their abilities to make friends for themselves on the basis of their own personalities, rather than because of their position."

Jackie's problem is to make her children realize that they are different because of the role their family occupies, not because of anything unique about themselves. The fact that the Presidency is a temporary position makes the problem even more difficult. It is not the same as Nixon's problem, however, because Nixon failed to achieve that office, while Kennedy succeeded.

Caroline and John Jr. will have to adjust to making their way in later life strictly on their own, without hanging on to the coat-tails of their parents. Reluctance to exhibit them now is pretty good insurance.

Some kids have been carried away by the fame of their fathers. Bing Crosby confessed to having made a few mistakes raising his sons, but vowed not to repeat the error with his young daughter.

Evangelist Billy Graham's daughter Bunny once became so impressed with her proud parentage that she tried to turn it to a profit, and began charging photographers a few pennies to snap her picture. When her dad found out about it, he laid down the law.

It's one thing to want this or that for one's children, quite another to really do something about it. John Kennedy himself is the son of a famous father—but Joe Kennedy was not in the limelight of television. The President, on the other hand, is shared by millions of admirers who respond to him emotionally, so his children must share their dad with everybody else.

Although Caroline and John Jr. have to "share" their father with the rest of America, the fact that they belong to a close-knit group—the famous Kennedy "clan"—makes it possible for them to identify with all the family, rather than just their mother or their dad. However, it seems inevitable that seeing their father given such prominence on TV, or in published photographs, will cause them to wonder why, if their dad is so big and important, he can't brush off these people and find more time for them! This is why Jackie must somehow make this frightening reality of their father's position.

Some famous citizens wake up to the needs of their children too late, as may have been the case with Bing Crosby. Others, like Billy Graham, perhaps, may take too much for granted until
something happens to force them to correct matters.

In situations where the egotism of famous parents makes them unwilling to share the spotlight with their children, the youngsters will be better off for it—unless the relationship is weak that they are made to feel rejected. The Kennedy children have certainly not been rejected, and have not been held out of the spotlight for egotistical reasons.

It is simply that modern mothers are more aware than mothers of yesteryear and Jackie is more aware than most.

**TV or not TV?**

Nobody knows how much TV the Kennedy kids watch. But the President's own emissary, chairman Newton F. Minow of the F.C.C., has deplored the effects upon youngsters of too much television. And the National Congress of Parents and Teachers has publicly stated, "Rarely, most rarely, does any program on television open the audience's eyes to the capacity for greatness that lies hidden in every human being."

Caroline's and John Jr.'s dad is the author of an inspiring book titled "Profiles of Courage"—specifically describing the greatness that lies dormant in human beings—so it's a safe bet that TV viewing for the Kennedy kids is pretty much restricted. No doubt, the President himself has the last word.

Jackie has said, "As long as the father is the figure of authority, and the mother provides love and guidance, children have a pretty good chance of turning out all right. The family is the prime unit of society. Unless its ties are loosened, children can be properly reared."

Well, Caroline will be five, before this year is out, and John Jr. will be two. Dr. Sigmund Freud, the father of psychoanalysis, has said that once a child reaches the age of five, her character is established. If this observation is true, then Caroline's ultimate personality is all but finalized—while John Jr. may reach this magic age before his father has always been President.

The Freudian concept of "personality" depends on the nature of the relationship between parents and child, not on the amount of time they spend with each other. So it is within the power of Jackie and the President to make such relationships meaningful and healthy.

Exposure to TV is usually harmful only to children who are basically disturbed. (There is violence even in fairy tales.) Over-exposure to almost anything can affect a child, and over-exposure to commercial pressures to buy-this and buy-that can create problems, too. The answer lies in preparing the child emotionally beforehand. And Jackie's notions on family living seem to be in the best interests of her children—or anybody else's.

Numerous offspring of famous people have survived their birthright. In politics, Robert Wagner followed in his father's profession to become three-elected mayor of New York City. Pretty Jane Fonda survived being reared in a theatrical family and is now making

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her own success in her famous dad’s profession. William Randolph Hearst Jr. overcame the disadvantages of having a controversially celebrated father and made his wealth work for him in the field of journalism. Ozzie and Harriet of The Adventures of Ozzie & Harriet were two happy and gifted sons. And some strange topsy-turvy things have happened, too—such as a bricklayer’s daughter named Grace Kelly marrying an honest-to-goodness Prince, while an honest-to-goodness Princess named Margaret married a photographer.

Fame and fortune aren’t anywhere as important as family ideals, and Jackie and the President seem to have a background that points those.

So, TV or no TV, the future looks bright for Caroline and John Jr.—and the President and his First Lady have the satisfaction of knowing that the good wishes of the American people are with them in their special problems as parents.—The End

Do you have a problem concerning your marriage, or your children, or which you’d like expert advice? Write us enclosing this box—and we’ll see what we can do about publishing the answers for you! Address: TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y.

Where Are the Big Winners Now?

(Continued from page 41)

Bloomgarden, Mrs. Terry Curtis, Morton Harelik, Richard Klein, Mrs. Ruth Klein, Mrs. Patricia Nance, Mrs. Patricia Sullivan and Neil S. Wolf.

It might be sensible to sketch in here a little of the background of the quiz shows and recollect for you just why so many big-money winners had to testify before a Grand Jury.

The year 1958 was the salad year of the Fort Knox brand of quiz-show programming. Twenty-One, Tic Tac Dough, The $64,000 Question, The $64,000 Challenge, Name That Tune, were all riding the crest of a fabulous, furious wave that swept into four out of every five homes weekly and transfixed viewers with the apparently stupendous knowledge and intelligence displayed by the glib, bright-eyed contestants.

No type of program existed before and none has come along since—not even the Western—that so thoroughly captured and enthralled the viewer. The quiz show had all the ingredients. It was perfect. It played on the mysticism that always attaches itself to big money with the universally shared excitement of gambling. It exploited the common American trait of cheering for the underdog—in this case, the nervous contestant who, alone in the isolation booth, pitted his imperfect mind against all the atlases and encyclopedias ever printed. It offered the home viewer the vicarious thrill of “guessing along” with the contestant. And maybe most important of all, it gave the audience a cast of believable heroes and heroines, not high-salaried actors, but men and women figuratively plucked off the streets and offered this once-in-a-lifetime chance to hit it big.

Beginning of the “fix”

The quiz show had all the elements—for the viewer. But it lacked one essential for the people producing the programs and putting them on the air. The shows lacked stability. There was no control. They were too unpredictable. The natural choice of a contestant reaching the hypnotic figures of $50,000, $100,000 or $200,000, no matter how brilliant and informed, were infinitely rare.

The answer was obvious. The only thing to do was to arrange things so that the contestants—not all, but many—“cooperated.” As it came out later, in testimony before the Grand Jury and a Congressional sub-committee, the shows were rigged in a number of ways. One was what came to be termed the “direct approach.” The contestant was simply given the answers ahead of time.

Another was the “playback,” in which the contestants went through lengthy preliminary questioning to determine their strengths and weaknesses. If a contestant was found to be particularly well informed on history, for example, he’d be fed virtually nothing but historical questions—as long as the manipulators wanted him on the show. When they wanted him off, he’d be given questions he’d demonstrated his greatest weakness in.

Still another device for rigging the shows was the “swapping,” in which contestants were “tested” with questions or tunes, one or more of which would be later used in the actual contest.

Just as powerfully urgent as the need for “control” was the necessity for bringing in attractive contestants. It was a delicately selective process. The contestant had to be someone “ordinary,” and of proper quality—qualities that would make him or her somehow respected and admired. Hence Charles Van Doren, Hence Elfrida Von Nardroff.

Enter Elfrida

Since the competition among the different quiz shows for landing just the right kind of contestant was fierce, signing Van Doren was a major accomplishment for Twenty-One. But Van Doren, shy, bovishly good-looking, scion of a remarkable literary family, was deliberately sought out.

Not so with Elfrida. Almost the embodiment of the bright, scrubbed, all-American girl, Elfrida came into the purview of the Twenty-One talent scouts almost by accident. At the time, she was working as the $6,000-a-year personnel director for the American Institute of Certified Public Accountants in New York City, and studying abnormal psychology part time at Columbia University. A telephone call came to her, one morning at work, from Leslie York of Barry and Enright Productions, Inc., producers of Twenty-One and Tic Tac Dough.

“I can’t say this news excited me,” Elfrida confessed later, “I hadn’t heard of either program. Although my roommate, an anthropologist, and I had a TV set, we were in four-legged silence like the remains of a long-dead dinosaur. I hardly knew how to turn it on—and I am positive I didn’t know Charles Van Doren from Rip Van Winkle.

“We are looking for bright contestants for our two shows,” Leslie told me. ‘Perhaps if you contacted some of your staff members you might help us find a few.’”

Instead, Elfrida, said she was urged by her roommate, Mariam Kreiselman, to try her hand at it herself, and on April 19th, 1958, as Elfrida put it, “I called Leslie York at Barry and Enright Productions and sheepishly admitted that I’d like to try out myself.”

Elfrida passed with flying colors and was on her way to fame, fortune and—when the bubble burst later—disgrace.

What might have happened to Elfrida for her role in the quiz show scandal, the most ironic part of the entire shabby episode was that neither she nor Van Doren, nor any of the twenty defendants charged with perjury by the Grand Jury, need have been!

As Assistant District Attorney Joseph Stone explained it: “They weren’t investigating the contestants. They were never targets of our inquiry. We were simply trying to find out if a crime had been committed by someone—by the producers, maybe, or the networks.

“We called in well over one hundred contestants, but unfortunately very few of them told the truth when they first appeared before the Grand Jury. If they had, none of them would have gotten into trouble. We weren’t after them.

“The ones who told us the truth were dismissed after their testimony was taken, including the ones who admitted they’d been given answers ahead of time.

“That’s the great tragedy of this whole thing. All we wanted was the truth. As it turned out, we found that no crime had been committed. Nothing in any contract or legal document said that the quiz shows had represented themselves as bona fide contests—although that certainly was the impression they sought to convey.

“But the only criminal charges at the end of the scandals were the perjury charges against twenty contestants—although Congress, as a result of our investigation and its own, later passed a law specifically making it a federal crime to rig TV shows.”

The one who didn’t get away

Elfrida’s attorney, Stanley H. Lowell of Manhattan, has said: “Elfrida’s
Let's talk frankly about internal cleanliness

Day before yesterday, many women hesitated to talk about the douche even to their best friends, let alone to a doctor or druggist.

Today, thank goodness, women are beginning to discuss these things freely and openly. But—even now—many women don't realize what is involved in treating "the delicate zone."

They don't ask. Nobody tells them. So they use homemade solutions which may not be completely effective, or some antiseptics which may be harsh or inflammatory.

It's time to talk frankly about internal cleanliness.

Here are the facts: tissues in the "delicate zone" are very tender. Odors are very persistent. Your comfort and well-being demand a special preparation for the douche. Today there is such a preparation.

This preparation is far more effective in antiseptic and germicidal action than old-fashioned homemade solutions. It is far safer to delicate tissues than other liquid antiseptics for the douche. It cleanses, freshens, eliminates odor, guards against chafing, relaxes and promotes confidence.

This is modern woman's way to internal cleanliness. It is the personal antiseptic for women, made specifically for "the delicate zone." It is called Zonite. Complete instructions for use come in every package. In cases of persistent discharge, women are advised to see their doctors.

Millions of women already consider Zonite as important a part of their grooming as their bath. You owe it to yourself to try Zonite.

**LET'S TALK FRANKLY ABOUT **

internal cleanliness

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**PSORIASIS STORY**

Jan. 10, 1960—Pittsburgh, Pa. "Doctored for psoriasis 30 years. Spent much money to no avail. Then used GHBP Ointment and Tablets for 2 weeks. Scales disappeared as if by magic. In 6 weeks skin completely cleared and clean. First time in 30 years. Thanks for your marvelous products. This much abbreviated report tells of a user's success with a dual treatment for psoriasis now made available to all suffering. Full information and details of a 14-day trial plan from Canam Co., Dept. 295C, Rockport, Mass.
he was, young Vince Zoino, later to become Vincent Edwards, desperately needed identification. He had to prove, both to himself and to others, that he was different from his twin brother and, for that matter, from anyone else.

While he was attending high school he found his shyness, which could easily have been a liability, an asset. Unlike many of his male classmates who came on like gangbusters, Dick's quiet and thoughtful ways made him popular enough to be elected a class officer and he was voted "most sophisticated," "most polite," "most courteous." Dick loved sports and loved life. In his own reserved way, he was very much a part of the school dances, parties and fun.

When he went on to Pomona College from Beverly Hills High School, he majored in painting. But when he discovered there was a world called "acting," he took off like a shot from that moment on, it was his life. Dick had found what he wanted to do; he had always known he would. It was just a matter of time. Having always known himself, there had never been any doubt that "self" would find its outlet.

Dick Chamberlain was not suffering the growing pains of the future Vincent Edwards.

Attending the East New York High, Vince was trying to prove to himself he was someone in his own right by excelling in everything he did. He became captain of the swimming team and later captained the coveted New York swimming championship. When he transferred to Thomas Jefferson High, he took on the role of track star and, later, because of this, Ohio State University offered him an athletic scholarship. Without it, he would have never been able to go to college. He had made it possible for himself—proving... proving... proving.

Dick Chamberlain finished his two-year hitch with the peace-time Army in Korea, he headed straight into the life he'd planned. Any money he could make doing occasional television roles went to dramatic and singing lessons.

Vince's summers and free time were spent in picking up any odd job he could find. He needed every penny just to hold out to collect his scholarship. He did everything from being a life guard at Coney Island to swinging a pick on the subways. Like Chamberlain, he discovered acting in college, but discovering it and making a living at it are two different things, as Vince found out the hard way. How lean the years were, and how long it was between meals, before he got a job as a chorus boy in "High Button Shoes" on Broadway, are things Vincent Edwards rarely talks about. Slowly and surely he began to get good roles both in television and motion pictures, and as this was taking place, something else also began to happen. Not to Vince Edwards, but to Vincent Zoino. The identity he had been searching for, the person who had slumbered inside of him since boyhood and whom he had always known to be there, began to take a definite form and shape. The boy who had been just one-half of a pair of twins became a man who was like no one but himself.

He had accomplished it all on his own and proven once and for all, both to himself and to others, that he was a person in his own right.

Where Vince had spent years in finding this out, or in verifying what he knew was the truth, Dick had been born with it and quietly and steadily, in the shy way that always was his trademark, progressed toward his goal.

As fate would have it

It is somewhat ironic that two such different human beings, who might not have understood one another's motivations or desires a few short years ago, should find themselves on top of the heap at the same time and, as fate would have it, competing with one another on television.

Knowing and realizing the difference in the two men, one wonders if it would be possible for them to step into each other's shoes. Both are professional actors, this they have proven. But would the Dr. Kildare we see on the screen be the same doctor if Vince Edwards were playing him? And with Dick Chamberlain in the role of Ben Casey, wouldn't the character take on an entirely new dimension?

No, it is no accident of casting, no mere coincidence that Dick Chamberlain was chosen to play the typical young American. Doctor is the typical young American. In Dr. Kildare we find the image of the family doctor. We know what he will do because he is familiar. He's the boy next door—he's Dick Chamberlain.

But in Ben Casey there could be little doubt that here was a role for Dr. Kildare, for the kind of doctor who has searched and who, perhaps, will never stop searching. A man who is not content to accept life as it appears—a doctor and an actor who have much in common. Dr. Ben Casey who is dedicated to man, and actor Vincent Edwards who is just as dedicated to finding out who that man is.

Dick Chamberlain is the hometown doctor and boy-next-door whom women, since Eve had the world's first headache, have had the urge to protect and take care of. Vincent Edwards is the big city doctor who, in learning to take care of others and having learned to suffer with himself, presents the knight in armor who one shining day will take very good care of the woman of his choice—when eventually he makes that choice.

Each plays the role he has unknowingly rehearsed for a lifetime. They might try to step into each other's shoes but if they did, the shoes would most certainly pinch.

—TRICIA HURST

Ben Casey is seen over ABC-TV, Mon., at 10 P.M. EST. Dr. Kildare is seen over NBC-TV, Thurs., 8:30 P.M. EST.
TV’s Moneymaker

(Continued from page 35)
aspect which makes it a complex and varied business is that you are dealing in a commodity which can bring out the baseness in a person, if any exists. You’re dealing in money. Some people love you, and some people would like to cut your throat—even the ones who get the money.”

Herb doesn’t recommend his profession to anyone not interested in working eighteen hours a day, seven days a week. Or to anyone who cannot subsist for a year or two without income. He hit one dry spell that lasted four years, seven months and four days—more than four years in which he did nothing but work and spend money, without taking in a penny. Of course, there was another time when he got a check for $90,000 all in one nice, big, lump sum.

“I’ve never believed in this business of security, anyway,” says Herb. “To me, the finest day in the world is just being here. I’m living on borrowed time, because I took a gamble.”

During World War I, when he was in U.S. Naval Intelligence, assigned to the Adriatic Fleet, a shell burst knocked Herb off a gun turret, onto his head. “On August 21, 1919, a hoard of the finest doctors in the U.S. Navy told me I couldn’t live more than 90 days without surgery—and the probabilities of surgery being successful weren’t too good, either. There was an excellent chance I would die on the table, that I’d be an imbecile, if I survived. I told them I thought I’d gamble on the 90 days, thank you.”

“All I can say is, I’ve had a lot of fun in those 90 days!”

The original ambition of Herb Saxton, son of a Minnesota lawyer, was to be another Clarence Darrow. After he got his degree, he discovered the state of criminal law was not particularly lucrative one—but the excitement of marshaling evidence appealed to him. After discharge from the Navy, he entered into the highly specialized field of patents, copyrights and trademarks. He also took a full course in criminal law at the Institute of Applied Science, which later commissioned him to write a textbook, “Secret Intelligence Service,” for use in its classrooms.

$5 billion—and no claims!

“One thing led to another,” says Saxton, “until I finally decided the most money was in probate matters where the heirs were either missing or unknown. A conservative estimate by experts in Washington sets a figure of 5 billion dollars annually that ‘escapes to the state because no one claims it. That’s 96 million dollars a week. It’s there. You can go after it.

“You can also go a little berserk—spend a lot of money and come up with a big fat zero—because the gamble is always there, too. That’s the intriguing part. At the same time, another thing that appeals to me is that I work for no one. Because of my peculiar per-
People write from all over the world asking how to get into this business of finding lost but wealthy heirs. Herb tells them it's very simple to begin. He gets all his leads from public records—newspapers and court documents. More than 200 probate matters are calendared each court day in Los Angeles alone, and a goodly portion of them are escheat prospects.

The most important thing is knowing how and where to develop your basic entree into the estate, but the methods he uses in that development fall into the "trade secret" classification. However, of one thing you may be sure: If Herb Saxton ever calls on you and says, "I have reason to believe you are an heir to an unclaimed estate," you can be reasonably certain you are the right one, and that your claim can be proved. He has spent literally thousands of dollars and countless hours of research, only to discover there was no possible way of legally proving a prospective heir's identity, so he doesn't even tell him about it.

"The average American," Herb points out, "doesn't know anything about his family tree. The majority don't know for certain the maiden name of their own mother, let alone their grandparents or greataunts. Not long ago, a girl came to me and said she would like to know who her father is. She had been reared with the understanding that the man to whom her mother was married was her natural father. But he wasn't, and had never legally adopted her.

"This didn't come out until the stepfather died, leaving a moderate estate to his three 'daughters.' The girl couldn't find her birth certificate and her mother finally told her the truth. Ordinarily, I don't set out to find a man who has disappeared. But, since I had three other cases in the same Midwestern state, I told the girl I'd try to locate her real father while I was there. It so happened, her father had moved to this state after her mother divorced him, had married a childless widow with nothing but money, and became very prosperous. They had no children, his second wife predeceased him and left her entire estate to him.

"In all these years, he hadn't mentioned his previous marriage or his daughter to anyone and, when he died, there was no will. When I came on the scene, I discovered the girl was the legal heir to an estate of $102,000—except for one thing. The statute of limitations has run on four months previously and she got nothing, either from her natural father or her stepfather. All her mother could say was, 'If I had only known!'

The case of the illegitimate child

"People unthinkingly do great harm to their children. I run into many, many pathetic cases resulting from children being born out of wedlock, for example. Such a child is the natural heir of the mother—but not of the father, unless he legitimates the child, either in writing or by certain acts of legitimation. In such cases, the mother, especially if she's married to someone else, often gets to thinking, Gee! Suppose someone sees this! She then destroys the paper—and, with it, her child's birthright."

Because of his appearances on House Party, Herb gets thousands of requests to search for someone who has dropped from sight. To all of them, he offers a courteous but firm no. "I learned my lesson many, many years ago. The wife had never remarried after her husband disappeared. The children were grown, married, had children of their own and now wanted the grandfather to come back to see them. Being a big country bumpkin, or maybe a little sentimental, I could see these people. I'd try to find him as a side job, as I went along.

"Through one of those quirks that keep this business so interesting," Herb recalls, "I found this fellow quite suddenly, within a brief time. He had nothing to conceal, so I went to him and explained the situation, saying his family was most anxious for the grandchild to know him. All he said was, 'I'll hunt you down and shoot you like a dog if you ever let them know where I am!'"

Today, with our living becoming more and more regimented, and with the transportation and communications problems reduced to almost nothing, it becomes increasingly difficult to drop willfully from sight—though it can still be done, according to Herb.

"What makes it difficult," he says, "is that we are registered for so many things these days—Social Security, the draft, and so on. And almost everything is being done on credit, where they have central credit bodies keeping tabs on everything you do throughout the nation. All this, of course, makes my job easier."

About 60 percent of that job is research, mostly in libraries, newspaper...
be plenty of business! But you almost have to have 'second sight' to know which cases are promising and which ones will lead you to a blank wall. Eighty-seven percent of the American people die intestate, without making a will—although this is a privilege for which people have fought and died. For many centuries, no matter what property you owned during your lifetime, you could not leave it to anybody—it automatically reverted to the crown.

"A will is something everyone should make," Herb Saxton emphasizes, "but even more important is a family tree.
If you have never thought about it, you might be able to pick up loot all over the country. It's always wise to know where good old Uncle Charlie is, and how he's doing. You could be the sole heir to his estate—even if he never heard of you!"

—BILL KELSAY

Art Linkletter's House Party is seen over CBS-TV, Mon. through Fri., at 2:30 P.M. EST—heard on CBS Radio, Mon. through Fri., at 10:10 A.M. EST.

(Continued from page 49) with its problems and triumphs has taught her special things about being a mother.

Because her career and her children have always been her deepest concerns, Judy's lesson in motherhood really began thirty-five years ago. That was when she was four years old and crashed her family's vaudeville act. She ran onto the stage and sang an unlearned number which brought down the house. She became a regular member of the Gumm family act.

Judy's talent became more and more obvious until finally she was spotted by an MGM talent scout, and signed to a movie contract. She was rushed into dancing lessons, acting lessons—and reducing spurts on the heavy side. Judy was forbidden to eat anything more than a cup of broth for lunch. To this day, MGM's files are filled with memos to the then powerful studio head, Louis B. Mayer, which read like this: "Garland kid sneaked a choo out today. "This is not fair," Mayer would call her to his office and read her out. "You look like a monster," he used to say. The harder Judy worked and dieted, the more popular she got. Finally, she got her biggest break in the "Wizard of Oz." When "The Wizard" had a permanent image of Judy, looking younger than she really was, skipping across a fairy tale to the Emerald City of Oz. For the public, she became "Dorothy," the gingham-clad sweet-heart of make-believe.

The road to Oz was paved with yellow bricks, but the powers of Hollywood and Judy Garland's mother thought they were bricks of gold. Judy, as a child, was a natural moneymaker and meal ticket. Not only the fans, but everyone around Judy tried to lock her in a nightmare of eternal childhood. When she started looking older, her mother popped her into tight corsets, and dressed her like a little girl. The pressures wore away and grew.

Her busy vaudeville days of traveling had limited her contact with children her own age, and now her busy movie schedule made it necessary for her to attend the studio schools where she associated with other "child stars," most of them lonely and confused as she was. Judy's widowed mother devoted all her time to managing Judy's career, and the film moguls who worked with the girl, in spite of their maternal strictness, never gave her the love and understanding she had lost when her own father passed 24. To everyone, Judy was a success, but she never knew if anyone loved her for herself, or only the image they had created.

The pace continued. Judy played Mickey Rooney's girlfriend in the Andy Hardy series, and the pictures such as "Meet Me in St. Louis" in which she made some of the most adult musical and dramatic roles.

At nineteen, Judy Garland was still insecure, and maybe a little bit "in love with love." She married a young composer, David Rose. Some said that the match had been all but arranged by her overbearing mother, and others felt that Judy was simply trying to escape from her overbearing "stage mama." Whatever the reasons, the marriage was unsuccessful and ended in divorce. Shortly afterward, Judy tied the knot with director Vincente Minnelli. On March 12, 1942, Liz was born to the Minnells, but parenthood was not enough to save the crumbling marriage. Judy felt the responsibility of motherhood keenly, and was awarded custody of the child. Still, she was un-equipped for her role as an adult. The
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Ages

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1. Print full name and address.
2. Date of birth.
3. Height, Age, Weight?
4. Occupation, kind of work?
5. Name and address of employer.
6. Race?
7. Marriage and relationship to you?
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The Lufts moved to England and there something very important happened. From these traditionally cold people, Judy received a warmth and acceptance she had never expected to be given again. Slowly, she realized that nobody really minded how she looked. For, slim, just as Judy was a slender, tall figure, and the children. And she loves him and needs him and knows that he'll always be there. Surely her children, who've always been very close to Judy, are even happier and more secure since Judy's new attitudes.

And the children come first. Sixteen-year-old Judy, slender, dark-haired, rather quiet, and easily hurt, wanting to go into show business... Lorna, the rugged individualist, bouncing and energetic... Joseph, the handsome little boy, sunny and funny. The youngsters seem to be full of talents, but Judy will never be a star, mother who loves Judy and the children. And she loves him and needs him and knows that he'll always be there. Surely her children, who've always been very close to Judy, are even happier and more secure since Judy's new attitudes.

Then it was five long years—years of trouble, exhaustion, bouts with taxes, lawsuits and serious illnesses—until Judy began to come to terms with herself. Despite her spectacular setbacks, she couldn't give up her career and she was crushed when she realized that producers wouldn't take a chance on putting her in a movie. She tortured her body with diet capsules and tranquilizers, with pills to keep her awake and pills to put her to sleep. But she still didn't get any movie work.

Finally, she got some months of convalescence from a severe bout with hepatitis, her doctors told her she had to stop working.

A lesson learned

The Lufts moved to England and there something very important happened. From these traditionally cold people, Judy received a warmth and acceptance she had never expected to be given again. Slowly, she realized that nobody really minded how she looked. Plump or slim, it was Judy Garland herself that audiences loved. She gave up her strenuous diet and stopped worrying about the external image she felt compelled to present. She hired new managers to guide her career and slowly started working until she built up to series of unfilmed stage concerts. She was signed to make her first movie in years—a dramatic part in “Judgment at Nuremberg”—and was a critical success. But with all her professional success, Judy was in for some more personal trouble. She and Luft separated. It was almost as if Judy couldn't accept being free of problems. Suddenly her records were big sellers again, her appearances were jammed and she was offered another movie, Stanley Kramer's "A Child Is Waiting." That was when she realized that any success couldn't mean as much as her family and her marriage.

And Judy and Sid are now reconciled and it looks like they'll stay that way. The lesson that began thirty-five years ago is now finally at an end. Judy now knows what kind of wife and mother she wants to be.

She understands now that marriage is not a fairy tale, and Sid Luft is not a "Wizard of Oz." But he is a good and patient man who loves Judy and the children. And she loves him and needs him and knows that she'll always be there. Surely her children, who've always been very close to Judy, are even happier and more secure since Judy's new attitudes.

And the children come first. Sixteen-year-old Judy, slender, dark-haired, rather quiet, and easily hurt, wanting to go into show business... Lorna, the rugged individualist, bouncing and energetic... Joseph, the handsome little boy, sunny and funny. The youngsters seem to be full of talents, but Judy will never be a star, mother who loves Judy and the children. And she loves him and needs him and knows that she'll always be there. Surely her children, who've always been very close to Judy, are even happier and more secure since Judy's new attitudes.

Then it was five long years—years of trouble, exhaustion, bouts with taxes, lawsuits and serious illnesses—until Judy began to come to terms with herself. Despite her spectacular setbacks, she couldn't give up her career and she was crushed when she realized that producers wouldn't take a chance on putting her in a movie. She tortured her body with diet capsules and tranquilizers, with pills to keep her awake and pills to put her to sleep. But she still didn't get any movie work.

Finally, she got some months of convalescence from a severe bout with hepatitis, her doctors told her she had to stop working.

A lesson learned

The Lufts moved to England and there something very important happened. From these traditionally cold people, Judy received a warmth and acceptance she had never expected to be given again. Slowly, she realized that nobody really minded how she looked. Plump or slim, it was Judy Garland herself that audiences loved. She gave up her strenuous diet and stopped worrying about the external image she felt compelled to present. She hired new managers to guide her career and slowly started working until she built up to series of unfilmed stage concerts. She was signed to make her first movie in years—a dramatic part in “Judgment at Nuremberg”—and was a critical success. But with all her professional success, Judy was in for some more personal trouble. She and Luft separated. It was almost as if Judy couldn't accept being free of problems. Suddenly her records were big sellers again, her appearances were jammed and she was offered another movie, Stanley Kramer's "A Child Is Waiting." That was when she realized that any success couldn't mean as much as her family and her marriage.

And Judy and Sid are now reconciled and it looks like they'll stay that way. The lesson that began thirty-five years ago is now finally at an end. Judy now knows what kind of wife and mother she wants to be.

She understands now that marriage is not a fairy tale, and Sid Luft is not a "Wizard of Oz." But he is a good and patient man who loves Judy and the children. And she loves him and needs him and knows that he'll always be there. Surely her children, who've always been very close to Judy, are even happier and more secure since Judy's new attitudes.

And the children come first. Sixteen-year-old Judy, slender, dark-haired, rather quiet, and easily hurt, wanting to go into show business... Lorna, the rugged individualist, bouncing and energetic... Joseph, the handsome little boy, sunny and funny. The youngsters seem to be full of talents, but Judy will never be a star, mother who loves Judy and the children. And she loves him and needs him and knows that she'll always be there. Surely her children, who've always been very close to Judy, are even happier and more secure since Judy's new attitudes.
Liza is rapidly becoming a young lady. Though she looks like a poised young woman, she and Judy realize that just-turned-sixteen is still very young. Forewarned by Judy's too-early fame, they have agreed that Liza should finish school and not rush the career. But Liza knows what she wants and is busily preparing to be an authoress. She studies dance and practices long hours, and whenever there is a chance, she acts in her school plays and programs (which her mother always attends).

Last summer Liza had her first chance to really become a professional. She was invited to join a summer stock company in Massachusetts. Judy rented a home in nearby Hyannis Port, and Liza went to work.

It was very touching to see Liza on stage—looking so much like her mother and being so talented—like her mother. If anyone in the audience pretended that this was the young Judy Garland all over again, you couldn't really blame him. And Judy must know that feeling and must try very hard to resist it. Because she doesn't want her daughter to live the life she led.

The most important thing Judy wants to give Liza is to teach her a basic lesson which can cause so much pain if it is not clearly understood. A lesson which everyone who has loved and admired Judy sincerely prays she has finally learned.

"Liza, always be proud to be yourself. No matter what role you may play, or what example may demand of you, you must never lose touch with who and what you are inside." And perhaps, looking back over where she went wrong in her own life, Judy might want to add: "Whatever anyone else tells you, what ever happens, be yourself."

It is advice any mother might give her daughter. —LYNN JACKSON

"Marilyn Boils My Bear"

(Continued from page 36)

Only reason Bob told her then was that the news had already leaked to a newspaper. And, afterwards, she was informed that if she ever wanted to resume her career, it was fine with Bob. They'd simply get a divorce, and see each other on a more intimate basis.

To most women, it would seem that Marilyn Horton has given up a good deal, even in exchange for one of the most desirable men around. Does it seem that way to her?

She shook her head firmly. "I've given up nothing. Bob is the strongest man I've ever known. He should make the decisions. He makes marvelous decisions."

Bob nodded, seriously. "When I start making bad ones, that will be the time to question them."

They sat side by side on a soft, deep sofa, looking at each other. The living room of their home is large and comfortable, furnished mostly with pieces Bob owned before he and Marilyn met. At their feet, a huge Great Dane (chosen in England by Bob) shifted on its haunches. Soon, Marilyn, who was going to the kitchen and while Bob studied his lines for the next day's work—prepare dinner. When dinner was ready, she would serve it; when they finished eating, she would clear the table and do the dishes. The next day, if there were vacuuming to be done, floors needed washing, Marilyn would do them, for the Hortons have no maid. If they went out to dinner, she'd probably wear a dress Bob had chosen and spend the evening with people where Bob's friends before he met Marilyn.

It is not a marriage that would suit everyone. But the Hortons glow with happiness. So sure are they that they have found the secret of successful marriage, one would think they had tried and tested it for years. But, in fact, it is a way of life which is new to them both.

"When I was married for the first time," Bob Horton reminisced—actually, he was referring to his second marriage (the first was quickly annulled in his teens)—"I had no idea of what a marriage should be. I was a baby both in years and understanding. I had the idea that, when I got married, I'd move out of my parents' house into a home of my own and thus leave all my problems behind. I remember my mother giving me a very good, very beautiful piece of advice. She said, 'A girl loves and cherishes her honeymoon all her life. Be kind to her.' I took the advice—as far as it went. My wife and I had a lovely honeymoon.

"But I didn't understand that one had to go on being kind and tender when the honeymoon was over. I had the right idea, in a way—I knew even then that, as a man, I should be the final authority in my home—but I didn't know how to go about it. I suppose I had constantly before me the example of my father, who tends to be very arbitrary: 'I'm the father, so I make the decisions.' I took that attitude also. I didn't talk our problems over thoroughly with her. I wasn't tolerant of her needs. As a result, I made a number of bad decisions. The marriage didn't work.

'I've learned a lot since then. I'll give you an example. Recently I had to make a quick trip East, on business. Marilyn and I were shopping on Madison Avenue. I was out for a moment and she said, 'I'll be right back.' I didn't think much of it.

"'What?'" Marilyn interrupted. "I was dying to go. I hadn't been East in two years.'"

"I felt she shouldn't come. It would be expensive, and it would complicate a purely business trip with all the paraphernalia of a vacation—seeing friends, going out, and so on. We discussed it—""

"We discussed it vehemently," Marilyn put in.

"And I decided that Marilyn should stay home. So of course she did. But on the airplane going East, I began to think it over again. I realized that—although I was right in terms of the

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trip itself—in terms of our relationship, it would be better if I changed my mind. So I did. I called her long-distance—"

"And I was packed and ready to leave in ten minutes," Marilyn said, giving her husband a contented smile. "I'd been having dinner with a friend and she'd just told me, 'After all, Marilyn, you've been married nearly a year. Face it, the honeymoon is over.' Then Bob called, and I knew it wasn't over, after all."

Let's fight—a little

She snuggled down against the pillows. "It isn't just that Bob takes my wishes into account before he makes his decision. He encourages me to fight for what I want! Before I met him, I never knew how to fight. In my first marriage, there were no quarrels at all. I suppose it looked ideal, but it was very, a really lonely man."

"But he wanted me to be a little girl—a happy, indulged one, I admit, but a child who never grew up. We never talked about our problems, much less sought about them. Instead, we went along, all polite and shiny on the surface, until one day he snapped. And it happened in our entire marriage we had exactly two arguments—and the second one ended in divorce. With Bob, I know from experience that our marriage can stand the strain of a good fight."

"We knew each other sixteen months before we were married," Bob agreed. "And it wasn't all rosy. I wasn't Prince Charming all that time. I'm moody and difficult."

"Not as moody as you used to be," Marilyn purred.

"Because I'm happier. But still, I'm no angel. And yet—all that time, Marilyn was always my friend. She opened new doors in my eyes. I saw that she was always on my side. Never against me." He pointed to the picture and the room. "Maybe it's easy to walk from here to there. But if, for some reason, I think it's hard, then it is hard—for me, anyway. I need a woman who'll help me get there. If she's not with me, if she pulls another way, I may never get there at all."

He reflected. "In my second marriage—"Barbara Ruick—there were problems stemming from circumstances we couldn't really help. When we were married, we were both bright young stars on the way up, under contract to MGM—we met starring in a picture together. But after we got married, Barbara was dropped and, a year later, I was, too. She began to build another career in TV, but I was stalemated for a long time.

"Remember, I base my authority in my home on the fact that I'm the breadwinner, the bear-clubber—but suddenly, I wasn't. I was just a young man having a hard time getting a job. Neither of us could stand the pressure." He smiled ruefully. "I guess my first marriage failed because I clubbed the bear the wrong way—and my second, because circumstances prevented me from clubbing it at all. This time, I'm in a better position to make decisions and see things right."

"And it would be ridiculous for me to question them," Marilyn said. "Bob makes wonderful decisions. I'd say he's absolutely right ninety-eight percent of the time."

"I try to make use of Marilyn's wisdom as well as my own," Bob said. "I've learned a lot from her. For example, one of my failings is that I take first impressions too seriously—"

"And they're never right," Marilyn said wistfully. "My first impression of Bob was that he was the handsomest, smartest man I'd ever seen."

"And mine of you was that you had a great shape in tights! But that's not what I mean. I'm thinking about the time when I was doing a stage play and the first day of rehearsal, the director insisted on treating me like some bobby from TV—land who naturally knew nothing about theater—singing. By the end of the day, I thought I'd told Marilyn I'm going to have trouble with that man, so I might as well have it now." And she said, "Wait a day. Give him a chance to change his mind." And, by God, she was right. The next day the director and I managed to make contact with each other and there was no trouble at all."

She sighed. "And it's made life a lot easier." His long arms reached out across the length of the couch and pulled Marilyn to him. He kissed her soundly. "I'm glad I married you," he said.

"And to think how close you came not to!" Marilyn teased.

Bob Horton sighed. "When I met Marilyn, I intended never to get married again. I'd had it. I figured, that even at best, marriage bred complacency, especially in women. American women, I've learned painfully, are bred to please men so that they'll be desired and married—but, as soon as they achieve that goal, they quest for another love. I held Marilyn in respect and admiration from the start, but I didn't want to marry her."

"And he told me so," Bob continued. "But I was married. I told her I did want to see her often, to be with her, to explore the possibilities of a relationship that might be good for us both—but I wouldn't get married. And of course, I wouldn't go to New York to go to New York, where she lived. So all I could propose was that she leave her family, her friends and her career, move to a strange city where she knew no one but me, and live alone in some tiny apartment just so that we could date when I had the time—without any hopes of anything beyond that start."

"She astonished me. She came. "That was when I began to realize how extraordinary she is. Despite all those barriers, she was ready to be loyal to me and to her feelings for me. She never tried to hide it."

"Here it is," Marilyn exclaimed. "I talked marriage, marriage, marriage all the time!"

"But when I kept saying I wasn't interested, she didn't desert me. I began to realize that I had found someone who would literally go to hell and back with me—and manage to smile all the way. Where can you find that kind of
Marriage is such a surprise!

Bob laughed. "It was nothing compared to the look on your face two weeks later when you were actually getting married. We'd planned to go to Vegas with some friends for New Year's Eve. Then it occurred to me that New Year's Day would be a very good time for us to marry. We'd both been disillusioned about marriage in the past; you didn't want to start fresh-and New Year's Day seemed exactly the right time for that. I called the Sands Hotel in Vegas and told them to make the arrangements-in darkest secrecy. Everything was all set up.

"Bob had even picked the dress I was to wear! A beautiful lace dress he had bought me as a present. I'd wanted to wear it to that party, the one that turned out to be our engagement party. But he said no, save it for Las Vegas. So I did, but I never suspected-"

"And I had my mouth full of soda crackers-"

"And I said, 'By the way, how would you like to get married tomorrow afternoon around four-thirty?'"

"And I choked and coughed soda crackers all over Bob!"

"And I wiped myself off and said, 'Forget it, I changed my mind!'"

"But we got married anyway, and I've never been happier in my life. I'd much rather be a wife—a real wife—than a career woman or a pampered little girl. And that is the only kind of wife's work.'"

She looked thoughtfully around the room. "People wonder why we don't have a maid. We can afford it. Well, we did have help in the house, at first. We had a couple to clean and serve and so on. Then something happened and they left. I started taking complete charge myself. And it turned out to be tremendously satisfying."

"I became a good cook—a really good cook—and of course one usually enjoys doing what one does well. I found that Bob took tremendous pride in the way the house looked when I had done it all myself. And it isn't as much work as it seems, even though the place is fairly large. I have mechanical helps like the dishwasher. And I don't have the problem most women—even women with full-time maids—have to contend with: I don't have to pick up after Bob. He never leaves a thing out of place—"

"Except my shoes," Bob put in.

Marilyn turned purple. "Oh, don't," she begged. "I still feel terrible about that. Once, without any ulterior motive, meaning it as a compliment, I said to Bob, 'You know, you're the neatest man, you never leave anything around except your shoes!' And I thought he was criticizing me—"

"You were quite right," Bob inserted.

"And he never left another shoe in the wrong place. I felt like a positive nag! Anyway, it hasn't proved to be a burden, taking care of the house. But if it had, I'd be doing it for the simple reason that I'm much happier without servants. He has a very strong instinct for privacy."

"That's true," Bob agreed. "At the studio, I spend most of my lunchtimes alone. I eat in my dressing room with the phonograph on. Sometimes I think. Sometimes I just sit and let the peaceful hour relax my tensions. Not everyone understands this.

"Even Marilyn is upset by my wanting to be alone sometimes. On a Saturday morning, I may tell her, 'Honey, I have a lot of little things to do today and I'd rather do them by myself. I know she'd rather come with me. She is alone when I'm away or at work, and she doesn't enjoy privacy. But it is essential for me. I must be alone from time to time.'"

"And so he should be," Marilyn said quietly. I chose to marry Bob. If I weren't prepared to give him the kind of life he needs and wants, and to be happy doing it, I'd have no right to be his wife. It's unfortunate that most women don't understand how satisfying this kind of relationship can be. Maybe that's why they do terrible things to themselves and to their marriages."

"Men are at fault, too," Bob pointed
Richard Boone: So Ugly He’s Beautiful!

(Continued from page 32)

errand of mercy and justice, rather than to find out what makes Richard Boone tick—and tick so well, especially with women who are wild about him.

"Women," said Boone, "like the kind of man Paladin was. In his day, a man’s word was good. It had to be. That’s what women like. Nowadays, under the pressures of advertising and scores of other influences, we live in a world of half-truths. The slight exaggeration is the accepted way. There is no insistence anymore on absolute truth...

"In the 19th-century West, there was less room for compromise. In that way, Paladin personifies a great deal of what men are not, today. Paladin can also make Greek fire or souffle—he’s a sort of miracle man...

"Something like Richard Boone," your friend adds.

Boone shook his head firmly. "That isn’t so. I can’t make Greek fire nor souffle. My background involves a hundred different jobs, and continually sticking my nose into things out of plain curiosity...

Boone’s eight-year-old son suddenly barged into the living room to ask his father a homework question. "Yes, Peter, you drop the ‘e’ in ‘wiring’," replied Boone taking the boy gently and ushering him back to the bedroom to join his mother—Boone’s third wife, Claire. "We keep him out of print," he smiled. "He got his picture published one time..."

"The truth of it is," Boone continued, with the thread of the conversation that had been cut short briefly by Peter’s entrance, "Paladin—the man called ‘Paladin’—is the result of an inexcusable mistake. It had to be something terrible to make a man spend his life enforcing reality; to become a medieval knight wearing sixguns... But I’ve probably made a lot more inexcusable mistakes than Paladin ever did..."

However many mistakes Richard Boone may have made, you might say he was born with the inherited right to be the Western hero he is today. This Boone is a genuine descendant of the fabled Daniel, the Kentucky trailblazer—an asset which his press agents have never failed to exploit.

Richard was born forty-three years ago in Los Angeles, one of three children, the son of Kirk Boone, an attorney and chief counsel of the General Petroleum Company in Los Angeles. (Dick’s grandfather, Bower Boone, was perhaps the most colorful of all old Dan’s descendants—a San Francisco gold miner, racehorse owner, and flamboyant dresser.)

As a child, Dick was already intense and sensitive and impulsive, just as he is today. He had a rebelliousness about him, too, as evidenced during his primary schooling at the Army and Navy Academy in San Diego. In Latin class, he got up from his desk, walked to the window, and clambered out. "I was just bored with the subject," Dick explained.

As a teenager, he was even more of an extrovert. Once, when police impounded his car along with those of four friends, Dick led them illegally at a track meet in Mesquite, Dick rounded up a hundred youths and staged a march on the city hall. "Good thing my father was a lawyer," he quips. "He knew how to bail me out."

His father wanted Dick to be a lawyer, too, but young Boone had a mind of his own. He enrolled at Stanford University as a liberal-arts major, with emphasis on drama. "It wasn’t that I didn’t admire and respect my father—I just didn’t want to be a lawyer."

Two notable events occurred in college. The first was his decision to take up boxing—for two years, 1936 and 1937. Dick held the light-heavyweight championship at Stanford. The second pumped him right out of school—and it had nothing to do with boxing.

It started as a gag dreamed up by Dick and his Theta Xi fraternity brothers, who painstakingly assembled a life-size dummy and painted it out of bottles and rags, daubed it with ketchup, and laid it out on the street. The first car that came along did the expected: It ran over the dummy.

The muffled crunching of the glass was utterly realistic, surpassed only by the scream of horror and shock belated by the deep-voiced Boone as he ran out, crying, “You’re run over him... Look at him... Oh! Oh! You’ve killed my poor brother!”

The driver of the car was a woman, and she leaped out in such haste to examine the “victim” that she sprained
her ankle. Boone might have got away with the gag—and the dean might never have suggested that Dick bow out of Stanford—but there was hardly an alternative in this case.

The driver was Mrs. Herbert Hoover! For a brief time, Boone worked as a roustabout in the California oil fields, while attending night courses at the Art Students League in Los Angeles. His interests turned briefly to art, and this led him to a position with a blonde painter named Jane Hopper. He married Jane, but his efforts with brush and canvas didn’t pan out, so he toiled spasmodically as a bricklayer, a bar- tender, a bouncer.

It was a difficult life. The marriage became difficult, too, and ended in divorce.

When World War II began, Dick enlisted in the Navy. He spent a large portion of his tour in the Pacific as an aerial gunner in a torpedo squadron aboard three aircraft carriers. "We were torpedoed on the Intrepid, bombed on the Enterprise, and kamikazed the Hancock," he recalled. "I was lucky to get back."

As a civilian again, in January, 1946, Boone decided that he would try earnestly in the field he loved best—acting. With the G.I. Bill paying his tuition, he enrolled in New York’s Neighborhood Playhouse to learn the finer concepts of method acting. Another student at the time was Marlon Brando.

Dick lived in Greenwich Village, in true Bohemian style. “One night it got very cold in the flat. I couldn’t take it any longer, and that’s what I told the police. I gave them some heat so that’s why I burned the landlady’s furniture in the fireplace . . .”

After graduation, Dick worked in the Saratoga, New York Playhouse. Then won parts in Broadway and off-Broadway shows. His first important assignment was giving John Gielgud’s Broadway production of “Medea”—but he quit in a huff when they failed to give him the lead after Gielgud left.

The perils of peace

Boone went into a Shakespeare company in 1948, playing a minor Scottish nobleman in “Macbeth”—but he didn’t make it on opening night. He was fired during a dress rehearsal after a hassle with the star, Michael Redgrave. “I got a kick out of something Redgrave did, and howled away. But he didn’t think it was funny. He threatened to punch me. That made me laugh all the louder.

“I didn’t get punched. But that wound me up in dramatic acting for a while.”

He joined a dance company, but it was Boone’s booming voice that bluffed him back into business. Within a year, he was doing TV announcements for CBS in New York. And it was his voice that helped get him his break in movies. It happened at the Actors Studio, where Boone had enrolled after a very brief marriage to flame-haired singer Mimi Kelly.

“A student actress was to do a screen test for 20th Century-Fox and she asked me to read some lines from Tennessee Williams’ “The Glass Menagerie.” A month or so later, Elia Kazan told me they wanted me in Hollywood. I couldn’t believe him when he said director Lewis Milestone liked my voice as it came over in the actress’s test! He hadn’t even seen my face. But that was solved with a photograph we sent him.”

Boone was promptly hired, on the strength of his rugged kiss, and wound up with a seven-year contract which eventually blew up with an epic bang. It seems the studio wanted him to double up, while playing Pontius Pilate in “The Robe,” by doing another role in a second film. Boone’s blithe disregard of authority and his innate pugnacity combined into a volatile mixture that exploded on the set. He not only refused—he walked out, right in the middle of production.

“I closed them down,” laughed Boone. “I just took a walk.”

When threats to sue him failed, pleading succeeded, and he returned to finish “The Robe.” But to his chagrin, Boone found himself the object of retribution in subsequent assignments to lesser films.

“Kangaroo” was one of these and that took Boone to Sydney, Australia—a trip he’s never regretted. “That’s what theatre is all about,” Boone later reminisced. “I was Claire McAlloon and she was a ballet dancer. She dropped in to visit director Milestone and his wife, and we met.”

Claire, a petite four-foot-eight, was once quoted on how Dick won her: “He took my hand, looked me in the eye, and we were married as soon as we returned to the States.”

“Just the way Paladin would have done it,” your reporter observed.

A smile curled on Boone’s face. “You said it, I didn’t!”

Two more years of movies, and the year was 1953—a very fateful one for Richard Boone. For it was then he was writing for Dragnet, had just done a script for a new TV series that was to be called The Doctor and asked if Dick would like to play the lead. Boone went into the new project with enthusiasm, but it didn’t get off the ground until 1955. What matters is that it did.

The show went on the air as Medec, and it stayed on for two fabulously successful years. Boone, as the intensely dedicated Dr. Stynner, won two “Emmy” nominations for his acting—and also a legion of intensely dedicated fans who wrote to him by the thousands, seeking medical advice. “I didn’t have engagements. I had appointments. People wrote in pleading for my diagnosis of their ailments.”

Those who didn’t write for medical guidance penned letters to Boone saying he had “such an interesting face.” Cracked Redgrave, “He’s a fine-looking man, I could never have gained the recognition in movies the way I have in television.” (Sometimes viewers found Stynner’s face too stern. Then Dick’s stock reply was: “When you have less than thirty minutes to cut leprous, there’s no time for humor!”)

His practice in Medec came to an end in 1957, when he traded his stethoscope for six-guns. “I had to give up

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**The End**
Dr. Styner’s role,” said Boone. “because I was afraid of being type-cast.

Everyone knows that a success Boone has made of Have Gun—Will Travel, now in its fifth year. Here, too, he’s in danger of running into type-casting, but he’s been fending off the curse by playing a variety of dramatic roles on TV and the Broadway stage, where he appeared in Norman Corwin’s “The Rivalry.” The latter switch—from Paladin to a young, beardless Abe Lincoln in the great debates with Stephen Douglas—was quite a leap. Yet he made it to the resounding plaudits of the critics.

It is to television, however, that Dick owes most of his financial success. Out of Have Gun—Will Travel, he is reputed to make upwards of $150,000 a year. He pulls down $15,000 for any single in-person appearance—and there are plenty of these.

At home, in Mandeville Canyon, California, Boone lives like a modern-day Paladin, in the elegant style familiar to viewers who see him in his lavish 19th-century hotel suite. His home is a small-scale palace in which he and Claire have surrounded themselves with antiques and fine paintings. His neighbors include the Dick Powells, Robert Mitchums, and Richard Widmark.

The house is situated on a small hill behind a white latticed antique gate. Inside, the appointments include a gold-trimmed, marble-topped Louis XV console table which doubles as a bar, and an antique piano whose decorations consist of carved chinoiserie.

When Paladin-Boone takes his bath, he does it in a style which probably no man has ever matched. He is surrounded by stained-glass windows, Oriental rugs, gold fixtures, and a huge bathtub made of gold-filled tile!

Today, Boone not only plays in the role of Paladin, but also directs about every fifth production. He has his sights on higher goals in the future. For now, however, the big question concerns Paladin’s coming year. “If I do another season,” said Boone, “the last show will be the story of how Paladin became what he is.”

And what is Paladin really?

Quoting from a letter typical of the 4,000 or more he receives each month:

“You are a true man who goes after what he wants and gets it. You make me feel your strength. You give me security. I think you are so masculine, yet so tender and kind.”

Is it any wonder Paladin would never beat a woman?

—GEORGE CARPOZI JR.

Boone stars in Have Gun—Will Travel, seen on CBS-TV, Sat., 9:30 P.M. EST.
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The drug store in your town or neighborhood is very likely both owned and managed by a registered pharmacist. The ethics of that profession guide all his business endeavors. He is the trusted partner of your family physician—and his idea of service is not limited either by store hours or dollar signs. The products in his store are chosen against the background of his pharmaceutical knowledge and training, and your satisfaction with them is of personal concern to him. For he and his store are part of your community. His hopes and his future are tied to yours. These are some of the reasons why your money buys more in a real drug store—more value, more selection, more professional and personalized service.

And the products on this page are typical of the quality and variety you can find in a real drug store...in this case, your Rexall Drug Store where satisfaction is guaranteed or your money back.

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Same formula with Minerals. 100 tabs, 49¢

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their dates discuss the Lennon Sisters
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... If you've ever wondered just how bold or bashful you are, here's a way to find the real answer. A self-quiz designed to teach you surprising things about yourself.

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... A must for every bachelor girl! You'll want to read this revealing feature about men who leave women laughing—but never lead them to the altar. Here's a rogues gallery of ten born bachelor-types—and how to spot them.

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... Wives who enjoy to flirt. Husbands who enjoy a casual hug with the prettiest girl at the party. Where does it lead? What are the consequences? Here's an article of vital importance to every married couple. Don't miss it!

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Sure, I color my hair... with Nestle!"

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Nestle temporary colors are gentle to your hair...leave it soft, silky, easy to manage.

Nestle COLORINSE or COLORTINT

6 rinses 35¢

More women use Nestle than any other temporary hair color

TV Mirror

May, 1962

MIDWEST EDITION

Vol. 57, No. 6

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Some Quickies

Is it true that Maynard and Zelda of the "Dobie Gillis" show are married to each other?

D.H., Duluth, Minn.
Bob Denver (Maynard) is married to a girl named Maggie; Sheila James (Zelda) is still looking.—Ed.

Could you tell me when and where the Everly Brothers were born?

A.K., Grand Rapids, Mich.
They were born in a small town called Brownie, Kentucky—Don on February 1, 1937; Phil on January 19, 1939.—Ed.

What is the birthplace of Leslie Nielsen?

Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada.—Ed.

A Princeton Policeman

Please tell me something about the actor Ron Harper.

M.P.B., Kew Gardens, N. Y.

While handsome Ron Harper was attending Princeton University (from which he was graduated in 1956), he majored in international politics. But according to the tall, good-looking blond actor, that was "just in case." His real interest was drama and had been ever since he had played the Christ Child in a church play, in his native Turtle Creek, Pennsylvania. . . . While at Princeton, Ron had spent two seasons in summer stock and had performed briefly on Broadway in "A Palm Tree in a Rose Garden." . . . After a hitch in the Navy, the actor played on Broadway in "Night Circus" and understudied Paul Newman in "Sweet Bird of Youth," which he later played in on the road. The road led to Hollywood and several movie and TV roles. After appearing in "Splendor in the Grass" with Natalie Wood, Ron guested on such TV shows as "Wagon Train," "Thriller" and "The Tall Man," before becoming one of the stars of NBC-TV's "87th Precinct." . . . Harper now lives in Hollywood and spends his spare moments dabbling in oil painting, playing piano and tennis.

Correction, Please

Dear Editors:
In the December issue of your magazine, the article entitled "The Daring Young Men on the Flying Ty" had Brian Kelly romping through the governor's mansion. Unfortunately, the state of Michigan has not seen fit to build a mansion. The governor lives in a hotel.

R.A., Lexington, Ky.

To Charlie Manna (author of the "Valentine for Jack Benny" poems which appeared in the March issue of TV Radio Mirror):
Dear Mr. Manna, in all due respect: Your poems for TV Radio Mirror aren't correct, For your spelling is very flimsy, There's only one "P" in Gisele MacKenzie.

J.S. Jr., Circleville, Ohio
Do I lose my poetic license?—CHAS.

Calling All Fans

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


Bobby Crawford Jr. Fan Club, Lynn Carrigan, 1943 Joseph Court, Decatur, Georgia.

Robert Goulet Fan Club, Barbara Duson, 30 South Drive, St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada.


Write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We regret we cannot answer or return unpublished letters.
Every morning, Monday through Friday, five of the biggest, brightest stars in show business are on CBS Radio. *And only on CBS Radio.* So during your busy mornings there's no reason to stop and look...just listen!

Start with Arthur Godfrey. If you haven't heard him recently, you don't know what you're missing: guests (including the great names in entertainment); happy music; plus that indefinable, electric something that makes Godfrey Godfrey.

Then comes another lively Art named Linkletter, with "House Party" and those kids who say the most surprising things.

Soon it's Garry Moore with Durward Kirby (who speak for themselves).

And then Bing Crosby and Rosemary Clooney (who sing for themselves).

If you'd like to brighten up your mornings, just find your station (listed on the right) and reach for the stars.

The stars that shine in the morning
are on the CBS Radio Network
Romance Rumbles: Vagrant thought: Could it be that what swinger Sinatra really wants is a swinging door which swings only the route he's going? . . . Asa Maynor's engagement to Edd Byrnes was announced in the society pages, not (as usual) in a gossip column. Edd bought her gilt-edged stocks in place of a ring—at her suggestion. But Asa doesn't need a flashing bauble to prove Edd's love. The gleam in his eye is brighter than the 10-carat rock Frankie insisted that Juliet Prowse keep, marriage or no! . . . Fiance Burt Sugarman not wild about his Ann-Margret being photo'd in zero, plus one towel. But "Secret Admirer" has offered $100 for the towel—just the single, lucky towel.

Field's Choice: Best Show of the Year—TV and radio's coverage of our first man in orbit! Best performance — John Glenn before the footlights of the universe! . . . Louis Prima, sans Keely Smith and sans his new songbird, Nico Ventura, has signed for a half-million deal with the Las Vegas Sahara and is looking for a pretty to replace the two that flew. Anybody want to get into the act?

Springawinging: Stupendous will be the "salute to spring" set for April 17th, when Chrysler goes with its "Rockefeller Center Revue." This will be one of five big specials the automakers plan. Singing, cavorting and making merry for the viewers will be Robert Goulet, Carol Lawrence and Nancy Walker. Robert and Carol are an off-stage team, too, these days. . . . Picasso's "double-images" are leaving a backwash on TV. In recent weeks, Chuck Connors, Paul Fix and Larry Dobkin all did both hero and villain roles over ABC-TV. . . . And Sammy Davis Jr., with his great gifts in song, dance and emoting, seems on the way to "integrate" television all by his lonesome.

Day of Daze: Peter Breck, who rode the TV range in "Black Saddle" and just starred in "Lad: A Dog," woke one morning and went for the mail. He still hasn't come to! The deluge showed that Warners had picked up his option with a hike in pay—his wife, Diane, a dancer, landed a nitery engagement—his four German shepherds had been hired for a "SurfSide 6" segment—and his pet crow, "James," was to be starred in the film-life of Edgar Allan Poe. . . . Ann Sothern is a shrewdie, Though Desilu owned half her last series, she negotiated syndication rights and sold them to Ziv for a bundle. Ann's contemplating a question-answer audience-participation show with her pretty daughter, Tish.

Bats in the Bells: Free: The world-famed Wiere Brothers really wild, à la The Three Stooges, in "Oh, Those Bells!"—new CBS-TV laugh riot—though their slapstick never gets quite so slap-happy. . . . Edna Skinner (Kay Addison on "Mr. Ed") awarded trophy by Newport Harbor Yacht Club. She caught a 31-pound albacore! . . . A fan rushed up to Vince Edwards, while he was doing a personal appearance in Phoenix, and gurgled: "Oh, I so love your hospital, Dr. Casey! Everyone jumps to help the incoming patient and nobody even asks, 'Are you insured?' or 'Can you pay?'" . . . Summer TV alerted by rumors Princess Grace and Prince Rainier will live it up here in Hollywood for a month.
Tale of a Waggish Dog: Cute Shelley Fabares has a toy French poodle that's just full of tricks. A friend watched the pooch bring in the morning paper. "Does she read it, too?" she joked. "Unh-unh," Shelly shook her head. "She listens to the radio for news." ... Doug McClure, who pulled an Ed Byrnes and walked off "Checkmate," has come up with an idea for a Hollywood Actors' Club with its own theater, restaurant, gym and pool. It will be professional headquarters for deserving young thespians, and it's got the backing of John Saxon, Jim Garner, Burt Lancaster and Mark Goddard. ... Yippee for Dale Evans and Roy Rogers, ridin' back to TV with a new series this fall!

George Maharis bugging the "Route 66" producers with arbitrary changing of dialogue. Meanwhile, co-star Martin Milner's fan mail rising. ... Dinah Shore's "one-woman" show beams June 1st. She'll break in new material at Los Vegas' Riviera in March. ... Tom Bosley, Broadway's Fiorello, flew West for two days to guest in "The Law and Mr. Jones"—then back to be hitched to Jean Eliot, dancer he met in "Fiorello!" ... Dave Garaway, who quit commercial TV last May after his wife's death, will do an educational teleseries titled "Exploring the Universe." Dave taught astronomy at Harvard University before entering show business and becoming a star himself.

All for Her Ca-reer: The influence of doctor shows has spread even into the TV horse operas. Gloria Talbott, riding the range in a recent "Gunsmoke," fell from her horse. "You hurt?" Jim Arnass asked anxiously, as he came running to help her up. "Nope," smiled Gloria, "I landed on my gluteus maximus." ... Nick Dennis, the orderly on "Ben Casey," is a name-dropper for real. In the show, he's called Nick Kanavaras—which happens to be his true name, from the original Greek! ... For Julia Meade it's goodbye, TV ("The Ed Sullivan Show")—hello, movies ("Zots")—and a happy family reunion with husband Rudd Worsham and daughter Caroline (see plane-arrival pic at right).

Favors from Favor: In Japan, they don't know from Eric Fleming. They know Gil Favor, the part he plays, and "Rowhide" is their number-one choice. So, when Eric went to Japan, he wore only cowboy costumes to please his fans—and gave miniature silver spurs, instead of the usual photos. ... Was that Don Barry and son double-dating at The Lua? Other twosomes spotted were Gardner McKay and Greta Chi, Barry Sullivan and Carol Ohmart, and John Ireland with Daphne Cameron. Next eve Greta showed up at the same night-spot with Bob Logan, who is on his way to becoming Hollywood's most popular young bachelor—as well as being one of the best Twisters you'll see in this town.

The Rains Came: And how! The torrents caused slides of mud down many a star's backyard. Richard Boone and Harry Morgan personally battled a surge of mud that poured down Mandeville Canyon. There were truly tragic events, as when the one-time wife of radio's Walter O'Keefe was drowned. There were also comic episodes—as when a young lady's car stalled near Sinatra's home. Holding her skirt high, she kept wading back and forth from her car to the roadside. A policeman came to the rescue. Said the miss, "I was hoping someone would notice my plight." Quoth the law, "Well, it's the prettiest pair of plights I ever did see!" (Frankie shoulda caught this show.)

Roger Moore took a leaf out of the old saw, "The coward dies a thousand deaths, the brave man dies but once." Told to dye his blond hair black for a role in "Operation Seville," Roger did. But, on arrival in Madrid, he was told to dye back to blond. Payoff came when they asked him to go black again! He refused—and thus will be the first blond Spanish nobleman in movie lore. ... What do Hollywood psychiatrists gab about over cocktails? Stars! But without "name-dropping!" (Though what names they could drop?) Like so: "Zis case asks me, 'Doctor, I want to forget sex and do films with a new twist and an uplift—' So I told her, 'Doing ze twist mit an uplift, zat is also sex.' " (Please turn the page)
THE NEW LOOK
is the slim look . . . clanging, luscious and slender. You can slim down fast, using an amazing new method which has helped 300,000 smart women in London, Paris, Brussels and elsewhere in Europe. Now available for the first time, in America. The famous Stephanie Bowman Method of losing inches fast has been a sensational success for 10 years in Europe. Developed by England's foremost authority on slenderizing ... the method has brought untold happiness and a new look to thousands of women. It may do the same for you.

American Women THRILLED
By "EASY, FAST RESULTS"
"I am so thrilled with the results," says Mrs. L., of Long Island, N. Y. "My daughter has had such problems ... and this was so easy and so fast ... 8 inches off her thighs ... and lost 6 lbs. Thank you again for helping my daughter become a happier person."

"My hips were 38" and my thighs 24". Now I am 36" and 21" says Mrs. M., of Columbus, Miss.

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Block Buster! Dan (300-pound) Blocker is nursing a broken collarbone—and co-star Pernell Roberts, a strained neck—as a result of their fall in a chase scene of "Bonanza." . . . While presenting an award at the American Cinema Editors' shin-dig, Sammy Tong of "Bachelor Father" found his mace had gone dead. Quoth the lovable character actor: "I haven't got a Chinaman's chancel!" . . . A letter was delivered to Tony Curtis addressed simply "Tony—Hollywood, Cal." Tony confessed, "I'm afraid to open it. What if it was meant for Tony Martin—or worse, Toni Arden?" . . . And talking of Tonys, is Mamie Van Doren kaput with Tony Santora—or isn't she?

Wedding Belles: Vivian Vance and new breadwinner, John Dodd, house-guested with Lucille Ball and her brand-new Gary Morton. Much "girl talk" by both brides. Lucy modeled her wedding gown for Viv—who says she's in no hurry to do anything but loaf and watch her residu-als roll into the mailbox. . . Viv's "ex," Philip Ober (Judge Hardy in the new "Andy Hardy" series), recently did it again, too—with Jane Westover, of NBC's Hollywood Press Dept. They're pictured at right, just after the ceremony, for which Ralph Bellamy was best man. (Viv's former TV "husband"—Bill Frawley—is still acting in "My Three Sons.)"

The New and the Old: Looks like Art Linkletter and Ralph Edwards will have to move over for treeeevee Monte Hall. The emcee of "Video Village" (CBS-TV) has pushed his way into production-packaging with "Your First Impression" (NBC-TV) and is talking partnership with Mike Todd Jr., re: half-a-dozen new panel shows. "If we land one on ABC," chortles Monte, "we'll have the Big Three covered." . . . Dennis James, "Impression" regular, is probably TV's first stellar commentator. Way back in 1938, he did wrestling bouts, with commentary aimed at the ladies. . . Youngest ever to pass the Red Cross beginner's swim test is Der Bingle's Mary Frances—just two.

Apesville: ABC-TV has put out a listing of stars and their hometowns. Thus: Connie Stevens, Vincent Edwards, Chuck Connors—Brook-lyn; John Russell, Cynthia Pepper, Gigi Perreau—Los Angeles. But the Marquis Chimps, Charlie, Enoch and Candy, are listed simply as being from "somewhere in Equatorial Africa." . . . Gale Gordon signed up as the new victim of "Dennis the Menace," to fill the gap created by the death of Joseph (Mr. Wilson) Kearns. He'll play Wilson's brother. . . Next season's "Gunsmoke" will have even more big-name guest stars—among them, Jim Arness's brother, Peter Graves. They've never faced the camera together before.
The Gospel Truth: After a season playing God in "Gideon," on Broadway, Fredric March sighs, "If every person were forced to play God one night, how few would be the scoffers who say, 'If I were God—'". Jackie Gleason's full-moon face will beam again on TV this fall, with an hour-long series Saturday nights. Jackie and staff are already working on the show, down Florida way. Red Nichols' fortieth year of bating getting huzzahs from everyone who is anyone in music. Having wound up his pilot of NBC's "The Kentucky Kid," boisterous Jack Carson flew to Hawaii—not to snooze, but to laugh and labor anew. Joanie Sommers' ulcer kicking up.

Meanwhile, Dan—ALWAYS—but Whose "The Rifleman") Noreen Herrick’s son (of "Bachelor Father") and Johnny Crawford (of "The Rifleman") took top honors. Among the youthful talents "putting on the dog" at Sportsman's Lodge were Shelley Fabares (last year's femme winner, pictured here with Johnny Crawford), tiny but oft-honored Jay North ("Dennis the Menace"), Paul Petersen, Tony Dow—plus assorted friends and relations.

Hollywood's most promising "pups" had their day when the Spotlighters—an organization of actors, writers, directors—presented their second annual Teen-Star Awards. This year, Noreen Carcoran (of "Bachelor Father") and Johnny Crawford (of "The Rifleman") took top honors. Among the youthful talents "putting on the dog" at Sportsman's Lodge were Shelley Fabares (last year's femme winner, pictured here with Johnny Crawford), tiny but oft-honored Jay North ("Dennis the Menace"), Paul Petersen, Tony Dow—plus assorted friends and relations.

Meanwhile, young Molly Bee has shed her husband and hit the road with a new, sophisticated act.

Making a Hard Four: Veteran actor Jerome Cowan, on set of "Target: The Corruptors," said he went through three rapid-fire flops in marriage before hitting the jackpot—he's celebrating his 34th happy wedding anniversary. While on the numbers game: Michalina, of "Yours for a Song," goes for seven. She's been in the U.S. seven years, speaks seven languages and wears a size 7 dress—which any male can tell you is very lucky indeed. Perry Como has a second generation to sing lullabies to—courtesy of son Ronnie and his bride Melanie. Born the last day of February, the wee girl also honors both paternal grandparents in her name: Melanie Perri Roselle.


While the little old precious Mom from Quincy, Mass., tried to sweep out cables and light equipment, scolding, "How can anyone act in this mess?" None other than Bill (Jimenez) Dana's 75-dear-old Mom!
What will Pay-TV mean to you? Should you welcome it . . . or walk away from it? In an exclusive

David Susskind repeated the blunt question in a semi-bark: “What do I think of Pay-TV? It can’t come soon enough for me.

“Progress is always tough,” he said, “and make no mistake about it, Pay-TV, or subscription TV, or whatever it’s called, will be progress. It will open up a completely new development.

“Progress is always stymied by the reactionaries—not only in politics, but everywhere. They resent the 20th century. There are certain reactionaries in this country who are fighting to delay progress in the form of Pay-TV. They’re just whistling in the dark, for it will come.

“First of all, let’s clear up one major misconception. Many people fear that when Pay-TV is a reality, so-called ‘free’ television—commercial television, as we know it today—will disappear. This is nonsense.

“There will always be commercial television, with its frequent announcements about two out of three doctors endorsing such-and-such a product and its pap about deodorants.

“I don’t want to be unfair about this. Commercial television is improving, due to an aroused conscience on the part of the networks and sponsors and advertising agencies to do a better job. This has been brought about by the Congressional and F.C.C. hearings and the avalanche of critical protests.

“The top TV brass has decided that commercial television can be, must be and will be better. I look for a big improvement in programing this fall.

“This improvement will be noticeable in the entertainment shows, as well as in the news and public service programs. TV will no longer be dominated by Westerns and mysteries. There’ll be a better balance of drama, comedy, music, mystery, etc.

“The network chiefs have learned the mistake of following a trend. I doubt that we’ll see the day again when TV is crowded with 26 Westerns and 19 private-eye shows.

“The new programing, which I hope we will see this fall, will be custom-made, not off-the-rack stuff. In other words, there’ll be more Tiffany and less Woolworth’s.

“However, even with this improvement, commercial television can never offer the type of programing that Pay-TV will eventually provide.

“Pay-TV will be a new kind of television. The public won’t pay to see what it has previously been able to see for free. About the only things currently on commercial TV that I believe will be switched to Pay-TV are events like the World Series and championship fights. Baseball fans will be glad to pay a dollar to see a World Series game on their TV set, if only because they don’t have to watch all those ball-players shaving every ten minutes.

“Yes, Pay-TV will have to be specially designed and exciting. There will be movies made especially for TV, Broadway plays and concerts. There will be greater versatility. Pay-TV will have to command attention as well as cash.

“And, most important, perhaps, Pay-TV will have something to offer the great minority of people who aren’t satisfied with a steady diet of Westerns. Here’s an example of what I mean: If a top Broadway show was available on Pay-TV, I’m sure there are at least six million people in this country who would be willing to pay $1 to see it. This would be a huge, profitable success. At the same time, an audience of six million for commercial-TV is considered a flop.

“A lecture by Robert Frost on commercial television would get a disastrous rating. On Pay-TV, it would be profitable, for there are at least several million people who would consider it a privilege to be able to pay $1 to hear
him. The same thing applies to a tele-
cast of an opera. It would be a fiasco
on commercial TV, but profitable on
Pay-TV.

"'Raisin in the Sun,' the Broadway
hit which I produced as a movie, will
be lucky to break even at the box
office. It was a critical success, but not
a commercial success. I'm certain it
would have been profitable on Pay-TV.

"I'm also looking forward to Pay-TV
because it will enable us all to have
happier eardrums. We won't have to
listen to the hucksters, the pitchmen
with all their nonsensical pap about
toothpaste and hair lotions.

"The opponents of Pay-TV, of
course, are the theater owners, the
operators of commercial broadcasting
stations and the networks. All of these
vested interests want to keep the status
quo.

"Some of them even refer to Pay-TV
as being un-American. This is pure
tripe.

"No one is going to be forced to pay.
It will be completely voluntary. Free-
dom of choice is certainly in the Amer-
ican tradition.

"When you come right down to it,
commercial television isn't actually
free television. When you buy a tube
of toothpaste, three or four cents of
the purchase price is earmarked for
advertising. The same holds true for
cars, cigarettes or any other product.
The public is paying, indirectly, for
what it sees on commercial TV.

"Pay-TV will offer the public a
choice of programing.

"And, as I said, commercial TV will
still be with us. The two forms of te-
levision will exist side by side. While
commercial TV is showing an eighth
re-run of 'Wagon Train,' Pay-TV will
be offering a new Lerner and Lowe
musical, a new Billy Wilder movie, or
the Metropolitan Opera.

"Pay-TV will upgrade the whole
medium. Competition always improves
quality.

"It's been said that the American
people don't want culture. This is asin-
ine. Perhaps the masses would prefer
a Western to a Leonard Bernstein con-
cert, but there are sufficient millions
who would be willing to pay to see and
hear a Bernstein concert on Pay-TV.

"Television is habit-forming. The
first year 'Playhouse 90' was on the air,
we had low ratings. The second year,
they improved. By the third year, peo-
ple were used to the fact that we were
on, and, the fourth year, we had big
ratings.

"Quality, to be popular, must be seen
with the same frequency as the 'noth-
ing' shows. If Bernstein was on com-
mercial TV every week, his programs
would have higher ratings.

"The public, I sincerely believe, has
a deep thirst for knowledge and cul-
ture, although culture is considered a
dirty word in some circles. Pay-TV will
be able to answer this need.

"As for me, I have no immediate
plans to enter Pay-TV, although I am
fascinated by the prospects. My 'Open
End' program is for commercial TV
only. As I said, people can't be ex-
pected to pay to see something they're
used to seeing at no cost.

"There are now several forms of
Pay-TV being introduced. They all
have merit. The F.C.C. will eventually
decide which is best for the public. It
may be a combination of several ideas.

"The opponents of Pay-TV are ex-
tremely effective and vocal. They are
working hard to delay Pay-TV, tossing
up road blocks where and when they can.

"However, Pay-TV will come, and
when it does, the public will be the
beneficiary.

"It's a small point, perhaps, but I'm
looking forward to the day when I
don't have to be afflicted with what two
out of three doctors recommend."
White House trying to solve problem presented by femme tourists’ spiked heels, which are lacerating White House floors. . . . Jim Arness and Barbara Terry something new. . . . Annette Funicello and Bob Logan Twisting at Arthur Murray’s. . . . Rosemary Clooney, closest friend of the Bing Crosbys, comforting Lindsay Crosby on the death of his baby son, born prematurely on the Coast. . . . Shirley Booth’s escort, Casey Adams. . . . Robbin Bain became Mrs. Arno Schefler. . . . Ronnie Burns prefers Sherry Jackson.

If anyone had suggested to Jack Benny, when he was taking violin lessons in Waukegan, that the day would come when he and his fiddle would raise more than $2 million for charities and orchestra pension funds, Benny would have thought he was talking to a lunatic. If anyone had predicted, when Jack was in vaudeville, that years later he would play a concert with a former President, Benny would have broken off the conversation with an obvious nut. But all these things have come to pass. Recently, when Benny was in London, he received a phone call from famous violinist Isaac Stern.

“Jack, the city of Hartford, Conn., says it can raise $1 million if you play a concert up there with me. You see,” added Stern laughing, “if I played a concert there, we would only charge $5 a seat. We’ve got to have a really bad violinist like you to charge $100 a seat.”

TV audiences will miss the late Joe Kearns, whose delightful characterizations of Mr. Wilson meant so much to the “Dennis the Menace” show. . . . Judy Garland’s Liza dating Tommy Cooper. . . . The Art Linkletters’ granddaughter was named Laura Ann. . . .

(Continued on page 73)
ON THE RECORD

Same say he's "devastated" by his broken engagement, but Sinatra hardly looks it as he clowns with Dina, shows a shoe-shine boy how-to.

Music-Makers in the News

Three singers turned actors, Fabian, Paul Anka and Tommy Sands, take time out for chess—believe it or not!—on "The Longest Day."

For the longest time, Hollywood's been betting against them, but Edd Byrnes and Asa Maynor say they're engaged, will definitely wed.
**Sincerely**—Brenda Lee (Decca)—This little chick sure can sing 'em! This package is full of standards treated warmly. Brenda's blues-type phrasing does throw me off from time to time. She clips the words rather frequently, which obviously means this is what she is shooting for. I think with a shade less clipping the readings would go down easier. But this I mean with no malice. I think she's a wonder! There is no doubt she'll be one of the biggest performers in a few years. The *earmarks* are there. Some of the tunes included are "Lazy River," which is very strong, "Talk of the Town," "I Miss You So," "I'll Be Seeing You," and a tasty version of "You've Got Me Crying Again." All first-rate. Cheers!

**Paul Anka—Diana** (ABC-Paramount)—Not a bad package by this talented young man, but it leaves a bit to be desired. The tunes have been assembled from different previously released albums. "Swannee" and "Sing, Sing, Sing" are from the album "Anka at the Copa," and are live performances. Both exciting. Some other good performances in the album are "C'est Si Bon," "I Can't Give You Anything But Love" and the charming "Pigalle." Paul should be watched. He's making the transition to the adult market, and doing quite well at it.

★★★Jo-Ann Campbell—Twistin' and Listenin' (ABC-Paramount)—Well, this ought to be one of the big party records for the kids. Plenty of Twisting music and ballads, plus the lovely and energetic Miss Campbell shoutin' 'em out! "Dance With Me Henry" and "Willie and the Hand Jive" are blockbusters! Jo-Ann certainly can make the most out of this kind of groove. The music behind pulses and grinds. I think I detect the presence of that "Boss" tenor player, King Curtis. Everything here happens! It might not move some of you "stick-in-the-mud" adults, but the kids will love it! Jo-Ann will break them up on this record, just the way she does on her p.a. tours.

★★★Dino!—Italian Love Songs—Dean Martin (Capitol)—A beautifully paced collection of the more lovely Italian songs plus Dino's croonin' make this album a sure winner. All the tunes get the most relaxed treatment. And believe me, there is no one in the business as relaxed as Dino! He reads like the pro that he is, injecting little colorings on certain words and using his slight drawl to advantage when tying words, legato-style, together. The arrangements by Gus Levene are sympathetic and warming. It's a goodie! For easy and enchanting listening, visit "The Boot" with Dino! I promise you, it's a trip you'll enjoy. Just close your eyes and you're there.

★★★Billy Eckstine and Quincy Jones At Basin Street East (Mercury)—It certainly is great to see the great Mr. "B" back in action. It's been a while since he's made this kind of recording. He pumps and drives through "All Right, Okay, You Win," sings an Ellington medley like he wrote the tunes himself, and tops it all off with a fine, folk-quality version of "Work Song." Quincy Jones and the band hold up their end, too! It's great to have two big talents on one record. If for geographical reasons you didn't see these block-busters at Basin Street East, pick this up! A good share of the excitement is contained therein. Recommended. And a hearty welcome home to Mr. B. He's really been missed on the scene.

★★★Errol Garner—Plays Misty (Mercury)—The Imp is chirpin'! Errol shouts through a set of standard tunes. Exhilarating, like bubbles in champagne, his fingers and hands bounce. Certainly one of the finest pianists to come out of jazz, Errol has bridged the gap to the general public. He sets the mood with his own composition, "Misty," deviates occasionally just to pace things, but remains relaxed and always comfortable. Anyone will enjoy Errol. Believe me, no one enjoys playing and performing more than he does and it shows! Recommended for listening to again and again.
The Kingston Trio—"College Concert" (Capitol)—Three pros! That's what they are! Ramblin' and scramblin' thru some nice material. Paced well. It's quite obvious these chaps have that rapport. They blend well and feel time in a swinging manner. "Where Have All the Flowers Gone," "Oh, Miss Mary" and "Little Light" appear the strong ones. An added plus—the chunkin' guitar playing. All I can say is it sounds easy as the dickens for them!

Tower of Strength—Gene McDaniels (Liberty)—It's hard to give a big shout for this album as it's very unevenly paced. No doubt that Mr. McDaniels can holler with the best of them, but here, there's not enough of his best. "Tall Oak Tree" along with "A Tear" and the title song are the strong ones. A talented young man like McDaniels—incidentally he's riding a hit, "Chip, Chip"—should get a better shot than this. The stars are for Gene, not the material.

Tower of Strength
GENE MCDANIELS

JAZZ

We Three Kings—Roland Kirk (Mercury)—Relatively speaking, Roland Kirk is a new Jazz voice. He has been around on the scene a very short time. (In fact, this may be his first recorded effort on his own.) Kirk, who

is blind, is the first person I've ever seen play three saxophones at once! And he plays! A deeply-rooted blues-type player, Roland also has a rather interesting method of expression, in that he sings while playing flute. This in itself is not unique except Roland almost gets some words and feelings into it. He has a first-rate rhythm section here. Hank Jones on piano, splitting with Richard Wyands, and Charlie Persip and Art Davis, drums and bass respectively. Included is the title tune, a moving new version of "We Three Kings," Roland's blues story-telling, flute-sing style on "You Did It, You Did It," "Sack Full of Soul," "My Delight," several other Kirk originals, plus some standards. There are also some bits of whistle-playing here! I know it sounds absurd, but it happens! Much swing!

Drown in My Tears—Don Shirley (Cadence)—Don Shirley is certainly one of the finest pianists you'll hear today. This reviewer, with all Shirley's prowess considered, never thought much of Shirley as a jazz artist. But with this album I'm happy to say he seems to have jumped into the mainstream! Plenty of folk-root quality, overtones of gospel church music (utilizing the organ and piano) and a rather pointed rhythmical attitude suggest he is coming to the core of what is jazz! He swings rather easily and maturely. The tunes are done with only the vitals worked with. They're lean and pointed interpretations. The tunes are all down home vehicles. "Georgia," "One for My Baby," "Happiness Is a Thing Called Joe," the album title tune, "Drown in My Tears," Shirley's shouting original "Amen," and several more standards. Much credit to the boys backing Don up. Ken Fricker on bass, Teddy Sommer on drums, Don Anderson and Juri Taht, the cellists. Cadence can be proud of the package. (A very warm photo of Don on the cover.) Look into this.

A Cozy Conception of Carmen—Cozy Cole (Charlie Parker Records)—A rather interesting version of Bizet's opera score, "Carmen." It won't tear plaster off the wall, but it bubbles! Cozy, one heck of an oldtimer, hasn't remained among his past laurels! He's as fresh today! The band he assembled here is a good one, including such talents as Jerome Richardson on the baritone saxophone, the wonderful bassist, Milt Hinton, and the very able Phil Krauss on the percussion side. If you like the "Carmen" music and can imagine it cooking along, tune in! The highlights are: Cozy's drumming on "Gypsy Song," the pumping baritone sax solo on "Castanet Dance" by Richardson, the "Seguidilla" arrangement and the "Flower Song" done with a flugelhorn playing the melody. All in all, "Carmen" comes across Cozy-ly!
SPECIAL

★★★★The Original Sound Track of “The Wizard of Oz”—Judy Garland, Ray Bolger, Bert Lahr, Jack Haley and Frank Morgan (MGM)—A better album for tunes, performers, fantasy, and sheer enjoyment won’t be found very easily to stand next to this one. It brought back to me a host of memories. The joy of first seeing the movie years ago, Judy’s marvelous singing, Bert Lahr’s fantastic performance of the “tail-between-his-legs” lion with that incurable case of cowardice. Haley’s minus-a-heart tinman, Bolger’s brainless scarecrow and the incredible wizard, fraudulent as the dickens, played so unforgottably by the late, great Frank Morgan.

What a cast! This album brings it all to life. Not only are the beautiful Harold Arlen tunes such as “Over the Rainbow,” “The Witch Is Dead” and “We’re off to See the Wizard” included, but there is a great deal of dialogue holding the strands of the story together which makes, as entertainment, much more of the whole package. I cannot recommend this album to you too highly.

If you’ve got youngsters or oldsters around the house, this is like a magic pudding that nary a nose will be turned up at. It’s worth your money! Have fun! Just follow the yellow brick road to your nearest record store.

COUNTRY

★★★★Down Home—Chet Atkins (RCA Victor)—Well, this is a quiet, unassuming, relaxed and charming four-star effort. Certainly one of the ablest guitarists you’ll find anywhere. Chet Atkins also has that magic ingredient: Taste! These tunes and interpretations will grow on you. Chet never lets things get away from him. His playing, though he doesn’t showboat, is on a very high level. The introduction on “Never on Sunday” alone, though it sounds easy, is anything but. It calls for someone who can use his fingers, not his hands!

The playing is great throughout both sides. The rest of the group is not listed on the album, but they deserve much credit for the great complement they give Chet. (The alto-saxophone player and harmonica player stand out.) If you relish fine musicianship, folky wisps, swing and the maturest delivery, come on “Down Home” with Mr. Atkins. Recommended.

SPOKEN WORD

★★★Stan Freberg—Face The Funnies—(Capitol)—It’s hard for anyone not to be touched by Freberg’s humor. He’s absolute murder! This album is excerpts from a previously released two-pack called “The Best of the Stan Freberg Shows.” It’s chock full of beauties! His rag of censors, “Elderly Man River,” the panel of experts, “Face The Funnies” and that monument to the games of chance and night club owners, “Incident at Los Voraces.” It’s high-powered comment, from The Bomb to “Bang Gunleigh, U.S. Marshall Field” and back. It’s all belly-woppers!

FOLK SPECIAL

★★★★Josh White At Town Hall—In Live Concert (Mercury)—In last month’s article on folk music, I mentioned the re-appearance of Josh White on the music scene, this time using his son and daughter in the act. I have a minor confession to make. Your review-
CLASSICAL

★★★★ Brahms—Concerto No. 1 in D Minor, Op. 15, For Piano and Orch.—Claudio Arrau, piano, and Carlo Maria Giulini, cond. (Angel Records)—This masterpiece—which was hissed at when Brahms himself performed it in 1859—has become a basic part of the polished pianist’s repertoire. And justly so; it is immense. It’s early Brahms, greatly saddened by the tragic death of his mentor, Schumann. It’s the melancholy Brahms, but refreshingly moving. Always lean in structure, rarely over-abundant, in his under-the-thumb way of controlling his materials. Characteristically heroic tragedy, this piece does not become weighted with superfluous nonsense like the compositions of some of Brahms’ Romantic contemporaries, who shall remain nameless. One listens to the first movement and wonders where can he go from this height? But he continues on!

Arrau, Giulini and Angel are to be congratulated on this package, but Brahms, the timeless ness of his structures and the size of his heart are the reasons for the stars. Recommended.

★★★ Debussy—Nocturnes, Ravel—Daphnis and Chloe—Suite No. 2—Paul Paray cond. Detroit Symph. Orch., Wayne State Univ. Women’s Glee Club, Malcolm Johns, cond. (Mercury Records)—Two giants of Impressionism, French or otherwise, are presented here. The pieces, composed around the turn of the century, still remain fresh. Debussy’s “Festivals, Clouds and Sirens” are done sympathetically by Paray, a Frenchman and composer himself. The Glee Club’s assist on “Sirens” does them credit. The Ravel “Daphnis and Chloe” may possibly be his best work for orchestra. The interpretation is good, but the string section, at times, is weak. The sound (this reviewer hearing the stereo version) is marvelous! In “Daphnis” the opening section “Dawn” is all but embracing. The morning is radiant. Ravel is unsurpassed in bringing this kind of moments to light. Again, the sound is wonderful.

TOPS IN SINGLES

1) Mama, Don’t You Hit That Boy/It’s Just Not That Easy, Lenny Welch (Cadence)—A very strong coupling of good material. I think “Mama” may be the one, but both are strong. Look for this one.

2) Young World, Rick Nelson (Imperial)—This looks like another big one! Good tune, good performance! The kids will make this one a hit.

3) You’re the One/Turn on Your Love Light, Bobby Bland (Duke)—The ballad, “You’re the One,” is the one to watch. A very Ray Charlesish performance turned in by Bobby. The flip is good but not as strong.

4) All This For Sally, Mark Dinning (MGM)—This tune will be a strong contender for honors. Mark Dinning does a good job talking it out! The flip-side, “The Pickup,” could mean something. Not probable, though.

5) Can’t Stay Away From You, Tarheel Slim and Little Ann (Fire)—This might be a sleeper. Cute idea lyrically. Little Ann, it appears, should have an “yes” on her name. There are a few ladies chirping here. Very down-home feeling.

6) I Just Want to Make Love to You, Charlie McCoy (Cadence)—This fella can shout! The tune could be stronger. but the hit chart is always touch and go. Could be . . .

7) Give a Little Love/Tell Me Where, Kenneth Deal (Peacock)—Watch this one! It could sneak up there with a little play. “Give a Little Love” is the stronger. “Tell Me Where” (did you learn to kiss like this—to finish the line) is also reasonably strong.

8) How Long Can This Go On, Little Junior Parker (Duke)—This could get under the wire. Junior turns in a vigorous performance. He also wrote the tune. Flip side, some sad blues not too much to talk about. Maybe?

9) The Wonderful World of the Young, Andy Williams—Arr. and cond. Bob Mersey (Columbia)—A nice “Young-at-Heart” styled tune, good arrangement. Andy’s resonant pipes. I wonder if it’s just a little too smart an article. Well, there’s many ways to skin a cat! Bob Mersey’s arrangements are warm.

10) The White Cliffs of Dover/Just Words, The Versatiles—(Peacock)—Well, if you are familiar with “The White Cliffs of Dover” you’ll find it hard to recognize here! But this has that strange, vocal quartet—lead singer style sound that could happen. The flip side isn’t much. You can never tell on this kind of a record.

PIECES OF EIGHT

• MGM released the wonderful sound track of “The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse” by André Previn. The composer conducted. . . . RCA-Camden $1.98 line was fattened up by a couple of mood-type things, “Living Voices” and the “Living Strings, Plus Two Pianos,” The latter including many of the great melodies. . . . Victor also released a new Latin album by mood master, Esquivel. . . . Lena Horne’s “On The Blue Side,” a new album on Victor, should do well.

Leroy Holmes’ latest effort on MGM. “Movie Themes for Teens,” has a remarkably beautiful still-life photo for its cover. The music’s tops! . . . Connie Francis invaded the Twist market with her new album, “Do the Twist,” on MGM. . . . Fats Domino is also Twistin’ on his new disc. Imperial released it. . . . Oscar Peterson has recorded the score of “West Side Story,” soon to be released. . . . Jackie Paris has recorded a new album for ABC-Paramount’s jazz arm. Impulse Records. Jackie recently married the very popular Canadian singer Ann Marie Moss. She’ll record shortly for Columbia.
ON THE RECORD

Sing Along with Mitch...

Mitch's girl Andrea visits, gets drafted as an "extra."

- Backstage at "Sing Along With Mitch," every day is visitors' day, as long as you're in the family—and isn't everybody? The answer's yes! Every man on the show is married—and the same goes for all but two of the girls. They may clope any minute; when Mitch said that his NBC-TV show would be a "family" one, he really meant it!
Bring Along the Family

Singer Jim Farmer introduces son Jim to The Board.

Andrea sings with Lou Hurst, Leonard Stokes, Earl Rogers, Frank Raye.


Judy Smedberg admires dad John's "work clothes."
WHO IS BOBBY SCOTT?

- So many of you have written to us asking that question. You've written, too, to say how much you like the way he's handling the On The Record section—it's "livelier"... "more fun"... "full of savvy." Of course, some of you have also written to say you hate it—that you can't afford to buy all the records he makes you yearn for. We can't blame you; Bobby has a way of making you run, not walk to the nearest record store. Here then is your introduction to the man who keeps us humming.

Still in his twenties, Bobby's been around the music biz almost as long as that other landmark, the Brill Building. He began as a teenager, playing piano in some of the top jazz bands in the country. Since then, he has produced so many different kinds of music that there are people who think he's a quartet. As a jazz pianist, he played with Gene Krupa, and also headed his own group at Birdland, Basin Street, The Composer, The Waldorf Astoria, the Crescendo and other top spots around the country. As a rock 'n' roll singer, you may remember his hit record, "Chain Gang." He composed the score for "A Taste of Honey" on Broadway and "Dinny and the Witches," off-Broadway. In classical music, he has written several suites for orchestra, piano music and also a folk opera, "Amarantha." He has arranged for Bobby Darin (his big hit "Bill Bailey"), Dick Haymes, Harry Belafonte, Sara Vaughan, Larry Elgart, Jackie Paris and Betty Madigan. He has appeared on such TV shows as The Steve Allen Show and the Timex Jazz Show and has himself recorded for half a dozen of the best labels. All of this activity naturally keeps him on the Sinatra-slender side.

Bobby is married ("She has a fantastic ear") and has a daughter ("She's in the terrible two's"). We feel lucky to be the third woman in his life.

Claire Safran, Editor

AN ALL-TIME GREAT

- Last month's issue contained a review of an Art Tatum album. In that review I reflected on Tatum's influence on jazz pianists, myself included.

Well, recently another pianist of long-standing value came to town. My wife and myself both decided to see him as he does not travel very much and works sporadically. We jumped in a cab and went to The Embers on the East Side of Manhattan to see and hear the veteran jazz player, Meade Lux Lewis. And what a delight it was!

We went in, sort of nostalgically indulging ourselves, but came out with the realization that talent needs no nostalgia! His playing was so refreshing that one would hardly believe him to have been around so long. To give you an idea, his playing is thought of generally as being in the period of James P. Johnson and Albert Ammons, the boogie-woogie exponents. But we found him not dated at all.

His set ran thru some boogie-woogie, an exciting version of "I Cover the Waterfront" and several wonderful things which I assume are original tunes. It is easy to see where many pianists today have gained something from his influence on the jazz-piano.

His drummer, Sonny Greer—another timeless creature, who, as I recall, played drums with Duke Ellington's orchestra dating as far back as 1925—has the same vitality as Meade Lux.

It's kind of fantastic to think of these old gents, easily pushing sixty, or thereabouts, pumping out music to the tune of six-hour nights, six days a week! And joyfully!

I don't know offhand if Meade Lux has been recorded in the last couple of years, but he should be. (Although I remember seeing some archive-type recordings, old ones that is, publicized.) If you're interested, I suggest you ask at your favorite record shop.

In our haste to discover new people, we oftentimes neglect artists like Meade Lux Lewis. The tragedy is, that we break the chain leading back and therefore cannot enjoy discovering the influences of the newer people, and disable the older artists, to the point where they can no longer be usefully influential.

The biggest plus, for artists like Meade Lux, is that you hear the creator of a musical style, and even if you should not like it, rest assured no imitator will get that exact sound! And that is a great distinction.
Modess … because
MODESS NAPKINS • MODESS TAMPONS • MODESS BELTS
1 Gary Vinson
2 Vic Damone
3 Dwayne Hickman
4 Earl Holliman
5 Ray Foster
6 Gary Clarke
7 Robert Fuller
8 John Ashley
9 Kenny Miller
10 Peter Brown
11 Troy Donahue
12 Doug McClure
Four years ago, Connie Stevens was so broke she had to ask Marianne Gaba and Kenny Miller to move in with her to share expenses. ("We more or less starved together.") Last year, Connie bought herself a new $70,000 contemporary ranch house in fashionable Beverly Glen. Asked why, at 23, she obligated herself to such an extent, Connie twinkled: "I want to live like a star though I'm not in that bracket... After all, how would it look if Cary Grant came to call and found me living in a Skid Row shack, wearing a beat-up sweatshirt and blue jeans?"... Shortly thereafter, Miss Stevens—Cricket Blake of TV's "Hawaiian Eye" and acclaimed movie star of "Parrish" and "Susan Slade"—became restive. She coveted still another status symbol and bought it: A $7,000 powder-blue (to match her eyes) Cadillac convertible with white top, custom-built. "Only the top stars are allowed to park their cars in the center of the Warner lot," she explained proudly. "And mine is among them. A gal's got to have certain things—the right kind of car, home, wardrobe, as well (Continued on page 74)
MY SON WAS DENIED A FATHER

Just pictures of Christian... the only glimpse I had of the child born to Luciana Paluzzi and me.
June 13, 1960, a cablegram was handed to me on the set of “Follow the Sun,” at 20th Century-Fox. Its message was brief, its impact exhilarating: “Christian born today. Weight eight pounds, nine ounces. Looks fine.” It was signed Luciana Paluzzi.

Somewhere in Rome, my son was breathing the first air of life. I couldn’t have been more happy, more proud. I had an urge to take the first jet to Italy. Then reality blurred any such notion.

Only three months previously, my marriage to Luciana blew up in one ugly scene. Our love turned bitter. I blame. (Continued on page 87)
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by
BRETT
HALSEY

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What's in a name? You'd be surprised!

He was born Merle Johnson Jr., but can you just imagine fans shouting "We want Merle'? The name's been changed and, along the way, so has Troy. To find out how much, TV RADIO MIRROR writer James Gregory tried a "name-dropping" experiment—one letter at a time. He asked Troy to tell him what words each letter in his name reminded him of—and what these words meant to him. It's a new, parlor version of the old psychologists' word-association test—to be played only with people you'd trust your deepest, darkest secrets to.

The results of Troy's test are printed here. After you finish examining them, why not try experimenting with your own name—if you dare!...\[T\] "Tenderness. Love. Two people touching," he said. "Eternity. Lasting. Unfortunately, it's a kind of love I've never given or received. "Terror. Nightmare. Something you can't put your finger on. The mind doing all sorts of strange things, painting weird pictures. I used to have a recurring nightmare that gave me the feeling of impending doom, yet I didn't know what the doom was. It was the feeling (Continued on page 89)
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Occasionally, when I meet a new girl at school, she asks me, “What is it like to be Groucho Marx’s daughter?”

I never know quite what to say; I don’t think the girl would ask that question unless she thought my father was somehow different from other fathers. All I know is that other fathers may be stockbrokers, or doctors, or lawyers, but if they are loving, kind, generous, protective and wise fathers—then they are really no different from mine.

Except that my father is funny. He’s funny professionally, and he’s funny personally.

(He just came sailing into the room with his face covered by white shaving powder. “How about me?” he wanted to know. “How do you like my clown make-up?” Then out he went without waiting for an answer.)

However, my father is far more than somebody to make you laugh.

He is somebody who can teach you to face emergencies as you are growing up.

When I was nine, Daddy decided that it was time I had a pet. He wanted me to learn to be responsible, to take care of something small and helpless—like, for instance, a cat. So he bought “Suki, the First,” at the City Pound. Suki was black with green eyes, and he had a playful (Continued on page 84)
My Daddy by Melinda Marx

Eden and Melinda have learned that the only way to live with a funny man like Groucho Marx is to take him seriously — always!
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Whether you're a mother or daughter, you'll want to read this story. Here's what the boys who date the Lennon Sisters say about them—after they say goodnight.
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Is it bad to be too good?

continued

Certainly nobody’s nicer than the Lennon sisters. But how do the boys they date feel about that? Do they think there’s such a thing as being too nice? Do they ever drive away from the Lennons’ door muttering that next time . . . there’ll be no next time?

We wondered, and then we asked three boys who go out with Lennon girls. Kathy and Peggy (eighteen and twenty-one) have been dating on their own ever since they passed sixteen. But Janet has not yet reached the “permissive” state of being allowed to date. She dates either with her sisters or other groups.

One Sunday at the Lennon family’s Malibu beach house, Kathy was with Ken DelConte, a University of Southern California junior—a halfback; Peggy was with Tom Trbovich, who works as a draftsman with the aim of entering U.S.C. next semester for engineering; and Janet’s companion was Terry McGee, who’s taking pre-dentistry at U.S.C., where he rooms with Ken. Terry and Tom went to school with Kathy and Peggy, and Ken was introduced to the Lennon family more than a year ago. Like most of the boys who call on the Lennon girls, they have come to know the entire family quite well. In fact, the very boys to answer the question: Is it bad to be too good?

“What’s the attraction in a date with these girls?” echoed Ken—Kathy’s halfback. “Well, first of all, they have fun and let you have fun—without pushing it. You hardly notice you’re having a swell time, but when you think back, you realize it was the girls who did it. With some girls I’ve stood on my head to give them the greatest day of their lives. And at the end they expect me to thank them. Which, of course, is only right. But the Lennon girls don’t wait on such things. After a date they will shake your hand and say, Thank (Continued on page 36)
Which kind of girl would boys drop after one date—Kathy or the wilder type? It's up to Ken and Tom.

Football for girls is either good clean fun or unladylike roughhousing—it all depends on how you play a boy's game.
Is it bad to be too good?

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Is it bad to be too good? continued

Imagine—Janet and Terry, the two youngest in the crowd, hanging around the punchbowl!

And Kathy, who's old enough to know better, in a poolroom! Or is that the family table?

Oh, this modern generation! Peggy and Tom beat out those wild rhythms on the bongos.

you for being so nice. Honestly, that sets you up more than another girl's kiss. These are the greatest gals I've ever met.

"I'm not saying that I, or any other fellow, likes a too-goodie who's afraid she'll crack her face if she smiles. But Kathy—she's cute and lively and
good-natured. You take her somewhere, you know
she'll act right. There are things she doesn't do—
like the Twist. On the other hand, she's not likely
to act catty or snippy. And she'll never forget who
brought her to the party. That goes a long way
with a fellow,” Ken assured us warmly.

“A girl has to go far these days to stay pop-
ular with the boys, but by 'going far' I don't mean
sex. Or a lot of cheap horseplay, either. I mean
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"A girl has to go far these days to stay popular with the boys, but by 'going for' I don't mean sex. Or a lot of cheap horseplay, either. I mean she has to give some thought and consideration to the boy she's with and his friends—even if she is something of a (Continued on page 91)
I want to tell you something about professional make-up techniques, not because I think they ought to be slavishly followed for everyday wear, but because they use fundamental principles that apply to good make-up, no matter how much or how little you use. If I had to sum them up in a few words, they would be blending, shadowing and emphasizing. And the key to success in all make-up—patience. Dave Lawrence (Society of Make-up Artists, who has done my TV make-ups since I started on television) has helped to teach me the value of these traits.

... Blending takes time, and every step in putting on a good make-up must be carefully blended with the step before it. There must be no sharp separations or visible demarcations of any kind on your face. Rouge must never be distinguishable as a separate area of color. Dave places a small amount of cake rouge on the highpoint of my cheekbone, then blends it back up towards my ear with a very fine soft sable brush using tiny circular motions. ... Begin by putting so little rouge on your cheekbone—just at the very top of it—that you can barely see it ... by the time you are through rouging, it should still be impossible for anyone to tell if you've used it. ... The medicated foundation stick must be used carefully. Applied properly under the eyes or in any indentations or sunken-in areas (such as the two little lines that start at the sides of your nose or those at the corners of your mouth) it successfully de-emphasizes these sharp lines but must then be well-blended into the rest of the base. ... Shadowing is one of the most important techniques of theatrical make-up. Today some of the big make-up houses are featuring darker bases to be used for the same kind of "corrective shadowing" (not eye shadow) for streetwear that we use for professional purposes. Skillful shadowing can actually change the shape
of a face. When making me up for television, Dave often shadows directly under my cheekbone with a very dark brown stick shadow (not the sort they are making for general use) and blends this from under the cheekbone towards the corner of my mouth and then back towards the jawbone. This slims down my face and emphasizes my own natural hollows. All non-character female make-ups use dark shadow under the jawbone going from one ear to the other to eliminate any suggestion of a double chin. . . . The principle of shadowing is simple. Light brings a thing forward and gives it emphasis. Shadow (or dark) de-emphasizes. Practice will do it for you . . . you too can have those wonderful exotic hollows models have; you can squelch that double chin and flatten a protruding brow . . . The opposite of shadowing is highlighting. Highlighting preparations are also being sold today for popular use. I've mentioned the medicated stick. Then there's a liquid or cream base-type substance about three shades lighter than your make-up base which can serve to raise the indentations of your temples, your perhaps too sunken-in-cheeks, the under-eye hollows. By putting a line of highlight down your nose you can make it seem straighter than it is, just by shadowing under it you can cut its length. But lightening demands very careful blending to be sure that no color separations exist at all . . . Highlighting is done, of course, for emphasis —applied to the feature or features you choose to bring forward. . . . There are three different types of base to choose from. You can use a lotion or liquid-tinted-base, a cream base, or a pancake type make-up. The right base for you must be determined by the quality of your skin. Dry skins need a cream base but can use a liquid base if it has added lubricants. Cake make-up is in general quite drying to the skin and (Continued on page 80)
What his best girl says about
Vince Edwards and those Wedding Bells!
by

SHERRY NELSON

I met Vince in the spring of 1959, when I was modeling summer fashions at a resort hotel. After the show, Vince wandered over and introduced himself to my best friend, Marty Dickerson, and me. I didn't pay much attention, even though he asked for my telephone number in the course of the conversation.

When he had sauntered away, Marty said with an exaggerated sigh, “I've just met the man I'm going to marry.”

“You’re out of your mind,” I told her.

When he called me, the following Sunday, to ask for a dinner date, I invited him to stop (Please turn the page)
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When he called me, the following Sunday, to ask for a dinner date, I invited him to stop by.

(Please turn the page)
at our apartment, thinking I could still get out of the dinner date if I didn’t care for his appearance on second look.

I was telephoning when Vince arrived, so Mother let him in. He was standing in the doorway between entry and living room when I emerged from the bedroom. I stopped in my tracks, amazed. Somehow, in the vast outdoors, I had acquired no comprehension of the size of the man. He made our doorway seem totally inadequate; he dwarfed the modern furnishings in the room.

He is six feet, two inches tall and usually weighs around 210 pounds. He has shoulders like the side view of a tank and, at that particular time, was wearing his hair rather long, a style that gave him the great head of a St. Bernard. He explained his mane by saying that he had just finished a segment of “The Deputy” in which he had played a frontier doctor.

If I had caught a glimpse of him, passing on the street, exactly as he appeared that Sunday afternoon, I would have judged him to be a young attorney of early and exceptional success. Or possibly a corporation officer. Perhaps a Madison Avenue type in his well-tailored dark blue suit, his white shirt and conservative tie; or even a quiet, dedicated young neurosurgeon. Not an actor!

After Vince had talked to my mother and me for about thirty minutes, Mother said she had a bridge date with friends. She had given me the nod; it was okay to have dinner with Vince.

That evening, we went to the Villa Capri, where Vince ordered the most terrific Italian dinner I had ever tasted. Afterward we went to The Little Club to hear a singer about whom I’d heard favorably.

It’s been more or less like that ever since. We get together when Vince is able to spare the time. He usually asks me if I have a preference as to where we’ll go; usually, I leave it to him. He really knows his way around this town.

I soon discovered that Vince is a gourmet. He knows Cantonese cookery, Japanese foods, Hawaiian foods, the French cuisine, and, natch, the best of Italian dishes. He likes to take a group out to dinner and order the menu from hors d’oeuvres to dessert—a treat, I promise you. I had spent my life as a roast-beef-and-baked-potato addict, so an entire gastronomic world has now opened for my astonished palate.

Vince’s (Continued on page 86)
What Hollywood Says About
Vince Edwards and
Those Wedding Bells!

Sherry Nelson’s exclusive story for TV Radio Mirror gives an interesting picture of her dates with Vince Edwards—and an honest one... insofar as either of these attractive people is talking! Hollywood, however—wise in the ways of true romance, away from the klieg lights and headlines—would like to add some details. They’ve watched other long courtships, heard the denials of “anything serious.” They listened, more or less politely, as Debbie Reynolds and Harry Karl denied their romance—right up to the altar. They heard Lucille Ball and Gary Morton insist they were “nothing but good friends”—and wished them well, a good deal less cynically, when the wedding took place! They had lots of fun with the off-again, on-again rumors about Doug McClure and Barbara Luna—and only smiled with satisfaction at their “surprise” elopement. In all these cases (and many more in which the Hollywood grapevine has proved amazingly accurate), they predicted the actual course true love will take. Their consensus: Vince Edwards will hear those wedding bells with Sherry much sooner than either will admit!
The nightmare week when Hollywood discovered: ADOLF
TV motion-picture star Marsha Hunt—sitting next to the Rev. John G. Simmons, pastor of North Hollywood St. Matthew's Lutheran Church, on the platform of Temple Sinai of West Los Angeles—looked up curiously as the Rev. Brooks R. Walker, pastor of the Emerson Unitarian Church of Canoga Park, abruptly stopped answering questions from the audience... excused himself by saying that he had to make a very important phone call... and hurried to the back of the hall. Almost before she had time to speculate on what kind of call could be important enough to interrupt this American Jewish Congress panel discussion on "The Extreme Right—Threat to Democracy?"... the minister returned. Ashen-faced and with a slight quaver in his voice, Rev. Walker told his listeners, 'I'm sorry to leave you. My house has been bombed. Thank heavens, my wife and children are all right.'... A few days later, the telephone rang in the San Fernando Valley home of actor Robert Ryan, and the maid, Willie Smith, answered it. A man's voice issued a grim warning: If Ryan participated in a scheduled series of radio broadcasts over FM (Continued on page 70)
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by CAROL McKINNIE, R.N.

Please somebody, hand me the tranquilizers. I'm soaring. At twenty-three, I suppose I should treat my day with Dr. Kildare with poise and nonchalance, but I admit it was a real thrill, every minute of it. When Dick Chamberlain and MGM, by courtesy of TV RADIO Mirror, invited me to see how Dick operates, it didn't take me long to say "Yes"—no longer than it would to stick a thermometer under a patient's tongue. . . . It isn't just that I love the show. Most nurses, doctors and hospital attendants do, I'm sure. And as for me, unless I'm on duty Thursdays at 8:30 P.M., no date can drag me from my TV set. At U.C.L.A. Medical Center, where I work in Metabolic Research, we often discuss both Dr. Kildare and his rival, Dr. Ben Casey. I won't try to make comparisons; I'm no critic, and both appeal in entirely different ways to people in the medical profession. . . . Let me say, before I go any further, that I'd already had the great pleasure of meeting Dr. Gillespie—I mean Raymond Massey—a very brief meeting during the Christmas holidays when we both happened to be vacationing in Phoenix, Arizona. I'd always admired Mr. Massey as an actor, and I think he has that special delicate and subtle expertness of a brain surgeon. I've often thought that his interpretations of people and their motives, and what makes them tick, took quite a little brain surgery on his part. Anyway, you don't have to exchange more than a couple of sentences to know that he is a person to respect and remember. . . . Meeting Dick Cham- (Please turn the page)
He's an intern now, but my prognosis is that he could be a heart specialist. Just look what he did to mine!
by CAROL McKINNIE, R.N.

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Meeting Dick Cham.  (Please turn the page)
berlain was something else again. For one thing, he's young (my own age) and not so awesome as Mr. Massey. Naturally I viewed him as I would any young handsome intern assigned to the Center. Oh-oh! I can hear the girls who read this, saying, "Sex rears its fascinating head." Well, for the benefit of my friends and co-workers, I did find him attractive and winning. And I admit, I gave him and everything on the set the big eye. . . . That sound stage stopped me in my tracks. It had a certain familiar feel about it, and at first I couldn't tell why. Naturally I expected to see a hospital setting, and most hospitals look alike. But this was the sort of familiarity that makes you wonder, (Continued on page 72)
The chart says fast pulse; I'd say a case on Dick!

A date? I'd have to say yes; he is the doctor.
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JIM ARNESS
HIS CHILDREN
EXCLUSIVE TO TV RADIO MIRROR

The big man filled the kitchen. It wasn’t that the room was small, it was just that he was so big. And before you noticed the tiny housekeeper at his side, or the children running around—or before you could even smell the bacon that he himself was frying in the hissing pan—the first thing you noticed was his bigness.

And then the next thing you saw, which overcame everything else, was the love between this man and his children.

The man was Jim Arness and this is the story of the difficult decision that faces him.

After the blaring headlines that accompanied the breakup of his marriage, Jim drew a protective curtain of silence around his three children. In these pictures, he lifts that curtain for the first time. TV Radio Mirror is proud to be the first magazine to photograph Jim and his children since the breakup—and the very first ever to show his ranch-hideaway.

In an exclusive interview, Jim broke his silence, too. “All I can say is, there are no marriage plans in my future as of now,” he told us. “How could there be when I’m still only legally separated? Besides, I certainly have no time right now for courting and serious dating. But, as I have said before, it’s wrong for parents to map out their children’s lives. I’d like to add, it’s equally wrong to let children map out their parents’ lives. I don’t honestly feel my obligations to my kids would suffer if I remarried. They’re not that small anymore and I’d still give them all the time I could. Not only that—in less than ten years, they’ll probably be contemplating marriage themselves . . .”

The weekend these pictures were taken was typical. Jim and the children were at the ranch. He was at the stove making the (Please turn the page)
The big man filled the kitchen. It wasn’t that the room was small, it was just that he was so big. And before you noticed the tiny housekeeper at his side, or the children running around—or before you could even smell the bacon that he himself was frying in the hissing pan—the first thing you noticed was his bigness.

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The weekend these pictures were taken was typical. Jim and the children were at the ranch. He was at the stove making the (Please turn the page)
Like any father, Jim enjoys sharing his he-man's world with his son Rolf.

Outdoors, the sense of Jim's bigness is lessened, but not the sense of love.
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Jan Murray walked on stage and sat down. He pressed his hands against his legs in an effort to keep his composure. He didn’t have stage fright—he’d learned to control that dozens of years and hundreds of performances ago. What he felt on this particular morning and on this particular stage was much different—and much deeper than opening-night jitters. He was sitting on stage in the DeWitt Clinton High School auditorium and about to receive an honorary diploma. As the student body filed into the auditorium and took their places in the rows and rows of seats, he tried to imagine their thoughts. Young faces, bright eyes. But did they know what life was all about? Did they know how lucky they were to be graduating? And could they possibly know how much this day, this moment meant to him? They rose to sing “The Star Spangled Banner.” He mouthed the words, but he couldn’t keep his thoughts from (Please turn the page)

‘You sure get to the bottom of things!'
Like a **Higher** Education
Jan Murray: There's Nothing Like a Higher Education

Jan Murray walked on stage and sat down. He pressed his hands against his legs in an effort to keep his composure. He didn't have stage fright—he'd learned to control that decades of years and hundreds of performances ago. What he felt on this particular morning and on this particular stage was much different—and much deeper than opening-night jitters. He was sitting on stage in the DeWitt Clinton High School auditorium and about to receive an honorary diploma. As the student body filed into the auditorium and took their places in the rows and rows of seats, he tried to imagine their thoughts. Young faces, bright eyes. But did they know what life was all about? Did they know how lucky they were to be graduating? And could they possibly know how much this day, this moment meant to him? They rose to sing "The Star Spangled Banner." He mouthed the words, but he couldn't keep his thoughts from (Please turn the page)

You sure get to the bottom of things!
drifting backward... backward in time. To the day more than thirty years ago when he had left this same school—but without a diploma. Odd. He had had no regrets that day—his mother was ill, his family was badly in need of money, of course he would leave school to get a job. It had made so much sense then. It had seemed so right, and, besides, he had been so ambitious, so filled with big dreams.

The students were seated, and the principal walked to the podium to introduce the Reverend Jerome Murphy, who was to give the benediction. Jan bowed his head and half-listened to the Reverend's words. Again, his thoughts wandered... Soon it would be his turn to stand at the podium and address the graduates. What could he say to them to make them truly understand how important this day was for them? He knew what it meant because he could never forget how many doors had closed in his face when prospective employers found out that he had left school before receiving his diploma. He leaned back in his chair and smiled a little to himself as he remembered what big ideas he had had for such a young kid. It had never occurred to him on the day he walked out the side door of Clinton for the last time that the only job he could get would be in a button factory—for seven dollars a week. And after that a job in a doll factory—for nine dollars a week. And then two dollars a week, plus room and board, as social di-

Finally a graduate—not yet a teacher! Jon enjoys quiet in the classroom, as well as hurly-burly in the gym (on preceding page).

DeWitt Clinton High School has changed—but not two of Murray's favorite teachers: Max Sherrin, left; Abrom Feibusch, right.

Principal Walter J. Dagon is proud of a star pupil. Jon and his wife Toni are proud of that diploma—only thirty-one years late!
If a boy you know writes you poems like this:

"You little trollop, you need a wallop, I think. To sum it all up, you stink!"

Whatever you do, don’t laugh. Turn the page to find out why not...
He May Grow Up To
They laughed when Lenny sat down at the piano. They laughed at Lenny—who, at ten, was (as he himself recalls today) “a scared, sickly, skinny kid” suffering from hay fever, asthma and rose fever.

They laughed at the piano—a hand-me-down, battered upright from his Aunt Clara. And they laughed at his “playing”—banging at keys, plunking out notes which he couldn’t even name, in an “awful” rendition of something he insisted was “Blue Skies.”

They laughed, but Lenny persisted. Despite his father’s objections (where will fooling around on a piano ever get you?), “he wrapped himself around music like a garment,” to quote his (Continued on page 77)
of a Bridegroom

For every bride who’s ever had nervous second thoughts, here is Duane Eddy’s story of what a man feels on his wedding day.

Nervous? Who’s nervous?” said Duane Eddy, as he turned on the heat in his room—instead of the air-conditioning. *Hot in here*, he thought. But any man’s bound to feel warm and—well, excited—on his wedding day. Particularly if he’s only 23 and already a one-time loser at matrimony... “No,” he insisted. “I’m not afraid—but only because it is Miriam...” (Please turn the page)
Frankly, he'd never expected to get married again. But falling in love with Miriam Johnson had changed his whole feeling about the future. Suddenly, it seemed like nothing... the hit records that started it all, the movies ("A Thunder of Drums" for MGM), TV (drama on "Have Gun—Will Travel," as well as songs on variety shows like Dick Clark's)... unless she's at my side seeing it through with me.

Duane felt his chin. Smooth enough, even for a bridegroom? Razor in hand, he thought of Miriam. Funny, how the two of them had grown up just a few miles apart... she in Mesa, Arizona, he in Phoenix... but they'd never met, until both had become professional singers. She was looking for a recording contract and he—four years older and already a record-producer—was looking for talent. He'd produced two of her records....

Absently, he looked at the three different ties he'd bought, to see which would look best with his new pleated (Continued on page 79)
Around Detroit, teenagers know WXYZ deejay Sebastian can do more for them than just keep things spinning!

When a Detroit teenager has a problem (and what teenager hasn’t, at one time or another), he or she says to himself, I’ll just ask Joel. They know that Joel Sebastian lends them a sympathetic ear and does his utmost to help, because this WXYZ deejay believes that his work goes beyond just spinning records. “I feel that a person in my position should give youth guidance as well as entertainment,” says he with a quiet smile. . . . Even as a child, Joel had ambitions to be a broadcaster. At the age of 8, he was already listening to radio announcers, hoping he would someday be behind a microphone himself. His chance came sooner than he thought. While at the University of Michigan, he had a chance to audition for a job at WHRV in Ann Arbor. He got the job and later went on to work at other stations before joining WXYZ. . . . While still a student, Joel got a part in a school play, “Elizabeth the Queen.” By the third act, Elizabeth had Essex’ head and the young lady playing the part had Joel’s heart. They are now married and have a son.
THE MAN WHO “INTERVIEWED” A LION

When it comes to sportscasting, KMTV’s Joe Patrick is quite a cool cat himself

Joe Patrick is the kind of husband most wives would give their right arm for. Why? Because he says whatever success he’s enjoyed in broadcasting he owes to his wife Evelyn. In the early years of their marriage, Joe would practice reading commercials into a wire recorder and Evelyn would criticize the playbacks. “We had some awful arguments then,” says Joe with a smile, “but now I realize how right she was. It was this practice that taught me the difference between reading and talking, and gave me the technique necessary for all the special events and sports work I do now.”

... Said sports work is done for KMTV in Omaha, where Joe acts as sports director and sportscaster on a daily show. ... The hardships Joe had to go through to become a broadcaster are nothing compared to what he had to do to get a first date with Evelyn. He jumped out of a burning plane! When Joe was flying with the Air National Guard in Iowa, he met Evelyn, who worked in an office with one of Joe’s fellow pilots. Joe tried to date her without success. After he parachuted from his burning plane, Evelyn read a newspaper interview about him and decided he might be
Phillip, 8, enjoys helping mom Evelyn and dad Joe pick records. But baby David figures he’ll just relax and enjoy it.

interesting to date, after all. They were married three years later. Today—together with their two sons, Phillip and David—they live in a tri-level contemporary house furnished in Oriental decor. . . . To get back to the lion: Storz Brewing Co., sponsor of Joe’s show, bought the lion for the Omaha zoo and Joe had him as a guest on his show. The animal’s reaction? A roar of approval!
Handsome George Nader packs a lot of power in Screen Gems' exciting action series, "Shannon"!

SOUPED-UP DETECTIVE

THE CASE OF

Handsome George Nader packs a lot of power in Screen Gems' exciting action series, "Shannon"!
One of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors, George dates (below with actress Kathie Browne), swims, and weight-lifts for relaxation.

"If I had my life to live over again," says George Nader, "I'd start working on acting right from the beginning. Even though I was born right in the shadow of Hollywood—in Pasadena—I never even thought of becoming an actor until I went to Occidental College. Then I joined the dramatic club, for no particular reason except I felt I should have a campus hobby." . . . But there was no opportunity for George to continue his dramatic studies until he was discharged from the Navy and enrolled at the Pasadena Playhouse. Three years later, he began knocking on Hollywood doors. Eventually, a role opposite Loretta Young on her TV series brought so much fan mail, he was signed for six more stories, then signed by Universal-International. Twenty-one movies and two TV series later, George was offered the lead in "Shannon," by Screen Gems. He appears as Joe Shannon, an investigator for an insurance and bonding company in the transportation field, who performs his chores in a trick "miracle-eye" car, heated with a "soaped-up" high-power engine that carries an assortment of detection gimmicks such as camera gear, tape recorder, radio-telephone, hidden microphone, and a secret compartment housing a .38 pistol. "You might say I'm a scientific detective," Nader explains, "and, with all the equipment, I'm difficult to shake, once I'm on a hijacker's trail. We shoot a great deal on location and that I like, since there's nothing I enjoy more than traveling. I saw the Orient and Europe before I really saw America and I'm glad it happened that way. I think it is necessary to see the world before one can really appreciate what's in our own country." (And maybe to learn what your hometown can do for you?)
Handsome George Nader packs a lot of power in Screen Gems' exciting action series, "Shannon"!

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Page Morton is a gal with music in her heart and lovelight in her eyes

Page Morton is a rarity: One, because she is among the few ballad singers to emerge as a star in a field dominated by rock 'n' roll, by passing up all temptation to sing in the rock 'n' roll vein. Two, because her story is one with Cinderella overtones. Two years ago, Page was one of the young, talented, hopeful but yet undiscovered performers. Today, she's the star of radio's "Page Morton Show" and has a fast-selling LP, "May You Always." Chicago-born, New York reared, Page was surrounded by music as a girl. She learned to play the piano from her mother. Singing just "came natcherly" and Page frequently entertained her parents' friends and her school companions with song-and-dance recitals. She had no difficulty landing her first radio job. Says she, "I walked into New York's Station WINS and asked the manager to listen. I guess he was taken aback by my direct approach—anyway, he granted an audition and, the next day, I made my debut in a 15-minute show." However, despite the fact that Page was always working, she remained—in her own words—"America's busiest unknown performer." until 1960. Guy Lombardo happened to drop in at a club where she was performing. He approached and asked if he could talk to her. He'd been signed by the Chock Full O' Nuts Coffee people to star with his orchestra on a New Year's Eve TV show. Would Page consider being a guest star? "Consider it? I was so thrilled, I must have stuttered for 5 minutes before saying 'yes!'" Several weeks later, Lombardo was asked by Chock Full O' Nuts to recommend a singer for a radio series. He named Page... She's not married but may be when you read this. "His name's Bill," she says with a spring look in her eyes. "He's wonderful!"
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• WE PAY RETURN POSTAGE •
ADOLF HITLER

(Continued from page 45) Station KPFK, “something might happen ... the same thing that happened to those two ministers.” Earlier —when the station had first announced it planned to broadcast a week-long group of “readings” from the extreme right—Mr. Name-caller, the Birch Society's Blue Book of operations—three callers on three separate days had phoned the radio studio with the same threatening message: “If you Commies broadcast the Blue Book we're going to bomb you out of business!”

In the space of one short week, seven prominent personalities in the entertainment world made the same startling discovery: Contrary to all claims, Adolf Hitler did not really die in Berlin, back in April of 1945. The spirit of Hitler and the violent hatred he unleashed on the world was still very much alive, in the United States, the bomb you call was received at his home. He had taped his part of the program beforehand and was in France, on location for “The Longest Day.” When Mrs. Ryan telephoned to tell him about the threatening call, he said he would fly home immediately! "Don't be ridiculous," his wife replied. "Don't come home. We're all right."

Name-calling and personal vilification. Whoever hurled the bombs and threatened to hurl them (because of prompt police action and protection, they were unable to hurl bombs either at either the studio or the Ryan's) did so after previous threats and attempts at character assassination had failed.

There is no evidence that members of the John Birch Society made the threatening phone calls or actually hurled the pipe explosives (made out of odds and ends—to wreacking yards and sporting-goods stores) or wrote and dropped the hate-leaves on the temple lawn. But the Hitlerian techniques and tactics are those in which Birchers are experts.

The “Commie” smear

First comes character assassination. John Birch, for instance, made the outrageous, outlandish statement (in his 302-page tract called “The Political Prisoner”) "I personally believe [John Foster] Dulles to be a Communist agent. ... The chances are very strong that Milton Eisenhower is actually Dwight Eisenhower’s superior and boss within the Communist Party. ... There is only one possible word to describe [Eisenhower’s] purpose and actions. That word is fascist. Birch also branded Franklin D. Roosevelt as an unconscious tool of Communism—and Harry S. Truman as a conscious one. It doesn’t seem far-fetched, then, that the followers and disciples of such a man would call anyone who stood up against them “Commies”—whether their opponents be ministers or actors or studio officials—or that they would link the United Nations to Communists and to Jews.

But sometimes character assassination doesn’t work. Sometimes the people involved do have character and refuse to allow themselves to be assassinated by nasty names and untrue labels. Then the extremists on the lunatic fringe resort to direct action: Bombing.

Resort to violence

Not that John Birch had ever called for the use of bombs; but he did say (in his “Bulletin”): “It is one of our many sorrows that, in fighting the evil forces which now threaten our civilization, for us to be too civilized is unquestionably to be defeated.” The Communists, he continued, want us to be “users” and to use our weapons. “But, this is not a cream-puff war ... and we do mean business every step of the way.”

Bombs are certainly not cream-puffs! However, in trying to silence those who believe in orderly process and discussion instead of violence who identify themselves publicly instead of hiding behind anonymous phone calls, leaflets and bombs—the hate-mongers greatly underestimated the courage and dedication to democracy of the men and women they were trying to scare into silence.

Marsha Hunt characterized the bomber as probably being “some poor soul who imagines he loves America.” Marsha, who is president of the San Fernando Chapter of the American Association for the United Nations—whose Los Angeles headquarters had previously been the scene of another bombing attempt, though the explosive failed to go off—said further, “We were defending their [the right-wingers’) right of free speech at the same time they were bombing our homes.”

“I am not an expert on things political, but I am dauntless enough to the U.N. and if these bombings are the work of extreme rightist groups, they are the enemy. I will continue to speak out.”

Threats of bombings and reprisals didn’t scare Rita Moreno, either, and she taped her portion of the programs on the Birch Society. Mrs. Ryan’s wife had been threatened. “I am planning to stay away from the windows! You might say I feel rather strongly about the Birch Society. And I’m glad to see that they’ve shown their hand, because those people who called are crooks.”

On top of everything,” she added with a chuckle, “you should try to read the Blue Book—the grammar is atrocious.”

Five feet from death

As soon as Rev. Walker reported the bombing, Rev. Simmons also rushed to call home. His house had been bombed, too.

His wife had also been in the kitchen—and a fragment from the bomb missed her by only a few feet. “I dropped to the floor and crawled to the telephone to call police,” she said. Also at home at the time were the Simmon's three children: John, 17, Virginia, 15, and James, 9. John said he saw a long, black sedan drive slowly past the house shortly before the bomb exploded, but there were few clues.

Visibly disturbed by the news, Rev. Simmons told reporters, “It was a big bomb. It blew out the front windows, punctured holes in the ceiling, ricocheted through the house, blew debris a block and a half away. My son John thought it was a real bombing and told everyone to get on the floor. 

"The reason they didn't get Marsha," said the minister, “is that they couldn't find her. In the chaos they didn't know her married name, and she doesn’t give out her telephone number.”

Anonymous threats and continual harassment. The unidentified men who threatened Station KPFK-FM and Robert Ryan's family with bombing, if the broadcasts about the John Birch Society went on the air, did not, of course, have the courage to give their names. But they did use the smear word "Commies," and their threat was direct and frightening.

It just so happened that Robert Ryan was not in the United States that afternoon and the bomb you call was received at his home. He had taped his part of the program beforehand and was in France, on location for “The Longest Day.” When Mrs. Ryan telephoned to tell him about the threatening call, he said he would fly home immediately! “Don’t be ridiculous,” his wife replied. “Don’t come home. We’re all right.”

Photographers’ credits

Richard Chamberlain color by Frank Beaz; Connie Stevens—Glenn Ford color by Pictorial Parade; Troy Donohue color by Del Hayden of Topics; Brett Halsey by Bill Kabir; Ginger roach and family by Globe; Lennon Sisters color and black-and-white by John Hamilton; Vincent Edwards and Sherry Nelson by Bill Kabir; Richard Chamberlain by John Hamilton; James Arness and family by Dennis Cameron of Pix, Inc.; Jan Murray by Dan Snyder; Duane Eddy by Garrett-Howard, Inc.
No, Rita didn't panic, nor did the others who had taped their readings, either before or after the threatening phone calls.

They wouldn't give up

Bob Ryan—six-feet-three and 190 pounds of muscle—isn't one to knuckle under easily. An undefeated intercollegiate heavyweight boxing champion at Dartmouth and a judo instructor in the Marine Corps during World War II, he has stuck his neck out politically, too, as co-chairman of the Los Angeles Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy. He likes to fight fair and in the open, but does not run from an enemy who is afraid to show himself!

Handsome John Raitt is himself—no slouch when it comes to courage. A football player and shot-putter in college, he was once chosen as a member of the United States Olympic team. A devout Quaker, he kept faith with his religion—despite personal attacks—by registering as a conscientious objector during World War II.

Ross Martin is so tough physically that, when he was acting in Mr. Lucky on TV, stunt-supervisor Don Crockett allowed him to do all his own stunt work. Strong in body and determined in mind, Ross could not be intimidated.

Nor did the ministers whose homes were bombed. Rev. Simmons—who had made plans, long before the explosions, to become administrator of a hospital—delivered his farewell sermon on schedule. He could have ducked the bombing issue completely, but he chose to meet it head-on.

"I have always been a controversial person," he told his parishioners, "I have always been in hot water, but I know of no other way to keep clean." Gazing directly at his wife and children, seated in a front row, Rev. Simmons said that he and his family love life "but will not be terrorized into silence. The issues of life in freedom are at stake."

Rev. Walker also delivered his scheduled sermon on "Communist Totalitarianism" at his church—and thanked the congregation for the concern and help given him and his family after the bombing.

What liberty means

Community support for the calmness, courage and good sense shown by both the ministers and the stars was quick in coming. A statement was issued and circulated among civic organizations, religious groups, public officials and leading citizens of the Valley—under the sponsorship of Rabbi Morton A. Bauman, of Temple Beth Hillel, North Hollywood; the Rev. Arthur F. Dahlberg, of the First Presbyterian Church of San Fernando; and the Rev. M. G. Van Dyke, pastor of the Pacoima Congregational Church—which read, in part:

"Those who measure love of country by the intensity of hatred for other men and other beliefs, those who destroy reputations and livelihoods as a political tactic, those who harass by telephone or by disrupting public meetings in order to silence or intimidate their opposition. Those who would do injury to persons or property in order to effect political change.

"By these acts, men violate our most basic beliefs in the sacred dignity of the individual and his right to seek a better way through the uses of reason and justice."

Less formal, but perhaps even more graphic, were the words spoken by John Wayne to Bob Ryan in Paris, on "The Longest Day" set. Long John and Big Bob have been political opponents in Hollywood for years—John is a leader of the conservative group, and Bob is a spokesman for the liberal forces. But when John heard of the threat against Ryan's home and family, he said to Bob (according to Hollywood columnist Army Archerd): "I wish I were back home—I'd like to stand guard in front of your house. And if I caught anyone trying anything funny, I'd knock a few heads together."

Bob just couldn't find the words to thank John ... but maybe he didn't have to. Judge Learned Hand had said them years ago—in ringing phrases both John and Bob probably know by heart: "Liberty lies in the hearts of men and women; when it dies there, no constitution, no law, no court can save it."

—James Hoffman

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catch any embarrassing blunders?"

The answer to the first three is a resounding yes. The answer to the last question is yes-and-no. I am very comfortable, almost as though I were part of the action, when I watch Dr. Kildare go about his duties. And I am not embarrassed by blunders, although there are small things that vary from usual routine. I can see that these are necessary for dramatic emphasis.

I'd also like to qualify my "yes" on Dick's resemblance to the interns I have met. Wouldn't it be just heavenly for nurses if all our interns looked like Dick Chamberlain? The sad fact is, they don't. Many interns are attractive and charming, by the usual standards. But, of course, a Dick Chamberlain gets where he is by being something more than the usual run of males. Dick's good looks are part of his success.

For instance, when he reads "N.B.C." he is represented as being the cream of the intern crop, and he is treated with special consideration by the venerable Dr. Gillespie. So it would be carping at a minor point to insist that he is too handsome to look like an intern. I myself don't find him so.

While on the subject of fault-finding, I must confess I didn't go for the first episode, because it showed him going to lunch at a cafe across from the hospital wearing a stethoscope around his neck. That was a glaring oversight, but there aren't many such in the episodes I've watched.

What most people seem to find hardest to swallow, with regard to "Dr. Kildare," is the way an intern gets himself so involved with so many personal problems of hospital patients. Well, my experience is that this is not as incredible as it may seem.

"Who's Ben Casey?"

Before I get ahead of my story, I'd like to give a sample of Dick's courtesy. Just after we met, the photographer asked us to pose for a few shots. Dick immediately asked me whether I was ready or wished to touch up my makeup. I said I'd like to give my face a once-over. Darled if he didn't escort me to the long dressing table where the girls get prettied up before going before the cameras.

He watched me for a second, an amused grin on his face. "Do you fuss over your face a lot? What way at the hospital?" he teased. With all the dignity I could command, I said, "No, not usually." He saw me standing on my professional grounds, and he said quickly, "I was kidding, Carol.... but really, you shouldn't a nurse fix up and look her best? It's good for a patient's morale."

Obviously, Dick is a great kidder and extremely easy-going. I thought I'd give him a taste of his own medicine, so I teased right back, "You're more my type than Ben Casey," I said. He gave me a smiley, blank-deadpan look and asked innocently, "Who's Ben Casey?"

Now that doctor shows have become so popular, I've been asked many times how "Dr. Kildare" stacks up. Does he act like a real intern? Look like one? Are the hospital procedures accurate and convincing to people in the profession? People say, "Carol, do you

In case anyone's interested in my credentials, I'm a native of California and I trained for nursing at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital School of Nursing in New York City, after my father was transferred to the East about ten years ago. None of it was as glamorous—or as hard—as TV and the movies sometimes make it seem. There are plenty of dirty jobs and a lot of hard discipline, but the other side of the coin is always before you.

Love in the corridors

Nursing offers an insight into life. You get to meet all kinds of people at moments of crisis in their lives. You see how they act under stress. They may be wealthy, polished, proflane, humorous, patient or nasty... it's up to you to help ease their pain and give them comfort and hope. I will admit the spoiled and nasty ones. I would be like you wish you were not only a nurse but a Judi artist as well! Still, no matter what your inner feelings are, you must try to do your duty, and that is a source of great satisfaction even on the toughest call.

Finally, I understand there is an impression that a lot of boy-girl stuff goes on in the sterile corridors of a hospital. That, my friends, is nonsense. There just isn't time for smooching, and corridors are public places with people coming and going all the time. The men in medicine are not overly romantic. I have found that because they carry such responsibilities on their shoulders the moment they walk into a hospital, they're not looking for matrimonial prospects there.

Most would prefer to date girls with no association with pills, drugs, anesthetic or scalpels. They seem to prefer girls who wouldn't know a biopsy bottle from a pint of Arpege. Nurses usually feel the same way. They want to get away from talking shop. And knowing the hours a doctor must give to his profession, most nurses think three times before considering marriage with an M.D.

I had a real fear when I went to my appointment at the studio. I was afraid I might get giggly when the photographer began shooting. Well, I'm afraid I did. I giggled—but everyone, including Dick, laughed with me. I hope I didn't disgrace the C.A. The big difference between a TV hospital and a real one is that the former is concerned with saving time, because it saves money—while the latter is concerned with saving time, because it saves lives.

Dick wouldn't have made a good doctor. That's my opinion, come what may. He told me he hated studying, long hours at school and team sports. But I'm sure he would have had the most beautiful bedside manner. If I were really sick, I'd rather have a doctor of the type that Ben used to play in "Medic." But if I were faking, I'd just love Dick Chamberlain to come and listen to my pulse. . . .

—THE END

Your appointment with Dr. Kildare is Thursdays, 8:30 P.M. EST, on NBC-TV.
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Day before yesterday, many women hesitated to talk about the douche even to their best friends, let alone to a doctor or druggist.

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(Continued from page 24)

as cute little ways—to get the guys to notice her. I mean, she gets lost in the swim otherwise, doesn’t she?”

Still, ambitious little Connie wasn’t quite content. She decided that her Grade A position at the Warner lot entitled her to a Grade A studio dressing-room. Being Connie, and a spend-thrift with her tongue, she let fly a few thousand well-chosen words on the subject. In addition, she looked wistful, teased, and even twisted her producer’s arm. She got her way.

To date, Connie hasn’t received a visit from super-sophisticate, fiftyish Cary Grant at either her plush home or new dressing room. But she’s done almost as well, having snared a highly eligible man of the world, actor Glenn Ford.

Star-struck by big stars, averted by glittering names, preferably male, Connie was overwhelmed at her latest catch. So overwhelmed, indeed, that she threw her Emily Post etiquette book out of the window and departed for a sudden “unplanned” fling (some called it a romantic interlude) to Paris with Glenn, her latest infatuation.

It didn’t matter that he was divorced, exactly twice her age and father of an eighteen-year-old son. But it did matter to Connie when blazing headlines here and abroad were followed by a buzz of gossip and lifted eyebrows.

The lovable little blue-eyed blonde, part Italian, Irish, English and Mohican Indian, had become in three short years the All-American Dream—she darling of the ponytail set, who modeled themselves on their idol. They promptly filled the mail bags with critical letters on ruled notebook paper. Their mothers were equally critical. So were the Brothers Warner. What Elvis Presley and Hope Lange thought, isn’t known. Elvis had been Connie’s pre-Ford infatuation and lovely Hope was Glenn’s last “great love.”

**Glenn vs. Elvis**

It’s not easy, at any given moment, to specify who is Connie Stevens’ “great love.” Before Christmas she allowed that “Elvis is just the most magnificent!” A fortnight earlier, after several dates in Manhattan with handsome “Camelot” star Robert Goulet, Connie said the same thing about him. Magazine editors, forgetting momentarily that Connie admits to “zillions of crushes,” believed she was really enamored of Elvis and were caught with their heads down long after Connie and Glenn Ford were “a thing.”

It’s true, Connie was “honey-chilling” around with Ol’ Swivel Hips when Delmer Daves—who directed both Connie and Glenn in several films—invited them to a party. “It’s time you met,” Daves said as he introduced them. Glenn turned his charming little twisted grin in her direction and looked deeply into Connie’s little-girl eyes, suddenly as demure as a pre-teener’s at her first dance. “I’ve never seen exuberant Connie so much under wraps,” Daves remarked at the time. “Evidently she hadn’t met many men as charmingly sophisticated as Glenn before.”

Next night Glenn phoned, asked Connie to dine the following evening. Breathing deeply, Connie remembered the first rule of her “How to Land a Guy Campaign,” and murmured, “I’m so sorry but I’m busy.” “Wednesday, then?” Glenn asked. “I’ve a date,” sighed Connie. “But wouldn’t you be busy?” Glenn persisted. “Thursday, I’m free,” she murmured softly.

At Au Petit Jean’s, Glenn’s and Connie’s first date was the longest dining session in town. They arrived before eight and at midnight were still at a concluded. A free-wheeling talker who is volatile on any occasion and often on no occasion, Connie babbled on in her inimitable style and obviously charmed her usually moody and taciturn escort.

For a number of weeks, Connie was unavailable to Elvis, to Ralph Taeger, to all the ladies who had been seeing her constant, almost feverish nightly dating schedule. Connie hugged her secret to herself. Glenn Ford! Indeed, the plump Concetta Ann Ingolia—the youngster who d had a masterful way with a pool cue, acquired in pool halls in her green district—had arrived. At a gay, crowded Christmas party in Connie’s home, Glenn was guest of honor.


“Okay and okay,” Connie cried in her funny little-girl voice. “It’s fantastic! Oh . . . I’ll have to ask the studio . . .”

“No,” said the studio firmly. “Yes.” flared Connie, just as firmly. It was whispered that finally Glenn arranged for a publicity bigwig at MGM to talk Jack Warner into agreeing to the unconventional trip.

**Connie vs. Everybody**

Home after fourteen “deliriously happy” days, Cinderella Connie stepped from her pumpkin coach jet plane into a hornet’s nest of trouble and illness.

“The press misinterpreted the trip,” she wailed. “It wasn’t romance—just friendship, to help Glenn with his picture. We didn’t go skiing in Switzerland or traveling around as the papers reported. Finding myself a target for unfair gossip took away a lot of the pleasure, particularly since I knew I was innocent. Anyway, Glenn Ford was—and is, always—a perfect, perfect gentleman. And you can hardly find that kind anymore,” she broke into a giggle. But her anger mounted again as she explained how she was suspended and taken off salary by her studio. According to Connie, her suspension had nothing to do with the Paris escape. She’d been asked to do a very well-paid TV spectacular with Robert Goulet and also an

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eighteen-day personal appearance tour for which she was offered $22,000. Though the studio would have received half, they refused permission. "We both said things we didn't mean," Connie explained, contritely. "You know, I've got a kind of Italian temper that flares up like a rocket. When I think I'm right, I don't care how powerful my opponent is."

There's a kind of single-mindedness and iron drive behind Connie's curious child-like facade. But she found herself unhealthily matched against the might of a great studio. And she did care. Suddenly she went into a tailspin, battling with all kinds of pressures. Her doctor put her in Glendale Sanitarium for a week to fight off a virus and to "get away from the incessantly ringing phone." A week later, a wan and pale Connie returned to work and found her Cricket sequence taken over by a new character, Jane Bug, in TV's "Hawaiian Eye."

And what about her romance with Glenn Ford? It would take an I.B.M. computer to tabulate all the Boys Who Got Away from Connie Stevens during the past three years. Is Glenn Ford the man who's here to stay?

A Ford is Connie's future?

Some members of the Hollywood grapevine, peering into their crystal balls, do not see a Ford in Connie's future anymore than they glimpsed one in Hope Lange's. One romance prophet declared a heart that cannot help but love. That's why she's had a succession of quick-flaming, quickly-burnt-out romances. Yet with each she's assailed by doubts. Deeply insecure, she gains a kind of reassurance from knowing the 'right' people. Glenn is "right." As for Connie, she's as glamorous-as-dread as a Main Street kid and quite possibly she can hardly believe that a man of Glenn's importance and wealth is really interested in her. This adoration piques Glenn's interest, naturally, but he's a wily fish when it comes to the marriage bait. He's told his buddies that he's walked down the aisle and up to the preacher for the last time, with Eleanor Powell.

"It's true that taciturn Glenn is marriage-savvy," admitted another romance specialist. "But so was Sinatra, and look what happened to him? Glenn is building a fourteen-room mansion complete with gym and steam bath, racks for his huge collection of pipes and space for his 10,000 record albums. He calls his paradise, but I wonder? That's not to say that Connie Stevens will be the one to share it with him. There are some strange aspects to this sudden, out-of-field romance between the young, ebullient Connie and the hushed, doorman Glenn. For one thing, Connie, so free to discuss her various loves, has buttonholed her pretty little mouth ('Marriage'? 'Ridiculous.' 'Are you in love with Glenn'? 'No comment.') Yet Glenn, who refuses to discuss his divorce from Eleanor, and his friendship with Debbie Reynolds and Hope Lange, has been a veritable magpie with the magazine magpies. Suddenly Delmer Daves was off to New York to scout stories for the new romantic duo Connie and Glenn. Is there a slight odor of publicity about the whole thing? Did Connie agree to the Paris jaunt because she, too, is intensely ambitious? Those are good questions. Certainly Glenn had nothing to worry about over that well-publicized Paris fling; he's a bachelor whom no gossip can harm. For Connie Stevens, who can be rendered desolate by one cross word, this episode may prove to be a pretty devastating experience."

The handwriting on the wall

Is Glenn the man to bring Connie lasting love? Will he make up for all the Boys Who Got Away? It doesn't appear likely. They attracted the lens lads at premieres and the Golden Globe Award nominations party; he bought Connie a painting by a noted San Francisco artist, Ruth Dicker; he sat for two days side by side during the making of a "Hawaiian Eye" segment. Yet next day he was back lunching with his old love, Hope Lange, a little later dated an airline hostess, then Diane McBain, and glamorous Joan Fontaine. Glenn filled Connie's hospital room with flowers, drove her home at the end of her stay, then dined with Hope the same evening at Perino's to discuss the film they'll make together in Europe in the spring.

Possibly, easily-hurt Connie began to understand the handwriting on the wall. Was it wise to "go steady" with a charmer who diversified his own dating? She went out to dinner with Michael Dante; later, with John Gabriel she sat dispiritedly by as others did the Twist, saying, "I'm much too uptight to do it." Was she upset by Glenn or her studio, with whom, by then, she'd achieved an uneasy peace? Certainly, if opposites attract, Glenn and Connie are a prime example, just as Glenn and his ex-wife, Ellie were. Like Connie, Eleanor is a warm, volatile, affectionate personality. Glenn is an introverted, cautious, drivingly-ambitious man whose Welsh heritage gives him rapid changes of mood. Frequently, these moods produce seeming tactlessness, loneliness, aggression, unrest—the natural attributes of a withdrawn, aloof character. "Sometimes," Ellie revealed, "Glenn didn't say more than ten words a night." From the start of their marriage there were hush-hush rumors of Glenn's roving eye; a major source of trouble, also his thriftiness and the feeling that Glenn has never freed himself from his mother's apron strings.

It would seem that harum-scarum Connie, who is always so untidy, unpunctual, a night person happiest in a crowd, would be better suited to her late sweetie-poo, Elvis. The theme song of both is "Money Burns a Hole in my Pocket." But Sir Swivel, all shook up over a broken date, became another in Connie's Boys Who Got Away parade. In fact, they almost didn't get together. When a columnist wrote, "It's six to two and even that El's in a flap over Connie Stevens," she was questioned

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by a reporter, Connie’s snapper was: “Elvis Who?” Evidently, Presley’s publicity lads hadn’t checked with Connie’s. But since Elvis was a “big” name, the hotly-ambitious little blonde soon began swinging with the rumors. As she once explained, somewhat sadly, “Well, a gal who hopes to make the big time has got to be seen around with the right people and photographed.” Dating a rock ‘n’ roller who must avoid mobs wasn’t much fun for Connie, as Tuesday Weld discovered earlier. It meant sneaking into movies or tearing a pizza in the privacy of Elvis’ rented Bel Air mansion. And when reporters raised eyebrows while Connie visited Elvis on location one weekend in Idylwild, near Palm Springs, Connie was visibly upset. “My sister-in-law was along,” she explained, “and I was visiting my friend Michael Dante as much as Elvis.”

Connie began to divide her time with Vic Damone (she even flew up to spend a weekend with him in Las Vegas when he sang there) and with Scott Brady. Both of these wolves-about-town are rather controversial figures in Hollywood. Soon the title “playgirl” began to be used for the girl whose four-year romance with her great love, Cary Clarke, ended because she couldn’t figure out how to blend both a burgeoning career and marriage into a recipe for happiness.

Marriage is a strong need for Connie. Still, tongue in cheek, she once confided: “Oh, sure, I’ve got a few boy chums—a few thousand! I like men. Period. I began dating at twelve and while I got no better than C’s in math and history, I always got A’s in boys.” It’s true that males, both young and old, are drawn to Connie as if by a magnet. There’s something very special about her baby voice, her warm, wonderful smile, her wide-eyed innocence. Her need to be loved, her built-in radiance.

Still, she dislikes the playgirl tag she’s seemingly earned. “I’ll admit,” she confessed, “my constant changing of companions may confuse some people and make me appear fickle, but actually they’re just friendships that I cherish. I intend to hold on to them, despite any remarks, spoken or printed.”

Torn between her consuming ambition for a top career and her deep desire for marriage and babies, Connie Stevens is today an unhappy, unfulfilled girl. Recently, she recorded a haunting lullaby for which she wrote the lyrics. And she speaks of “a wonderful idea I have for a wedding ring—dull antique gold, a solid band with two guards of gold and cultured pearls.”

Will Glenn Ford be the man to place that distinctive ring on Connie’s finger? And will he be the father of a child to whom she can sing her own special lullaby? Or will there be dozens and dozens of additional babies who got away before Connie finds the one man who will be the answer to her dreams? At this time, it’s safe to say that even Connie doesn’t know.—MAXINE BLOCK

“Hawaiian Eye” is seen over ABC-TV, Wednesday, from 9 to 10 P.M. EST.
At Harvard, from 1935 to 1939, Lenny Bernstein monopolized every musical activity there. "Hell," recalls a fellow student, "let an organ-grinder walk into the Yard, and Lenny would start cueing him from a window!"

Lenny's greatest triumph at college was putting on a production of Marc Blitzstein's operetta, "The Cradle Will Rock"—not only because he directed, acted in and played the piano, but also because he was able to cast his sister, then fifteen, in the key role of The Prostitute. (Says Shirley, "My parents knew nothing about the kind of girl I was playing until the curtain went up."

It was at Harvard that the second musical miracle happened to Lenny. Just before midyear exams, a casual acquaintance invited him to a party in Brookline. Lenny was taking a girl to the Boston Symphony (guest conductor: Dimitri Mitropoulos) but politely agreed to come along afterward, "if possible." As luck would have it, they did drop in—but only because Lenny's car ran out of gas, just around the corner from the party.

And there another casual friend told him that the Boston Hellenic Society was holding a reception for Mitropoulos the following afternoon.

A chain of chance

Lenny spent most of that next day (Sunday) thinking what had happened and decided to return to Harvard early to cram for his exams. His mother slipped a fur coat over her housedress and began driving him back to Eliot House.

Then—in Bernstein's own words—there occurred "a great chain of fortuitous circumstances that still strikes me as very lucky."

Mrs. Bernstein made a wrong turn in the labyrinth of Cambridge streets and, suddenly, they were right in front of Phillips Brooks House, where the reception was being held. On the spur of the moment, the atmosphere was gloomy and, standing in the receiving line, Mitropoulos looked as if he wished he could bolt out of the place. But—when Lenny's turn came to shake the great maestro's hand—the miracle happened.

"He singled me out of that long line," Bernstein remembers, "and sat down and talked to me. He asked what I was doing. I said I was a musician. He invited me to all his rehearsals at the Boston Symphony. I'd never been at a rehearsal before, and I was absolutely enthralled."

Enthralled and inspired by Mitropoulos to be a great musician (in just what area of music, he wasn't at all sure), Lenny graduated from Harvard campus into the music biz, and, with diplomas and letters of recommendation in hand, headed for New York.

"I'll never forget that summer," Bernstein says. "There I was in the fabled city. It's such a magic name to a Bostonian. All the Fifth Avenue houses had 'Welcome to New York' signs on them. I watched them go by. There was just no place for me. I went to those beautiful open-air concerts at Lewisohn Stadium. If anybody had told me I'd..."
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conduct there someday, I would have laughed in his face. I could barely afford the cheapest seat way up on some stone step. Finally I went back to Boston with my tail between my legs.”

For a while, Lenny even considered forgetting music altogether and joining his father in the Samuel J. Bernstein Hair Supplies Co.

He was saved from the third miracle. Lenny met Mitropoulos, and again the maestro inspired him. Be a conductor, and study at Curtis in Philadelphia, Mitropoulos advised. So, for two years, Bernstein studied conducting there with Fritz Reiner.

Hard as he worked to learn his craft, Lenny didn’t let his social life—his friends—go. He had a flared dress, a capelet, 5½ yards 35-inch fabric. State size. 35¢

“We’d sit in the studio and drink beer, and the Philharmonic would be playing in the studio. When, say, an oboe passage was due on the radio, whoever was studying oboe would go into the studio and listen to it. Then he’d come back and tell the violist, ‘You’re on, kid,’ and the violist would go back and listen to his private section. Meanwhile, the oboist would tell everyone what a rotten first oboe the Philharmonic had.”

“That’s how it went all afternoon; no one ever heard a complete piece and no one ever liked anything he did hear. And in the middle of all this, Lenny would be sitting at the piano, playing and singing, over and over, over, a parlor of a popular song that he’d written the words and music for, and laughing heartily at his own wit.”

After Lenny left Curtis, there was no longer much for him to laugh about. He opened a piano school in Boston, but there were no pupils. He decided to go to New York, but his friend, conductor Serge Koussevitzky—who had studied at Tanglewood in the Berkshires, one summer—urged him to stay put where he was. “Something will happen,” Koussevitzky promised him, but nothing did.

Koussevitzky gave him all possible encouragement, but the one thing he could not stand was Lenny’s music. “If that name, you will get nowhere,” he warned his student. “It is a name for a truck, not for music.”

Lenny was getting nowhere—fast. He worked for a pop-music publisher at $25 a week, transcribing music and turning out arrangements. His name was Lenny Amber. He tried to enlist in the Army, but was turned down because of asthma.

At this lowest point in Leonard Bernstein’s life, Artur Rodzinski, the newly appointed director of the New York Philharmonic, was looking for an assistant conductor. He remembered having been impressed when he watched Lenny conduct at Tanglewood, and an interview was arranged. On his twentieth birthday, Lenny was hired as the assistant conductor of the Philharmonic.

And on November 14, 1943, the fourth miracle happened to Leonard Bernstein. Bruno Walter, the distinguished guest conductor, was scheduled to lead the Philharmonic in a concert. Early in the morning, Lenny (suffering from a hangover—he’d been at a party until 4 A.M.) was awakened by a phone call from Bruno Zirato, the orchestra’s associate manager. Walter was too ill to conduct that afternoon. Lenny would have to go on instead.

At 11 A.M., Lenny called his father, who happened to be in New York. “Are you going home this afternoon?”

“Yes, of course,” replied his father. “No, you’re not,” Bernstein said. “You remember me telling you Friday that you would have to wait ten years to see me conducting the Philharmonic?”

“Certainly I remember.”

“Well,” Lenny crowed, “you’re going to see me conducting the Philharmonic this afternoon.”

With his best (and only) gray flannel suit—he didn’t own the standard striped pants—and bolstered up by many cups of Nedick’s coffee, Lenny Bernstein conducted the Philharmonic. And, a little more than three hours after he first stepped up to the podium, he was almost deafened by the applause.

The New York Daily News compared his feat that afternoon to “a shoestring catch in center field. Make it and you’re a hero. Muff it and you’re a dope.”

Lenny had created the fourth miracle for himself. The fifth took place almost four years later, to the day—when he was appointed musical director of the Philharmonic.

The “athletic” director

The reaction to his appointment was generally favorable, but there were some, like the handsome old gentleman who had occupied the same box at Carnegie Hall for years, who were frankly skeptical. “Bernstein? Bernstein!” he hissed, at hearing the news. “What? Lenny?”

This comment might have referred to Bernstein’s many talents, as varied as a five-ring circus: Bernstein, the conductor. Bernstein, the pianist. Bernstein, the teacher. Bernstein, the composer. Bernstein, the Broadway showman—the only symphony conductor who ever wrote a song called “Wrong Note Rag”?

Or the old gentleman’s remark might have been triggered by Lenny’s unorthodox conducting technique: His way of getting through to his orchestra players with gestures and omissions of every part of his body ("Dustiest concerts I’ve ever sung at," said one soprano wryly, after Lenny had stamped stage dust up into her face as she performed. And composer-critic Virgil Thomson nicknamed him “our music director.”)

The “Yankee” resident of New York’s East Side, with his amiable manner, his abiding love for the music scene, and his uncanny ability to get along with every facet of the business, Lenny Bernstein is the “athletic” director the New York Philharmonic needs. He has given the orchestra a new lease on life; he has kept it vital; he has given it a focus.
podium and no longer “bumps.” Old-timers have accepted him, both in Carnegie Hall and the Philharmonic concerts of CBS Radio, though they may wince a bit, when they switch on CBS-TV and hear Lenny compare a Bach fugue to an Erector set, or point out that Ravel’s “Bolero” is a “high-class hoochty-koochty dance”!

The sixth miracle in Lenny Bernstein’s life is easy to date: September 9, 1951—when he married Felicia Montalegre. But there’s something miraculous about their entire courtship and marriage.

When Felicia first arrived in the United States from her native Chile, a friend pronounced out of the blue, “There’s someone you should marry—Leonard Bernstein.”

This was absurd, of course. Felicia didn’t know Leonard Bernstein, hardly realized who he was. Besides, she wasn’t interested in marrying anybody. She wanted a career, and—and then she met Lenny!

On her birthday, she went to a City Center concert and saw Lenny conducting. “She’s right,” Felicia said to herself, recalling what her friend had said.

After the concert, there was a party out at Douglaston. On the train ride out, Felicia turned to her escort for the evening, pianist Claudio Arrau, and to other friends, and announced that she was going to marry Lenny.

They laughed.

Felicia persisted, “You’ll see.”

When she was introduced to Lenny, she was, as she says, “bowled over—completely bowled over. It was such a mixture of things. It’s very rare that people see and meet someone with whom they feel they are destined to share a life together.”

“The incredible thing was that he felt the same way about me as soon as we were introduced. He took me home that night. I was living in Greenwich Village, in one of those ‘My Sister Eileen’ basement apartments. I had no phone.

“Lenny was going to Rochester for a concert. He’d send me a telegram saying, ‘Phone me.’ Then I’d rush out, call him up and get Helen Coates, his secretary, who’d say he couldn’t be disturbed. She’d never believe me when I said he’d told me to call. And I was very proud of it. So it was nip-and-tuck for a while.”

In the beginning of 1947, their engagement was announced. By the end of the same year, it was broken.

They didn’t get together again until 1951, but this time the engagement “took.”

About their marriage ceremony, an Orthodox Jewish service conducted by two rabbis and a cantor, Felicia, who had been brought up as a Catholic, observed recently, “Really, God is One.”

Today, the Bernsteins—with two children, eleven-year-old daughter Jamie and six-year-old son Serge, and a third reportedly on the way—share the everyday, ordinary miracle of family life and love.

They laughed when Lenny first sat down at the piano. Now, thirty-three years later, they jump to their feet, clap and cheer and shout as soon as he steps out on the stage.

—JEAN YLLE

DUANE EDY

(Continued from page 62)

shirt. One-half of his mind decided on the “collegiate” style, while the other half remembered.... It had been eighteen months before they started dating. I asked her to go to the movies and, after that, we never had eyes for anyone else. I knew she was for me. Within three months, he had proposed.

Miriam didn’t play coy. I never expected her to. Few girls can match her intelligence—that’s how I knew she was the girl for me. Sure, I dig the fact that she’s cute and curvy, but that’s not enough to build a lasting marriage on. Miriam’s observant, aware of others about her, not easily swayed.

He fumbled the studs, missing his new shirt, and wondered if Miriam was having trouble, too, with her wedding gown. Dressing for me—just as I’m dressing for her. As though I didn’t think she’s the most beautiful girl in the world, to be sure.

He grinned as he fingered the new silk gabardine tux with its red silk lining. The only thing they ever really argued about was the time women spent on pruning! How could they stay so long in a beauty parlor? He really blew up once, when she was late for a date because of a faulty hair-dryer.

And now he himself was fussing like a—well, like a bridegroom. He wondered what people would think, if they could see that red lining! He and Miriam had already startled some folks by having breakfast together on their wedding day. Didn’t they know there’s an old superstition that a bridegroom isn’t supposed to see his bride before the ceremony? We didn’t know. And we’re not superstitious, anyway. You can’t start a marriage with that. Love, respect and understanding are the important things. They are real.

Suddenly, all nervousness was gone. Even a two-hour delay in the ceremony—because the plane carrying Miriam’s sisters was late arriving in Las Vegas—don’t disturb his feeling of confidence. Duane relaxed completely at the reception in the Tropicana. How great it was that Dick Clark—who had introduced them both to TV audiences on his show—had been able to come to Vegas as his best man! How lovely Miriam looked in her long satin dress!

“The most important thing,” he told TV Radio Mirror, “is that we have very clear communication. She wants to continue her career, and that’s all right with me. We rehearse together. We give each other honest, solid criticism. We plan to cut an album together soon. Whenever practical, she’ll tour with me and be part of the act.”

“We want to build a happy, worthwhile life together,” Miriam chimed in. “We want a family, and I think two children would be just fine!”

—Irene Strom

She met him shortly after her marriage to Eddie Fisher. Even then he affected her deeply. Today he is changing her life!

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Black eyeliner well put on is fine for dark-haired women. But women with light brown, blonde, or red hair should, I think, stick to a dark brown pencil, at least for daytime wear.

There are some women whose eyes are not made for eyeliner, or at least demand exceptionally careful use of it. In a deepset eye, you should never put eyeliner all the way up into the inside corner next to your nose—it will deepen the hollow. Extend the line from the middle of the eye outwards only, and this will appear to cut the depth.

**Eye shadow**

Eye shadow is also a peril for the woman with deepset eyes. She must be specially sure that she puts her shadow heaviest close to the lash line and then extends it outwards, never bringing it all the way in towards the nose.

**Mascara**

Certainly if you are going to wear eyeliner or any other eye make-up you should, unless your own lashes are very thick and dark naturally, completely the effect with mascara. (You can stimulate your lashes to grow and thicken by putting vaseline on them when you go to bed. A protein-rich diet helps them, too.) Mascara and eyeliner are really go-togethers... mascara without the emphasis the eyeliner gives it is only half effective.

Mascara should take longer to put on than any other part of a woman's make-up. Leave a good ten minutes for the mascara operation, at least until you've mastered it. I still prefer the old-fashioned cake mascara to the mascara that comes in tubes or bottles. Here's the way I've found mascara can do the most for your eyes.

Wet your brush, then take off the excess water with a little tissue till your brush is almost dry—then rub over the cake mascara, remove any excess mascara again with the tissue so that you are beginning with an almost dry brush. Now, with the almost-dry brush, flick your lashes upwards carefully to avoid your eye. Then, while that eye is drying, go to the other eye and do the same thing. This process should take many applications before you get the effect you want. And even after you've finished, and your lashes are all dry, you will notice that there is still a certain amount of sticking together of the lashes. At this point, take a second mascara brush which you will have cut jagged with a small scissors so that there are long bristles and short ones, and use it dry to separate the lashes. Now, look! Aren't your eyes beautiful?

**Don't browbeat your brows**

Just what should an eyebrow look like? There's a test professional make-up use to determine the exact length your eyebrow should be in relation to your eye... it should begin at a point that is directly in line with your tear duct, and most eyebrows do (see illustration, a-b). It's the outer end of your eyebrow that you have to think about (c-d). Take an ordinary pencil and rest one end of it against your nostril; then extend the pencil on a diagonal to the corner of your eye, forming more or less a 45° angle (e-f). The point of the pencil will be indicating exactly where your eyebrow should finish. Now divide your eyebrow quarters and subtract the one to the corner close to your nose, and try and have an eyebrow whose highest point corresponds to the three-quarter mark (generally just above the outside of your iris) of your eye.

How much of your eyebrow to tweeze or whether you should stop for a moment to decide if it will all depend on your taste in brows. I tweeze my eyebrows very little because I like a natural look. Besides, the slightly bushy eyebrow is a mode today. Still, you may prefer a thinner brow than the one you have. Or, you may have eyebrows beginning to grow out and onto the rim of your nose, far out to the sides or below your natural brow. Make for the tweezers. But never never tweeze above your eyebrow. Always try to leave the base of your own eyebrow where it was. And never overtweeze. You can always tweeze more—you can't so easily replace them.

Tweezing is very much easier, you'll discover, and less likely to leave red irritated marks if you apply a small amount of cold cream or vaseline cream beforehand. Then remove one hair at a time by pulling quickly and cleanly in the same direction as the hair grows. Be sure you take out only the hairs you want to. After you've drawn your final bow you can clean up whatever additional unwanted hairs you please.

**Brow pencils**

No woman, as far as I'm concerned, should ever use black pencil on her eyebrows. I don't care if her eyebrows are coal-black to begin with. My eyebrows are naturally very dark and I
 searched for a natural color eyebrow pencil for years. To me black looked terrible. And the darker the pencil the more careful you must be in coloring your eyebrows.

No matter what kind of pencil you use for your brows, or what kind of eyeliner, be sure they are kept very sharp. You can do this by using a single-edged razor blade. You can retain the sharpness of this point if, after each use, you will slide the point over the flat surface of an emery board several times.

Draw your brow in very lightly until you are sure you are making the shape you want. Observe the effect carefully. Then, still with a very delicate touch, fill in the rest of the brow with small light lines... each hair in your eyebrow is a certain length and each stroke you use should be just that long. To encourage and keep your eyebrow the shape you like, brush the eyebrow hairs at least once a day into that shape. I find a baby's toothbrush is ideal for this, though an extra mascara brush will certainly do.

Make a pretty mouth

Here's how. Become proficient with your lipstick brush. Be sure you have a good one. Sable brushes with strong wooden bases are excellent. Sit yourself down in good light (daylight is ideal), in front of a three-way mirror. If you don't have a three-way mirror, you must have one clear hand mirror and one stationary mirror. Now, carefully examine your unmade-up mouth to see exactly how and where your mouth's expression is formed. If your mouth turns down, try turning it up this way: Apply a small amount of lipstick in the center of your lower lip. Now press your lips together so the bottom imprint is on the top lip as well. With the lipstick that is on your mouth take the lipstick brush and begin working very lightly to sketch the shape of your own mouth, almost. Do not draw your upper lips out to their full corners, which is where the downturn is formed. Leave the last quarter or eighteenth of an inch of your mouth bare. On the other hand, bring the bottom lip out not only to its own full limits but draw them out and upward slightly beyond that and you will see your mouth seem to turn up in a natural manner.

You may not succeed in doing this exactly the right first time you try. You'll have to develop a very delicate brush hand. One way to do this is to be sure you give the hand that holds the lipstick brush enough support. This can be done by leaning your elbows on your make-up table letting one hand support the chin, while the other hand holds the brush does the work. Just as important is that you become observant to tiny lines and shapes and forms and the effects they have on your whole face. In that way, bit by bit, you will see how small alterations can make the most amazing changes in your expression, in your beauty, without seeming in any way artificial or obvious.

Here are some other changes you can bring about, once you become adept with the lipstick brush. If you think your mouth is too thin, extend your upper lip very slightly above its own true line, and line the lower lip in the same way. Using a slightly darker-toned lipstick for the outline is the best way to get a uniformly colored mouth. Is your mouth too wide? Keep a bit inside your natural line and apply your lipstick somewhat more heavily in the center. Curving the upper lip slightly at the corners of the mouth will cut your lips' width as well. You can extend a mouth that's too narrow... use a slightly darker-toned lipstick to give the illusion that the outer section is all part of your lip. Thick lips (considered highly beautiful in many parts of the world) can be made to seem thinner if you a) apply your lipstick slightly within your natural lip line, and b) counteract the middle thickness by extending the corners of your mouth a bit.

I guess it's pretty apparent by now that I believe in the lipstick brush. In fact, I don't think you can make a really neat lip line without one. A lipstick brush allows you to control the amount of lipstick you apply. A thin coat of foundation and powder placed under your lips will keep it dry and long-lasting. After you're through putting your lipstick on, apply another thin coat of powder and then blot your mouth with tissue. Smile at yourself in the mirror to be sure you have no lipstick marks on your teeth and that the lipstick is really even all over.

Does it all sound like a lot of unnecessary work? Remember, beauty should seem simple and accidental, but rarely is. It has to be worked at, as any artist can tell you. And I think a woman must learn to think like an artist if she wants to make herself beautiful. Because the woman who uses skill and imagination in her own appearance, who thinks like an individual about her eyebrows and lips and hair and make-up, is way ahead of the latest fad, whatever it may be. She's the woman who sets her own vogue—the one lesser women copy.

—POLLY BERGEN
JAMES ARNESS

(Continued from page 53)

relationship. All too often, when a couple breaks up, one parent gains custody of the children while the other gradually becomes a stranger to them. The bitterness and misunderstandings, before and after the separation, cast a bleak shadow over the children. They grow unhappy, insecure and sometimes rebellious. In Hollywood, where this has often been the case, unfortunately, it is a welcome change to observe the tact and restraint of both Jim and Virginia Arness in their handling of their legal separation and arrangements involving the children: Craig, 15, Jenny Lee, 11, and Rolf, 9.

For one thing, whenever humanly possible Jim exercises his visiting rights. It is one of the great "musts" of his current life to spend each Wednesday night at the Hollywood home Virginia makes for the kids, and to take them out for weekends to his big Simi Valley Ranch, which is managed by his father, the children's grandfather. There, they go horseback riding, fishing, swimming, and in deer season, hunting. They are constantly in Jim's range of vision on these outings, and he thrives in the role of tough, fatherly Marshal Dillon and become the patient, sympathetic and inarticulate father.

I'll be there...

"It may be only part-time in the flesh, in being present every day, but I'm a full-time father," he told us. "My thoughts are never far away from them. I'm on the phone regularly and they know their father is with them, whether he's on the scene or not. When you get right down to it, how much time does the average father have to spend with his kids? Like me, work an eight- or nine-hour day, come home fairly tuckered out, and then the kids are busy with schoolwork and getting ready for bed. The important thing, it seems to me, is not the length of time you're with them that counts, it's what you put into the relationship. My children know that in any crisis, in any big decision, I'm at their call. I'll be there when needed.

Nothing like that has yet come up, but I'm confident if it did, Virginia would lose no time in bringing me into the picture. She understands the need of children, too, and broken homes, to know they have not lost their father. It is our pride that we have never let the differences between us affect the lives of our children."

The three Arness youngsters spent Christmas vacation with their dad, skiing at Sun Valley. In March, when he wangled some time off from "Gunsmoke," he decided to take the children out of school for an extra week of skiing. "A few days away from books and classrooms," he explains, "is not likely to do any damage...especially when we have the chance to spend the time with a part-time father who is trying to do a full-time job of fathering. We had lots of fun together and got to know each other better than before. We were very close when the vacation came to an end, and the kids hit their books harder and with more enthusiasm than ever."

Jim points out that many homes that never were troubled by separations or divorces are still the breeding ground for spoiled, emotionally upset children. "I'm the type who'd like to spoil my kids and I might do it if I didn't exert control over them. I don't want them to fall into the habit of self-pity and expect to be bribed with all sorts of gifts to make up for their broken home. They get regular allowances and they are expected to stay within those limits. Their mother and I don't compete for their affections. We both accept the other up in the matter of what they deserve and what they are to get. If there's something special they've set their hearts on, why sure, we give them a chance to earn the money for it, working at home or on the ranch. In any case, they have certain chores to do, like most other kids."

"Basically we are in agreement. They attend public school, though I've been considering a private school for Craig, the eldest. This would be in his last two years of high school, and if it worked out well, we could do the same with the other two. For early education, however, I think the public schools. I feel it gives more chance for adjustment to the problems of society which they will have to meet later on. Private schools, at too early an age, sometimes have the effect of making children feel set apart from other kids. It can also be a form of self-importance, sometimes going into snobbery. When Craig is older, he'll realize that a private school is for educational, not social reasons."

Jim does not believe in physical punishment for children—not for his, anyway. If they are discipline, they are dependent on some privilege. That, he says, usually drives the point home. The effect lasts longer. "A spanking may hurt, but it's my observation that the lesson vanishes with the hurt. Not getting a particular treat or toy they dearly wanted is something they think about for a long time."

As a rule, Jim doesn't feel that normal children make a practice of over stepping themselves or harassing their parents. But the rules must be laid down from the beginning and they must be rigorously stuck to. "If kids feel there are exceptions, one or two, and that one or two will simply live by the exceptions rather than the rules. I don't ask of my kids that they be perfect or excel in this activity or that. I want them to be normal, well-adjusted, happy kids, and I'm not looking for geniuses or angels."

"When they grow up, I want them to be decent and as happy as life permits. Frankly, I feel it's one of the worst things a parent can do—to spoil his kids' lives out like a blueprint and say, 'This is what you must do and how...I want to encourage my kids to find out what they want to do and whether they're really suited for it. My contribution at present is to make them understand that, unless a person finds"
steady. "I couldn't have done this if you hadn't been there, Mrs. Arness."

Jan didn't argue. He just nodded his head.

"We've fixed things up, Jan. It's all right."

Jan's eyes welled up. He said, "Thanks, Mrs. Arness."

Jan walked out of the room, and the two of them walked down the hall together. They stopped at the front door, and Jan turned to the woman.

"Thanks again, Mrs. Arness."

The woman smiled and said, "You're welcome, Jan."

Then Jan turned and walked out of the building, leaving the woman standing alone in the doorway.

Jan walked down the street, deep in thought. He was tired, and his body ached. But he knew he had to keep going. He had a show to do, and he couldn't afford to let his personal troubles get in the way of his work. He was a professional, and he had to keep his focus.

He walked into his dressing room, and he began to take off his clothes. He started to take a shower, but he stopped himself. He knew he had to stay focused. He couldn't afford to let his mind wander. He had to keep his mind on the job.

He got dressed, and he walked out of his dressing room, ready to perform. He knew he had to give his best, and he was determined to do just that. He was a professional, and he was going to prove it.

The show was a success, and Jan left the theater feeling proud of himself. He knew he had done his best, and he was happy with the result.

He walked out of the theater, feeling exhausted but satisfied. He knew he had done his job, and he was proud of himself for doing it.

Jan took a deep breath, and he walked out into the street. He knew he had a lot of work to do, but he was determined to keep going. He was a professional, and he was going to make it happen.
GROUCHO MARX

(Continued from page 30)
disposition. He would chase shadows on the floor, he climbed poodles (not a popular activity in my mother's opinion), and he mauled our French puddles, who ignored him.

Now the sad music begins. We discovered that Suki was sick; the vet said he had an ailment that couldn't be cured, so it would be humane to free him from our care. And for this task for autographs are well-considered—they are respected and appreciated by people in show business. But there are some problem people. They are the ones we wanted to satirize in the skit.

Naturally I went to my father and asked him to help.

He rested his hand on my shoulder and said, "Now what would you learn about writing a skit if I wrote it for you? Tell you what: You figure out your own satire: when you're through, I'll look it over... and correct the spelling."

The kids laughed

And that's exactly what he did. But... when the kids laughed at the fin-ished satire, I was glad that it was something the committee and I had worked out for ourselves, not something we had borrowed from a professional.

Not only can Daddy help you to become self-reliant, he can understand your problems when a task turns out to be a little beyond you.

Last year I registered to take German, and I spoke some German, so I thought it would be fun for us to share that knowledge.

Well! German is a difficult language. I don't really see how Germans ever learn to speak it in their own country, especially since they have to make a living when they are also learning to walk. The combination would discourage Einstein.

Daddy tried to help me, but he was as baffled by the grammar as I was. Mopping his forehead with his handkerchief, he said, "Honey, this course is too much for you. I dropped German, but we have an agreement that when we're in Germany, at some future time, I'll try again. And so will Daddy."
eyes and the smiling face, and raced back to the living room to tell Daddy, "She's black!"

"Of course she's black," he shrugged.

"Her great-grandparents were born in Africa, where all native people were originally black. Come along; I want to show you something."

We went to the library, where Daddy lifted down a big globe for me to hold. He explained that it was a picture of the world, and he showed me where we lived. Then he pointed out Japan and China, and said that people living in that part of the world were born with amber complexions; he showed me the islands in the Pacific and told me that people born in those areas had brown skins; next, he showed me Africa. I was impressed by the size of the continent and I realized how many, many black-skinned people were born there.

I was really a very small girl, but I remember how excited I was. I said, "Some day, will you take me to see all the different people in the world?"

Daddy said he would, but it wouldn't be absolutely necessary. He said that one of the most wonderful things about the United States was that right here in our own country, we had people from everywhere on earth, having every shade of human complexion!

I was filled with awe and delight, as he had meant me to be. From that day on, people of all races have seemed like cousins to me. I study their faces, and remember the places on the globe from which their grandparents, or great-grandparents, or even great-great-great-grandparents have come, and I am overwhelmed by the magic of it all.

(Daddy just made a tour of the room, dressed in khakis, a polo shirt, a serape and a black flamenco hat.)

Sometimes I think the best thing about my daddy is that he can give you an awareness of love. I think most children take it for granted that their parents love them, but it is nice to be shown in big and little ways that you are important in your family. My daddy never forgets to do that.

I remember one time he went to New York and was gone two weeks. I had wanted to go along, but of course there was the problem of school. When my mother and I went to the plane to meet him, I could scarcely wait for him to come down the ramp.

"I thought of you every single day while I was gone," he told me. "And, incidentally, I brought you a present from New York. It will be on your bed when you come home from school tomorrow."

The "present" was one of the prettiest school dresses I have ever seen; I was allowed to wear it the next day.

But that was not the end of the surprises. The following day I found a second new dress on my bed. I really tripped.

To make a long story short, Daddy brought back fourteen dresses for me, to show that he had thought of me every day while he was away.

One day I was in his office (not at the studio, at home) when he fished some papers from his file and asked, "Ever see these before?"

I could scarcely believe my eyes. He had saved dozens of my kindergarten finger paintings, in addition to art work I had done all through grade school.

I said: "Oh, Daddy—why save those old things?"

He said, "Because my daughter did them. There's no better reason in the world for saving anything."

Sometimes he plays tricks on me, but always out of love—never out of pure mischief.

Like the telephone bit. Usually he calls me just before going on the air, but sometimes there is too much to do, so he calls me immediately afterward. On one occasion he had been unable to call me beforehand, and he knew he wouldn't be able to afterward, so he placed a call to me in the midst of the program and had my responses broadcast so the studio audience could hear them.

When he said, "I stopped the program long enough to talk to you," I said something like, "Of course, of course, Daddy." I didn't take him seriously. He asked me several other questions, and I gave pretty square answers. Then he told me to kiss the cat goodnight and he would see me in the morning.

When I was assured, the following day, that I had been on the air, I was shocked and embarrassed, but I learned a lesson: If your daddy is a professional humorist, you have to take him seriously all the time. Unless you can look directly into his eyes . . . they tip off his kidding.

Of course, the loveliest love present—the tangible kind—that I've ever had from Daddy is the silver gray Mercury with red upholstery that he gave me as soon as I was issued learner's driving permit. I won't be able to drive it alone until after my birthday in August, but when that happy day comes I'm going to love feeling a little bit grown-up. I'm going to do my best to prove to Daddy that he and Mother have done a good job with me.

I think that tells what it's like to be Groucho Marx's daughter: Packaged in one word, it's wonderful.

—as told to Freda Balling

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Astsociety Member, National High School

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(Continued from page 42)
enthusiasm about foods is actually a corollary to his interest in physical fitness. In spite of his heavy film schedule, he manages to lose weight regularly at Vic Tanny’s gym. After all, Vince spent two years at Ohio State University on an athletic scholarship, then transferred to the University of Honolulu. He was the only Occidental on the swimming team, but he tans so fast and so effectively that he soon looked like a native Hawaiian. I love to hear him talk about The Islands. When he lets himself daydream far, far out, he plans a glamour-filled holiday: In this fantasy, he charters a jet and flies a group of friends to Honolulu, where everyone stays at The Royal Hawaiian Hotel . . . but seldom uses the rooms except for a change of clothing. For a week, this house party on wings swims, goes surfing, joins in out-rigger canoe races, attends luaus, goes to Japanese tea houses, dances in the moonlight . . . “I’ll be able to do it some day,” Vince says, coming to earth with a grin. “Just you wait and see.”
I believe him.

The above report should give the impression that Vince is a generous man. He is. Generous and thoughtful in every respect, particularly in his gift-giving.

On our second date, he brought me a three-yard length of cashmere that he had brought back from Hong Kong. He said, “When I bought it, I planned to have a sports jacket tailored, but I knew after our Sunday-night date that I wanted to give it to you. You’ll look wonderful in that shade of gray with the shadow overlaid.”

For Christmas, 1960, he gave me a terrific pullover sweater. Ordinarily I wear conservative colors, but Vince spotted this number in a window—black, with narrow stripes of turquoise, lavender and gold—and he told me, “You wear so much black, it seems to me this would look great with all your sports things.”

All my fault?

On Christmas Day, 1961, I found a note from Vince in my Christmas card. He had ordered a raincoat from London for me. Naturally, I flipped. The raincoat finally arrived on February 5—and on February 7, California was treated to a five-day cloud burst. Vince maintains that it was all my fault for wishing so hard for rain.

Some of Vince’s gifts are so nice as they are, have the nature of a translated grin. For instance, when I had to have all four of my wisdom teeth extracted at the same time, Vince showed up at the house bearing words of sympathy . . . and a three-pound box of chocolate.

In many ways, Vince is the most conservative and conventional man I have ever known. He has definite ideas as to the appearance of the girl he is dating. I remember that, after I had had five or six dates with Vince, I rushed to a beauty shop and had myself done over . . . as I imagine many girls in the same spot do. I had my simple upswept ponytail turned into a swirling beehive. Also, I bought a new beige lace and brown satin dress that I thought represented the ultimate in chic. I could scarcely wait for Vince to arrive that evening.

He looked me over carefully, and complimented me on my hair and my gown. However . . . he kept strolling around, delaying our departure for the home of the Greshlers, where we were to have dinner. Finally he said—looking like Dr. Casey prescribing a serious operation—“Would you mind recombining my hair into an upstyle tail? And would you be annoyed if I asked you to wear that wonderful black dress?”

That “wonderful black dress” (and I’ve worn it at least twenty times since) is chiffon over satin. It has a rather high boat-neck, long transparent sleeves, a snug bodice and a very full skirt.

Naturally, I redid my hair and changed into the chiffon. What’s the fun of a date if you feel your escort is vaguely uncomfortable because of your appearance?

Since I’m blonde, I’ve always worn a great deal of pink, but Vince doesn’t care for the color on me. He prefers that I wear only powder blue, beige, or black. I must say his taste is good, because I’ve had more compliments on my appearance and wardrobe during the past two years than I’ve ever had before.

Why resist?

I realize that some girls would resist Vince’s firm ideas, but I believe a girl should dress to please the man she’s dating. It would be silly to permit a trivial thing like choice of wardrobe to create a disturbance between two people.

Particularly in view of Vince’s easy-going, undemanding nature.

Not that he lacks a temper, you understand. He can get as wrought up about injustice, general stupidity, or wild selfishness in traffic, as the next man. On occasion, he blows up like a volcano. But when it’s over, it’s over— and, twenty minutes later, it would be hard for him to remember why he had been so exasperated. He is incapable of holding a grudge or planning revenge.

Perhaps one of his most attractive traits is his modesty. He still can’t believe that he has been accepted as the dedicated, dynamic, popular actor Dr. Ben Casey. He is sharply critical of the work of Vincent Edwards, actor, and constantly strives for a more sensitive, more perceptive, more authentic portrayal of the talented neurosurgeon.

Vince is unabashedly pleased when doctors, seeing him in restaurants, go out of their way to tell him that he is doing a fine job for the medical profession and that they are grateful to the producers, directors, writers, and actors responsible for the series.

And, when girls approach him with worshipful eyes and long-drawn sighs, he accepts their admiration with under-
standing and humility. He tells me, "Their admiration is not intended for me, but for Dr. Ben Casey. I never forget that fact for a moment."

His modesty also applies to material possessions. Until a few months ago, he drove a car that shivered with fright every time it passed a paint and body shop. Its mileage meter must have clocked a million miles; it had rattles and squeaks enough to turn a haunted house silent with envy.

I finally talked him into buying a black Lincoln Continental. However, when we had to attend a premiere a few weeks after Vince had taken delivery on the car, he parked it several blocks away from the theater in preference to driving grandly up to the entrance. We walked to the red carpet, as we had always done during the days when Vince was driving his Old Broken Bucket.

**Something to explain**

All of which should explain why I think Vince is one of the nicest human beings I have ever met; he’s a pleasant, thoughtful companion, a loyal friend, and a highly talented workman in a difficult, demanding field.

But there’s something else I should also explain, considering a recent incident at a night club. As I was freshening up in the powder room, a wonderfully pretty girl came up to me and said with sighs and rolling eyes, "Man, how I dig those crazy diseases since I’ve been watching Vincent Edwards in ‘Ben Casey’! I’d as soon spend the rest of my life in a hospital, just to be near him. I think you’re the luckiest girl in the world to be his one-and-only.”

I murmured something about Vince being a wonderful person, and escaped to the table where Vince, Vi and Abner Cresher, and Minette and Bennie Goldberg were waiting for me. But, it later occurred to me that there were a number of misunderstandings about Vincent Edwards which I might be able to disperse.

First of all: I’m not Vince’s one-and-only. We’re engaged, we’ve never discussed marriage, and our relationship may never progress beyond its present happy-hearted, undemanding, mutually understanding status.

I am a widow. My husband and I—both just eighteen—were married two weeks after we were graduated from Burchan High School in 1955. Six months later, he was killed in an accident. I live comfortably with my mother and my kooky French poodle, "Ciro." I am in no hurry to remarry.

As for Vince: He scarcely has time to eat three meals a day, to say nothing of carrying on a heavy courtship or trying to maintain a marriage. What he needs, at this particular period in his professional life, is a girl chum who has no commitments, makes no demands, loves life and laughter, and finds happiness in each day for that day’s sake. That’s where I fit into the picture. Unobtrusively and—I hope—a loyal and helpful one.

I imagine millions of girls will be happy to hear this— as told to Freder Balling

"Ben Casey" works his medical miracles on ABC-TV, Mon., 10 to 11 P.M. EST.

(Continued from page 27)
In August, her agent called me. Luciana had sent some pictures of Christian. I rushed over to his office. Since my son was born a stranger to me, I had no idea what or whom he would look like. I grabbed the snapshots eagerly, hungrily. The baby—although I’m definitely prejudiced—was even more beautiful than I ever could have imagined. One photo, particularly, made me swell with pride. He was grinning from ear to ear. I imagined his looking like either Luciana or myself. I couldn’t tell. All babies at that age usually look more like each other than any grownup.

The snapshots revealed my son to me for the first time. I kept remarking, while thumbing through the pictures, “He’s beautiful,” and “Look at how handsome he is.” I have two other children by my first marriage, and have remained very devoted to them, as a father should be. I see the children—Charles. 6. and Tracy, 5—at least once a week.

**Divorce is never easy!**

Although Luciana was determined to keep Christian from me, I was just as determined not to let her. I knew she would have to return to this country someday. She was no longer under contract to the studio. Yet, if she was going to divorce me, she couldn’t do it in Italy, because divorce isn’t recognized there.

In fact, Luciana couldn’t legally file in California, since she isn’t a resident. I agreed to file—if she would bring the child over and sign a property settlement. She would, however, win custody. We never argued. But I kept hearing from her friends that she was planning to divorce me.

Days, weeks and months of anxiety passed. Fortunately, working long and rewarding hours on the television series helped pass the time. I was usually out of bed before the studio until after dark. I tried to forget the bitter past. I started dating, and discovered Debbie Power Loew. She’s a swell girl and a lot of fun to be with. Although there is nothing serious between us at this time.

Then it happened, as I knew it would. Last fall, Luciana returned to Hollywood. She was at the Beverly Hills Hotel for a week before anyone knew she was back in town. It was a newspaper columnist who told me.

Much to my dismay, Luciana didn’t bring Christian with her. But Luciana, her mother in Rome, Luciana engaged an attorney, and the bitterness of our marriage was rekindled. One night, Debbie and I accidentally bumped into her in a Beverly Hills restaurant. Luciana was dining with David Hedison, an actor friend of hers. He was the one who told Debbie.

This was the first time we had met since she stormed out of my life. We did a lot of talking that night. The bitterness seemed to disappear. We even worked out a property settlement and I agreed to file for the divorce. Luciana then would, cross-file and, legally, she could be awarded the decree.

However, the next day, my attorney informed me that Luciana had changed her mind. Her legal representative apparently advised her against the settlement. It made me furious when she told a friend that she planned “to take me for everythig, including the shirts in my closet.”

The bitterness and all its ramifications exploded. I was more determined than ever to fight for my rights—and, above all, fight for my son. I filed for divorce in November and asked for complete custody of Christian. I charged—and believed—that Luciana’s mother is not fit to take care of my son. She would dominate his life just as she has Luciana’s.

My confidence was never higher. When both appeared in court in Santa Monica on December 14, Luciana was seeking nearly $2,000 a month in alimony and complete custody. I was battling for a son I’d never seen. I was confident because I knew I was 100 percent right. No court in the land would ever deny a father his son.

The testimony Luciana gave was quite sensational, yet full of half-truths. She testified she struck him once. I ordered my mother-in-law out of my life. She testified that I unnerved her so, she had climbed a 60-foot water tower in despair.

**My “day in court”**

Cross-examination, however, brought out the real facts. I never laid a hand on the mother. Luciana did climb the tower—but I didn’t drive her to it. And I don’t believe she intended taking her life, simply figuring in a childish way that she would get my attention.

My testimony was backed by witnesses. Luciana’s hinged on what her mother had told her. She claimed I was making $50,000 a year. This is true, although she neglected to point out that I was paying support for two other children, in addition to making the many payments that go along with being an actor.

My confidence and the long months of waiting were rewarded when Judge Roger Alton Pfaff handed down his decision. The most important facet of it was ordering Luciana to return my son to me and the way he ordered for denying me access to the boy. Judge Pfaff ruled that Christian must be in Hollywood by January 1st.

Luciana was awarded $200 monthly support for Christian and $400 a month alimony. This was a sharply reduced sum from what she had received. Further, Luciana warned that she would receive nothing unless Christian was brought back to see his father.

Justice, as I knew it would, decided in my favor. I was never more appreciative in my life. The judge also suggested that we see a court conciliator. He apparently was overly optimistic that we could patch things up. However, I seriously doubt if a conciliation court could bring us back together.

January first came. I was jubilant with anticipation. I could hardly wait to hold my son in my arms.

I selected the time to ring any minute. The call to inform me that Luciana and the baby had arrived. There was no such call. I began to
worry. Maybe Luciana was planning to defy the court order to return Christian, or maybe there had been an accident.

Both Luciana's and my attorney had received no word from her. The week passed. Still no word. I became bitter. She was trying to keep him from me after all the time we had spent together.

Two weeks went by. Finally, Luciana told her attorney that she was having passport problems. She explained that, as soon as she cleared up the red tape, she would return. A few days later, she did.

I rushed over to the home she had rented and was met by a nurse. The nurse took me into a bedroom. There in a crib was my son. He was playing with a blue rattle. He was smiling, laughing. I picked him up gently, almost afraid he would break. His eyes seemed to sparkle and his tiny face broke into a broad grin. It was almost like he knew he belonged to me, even though I had never seen him before. He was all and more than I had hoped for in a son.

The next day, I brought my other two children over to meet their new stepbrother for the first time.

I visit Christian at least once a week and sometimes more. As far as the future of Luciana and myself, the property settlement has been signed. Nothing short of a miracle could bring us back together. It's better this way.

In my eyes, the marriage is over. We tried marriage counseling when we first started having trouble. Luciana wouldn't bring herself to believe that the root of our troubles was her mother. Even when the counselor told us that unless she broke away from the parental influence, the marriage was doomed.

And we had tried giving our marriage another chance. It was while we were playing husband and wife in "Return to Peyton Place" that Luciana's realization came to a quick and decisive end, the day Luciana chose to leave my house and live with her mother.

I don't hold any ill will or bitterness toward Luciana. I had filed for custody of Christian, but now that I'll be able to see him weekly, there is no need for such a battle. Luciana will be a good mother to him. It was the idea of having my mother-in-law care for Christian that I wasn't going to stand for, and didn't.

Someday, perhaps, Luciana will understand. Understand and be grateful that our son wasn't deprived of his father forever.

As said to DEAN GUTCHYS

Bret is Paul in "Follow the Sun," ABC-TV, Sun., 7:30 to 8:30 P.M. EST.

TROY DONAHUE

(Continued from page 28)

you might get if you saw a kid falling through the ice and drowning, though I didn't actually see that in the dream. I had that nightmare often, until I was twelve years old. I haven't had it since.

"Triumph. Success. Work. Acting. Me. I feel I've been very fortunate, and the cards have fallen my way. Up till now, at least, I've been triumphant. This is egoism, I know, but that's what triumph reminds me of. After all, an actor needs his ego for the days when there ain't any triumph. . .

"Television. 'Surfside 6.' What is it? It's a houseboat. An address. It's Lee Patterson, Van Williams, Diane Mc- Bain, Margarita Sierra and me. TV is a necessary evil in my life, but you can't knock it; it's my career a lot. I imagine I'll be doing it for another year, at least, then I'll concentrate on movies.

"Touchdown. I hurt my back, my kidneys and my knee playing football as a kid. I still have problems with my knees—oh, with my back. All the ligaments were torn out in my knee, and now I try to take the strain off it and replace it with my back, which gives me back trouble, along with the sore knee.

"Troy. Let's not forget that! I like the name. It's symbolic of my success, of the astounding feeling that comes over me once in a while when I realize it's like the hand of God reaching down and then, out of millions and millions of people, picking one person. To think it's happening to me is amazing. I don't really know if there's a reason for it. Sometimes I wonder. . ."

"My husband says I'm so clever to order COUNTRY CURTAINS by mail!"

My first country curtains were unbleached muslin with boll fringe— they look wonderful in my living room. The maple furniture... and they're so easy to wash, too. John was so pleased that now I'm ordering different Country Curtains from other rooms, ruffles for the bedroom and croico for the kitchen.

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DEAN STUDIOS

DEPT. X-495, 913 Walnut St., Des Moines 2, Iowa
Y "Youth. I love youth—and naturally I don't like to think about losing it. We all want to stay young and active. But I hope I'll be ready to face anything that comes.

"Yesterday, I always tend to put things off, and before I know it, yesterday has become today. I'm trying to do something about this fault of procrastination, which I consider my worst habit.

"Yes. The word is affirmative, honest, open. I believe I have an affirmative 'yes' attitude toward life."

D "Dates. Girls. I get tired of dating if it falls into a routine pattern. I'm always looking for something new to do. But with Suzanne, even the routine kind of thing can seem new. I'll call her up and say, 'What are we going to do tonight? See a movie?' And she may say, 'No, I don't feel like it. How'd you like to come over here, and I'll fix dinner? Then we can stay home and watch TV. Okay, Great!' We both like to watch 'Ben Casey.' We prefer not to watch programs that either of us is on. We don't enjoy them, because we've already worked on them.

"Delightful. My sister. She's the most delightful person in the world.

"Donahue. Again, I like the name because of the pleasant association. It's the kind of name for me, the way it's tied up with my career. It's an Irish name, and I'm not Irish—but it makes me feel more Irish. As somebody once said, I have the luck of the Irish and they have mine."

O "Oscar. Of course I'd like to win an Oscar. It's a great accomplishment and a real honor, and if it never happens, I'll regret it. But maybe I can have happiness in other ways.

"Omissions. I want no omissions in my life—omissions are out. I want to live every moment, and omit nothing!"

N "Neighbors. The people next door. I wonder what they think of me. It's very important to me to have them like me. I'm friendly with the people who live around me—we play badminton, baseball, and other games together.

"Normal. People ask me if I wish I could live a 'normal' life again. Well, as far as I'm concerned, whatever happens is normal. It would be abnormal for me right now not to live the kind of life I'm living. It's a life I'm enjoying very much, incidentally. But see 'A right below!"

A "Amusements. Parks. I like to go to them, but the last time I could go to one without being mobbed was about forty years ago. I do miss them now that I'm able to go. But one day sooner I'm going to go with a disguise, and that will be fun.

"Accident. Malibu Canyon, 1956. I was cut up and lost a screen test at Columbia because of that automobile accident, but it changed my whole life.

If the accident hadn't happened, maybe I wouldn't be here today."

H "Heaven. Hell. You can't have one without the other. I believe in the God-fearing part of religion. I think there's someone we should not be afraid of, and I feel we have to act accordingly, as the Bible tells us to. If we don't, God will punish us. But it also works the other way. I feel that God commands us for the good we do, and gives us all sorts of bonuses when we accomplish something worthwhile, something that's pure faith. No, there can't be a Heaven without a Hell. After all—how can you know something's hot if you've never felt anything cold?

"Hero. Worship. Movie stars get a lot of hero worship. Personally I'd rather be thought of as a friend rather than somebody's hero.

"Handicap. Problem. Yes, I have handicaps: Problems which take up too much of my time and energy, so that I cannot apply myself in my work—or even in my play—as much as I could. Actually, I think each of us is his own biggest problem.

"Hamburgers and onions. That's how I like'em. I have hamburgers on just about every date. Of course, that's after Cyrano's or some other nice place. . . .

"Henry. Henry Willson, my agent. Henry is not only my agent; he's my manager and my friend. And he's almost a fatherly relationship. He's stuck with me through the bad spots in my career and has advised me wisely all along. He thought up the name we're talking about: Troy Donahue. You see, we were at a birthday party for Rock Hudson, and a lot of Henry's clients were there, people like Lana Turner and Jennifer Jones. And Henry suddenly decided, 'Well, we're going to give Merle a new name.' And everybody started kidding around and saying, 'How about Crash Helmet or Pebble Beach?' They were all coming up with these funny names, but Henry sort of ignored them, as if they were making light of what he was trying to do. And suddenly he said, 'Umm—Helen of Troy. Paris. No. Umm—Troy. Troy. Troy. Uh—Troy Donahue! That's it. Troy Donahue.' And everybody said, 'Yeah, yeah, that's good.' So I said, get used to 'Merle Johnson.' That was in 1956, and it was the start of everything for me."

U "Universal. That was the studio that gave me my first opportunity and my first contract. I started at $125 a week, but when I got my check I would have borrowed most of it. I used to borrow on my salary all the time. I have one paycheck framed that was for 40 cents!

"Unhappiness. Happiness. Here again, you have to have two poles. To know one, you have to experience some unhappiness. My father's death brought me perhaps my greatest unhappiness. But, all in all, I've had a pretty happy life.

"Urge. Temptations. Some tempta-
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in
"SurfSide 6,"
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9
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THE LENNON SISTERS

(Continued from page 37) celebrity, to concentrate on making her
date look good. Not posing and primping
and acting the prima donna.

Peggy's date, Trobo, said, "People have
too many theories about the younger
 generation, quote, unquote. They imagine
her to be a wild thing. But I can think of
dozens of girls who'd be proud and tickled pink
to get invited home by one of these Lennon
girls. And the reason why, you can sum
up in a word—love. You feel it when
you come in the door. The parents, the
kids, the neighbors all feel she's got
true potential. And for each other and let you share in it.

"I once read in a lovecolumn where a girl complained she had to
'smooth, drink and go in for roughhouse' to keep her boyfriends. Right
away I thought of the Lennon girls and I said to myself, 'I've got to
spend a day with them and she'd find
out how mixed-up she is.' Listen, I was
a classmate of Peggy's and I know—
these girls have high standards and still
they're in great demand, And it's not
because they happen to be singers with the
Weird band and get their pretty faces on magazine covers. It's because
they're so emotionally mature and healthy, you can't be in their company
ten minutes without feeling clean and
healthy too. Maybe you've only gone
roller skating or watched TV, but you've
enjoyed the experience. And you haven't
had a hangover of guilt afterward, like
after some dates.

"Last year, Ken and I got to talking
about dates, and Ken asked me who
won my popularity prize. I said right
day, 'The Lennon sisters.' He said, "You
mean like the ones who sang 'You don't
have to date them all at once.
But you know something. You wouldn't
be sorry if you did.' Next thing I knew,
Terry and I were taking him to meet
the Lennon family.

"On the way, we said, 'Hey, fellows,
isn't this the way to Bel-Air.' When
we reached the house, which is homey and
rambling, on a quiet, average street,
Ken took a good look and a deep breath.
He said, 'I'm beginning to get your
message, fellows.

"Last year we brought all the
Lenmons, from Peggy down to baby
Chris, U.S.C. sweatshirts. The next day
we dropped by, they were all lined up
to greet us in the shirts, and Mrs. Len-
non gave us Polaroid pictures they'd
taken of them all, wearing our gifts!

"No, I'm not getting serious about
Peggy or Kathy. I'm in no position
just yet to be serious about anyone. I
have to finish college and then I'll prob-
ably be in service for a while. But
when I do feel ready for marriage I'll
consider myself lucky to find a girl on
the pattern of the Lennon sisters. I'll
always be grateful to them for having
taught me how to have a good time
with a girl and still keep my respect
for her and myself.

"Terry McGee, who has known the
Lennons for a long time, asked, "Who
could resist them? They're not just
cute and pretty. There's something in
them that appeals to the best instincts you've
got. Maybe some girls feel they have
to go too far to hold a date's interest.
But it could be that she senses what's
in the Lennon girls, their feelings and
what they think they expect. With the
Lennon girls, it's different. Somehow—
not even consciously—they get across the idea
that they expect a good time in a clean,
sensible way—and nothing else.

"But they don't sit back and say,
'Amuse me.' They contribute. They help
create an atmosphere of fun and
harmony. You don't have to drive up in
a flashy car. You don't have to spend
your bankroll. But you do have to act
like you know the value of a nice girl
and how to behave with her and her
family. Once that's established, you
can go as far as you like in the way of
clean fun, keeping inside the limits
of good taste and consideration.

"The quality that impresses me most
is their responsibility. If it's a question
of a date or sitting home with the
kids, they take a stand. And you've
had no hangover of guilt afterward, like
after some dates.

"The Lennon Sisters sing on "The
Lawrence Welk Show," seen on ABC-TV,
Sat., from 9 to 10 P.M. EST. Other
Welk programs are heard on ABC
Radio; see local newspapers for

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91
Anyone want to buy a tuxedo cheap? . . . It's practically brand-new, and never been used. Just slightly altered. Other than that, the tux is in exactly the same condition as when I purchased it to attend the Frank Sinatra—Juliet Prowse wedding. Of course, I don't have to remind you how that broke up.

Away back on January 9th, it seemed that the two lovebirds really meant it. That ten-carat ring Frank gave her wasn't made out of glass, you know. I had interviewed Juliet only two weeks before the wedding announcement, so I felt sure—she would invite me to the rites. We got along especially well, and Juliet promised I would be in attendance if and when she ever got hitched.

Well, as soon as I heard the news, I raced to a nearby men's store and hurriedly bought a tux. I didn't want to be caught short, and I was anxiously looking forward to kissing the lovely bride. I was convinced the wedding would take place any minute since Frank had said: "Whenever Juliet sets the day will be okay by me." I knew the long-limbed dancer had been waiting for Frank to pop the question, so I figured she would whisper to Frankie Boy something like: "How about this Sunday, honey?" But that was my mistake. She was in no rush. And that was her mistake. Maybe they'd be wed now if she had been.

I was still checking my mailbox religiously for a wedding invitation when, four days later, Juliet phoned her parents in South Africa to tell them the momentous day would be sometime in June. I must admit I was disappointed. The tux was just sitting there in the closet with no place to go. I tried it on just to see how dashing a figure I'd cut when I noticed one sleeve longer than the other. With the wedding still months away, I figured I had plenty of time to worry about that.

Two weeks later, I learned that Juliet was planning a trip to South Africa. Maybe she'd marry Frankie before departing, I fretted. I had to get that tux fixed! I rushed the jacket to a tailor, explaining how I wanted it altered. The tailor assured me he'd work after hours in order to have it for me on time. And he was as good as his word, except for the fact he made one horrible mistake. In his haste, the tailor had lengthened the wrong sleeve. If Juliet decided to marry Frankie the next day, I'd be disgraced.

Then Juliet revealed she and Frankie were having a disagreement. He wanted her to abandon her career after marriage, and she insisted on continuing with it. Juliet pointed out that she felt they would iron out this little disagreement and that the marriage would still take place in June.

I sighed with relief, brought the tux back to the tailor and told him to mend his ways.

It was around this time that I began reading disquieting reports about the forthcoming marriage. TV Radio Mirror, for instance, had an article entitled: "Wedding Bells Go Ring-a-Ding-Ding—Maybe." In addition to this skepticism, I heard that Broadway bookies were betting 3 to 1 that the wedding would never come off. And there were no takers! The talk around the Great White Way was that Frank had announced the wedding just to help Juliet's career along. He never would go through with it, the wise guys insisted. I was just beginning to believe that maybe they were right when two things happened.

In London, Juliet was telling reporters, on January 29th, that she definitely would marry her lover boy in May. When she arrived at her parents' home in Johannesburg, South Africa, the next day, she excitedly told them that she had changed her mind. The wedding would be in April. It seemed she could hardly wait. And to top it all off, my tailor proudly phoned me to say the tux was now in perfect condition. I felt this was a significant omen.

The next week, Juliet held a press conference in London. She confided to reporters that she now intended to marry Frankie in March! I secretly felt that she would say "I do!" as soon as she returned to the States. My suspicions were heightened when on the succeeding day, February 11th, Frankie announced that he hoped to marry his beloved before starting a tour with a benefit show for charities to help children. The tour was supposed to commence at the end of February! I smiled.

But the next day, Juliet arrived in this country and again told reporters the wedding wouldn't be until June, when her parents would come over for the big event. There was one ominous note. Frank didn't meet her at the airport.

I forgot about the wedding for a while and concentrated on other things, like paying the rent, then on February 21st I saw an item that Juliet visited Frank at his home late at night. There seemed to be a flurry of excitement connected with the visit. I had a feeling this was it!

Well, the following day was it. I couldn't have been more wrong. Frankie and Juliet broke the news that they couldn't resolve their differences over the dancer continuing her career and there wouldn't be any wedding.

Alone in my room, I've been trying to puzzle out if Sinatra slily thought up the whole idea as a grand publicity scheme for Juliet. And maybe for the men's wear industry, too . . . Oh, well, maybe Connie Stevens and Glenn Ford will ask me to their wedding.

—BOB LARDINE
Two new types, Super Hold and Gentle Hold, have been added to Breck Hair Set Mist. New Super Hold is for hard-to-manage hair and styles, New Gentle Hold is for soft styles.

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- Use before combing — style as you comb
- Use to set hair

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Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Minister, Priest & Rabbi discuss:

Is THE WIST IMMORAL?

Dianne Lennon tells her Sisters about:

THE JOYS, THE FEARS, THE TEARS OF MY FIRST YEAR OF MARRIAGE
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City__________________Zone____State__________________________
IT HAPPENED THIS MONTH

Edward Byrnes
The Clergy Speaks
The Lennon Sisters
Vincent Edwards
Bobby Darin
Astronaut Carpenter
Girl Singers
Dick Clark
Loretta Martin
Joey Bishop
Huntley-Brinkley
Allen Ludden
Donna Reed
Connie Francis
Gertrude Berg
The Kennedys
Danny Thomas
Fashion

The Girl Who Wouldn’t Say Yes
Is the Twist Immoral?
My First Year of Marriage
How Vince Treats His Mother
“The Baby Looks Just Like Daddy”
Your Husband Is Next
How to Win a “Bubbly” Party for Yourself!
The Jinxed Love Song
The Dick Who Wants to Marry
What Dick’s Friends Say About Her
That Nice Boy Next Door
The Women Who Wait
You’re No Bud Collyer, Dad!
What Mothers Are the Last to Know
“I Want My Family to Live”
What You Don’t Learn in College
Insider’s Guide to the White House
Roasts and Toasts from His “Friends”
The “Ben Casey” Fad

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17  Helen Martin
20  Dianne Lennon
24  George Carpozi Jr.
28  Sandra Dee
30  Chrys Haranis
32  Irene Storm
35  Nancy Anderson
38  Paul Denis
40  Ed DeBlosio
42  Ed DeVlin
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52  Art Buchwald
56  Cindy Adams
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Music for Your Child
Jackie Paris

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11  Bing Crosby
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JACK J. PODELL, Editorial Director
EUNICE FIELD, West Coast Editor
TERESA BUXTON, Managing Editor
LOUIS BEAR, Associate Editor
ANITA ZATTI, Assistant to Editor

CLaire-Safran, Editor

COline, Art Director
FRANCES MALEY, Associate Art Director
PAT BYRNE, Art Assistant
BARBARA MARCO, Beauty Editor

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She's a Rare One

Please tell me something about the actress Mary Jayne Saunders.

D.M.G., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Cute, pert and blonde Mary Jayne Saunders is a rare Californian ... she's a native daughter, a seventh-generation descendant of the Couverbious family, prominent California landowners. ... The nineteen-year-old starlet has been in show business most of her young life ... she made her debut in motion pictures at the age of five opposite Bob Hope in "Sorrowful Jones," which was a remake of Shirley Temple's famous "Little Miss Marker." ... Mary Jayne has been performing ever since and now has a running part in "Tales of Wells Fargo," on TV. ... She likes riding, swimming, sailing, painting.

Our Readers Say . . .

Dear Editors:

I just finished reading your recent article on Mike Landon's black market baby. Mike worries if he did the right thing. He did. He and Dodie are giving love to a baby who might not otherwise know what it is to have a family of his own. I know because I grew up in an orphanage, and, besides, am unable to have any children of my own. We have been waiting three years now to adopt one. Perhaps someday we will be as lucky as Mike. Please give him our best wishes. He is a nice boy and should be happy always.

A.C., Greensburg, Pa.

An Open Letter to the Four Big Men of "Bonanza":

I have just been sitting here reading about you fellows in TV Radio Mirror. Honestly, I get such a thrill out of you guys. You see, I live alone and TV is so much company. I can just look at you fellows and think of some funny thing you did and laugh to myself. If only you fellows knew how much enjoyment folks get out of you four. Don't know if you will ever read this but, if you do, please remember, "You are all the greatest!"

Mom Dyerly, Burbank, Calif.

Correction

In your article, "Adolph Hitler Is Not Dead," you quoted John Birch. Is this right? I thought John Birch had died during the war.

J.P., Gaffney, S. C.

We apologize for the error. The line should have read Robert Welch of the John Birch Society.—Ed.

Write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We regret we cannot answer or return unpublished letters.
Enuff Awready! TV villain Bernie Fein walked into Tang's and saw Bob Stack dining with wife Rosemary. "Listen," Bernie told the hostess, "put a screen around my table. That Eliot Ness has rubbed me out six times and I've had it." ... Mark Richman reports that a Broadway actor came to see him in Hollywood, asking for advice on breaking into TV. "The technique's different," Mark said. "Have you ever acted without an audience?" Popped the actor, "What do you think brought me out here?" ... Jay North, whose ego grew with his size, may be replaced by Paul O'Keefe of B'way's "Sail Away." ... Ty Hardin, Sharon Hugueny, Ann-Margret—"eternal" triangle moving in a familiar circle.

Since his porting from Dinah Shore, George Montgomery is keener than ever on making furniture. While "doing," Glenn Ford's home, does he stop to wonder: If only the pieces of a marriage could be fitted together again so artistically? ... Clu Gulager—who got the rep of a kook, due to gadding about in his "Toll Mon" boots and hat—is trying to recreate his image ... by dressing to the nines.

Spilling The Beans: Shirley Booth—who, as NBC-TV's "Hazel," whips up mouth-watering dishes—has come clean. She admits, "I can't even plan meals, let alone cook 'em." The country's best-loved maid says that, for the past 18 years, all her meals at home have been prepared by her maid. ... In recognition of his skill at the keyboard, Pianist Roger Williams has been made honorary chief of the Hopi Indians. From now on, call him "Chief 88 Tom Toms." ... Lovely Dana Wynter is a "Wagon Train" fan. Driving home from a shopping tour, Dana and her chauffeur, Jack Norton, decided to write one. So-ho! Their script, "The Lisa Raincloud Story," has been bought for the show—and Dana stars in it.

The Hero: In MGM's "Captain Sindbad," Guy Williams fights a fire-throwing monster, a flock of giant birds, a half-bull, half-man Thing, pythons and soldier ants. Day after day, after he read the script, Guy stepped out for his paper, heard a dog bark—and jumped out of his ever-lovin' skin! ... Don Rickles and Kay Starr, who made the fur fly, purring at each other at Las Vegas Sahara ... Chad Everett finally made his songwriting hobby pay off—he sold two to Keely Smith.

What Every Home Don't Need: Jolly Jackie Gleason gifted his pals with a trick doorbell. When rung three times, it yells back in Jackie's voice, "Pow—right in the kiss." ... Tarzan No. 12 is Jock Mahoney, of recent "Yancy Derringer" fame. "At 42," winks Jock, "I lack some of the muscular swing, but I do have one requisite for the job: My new home is in—I kid you not—the town of Tarzana!" ... Walt Brennan, in his sixth year as Grampa of "The Real McCloys," will only make 13 episodes. "My wife Ruthie and I want to take a nice, leisurely trip by that new-fangled horsecarriage. I'm told there's plenty of country beyond these here hills, and we want to see it." But we want him.

Question Mark: That hum passing over the tables at the Motion Picture Producers Awards dinner—in honor of Bob Hope—was not because of J.F.K.'s phone call to Ski Nose. It was guest asking guest how come Bing Crosby wasn't there? ... Laraine Day (who was Lew Ayres' girl in the first "Dr. Kildare") hankers to do a guest shot on the new TV series "for sentimental reasons." Hope she does!

Marry-ment: On their 29th anniversary, Robert Young and the missus dined at Chasen's. There they saw Ray Milland, wife Mal, son David, 22, and daughter Victoria, 17, practicing togetherness in honor of David's birthday. Just then, the long-married Alice Faye and Phil Harris—out of retirement, now that their two girls are grown—were seated. Said Bob, "They talk about Hollywood divorces—but here are three couples whose wedded bliss has lasted." Twinkled Mrs. Milland, "Yes, but that's because we wives made the home our full-time careers." Alice shrieked in dismay, "Oh, but I've just done a part in 'State Fair'—do you think the honeymoon has gone pffft for Phil and me?" Quite a honeymoon!
Sick and Snicker! Comics get their best yaks these days with gags about TV's M.D. cycle. Chirps Pat Carroll, "If this keeps up, cowboys will toss prescriptions instead of silver dollars on the bar, and sport stethoscopes instead of six-guns. The old line, 'Get the marshal, this man is dead' will become 'Call Dr. Knish, this guy's D.O.A.'" . . . And talking about marshals, Alf Hitchcock's in dutch with Marshal Dillon—of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife, that is. Dillon told Hitch he'd netted more seagulls than permitted for his new film, "The Birds." The Master of Murder shrugged and set the overload of gulls free. Watching them wing upward, he sighed, "Now I know the sky is really for the birds."

Jury's Still Out: Groucho Marx, a witness in the $1.5 million plagiarism suit brought against "Who Was That Lady I Saw You With Last Night," leered at the panel of two men and ten women and quipped, "I say lock the jury up, and me with them—this looks like a sexy crowd, if I ever saw one." . . . "Cheyenne" hero Clint Walker has gone through phases of prospecting, motor biking, shark fishing, camping, water skiing, skeet shooting, and now his new passion is snow skiing. "It's the most exciting," says Clint. "Especially the way I do it—on my ear." . . . As Marty Milner's role on "Route 66" grows smaller, his family grows larger. The latest addition is baby Stuart.

Peak price for any TV performer, so far, goes to Lucille Ball for the 37 segments of her new series . . . Red Skelton goes 60-minutes in his 12th year on TV. . . . Don Murray seen picketing against the execution of cop-killer Henry Lane as "being against the teachings of Jesus." . . . One man who won't "travel light" is Paul Picerni of "The Untouchables." With him, to Blighty, go his wife and eight young 'uns. . . . A 300-room hotel in Beverly Hills will be good news to all, dreaming of a trip to movietown. It will be built by the owners of The Fabulous Flamingo of Las Vegas and will be called the Beverly-Flamingo. (Natch.) The top floor will have one suite going at a mere $475 per day!

Making The Scene: TV documentaries soaring! Recent clips include "To Breathe Free" (a Hong Kong Baptist clinic for refugees); "Emergency Squad" (operations of the N.Y. Police Dept.); "The General" (about Douglas MacArthur); and "The White House Tour" (Jackie Kennedy). . . . Those new parents, Bobby Darin and Sandra Dee—smooching again in "If A Man Answers"—are gaga over their tiny gogoo. On the set, strumming wildly on his new electric guitar, Bobby chuckled, "I'd rather fondle little Dodd . . . but the music that comes out of that baby, when I do, would scare the blue suede shoes off Elvis!" . . . Did the Mike Landon's Swedish maid cause the break?

After a two-year romance on "Hennesey," Jackie Cooper polished up the buttons of his summer dress uniform to marry nurse Abby Dalton—whose uniform for the occasion was a flowing Neiman-Marcus creation in antique ivory. As a gag, Abby's real-life hubby, Jack Smith, and Jackie's true wife, Barbara, sat in the chapel with the other extras. The wedding marked "finis" to this part of the series, and next year will show the Navy doc and bride housekeeping. How about a baby? "That," chortled Jackie, "will be the third-year finale." . . . Is Frank Sinatra about to become a grandfather?? . . . Chill suggestion for pseudo-suicides: A night viewing the lonely, haunting, frank "The Night."
Only eighteen people sat, reverently silent, inside the spacious All Saints Episcopal Church in Beverly Hills. It was 3:15 on the smog-free and cloudless Sunday afternoon of March 25th. Only two days before, rain had pelted Southern California. This day, however, the temperature rose to the 80s.

The freeways were jammed with Sunday drivers heading for the beach. Others sought relief from the first hot day of the year in the nearby mountains. Inside the church, the small group waited in anticipation. Several of the guests eagerly stretched their necks to peek down the aisle.

Then it happened. The walls vibrated with the first chords of the wedding march played on the organ. The wedding party slowly approached the altar. The music stopped. Angelic stillness took hold.

The groom appeared uneasy. Perhaps he wasn’t used to the starched white collar and the confines of the neatly-pressed dark suit he was wearing. On the other hand, the bride was the picture of tranquility. Her cheeks glowed radiantly with happiness, her eyes sparkled happily. The awkward silence was broken. The Rev. H. Herbert Smith faced the young couple and systematically yet sincerely spoke the solemn words that would unite Edward (Kookie) Byrnes and Asa Maynor in holy matrimony.

The ceremony was over in a few minutes. It seemed all too short to the bride, who seemed to consume each word. Edd, though, fidgeted uneasily at times. Yet when Rev. Smith asked him to repeat the several words in the vows, he did, looking lovingly into the eyes of Asa.

Roger Smith, the best man, offered congratulations first. Efrem Zimbalist Jr. and Louis Quinn followed. There were tears. Asa’s mother dabbed her eyes with a handkerchief. Asa’s two younger sisters, Lee and Marsha, also wept.

Thusly Edward Byrnes and Asa Maynor were married. The event was quiet and simple. The only excitement generated came from TV fans outside, who stood for hours just for a glance at the newlyweds. Kookie had planned the affair to be simple. Unfortunately, in planning a shock-proof wedding, he didn’t make many friends and probably even lost a few. Only eighteen guests had been invited. Most photographers were barred.

This was the way the junior detective on “77 Sunset Strip” wanted it—perhaps because he was against a church wedding, to begin with. If Edd had his way, the vows would have been repeated in a less formal place, Las Vegas or in the offices of a jurist. Obviously, Edd didn’t get his way. Asa wanted something to cherish for a lifetime; memories of the church, the ceremony, the way Eddie looked. She wanted to give her mother something to remember, too. After all, she was the first of the daughters to take the steps down the aisle. Edd graciously consented to his bride’s wishes.

Even when they decided to announce their engagement the first of the year, it was done in a “proper” way. An announcement was carefully worded by Asa herself and sent to the society sections of the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner and Times. And a copy was mailed to her hometown paper in the South.

Ironically, since no mention was made of Edd being a television star or Asa an actress, the story got little play. The Herald-Examiner overlooked it entirely. The Times buried it at the bottom of a page. Asa and Edd didn’t care. She had completed her obligation of propriety.

Some of their friends believe that the reason Asa was so adamant about having a church wedding was because the pair already had wed the way Edd preferred it. This ceremony, the friends speculate, took place when Edd and Asa drove down to Acapulco, Mexico, for Christmas. “I just don’t believe,” one of Asa’s friends told me, “that Asa would drive down to Mexico unless she knew they were to be married there.”

Both Edd and Asa deny any ceremony took place. However, they were gone three weeks, giving them plenty of time for a marriage and even honeymoon. “They sure appeared married,” a friend who saw them on the trip South of the Border commented. “I don’t know why they wanted to keep it a secret.”

Edd even got in hot water because of the trip. His studio, Warner Brothers, briefly put him on suspension. They had only given him two weeks off, but he took the third. It resulted in the studio having to write Edd out of one of the shows he was scheduled to film, but didn’t show up in time to do.

The romance of Edd and Asa spanned more than two years. Asa became known as “the girl who wouldn’t say yes.” Last summer Edd gave a story to a gossip columnist that the marriage would take place before the first of the year. It didn’t.
"I haven't said yes yet." Asa told reporters, when asked about Edd's statement.

It was no secret that Edd fell madly and immediately in love with Asa. He dated no one else since shortly after he met her. This meeting took place ironically because he had been dating another, Diane Jergens. Edd and Diane drifted apart and he became intrigued with one of her girlfriends, Asa Maynor. Edd even played cupid during this period. He introduced Diane to Peter Brown. The two married. (Unfortunately, it didn't last.)

Why couldn't Edd, who possessed stardom and wealth, persuade Asa to say yes last year? Didn't she love him?

The Southern beauty, like hundreds of other girls winding their way to Hollywood, became obsessed with one desire: To become a movie star. This becomes a full-time desire. Many feel that Asa wanted to wait until she became established in motion pictures and television. Although the 24-year-old actress possesses the talent, her ambition has yet to become a reality.

Perhaps she realized that Edd might tire of proposing one day. And that day wasn't too far off. As for loving Kookie, she couldn't be any more deeply in love with him. True, she didn't fall as hard as he did in those first few months of going steady. Edd's approach, however, achieved its purpose. He showered her with affection. They seldom went to night clubs. They enjoyed the tranquility of listening to records for hours at Edd's place or a drive to Malibu highlighted by a stop at a hot-dog stand for refreshments.

When Asa went to Hawaii last fall, Edd (Turn the page)
Mr. and Mrs. Edd Byrnes: Exclusive wedding pictures!

almost went out of his mind with loneliness. He called her every day. He counted the minutes before her return. Asa too must have been lonely. It was when she returned that her “Yes!” thrilled Edd’s heart. She wanted to be a June bride. June was months away. Edd had waited for two years, and didn’t relish the thought of waiting again.

Mysteriously, it leaked out that Edd was driving to Mexico for the Christmas holidays. To add to the mystery, it was learned Asa would accompany him. Immediately, the two were queried about eloping. They vehemently denied it.

What really happened on that trip, only they know. However, one of Edd’s buddies speculates this way:

“Asa probably agreed to the elopement only if there would be a church wedding later to please her mother. The two probably married in one of those border towns where the ceremony takes three minutes. Then they continued on to Acapulco as man and wife. They continued the pretense by living under separate roofs when they returned.”

Maybe this explains why Edd was so overwrought the days prior to the church ceremony. Was the pressure of keeping the secret too much? He refused to talk about Asa at the studio, becoming angry if someone mentioned her name to him. His friends felt hurt, yet remained understanding.

Three days before the wedding, Edd received time off from filming the show to apply (Continued on page 93)
HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF YOUR RECORDS

- The care of records—an awful lot has been written about this subject, most of it informative, some of it ridiculous. I would like to add something to this bulk. First, the thing to be most careful of is the stacking or storing of records. They should be stacked vertically. One album on top of another will eventually warp and ruin, by the weight-down of the recordings. Be careful about leaving them out of the jackets long enough to collect dust and grit. If you then put them in a stack and play them automatically, they'll rub and ruin. Watch the heating devices when you move records around. I'm sure everybody has lost an album this way. If your set is a component set, be very careful not to put or place records on or near your amplifier, as the heat that is thrown off may warm them. Another important, but rarely thought about fact is that by using the automatic arm in your set, you may bruise your recordings. I would suggest you set the arm on the record manually. Also, playing recordings individually instead of in stacks, where they will rub together, will save your records.

Last but not least, in this heyday of recordings, when a great many record shops are no longer just shops, but huge outlets, where at times and at certain places it is impossible to hear an album before buying it, beware of the beckoning, siren-like covers. Album jackets have become works of art in some cases, but what may please the eye, may not soothe the ear! In fact, this reviewer has received many albums with astoundingly beautiful covers and incredibly bad music inside them. For what it's worth, listen to the radio before going off and buying, watch reviews, play the record, if you can, before buying it.

Some months ago, I ran across the following word in a newspaper article—"neuclomitaphobia." It is not yet to be found in the dictionary. It's a new word meaning "an unnatural fear of radioactive fallout." This joins a list of hundreds of phobias that plague ordinary man. The average person has at least two or three—acrophobia (fear of high places), claustrophobia (fear of closed places), etc. Not me. I have at least a dozen phobias, includingophobia, a fear of phobias. I'm not sure that psychiatrists have recognized all of my phobias, but I have. And I don't intend to give them up!

My latest phobia is calophobia, a fear of being sat on by Elsa Maxwell. This is an extreme case. I'll admit, but something I have to live with. My first real phobia started as a child. Lactophobias, a fear of being mistaken for Shirley Temple. My mother couldn't bear to cut off my long curls, and I believe I was eight years old when she finally took me to the barber. The barber was amazed when he found I was a boy. But not half as amazed as Robert Beckert, who had been carrying my books home from school! Since that time, I no longer suffer from lactophobia, but I do have nomophobia, which is a fear of people named Robert Beckert.

Going through a certain age period has always given me several new phobias. When I was twelve, I had a severe case of graphophobia. That is a fear of backing into pencil sharpeners. That was brought about during a game of blind man's bluff, when I lost my sense of direction and backed into a wall to which was affixed a pencil sharpener. (Please turn the page)
HERE'S HOW TO INTRODUCE YOUR CHILD TO MUSIC

A great many parents are concerned with developing and instilling music into the lives of their youngsters, but are at a bit of a loss as to how to go about it.

One of the first steps is to place at the child's disposal recordings of a wide variety. (I'm referring to small children of age two to about ten years, thereafter they assume certain responsibilities themselves.) The child, no doubt, will find something that will fascinate. Young children generally lean toward highly rhythrical music.

This, of course, does not mean that just jazz or rock 'n' roll is the only answer. As a matter of fact, a good deal of folk music and classical music is rhythmically pointed. Generally, the child becomes engrossed with one piece. This is where the adult's patience sometimes goes amiss. The youngster will want to hear it over and over again. They are rarely ever, at an early age, ready to absorb as quickly as you are. Let them hear it as much as they want to. They'll let you know when they've learned it, so to speak.

Most of the children I've come in contact with generally love a good story, so acquire some ballet music, particularly works with programs that youngsters would be interested in hearing about. The "Nutcracker Suite" is one that comes to my mind. Folk songs appear to delight kids, too, particularly nonsense songs. These use sounds sometimes instead of words and usually have a simple repetitive melody.

One important factor is: Never push your taste on children, even though their choice of music disturbs you. That's why volume knobs are on sets. I'm sure at a reasonable level the sound of the phono won't disturb you very much.

Sometimes, kids will feel compelled to do a dance to certain music. (I, myself, encourage my daughter to dance when the bug bites her.) This is a very strong indication of their delight with the piece that is moving them to dance. Investigate the piece and find out what its make-up is, the composer, the kind of orch, the tempo, fast or slow, the type of music, etc. From there, you'll at least have some idea of the leanings of your child. You'll be well on the way to teaching him how to live in the wonderful world of music.

Johnny Carson's Corner
(Continued from page 9)

Some phobias stay with you for life. Like remitophobia, which is a fear that my TV Radio Mirror subscription will run out and they won't let me renew. Modern society is responsible for burdening people with new phobias. Like antiphobia, which is a fear of going into the Chase Manhattan Bank and finding you haven't a friend there.

The consensus among doctors is that as you grow older, you tend to have fewer phobias. As soon as I heard that, I contracted medophobia, which is a disbelief of doctors who say things like that. I belong to the Phobia of the Month Club. For example, I have always suffered from putsophobia, which is a fear of headwaiters. A cold impersonal stare from a headwaiter can turn me into six feet of tapioca. To begin with, any good headwaiter can speak a couple of languages, usually French and Italian. He is also usually better attired than I. To further my agony, he brings me the wine list. He might as well bring me the Dead Sea Scrolls. I once casually pointed to something on the list and said, "Bring me that." It turned out to be the restaurant owner's name.

So much for putsophobia, a fear of another human being. I also have phobias of inanimate objects, namely mildewphobia, a fear of mold, as I heard that. I believe wire coat hangers were sent here from another planet to take over the earth. They are the most frustrating and uncontrollable objects in existence. I dread the moment when my clothes are returned from the cleaners. These little wire coat hangers have managed to become intertwined, and just trying to get them all facing in the same direction so you can hang them in the closet is man's severest test. If one is turned around and you attempt to straighten it, the top snaps off in your hand. I also firmly believe that they breed at night in the privacy of the closet. I have personally made a count before retiring, and the next morning I found 27 new hangers. And just try throwing them away. It's like trying to kill a snake. I've found the only solution is to seal up the closet.

These are just a few of the more prominent phobias I have. I still haven't mentioned lectophobia, which is a fear of falling into a Con Edison excavation. Or brontophobia, a fear of finding out that Smokey the Bear is a Communist. Or even ininfophobia, not knowing how to end a written article. It often seems that...

Johnny stars in WHO DO YOU TRUST, as seen on ABC-TV, M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT.

EVERYBODY

- Jackie Paris has never been treated kindly by the Fates. Though he has been around show business for several years, he's remained a singer's singer. The reasons are many. For one thing Jackie has been considered just a jazz singer. His recordings in the past have always been directed to a small group of jazz followers. But I'm happy a good deal of the bums are behind him now. He's a seasoned performer now, a darn good hoofer, a chap in possession of a musical conception that has made its full turn and completed itself.

A mature, fully developed talent is Jackie Paris, now. And ABC-Paramount's jazz arm, Impulse Records, is right behind him. Your reviewer had the extreme pleasure of arranging and conducting and in some cases compos-
LOVES PARIS

ing for Jackie’s first album for Impulse. Jackie opened some new areas for himself with this album. Folk material, some standard ballads, swinging tunes and some beautiful ad-lib singing with his own unique brand of guitar accompaniment. Jackie ran the gamut beautifully.

Those readers who are familiar with Jackie’s past performances will certainly be surprised at his development. He has always been a good singer, but now he is so singular that it’s amazing. Well, look for Jackie’s recorded efforts this year. You’ll find him fresh and invigorating. In these times, when we’re saturated with so much nonsense and "things" that are passed off as music, I’m happy to see the re-birth of Jackie Paris, and proud to have been in on it.

BING SINGS AND SINGS

Bing’s Hollywood (Decca, Fifteen Albums)—March ’62 was Bing Crosby month at Decca and one heck-of-a-month it was. Decca released Fifteen Albums, with one hundred and eighty-three tunes from forty-two movies! Brother, that’s a compilation!

It would appear that no stone was left unturned. My sampler’s one side sees “Der Bingle” lose that tenor range he started with and descend into that “Boo Boo” baritone. Some of the early tracks may not move those who cannot relate to that period, but there is still plenty here that easily hurdles such obstacles. “Blue Skies” is certainly one of the highlights of the sampler. The reading is beautiful, and Bing’s resonant, relaxed warbling is incredible! The touching Burke and Van Heusen tune, “But Beautiful,” holds up fantastically. You’ll find Bing side by side with some talented ladies, too. Mary Martin, Mitzi Gaynor, the Andrews Sisters, Jane Wyman and others.

I’m sure that this series will cause much reflection. The arrangements, the tunes and the performances seem instilled with the color of the times, their times. Crosby, certainly the most indestructible song and dance man ever, is worthy of this kind of a testimonial, as he changes, chameleon-like, with the times. The early tracks bring back the essence of those times, faintly reminiscent of Arthur Tracy, the Street Singer. The grander, dramatic-type ballad then gives way to the spare, straight from the heart, unburdened interpretations of more recent times.

I can say with assurance that this series does cover Bing’s movie career completely.

So if you want some gems in your collection to invoke some movie-house memories, check this group out. Twenty-five years in the limelight could murder many a talent, but not Crosby! Song and dance, dramatic leads, TV, radio, the screen, clubs, you name it, he’s done it! Bing has carved his spot well, in our popular musical heritage.

TOPS IN SINGLES

1) Uptown, The Crystals (Phillies)—An exceedingly strong tune, full of social overtones, but strongly written, strongly performed. Look out for this one.

2) Lipstick Traces, Benny Spellman (MGM)—A very strong contender for honors. Benny belts it out. This could find favor among the kids.

3) Laughin’ The Blues, Sheb Wooley (MGM)—Here’s our Pete Nolan from “Rawhide” again. Always to be watched, Sheb will sneak up on you. This tune has that flavor.

4) It Ain’t As Easy As That/Good-Night, Irene, Hoagy Lands (MGM)—Hoagy may land up in the winner’s circle with “It Ain’t As Easy.” The flip side is strong too! “Irene,” the way it is done, could shake up some sales. Look out!

5) The Big Draft, The Four Preps (Capitol)—Although this record is directed to your funny-bone with an assist from the “Impressions” dept., it could mean something. The flip, “Suzy Cockroach,” is an elbow in the ribs sort of thing. Talented bunch of kids!

6) Who Will The Next Fool Be, Bobby Bland (Duke)—Well, this should mean something! This chap has professional stamped all over him. It might not be what everyone wants to hear, but I’ll stick with Bobby’s shunting all the way. He’s a new rival for Ray Charles to contend with. Maybe too musical, but I hope not.

7) No Strings, Vic Damone (Capitol)—This is the title tune from the Broadway musical by Richard Rodgers. I can still remember Vic’s big one “On The Street Where You Live” from “Faith Lady.” You never can tell. At any rate, it is something to listen and watch for.

8) Forever, The Fabulous Four (Chancellor)—Here’s a hard riding entry. It might do it. This may move the kids right down to the record shop.

9) The Right Thing To Say, Nat “King” Cole (Capitol)—Well, here’s the sleeper! Nat has a way of getting these lightly moving ballads up the hit charts. It covers all areas. Nat turns in a beautiful performance, as he always does. The flip-side, “Look No Further,” from “No Strings,” is a twenty-to-one. Watch the first side.

10) Runaway, Lawrence Welk (Dot)—I haven’t the remotest idea of how bandleader Welk makes records like this! Well, however he’s done it, it’s been done. Could be a big one. It certainly isn’t Mickey Mouse like those band arrangements. This is vital . . .
Some phobias stay with you for life. Like arachnophobia, which is a fear of spiders, or aquarium phobia, which is a fear of underwater creatures. These fears are often the result of traumatic experiences. For example, a person who has been bitten by a spider may develop a phobia of spiders. This fear can be so intense that it can interfere with daily life, causing anxiety and avoidance behaviors. However, with the right treatment, such as exposure therapy, many people are able to overcome their phobias and lead normal lives. Phobias are classified as specific phobias, social phobias, and agoraphobia, among others. Understanding the nature of these fears and how to manage them is crucial for those who suffer from them.
Your Monthly ON RECORD Guide

POPULAR

★★★★ Point of No Return, Frank Sinatra, Arr. and Cond. by Alex Stordahl (Capitol) — Before I write one line of this review, let me say that if Sinatra ever suffers by comparison, it’s only with Sinatra. That said, now about the album. The essence of the album is the glance back over the shoulder into the past moments of love and the bitter-sweet truth inherent in the album title, “Point of No Return.”

Sinatra, the most capable conjurer of imagery, is magnificently melancholy on most of the tracks. He eases through the tough things. “When the World Was Young,” the beautiful Johnny Mercer tune, gets one heck-of-a-treatment. It’s incredibly read! But on “These Foolish Things” we find The Voice singing and reading at a very low level. (I hasten to add, for Sinatra!) He sort of “La-De-Da’s” it. “I’ll Be Seeing You” is pretty much unrealized until the last singing entrance after the orchestra plays, where Sinatra saves the whole tune with a blast of warmth. The arrangements, though not disconcerting, are not very stimulating to this reviewer. (Herein may possibly sit the reason for some strange Sinatra moments.)

I could take ten pages to write about how good the rest of the album is. But I’m sure you, the readers, need no adjectives from me about The Voice.

Included are “September Song” (with the verse), “I’ll See You Again,” “Memories of You,” “Somewhere Along the Way,” “It’s a Blue World,” “I’ll Remember April” and “There Will Never Be Another You.” I leave the rest to your imagination. When, and if, you purchase this album, you’ll graciously be touched by another tear-drip off the cheek of the Master. Highly recommended.

★★★ Pearl Bailey + Louis Bellson = Happy Sounds (Roulette) — Don’t ever let anybody tell you Pearl Bailey isn’t one of the great singers, because she is! She’s a complete talent. No edges, nothing missing, nothing needed. Relaxed to the point of absurdity. Her voice, as an instrument, is a marvel. Her time conception is on a par with any “jazz” singer. Only Pearlie Mae doesn’t make a career out of it. The readings here are the most professional. She tells the story.

You’ll find out about “The Feeling” in “That Certain Feeling,” the humor in “Just You, Just Me,” the serious Pearl, talking of love in the lovely “I’m Glad There Is You.” Louis’ sides are nice, but hardly earth-shattering. (They are certainly arranged nicely.) Four stars for Pearl and Louis, three stars for the album.

★★ Duet, Doris Day and André Previn Trio (Columbia) — Very few singers could sustain an album like this. Unfortunately, Miss Day is not one of them. Previn’s backing is competent, but conservative. The readings by Miss Day miss the bullseye by a quarter of a mile. The over-deliberate phrasing, the constant production of round tones (even where the lyric calls for throw-aways) keeps the action on one level. The mood seems broken, happily for this reviewer, in the pulsing Previn tune, “Control Yourself.”

The tunes are all first-rate: “Nobody’s Heart,” “My One and Only Love” (which incidentally has Previn’s piano swinging to advantage in his solo), “Wait Till You See Him,” the Rodgers and Hart gem, and some other goodies.

The Trio was not utilized much, which seems strange. A singer like Miss Day, who is not pointedly rhythmical, needs punctuation to relieve the floating-like feeling of her readings and phrasing. Well, if you’re a Doris Day fan, this may be a departure from her usually large-orchestra type recordings, and on that value may mean something to you. I wish it were a 4-star album, as both Miss Day and Previn are favorites of this reviewer, but it isn’t.

★★★ The Best of Basie (Roulette) — A thoroughly enjoyable visit to Basie’s wine cellar. I find the vintage tunes and reconstruct the thread of biography of Red Bank, New Jersey’s contribution to the big band jazz history. It’s all Basie’s show in the composition department. The tunes bridge the period of 1938–44. These are not the original recordings, but they stand up to a comparison wonderfully well. The sound of modern records and the technique of making them is the plus of this album. Old Basie buffs will, of course, shout about the missing giants. There is no Lester Young on “Blue and Sentimental” or “Every Tub.” No Buck Clayton or Harry Edison, no Jo Jones.
But these chaps in the newer Basie bands take no back seat. Joe Newman and Thad Jones are certainly talented trumpeters. Joe Williams covers beautifully the Jimmy Rushing classics. Frank Foster and Frank Wess can kick in and out with the best!

An interesting thing to do, if you're an experimenter, is get the old recordings and these new ones and see what you find in the comparison. (No doubt, you'll probably find they both merit attention.) For history, for big band fans and dancers, for jazz lovers, this is a goodie. Recommended.

**Italiano!** Frankie Avalon (Chancellor)—An exceedingly relaxed package by one of the leaders of the younger set of singers. Frankie does a wonderful job of handling this material, which is made up of some Italian and Italian-English songs. He reads them very well, instilling them with that certain quality that evokes warm, sunny days and cool and fragrant nights. He shies away from putting his heart in his hand and belting them out in a maudlin and over-dramatic fashion. Instead he projects a subtle feeling. (If anything is excessive, it's simplicity.) He does a few tunes with obvious modernity. "Zingarella" gets a smooth swinging treatment. Frank Hunter's arrangement punctuates Frankie's phrasing beautifully. "Tennessee" swings too, but has added color. (The use of mandolin and, I believe, a harpsichord.) All in all, it's an album Frankie can be proud of. He continues to grow larger as a talent with each succeeding album. The cover, for you Avalon fans, is a portrait of Frankie sitting in a Hollywood restaurant. An Italian one, of course!

**The Hits of Woody Herman** (Capitol, The Star Line)—I see Capitol is now in the process of what, at Verve Records, is now called "The Essential Series." Capitol's answer is The Star Line, and this Woody Herman album is one of them. It is a compilation bridging a few periods. "Lemon- Drop" and "Early Autumn" are earlier Herman jazz classics, written by George Wallington and Ralph Burns, respectively. They feature talents like Shorty Rogers, Terry Gibbs, Serge Chaloff and Stan Getz. They still rank among this reviewer's favorite jazz recordings. "Woodchopper's Ball" sees a later band. Richie Kamuca and Bill Perkins, I believe, handling the tenor work.

Woody always manages to find the young players in each new generation. Rarely ever has he, or his bands, turned in anything but first-rate performances. This album is no exception. If you don't have these in your collection you've missed a little big band history. A good package of vintage wailers.

**Modern Sounds in Country and Western Music**, Ray Charles (ABC-Paramount)—I can't help thinking, listening to this album, what a waste of talent. Ray Charles, to this reviewer's knowledge, has always put his stamp of believability on his efforts. Well, it's not in evidence here. The tunes are all good country tunes, but outside of Ray's groove. I've always delighted in Ray's bringing together fundamental material and a sophisticated attitude and conversely, sophisticated material with a fundamental and "other-side-of-town" type attitudes. Here the material seems so stylistically written, that one must do it country or not do it at all. I admire the courageous attempt. But Ray is loaded with talent, his own brand of individuality, and that's where the idea-men should sink the shaft. Blues, country blues, of the John Lee Hooker variety, in this reviewer's humble opinion, would open an area to Ray that could stand development, to the tune of strings, arrangements and voices. It's all too prosaic. Ray Charles is one of my favorite talents and I dislike rating this one. Four stars for Ray, two for the album.

**You're Mine You**, Sarah Vaughan, Arranged and Cond. by Quincy Jones (Roulette)—The combination of Sassy and Quincy Jones is murder! This album is surely the best of the "Divine" Sarah in a while. The choice of the material, the sound of the album, the wonderful and sympathetic arrangements of Quincy Jones and Sarah's soarings excursions are all first-rate. The version of Bernstein's "Maria" from "West Side Story" is one of the best I've heard. Sarah confidently glides through "Green Dolphin Street" "In- vitation," the beautiful "In Other Words," and a couple of recently Sinatra-made standards ("Witchcraft" and "Second Time Around"). The pac-
ing on the album is good. Textures change throughout, thanks to Quincy's variations in the instrumental make-up of the orchestra. When the material calls for the warmth of strings, there they be. The blanket-like effect of a choir of horns, the bite of a big band, the brass muted with little percussive sounds from the rhythm section, give a spectrum of color.

Sarah sits right on top of everything, warbling, sighing, ornamental finding new ways to say old things. This album will find a place in my collection along with the best.

★★★First Time!—The Count M-3ts The Duke, The Duke Ellington and Count Basie Orchestra (Columbia)—I'll bet you think that two bands playing in one studio can get pretty fouled up. But where others may fail, Basie and Ellington take the challenge, hoist up the wailing flag and commence to shout. Both bands are loaded with talent. Ray Nance, Cat Anderson, Jimmy Hamilton, Lawrence Brown, Frank Wess, the wonderful Thad Jones from the Basie team, Freddie Green's vital pulse, Sammy Woodard and Sonny Payne bringing up the rear with gusto. All these cats, plus the writing of Basie, Duke, Billy Strayhorn, Frank Wess: Thad Jones. The tracks are all freewheeling. The writing leaves many holes for the soloists to use. Thad Jones' "To You" is a beautiful example of this chap's writing ability. A warm, enchanting ballad. Duke's "Battle Royal" gets the action started. (Its coda utilizes the fourteen brass assembled to shout nobly.) The album includes the trademarks of Duke and Count, "Take the 'A' Train" and "Jumpin' at the Woodside." The latter bringing this courtly occasion to a screaming end. All in all, a very good package for hand-lovers, buffs and anybody who needs to tap their foot and wiggle their toes. Recommended.

CLASSICAL

★★★★Hymns and Songs of Brotherhood, The Mormon Tabernacle Choir (Columbia)—Here's an album worth every penny spent on it. The human voice, the most beautiful of all musical instruments, is the winner here. The Mormon Choir is certainly one of the best groups in the world. They blend beautifully and have an unusually large dynamic range. The material is all first-rate. Joseph Wagner's "Ballad of Brotherhood" is the highlight. Here the Choir starts at the softest level and builds beautifully to a triumphant close. The lyrics are somewhat borrowed from Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." It flows with major and minor sevenths and ninths liberally sprinkled throughout.

Another gem, also using a Whitman text, is Gustav Holst's "Two Veterans," a rather biting dirge, expressing the passing of war and death. The strident harmonies, the wonderful trumpet-like sounds all paint this scene strongly. Also included is a "Song of Thanksgiving" by England's late, great master, Vaughan Williams; "The Pilgrims Chorus," out of "Tannhauser" by Richard Wagner; and the monument to brotherhood, Jean Sibelius' "Onward, Ye Peoples." The performances are all on the highest level. For those who delight in the human voice, the words of sages and the inspiring creations of musical genius, see about this album.

JAZZ

★★★Soul Trombone, Curtis Fuller and the Jazz Clan (Impulse)—It is always a pleasure to hear a fine, modern jazz-playing trombonist. It seems strange, but, comparatively speaking, they are few. J.J. Johnson, Bob Brookmeyer, Jimmie Cleveland, and then who? Well, Curtis certainly stands alongside these chaps. Largely influenced, and admittedly so, by J.J., Curtis is still Curtis. This album also finds him writing. (Half of the tunes are originals.)

The trombone, though an inherently cumbersome instrument to get around on, presents no problem at all to Mr. Fuller. He moves rapidly, smoothly, playing the ballads warmly and the swingers in a pecking, short staccato-type style. His "Clan," as it's called, includes several young talents. Freddie Hubbard is heard on trumpet, with Cedar Walton, G. T. Hogan and Jimmie Merritt making up the rhythm section. Another underrated and talented player, saxophonist Jimmy Heath, is also a big plus here. The tunes include "Wee Small Hours," "Dear Old Stockholm," "The Breeze and I" and Curtis' originals "The Clan," "Newdles" and
“Ladies, Night.” This is a fella to watch. Curtis has been developing steadily towards becoming a major jazz voice, and, unlike a few of his contemporaries, he has no excesses. He’s concentrated. A very good package. Good writing, good playing.

**Statements, Milt Jackson Quartet (Impulse)—**Like last month, this month finds in my hands, once again, another expression of the always fertile heart and mind of Milt Jackson. Last month found him with the Oscar Peterson Trio on Verve, but this time it’s all his show. Complemented by three, better you couldn’t find, extremely large talents. The indestructible Hank Jones at the piano with Paul Chambers and Connie Kay, bass and drums respectively. As might well be imagined by Jackson fans, most of the material is, structurally, blues. And there is no one like Milt in this area.

So far as swing is concerned, be assured it’s here! Milt, being certainly one of the very few great jazz improvisers, is always a must for jazz libraries. He holds one great distinction: I’ve never heard of any critic or musician ever expressing any views except of the highest esteem for Milt’s talent and output, which incidentally is like Gibraltar in the stormy jazz seas where so many players have their heads dunked periodically. Milt always is consistent. “Statements” can be added to the list of gems he’s brought to life.

**FOLK**

**Standing Room Only! The Highwaymen (United Artists)—**Here are five versatile, talented, college chaps who do a better than average job of bringing something fresh into the world of small, male, folk-style singing groups. The tunes in the album run the gamut. Things like “Cotton Fields,” “Black-eyed Suzie,” the touching Christmas carol of American origin, “Rise Up Shepherd,” the Hebridean sea song, “The Great Silkies” (which, incidentally, finds leader, Dave Fisher, playing a recorder), the very Scottish “Calton Weaver” and a very tasty ver-

**MOOD MUSIC**

**Great Themes From Hit Films, Enoch Light and His Orchestra (Command, stereo)—**As mood albums go, this is a lot better than most. Unfortunately, for this reviewer, the material doesn’t hold up, in some cases, to the arrangements and performance level. I hasten to add that the things that are good are very good. The sound, the separation of the channels, the package, are all first-rate.

Side two is strong with themes like “The Hustler,” “Exodus,” “The Four Horsemen,” and “Tonight” from “West Side Story.” The arrangements, craftily constructed by Lew Davies, are sparkling with color and vitality. Where the theme is first-rate, Lew meets the occasion, but “La Dolce Vita,” “Tender Is the Night” and “Satan Never Sleeps” cannot be helped by any efforts. They are second-rate. But, much credit for fine arranging, first-rate playing, and the marvelously recorded sound. The real hub is Hollywood-made! Recommended for audiophiles, lovers and “sit-and-relax” listeners.

**50 Guitars Go South of the Border, Tommy Garrett (Liberty)—**This, for what it obviously sets out to do, is a good, relaxed article. Nothing to get upset over, but that’s not its intent. A lazy Southern journey, with the music of Latin nights, sprinkled with dashes of dance music, some love songs filled with guitar tremolos and the wonderfully produced sound of the album are the pluses! The playing is first-rate, the arrangements Latino. If this is your cup of tea, buy some castanets and then see about getting this album for your collection.
More frightening than "The Untouchables" or Fabian in "Bus Stop" was the sickening beating administered to Benny Paret by Emile Griffith at Madison Square Garden. If this doesn't badly damage professional boxing or TV coverage of it, nothing will! Despite the fact that anyone could tell that the pitifully limp Paret was desperately hurt, the announcer assured the TV audience that they would replay, on tape, the beating that felled Paret! Back in 1933, I saw Ernie Schaaf mortally hurt in Garden ring but this one, in TV close-up, was even more horrifying. . . . Betsy Palmer named the baby Melissa . . . Elaine May and Sheldon Harnick honeymoon bound. . . . Did Sen. Barry Goldwater say: "The only thing worse than being right in Washington, is to be a Protestant"? . . . Bob Newhart and Ginny Quinn a threesome . . . When his TV director, Dave Geisel, wed Kip Hamilton, sister of his producer, Joe Hamilton, Garry Moore treated them to an Acapulco honeymoon . . . Clifford Odets and Rocky Cooper, Gary's widow, a threesome . . . Fernando Lamas to wed Esther Williams . . . Joey Bishop TV show due for a complete staff shakeup . . . George Montgomery dating Geraldine Page . . . 500 Indian cleaners scrubbed Taj Mahal and tended the gardens before Jackie's visit . . . David May to marry Andra Martin . . . Hedda Hopper's next book, "The Whole Truth—Nothing But," for Doubleday . . . Vince ("Ben Casey") Edwards prefers Sherry Nelson. . . Benny Goodman need have no fear that Russian audiences won't enjoy American jazz. When our show was in Russia, accordionist Dick Contino stopped every show with his jazz pyrotechnics, every night for four weeks . . . Desi Arnaz and Connie Kernuth at Chateau Madrid . . . Joanne Dru to wed George Pierose. . . A newspaper interviewer, probably with tongue in cheek, quoted Princess Raziwili: "I shrank from the knowledge that my sister's husband had been elected President of the U. S. It took me some time but I've finally learned to live with it." Proving that the princess is a good, brave girl—and most every girl in the world would like to adjust herself to the same problem. . . The John Barrymores Jr. expecting . . . Sebastian ("Checkmate") Cabot's lass, Annette, to wed Dave Bradley. . . Daughter for the Barry Coes . . . Jimmy Durante's baby adoption approved by the court . . . Dean Martin won a belly laugh from Sinatra when Dean told a newspaperwoman what had bust up the Sinatra-Prowse engagement: "She insisted that Frank give up his career." . . . The Leonard Bernsteins named the baby Nina . . . Dick Powell—June Allyson reconciliation iced? . . . Frankie Avalon and Dodi Stevens in tune . . . Nancy (CBS-TV) Hanschman and C. Wyatt Dickerson honeymooning. . . Bob Hope's Linda prefers Dr. Donald Nelson . . . Danny Thomas' lass, Marlo, and Paul von Schreiber altar-bound . . . Loretta Young's son, Chris, dating Bee Maguire . . . Ray Milland's son, Danny, and Stefanie Powers an item . . . Mrs. Red Buttons getting a Mexican divorce . . . Shari Lewis Tarcher stork due in July . . . Arthur Murray celebrates 50th ann'y in June as dance maestro . . . Marilyn Maxwell a Latin Quarter click.
a MINISTER, PRIEST and RABBI discuss:
A MINISTER SPEAKS OUT: Rev. John Van Zanten of the Riverdale Presbyterian Church, New York, says: "The Twist is a very athletic dance that provides exercise for energetic young people. A couple of hours of the Twist ought to exhaust them sufficiently so they can go to sleep easily. Therefore, the Twist may well be a factor in the harmless discharge of excessive energy.

"The Twist is certainly not as provocative as the old time cheek-to-cheek walk-around-the-dance-floor that was once called dancing."

"We have a Teen Age Canteen in our church, and I've seen our teenagers do the Twist. It seems to be a form of Danish gymnastics. They hop around and jump and twist. I see nothing offensive about the way they do it. Perhaps a forty-year-old person may do the Twist offensively; but not the teenagers I know.

"The more athletic the dance, the better for young people and the more dangerous for older people.

"I think that the quality of a dance is in the intention behind it. If the dance is a primitive fertility rite by Indians, then it would probably end up in a brawl. But if the dance is to express exuberant spirits and to enjoy life, then it's fine. It's a creative force. It's a harmless way of letting off steam.

"After all, even eating—if you're a glutton—can be a mess. It's a matter of degree, of good taste, of sweet reasonableness.

"Unwholesome youngsters doing the Twist can make the dance unwholesome. But dancing for the sake of a good time will be wholesome. It's not the dance, but the people who dance.

"Motivation is important. Why are they dancing? If they are dancing for fun, then they will have fun. If they are dancing for a bacchanal debauch, then they will achieve that. It's like the theater; it can uplift or downgrade you.

"If the music for the Twist does not burst your eardrums, then it probably will not do any damage. If we adults oppose the Twist, then we make it more attractive to some youngsters. They go for anything that's banned. So I'd say, leave it alone."

A RABBI SPEAKS OUT: Rabbi David Wolf Silverman of the Conservative Synagogue of Riverdale (New York), says: "There are more important things to worry about than the Twist. But I am told that this new dance has been banned by clergy in other cities; so now the Twist has become a religious issue.

"I'd rather ban the H bomb than the Twist."

"I don't think of the Twist as anything more than the current dance fad. Each generation has its dance fads, and if we ban the Twist then we should have banned the jitterbug and rock 'n' roll, and all the other dances-of-the-moment. These dances are merely ephemera that are cast up on the social scene through the years.

"We lower ourselves when we preoccupy ourselves with evaluating and banning the Twist. The best energies of religion should be devoted to considerations of national morality, of how our children will carry over attitudes of rectitude into their adult lives, and how we can work for a peaceful world.

"Now I don't think the Twist is particularly graceful. It is at best awkward, and at its worst repulsive. If I thought dancing the Twist was stimulating immorality, then I might have second thoughts on the subject. The relationship between dancing and sexual immorality is quite ambiguous. But I haven't seen any evidence that dancers of the Twist were working up their passions. The dance seems to leave its practitioners physically exhausted.

"Certainly the Twist offends me; but it offends my esthetic sense rather than outrages my moral concern.

"I think we will survive the Twist. In time, it will pass on to the limbo of forgotten dances like the Black Bottom (Continued on page 72)
A MINISTER SPEAKS OUT: Rev. John Van Zanten of the Riverdale Presbyterian Church, New York, says: "The Twist is a very athletic dance that provides exercise for energetic young people. A couple of hours of the Twist ought to exhaust them sufficiently so they can go to sleep easily. Therefore, the Twist may well be a factor in the harmless discharge of excessive energy.

"The Twist is certainly not as provocative as the old time cheek-to-cheek walk-around-the-dance-floor that was once called dancing.

"We have a Teen Age Canteen in our church, and I've seen our teenagers do the Twist. It seems to be a form of Danish gymnastics. They hop around and jump and twist. I see nothing offensive about the way they do it. Perhaps a forty-year-old person may do the Twist offensively; but not the teenagers I know.

"The more athletic the dance, the better for young people and the more dangerous for older people.

"I think that the quality of a dance is in the intention behind it. If the dance is a primitive fertility rite by Indians, then it would probably end up in a brawl. But if the dance is to express exuberant spirits and to enjoy life, then it's fine. It's a creative force. It's a harmless way of letting off steam.

"After all, even eating—if you're a glutton—can be a mess. It's a matter of degree. Good taste, of sweet reasonableness.

"Unwholesome youngsters doing the Twist can make the dance unwholesome. But dancing for the sake of a good time will be wholesome. It's not the dance, but the people who dance.

"Motivation is important. Why are they dancing? If they are dancing for fun, then they will have fun. If they are dancing for a bacchanal debauch, then they will achieve that. It's like the theater; it can uplift or downgrade you.

"If the music for the Twist does not hurt your ear drums, then it probably will not do any damage. If we adults oppose the Twist, then we make it more attractive to some youngsters. They go for anything that's banned. So I'd say, leave it alone."

A RABBI SPEAKS OUT: Rabbi David Wolf Silverman of the Conservative Synagogue of Riverdale (New York), says: "There are more important things to worry about than the Twist. But I am told that this new dance has been banned by clergy in other cities; so now the Twist has become a religious issue.

"I'd rather ban the H bomb than the Twist.

"I don't think of the Twist as anything more than the current dance fad. Each generation has its dance fads, and if we ban the Twist then we should have banned the jitterbug and rock 'n' roll, and all the other dances-of-the-moment. These dances are merely ephemera that are cast up on the social scene through the years.

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"I think we will survive the Twist. In time, it will pass on to the limbo of forgotten dances like the Black Bottom (Continued on page 72)"
THE JOYS, THE FEARS, THE TEARS OF MY FIRST YEAR OF MARRIAGE

by DIANNE LENNON
For the intimate story Dianne told her sisters — left to right: Kathy, Janet and Peggy — please turn the page.
MY FIRST YEAR OF MARRIAGE

When I think of my first year of marriage, it almost seems like a riddle. You know, one of those riddles where you put the parts together and then tell yourself, “See how well it all fits!” It was quite a year, any way I look at it.

What’s the connection between a bread box I bought myself and a green sheath that was bought for me . . . or a fight that never happened and a nose operation that did? The answer, of course, is that all these things, in one way or the other, were part of my first exciting and unforgettable year as Mrs. Richard Gass.

Now, I don’t mean that other people would find these things unusual or exciting. Everyone has his or her idea of what’s important or enjoyable. And I don’t mean to say that it was a year of all smooth sailing and no bumps. But these only made us even more thankful for all the real good luck and fine times we’ve had together.

It’s almost unbelievable how many wedding gifts we got. A lot of them came from people we’d never met, people who only knew me through “The Lawrence Welk Show” on TV. For instance, a Mrs. Gillander of Sacramento, who lost her two sons and a daughter in the war, sent us a tablecloth. Just lovely. I was amazed at the work she had put in it. We got all kinds of milk glass, linens, silver. How can I ever forget all the people who put so much thoughtfulness and friendliness into these gifts? The mother of a priest who is a friend of ours framed our wedding invitation and surrounded it with tiny imitation lilies of the valley. Dick and I would like to do the same with our marriage certificate.

But this is the oddest thing: With all the marvelous practical gifts we got, only two things were left for us to buy ourselves—an ironing board and a bread box. So that takes care of the first item in my riddle.

People have written asking about our house. I once told how Dick had bought it from his parents. It was the house he grew up in. And also how he’d spent so much time and work making it ready for us to move into. Well, there’s much we want to do yet, but I’ve told Dick I would rather have him do it slowly, a little at a time, than spend all his weekends working. We have completed the living room, dining room, kitchen and bedroom. Dick re-finished some lovely old pieces of furniture which were gifts from friends.

In the back yard is a studio apartment where Dick and his brothers used to sleep when the Gass family was growing so fast they “outgrew” the house. Dick now uses it as a workshop. He plans on paneling half the living room—and staining and cutting the wood himself. The only part of that room that hasn’t been painted is around the fireplace. While we were on vacation last year, Mommy and Dad had all-new stone and a mantel put ‘in. Dick says there’s no sense in painting, since he’ll be paneling soon.

We just finished the other bedroom, which will be our nursery. While it’s true that we have no baby of our (Continued on page 68)

by DIANNE LENNON
Why are they warning the press: Keep away from Vince Edwards' mother? In an exclusive interview TV RADIO MIRROR gets at the truth behind the rumors

(Please turn the page)
They’re separated now, but Vince Edwards’ mother has a scrapbook of special memories of her son.

What is the big mystery about Vince Edwards?
Why are the people around him trying to keep reporters away from his mother?
What are they afraid she’ll say about her son?
Is there a feud between Vince and his mother?
What is the truth?

TV Radio Mirror assigned me to find the answers to these persistent questions and to a series of rumors that have surrounded Vince Edwards ever since he first started operating as “Ben Casey.”

It was easy. I found Vince’s mother, Mrs. Julia Zoino, just where she was supposed to be, where she has been all her life—in the East New York section of Brooklyn. It’s an old neighborhood, living somewhat in the fading glory of another era, but it’s still home to Mrs. Zoino, just as it once was home to Vincent.

This was where he was born, grew up, went to school, and lived until Hollywood finally beckoned and took him away to a fame undreamed of in childhood. (Continued on page 89)
1. Brooklyn P.S. 155: Vince (circle) and twin brother Bobby (next to last, same row). 2. “Always big boys,” says their mom, “but so different!” 3. Bobby was a light redhead, Vince auburn. 4. With their “oldest” niece (now grown up and wed). 5. Vince at East New York Vocational High—a champ swimmer. 6. And a graduate on his way! 7. Model young man posing for funds to study acting. 8. “Greek god” doing summer stock in Rhode Island. 9. At last, that first step to film fame—bleached blond for title role in “Mr. Universe,” with Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom.
They're separated now, but Vince Edwards' mother has a scrapbook of special memories of her son.

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Sandra Lee's own nursery story:

THE BABY LOOKS JUST

If not the greatest, this is the shortest story ever told!
LIKE BOBBY!
Sandra's own nursery story:

THE BABY LOOKS JUST LIKE BOBBY!

If not the greatest, this is the shortest story ever told!
"I only wish I could go with him." Mrs. Rene Carpenter smiled bravely as she spoke. She knew the odds, the risks, the dangers involved, now that her husband had been chosen to follow John H. Glenn into space.

The thirty-two-year-old wife of Commander Malcolm S. (Scott) Carpenter took the news of her husband’s unexpected nomination for America’s next three-orbit shot with calm and confidence. There was no real surprise. She had been expecting this moment from the day she first learned that Scott had been chosen, with six others, to be his country’s first men in space.

That was in the spring of 1959.

Today as she looks back over that time, Rene Carpenter has much to be proud of, much to remember, much that is still to be faced.

"I'm very pleased," she says, knowing that her thirty-six-year-old husband carries one of America’s greatest hopes in the race for space.

She knows, too, what lies ahead—

**What’s it like**

the inherent danger that stems from possible failure of any one of hundreds of thousands of intricate parts in the Mercury-Atlas rocket and capsule. "I’m not worried," she says with composure. But Rene Carpenter, a sensible and very pretty woman, knows enough about her husband’s mission to (Continued on page 86)

**when you’re told**

**THE SEVEN WOMEN BEHIND THE**
YOUR HUSBAND IS NEXT

Slayton, Annie Glenn, Bette Grissom, Trudy Cooper.

ASTRONAUTS

Scott Carpenter
"I only wish I could go with him."
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Who's Missing From This

YOU CAN WIN A BULLWINKLE PARTY RIGHT IN YOUR OWN TOWN!!! SPECIAL

1. You can be the host or hostess of the year in your own town! Here is your chance to have a fabulous, all-expenses-paid, Hollywood-type party thrown for you and up to 100 (count 'em, 100!) of your very dearest friends or whomever. That's right. TV RADIO MIRROR has arranged with "The Bullwinkle Show" (seen Sundays on NBC-TV) to toss an event in your honor that will be the talk of your community (and maybe the nation!!?) for months to come—including Bullwinkle himself, a top-flight orchestra for dancing and such, tempting foods, lavish decorations, souvenirs, hats, balloons and a host of other extras, including the hired help and the ballroom!

2. All you have to do is to answer the questions on page 34. Remember, there are no right or wrong answers—we just want to know about you so we can make our magazine better than ever. Then complete the winning sentence in 25 words or less—telling why you would like to win a Bullwinkle Party. (Wouldn't everybody?) Originality of thought will be the most important factor in judging. Coupon space on page 34 must be used; your entry can be typed or written in ink or pencil.

3. This contest is not open to Perle Mesta, Porfirio Rubirosa, the Plaza Hotel or any employee of Macfadden-Bartell Corp. and their families.

4. Mail your entry to Bullwinkle Party Contest, TV RADIO MIRROR, P.O. Box 3469, Grand Central Sta., New York 17, N. Y. Entries must be postmarked no later than May 30th, 1962, and be received in this office no later than June 10th, 1962. The editors of TV RADIO MIRROR are the judges of this contest and their decision is final. All entries become the property of Macfadden-Bartell Corp. and none will be returned. In case of tie, duplicate parties will be tossed.
Picture?? You Are!!!

CONTEST! IT'S EASY TO ENTER! IT'S EASY TO WIN!

ORCHESTRA! REPREHENSIBLES
BALLROOM DANCING BALLOONS!
FUNNY HATS! Decorations Food
BADGES
Who's Missing From This Picture??? You Are!!!

You can win a Bullwinkle Party right in your own town!!! Special

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Tell Us About Yourself

(Remember: There are no right or wrong answers, and wild horses couldn't drag this information from us. We just want to know it so we can bring you a bigger and better magazine each month.)

1. My name is: ____________________________ Age: ______

2. I live at: ______________________________

3. The type of television show I personally like the most is (please check only one):

- Western
- Drama
- Cartoons
- Comedy
- Quiz and panel
- News and special events
- Situation comedy
- Musical variety
- Daytime drama serial
- Police and crime
- Adventure
- Other: ____________________________

(please specify)

4. The three shows I personally like most are (please list in the order in which you like them):

My favorite show: _________________________

My next to favorite show: ____________________

My third to favorite show: ____________________

5. The man I personally like most on TV is: _________________________

6. The woman I personally like most on TV is: _________________________

7. The story or feature I read first in this issue is: _________________________

8. The story or feature I read last in this issue is: _________________________

9. The type of music I personally like the most is (please check only one):

- Popular—orchestra
- Popular—vocal
- Blues
- Jazz
- Show tunes
- Classical—symphonic
- Classical—opera
- Chamber music
- Folk songs
- Other: ____________________________

(please specify)

10. Is there a record player in your home? __ Yes __ No

If YES, is it stereo? __ Yes __ No __ Don’t know

11. Do you personally buy records to listen to yourself? __ Yes __ No

12. Is there a color TV set in your home? __ Yes __ No

13. How many people, including yourself, live in your household? _________________________

14. What business or industry does the head of your household work in? _________________________

15. What kind of work does he (she) do there? _________________________

16. Did someone in your household buy this issue on a newsstand? __ Yes __ No __ Don’t know

Your Winning Sentence:

I would like to have a Bullwinkle Party thrown for me because: _________________________ (complete in 25 words or less)

CUT OUT THIS PAGE AND MAIL TODAY TO:

Bullwinkle Party Contest
TV Radio Mirror
P.O. Box 3469
Grand Central Station
New York 17, N. Y.
Why do the women who sing about love so often end up without it?

(Please turn the page)
THRUSH FINDS MARRIAGE FOR THE BIRDS. The not very accurate headline, in type two inches high, told the world that Dinah Shore and George Montgomery were through. It wasn't very accurate, because Dinah certainly hadn't found marriage "for the birds." The failure of her own was doubly grievous, because she still believed so strongly in the institution.

Dinah, the girl who so often told America goodnight with a TV kiss, had given her last goodnight kiss to her handsome cowboy husband. Yet her wedding ring stayed on its finger and she still preferred to be called Mrs. Montgomery.

The breakup was no great surprise to close friends of the Montgomeries, but it came as a shocker to everybody else. "Not Dinah, too?" said her fans, shaking their heads in stunned disbelief. "If any singer's marriage could last, surely hers could! What a pity!" they sighed. "Why is it women singers can't stay married?"

Why, indeed! So many women start out singing love songs and end up singing the blues. So few thrushes have found the bluebird of happiness settling in their nests. During 1961, Keely Smith broke up a sensationaly successful night-club team to divorce her lively Italian partner, Louis Prima.... Rosemary Clooney dropped Jose Ferrer, ending an eight-year marriage that had been an almost continuous pregnancy... As recently as last January, Rhonda Fleming—who sings, although she is primarily an actress—visited the Santa Monica courtroom of Judge Allen T. Lynch for the purpose of shucking a husband....

"Haven't I seen you before?" the judge inquired.
He had. In 1958, Judge Lynch had severed the red-headed beauty's ties to husband Lew Morrill. Second time around, Rhonda was divorcing actor Lang Jeffries after one year, four months and sixteen days of matrimonial bliss. Lynches are accurate, though they can't be put in the trash for a second dating.

Even so, Judy has been luckier in love than Peggy Lee. Peg, who has everything that should keep a husband content (including money), has divorced three and, as of this minute, is doing a single routine.

Doris Day herself, though happily married for almost eleven years to Marty Melcher, lost two previous husbands—including one who told her bluntly to "get lost."

(Peggy Lee, incidentally, got this same word from her first husband, according to the testimony at the divorce hearing.)

Why don't women singers stay married? Why the divorces?

Well, why do other people get divorces? To a certain extent, the reasons for marital crackups among the songstresses are the same as among other segments of the populace: Quarrels about money... other women, other men... too few mutual friends... too much liquor. Singers have given all these reasons for splits.

Further, songstresses' marriages are subject to show-business stresses. A singer works odd hours, is away from home for long periods, must stick to nerve-fraying diets, and, often, competes with her husband professionally.

Any man who competes with his wife, hoes a hard row. The fact that George Montgomery and Dinah Shore remained married for eighteen years is a tribute to George's character and common sense. No matter how hard Dinah tried to be a good wife, her husband's lot wasn't an easy one.

"I had dates in high school and college," Dinah said once, "but I
was never a great beauty or the most popular girl in town, and when a man as wonderful and handsome and good as George asked me to marry him, it was too good to be true. I couldn’t believe I’d been so lucky.”

Dinah wasn’t exaggerating. When she and George married, she was very much in love. Trouble was born when Dinah, through her long association with Chevrolet, became America’s singing sweetheart. Her soft, easy style was everybody’s favorite. . . . Although her personality had never come through on the movie screen and her pictures had been flops, she took to television like a duck to water. She not only sang, she quipped, danced and clowned. On the TV screen, she sparkled.

And the public, watching Dinah shine, forgot that George was a successful furniture designer, a canny businessman and an actor who worked pretty regularly and didn’t need his wife’s fame or money. George may have forgotten these things himself, finally—and if he did, at that moment his marriage was doomed.

George’s furniture designs produced income but no fan mail. His pictures, the kind he’d always made, were mostly routine Westerns nobody would ever consider for an Academy Award. On the other hand, George’s pictures were the meat-and-potatoes of the movie industry, the low-budget productions indispensable to the Saturday matinee trade and for use as the bottom half of a double-feature bill. . . . Also—unlike some of the high-cost, three-hour-long extravaganzas that have won critical raves—George’s movies made money.

Still, nobody could dodge the fact that Dinah was the star of the family. On Sundays, while she was rehearsing in the big NBC studio in Burbank, George served as baby-sitter. Because Dinah loved to have her family with her all the time, George would bring the kids to the studio and keep them out of mischief while Mrs. Montgomery worked her head off.

From time to time, she’d take a break and give George a kiss. The kiss was a genuine expression of affection and apology. Sometimes, as she talked with a writer or publicist, she’d glance across at George, cheerfully baby-sitting, and her eyes would say, “I’m so sorry.”

For two years before the separation, George had grown restive. He’d made a picture in the Pacific that had taken him away from home for months. Maybe Dinah had hoped that giving up the weekly television show would help, but it didn’t. Too many things had gone wrong for too long. The good-looking cowboy and the soft-voiced Southern girl, who had loved him so, were through.

Rosemary Clooney’s career was a problem, too, but so was her husband’s. Their case, however, wasn’t much like the Montgomerys’. Rosie actually wanted to quit work. She would have loved to stay at home and tend to the children and bake rolls and work cross-stitch.

Jose Ferrer, by temperament, was the star of that family. Unfortunately, the public didn’t always realize that he was, and for months—while Rosemary was star of a television show—Jose was sitting at home twiddling his thumbs, because nobody had hired him for a picture.

He tried an opera in Arizona, but it didn’t go well. Most of the time he did very little except behave like a star and spend money—Rosie’s.

Actually, Joe is one of those rare persons to whom money truly means nothing. He’s so totally unconscious of it that he spends it free-handedly, even when he’s not earning any.

If Joe had been a quiet, steady furniture designer and a B-grade movie cowboy, bringing in a nice, healthy paycheck at regular intervals, Rosemary would have quit work in a minute (Continued on page 87)
WHAT DICK CLARK SAYS ABOUT

I want a girl who is willing to share the bad as well as the good things of marriage. It's something I missed before," Dick Clark told us. "I want her to share my interests, both business and social. This is important. For instance, if I ran into a skier, I couldn't share her enthusiasm, because I don't like snow and I don't like skiing. . . . I want a girl who is honest. Not just honest morally and financially, but honest in the sense of being truthful about herself—being the same outside as she is inside, being the same in private as she is in public. I want a completely honest person, not a two-sided person. . . .

When I was a kid, I was attracted to pretty girls. All boys are. They all start with the idea that the prettiest girl is the most exciting. . . . Then, when I was seventeen, I made my first great discovery about girls! (Continued on facing page)

WHAT HIS BEST FRIENDS SAY

Her name's Loretta—Loretta Martin. If you ask—and even if you don't—Dick's friends will tell you she's going to be the next Mrs. Dick Clark. You don't believe it? Well, neither did they—at first. As they say, "We were almost fooled, ourselves, until that (Continued on facing page)
I dated a girl much taller than I and twice my weight. We were an incongruous couple, no doubt, but I enjoyed her company. I realized that it's not the girl's good looks, but her personality and charm that count... When you're a kid, there's 'status' in dating the most gorgeous girl in school. Good looks start things; they attract. But they don't hold you, if there's little behind the good looks. As you get older, good looks diminish in value; they are no longer the first thing you seek in a girl... I'm thirty-two now, and it would be difficult for me to fall in love with a teenager, much as I like them! I think a girl about thirty is at her best, emotionally and physically. She couldn't be too naive and she shouldn't be too cynical, by that age. However, if I had to choose between a naive girl and a sophisticated one, (Continued on page 80)

night at Jo-Ann Campbell's party, when Dick and Loretta sat in a corner holding hands like they were alone in a twin space-capsule!... But that's getting ahead of the real story. You'll want to know more about the girl in the case—you haven't met Loretta, have (Continued on page 83)
What Ever Happened To
That Nice Boy Next Door?

Which is the real Joey Bishop? Only his family and his hometown friends know for sure—and now they’re telling!

It was a mansion. Beautiful. And we couldn’t help saying so: “Great place you’ve got here, Joey.” Joey Bishop sat back in the big chair. As he did, he looked around the huge living room, his eyes stopping momentarily on the sad Modigliani redhead that hung on a wall a couple of dozen yards away. He smiled a little. “Listen,” he said. “This is Beverly Hills. This place is rented. This is a part of me—but it’s not all of me. You really want to find out about me? Then you should go back to when I was a kid. I lived in South Philadelphia. That’s a big section that some people will call a slum. But my definition of it is: A very wealthy community without money. It’s got all the things you can buy with money—friends, neighbors, hospitable people—but with no charge.

“And who needed money back then, in the late Twenties, the Thirties? If you wanted sun, you could sit outside on the steps and get the same as in Florida. When it snowed, you didn’t (Continued on page 93)
THE WOMEN

CHET HUNTLEY
What's it like to live with history? To share your own man with the whole world's headlines?

The assignment: Interview Mrs. Chet Huntley in New York. Fly to Washington for talk with Mrs. David Brinkley. Ask both women same questions. Get straight reactions on their husbands, their lives as wives who wait, etc.

The women: In New York—Tipton Stringer Huntley (nickname, “Tippy”). Thirty-one years old (Chet’s fifty-one). Married Chet three years ago, following his divorce from Ingrid Rolin (whom he’d met in college and by whom he has two daughters, twenty-two and nineteen). Tippy is tall. Thin. Friendly. Soft-spoken. Beautiful smile. Lovely strawberry blonde hair. She and Chet live in Upper East Side brownstone (three floors, seven rooms). She runs the house without help. Runs it beautifully. Serves coffee and chocolate-chip cookies as we talk. She says, “I’m very fond of the Brinkleys. Once, before I met Chet, they took me to a place down at the end of M Street, (Please turn the page)
What's it like to live with history? To share your own man with the whole world's headlines?
to hear Dixieland jazz—which David loves. Please give Ann my best!” . . . In Washington, Ann Fischer Brinkley (friends call her “Ann,” not “Annie”). Younger looking than her age—late thirties (David is forty-one). Married to David for sixteen years. Ann is short. Attractive. Pleasant. Brown-eyed. Brown-haired. A chic woman who prefers slacks and sweaters at home (“when nobody’s dropping in—which is rare”). She and David live in a twelve-room house in the fox-hunting country of Potomac, Maryland, some forty miles from Washington. Beautiful place with magnificent view (“it’s a shame—but we’ve got to sell it and get closer to the city”). Busy place (three sons, a full-time maid, a parttime maid, a dog named “Tawny,” two Siamese cats, “Victoria Regina” and “Prince Albert”). Ann serves Cokes as we talk. Says of Tippy Huntley, “Such a wonderful girl. We had great fun together during the political conventions. In Los Angeles, all we did was sit around the pool all day. In Las Vegas, we did what everybody else does in Las Vegas—and we even won a little.”

Question: What were you like before you met your husband?

Ann Brinkley: They used to say I was the serious type. I don’t know. I liked to read. And I was fascinated by Washington, where I was born. I always wanted to be a newspaper woman. I worked for
the United Press for a while—at forty dollars a week. And then I heard about an opening at NBC—at better pay.

Tippy Huntley: I was the typical bachelor career-girl. My last show, as TV weather girl at Station WRC in Washington, was at 11:30 and I didn’t get home till midnight. Next morning, I’d get up late. I ate out most of the time—restaurants, other people’s houses. My life has changed 180 degrees since then. Especially, getting up in the morning!

Question: How did you meet?

Ann: When I applied for that job at NBC, there was David—in all his tall, thin glory—in charge of the newsroom. He asked a few questions and hired me. One question was, “Is sixty dollars a week sufficient, Miss Fischer?” I said, “Yes . . . . sure . . . fine, Mr. Brinkley.” Later, I found out he could have gone up to sixty-six dollars—sometimes I don’t let David forget that! But it didn’t really matter. We met in June. We were engaged in July. I stayed on the job through August. I quit in September—company rule then was no husbands-and-wives at NBC. And we were married in October. So David, you could say, had cheated me out of twenty-four dollars. But it was worth it!

Tippy: I guess you could call my meeting with Chet the first electronic romance in history. At WRC in (Continued on page 72)
Allen Ludden’s an expert on young people,

They sat shoulder to shoulder, father and son rocking a little as the commuters’ train jogged its way out of Manhattan and emerged on Long Island. The conductor smiled in recognition as he punched their tickets. Allen Ludden’s face was already well-known as a big man on the TV campus, as moderator of Sunday’s popular “G-E College Bowl.” Months later, the crew-cut and the horn-rimmed glasses would be even more familiar as host of “Password”—new this season, but so successful it had to add a Tuesday-night booking to its full weekend schedule, in mid-term.

Yet it would never have happened if Allen had listened to his thirteen-year-old son that day on the train.

“We were vacationing on Fire Island,” Allen told us, “when Goodson-Todman Productions summoned me to audition for a new game-show. When I went into town, I took David with me. He’s an astute critic—in fact, his viewpoint is so professional it’s almost frightening.”

On the way back on the train, after the audition, Allen asked David, “What do you think of it?”

The boy’s eyes brightened. “It’s got more to it than any other daytime show I’ve seen.”

“How did I do?” Allen ventured to ask.

David weighed his words. “You were great, but—”

“But what?” Allen persisted, as David paused.
but he was stumped when his own son said:

The young man squirmed, then squared his shoulders and gave it to his father straight. “I don’t think you’ll get it,” he said judiciously. “You’re not the type. You’re no Bud Collyer!”

Allen chuckles as he tells this story on himself. “David was thinking of my friend Bud’s ‘Beat the Clock’ and, in that respect, his judgment was right. I would be lost on that kind of show. Fortunately, that wasn’t what the producers had in mind.”

As viewers now know, “Password” is essentially a crossword puzzle dramatized. Each of two teams has a celebrity and a partner not in show business, chosen from the audience. The one receiving the “password” must communicate it to the other by one-word clues. It’s fast, it’s informative—and it’s fun.

For such a battle of wits, Allen Ludden is the ideal umpire. His professional and private lives are both dedicated to the principle that it’s fun to be bright. “The brain is a muscle,” he says. “We should exercise it more.” He’s pleased because home viewers write that they play the game right along with the studio contestants. “We want to entertain, of course, but it’s great if we also stimulate thinking. This is vitality and participation in life.”

Allen himself exudes vitality. His blond-gray crew-cut bristles. He moves briskly, (Continued on page 82)
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"But what?" Allen persisted, as David paused.

"I mean that in a good way," David hastened to add. "You're a professional, Dad. But this show is—"

"That's the way," Allen chuckled. "You're not the type. You're no Bud Collyer!"

The young man squirmed, then squared his shoulders and gave it to his father straight. "I don't think you'll get it," he said judiciously. "You're not the type. You're no Bud Collyer!"

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You're great, Dad, but you're no Bud Collyer!
Actually, there isn’t anything I couldn’t talk to my mother about. At my age, there aren’t any deep, dark secrets you’d rather die than let your family know about! But things do come up, even at eighteen, that you find it hard to mention. When you’re around your family as much as I am with mine, and when you’re that close, they don’t always notice sudden changes of mood. That’s when someone like Donna Reed is so nice to be near. . . . I talk about Miss Reed so often and so enthusiastically that some of my friends have started calling her “Shelley’s other mother,” or “Shelley’s Dear Abby.” I remember when I had a crush on a boy. I was convinced it was the absolute end of my life if he didn’t feel the same about me. When I felt it wasn’t happening, I was miserable. I managed to hide it from my family—but, during rehearsals, Miss Reed saw something was bothering me. . . . Let me say right off that, as warm and sympathetic a person as she is, Miss Reed would never pry into anyone’s private business. She didn’t ask one question. Instead, she sat down near me and casually went into a story of how things had been with her at my age. . . . Before going any further, let me say one thing. If I should look in a magic mirror and ask, “Who’s the luckiest girl of all?”—I’m sure it would answer, “You, Shelley Fabares.” And it’s so true. Just look at the facts. I’m still in my teens and already I have a steady acting job on a popular TV show. I’ve had the chance to observe a great star, my aunt, Nanette Fabray, since I was a child. I have a mother, father and older sister who are always trying to raise my spirits and give me encouragement. And finally, for four years, I’ve been able to study, from a front-row seat, one of the best actresses and most remarkable women in the world, an Oscar winner—my TV mother, Donna Reed. What more could any young actress want for a starter? . . . Anyway, to get back to Miss Reed’s story of her teens. She told me that she had been mad about a certain boy. There seemed nobody in the whole world to equal him for looks, charm and intelligence. Then, one day, she discovered he was seriously dating another girl. She was crushed. “Shelley,” she told me, “at the time, I thought I’d never get over it! But like everything else in life it passed. . . .” Suddenly, my own trouble began (Continued on page 91)
"I WANT TO LIVE... I WANT..."

Flood shelter by Connie's brother, George, and their parents—with air pump... Flood stocks... and canals: 'bunks.' Entrance tunnel (see facing page) opens from the family's basement playroom (below).
How much money is a family worth? Perhaps you’ll agree with Connie Francis, perhaps not. Before you answer this question for yourself, we think you should know her reasons for what she did.

**Reporter:** Miss Francis, what started you thinking about building a fallout shelter for your home here in New Jersey? What finally got you to do it?

**Connie:** Larry, I believe people in this country are being very lackadaisical about this . . . this possibility of war. I had been thinking for some time of doing something like this, so that my family and I would have a chance!

*(Please turn the page)*
"I WANT TO LIVE... I WANT MY FAMILY TO LIVE."

--

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Vee-Form by Modess
anatomically shaped

because
Connie Francis

continued

Reporter: Was there anything that happened which got you to really go out and do something?
Connie: When you travel around as I have... when I was in Germany, for instance, everybody seemed to agree it was a very remote possibility that we would ever use the bomb on the Russians and remote that they would use it—they’d rather just threaten with it, get what they want through fear. But the experts seem to think that, by the end of 1962, Red China may have the bomb, too—and they might use it.

Reporter: This was on your trip to Berlin, just two or three months ago, when you went over to do “The Ed Sullivan Show”?
Connie: Yes. People over there are very conscious of the threat, and they’ve been doing things about it. Most Americans, thank God, didn’t have to experience war as they did—getting bombed—our own homes, everything around us! We seem to take the attitude that it won’t ever happen to us...

Reporter: The “It Can’t Happen Here” sort of thing?
Connie: It can! And we should be doing something about it, too. When I got back, I sent to the United States Office of Civil Defense, in Detroit, for pamphlets and information. I talked to some people about it, asked if there was anything that had been tested for this sort of thing. They told me about a shelter which had been tested at Yucca Flats, New Mexico, and recommended a maker here in New Jersey.

Reporter: Do your neighbors know about your shelter?
Connie: The whole town knows about it! The director of Civil Defense was here to inspect it for safety and everything. And, in case of an attack, we’d invite people nearby to bring small children and infants—as many as we can take.

Reporter: There are four grownups in your own family. How big is the shelter?
Connie: It’s designed to hold six adults—a few more, if necessary. The National Survival Corporation built it for us. Nationally, I believe it’s (Continued on page 85)

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What they Don't teach you in school—even in college

Acting: My first love. Writing is something I love, too, but writing is a lonesome business, while acting is with people . . . the people you are involved with on stage . . . the people you are involved with in the audience. How did I start to become an actress? In bad weather, I entertained the guests at my father’s hotel, Fleischmann’s in the Catskills. If it rained, everyone went home. If they went home, it was a financial catastrophe. So I became a fortune teller. I read palms and told all. It was wonderful to entertain people. It still is. People know me as an old friend. How could I not love acting? And how could I play a character who was not warm? I could act a cold woman but people would not be entertained. After all this time, what they see on the screen is more than a character.

Busy: Which is what I am, what I’ve always been. There was only one time of my life that wasn’t crammed with action and that was the first three years of our married life. My husband had been appointed chief technologist on a sugar plantation in Louisiana and his days were crammed with activity. But mine weren’t. I read. I read like crazy.

I was so busy reading that these became the formative years of my life intellectually. Then we came back to New York—the sugar refinery in Louisiana had burned down. We were back in a fast tempo of living, we had two children and I was writing my head off on radio scripts. Once we got a sponsor and went on six times a week, every moment of my day had to count. I had a script to turn out daily . . . two children to whom I wouldn’t be less than Mama . . . and a husband, life with whom I valued. I’m busy today but I want still a full life and a varied life; I don’t want to miss a thing. And when I go to Elizabeth Arden and the girls tell me of women who spend the whole day there, slowly going through the routine from pedicure to massage, prolonging it because they have nothing else to do—I feel sorry for them. Nothing to do? I’d give anything for ten more hours in every day!

Children: This is what there has been time for—my children Cherney and Harriet. God bless them. Like every mother, to me it is a miracle to have watched them grow. In their very sleep, they grew and they’re still growing. (Continued on page 76)
Washington is the most social conscious city in the world and your status in the nation’s capital depends on where you have been invited to cocktails or dinner and by whom. Since the Kennedys came to Washington, the only important social activity anyone is interested in has to do with the White House and a whole new set of rules has been instituted.

This is how it goes.

If you’re invited for a state dinner at the White House to hear Pablo Casals, you get four points.

If you’re invited to a private dinner at the White House and asked to stay for the evening, you get six points. If you’re asked to come in after dinner for dancing, three points, but you get an extra point if it turns into a Twist party.

If the President dances with your wife or if you dance with Mrs. Kennedy, you automatically get twenty points.

The only way you can get more points than this is if your child is invited to a birthday party for Caroline. You get twenty-five points for this and an extra five points if your kid is also in Caroline’s dancing class.

President Kennedy has been responsible for some radical changes in Washington’s social playing fields. Previous to his Administration the highest honor you could receive in Washington was to be invited to the White House for dinner. But now if the President comes to your house it counts more. You get ten points if he accepts an invitation beforehand, and fifteen if he drops in unannounced.

Being invited to the Vice-President’s house does not have the point value you would think it would. The Vice-President entertains so much and shows up at so many parties that it’s only worth two points. As a matter of fact, most people automatically start off with two points, thanks to Lady Bird’s fame as a hostess.

After President Kennedy, the most sought after invitations are those given by Robert and Ethel Kennedy. You get ten points if you’re invited to their house, and seven extra if you’re thrown in the swimming pool with your clothes on.

Dinner with any of the other Kennedys is worth eight points unless you play touch football, at which point you’re entitled to another three or the equivalent of a free kick.

In this Administration, Cabinet ministers’ dinners are only worth one point, unless a member of the Kennedy family is present, when you get a bonus of one-half point.

Ambassadors used to rate very high in Washington, but now there are so many of them here it doesn’t really mean much. You could get a point if you were invited to British Ambassador Ormsby-Fore’s residence and possibly a point if you were asked to French Ambassador Herve Alphand’s house, but the scorers are reluctant to give anything for any of the other ambassadors, with one exception.

If you go to a Washington restaurant with an ambassador from one of the African countries and you get served, you get fifty points.

Since the year has hardly started, no one knows who will wind up with the highest score at the end of the year. Leading so far is a close friend of Mr. Kennedy’s who was in the South Pacific with him during the war, went to Harvard and just gave a dining room set to the White House that once belonged to Rutherford B. Hayes.

—The End

© 1962, New York Herald Tribune Inc.
The time: Sunday night from 6:30 until ’way past Cinderella and Cindy’s bedtime. The dinner itself, from priestly invocation to rabbinical benediction, ran about five hours.

The scene: The Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. About 1100 of the most important Anybodies who were Anybody. Obviously, everybody there was Somebody, because no Nobody could afford the $50 per plate ticket.

The action: An entertainment industry tribute to Danny Thomas. Sponsored by the Jewish Theatrical Guild, it was commemorating Danny’s humanitarian work on behalf of all causes and particularly the money he’s raised to establish the St. Jude Hospital, named after his patron saint and recently opened in Memphis.

With Friends Like Mine,

The four-tiered dais (“If it went up any higher, Jolson would be here,” someone cracked) seated seventy people and segued from the venerable to the adorable, from Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas with all his dignity to Eva Gabor with all her diamonds. It was bounded on both sides, like bookends, by bearded Mitch Miller and singer Earl Wrightson who also sports a chin doily. Speakers were asked to drone only two minutes.

Who Needs Enemies?

Glamour girls like Barbara Britton, Roberta Peters, Ina Balin were asked to bow only two minutes. As they pointed out, even had Lincoln stuttered, his Gettysburg Address wouldn’t have run longer—so who needs more?

There was just sufficient time between the melted ice cream and the luke-warm speeches for Zsa Zsa to make a tour around the front half of the ballroom. She wore a very tight, gorgeous, full-length, ’way-off-the-shoulder rose gown. Glamorous Zsa, who had more flesh outside the brocade than in, looks to be about a size-12. The gown figured to be about a size-10.

As she seated herself, someone introduced someone who introduced George Jessel as “the man whom F.D.R. christened the Toastmaster General of the United States.”

by CINDY ADAMS
Danny Thomas thought they'd come to praise him — but he was in for a big surprise!
With Friends Like Mine, Who Needs Enemies?

This prompted Mrs. Earl Wilson, my table-mate, to hiss: "That's a bloody lie. Earl gave him that name." To which Earl hissed back: "Sssssssshhhhh, honey." Then, and a lot louder: "But you're one hundred percent right!"

After his flowery introduction, which resembled a eulogy, Jessel commented, "Thank you very much. For a minute I thought I was dead." Continuing in the Broadway tradition where comedians come to bury Caesar not to praise him, he referred to Danny as "a former halvah salesman who made good." In introducing Mrs. Thomas, the multiple-married emcee said, "Behind every man there's a woman. Would that this hall were larger, so I could have all the women here who were once behind me."

The Guest of Honor thought this so funny that he began to pound the table. Milton Berle, seated on the other side of Jessel, had previously only grinned, but suddenly thought better of it. He began to thwack the table, too.

Johnny Carson was greeted as one of the few young comedians who do not do sick humor. "These sick humorists," continued Jessel, "never say anything that will make any mother laugh—except, maybe, Beverly Aadland's."

On this touching note, Carson arose, surveyed Joey Bishop, Joey Adams, Berle, Jesse Carter, Murray, then: "You know it ain't easy being a minority comedian... Frankly, tonight I feel like a Gentile Red Buttons." After several more jokes, none of which applied to Danny, he sat down.

On the Red Buttons line, Danny whooped loudly with hysteria. I think, mainly to let Carson know he was there.

"I'm not the slightest bit envious of these new comics," whined Jessel about Carson, "fact is, I'm not jealous about any newcomers whether it's Phil Anka, Harry Boone or Shirley Berman," Jessel paused, waiting for my laughing. "Unfortunately, Jayne Mansfield—the heroine of that recent sea saga—couldn't be here this evening because she's doing a television show tonight called 'To Tell the Truth.'... And Bobby Kennedy wouldn't be here, but his mother wouldn't let him stay up this late... And Jack Paar had to cancel out because this is the day he's throwing his press party for Dorothy Kilgallen... And ex-Vice-President Nixon couldn't come to honor Danny because he's home. He's still counting..." So spake Joey Adams, and—150 laughs and 15 minutes later—he reluctantly tore himself away from the mike.

"Very good, Joey," chirped Jessel. "And thanks for sticking within the two minutes."

He welcomed the McGuire Sisters, who are currently blonde and who sang "Danny Boy." Celebrities like Lloyd Patterson, Henry J. Kaiser, some assorted ambassadors from Korea, Luxembourg and Nigeria, were pointed out in the audience. One ambassador bowed low just as a lone, tall busboy picked that moment to cross the room. Nobody ever did see the poor ambassador.

Daisy guests introduced for a bow were Robert Morse, who is starring in 'How to Succeed in Business Without backword. Next, Joey Bishop, whose program is a Danny Thomas production, said Danny also created Andy Gibb's show, Jack Van Dyke's, and he publicly wanted to thank his boss for giving him everything he has today—"ulcers, insomnia, rating worries, heart trouble."

Following Justice Douglas, who claimed he was the only speaker there without a writer... and Milton Berle, who said, "When I first saw Danny work many years ago, I knew he had something—and I wrote it down..." Danny stood up. This night, he'd received a lot of ribbing, accepted many plaques and scrolls and collected some $75,000 for his hospital. After a standing ovation, he said quietly, "This is really quite a tribute to a Toledo kid who came from such a rough neighborhood that everyone on our block was given the opportunity to die in the electric chair. My ego has certainly been fed tonight, but the Bible says, 'For he who exalts himself shall be humbled.'"

"Tonight, I don't know how to express my gratitude. When you realize that you say 'thank you' when someone lights your cigarette, you get an idea of how inadequate that phrase is. But I wish to say—in all humility—and with much gratitude—I thank you, my friends."—The End

Danny Thomas is seen on CBS-TV, Mon., 9 P.M. EDT.
FIVE FOR THE ROAD

Traveling is something the whole Gladden family knows first-hand: Bill and his Dorothy, their Mike, Cynthia and Richard.

Not long ago, a farmer along the Dixie Highway near Louisville, Kentucky, noticed that the fence around his chicken farm had broken and several hundred prize hens were out and near the road. He rushed to the phone and called—not the police or fire department—but WAVE-TV and Radio's Bill Gladden. Why? Because Bill has one of Louisville's most popular deejay shows, heard daily from 3 to 6 p.m., on which he features traffic reports for homebound commuters. Bill quickly warned motorists and many of them stopped to help the farmer collect his brood. Bill's reward was a flood of gratitude from one farmer in the form of several golden-fried chickens for Bill's family—which includes wife Dorothy; Mike, 19, and a college student; Cynthia, 16; and Richard, 10... "I fulfilled a lifelong ambition to fly, a few years ago, when I finally had time to take lessons and get my pilot's license," says Bill. "Now the whole family goes along with me on flying jaunts to scenic spots in Kentucky." Whether on-air or in-air, Bill Gladden is quite a traveling man!
It's not the only new twist this famous star gives to his role in "Lock-Up"!

"Acting is a business where you never stop learning and you never know enough—and that's the main reason I enjoy it so much," says Macdonald Carey, star of the syndicated series "Lock-Up." Take any weekday now, for instance, when "Mac" isn't doing a TV guest shot. Mornings he has a dancing lesson, followed by a session with his voice coach and, three afternoons a week, a workout with Ed Parker, one of the country's top karate experts. "I first took up karate when I started filming 'Lock-Up,'" the brown-eyed actor explains. "I already knew some judo—and planned to use it in the series—when a newspaperman suggested, during an interview, I go with him to Ed Parker's studio. I did, and was hooked immediately. Not only did I use karate in several scripts, but I found it to be a great physical conditioner. It's particularly great for developing muscle coordination." Carey is a great believer in keeping one's body and mind in top shape. He plays tennis each weekend with such friends as Howard Duff and Walter Pidgeon; takes his six children horseback riding; and at home enjoys such family sports as swimming, badminton, basketball, trampoline, trapeze and volley ball. Their backyard gymnasium is also equipped with punching bags and weights. . . . The Careys—Mac; wife Betty, with whom he recently celebrated a 21st anniversary; daughters Lynn, 15, Elizabeth, 12, Theresa, 9; and sons Stevens, 11, Edward, 8, and Paul, 6—live in a two-story home in Beverly Hills in what Mac describes as English-Normandy architecture. The place, Mac chuckles, is in constant bedlam because all six children are studying piano. "We're a family of hams," he admits, "and all the children have dramatic aspirations. I'd be perfectly happy if they decided to be actors. Why not? The profession has been good to me. But I'd want them to be prepared for any job they selected." In "Lock-Up," Mac plays the role of a real-life person, Herbert Maris—a corporation lawyer turned claims investigator. Maris himself had occasion to use judo in his work, and that's why Mac took it up. "Karate is fairly new in the United States," says Mac, "but interest in it is spreading rapidly. There are now schools in almost every major city. The important thing to remember always, of course, is that karate is not to be used carelessly, as it can kill or permanently injure your opponent. Most instructors won't take pupils who, they feel, are quick-tempered or want to learn for the wrong reasons. It is an art of self-defense and not meant to be used for dishonest purposes." Carey's three boys are learning judo and karate from him and Mac likes to tell the story of one of his sons who—at the age of six—was allowed to "throw" his dad, after learning the skill from his parent. When Carey went flying over his son's shoulder, the boy—amazed at the success of his feat—ran to his mother and whispered in disbelief, "I threw the whole father!"
“Be interested,” says WLW-D’s Joe Longstreth, “and you can scarcely fail to be interesting!”

If Joe Longstreth turned up one day as the hero of a work of fiction, everyone from the publisher to the readers would accuse the author of having an over-active imagination. Yet Joe’s life reads just like a fantastic fiction story, and his TV show—seen Monday through Friday at 10:15 A.M., over WLW-D, in Dayton, Ohio—is filled with just such unusual and exciting bill-of-fare as harp playing or a demonstration of karate. . . . He has shown a gourmet club how to prepare roast pig. While he told the story of Ichabod Crane, he transformed himself with makeup, on camera, into the character. He has given a demonstration on how to train a lion cub. He has interviewed his childhood friend, Phyllis Diller. He has done musical vignettes on Chopin and Bach, and, for Christmas, he wrote special carols which he played on the harp. If variety is the spice of television, Joe has a cupboard of condiments. . . .

A few years ago, Joe purchased an old homestead near his hometown of Richmond, Indiana, and moved back lock, stock and spices. It was not long before Joe had remodeled the home, displaying many of his collected art objects, and landscaped the grounds to include many wooded areas and flower gardens. He began conducting tours of the grounds, pointing out his four miles of rose hedge, which he planted himself. Using 20,000 multiflora.
Comedienne Phyllis Diller adds spice—and laughter—to any show, and her childhood-friend Joe’s is no exception.

rose bushes, and such horticultural secrets as the mating habits of holly plants. Joe’s 52 acres are planted mostly in hay and corn, but he has an unusual vegetable garden, the produce of which he shares, much to their delight, with the WLW-D staff members. . . . Typical of the reaction to Joe’s programs are the comments of a lady who met him in the supermarket. “I saw your program about Beethoven, Joe. I always thought his music was highbrow, but after I’d heard you talk about him and play some of his music, I understand him better.” A truck driver recently wrote Joe asking for some of his recipes: “The variety of subjects is the thing that keeps me tuning in for more.”
MR.

VERSATILITY

The Sheriff of Swamp Hollow is a man of many disguises—
the most fascinating of which is Frank Dreighton himself!

"You've got to be versatile or it's just no fun being in show business!" These are the words of Frank Dreighton—an announcer, emcee, comic, producer and writer at WNDU-TV, South Bend—Elkhart, Indiana. One look at Dreighton's schedule would seem to indicate that he's having a tremendous amount of "fun" being in the business. Not only do his talents spread over daily newscasts and weather shows but also a daily children's show and local interview show. To provide comic relief, Frank has developed thirty-five different characterizations. Four years ago, he went to South Bend to have lunch with a friend who had moved from Chicago, and, while touring the campus of Notre Dame, decided that it would be an ideal community in which to live and work....

At that time, the Dreightons consisted of Frank and Rita and two boys, Sean Francis and Timothy Patrick. Three years ago, Michael Terence was born. "So far, we have a quarterback and two halfbacks that we're looking forward to seeing play for Notre Dame," say Frank and Rita, "and who knows, we might round out that backfield with a fullback, one of these days!"

The Dreightons—Frank and Rita, Michael, Sean, Timothy.
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THE LENNON SISTERS

(Continued from page 22)

own yet, the room doesn’t go empty. The little ones in both our families love to take turns coming over for naps, or to spend the night. It’s the change they like, too. We have Dick’s old crib in there—a gift from his mom. It’s the lovely, old-fashioned, spindled maple kind, and my baby brother, Chris, sleeps in it when I baby-sit with him. Little Stacie Smith also sleeps in it. Steven Donald is Dick’s nephew, the son of his best friend, Don Smith, a short time after we got married—Pat wore my gown and I was so happy to see it going down the aisle again, instead of just lying around in mothballs!

No year of marriage—especially, no first year—will be complete without its funny side. And quite a lot of funny things did happen to us. There was the trip to Honolulu as guests of the Matson Line. They needed a young couple to appear in a film, so we got the trip for free. I’d been to Honolulu with the Welk show before this, and I talked about how beautiful it was till Dick got all excited about making the trip with me.

Naturally, when this chance came, and only a few months after the wedding, it was like a second honeymoon. For weeks, we talked of nothing but how romantic everything would be. And it really was. Except for one thing: We both got seasick on the trip!

If it hadn’t struck us so funny, I guess we’d have felt let-down. But after two days we were both fine, and the rest of the voyage was just perfect. I wish both of our parents could have joined in. The cruise sometime. I’m sure they’d love Hawaii. In fact, I wish just everyone could make the trip.

Our first fight?

I guess most brides are always asked. sooner or later. "Have you had your first big fight yet?" Daddy simply loves to teases me about this. When I say, "What would Dick and I have to fight about?" he shakes his head and says kiddingly, "Boy, when you do have one, it will probably be a piper."

Well, we haven’t really had a fight, but I must admit that we came pretty close on one or two occasions. Like the time I brought home a plaid cotton jacket. It is very colorful, I must admit, but also very practical, since I can wear it with so many things. Dick’s comment, when he got a look at it, was: "I like stained glass window, but not on you."

I didn’t exactly appreciate that sentiment, let’s face it. But a second later, he began to laugh. "Deed," he said—that’s his pet name for me—"once you put it on, I know I’ll like it." That got me laughing, too. I’ve been told that’s the best way to avoid a quarrel: Show a sense of humor at the right time and laugh together, even if it’s at your own expense.

Generally, I’d say Dick and I have the same taste. But I can tell if he isn’t happy with something. Like my hair. He likes it pony-tail style. A few times, I’ve worn it loose, over my ears. And, each time, he says off-handedly, "It’s all right, if you want to look like an old maid schoolteacher . . . " I realize he doesn’t have anything against either old maids or schoolteachers, just doesn’t like to be told.

I have a pair of large pearl earrings. I like them. But when Dick saw them on me, he said, " Haven’t you got a smaller pair?" I drew myself up and said, "I’m sorry you think they look terrible." He kissed me right there, and said, "And we went on, that. It’s just that I’m partial to the daintier kind." (This Christmas, his parents gave me a lovely smaller pair, so maybe he dropped them a little hint.)

He surprised me recently with a gift I always wanted. It was his birthday, and he said he was going to buy me a dress. Naturally, I thought I’d be going along with him to pick it out. But, when we got into the car, all he said was, "Well, whose house is it, your mom’s or mine?" I was so disappointed. "Just drive me to my mom’s.""

PHOTOGRAPHERS’ CREDITS

Lennon Sisters, cover color by Frank Bez; Eddie Byrnes and Ana Maynor by Globe; Ann-Margret and Peter Man by Win Muldrow; Lennon Satters color and black-and-white by Frank Bez; Vincent Edwards by Bill Robinson; Astronauts and wives by U.P.I.; Dick Clark by Jack Scoge; Joey Bishop by Bill Kribin; Chet Huntley by Jack Scoge; David Brinkley by Halstead of Black Star; Allan Ludden and son by CBS; Shelley Fabares and Donna Reed color by Globe; Connie Francis and family by Y. Daily News; Gertrude Berg by Bill Kribin; Jackie Kennedy color by U.P.I.

That’s how I went home to mother for the first time—but not as a crying bride, just one who was dying of curiosity. When Dick got there later with the gift, it was a beautiful, bright green sheath! I’d wanted something like that for the longest time.

Although Dick and I are great for "togetherness," we draw the line at one thing—his driving. I have to learn, since it seems foolish to have to rely on family and friends for the usual shopping. And, in an emergency, I might have to rely on a taxi or bus. But Dick agrees with Daddy—who says that a man has to be brave indeed, to let his wife take over the steering wheel!

As for teaching, Daddy says no husband has the patience to teach his own wife, and I agree with that one hundred percent. So I told Daddy, "Okay, then you teach me. And he threw up his hands and said, "Oh, I have no time to do that!" Anyway, I don’t intend to invite Dick out driving until I’m expert behind the wheel. Every couple may have to go through their first big fight, but I’m not going out looking for it.

One question that comes up sometimes, with young newweds, is the problem of in-laws. Well, this is one problem we don’t have. First of all, there’s no competition between our families. Both have been friends a long time, and there has always been a good deal of visiting and going places together. We live just three blocks from Mom and Dad, and Dick’s parents live halfway in-between, which makes everything easier. And we can check on each other’s schedules, like for holidays or outings, and work out arrangements that are agreeable to all of us.

Mother and Dad Gass had us over Christmas Eve and opened their presents and the next day, we went to the ‘kids to be on hand for the fun there. On Thanksgiving, Dick and I were much more stuffed than the turkey—because we ate first at his folks’, and then again with mine!

We haven’t done much big entertaining of our own yet, but we do hope to have the annual Lennon party for the grown-ups here next Christmas.

This is just for the aunts and uncles—with the kids tucked safely in bed at their homes. Years ago, the children joined in, too, but now there are just too many! The fifteenth Lennon grandchild was born last March, and one of my aunts had her twelfth. To have the kids over too would require a ball park, I’m afraid.

Who’s the boss?

I’m often asked whether I miss show business and what I do with my time, now that I’m a housewife. Please believe me, I’m not a bit bored and I’m busy most of the time. Dick leaves at seven each morning and I’m up with him, so we can have breakfast together. After that, I get on with the chores, making the bed, straightening up, washing the dishes, and so on.

Later, I may walk over to Mom’s or to Mother Gass’s and visit. When Peggy, Janet and Kathy are on tour, I spend a good part of the day helping take care of Joey, Anne and Chris. Anne is three and, as we all know, almost five, feel very important coming to visit big sis DeeDee’s house. And I must admit I feel very important, being mistress of my own home and welcoming my guests, big or small.

I’ve taken up sewing in a big way. For instance, we bought made high-necked ruffled nighties and doll clothes for the girls in both our families. I’ve also made myself a dress and matching shirts for Dick and me.

While there never has been any question about who’s boss of the family (it’s Dick, I say), I do have every thing of interest and importance to our life together. In both our families, the men are head of the house, but the women take responsibility for handling household funds and paying bills. I automatically took that job over, too, when Dick and I were twenty-one. I do all the other things the average housewife does—plan menus, polish our silver, shop, do the laundry.

We usually eat early, right after Dick comes home. He gets off at four-thirty, so we manage to be through dinner by six. That leaves our evenings free to watch television, visit the folks, or go bowling. Last summer, Dick belonged
to one of the telephone company's bowling leagues. All the wives and children went along to watch the contests. It was a lot of fun and Dick plans to do it again this summer.

We try to do most things family-style. Dick doesn't "go with the boys" unless it's one of those nights when I go to a bridal or baby shower. That's not as once-in-a-while as you might think! There's one or the other going on among our friends pretty often. Three nights a month, Dick spends at the Army Reserve Training Center and I have to confess that those are long, lonely nights for me. I work especially hard then to fill in the gap left by my absent husband. Nothing remarkable—mostly sewing, baking, visiting or reading.

Oh, before I forget, I have been asked about my cooking. Of course, I knew how to cook when I got married, but preparing food for thirteen people is much different from doing it for two! The first time I made mashed potatoes, Dick said there was enough to feed six people. I go in for simple dishes because those are the kind Dick prefers. And a wife usually cooks to suit her husband.

One of Dick's favorites is liver and that's something I still haven't learned to like; I never did. But when Dick and I got engaged, I made up my mind I would try harder to eat it. Well, after months of trying it and gagging each time, I finally realized that being a good wife doesn't mean you have to like everything your husband likes. Now, whenever I make liver for Dick, I cook a hamburger for myself.

A short time ago, Dick had to have an operation on his nose for a deviated septum. It's not serious, but it was my first big worry over him. And let me tell you, I worried. I worried so much that Dick's dad finally said, "Look here, there's nothing to fret about—except maybe that you'll spoil him. I don't know who fusses over Dick more, you or his mother!"

Of course, he was only kidding, because he comes in for his share of pampering, too. Besides, I believe in spoiling a husband. No matter what obligations a woman has, or how many children to care for, she should never forget that her husband comes first and that he will always be her biggest baby. When it comes right down to it, I suppose there are people who will feel that my first year of marriage was fairly run-of-the-mill stuff. Well, there are individuals who live out great adventures. They go to wars, they climb mountains, they sail the seas in home-made schooners, they hunt wild game in Africa. Dick and I are the kind of people who live their adventures in the quiet, simple, workaday atmosphere of home, family and friends.

For us, there couldn't ever be anything as exciting as our first year as man and wife. The tensions and glamour of show business? To me, they don't compare with the glamour of kissing Dick goodbye in the morning in our own doorway—or the excitement of seeing him come up the steps after work. When our first anniversary arrived, and our mailbox was bulging with cards from fans and well-wishers, that was more thrilling than going over Niagara in a barrel. I'll never forget the warmth and kindness of those who remembered that day and went to the trouble of letting us know it.

Somehow, my first year as a "missus" has gone as quickly as a wink. Days, weeks, months have rushed by. It seems to me I once read that time is a funny thing. When you're with your loved one, an hour seems like a second. When you're in pain, a second seems like an hour. Well, Dick and I are evidently wonderfully happy—because a whole year has slipped by, and it's just like yesterday.

Can it be over a year since Daddy took me down the aisle? He'd been ill and was still recuperating. When the music of the wedding march began, he said "Well, honey . . . here we go." I really don't know who was holding up whom, we were both so shaky!

Daddy's fine now, and it gives me the most marvelous feeling of happiness to hear him say, "DeeDee, I hope to live on and on . . . because I want to see you and Dick as an old married couple with a fine family of your own."

To that, Dick and I add—as humbly as we know how—our own silent prayer.

—The End

The Lennon Sisters sing on "The Lawrence Welk Show," seen on ABC-TV, Sat., from 9 to 10 P.M. EDT. Other Welk programs are heard on ABC Radio; see local papers for time. (The girls' striped blouses by Ship'n Shore.)

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What is going on in the world? Keep tuned to your CBS Radio station.
THE TWIST

(Continued from page 18)
and the Shimmie and the Conga. While the Twist is with us, I don't think it will corrupt those who dance it. It may sprain a few backs and make most people look ridiculous; but that's all.

The Catholic View: Although the Catholic Church has not taken a position on the Twist nationally, some bishops and priests have come out in opposition.

In Buffalo, New York, an aide of the Most Rev. Joseph A. Burke, bishop of the diocese, issued a memorandum to the eight counties covered by the diocese—banning the Twist—on January 27th. The dance was banned in some Catholic schools, parishes and Catholic organizations "for a number of reasons, not the least of which is the development in pupils of a proper sense of decorum and good taste.

In Boston, Auxiliary Bishop T. J. Riley declared, in January, that some modern dances "seem to have been invented entirely for the purpose of arousing sexual excitement, and to have little or no value as media for helpful physical exercise or legitimate artistic expression."

Writing in The Pilot, official newspaper of the Boston Archdiocese, Bishop Riley made no direct reference to the Twist but, according to a report in The Tablet, Catholic newspaper in Brooklyn, "his commentary could be interpreted as a condemnation of the bizarre form involving gyrations of the body."

The bishop stressed that dancing "in itself" is not morally wrong, but that it might involve "moral dangers."

He noted that dancing as a form of physical exercise or artistic expression "must respect the limitations of moral law, particularly those imposed by the virtues of temperament and chastity."

For young people especially, the bishop indicated, the serious problems relating to dancing arise from the occasion it affords for exciting sexual interests. This general principle, he observed, is applicable to "certain marriage dances, especially those of recent origin."

In Barre, Vermont, the director of Marion High School (Catholic) banned the Twist as "dishonest and dirty."

In New York, a spokesman for the archdiocese said the church prefers not to take a position when there are times when the best public relations is to say nothing," he commented. "Anyway, in six months, the Twist will be gone."

Officials of the Catholic Youth Organization, which sponsors many youth church dances, refused to be quoted. One official pointed out, however, that "they dance the Twist at church dances, and some have Twist contests."

A Psychiatrist Speaks Out: A New York leader in this field says, "There's nothing sick or immoral about the Twist. In fact, to do the Twist, you've got to be quite healthy; it requires considerable physical stamina."

"It is danced by people who are exuberant, physically and emotionally. It suggests a certain joy of life—yes, even a lust for life. Since the bodies do not touch during the dance, it's less sexually exciting than those slow cheek-to-cheek, body-to-body 'fox trots' popular years ago.

"Those denouncing it are usually older people, and they are continuing the trite comment that it is a manifestation of animal spirits in the Young. Those who are ashamed of their own physical desires are usually quick to attack those who enjoy sensuality."

"These are uncertain times when young people wonder when and if the Hula will be over when they hate to face the future. The only thing they are sure of is the present and they ought to have a right to have as much innocent fun as they can."

—HELEN MARTIN

HUNTLEY-BRINKLEY

(Continued from page 43)
Washington—Chet at WNBC in New York—they have this open line for rehearsal purposes. The guys in New York can see and talk to the guys in Washington. Sometimes, instead of just hanging around waiting for my weathercast, I used to talk to some of the audio men in New York, "How's the weather? How's the news? Are you having any fun?" I'm sorry to hear your little boy has the whooping cough." That sort of thing.

... Then, one night, just before the Huntley-Brinkley show went out on the air, one of the audio men said, "Tippy, there's a fellow here who wants to say hello." Suddenly, I saw Chet's face on the monitor, smiling at me—all the way from New York. He said hello. I said hello. He said he'd seen my weathercast and had liked it. I thanked him. He said something then about phoning me after the show, and I was all right about his liking the things, but I managed to say yes. Sure enough, the phone did ring about half-an-hour later, and it was Chet—he was coming to Washington on business, in a few days, and would I have dinner with him one evening. Would I?

Question: How did they propose? Ann: We were in a canoe—believe it or not. It was a June evening. A lovely evening. We were on our way to the Mall, and suddenly David popped the question. I popped my answer right back at him. It was the most romantic night and setting imaginable.

Tippy: I honestly don't remember Chet's actual proposal. I guess after a while we both knew we were in love and would get married. I remember being alone one night and sitting watching him on TV and thinking, "I love you, Chet Huntley." I guess that's the first time I knew. And the first night he said that he cared for me—well, all I can say is that I'd never thought about marriage before this, about being in love about all these lovely things... but I guess that's when the career girl—ahem—knew that she had had it. I do remember our engagement party. It was a small affair. In Washington. David and Ann were there, of course. It had been a secret up to this time—nobody knew our plans, but nobody. And then, at about eleven o'clock, Chet stood up and said to the group, "I'd like to make an announcement." Everyone else stopped talking, and waited. But Chet? I thought of him talking to everyone. He always talks like—so calmly... and now here he was, in a room filled with no more than a dozen people, not able to say a word! Finally, however, he looked down at me. He cleared his throat. He smiled. And he said it: "Tippy and I—we're engaged!"

Question: What were things like when you were first married? Ann: We had fun. David was earning eighty dollars a week back then, and I went out and got a job with another model, and wealars a week. We lived in his old apartment, right in the heart of Washington, a very nice apartment over on Woodleigh Road—living room, dining room, one bedroom, bath. We paid a hundred dollars a month, and people used to hint that was just a little extravagant for a couple starting out. But we loved the place and just enjoyed ourselves. We went to the movies a lot. We went to concerts and small parties. We talked about having a family someday, but that day—it turned out—was to be seven years away. So, while we waited, we enjoyed ourself and had a lot more time together, back then. David worked.

We talked and talked and talked. At restaurants. At parties. In cabs. Everywhere. Chet talked to me on any subject, and he made me feel oh-so-very intelligent! He has this interest in people, and he can carry talks down to anyone. And he is so youthful in his enthusiasm. There's an age difference between us, of course. But Chet is the original young-in-heart. I remember, at the time, I had a few ingrown ideas on certain subjects. While I knew Chet disagreed with me, he never pushed his own ideas on me, he just made me feel wrong. The feeling-wrong part came later—when I was by myself, thinking of what we had discussed. That first night we met and talked, I felt that if, by some circumstance, I was never to see him again—at least for these few nice hours, I had been with somebody very special.

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I worked. But the evenings were always ours. There was none of this business of coming home at eight o'clock—on a slow night—as David does now. . . . Yes, those were nice days. I think back on them as the longest and nicest honeymoon on record.

Tippy: My first adjustment was to New York and the weather here. It was winter when I first came. And the weather surprised me—it seems much colder than Washington. My second adjustment was learning to get up early. And with Chet—early is early. . . . Chet, you see, loves fishing. Soon after we were married, we went to visit his folks in Montana. It was late May when we got there. It was 5 A.M., that first morning, when Chet shrugged me and said, “Come on, Tip, let’s go to the lake and see how they’re biting.” I thought I was having a nightmare. It’s 30 degrees in Montana at 5 A.M. in May, and there I was, lying under three or four blankets, groggy, asking, “What? Who’s biting? Where’s the biting?” Like all men, Chet can be very dominating at times and, in his most dominating tone, he said, “The fish—now come on!” . . . Back in New York, a few weeks later, I thought to myself, “Thank goodness, that’s over with. Now I can return to my old ways.” For a few nights, I stayed up late, way after Chet—who had to get up early the next morning. But then, one night, I thought to myself, “This is ridiculous, Tipton.” And I crawled into bed alongside Chet, who was amazed to find myself falling asleep at such an ungodly hour. And I’ve been going to bed early—and happily—ever since.

Question: What is your husband’s most attractive quality?

Ann: His sense of humor. It isn’t anything particularly funny that David says; it’s just that he treats life and people with a marvelous sense of fun. I’ve seen him around the house with the children, the four of them alone in a room—David talking with them, very straight-faced, and the children roaring with laughter. I’ve seen him in a roomful of friends, everybody just breaking up at his remarks. . . . He causes humor, too, in other people. Like me. For instance, David has always kind of laughed about bronzed baby-shoes, He’s not exactly a sentimentalist. He’s not one for occasions. A few days before last Father’s Day, I heard him tell the boys it was silly for them to buy him a present, he didn’t want anything. So I decided that I would get him something. I went straight to his closet, got a shoe from his oldest pair, drove into Washington and had it broken. On Father’s Day morning, when he opened the package—that big wrinkled shoe looked so shiny, so silly!—well, it was David who did the laughing, for a change.

Tippy: Chet’s kindness, his consideration. Chet is basically a gregarious person. He wants to do anything he can for other people. I’ve seen him, with strangers, buying them a cup of coffee and sitting and talking. Chet likes to talk. He’s just one of that species . . . Unfortunately, speech-making is part of talking. And the requests Chet gets to

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make speeches—well, it's just incredible. But he doesn't want to hurt anybody. Somehow he finds a good cause in everything. And so he's always off to some function, to talk to this group or that. It's terribly tiring. Between his work schedule and these extras, he comes home completely wrung out sometimes. But at least now—unlike before—we have our weekends off... completely, Saturday and Sunday, all to ourselves! That's a help.

**Question:** What's a typical weekend at your house?

**Ann:** There's no such thing as a typical weekend—a typical anything—with the Brinkleys. We might stay home. We might have a party. Or go to the movies. Or go bowling. Or we might go to the races; David and I love this. He figures the odds and wins. I figure the odds and lose. So we come out pretty even. We like, of course, to do things with the children. We're always saying how we don't approve of "togetherness"—David has even coined the word "awayness," as being preferable. But, to be honest, we spend an awful lot of time together with the boys. When it's nice weather, we all go behind the house; fishing in the river or walking on the towpath along the old C. & O. Canal. There's a little lock house not far away that rents canoes, and sometimes we go there... David once said that his idea of a successful weekend was to go without shaving. I don't remember the last time he could!

**Tippy:** Till recently, we never had a typical weekend. We'd always make plans to do something different—fishing, visit friends, go driving. We were off so much and so often that it seemed as if we were searching for something. Well, just a few months ago, we found it. In New Jersey. A farm... A farm? It's more like a little country! It's got I don't know how many acres of farm land. Even a barn, and even a factory—which was once used to make water-tight doors for ships—possibly we'll turn it into a small movie studio. The farm has the most beautiful house—huge—with ten rooms and nine-foot-long fireplaces. The first room we met me and Tippy. The other rooms came later, added on one-at-a-time... To be frank with you, I didn't quite take to the place so much, that first time we saw it. I mean, I thought it was so big. And I thought to myself, "Tipton Huntley, born and raised in Evanston, Illinois—what in the world are you going to be doing on a farm? Even only on weekends?"... Well, I knew the final decision was up to Chet. And I must admit Chet had me confused, that first hour or so, as we were shown around the place. He was utterly silent; his face was coldly poker. I knew that he was a farmboy at heart—his father had been one of the original Montana homesteaders, and Chet had grown up with space, with cows and chickens, grass, hay, tractors, all that—but I just didn't know what was going on in his mind. And then, suddenly, at one point, he turned to me and asked, "What do you think of it, Tip?" I said, "It's very nice, Chet." He smiled. It was all he needed. He turned to the man who was showing us around and said, "I think you've got a sale." As Chet explained to me later, "I didn't want to influence you one way or another, in case you didn't like it, Tip..." I'm so glad now that we bought it.

**Question:** How do you pass your time during the week?

**Ann:** I have three sons. Enough said? Children are a job with mothers the world over, and mine are no exception. They're pretty wonderful boys, though. David and I are very proud of them. Alan, the oldest, is like his father exactly. In almost every way. He has the same mind, the same sense of humor. He takes a tremendous interest in current affairs and news. I might say, a loud interest. He talks so much at night during his daddy's and Uncle Chet's newscast—questions, questions, so many questions—that I barely have a chance to hear the program...

... Joel is in the middle. He's eight. He's the one who gets things stirred up all the time. He goes through every day as either a devil or an angel. One night, I was so worked up about something he'd done that I said to him, "Joel, you've been just terrible today. Some days you're terrible and some days you're an angel. I just don't understand." He looked at me, shook, and said, "Mother—name one day I've been an angel!"... I still think of John as the baby, even though he'll soon be six. He's a typical little boy, with the wildest imagination. When he was going to nursery school—just a tiny thing—he'd say, "Mommy... Daddy... I played football today—is made twenty touchdowns!" Another time, he went to a farm across the street and subdued a bull—only there's no farm across the street, and no bull. Currently, he's a highway patrolman. He hands out tickets to "speeders."

**Tippy:** I do lots of things when Chet's away at work... most of it out of the house—lunches, teas, charity work. But when I am home, I sew. I had an operation a year ago. A couple of weeks before that, Chet had seen me sew something by hand—and, as a "thank you for not being too sick" present, he bought me a sewing machine. When I got out of the hospital... I didn't think I'd use much, at first. But then we took a trip to Spain last March and Chet had bought me a spring coat for the trip—gold with white-and-black plaid borders, a beautiful coat. I didn't dare ask for more money to get a dress to go with it. So I made the dress—black shantung. Since then, I've gotten the bug. I've made all the draperies in the living room and dining room. I've made the covers for these chairs. I've gone hog-wild domestic.

**Question:** Who are your friends—the people you see the most?

**Ann:** David and I have a great many friends. We enjoy being with people, and listening. We go to people's houses, they come here. Our favorite is Sunday brunch right here at home. It's like a picnic. We serve Bloody Marys, whisky sour and salted mackerel. Occasionally I whip up a big egg caserole. Sometimes I make David's all-time favorite dish—but only for him, since most other people can't stand it—it's creamed chipped beef with jelly and cream cheese!... Who's liable to show up at our house? Well, last week we had quite a crowd—Attorney General Bob Kennedy and his Ethel, Secretary of Commerce Hodges, Senator Eugene McCarthy, a few newspapermen and their wives. It was great fun.

**Tippy:** Among our dearest friends are a couple named Hank and Diane Hunter. Hank's in advertising. He and Chet knew one another as freshmen. We love to play bridge together or get together in the kitchen, peek into the refrigerator and cook a few recipes. Also, Chet and I love our next-door neighbors—on both sides, mind you. Nancy and Herb Salkin live to our left. Nancy's in the color field at NBC and her husband is an artist. They're a young couple with an adorable new baby. Delightful people. And Larry and Don Wollett live on the other side of us. They're both lawyers. Don, it turns out, taught for a while at Chet's alma mater, the University of Washington (the state, that is). And with Chet such a bug on college football—do you know he can still tell you the height and weight of anyone who ever played for Washington?—it was kind of natural that he and Don should have gotten together. And, of course, Chet and Don both like their martinis.

**Question:** What's it like, being the wife of a celebrity?

All of Washington is so full of so-called "important" people that nobody pays much attention here. When David and I go to the movies, maybe a few people will stare. Maybe one person will even come over and say, "I enjoy your show." But it's really quite different when we leave and go out of town, to a smaller city. The People are much different in...
least, for bedrooms. I wonder if we ever go to all the parties, true; but we’d never have a chance to talk to each other. Anyway, David despises big parties. They’re crowded, hot, smoky. It’s quite a chore for him to go.

Tippy: It can get hectic here in New York. Basicallly, I don’t like the parties that are too big. But then, again, who does? On one hand, they seem to be a necessity in the business; on the other, they’re a strain on ‘most everybody concerned.

Question: What do you do when the pace gets too hectic?
Ann: I pick up a book and read. David either puts on music . . . progressive jazz—he’s a real Stan Kenton fan . . . or else he goes down to his workshop and makes things. He built that buffet in the dining room. And two tables. All the bookshelves in his library, we had a family crest, I’m sure the design would include a screwdriver. David even keeps one in his office desk.

Tippy: I park myself at my sewing machine. Chet sits nearby and catches up on his reading.

Question: What do you most look forward to with your husbands?
Ann: A vacation! A real vacation. We’ve gone away lots, these past few years . . . Cocoa Beach, Austria, Hong Kong, all over . . . but it’s always work for David—hard work. I’d love to go away and travel with him, just the two of us and the boys. For three weeks, say. With no TV cameras, no speeches, no anything but relaxation . . . David says maybe in five years. I wonder about that. But, believe me, I’m really not complaining. The Lord has been very good to us.

Tippy: More than anything, I’d like to see Chet work a little less—cut down on the extras, I mean—so he can enjoy himself more. And so I can see more of him. Now that we have our beautiful farm, I think things are going to be better . . . We have such lovely plans for the coming summer. By that time, we hope to have the main house fully furnished—at least, the bedrooms. Chet’s daughter Missy is going to come for a while; she attends the University of Oregon and will be on vacation. And his older daughter, Sherry, will be coming and will bring Chet’s grandson, Rik . . . or should I say grandchildren—because Sherry’s expecting another baby soon! And we look forward so to this. Chet’s already started buying presents for the kids—one thing after another after another. Don’t you think that it sounds just a wonderful summer . . . for all of us?

—Ev Devlin


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GERTRUDE BERG

(Continued from page 55)

Cherny started as a composer and his music sounded fine to me—he couldn’t make a living devoting himself to the eleventh, or is it the twelfth tone? So gradually he tried writing. He’s been out here working with me. We wrote the pilot of “The Gertrude Berg Show” together, then he wrote twelve episodes for the series. He also wrote my book, “Molly & Me,” every word of it. We’re more than parent and son, we’re good friends. He’s the one person in the world who can voice exactly what I think.

Harriet is an excellent writer, too. I’m always after her to go back to school and get her Ph.D. “From the Dean’s List to the kitchen,” that’s how she’s the one on the Dean’s List at Barnard, then she worked for a magazine, she made trips to Europe, interviewed Aly Khan and Picasso, then went to work writing for Tex and Jinx. She married and had four children. Frankie, the little one, is two-and-a-half now, and she says when he goes to school, she’s going back to school, too.

darling: My name for everyone I like.

eat humble pie: It happens to everyone, darling. When it happens to me, my ego—which is very good-sized when all is going well—does an absolute taitspinn. My husband tells me to take stock of myself and count up all the good days and the good things that have happened and I do, but I still feel terrible. When Pepsi canceled the show. We’d been on for three years and had an audience of millions. Pepsiwent was a premium offer; for one label from their mouthwash and ten cents they’d send a Beetlewe glass. So many coupons came flooding in, there’s a five-month supply filling the orders. And then we got canceled! They said it was a matter of shortages—they could no longer get the material to make the glass! What you have to do is not eat humble pie too long. You have to gather up your beaten ego and fight back. You have to have faith in yourself, in your idea, in life. If you don’t, no one else will. Proof of it?

Family: There is nothing like a big family. The best time of day is when you get a big family sitting around the table, eating dinner and schmoozing. When I was a child, we went to my grandmother’s every Friday night. Bubeshu’s. There were my grandparents and my great grandmother and aunts, and cousins, a sense of warmth and security and love. Darling, it was such a shame when my mother-in-law would be late and we’d have the Sedar Service every year at Passover. I want my grandchildren to have that same sense. This year, I was working in Hollywood but I flew to New York for Passover. Ahead of time I called the butcher, called the cook, called the florist, that when I got there, it was all ready. The whole family came, forty in all. There was one year I had seventy-five. That time, I took an empty apartment in the building and had a prop man fix it up with curtains and carpets, pictures—you’d never know it wasn’t my apartment. I love a big family.

Grandchildren: Five of them. Adam, six, is my son’s little boy. Frankie, two-and-a-half. Henry, four-and-a-half. Anne, six, and Joshua, eight, are my daughter’s four little bandits. Three of them I had with me this summer, Henry, Anne and Joshua from Nyack (and Adam was in town with his parents). They came out by plane and there were trips to Disneyland, but for the most part they were happiest at home with the swimming pool. It was wonderful. I couldn’t make spaghetti sauce as good as their mama’s, they said, but Joshua was crazy about my egg and jelly omelet. You know how it is with children—no, no, no. I invented a song that they loved—“No, no, no” and they echoed it like an anvil chorus. Now when we talk on the phone, they all sing “No, no, no.” I miss them, darling.

Home: The first house I remember was an East Harlem apartment on the fourth floor of a walk-up. Maybe you’d call it a tenement. To us, it was a three-ring circus. Everything and anything was going on in that building—divorce, marriage, stomach trouble, bankruptcy, measles and mothers-in-law—we heard it all by tuning in on the door below opened the door of the shaft and listened in on history. My father loved that dumbwaiter (so did I), he only gave it up when radio came in. With radio he got better coverage, but not any juicier. Hardships everyone in the building had, I guess. But if we had them in our flat, nobody told us all love and affection, and if my father didn’t have a genuine business at first, it was interesting while he tried out one after another and finally decided on first the restaurant business, then the hotel business.

i: Am still in the business.

Joke: Always I have been laughing with people—not at them. The people I’ve written about and the characters I’ve acted have been like real-life people with funny but human problems. Sometimes the problems are really very serious problems, but there is an implicit humor even with Mrs. Jacoby who has lost a son in the war and is anti-Japanese. When we were rehearsing “Majority of One,” I remember one scene where I have come to the Japanese gentleman’s home to dinner and have been dressed by his attendants in a complete Japanese regalia. I tried and tried but the lines written for me just wouldn’t come off. Finally directed I said, “Very well, Gertrude, if you were writing the play, what would you write for this scene?” I put myself in Mrs. Jacoby’s place, shrugged my shoulders, glanced at Sir Cedric Hardwicke and said, “Mme. Butterfly?” Dore Schary laughed and Sir Cedric laughed and that’s how the scene went. The first person you have to make a joke with is yourself.

K replach:

For Filling

1 lb. soup meat ground
Add 1 small onion cut fine and browned in chicken fat.
Add 1 raw egg.
Season well with salt and pepper.

For Noodle Dough

¾ cup flour
1 egg
½ teaspoon salt
Mix together and roll dough thin.
Cut into 1½ inch squares.
Place teaspoon full of meat mixture on each noodle square, cover with another noodle square and mold dough together.
Drop filled squares in boiling salted water and boil for ten minutes.

DRAIN. Serve in a rich beef broth.

Rich broth and krepach. Don’t I look it? I love good food. A great cook I’m not, but my grandmother and my mother were great cooks and I have their recipes and a good cook in my kitchen. Myself, I cook very simply. Luckily, with my husband, that has been okay. Everything’s okay with him, he’s a cooking section, a morale builder, which leads me right into the next letter of my personal alphabet.

Love and Lewis: I was thirteen, a very advanced thirteen, when I met Lewis Berg. He was a guest at our hotel, but Lewis was a three-year-old graduate chemical engineer on a two-week vacation. He had an English accent and I loved to listen to him speak. He said “whilst” and “hence” like a Waverley novel. I was in love. I told my own fortune and it concerned an engineer, but at the end of two weeks, he went away and I didn’t see him again for four years. Now I am seventeen and Lewis Berg comes back to the hotel. He’s come back to see how I grew up and he’s disappointed, “You’re very pretty, Tillie,” he says, “but you’ve done nothing with your mind. And it’s a good mind.” You can imagine, darling, I started doing something with my mind at once. Filling it. He helped me. “Give me a little time,” he said, “and I’ll help you be the woman you want to be.” We read books aloud, went to operas, museums, lectures, the theater. I started taking classes at Columbia. Lew and I were married when I was nineteen.

Marriage: I wasn’t ever a career girl. I was always first and foremost a woman with a life to live, and I’ve been one of the fortunate ones of this world. First a wonderful childhood, then a wonderful marriage, and from that marriage a sense of strength and the incentive to use whatever talents I had, express them and express me.
Let’s talk frankly about internal cleanliness

Day before yesterday, many women hesitated to talk about the douche even to their best friends, let alone to a doctor or druggist.

Today, thank goodness, women are beginning to discuss these things freely and openly. But—even now—many women don’t realize what is involved in treating the “delicate zone.”

They don’t ask. Nobody tells them. So they use homemade solutions which may not be completely effective, or some antiseptics which may be harsh or inflammatory.

It’s time to talk frankly about internal cleanliness.

Here are the facts: tissues in the “delicate zone” are very tender. Odors are very persistent. Your comfort and well-being demand a special preparation for the douche. Today there is such a preparation.

This preparation is far more effective in antiseptic and germicidal action than old-fashioned homemade solutions. It is far safer to delicate tissues than other liquid antiseptics for the douche. It cleanses, freshens, eliminates odor, guards against chafing, relaxes and promotes confidence.

This is modern woman’s way to internal cleanliness. It is the personal antiseptic for women, made specifically for “the delicate zone.” It is called Zonite®. Complete instructions for use come in every package. In cases of persistent discharge, women are advised to see their doctors.

Millions of women already consider Zonite as important a part of their grooming as their bath. You owe it to yourself to try Zonite.

O r g a n i z e d : Every woman has to be—and I’m not talking about unions. You have to organize your time and your energy. Beside my bed was a thermos of coffee and some crackers; I’d have coffee and crackers when I woke up and start right in working. I wouldn’t even leave the room because there would be distractions. I just woke up and put on a robe and started writing. By the time the children were ready for school, my writing was sometimes finished for the day. I went to the studio and didn’t have to worry about unfinished business. My business was finished. I was free to give complete attention to the next project and the same after work. All business was forgotten. Our house was for our life, our friends and family. No business ever came into that home. That was where I was Mama. I kept the two things separate, a time for each.

If you are not frantic, you have time for everything. This is something I learned to start with from my grandmother, Bubeshu, I called her. And what she did on a Friday alone was something at which to marvel. A tiny, frail woman, how she could do all that cooking and cleaning for Friday night!
Oh, doctor — what a terrific fashion tonic!! And the whole country's taking it — like mad! The gals have borrowed the medic shirt right off Ben Casey's back — and buttoned down the cutest cure-all for wardrobe dol-drums: doctor's blouses, jackets and sweaters with pep a-plenty.

Recommended dosage:
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Only when I stayed home from school and watched her did I begin to get the idea — it was a matter of continuous calm, unhurried, well-organized hard work.

Play: Hard. I work hard, and play hard. And to me play is many things. To have people at the house ... good conversation ... good books ... browsing around New York ... the theater ... I can sit in the dress department of any store and have a marvelous time. What interests me is — people, and anywhere and everywhere I can see them in action is fun.

Quaint: I ain't.

Reality: Many times I have been asked where my real world ends and my makebelieve world begins. As I explain, it laps over, into a makebelieve character comes something, many things, real. But one's sense of reality is another thing. No matter who you are, you must know what is real, what is right, what is important, and perhaps in show business, one's perspective is even more necessary. If you plan to survive, I'm lucky because I grew up in a family where things came first. Love came first. Family came first. And show business or no show business, success or no success, the same thing holds true now. I've known many glamorous and lovely stars who ended up with their scrapbooks and a lonely heart. Please God it can never happen to me. First, above all, no matter what goes on at the studio, I am myself ... a woman ... Mma.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke: It was when I heard he was going to play the Japanese industrialist in "A Majority of One," that I said yes to the part of Mrs. Jacely. Sir Cedric is an extraordinary actor and if I was going to be on Broadway, I was going to be in excellent company. I was — also on TV. He's been playing the professor with impeccable manners with whom I was studying on "The Gertrude Berg Show.

"I'll never forget the first day we met on stage, for the first terrible reading of the play. He spoke his lines, fiddled with his glasses, adjusted his tie — just as you saw him on stage — and with every line became more and more the Japanese industrialist. By the second day I was asking myself how a Japanese man could speak English so well. Working with him is a privilege. He has the discipline of a fine artist, the pride ... but he also has sensitivity and a delightful sense of humor.

Tried and True: Fanny Merrill is my secretary-friend-business associate alter ego. She knows more about me than I know about me, and she should. We've been together for thirty-two years through thick and thin. It isn't always easy to be with me. It's not that I'm temperamental, it's that this is a pressure business and every thirteen weeks there's a cancellation clause to consider. I don't care who you are, you consider it. The first week is great, the first week is wonderful and after that, darling, you
start worrying. Fanny has philosophy. Molly has philosophy. We needed all of it. She is also a calm, serene woman with an incredible memory. She never forgets a name, an appointment or a phone number unless someone else doesn't like. She never forgets a recipe unless ditto. Her memory has to be good, she has a filing system that would confound Sherlock Holmes and the F.B.I.—little pieces of paper stuffed into a clamp envelope. And how does she find something? She empties the envelope upside down and hunts! Luckily, she doesn't need the envelope, she knows. Luckily, I know Fanny.

Use: Everything is what I've used, everything I've ever known, everything I've ever learned. That's why I have to keep on learning, watching people, understanding people. Producers kid me; they say I'm always putting raisins in the cake and sometimes they're scared to death of the raisins. Like Sir Cedric showing up in the series time after time with a button missing which I sew on. But all the raisins are bits of business I've seen somewhere and now use for characterization. To me this is what life is about, to use. For a character like Goldberg, for example, I used my Grandfather Harris. But also I used touches of my own father, his stubbornness, his ability to go from mood to mood without explanation or reason, and there were touches also of my husband Larry, who is so correct in his dealings with everyone and so kind that anyone he likes can take advantage of him. People he doesn't like—it takes them a little longer.

Vacation: You really enjoy one when you've earned it. Mr. Berg and I went two years ago, it was our first vacation after twenty years. I'd just received a check from NBC and the TV “Goldberg” series had just ended. We had five months, driving all through Europe, every day a treasure. And again, before “A Majority of One” began, because we had another five weeks in Europe. My husband is his own boss, he's a sugar technologist and a consultant engineer, and he has worked very hard but now, when we have a chance, he arranges his time to coincide with mine and off we go.

Westchester: I've written fifteen million words but we should stand for Westchester because we have a home there where we've all been very happy. There are twenty-seven acres and a lake and a brook and a greenhouse. We saw the house first when we drove out to visit a friend and couldn't buy it. When we bought this house, it was for sale, but it was too big and we forgot about it. A month later we drove out again. For five years we'd wanted a home in the country and here was this beautiful thing at a ridiculous price. These were the depressed years, the bank held the house and they wanted to get rid of it. When we went through, and walked into the little laundry house, I saw a box of Ivory Flakes. . . . Procter & Gamble.

They were my sponsors for ten happy and agreeable years, so it was a good luck omen. We bought the house. And what joy we'd had. We stuffed the place Fridays to Mondays so that it looked like my father's hotel. Sometimes the overhead had to go out to the barn.

X-ray: That's what the camera is. Not just a photograph but an X-ray machine. On stage, you can fool the public, you can create an illusion, but the camera photographs right into a person, even more so on TV because the medium is more intimate, there is less scenery. First when I was on radio, it seemed lonely, just four of us sitting in a little room with a mike. Then when fan mail began coming in, and we realized there was an audience out there, the mike became like a telephone. You were talking to someone. The characters grew and developed because I was aware of someone on the other end of that phone. Many actresses I know are very glamorous and how they look is important on screen. With me, even more important is how I feel. This is where you can't fool the audience. You have many actors with good voices and accents as charming as that of Maurice Chevalier. But with Chevalier it is more than a face or a voice, it is a veritable embrace. The X-ray shows a heart.

Yellow: Yellow is my favorite color, the color of my kitchen in Westchester, the color of my kitchen in our New York apartment. As a matter of fact, when we first went into that apartment, the living room was yellow, everything, drapes, carpets. . . . Interior decorating is my second love, right after show business. I'm planning to decorate that living room in yellow again one day (it's green right now and I don't like it). Yellow and apricot next time.

Zest: I enjoy everything. I can't help it. I always have. Every single stage of life has seemed the best, the most rewarding, the most exciting. And now this—the rest of it—is such a comfortable age. I'm at now. Sometimes I can't believe it. Just a moment ago, my daughter and son were babies and I was playing Indian with them under a table (for a tepee) while I waited anxiously for some word from NBC to whom I'd sent my first “Goldberg” script. I have to remember I'm my grandmother. I can't have done and I like it. I can go, come and do as I please—my climbed those mountains, faced those auditions. Today I'm like a girl pursued by lovers. Producers are offering parts, offering parts, offering parts. Some I can't say yes because I was busy with Mrs. G. going to college. But it's lovely to be asked. It's lovely to be busy. If I could stay this way for another ten years, I might be ready to retire. I'd take the denises if need be. I've been blessed in this life, doing what I love to do, and being, in the first place, part of a family for whom zest was a keyword, a way of life.

—End of Gertrude Berg's alphabet
To those who’ve tried their hand at matchmaking, Dick explains, “I don’t really have a favorite physical type. It doesn’t matter whether a girl’s tall or short, or thin or fat. I like to look at a gorgeous girl,” he admits, “but I’m not sure about marrying her. I can’t help but wonder if her beauty made it unnecessary for her to develop her mind and her talents. I prefer a talented girl—she’s more likely to be curious and flexible.”

Dick points out he isn’t looking for perfection—or a combination of all the virtues. “I was complimented, of course, when a certain girl flipped for me! She was nice, not morose, intelligent, reasonable—and quite good-looking. She didn’t smoke or drink or use cuss-words. But, instead of being fascinated, I found myself backing away. I guess it’s the male ego wanting to feel he can add something to a female’s personality. Besides—she’s so perfect—there’s no challenge!”

But Dick’s “male ego” doesn’t extend to being over-protective, either. “I don’t like the type of girl you have to take by the hand, stay at her side, and feel guilty about leaving her for a moment. I prefer the girl I can take to a party, wander away knowing she can take care of herself—and come back and find her cheerful and calm. The too-possessive and too-dependent types are not for me!”

On second thought, there is a type of looks Dick does not go for: The girl with no wrinkles, absolutely no lines. He doesn’t like to feel I can lose her, I’m afraid of my silence, without worrying that she’ll misunderstand my silence for boredom.

“Like a girl I can trust and be sufficiently comfortable with so I can talk about anything that’s on my mind. I want to be able to communicate with her. I don’t want to have to worry about avoiding sensitive subjects. Between a mature man and a mature woman, there should be no forbidden subjects. Too, I’d like to feel I can argue without ruining our relationship. A good argument can clear the air and head off a misunderstanding. I want to feel I can argue and she’ll know I still have respect for her.”

Dick wants to make it clear he’s not disillusioned because his first marriage failed. “I think it was Tennysen who said ‘Marriages are made in heaven,’ but I disagree with him. Marriages are made by mature men and mature women—and I hope that, today, I am mature enough to do my share to make a marriage work.

“I believe in marriage to which each person brings love, not fears and ambitions. I believe in marriage where both partners are equal and respect each other’s individuality. Marriage should be a partnership, based on mutual trust. Neither man nor woman should use it for neurotic needs. They should respect each other’s dignity and worth.”

When the divorce from Barbara became final, last November, the Philadelphia newspapers ran Dick’s address—and, for days, his phone and his mail were overwhelmed with proposals. “I got some wild mail,” Dick grins. “Proposals of marriage, and urgent messages telling me, I’ll be over tonight!”

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(Continued from page 47)

With full coordination. His alert eyes follow any activity near him, revealing his keen interest in people.

Admittedly an egghead, Allen is also an egghead who swings. As moderator of "College Bowl," he sometimes amplifies the answers to the most recondite questions. On "Password," he sometimes volunteers information in a lighter vein.

He can talk jazz with the most far-out musician, but has an abiding dislike for the beatnik. "I think it's preposterous that they have taken to themselves the word 'hip,'" he points out. "They're not hip at all. They're square.

They contribute nothing. I think the time has come when we should stop belaboring the idea that they typify today's young people. I'm tired of seeing us celebrate the negative. This nation was built on constructive ideals and ideas, and there's more need for such work and attitudes than ever."

His is a pioneer's attitude and he holds it by birthright—the Allens and the Ellsworths and the Luddens have settled many a frontier. Born Allen Ellsworth some forty years ago at Mineral Point, Wisconsin, he was reared as Allen Ludden: "My father died during World War I. His best friend, Homer Ludden, came back from France and married my mother, whose maiden name was Liela Allen. In our small town, it was simpler for me to be known by his surname. I never wanted to change back. I was a much cherished child and grandchild in the Ludden family."

Allen was nine when Homer Ludden, a public utilities company manager, moved his family to Corpus Christi, Texas. There the girl who first caught Allen's adolescent eye was Margaret, daughter of Ameta McGloin—who now is the city's postmistress. "Margaret and her mother gave me a surprise party on my fifteenth birthday," he recalls.

The two young people later married—on October 11, 1943—but there were many scholastic, military and professional achievements for Allen, in the intervening years. He took his B.A. and M.A. in English from the University of Texas, He taught at Austin High School and the University of Texas.

Interested in dramatics, he directed the Austin Little Theater and, during vacations, worked in Theater Guild-sponsored stock companies in Westport, Connecticut, and Princeton, New Jersey. He got his first radio credits during a brief stint at Station KEYS, in Corpus Christi.

Entering the Army in 1942, Allen achieved captain's rank and won the Bronze Star, before being assigned to the entertainment unit headed by Major Maurice Evans. The unit's best known production was "The G.I. Hamlet," which toured Pacific bases. When Evans returned to the States, Allen replaced him and produced some forty Army shows. "I've never had so much authority before nor since," he says. "Maurice Evans knew how to command, and I had to step into his shoes!"

After the war, Ludden rejoined Evans as personal manager and advance man for a national tour of "Hamlet." One event had a crucial effect on his career: "Maurice Evans was scheduled to speak at a high-school assembly. He couldn't keep the date and I replaced him. I got on up on that platform waving my Phi Beta Kappa key and feeling quite superior. I didn't feel superior after those kids started asking questions! They were sharper than any adult group I had ever addressed."

Before the tour ended, he had spoken before five hundred high schools and developed an enduring interest in young people. He originated his first show for them while at WTIC, Hartford, Connecticut. "Mind Your Manners," a teen-age discussion program, later went network and won both Peabody and Ohio State awards.

In 1953, he moved to New York NBC, where he became moderator for the radio forerunner of "G-E College Bowl," and was on "Monitor," "Weekday" and "Dancetime." He has also written four books: "Plain Talk About College," "Plain Talk for Women Under 21," "Plain Talk for Men Under 21," and "Roger Thomas, Actor."

There are now three children in the Ludden family: David (who was born the week Allen's first show went network) and his younger sisters, Martha and Sarah. Asked what interests them, Allen grins. "Everything! They are all so alert, intelligent and gregarious animals."

To illustrate, he tells about last summer, when the family moved (from Briarcliff Manor, New York) to the house they'd just bought at Dobbs Ferry. "We settled in, just before school started, and they moved to get acquainted. Margaret and I regarded it as a good adjustment to their new community when Sarah was elected president of her Brownie troop and Martha was chosen an alternate delegate to the student council. But it was David who really flourished."

"He'd been class president at Briarcliff, and—to his complete surprise—someone nominated 'David Ludden' for president at Dobbs Ferry. He declined with thanks. It must have been quite a speech—he pointed out that he had been in the school only five days, that the person who nominated him knew so little about him he even mispronounced his name, and that he thought the interests of the class could better be served by someone more familiar with the school. I think that young man is going to take after his mother's family and be a politician!"

Suburban living and his increased show schedule have presented certain conflicts. "For the first time in my life," Allen says, "I've considered hiring a chauffeur! Driving three children to Scout meetings, music lessons, dancing lessons—and parties—has kept me behind the wheel of that car for Friday afternoon until Sunday morning, when I go back into New York for 'College Bowl.'"

His brow furrows, as if he were mentally sorting out the next weekend's schedule. Then he beams, with the warm smile that lights up rooms across the land. "But I don't really mind! Kids are such a lovely problem."

—HELEN BOLSTAD

Match wits with Allen on CBS-TV: "G-E College Bowl." Sun., 5:30 P.M. EDT—"Password," Mon. through Fri., 2 P.M. EDT. and Tues. 8 P.M. EDT.

David may speak of Dad like a veteran critic, but Allen's own comments on his son—and his daughters Martha and Sarah—are nothing but raves!
Loretta Martin

(Continued from page 39)

you? Well, she's blonde and blue-eyed and cuddly—about five feet tall, and a gorgeous figure. In fact, she reminds a lot of people of Dick's first wife . . . except for being six years younger . . . but more about that, later. The thing is, Loretta's not only attractive but simply shot with luck! What else could you call it, when a green-socked clover flies home to New York and lands nothing but glamorous jobs in and around show business?

Of course, that's how she met Dick and how she came to be Jo-Ann Campbell's roommate . . . but let's get the sequence straight: Loretta's first Broadway-type Conway Twitty's secretary. Then she went to work for his manager—Don Seat, that is—and when Don took on Jo-Ann Campbell as his client, Loretta got to be one of her bosom-est friends. Real buddies, we mean. When Jo-Ann went on tour last summer, she asked Loretta to come along as her companion-secretary.

That's how the rocket was launched that led to the big romance. Jo-Ann worked the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas (where Loretta made such new friends as Connie Stevens and Kenny Miller; Kenny, also Seat's client, which kept it all nice and cozy—in the family, you might say). They zigzagged around, from the Boler Motel, in Wildwood, New Jersey, to the Michigan State Fair at Detroit . . . and that's where Jo-Ann sang on Dick Clark's show. And Loretta met Dick.

It was all illegal—then. Remember, this was late last August, early September . . . about three months before Dick's divorce came through. But people were already talking. You know how some of his fans felt, when their all-American boy's "perfect marriage" was in doubt. And Dick didn't even try to explain. He's not the type to blast off in public, or carry a torch brighter than all Times Square. But his friends sure knew how much he missed both Barbara and little Dickie. And let's face it . . . he's just not the breed who wants to smack his lips over seeing his name in the gossip columns. Even if it were true.

Only last June, Dorothy Kilgallen had written, for all the world to see: "Dick Clark's friends are betting he won't remain long in the bachelor state after his pending divorce becomes final. Some Girl Next Door types are betting to Succeed as the next Mrs. Clark is singer Connie Francis; the popular disc jockey 'sparked' to her when he did a TV show at her home some months ago.

And, the very next day, Ed Sullivan's column noted: "Dick Clark prefers a cute recording star!" Items like that upset Dick, natch. And, being the gentlemanly nice-guy he is, he was particularly unsettled by the Connie Francis gossip. As a matter of fact, he called Connie up, personally, just to make sure she understood he had nothing to do with such things getting into print! He felt pretty strongly about its being unfair to link a decent, single girl like Connie to a man who was still legally married.

You can bet your latest Twist disc, he was still feeling the same way when he took Jo-Ann and Loretta out to dinner in Detroit. And Jo-Ann—being in show business and everything—thought nothing of it when Dick took Loretta out the next night, too. Alone.

Like most of Dick's friends, she was glad to see him making the rounds at all. Everyone knew he'd almost literally crash-dived, back in February, when Barbara told him she wanted a divorce. And how earnestly he'd begged her to reconsider—"at least for the sake of the child." But probably only Dick himself will ever know how hard he hit rockbottom, emotionally, that day in April when they signed the divorce application and financial settlement.

As in a dream . . . silently

Loretta, of course, wasn't in on any of this. She must have been thrilled, though, when Dick asked to see her again. (Wouldn't you be?) A young notebook-scribbler from Canada . . . and a genuine TV matinee idol—handsome, rich and about to become most eligible! Of course, he wasn't free yet . . . but none of it had been his fault, really. How Loretta feels about divorce, in general, she hasn't said. Not the talkative type, anyway, and maybe something secret. And when he responded to Dick's deep-rooted need for privacy and quiet, how else could she keep from bragging (just a teensy bit) about their dates, all this time?

She'd have a lot to tell, if she would. From Detroit, Dick returned to Philadelphia, Loretta went back to New York—this time, as Jo-Ann's roommate. (Jo-Ann was alone again . . . you know, she bought her parents a home down in Jacksonville, Florida.) But Jo-Ann and Conway Twitty and Kenny Miller went to Canada to work on a movie. So, naturally, Loretta was glad to accept Dick's invitation to go to Atlantic City, when he went there for the Miss America pageant.

All sweet and simple as a Lawrence Welk record, so far. She stayed at a friend's house, he checked into a hotel. He went about his business, she accompanied him—everywhere, staying in the background when reporters or photographers came around. Not that Dick felt he had anything to hide, you understand. It was Loretta who faded into the shadows . . . and Dick's compadre, her, on at least one occasion, to stay and "smile for the photographers!"

Well, as we told you, in all the floodlights of show biz, their best friends hadn't seen a thing—until the night of October 5th, when Jo-Ann gave that famous farewell party. Both she and Kenny Miller were back in New York, and the celebration was for his twenty-fourth birthday. (Birthdays are quite a thing, in the Clark-Martin saga . . . as you'll soon see.)

Of course, roommate Loretta was co-hostess—a warm, bright dream in a snug red sweater. And the guest list

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Dick’s divorce became final on the 21st... the end of his eight-year marriage to Barbara, the end of any lingering hopes he might once have had for a reconciliation. A week later, Dick invited his closest friends to come-on-a his house—the one he’d built for Barbara and his little boy—to celebrate his thirty-second birthday. Loretta, quite naturally, helped out as hostess—and as stand-in mother for the smallest guest, Master Dickie Clark!

Of course, there’s no such word as “inseparable” in this business... as Dick and Barbara found out. Particularly when you work as hard as he does (though you’ve probably heard the rumors that his “American Bandstand” may be cut down from fifty minutes daily to a half hour, next fall—which might leave more time to spend with a wife). But he and Loretta have been managing pretty well...

When they couldn’t spend Christmas together, because Dick was booked in Miami Beach, he called her two or three times a day. And she stopped dating other men, while he was away... if you saw her without him, that time was the Loretta, it was only because she was there to see the Twist with Jo-Ann and Kenny.

All winter long, when he wasn’t “on the road,” he was making that tiring two-hour drive to New York for five or six times a week, to take in a show with Loretta or shoo away their games, laughing at jokes, his “old self” again. And some were glad, some weren’t—isn’t that always the way?—to see Dick and Loretta holding hands, occasionally whispering to each other, and always that special look when their eyes met head-on...
moment." Or this: "They harmonize. She's good for Dick because she cares for him, and he knows it. After all, she's not a singer, and he knows she doesn't have a career. Furthermore, she's not a party girl. She goes happily wherever he wants her to go."

But it isn't all lollipops and roses for Dick and Loretta. There are those who plug for their romance, and those who doubt it all because of the self-same psychological theory: That men who re-marry have a tendency to seek out a girl in the image of the first wife. You've seen that theory work — and you've seen it backfire, too. Just ask yourself: Is Loretta too much like Barbara? Or does the similarity help, more than it harms?

If Dick hasn't noticed the resemblance, you could tick it off for him. Point by point — though not necessarily to his face: Petite and shapely Loretta could almost be a pocket-size version of tall and shapely Barbara. Barbara was a blue-eyed brunette who turned blonde. Loretta is a blue-eyed blonde. Both have avoided flamboyant clothes and makeup. Neither likes being photographed. Both are quiet in public, seemingly preferring the family fireside to a ringside seat in the spotlight.

But talk as you will, no woman is ever going to find any too-striking similarity between the doll a guy married eight years ago — after seven years of courtship — and the doll he met last summer. (Ask any wife who, unlike Barbara, lost a guy she didn't want to divorce!) Reminding a man of the first girl he ever loved and married isn't the worst beginning for a brand-new life together — and being six years younger doesn't hurt, either.

Besides, when you see that light in Loretta's eyes . . . and that answering flash from Dick's . . . well, you can almost hear "Lohengrin" warming up on the organ!

—Irene Storm

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THE ASTRONAUTS

(Continued from page 30)

more than slightly concerned. “I realize there is danger in any project like this,” she admits quietly.

Nancy Carpenter has always known the moment would come when her husband would rocket off into the unknown void of space. She has been preparing herself for that moment for a long time. And yet it had come so much sooner than she had expected. And so suddenly.

Donald K. Slayton had been supposed to take his space shot. It was all set: The announcements had been made. And then, unexpectedly, he had been withdrawn because of heart palpitations.

Until that moment, Scott had been the “forgotten man” in the hoopla over our manned orbital flights. During the hectic days, weeks, and months of preparation for Lieutenant Colonel Glenn’s pioneer journey around the globe, Scott had to prepare himself for that flight just as hard as John Glenn. He had to do all Glenn did in readying up for the flight—because he was the back-up pilot.

Up until the moment before blast-off, Mrs. Carpenter was in Garden Grove, California, waiting and wondering if her man would suddenly be substituted for his fellow Astronaut. There was no way she could know for certain. There was no way anyone could know for certain, until that critical period beginning at 2:20 a.m. when Col. Glenn was awakened by Dr. William K. Douglas.

The scene was the blue-walled room which Glenn and Carpenter shared as sleeping quarters. It’s on the second deck of the hangar near the launching pad. Both men had retired early. When Carpenter hit the sack, he could not foresee what was ahead for him. It would depend on whether Glenn’s physical check-up went. He would have to be in perfect shape. And he was.

And so Glenn donned his 20-pound suit, his silver-topped gloves that were zipperied to the arms of the suit to seal it, a pair of dust-resistant galoshes over his silver boots—and he was dressed for his journey.

Yet, even after entering the capsule, the possibility of a hitch continued to surround the entire operation. There was, of course, the fickle weather which could change suddenly, as it had so many times previously, holding up the shot for weeks. Then there was the possibility that some malfunction might occur in the mechanical equipment and cause a delay. Lastly—and most importantly for Scott (and Mrs. Carpenter)—the chance that the delicate instruments recording Glenn’s heartbeat, respiration and other physical conditions might indicate a critical change that would make it inadvisable, if not impossible, for Glenn to go. Then it would be Carpenter into the capsule.

As we all know, Glenn did go. Carpenter stayed earthbound.

But it wasn’t easy on Mrs. Car-
the prize as the best play of the year and he was named the best actor and director on Broadway.

One circumstance bothered Rosie particularly: She had never been married before. Even though she married twice—and was, in truth, still married to his second wife—she became interested in Rosemary. Rosemary was entirely comfortable when she thought of these things. Could Joe ever give all of his heart to just one woman? Would he someday find her dull?

Somehow, after his marriage to her, his career began to sag. Besides, an artist to his very soul, he was irresistibly drawn to the beautiful—and this continued to include beautiful women. He may not have been unfaithful, but he was a flirt.

Finally, after eight years, Rosemary had had enough. Ironically, the marriage ended just as Joe’s success as a director resumed. Stories about his interest in other women—drifting back from Texas, where he was working with shipping surveillance and aerial mining activities. His first child, Mark Scott, was born in his mother’s arms. Soon after Robyn Jay was born, his father entered the Navy Test Pilot School at Patuxent River, Maryland. When Kristen Elaine came along, her daddy was being carefully watched by his superiors as a promising young officer who might fit into the vital space program that America would soon embark on.

He was assigned to the Electronics Test Division of the Naval Air Test Center, then attended the Navy’s General Line School at Monterey, California, and the Naval Air Intelligence School in Washington.

Just after their last child, Candace Noxon, was born, Carpenter was off for duty on the anti-submarine aircraft carrier Hornet, as an intelligence officer.

All the time, however, when Carpenter was home, his main objective was to make up with his family for the time he was away. He took his boys hunting with him, teaching them the skill of landing their prey, not with a rifle or shotgun, but with bow and arrow. They also went skin-diving together.

Mrs. Carpenter’s joy at these reunions of father and sons was boundless, for the times when Scott was away on duty were too often too long. But whenever he could be with his family, he was there—with Rene and the children.

“He is a great family man,” Mrs. Carpenter boasts with pride. You can see, the way she says it, that she means it in all its true meaning.

As much as duty had kept Scott from his family before that fateful day in 1959 when he was named an Astronaut, the rigors and demands of training in his new role as one of America’s seven spacemen far exceeded all previous calls. This was a deadly serious business in which he was committed to undergo the most intensive training any human had ever known or experienced.

Just as he waits now for Scott to go into space and for his safe return, Rene Carpenter waited then for word that Scott had passed the rigid testing to become an Astronaut. At the time, Scott was on duty in the Pacific.

So great was Mrs. Carpenter’s anxiety over that her husband was picked, that she telephoned Washington to volunteer for her husband. Whatever agonies of waiting and uncertainty lay ahead for her, she knew how eager he was to get into the space program. She didn’t want anything to stand in Scott’s way.

“It’s what he’s cut out to do,” Mrs. Carpenter says quietly.

And she’s right, too.

Scott Carpenter, a taciturn man with a wry but ready smile, a quiet and sharp mind, a well-developed and responsive body, is about as close as anyone is to being the perfect specimen in the age of the spaceman.

No one has more confidence in Scott Carpenter than his wife.

“Scott has been well-trained for his job,” she says. “He knows what he’s doing. I think he’s the best man they could have sent up.”

Is Mrs. Carpenter worried even now when the moment approaches, when all the preparations of space science flow over into the high drama of the impending blast-off?

“He told me and the family not to worry,” Carpenter declares.

“It’s what he’s cut out to do...”

And despite the odds, the risks, the dangers that face her husband, Mrs. Carpenter will watch her husband’s launch into space with a bravery that matches his.

She is an Astronaut’s wife.

She knows her husband has taken the dare of the future. She knows that she can only wait—and pray—as he carves his destiny in space.

—CHRY HANLIS

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Weidler met her at the station, announced, “It’s all over,” tucked her into a taxi and told her to go see her manager. Finally divorcing the saxophonist in May, 1949, Doris sighed, “Somehow we couldn’t make a go of it.”

Doris’s marriage to Melcher did wonders for her. She, who had worried about her health, had been marred by a positive-thinking, happy woman. Less than a year after her third marriage, she hit the list of Hollywood’s top money-makers.

She and Melcher have more than a marriage to share. They are a pair of smart business people, with mutual financial backing. They don’t compete. Melcher doesn’t sing, like Louis Prima, and he doesn’t act, like Jose Ferrer. He’s a canny manager and producer. Melcher isn’t handsome like George Montgomery, but he has a forceful, attractive personality.

Nobody thinks of Marty Melcher as “Mr. Doris Day.”

Why can’t women singers stay married? Because it takes a remarkable man to be the husband of a successful songstress—to be a successful husband, that is.

There just aren’t enough Marty Melchers to go around.—NANCY ANDERSON

Vince Edwards

(Continued from page 26)

Mrs. Zoino is a pleasant, gray-haired woman in her sixties, a widow, very alert and, above all, independent and proud.

Proud, most of all, because she has a son like Vince Edwards to talk about. “I just can’t tell you how proud I am of him . . . he’s a son that any mother would love to have . . . just look at him, doesn’t he look like a real doctor?”

Mrs. Zoino spoke in a voice of love, from the heart, as only a mother can about a son she has made into the man she brought him into this world. She was talking about the very same Vincent Edwards whom the rumor mongers would have you believe was at odds with his mother.

“Ask me anything about Vincent,” Mrs. Zoino said to me. “I’ll tell you anything you want to know—all of it is good. That’s the kind of boy he was and the kind of man he is. Good.”

Mrs. Zoino is filled with pride about her son’s achievements as an actor, and especially of his role in “Ben Casey,” portrayed by the realistic neurosurgeon in a big city hospital.

I took her up on her offer to answer anything. “Let’s go back to the beginning, Mrs. Zoino,” I said. “Did Vince ever show tendencies of wanting to be a doctor?”

She laughed. “No. Ever since he was a little boy, Vince always said he wanted to be a doctor. We used to kid him about it. Especially his father, who would say, ‘How do you think you will eat if you go into that business?’

“The others would chide him in other ways, when he’d rave about how great the neurosurgery was. ‘Oh, boy, what an actor!’ we’d always say. He knew we were kidding him. It was just kidding in a nice way—we didn’t do it to discourage him. Actually, he was too young for show business then. He had many other interests to keep him occupied.”

“What were some of his childhood activities?”

“I think his primary interest in his youth was his studies,” she answered. “Believe it or not, he was a very unusual boy—always with a book. I used to wonder why the other twin never studied as Vince did . . .”

“The other twin?”

“Yes, Vince has a twin brother—his name is Anthony Robert Zoino. He’s a bus driver with the New York City Transit Authority. Both boys are the same build—about 6-feet-3, and about 200 pounds. But they don’t look alike. They’re completely different personalities. They’ve been different in that respect ever since childhood. Vince was more studious and had a more serious nature. He never smiled much—and still doesn’t.”

“Why was he so serious?”

“I’m not a psychiatrist, so I can’t psychoanalyze him for you. I give you the ‘deep-revealed’ reasons,” she twinkled.

“But, as his mother, I just found him to be that way since he was a youngster. Everything he did was a serious undertaking. When he went to East New York Vocational High School, he came home with excellent reports. He was very interested then in mechanical and aeronautical subjects. He talked about driving racing cars and flying planes.

“For a while, I thought he might become a pilot. He started model-airplane building as a hobby, and the house was filled with bamboo and glue. But eventually, when he grew older, he became interested in sports. There was one

[Continued on page 28]
Mrs. Zonio couldn't recall what championships he'd won, but she knew he had a lot of medals to show for his efforts. Actually, a look at the records shows that he was a member of the 1947-48 national swimming team in the backstroke division, and also a New York State champ. He also competed for two years as a member of Ohio State University's swimming team, and for another year with the University of Hawaii, where the world's largest coral reefs are situated. In 1951, he took him under his wing and trained him.

"When did you realize Vince was a good swimmer?" I asked Mrs. Zonio.

"When he saved a man's life," she said, revealing a never-before-told facet of Vince Edwards' life. "It happened when he was working as a lifeguard at the Cypress Pool in Coney Island. A small plane fell into the Atlantic Ocean, just off the shore. Vince swam out, pulled the pilot out of the plane, and swam back to shore with him."

"Vince must have been a very strong boy then," I suggested.

"Oh, yes," she beamed. "He has a wonderful physique, which he developed over many years. He's been working out at the Y.M.C.A all his life. That's why he has so many muscles—weight-lifting. He would go to the Y, after school and on weekends, and work, work, work. Most of it was with the barbells."

Physical education—and how!

I told Mrs. Zonio I had read somewhere that Vince physically helped him win his first major role in movies, back in 1951. The film was "Mr. Universe," and it starred such names as Jack Carson, Janis Paige, Bert Lahr, Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom.

"Yes," Mrs. Zonio recalled. "They were looking for the man to be 'Mr. Universe' himself, and the studio had conducted a dramatic four-month search. I believe they tried out something like 500 actors, wrestlers, athletes, and professional strongmen for the part! Then they discovered Vince."

"He was working on a road gang with the Long Island railroad. He was a huge—although he had been going to acting school, too. The job was something he took, over the summer, to help pay for the acting lessons. They tried him out for the part, and that was it. He had it." He added:

I read her a paragraph from a newspaper story I had written when the picture opened, describing how he got the part: "And what a man! He is 6 feet 3 inches tall, has a chest expansion of 54 inches, weight 210, can hurl a man 15 feet through the air, can swim 100 yards under-water, and can lift the front end of a tractor.

"Yes, that was Vince," she glowed with satisfaction. "And so far as I know—I haven't seen him in two years, because he's been so busy in Hollywood—that is still how Vince is. Very big and very strong. And not an ounce of excess fat on him anywhere."

"What about his eating habits?"

asked. "Is he really a food faddist, as some reports indicate?"

"Oh, he was always conscious about his diet," his mother recalled. "He was very careful about what he would eat. I imagine he was a faddist. He believed in eating organically grown foods and I couldn't change his eating habits. No matter how hard I tried. 'Mom,' he would say, 'this is what makes me big and gives me strength.' Then he'd dig into a plate of spinach and broccoli which came from the special store where that kind of food is sold."

Mrs. Zonio explained that organizations helped him get that kind of food from the earth without the help of chemicals in their growth. Some people are nuts on that kind of thing."

I told Mrs. Zonio that was precisely what Vince had called himself on the subject. "I am," he confessed, in his baritone register, ABC: "a nut on one subject— the benefits of organically-grown foods!"

"Well," Mrs. Zonio laughed. "if Vince said it, I guess it's all right. But I don't think he's a nut about anything. I just believe he is a strong-willed, determined young man who set goals for himself. He's working hard."

"Let's talk about the girls in Vince's life," I suggested. "What do you know about them?"

"Oh, girls," she laughed again. "They were always chasing Vince. From as far back as I can remember. He had a full time job and led them on. They were always after him, calling him up, writing letters . . ."

"You mean, even before he became a movie and television star?"

"Even in high school. But more so, after he went to college—and still more, after he began dramatic studies."

"Did he ever bring girl friends home?"

"Yes, he brought some girls home, but he wasn't serious about any of them. They were just dates. After Vince was launched in his film and TV career, she noted, he continued to bring home a date occasionally. But none of the girls he invited to be an actress. I guess maybe he didn't take to actresses," Mrs. Zonio chuckled.

Then, becoming serious for a moment, she offered her impression of why her son had not been caught up in any romantic melodram. "Vince never got one girl to be an actress. I guess maybe he didn't take to actresses," Mrs. Zonio chuckled.

Then, becoming serious for a moment, she offered her impression of why her son had not been caught up in any romantic melodram. "Vince never got one girl to be an actress. I guess maybe he didn't take to actresses," Mrs. Zonio chuckled.
rounded by at the school, I can re-
member that some of his classmates
were Grace Kelly, Anne Bancroft and
John Cassavetes."

The big thrill in her life, said Mrs.
Zoino, came when Vince returned from
class one evening and shouted, 'Mom,
the dean of the Academy says I have
all the qualities of an actor!' It's been
a life of excitement ever since, she
mused. "All that remained then was
for Vince to make the grade—and he
has. It makes me so happy."

There were times, though, when Mrs.
Zoino wondered out loud about Vince's
direction in films after he went to Holly-
wood. And she never hesitated to
counsel her son, "All he seemed to do
were crime movies and stuff. I didn't
like that. I told him finally, 'Vince,
television is a big thing. Millions of
people sit home and watch it. That's
where you should be.' But Vince didn't
seem so sure at the time."

At the time, Vince Edwards had made
reasonably good money; he had played a
small part in "High Button Shoes" on
Broadway and toured with the road
company of "Come Back, Little Sheba,"
then moved to Hollywood for the
crime roles. His screen credits in-
cluded "Three Faces of Eve," "The
Night Deer," "Fear Murder by Contract,"
and "The Kill-
ing."

He even tried to be a rock 'n' roll
singer and made a number of record-
ings, none very successful—although
Vince has a good baritone voice. TV fans
have watched him when he
guested on "The Dinah Shore Show"
this season and also demonstrated his
dancing talents.

Acting, however, has always been his
forte. In films, on stage, in TV—and,
most spectacularly, in "Ben Casey."

"It was the greatest thrill in my life
when Vince had signed to star in the
"Ben Casey" series," her mother
told me. "At last, he had a show of his
own—and he was on his own. A
mother couldn't ask for anything
more, could she?"

The question made me wonder. It

made me ask: Mrs. Zoino, how long
has it been since you've seen your
son?"

She didn't need time to think. "It's
been three years since he's been home,
" she said, as if she'd kept a daily log
of the time Vince had been away. Then,
quickly, she pointed out: "Remember,
he's been very busy with his career—
but he has never once forgotten me.
He has never been out of touch. He
calls me at least once a week, and he
keeps begging me, 'Mom, please come
to California and see me.'

"One of these days, I'm going to take
him up and go out there for a visit.
I've never been in Hollywood and this
will be my opportunity both to see the
film capital almost once a week, and he
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to California and see me.'
dressed—it’s always the other women’s outfits I envy. I went through a period of wanting to be more sophisticated than I am, and I wanted to dress the part. This was especially true after I hit sixteen.

I remember when I was picked as a “Deb Star” in 1960. Mom and I went looking for a deb outfit. Miss Reed was going to approve it, because I was representing Screen Gems at the ball. I had my eye on one number that was, as I look back on it, perfect for the occasion—if I had been twenty-one. Mom ruled it out in favor of another which was fairly ordinary but not quite so sleek. It was white, with an arc neckline and full skirt, strapless, with an inset of sequins.

We sent them to the studio and I modeled them. Miss Reed picked the one with the full skirt. I admitted to her later that I really preferred it, too, but that I’d picked the other one because I felt it was sort of a “coming-out” gown—a declaration of independence for my sixteenth birthday. She just smiled and said, “I know, I did the same thing once. But, in this case, that dress had you coming out too much too soon!”

Well, the gown we selected was a real hit. I’ll tell you! But, to get back to the point: I think many teenagers are inclined to consult other women in the matter of clothes, simply because they have the feeling their mother would rather keep them in kid clothes as long as possible—though this isn’t true, in my case. My mother has always encouraged me to select my own wardrobe and since that one incident I’ve tried to stick to clothes suitable for my age.

From Miss Reed I learned something else about clothes and how to feel comfortable in them. I recall having on a dress once that just wasn’t “me.” I’m afraid I actually squirmed in it. Miss Reed noticed it in rehearsals and said, “I don’t think you feel comfortable in that dress do you, Shelley?” I admitted that I didn’t feel quite right. So the scene right away—she went with me to the wardrobe department and we spent an hour looking for a skirt and sweater outfit that felt just right! Believe me, there aren’t very many stars of a show who would take time out like that. But Miss Reed, the thing that has always impressed me most about Miss Reed is her thoughtfulness of others.

For my fiftieth birthday, the whole troupe chipped in and gave me “Coco,” a toy French poodle. It’s true that Coco was a gift from the entire cast and crew—but if Miss Reed hadn’t been enthusiastic about the idea, then the time just wouldn’t have been taken out for the presentation. But she’s that way. She is the star of the show but she never “reminds” us of it. She makes everyone else feel important.

And that’s something else I’ve learned from her: That being a star isn’t as vital as being a woman. She once explained it to me by saying, “You know, Shelley, Stardom can be a fleeting thing. But you are a woman or a man all your life because, even as a child, you are preparing for it.”

Miss Reed also feels the way my own mother does toward marriage: The man must be boss. Of course, when you have wonderful men like my father and Tony Owen as husbands, such a statement is easy to make. But she made me actually understand the importance of it one day when we saw a headline about a Hollywood divorce.

The woman, who is a star, said some terrible things about her “ex-husband,” who was also the father of her children. Miss Reed remarked, “She obviously never had any respect for him. And without respect, there can’t be real love. A man must always be head of the household—and his wife must make him feel he is. The most important thing thing in the mind of a woman, should always be her marriage.”

That kind of made me take notice, because I guess I’d always just sort of taken my parents’ happy marriage for granted. Then I began thinking and realized they are happy—not just because they’re wonderful people—but because they work at making each other happy. That day, I realized just how great my parents are—and also that, while getting married is easy, staying that way isn’t.

Divorce is against my religion. I want to marry only when I’m absolutely sure I’ve found the right man. And I’ve always felt that marriage will be the most important thing in my life. But sometimes I guess you have to get a jolt, by reading about the unhappiness of others, before you really understand the importance of keeping your marriage happy as it looks from the outside.

There are a lot of other things in which Miss Reed has been an example for me, but I think the most significant is her ability to be a good mother and a good actress at the same time. She’s beautiful enough to get any part she wants, and has that wonderful sense of security. Yet, at the same time, they are completely unimpressed by the fact that their mother is a star.

For instance, Miss Reed recently got a Rolls-Royce as a gift from her husband, and he was 28! Now, I don’t often see 28-year-old sons riding in it, he ducked down when they were approaching his school. He was afraid a classmate might see him and kid him about his “airs.” You see, money, fame and “status” just don’t mean that much to the Owens, and they’ve learned it the hard way, as my sign. It’s also a good point for others to take note of, I know I have.

As I said, up till now, my life has been a very happy sequence of events. I’m deeply appreciative of my good luck. When I try to look into the future, to what the coming years may bring, naturally I hope that my good luck will go on. I imagine there will be bad times, as well as good ones—because, as Miss Reed says, “Nature often strikes a balance.”

All I can say is, if I turn out as good a person as my mother, as talented a performer as my aunt, and as happy a woman as Miss Reed is—in both her family life and her career—then, with all the sincerity that’s in me, I will feel as I do today: Lucky beyond any girl’s wildest dream!—The End

“The Donna Reed Show” is seen over ABC-TV, Thursdays, at 8 P.M., EDT.
EDWARD BYRNS

(Continued from page 8)
for a marriage license in Santa Monica. What that victim had told him about her
friends. Someone tipped off the photographers (probably the studio) about the
time Edd and Asa would be at the marriage license bureau. Naturally, the
photogs were waiting when Edd and Asa stepped out of the car. This an-
gered Edd so much that he shouted at the journalists to stay away.
One brave photog stepped up with a camera posed. Edd cursed him, shaking
his fist at Frank Sinatra.
Then, belligerently, Edd grabbed Asa's hand and they ran out of the
license bureau. Edd then finally maintained order, and the pair re-
turned five minutes later to obtain the license. The 28-year-old actor certainly
didn't win any friends that day. Perhaps it was revenge that led one newspaper
to publish a photograph taken after the ceremony showing Edd with his eyes half closed.
Following the services, the eighteen
guests adjourned to La Scala, a pop-
ular celebrity hangout in Beverly Hills.

JOEY BISHOP

(Continued from page 41)
go skiing—you bellyfloped, and it was just as good. When it got hot, who
needed beach clubs? You turned on the fire hydrants. It was a real resort,
South Philly...

"We lived basically on Snyder Ave-
ue, my family and me. The family, by the way; as Edd's family—once
Josele, now Joey—the youngest; my
mother Annie, now Hannah; my father
Jacob, now Jack; my brother Moish, now
Morris; my sister Clara, now Claire; my brother Howard—now Fred-
die—who also knew Pat from the days
when he was the only Jew in the neighbor-
hood who used to play with the
Irish kids from Mt. Carmel.
"Anyway—about Snyder Avenue. It
seems that, in those days, every time
you moved you got the first month's
rent free. So we moved quite a bit.
In 1940, we moved to Moyamensing
and Mercy Avenues. That's where my
pop has had his bicycle repair store
all these years. That's where my folks
still live. My mom's always home. You
should drop by, some day when you're
in the East. She's the real talker of the
family."
She sits under a plaque that reads:
"To Joey Bishop's mother—from The
Philadelphia Jewish Times." Mrs. Annie
"Hannah" Gottlieb. In her early seven-
ties. But spry. Spry, despite the fact
that her left leg was amputated re-
cently, because of a bad diabetic con-
tdition. She smiles constantly, laughs
a lot, admits she forgets names easily,
so she calls everyone "darling."
"My Joey, darling? He's always tell-
ing people he gets his sense of humor
most from me. He thinks I'm always
saying funny things. Like one time it
was a hurricane here in Philadelphia
and he telephoned me from California
and I said to him, 'I'm sorry, Joey. I
can't talk to you now, it's storming
outside and the phones aren't work-
ing!' He thought that was a very funny
thing.

"He doesn't know how much he
makes me laugh, too. He's on television
and I watch. It's like having him back
home again when he was a boy, when
he was always saying, those funny
things...

"When he comes home to Philadel-
phia he always stays here. See down
the hall—that door? That's his old
room. The same room where he stays
now. When he was small, Joey and his
brother Howard and Asa had a room.
There were two beds and three broth-
ers. I used to feel bad sometimes that
there weren't three beds—especially
one for Joey, who was the youngest.
But he used to say it was fun, that
one night he could sleep with one brother,
and one night with another brother and
that he liked this—it didn't get him
nervous about sleeping in one bed
only, and with only one brother...

"We weren't wealthy people, as you
can see, darling. Back in those days,
our only hope was to have enough
money for the table. Fortunately, we
always just about did. Not that Joey
was a big eater. He doesn't eat soups and
those good Jewish meals. He eats
milk and cupcakes, mostly. Still.
No wonder he's so thin as a rail but
who cares if he's thin—except a moth-
er? I mean, I'm proud of him, thin
or no thin. And that's all that's im-
portant...

"My proudest moments of Joey?

There the newlyweds were toasted with
champagne and pizza. Edd appeared
more relaxed at the small reception.
The pressure was off. Asa had accom-
plished what she felt was proper, a
church wedding. Edd had acquired what
he had sought for many a month, Asa
Mary as his first and only bride.

Since Edd had to report back to work
the next day, the two had to postpone an "official" honeymoon. They
drove to Edd's home following the
reception. It is the same place Edd bought
more than a year ago in the hills. It's
big enough for the newlyweds and any
little Byrneses come along, they'll have
to find a place with a nursery.

Both want children, but not right
away. As far as Asa's dreams of be-
coming a star, they have been replaced
with reality. Although she will continue
to be a movie actress, being Mrs. Edward
Byrnes now comes first. Whether this
will work out, only the two can deter-
mine. They fully know the odds against
an actress and actor marrying in real
life. Yet, if Edd were a betting man,
he would have long ago given up the
idea of marrying Asa when she rejected
all of his proposals—DEAN GAUTHCY

Edd is Kookie in "77 Sunset Strip," on
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One was his bar-mitzvah, of course. At
the synagogue over on Fourth Street.
It wasn't a fancy event. Nothing like
what we had for Joey's son last year.
Oy, you should have seen that for an
affair! Such important people. Some
a spread of delicacies. But Joey's bar-
mitzvah—that was beautiful, too. We
only had some schnapps and some
cakes at the event. But Joey looked
so handsome. And he still wears his
bar-mitzvah ring all the time, did you
know that? Even when he's on TV, you
can see the ring . . .

"The other proudest moment? When
I saw a picture of him in the news-
paper that shamed Kennedy's hand last year at the Inauguration.
Aft-
ter all, what an event this was! . . .
Historical. And you could see the ex-
pression of the event on Joey's face.
"Third? Every time I see him on TV,
I'm proud! Every time I think of him,
I'm proud. He's a good son, a very
good son. They are all good, my chil-
dren. They should only have for what
to live all their lives . . ."

"South Philly," Joey went on, "It was
—and I guess it still is—a melting pot.
It had Italians and Negroes and Polish
and Irish and German and Jews. Most
of them lived in one district or another
about the neighborhood—and this is
where I think it was different from
New York's lower East Side, say—was
that everybody lived in small houses
and took pride in those houses.
They were two-story houses, mostly.
An indication of wealth was, after a
while, building your own porch on the
front of the house. Then came an awn-
ing. Boy, that was getting somewhere.
Then came a monogram on your awning.
You had it made then!
"Jokes aside, it's the people that
make a neighborhood. And South Philly
had those in abundance. And I'd
make names for themselves. There was
this Italian kid with the great big voice;
his name was Mario Lanza. And then there
was the kid, Edwin Fisher. He's young-
er than I am, but I admired him. His
wife owned a candy store on Fourth
and Whitman—I'd peddle papers out-
side the store in the summertime.
And I remember Eddie . . . a skinny kid,
crly hair, nice smile. Always singing
for everybody.

"There were other kids from the
neighborhood who became newspaper-
men, lawyers, accountants. There were
a few who I understand, turned out
not so good. There were all kinds of
people. Tall, short, dumb, smart. As
I think back, I think that the smartest
of them all was Dr. Muldau. An artist.
A real philosopher. A brilliant man . . ."

Dr. Isaac Muldau. Seventy-eight
years old. A small and distinguished
looking man who still maintains his off-
ices in a small red-brick house on Fourth
Street, in the heart of the old neighbor-
"Joey Gottlieb—Clipper, as he now
calls himself—was an ordinary child
in the beginning. Rather small. Rather
active. And of very poor people. Later,
as he grew up, he was a mixer of the
first order. He was always with groups,
playing baseball, boxing, all manner
of games and sports, even in this neigh-
borhood where there were very few
recreating places at the time. He was
very respectful to me.

I used to take care of all the family
back then. I even took care of Joey's
son, Larry, after he was born. Recently,
my wife and I were invited to attend
Larry's bar-mitzvah. In New Jersey.
There, Joey and his brothers reminisced
with me about the old days. They all
talked about how old Dr. Muldauer oft-
en never took money for visits, because
money was so scarce. It was kind of
them to remember. But what else was
to be done? People were sick back
then, just as now—and they had to be
handled.

"No, I never remember Joey as be-
ing particularly humorous. With me,
as I say, he was always just respectful
and didn't tell many jokes. But I do
remember that, during the war, I
walked into a neighborhood candy store
and one of Joey's friends had to write
a letter from him aloud and everyone
was laughing. Of course, it was not
written in the classical tradition of
Eng-
lish because Joey was not bught up in
that way. But it had a great deal of
common sense. And humor.

"When he re-appeared from the
Army, I remember, he re-appeared with
a wife. And Joey, I will tell you, is
married to a girl who is out of this
world. Her name is Sylvia. I believe
she is from Chicago. The reason I
call her out-of-this-world is that she
put up with a young man who was
starting out as an entertainer at a time
when things were very bad for them
financially. He and Sylvia lived in a
third-floor apartment. They had their
baby about a year after their marriage.

What I observed about Sylvia, at
this time, was that she never seemed
to mind that her husband had to work
such odd hours at his night-club jobs
. . . that, in spite of the limited income,
she showed a great deal of decorative
ability with their little apartment. She
made those rooms really sparkle—nice
lamps, lovely curtains, everything clean.
And she was very hard working. For
Joey's family and was always what you
would call a sincerely wonderful
daughter-in-law.

"What do I like best about Joey?
The fact that he is a boy who remem-
bers his boyhood. Not everyone, espe-
cially one who has learned how to
The first one who understood

"I was educated in South Phila.," Joey recalled. "By education, I don't mean spelling and arithmetic. But I do mean understanding, from teachers who cared. I remember a Miss Sterling. Over at the Benjamin Rush School—Fifth and Snyder. I was in the fourth grade, at the time. One day, she said to me that I was her star pupil and, for that, she gave me a 'school companion'—what, I guess, most kids of my age still have today. This companion was to the Stanley Theater to see Bebe Daniels in a movie. Miss Sterling, bless her, was the first one who understood. There were a few others. . . ."

Johnnie "Sailor" Barron. In his late thirties. Johnny, his wife and five young children live directly across from Joey's parents. They are good friends of my mother and Pop Gottlieb. Johnny—a shipper for an industrial alcohol firm—is also president of the First Joey Bishop Fan Club of Philadelphia. Also, "a self-taught reader of the works of Plato and Aristotle," While oldest son Ed-ward reads Plato, the younger books his dad has kept on Joey. Johnny Barron talks about the comedian. Proudly. Very proudly. As one might talk about a brother who had gone away years ago, and made good—

can testify, having once seen Joey's school. He was a till age, and was one of the tallest in his class. His grades were of the utmost. He was, in other words, a very smart youth. But the main education he obtained, I believe, came from his mother and his father. Mom, Pop and I have had many talks about my boyhood, and I can tell you that they must have added a great deal of humor to the poverty they underwent. Also a great deal of warmth.

"Take Pop Gottlieb—who is eighty-one now, but still a fine and active gentleman. To hear more things. When not long ago, the story of a Christmas when he was working for the Budd Manufacturing Company. It seems that for Christmas that year, the boss of Budd offered his employees either a twenty-pound turkey or a set of tickets to a show. Of course, all families could use a free turkey—but, a few days before, Pop had heard Joey—just a boy then—say how he wished someday he could see a real stage show. "Pop decided to heck with the turkey, that he would take Joey to the show instead. As Pop related to me, 'My Joey was so excited that I thought he was going to fall out of the balcony. I actually had to hold him by the pants. But it was an exciting evening. Because I have the feeling that was the evening Joey really decided he wanted to get into show business. And what was more important? His future? Or that turkey we might have had for one day of our lives?'"

"When I started in show business," Joey said, "it was in the general Phil-
delphia—Pennsylvania mountains area. What jobs back then! One of the first was in the mountains with a comedy trio. We got—for the whole season, from Memorial Day to Labor Day—exacty $25 a week. For the whole three of us. And for that, we had to entertain every night—and, by day, go mountain climbing with all the fat broads who decided they wanted to hike with male company." . . .

Leo Schwartz. Forty-two—Joey's age. A former prizefighter, now foreman of a South Philadelphia chair renting company, was in Joey's class in junior high school. Remembers Joey's earliest years in show business—

"He was with a group that called themselves The Bishops back then. The Bishops, you see, were one of the greatest acts you ever want to see. Joey was the lead comic. Dry humor. And with heart. Same as now. Very dry. But he could bust you up ten times more than all the other comics who were knocking themselves out doing falls and practically killing themselves at the same time.

"We all thought The Bishops were really going to go places as an act. But the whole thing busted up when one of the fellows got sick. I forget his name, but he was a kid—only in his early twenties. And he came down with the flu. It was a shame the way it happened to him. He just couldn't move anymore. He laid in bed for a couple of years. Joey would always go by to see him, to visit him. And then one day this fellow died. And the act just seemed to break up, everybody散. Joey was the only one back then that was ever sorry.

"Joey felt terrible when the act broke up and he had to go his own way. He took the name Bishop out of respect and memory to the act. 'If I ever get anyplace,' he once said, 'The Bishops will somehow be with me.' See the kind of boy he is. The man. I think that's a good example of his heart. . . ."

"I really started in show business," Joey said, "after I got out of the Serv-
iece. Before that, I was never really sure that the business was really for me. Before that, I thought one minute, I'll do this and the next, I'll do that. I won't. I guess it was a confusing period for most young fellows—1939, 40, 41.

"The only thing I wasn't confused about was that I used to like to have a good time. Like going out with girls. And that cost money—even if you spent a whole buck on a Saturday night, still a buck was money and I had to work for it. After high school. I worked in

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7327—Applique these colorful roosters on aprons, towels, curtains, cloths. Add gay rickrack and bias-binding. Transfer of two motifs ¾ x 1¾; directions. 25¢

Pop's bicycle store for a while. I was a salesman for a while. I did quite a few things. But I guess the longest job I held—about a year—was as sandwich man at Allen's Luncheonette, near the Einstein Hospital..."

Abie Allen. His luncheonette is bigger now than back in Joey's time, and busy. It's nearly parked up to the door. He's got a lot of work to do before the people start pouring in. But you say, "Joey Bishop," and Abie shrugs like to-hell-with-work. He sits down at a table in the back, sips from a cup of coffee—"The first thing I remember about Joey? I knew his mother and she came in here one day and she said, 'Will you please give my son a job? He's nineteen. He wants to be an actor. He doesn't want to work...' Did I think he'd be an actor eventually? Not only did I think that, but I was present at his first what-I-call dramatic rehearsal!" "My brother Is came into the luncheonette one day. He looks at the counter and he sees no Joey. 'Where's Joey?' he asks. The other people who were working said they'd seen him a little while earlier but that he just disappeared. So, on a hunch, Iz went and banged on the bathroom door. Then he heard a moan from inside the bathroom. He got frightened and he broke the door in. And what does he see? There's Joey stretched out on the floor, seemingly unconscious. Iz started to slam him, but Iz sort of awakened. 'What's wrong?' Iz asked. Joey said, 'I don't know. I don't feel so good. I guess I sort of fainted.' "So Iz drives him right over to the doctor's—Muldawer. The doctor examines him. He says, 'I can find nothing wrong with the boy, except that he may be exhausted.' So my brother takes Joey home. I'm with him by this time—having heard about what's going on—and I help take Joey home, too. At the house, Iz and I apologize to Mrs. Gottlieb. We say, 'We didn't realize we were working when you fainted.' "So what happens the next day? Joey, he's basically a very honest fellow. The next day, he comes back to work and he calls me and my brother over and he says, 'Able... Iz... I... I gotta tell you something. The night before last, I was out never a day before. I got home about four in the morning. When I got to work, I couldn't keep my eyes open. So I went into the bathroom, I lay on the floor and I went to sleep. That's what I was doing when you found me—sleeping. The only reason I put on the act was because I was scared you'd fire me.' "That Joey! You know one thing about him? He's just the same today as he always was. There is today absolutely no difference in his character, his habits, his personality, than there was back twenty years ago. Just last year, he was here in Philly. He came by the luncheonette. I was upstairs taking a nap. But that didn't stop Joey. "He came into my room. He grabbed hold of me. He started to shrug me. And I hear someone saying: 'Come on, Abie, the place downstairs is jammed and I'm by myself and Benny didn't show up—and so on, and so on. For a moment there, in my grogginess, I thought I was going back twenty years. But then I opened my eyes. And there's Joey standing over me. The big star. Twenty years later. Just laughing and laughing away..." "I think," Joey told me, "that the best thing I can say about my childhood was that I was raised around good people. When I'm in the East, of course, I always go home to see Mom and Pop and the family. But I go to see the other people I knew back then, too. What's the difference going back as a celebrity? The difference is that when you're broke and the street, the neighbors close the windows. When you're not broke, everyone runs out and says, 'Joey, I told you. I told you you'd make it.' Me, personally, I don't remember such faith... but I'm only making with the jokes again! "The fact is, that a little people did have faith. That's the point. And you don't forget the faith they had. Dr. Muldawer. Abie and Iz Allen. Lots of people. They all had faith. Benny Rudman—the barber. When I was down and out and had a job coming up on a Saturday night, he'd call me into his store and say, 'Come, Joey. I'll give you a haircut for free. Like you a little, yeah. But I'm more interested that you look good when you're on the stage and don't go giving South Philadelphia a bad name.' That was faith. Old Benny had faith. And old Mr. Kopisar, the tailor, who lived right across the street from us—who still has his place there—he had faith in me..."

Nathan Kopisar. Elderly. A tiny man. Pale. Gentle. Sad-eyed. When we walk into his store, he stops what ! is doing—"the black hand iron, a little boy's trousers." "Such a boy that Joey was. Such a man he is today. When he comes by the neighborhood, he buys all the children ice cream. He was very smart—a very smart boy as a child. He knew that he was a big somebody someday. He used to say, 'Sometime, Mr. Kopisar, I'll be an actor and I'll be on the stage and in the movies and on radio.' He didn't know about television then, of course. He used to be a good friend to my son, who has passed away. Joey, the tailor, who lived right across the street from us—who still has his place there—he had faith in me..."

"My daughter, she passed away recently. She knew Joey. She liked him, just like everybody else did. I wonder if he knows about her passing away? Maybe you shouldn't tell him. But then again, why not? It happened. Like everything in life must happen. And maybe if I pass away tomorrow, maybe Joe will come to Philadelphia, he'll make sure to drop by here. And see Mr. Kopisar. And cheer me up. Like he always cheers everybody up, all over the world. Isn't that right, about Joey? He's a very cheering person?"

—ED DELCASIO

"The Joey Bishop Show" cheers everybody, NBC-TV, Wed., 8:30 P.M. EDT.
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