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TV MIRROR

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T.V. Mirror
July, 1962
Midwest Edition
Vol. 58, No. 2

It happened this month

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Chuck Connors
Comedians’ Wives
Vincent Edwards
Sandra Dee
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Tommy Sands
Diane McBain
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Eunice Field, West Coast Editor
Teresa Buxton, Managing Editor
Lorraine Biear, Associate Editor
Anita Zatt, Assistant to Editor

Claire Safran, Editor
Jack Zasorin, Art Director
Frances MalY, Associate Art Director
Pat Byrne, Art Assistant
Barbara Marcro, Beauty Editor

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LAKESIDE, CALIFORNIA
A Dancing Start

I would like to know something about Sheila James, the young actress who appears as Zelda on the “Dobie Gillis” show.

V.A.B., Toms River, N.J.

Although she has become well known in the past few years as the man-chasing, nose-wiggling Zelda on “The Dobie Gillis Show,” Sheila James has actually been acting since the age of seven. Born in Tulsa, Oklahoma, Sheila moved to Los Angeles at the age of two and began taking dancing lessons at seven. Impressed with her talent, her instructor sent Sheila to be interviewed by Penny Singleton for her new radio show. She got the part and scored a hit. While appearing on the road, the young actress was chosen for the role of Jackie on the Stu and June Erwin show, “The Trouble with Father.” The part lasted five years. . . In addition to her running part on “Dobie Gillis,” Sheila has appeared on “General Electric Theater,” “My Little Margie” and “The Loretta Young Show,” among others. . . . Sheila lives at home with her parents and teen-aged sister Jeri Lou, who is also an actress. In her spare time, Sheila writes novels and poetry, swims, plays tennis and the guitar.—Ed.

Some Quickies

Could you please tell me the birth date of Dorothy Provine?

A.E., Bear Creek, N.C.

She was born on January 20, 1937.—Ed.

Please tell me if Betsy Palmer’s husband is a doctor or a dentist.

B.N., Reading, Mass.

Her husband is an obstetrician.—Ed.

Where was Dick Van Dyke born?

A.F., Pottersville, Mo.

He was born in West Plains, Missouri, and reared in Danville, Ill.—Ed.

How tall is Grant Williams?

L.D., Rochester, N.Y.

He is 6’1” tall.—Ed.

Is Leslie Nielsen married?

D.G., Sand Creek, Mich.

He is married and has a two-year-old daughter.—Ed.

Dear Dick

For all those readers who have written requesting information as to where they can write young Dr. Kildare, here is his studio address:

Dick Chamberlain
c/o NBC-TV Studios
3000 West Alameda
Burbank, Calif.

Theme Songs

For those readers who are especially interested, here is a list of the theme songs of some of the popular CBS-TV programs:

Art Linkletter’s House Party— “You”
Captain Kangaroo— “Puffin Billy”
Danny Thomas Show— “Londonderry Air”
Garry Moore Show— “Thanks for Dropping By”
Ichabod and Me— “Girl I Left Behind Me”
Jack Benny Program— “Love in Bloom”
Red Skelton Show— “Holiday for Strings” and “Our Waltz”
Tell It to Groucho— “Groucho’s Pad”
Your Surprise Package— “Tick Tack Toe”
The Brighter Day— “Prism”
CBS Reports— “Appalachian Spring”
Ed Sullivan Show— “There’s No Business Like Show Business”

Father Knows Best— “Waiting”
Frontier Circus— “Frontier Circus March”
G-E College Bowl— “Hurry Hurry Hurry” and “Second Elizabeth”
The Guiding Light— “Romance”
Ted Mack and the Original Amateur Hour— “Hurry Up and Wait” and “Stand By”

Calling All Fans

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

Buddy Merrill Fan Club, Bill Summers, 8815 E. Ivanhoe Rd., Indianapolis, Indiana.

James Shigeta Fan Club, Christina Schoblocher, 2951 N. Clark St., Chicago 14, Illinois.

The Lettermen Fan Club, Joyce Stanley, 140 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Peter Brown Fan Club, Jean White, 2112 Morning Glory, Fort Worth, Texas.

An Inspiring Piece

Thank you very much for publishing the poem, “Thou Shalt Not Fear,” from Bud Collyer’s book. This is one of the most inspiring pieces I have read in a long time.

May I mention that this poem was read the other day to my husband, who had just lost a dear aunt, and it made him feel so much better.

This poem has meant so much to both of us that it has been cut out of your magazine, framed, and is now hanging in the living room of our apartment.

C.D.C., St. Catharines, Ontario

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WG-762
Go West, Young Man: Memo to Robert Reed of "The Defenders" in New York: You may be interested to know that a filmtown lovely, Carol Byron by name, has turned down oh-so-many dates on Saturday night, just to ogle nobody but you on TV. Says Carol, "We met when Bob came to Hollywood on a p.a. tour, and I'm hoping he comes again soon." ... Sultry Ava Gardner, in Hollywood for a film, "twisting" from one date to another. Seeing the barefoot Ava on a dance floor is worth any cover charge. ... Eyeful Sharon Hugueny is all eyes for Alan Pakula, young U-I producer. ... Martha Raye's new beau, Bob Gallagher, tours with her in "Wildcat," as it makes the rounds.

Very Fair Exchange: Amy Fields, sometime date of Dick Chamberlain, has been playing the role of a Spanish exchange student on "The Brighter Day" and has been getting mucho fan mail in that language. Bostonian Amy no habla Español ... so she enlisted a linguist gal-pal to help her answer such letters in purest Castilian ... on the promise of wangling a date for her with Dr. Kildare himself!

A Case in Brief: If you want to give Roz Russell a gift, don't make it a briefcase. On the set of Warner Bros.' "Gypsy," Roz explained, "I did too many shows as a career woman lugging a briefcase. Since winding up my contact, I've never carried one of those symbols of monotony, on or off the screen." ... Natalie Wood, who plays Gypsy Rose Lee, screened several films of the strip queen as homework for her role. "You know," she told producer Mervyn LeRoy, "watching that Lee girl walk, I'm sure she was born with a built-in twist." ... New "Have Gun" album features Johnny Western, composer of Paladin's theme song. ... Are Dodie Stevens and Vic Damone singing for each other???

Curing A Ham: Feeling chipper again, George Maharis tells this on himself. "When they said it was the flu, I hollered for Dr. Kildare. When they found it was hepatitis, I yelled for Ben Casey. But when I heard Marty Milner would star by himself in the 'Route 66's' I'd be missing, I howled, 'Get me my pants and a taxi!' ... Rita Moreno, flying from the Manila set of "To Be A Man" to Japan for TV spec: "First an Oscar, then the Orient—just call me Happy!"

Like Too Troo, Man: TV's been slapped for being "too sexy" and "too bloody." Now they're griping it's "too true." Ernie Borgnine's role in "McHale's Men," due for fall showing, is said to be "hitting too close" to the most famous PT-boat skipper in the world, President Kennedy. Sez Ernie, "'Tain't so, but it can't hurt the series, so let 'em yap." ... Another Ernie is finding TV hitting close to home. Officer Ernie Gunther of Reseda, California—now assigned to Patrol Car 54—has become the butt of precinct gagsters. His radio no longer bleats "Calling Car 54," but "Car 54, Where Are You?" What's worse: One cop in TV's 54 is also named Gunther (Toody).!

Joan O'Brien—who really suffers from claustrophobia—was locked in a closet for fifteen minutes by Jerry Lewis, during the filming of his new movie, "It's Only Money." Upon emerging, Joan gasped, "How could you, Jerry?" The comic said airily, "Don't squawk—I just shrunk your head for free!" Joan pondered this analysis for a moment, then said, "You're right, so I'll take you to lunch—for a fee."

Fair's Fare: The gamut of show business can be found at Seattle's World Fair. It has nudies, ice shows, ballet, opera, science and industrial exhibits, exciting rides, concerts, and a sky restaurant with revolving view of lakes and snowcapped peaks. But there's still no sight like a Hollywood premiere—or a Broadway knight striding, lady on arm, into "Camelot." Busiest playwright is Edward Albee, with three new ones in the oven. ... Eighth Annual "Genii" Award from radio and TV women of Southern California went to lovely and loved Spring Byington. ... It pays to advertise? Robert Q. Lewis bills himself as "the worst disc jockey in the world." Mm? ... Troy Donahue to be an "Hawaiian Eye"?
Rhinestones in the Rough: Vivian Vance—who said she wouldn’t—did! She’ll be back on TV, this fall, in a new Desilu series starring her pal Lucille Ball (seen at right with husband Gary Morton, strictly off TV). . . Brags Jack Bailey, "Sure, 'Queen for a Day' has sob stories—but we can swap jokes with the best of them." . . . "Domestic differences," say Pat Buttram, on Radio KKNX, "are much easier to iron out when they are dampened with tears." . . . Chic Myrna Fahey chirps, "I adore floral hats. When I'm tired of wearing them, I put them in a vase." . . . Some talking-horse sense from Mr. Ed: "That Connie Hines (who plays Alan Young's wife on the show) is the sweetest Sally on TV!"

Star Stuff: Flash bulbs made Shelley Winters blink—actually, she's anything but blind to Ty Hardin's charms . . . even more excited about her dates with the handsome Bronco than about taking over Bette Davis' role in the Broadway hit, "The Night of the Iguana." Dramatic as all get-out—any way you look at it . . . Petite young Davey Davison from Norfolk, Virginia—only three months in Hollywood—racking up TV credits like there's never gonna be no tomorrow . . . Keenan Wynn shed 20 pounds for "Target: The Corruptors" . . . Hope Holiday slimmed to 102 . . . and Dick Boone—who once weighed in at 210 for "Have Gun"—is now down to 190, aiming for 180.

Has the Kookie Krumbled? Already feuding with the press—who helped boost him starward before he got top-heavy and began giving them a hard time—Edd Byrnes has now taken to speeding. He must face a jury trial to save his license from being lifted . . . CBS-TV will go for 90 minutes of curves on July 14th—the Miss Universe Pageant . . . Rip Torn, done with "Gypsy," back East to give his all to Actors' Studio, whose fall plans include TV and Broadway . . . Sylvia Fine (Mrs. Danny Kaye) going with a Broadway musical of "The Scarlet Pimpernel." . . . Sid Caesar's nine half-hour specials will by-pass Imogene Coca and Nanette Fabray. He'll husband an all-new team.

Whacks Works: One of our younger generation, visiting Movieland's Wax Museum, shook her puzzled head at the figures of such old-time stars as Harry Carey, William S. Hart, Mary Pickford and Marie Dressler. "Who are they?" she said. "They're just a bunch of wax candles to me." The lass was shook-up plenty when, over his shoulder, Jeff Morrow snapped, "These candles once lit up a world of darknes and set men's hearts on fire." . . . Mike Connors—no longer walking that "tightrope"—will reach the "Turning Point" of his career with his Screen Gems series. . . . A model family is Norma Zimmer's—mother was a Powers gal, sis and brother are both top-flight models.

Multiplication Doesn't Mean Division: When David Janssen—alias Richard Diamond, etc.—was mobbed by female fans, an astonished spectator turned to Dave's lovely wife, Ellie, and asked, "Aren't you jealous?" Ellie's spur-of-the-moment reply was a bit of star-wise wisdom. "One-plus-one," she said, "is a matter for jealousy—but not a hundred-times-one." . . . Burt Metcalfe, handsome groom in "Father of the Bride," met one female fan with unexpectedly devastating results. A lady motorist stopped alongside Burt's brand-new car, yelled, "Hi, Buckley!"—and enthusiastically banged her umbrella on top of his convertible. Left a right good-sized gash in the roof.

Once Upon A Time: There was a fisher boy who loved a tailor gal and decided to marry her. All his friends said, "Don't! A fisher boy and a tailor gal can't live happily in one place." But the fisher boy said, "There is a place where we can be happy—it's called Switzerland." Then the tailor gal said, "I'd be losing my burtons to go there." And she left the poor fisher boy. So he went back to Hollywood and bought a house on Edelweiss Drive where he can nurse his broken heart. The strangest part of the story: Edelweiss is the national flower of Switzerland, where the fisher boy once hoped to be happy. But the tailor gal isn't happy, either. Still trying to hold on to her burtons. (Please turn the page)
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Field’s Choice: Male TV personalities wearing knee-length stretch socks, instead of exposing "droopies" to the camera... Inflation note: Famed Schwab’s, where unemployed actors could sip a ten-cent cup of java while waiting for the big break, now has a "counter charge" of 35 cents minimum at peak hours... Hal Roach Jr. filed for bankruptcy. Once owner of the busiest TV lot here, Hal disclosed his 1961 earnings were a mere $2500. He owes Charlie Farrell and Gale Storm over $100,000 each, on contracts... An old Roman law, which says an engagement ring is merely a symbol of troth, forced Zsa Zsa Gabor to return Hal Hayes’ diamond—but Ann Miller kept hers.

Eavesdroppings: After saving for seven years, Bob and Joan Conrad getting "our dream house." The hill lot, a hop from Clark Gable’s Encino home, was cleared by Bob and pals. While they were grading, a neighbor drove up and chirped, "We hear a Lig TV star’s gonna move in here—great!" Bare-waistcd and masked with mud, Bob asked, "Why—you a fan of Conrad’s?" "Now," said the neighbor, "but he'll raise property values hereabouts..." Of "Saints and Sinners," Nick Adams gets 50 percent. John Larkin plays editor to Nick's reporter... How does pert Brenda Scott—often seen in "Hazel"—feel about Fabian? She struggles out of bed at 5 A.M. to go horseback riding with him.

Medicine Show: The Roscoe of "77 Sunset Strip," Louis Quinn, can’t bear the sight of blood. Says Christine Nelson, his actress-spouse, "He fainted while getting the blood test for our marriage license, and now he runs when I whip out a needle to darn his socks..." Scott Brady is allergic to hosses and had to get shots during the shooting of "Shotgun Slade..." Earl Holliman, a rodeo champ in NBC-TV’s new fall series, "Wide Country," has a clause in his contract stating his workday must end by 5:45—so he can make his daily trip to his analyst... That’s the voice of Sam Jaffe himself you hear intoning TV’s most profound opening: "Man... woman... birth... death... infinity..."
Person to Person: Every agent told Doris Day she'd never get Monty Clift as her co-star . . . so Doris put through her own call to Munich—where Clift's doing "Freud"—and cooed, "Why haven't we done a picture together?" Always in character, Monty retorted, "So you won't get a complex—let's!". . . When Laurence Harvey first saw the ads for "A Walk on the Wild Side," he snorted, "They warned me I'd be lost among such lovely girls—but it seems the black cat has stolen the spotlight from all of us." . . . These movie people would really get complexes on TV, where female-impersonating dogs and talking horses have the whole show named after them—and get most of the mail!

"Blackie" Knight and Ed Begley.

Convertible Blonde: Shirley Knight dons a black wig for "Caesar and Cleopatra" at Vancouver (B.C.) art festival. . . . Reports from Blinstrub's in Boston prove The Lennon Sisters are no show-biz "lemons" in their first niterst stint. An S.R.O. opening night and 8,000 patrons—at $5 minimum—all week. Father Bill, who devised the act, says this may start the girls on a new and profitable career phase. . . . Waiting for the day every American home has a color-TV set? Five of seven Los Angeles channels will be color-casting in the fall. Prices for sets expected to drop as programs increase—we say hopefully. . . . From Rose Marie: "Never slap a child in the face—there's a place for everything."

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“What do we learn from...

...Adam and Eve?”

“If a naughty girl tempts you to do something bad don’t do it while God is watching.”

When Art Linkletter asks the questions, kids say the darndest things! (So do the grown-ups who join him in other fun and games.) Catch them all, every weekday, on radio’s “House Party.” And while you’re at it, enjoy radio’s other top personalities—Arthur Godfrey, Garry Moore, Rosemary Clooney and Bing—as one great show follows another every weekday morning on The CBS Radio Network.
...Jonah and the Whale?"

"People make whales sick."

...David and Goliath?"

"Duck!"
Begging Jack’s Paar-don. . . But Johnny Carson will successfully succeed him.

That’s my prophecy about how Carson’ll make out, taking over the “Tonight” show this fall. Johnny’s a funnier guy, strictly as a comedian; he could be a new Will Rogers. Johnny’s “weakness” is that he’s not hot-tempered and given to making violent attacks on people. The frequently-uttered comment around Madison Avenue among those who don’t expect him to be a satisfactory successor to Jack Paar is: “He’s too nice a guy . . . he’d be better if he were more of a heel.”

First, to set the record straight, Paar has never been against Carson taking over for him. Paar was for Carson.

A year ago there was a rumor that Paar wouldn’t use Carson on the Paar show because he thought Carson overshadowed him.

“That can’t be true,” Johnny told me. “Because he has used me and I have subbed for him. Furthermore, Paar told me that he thought I was the one who should replace him when he leaves!”

So Paar was in Johnny’s camp ahead of nearly everybody.

Grinning, easygoing, relaxed,
accustomed to sitting around Sardi’s having a drink, not above having a date with a young beauty (his marriage is broken up), Carson’s no controversialist. People will not be watching him hoping to see somebody get massacred.

The fact that he couldn’t immediately take over for Paar is in his favor. Paar will have been off the “Tonight” show long enough that Carson’ll escape some of the comparison that—regardless of his show—would have gone against him just because people generally want the old, established product.

Being “Mr. Nice Guy” worked pretty well for Perry Como. I say something approaching that will also work for Carson.

There’s a magic to that “Tonight” show—due to the hour and the regularity.

Don’t forget that Steve Allen was gigantic when he was doing it. It was he who “changed the sleeping habits of the nation.” It was Allen who “kept more people awake than coffee.” Look at the stars Steve Allen made on his show: Steve Lawrence, Eydie Gorme and Tom Poston, for example. And before Allen, there was Jerry Lester with the old “Broadway Open House.” That program made Dagmar famous.

It was only when they left that show that they had trouble. Not that I think Jack Paar will have trouble. He’s going to be ingenious enough to keep the excitement, the battling, the blood-letting raging, even though on the air only once a week. That talent—for excitement—is the one that Jack possesses probably in greater abundance than anybody on the TV scene . . . and the one that Johnny Carson lacks.

Don’t Print That! Though some friends of Lucille Ball have urged her to build husband Gary Morton into “another Desi Arnaz” on TV, he doesn’t seem to want to do it. Fact is, there was a TV series available at Desilu Studios for Gary, but he preferred not to get involved in any possible conflicts with Desi . . . One of the most brilliant TV careers right now is menaced by booze. . . . Jackie Gleason’s still able to give some orders at CBS. When Jackie was working on his new show for the fall, between golf games at Palm Springs, CBS announced it adored the new format and said: (Please turn the page)
“Come back to New York and get to work on it at CBS,” Jackie replied, “Send CBS down here and I can still play golf.” CBS did send a squadron of writers, etc., and in that luxurious locale Jackie worked. . . Some people think there’s too much sex on TV, but Frank Sinatra thinks there isn’t enough.

Phil Harris loves to discuss the greatness of Jack Benny, for whom he worked for so long. He just remembered how Benny once told him, “Phil, I can’t work for Jell-O for another season. I have to go with somebody else.”

“You have to leave Jell-O!” exclaimed Harris. “I thought they liked you and that you were selling a lot of their product.”

“That’s it,” groaned Jack. “I am. They can’t make it fast enough.”

Whatever happened to Liberace? He’s coming back to TV in the fall—so he says—with his own half-hour show, like the old show “only more elaborate,” perhaps with more candelabras or bigger sequins. “You don’t announce anything till you have everything down in black-and-white,” he says mysteriously. Actually, Liberace has done himself a lot of good in show business circles with his current nightclub act. It’s corny, hokey, and overdressed with all those real diamonds—but it’s sensational entertainment.

Wish I could ad lib like Garry Moore. He and Durward Kirby were running through a sketch when Kirby accidentally ripped his costume pants in the seat. “And I always thought he was too old for the draft,” said Garry.

Before the show, Garry chats with the audience. One tourist called out from the rear, “Why are you so dressed up tonight?” Garry said: “Well, in case I drop dead, I’ll be ready for the undertaker.”

Some of those ordinary-looking folks—on the Mitch Miller sing-along (which is moving from Thursday at ten to Friday at 8:30) have nice little bankrolls now. The average singer on the show is good for $25,000 to $30,000 a year, with records, commercials, etc., added. And one of the singers hiked his income to $90,000—he played the stock market.

Quite an independent kid, that Connie Stevens. When I talked to her about her negotiations for a “Route 66,” she said, “The trouble is, I find it so hard to believe those people. I hear one of the first scripts is a bomb. . .”

And she went back to chatting with some of her chums from Brooklyn who’d dropped into the Essex House to talk about all sorts of other things.

Kim Novak, who once had some aversions to doing TV, says she no longer feels that way, and tells me she’d do some dramatic things if she found the right ones. “But there’s no point in me going on the Ed Sullivan show,” she said. “After all, I don’t sing or dance.”

They’re telling a story about Timi Yuro that you’ll probably hear again and again. Just about a year ago, the little gal with the big voice had spinal meningitis. Doctors thought she’d never walk again. She surely proved them wrong. Anyway, the pint-sized one, who turned out the hit tune, “Hurt,” had just met Frank Sinatra, who stared at her for a moment, then walked slowly around her.

“What’re you looking for?” somebody asked Frank.

“For the plug,” said Frank. “She’s gotta be plugged in somewhere. No one has that big a voice naturally.”

You didn’t hear much about but Mahalia Jackson injured a foot in an auto accident. They arranged a special platform for her when she did the Ed Sullivan show. Sullivan made an amusing slip of the tongue when he told the audience, “Mahalia last year had an audition with Pope John.” He meant an “audience,” he explained later.

Teresa Brewer wouldn’t allow her eleven-year-old daughter to wear high heels to the studio to watch her mother perform. “Heavens,” exclaimed Teresa—who’s anywhere from four-feet-eleven to five-feet-one, depending on her mood—“then she’d be bigger than I am.”

(In an interview with us, Teresa revealed that her head’s bigger than her waist. “And I am not a big head,” she insisted.)

Otto Preminger got badly miffed when doing the “Calendar"
show because he was cut off the air just as he was about to make his point. His speech had run overlong and off he went.

"Why didn’t you have one of those fellows stand in back of the camera and give me the zzzttttt (running his finger across his neck, signal for the cutoff) when time was running out?" Otto demanded. Everybody apologized, he was asked to tape some more material for next day’s show, but Otto shook his head and insisted there should have been a zzzttttt.

Shelley Fabares, the flouncy youngster on the “Donna Reed Show,” who’s the niece of Nanette Fabray, has another song ready for her, to follow up the success of “Johnny Angel.” It’s the work of Lyn Duddy and Jerry Bresler, and it’s tentatively titled, “I’m Sorry About It, Mrs. Johnson, But I Can’t Baby Sit Any More.”

Fearless Forecasts: Eddie Fisher isn’t likely to do TV immediately because he’s too skinny. He’s got to fatten up first. Curiously, some sponsors, who wouldn’t have touched him when he broke up with Debbie Reynolds, now regard him as sympathetic, due to Liz having flung him out of the villa...Word’s around that the Carol Burnett—Julie Andrews special to be aired in June—having been taped at a Carnegie Hall concert—is so good that nobody, but nobody, could botch it up.

All the way to Honolulu, I phoned Henry Kaiser about his plans for a new Tuesday night CBS show, “Kaiser Presents the Lloyd Bridges Show.”

I could picture the old boy sitting there with his feet in the Pacific—and I frankly wished I could be there again talking to him...drinking one of those rum drinks, the mai-tais, I think they call them.

“Hello,” he said...Didn’t offer me a trans-continental, trans-oceanic drink at all.

All business! He said his other shows on ABC didn’t hold up on their ratings, so he’s trying Lloyd Bridges. He’s just crazy about the guy when he’s dried off and not under water. “He’s going to play an author journalist,” Kaiser said. “He gets into scrapes all over the world...” It was a nice talk...but I’m still thirsty for a mai-tai.

Shouldn’t there be a loyalty test for some of the stagehands of the big shows? Do the bosses know that while some of the biggest dramatic stars are on the air being dramatic, the stagehands have tuned to one of the auxiliary sets to watch the baseball games?

One of the big stars got several writers to write him some night club material practically for free—by tossing them a little party. Afterward, big-heartedly, he gave them cuff-links. But, so the story goes, he said to two of the writers, who are a team, “Here, you two boys are so close together...so I’ll just give you one cuff-link apiece.” —The End

P.S. on Eddie: Losing weight—but gaining TV-sponsor interest.
Starting with the July issue, True Story will offer monthly $2,500 in Cash Awards plus 25 Westinghouse Products.

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Starting in July TRUE STORY Magazine and continuing for the next five issues.
One of Hollywood's steadiest two-somes: Johnny Mathis, Miriam Colon.

Judy Garland's on-again, off-again marriage to Sid Luft is now off.

Margarita Sierra, with George Nader, cha-cha-ing from "SurfSide 6" into movie.

Teen singer Dodie Stevens—busy again—talks behind back of date Russ Titlmon.

Edie Adams, picking up the pieces, has friends like Milton Berle to help.

Andy Williams, preparing for a fall TV show, takes his bride on the town.
HOW TO RATE A RECORDING

- From time to time, in my record reviews, I'll use the word "reading." This pertains to the lyric exclusively. The question of what is a good or bad "reading" is sometimes very difficult to judge. The criterion is generally: "How well is the story told?" But, strangely, it's not all that easy to judge. The tune, itself, if very well-known, can be deceptive; your brain already has the lyric laid out for you in front of each new phrase. Generally the artist, if a strong stylist (as opposed to a straight "singer-of-songs"), takes these familiar surroundings as a green light to indulge himself or herself in musical stylizing. This is as it should be.

But, unfortunately, here is where ambiguity steps in. The standard, like litmus paper, changes its color. Now it's "Well, I know the tune"—but what comes across more pointedly, now? Is the stylization so freely sprung that we begin to hear words of no primary value exploited at the expense of the vital parts of the lyrical message? Are the rhymes being obscured? Or, are we aware that the new colorings, no matter how stylistic, are distilling words with a new and perhaps fresher and deeper meaning? These are some of the questions to ask.

Good "reading," incidentally, has never been the property of any one distinct branch of popular music. Sinatra, among the crooners, has repeatedly come up with marvelous readings. "Tennessee" Ernie Ford, in the country area, also reads exceedingly well. Nat "King" Cole, though strongly on the quiet side, is always considerate of the story he's telling. Ray Charles, in spite of his singular and personal style, rarely misses the mark. This list, I'm sure, comes as no great revelation to anyone! But, I've left off a multitude of story-telling talent.

The highly stylized Dinah Washington and Sarah Vaughan always find ways, you'll notice, to make the story live. On the other hand, Vic Damone works closely with the melody but picks the words to shade, and always uses his dynamic range (from whispers to full-throated tones) to advantage. There are, of course, singers who read well, but have a limited range of dynamics. Subsequently, they are pleasant but hardly exciting. But, here we move into the area of taste. And that, decidedly, is everyone's own business.

TOPS IN SINGLES

1) Don't Turn Around/Hush Now Sally, Journeymen (Capitol)—Both sides exceedingly strong! (See Special). Good group with long-lived potential. Great songs with the lean on "Don't Turn Around." You won't turn the dial much to hear this one.

2) Lovers Who Wander/Born To Cry, Dion (Laurie)—Two sure bets for the hit charts from the driving voice of Dion. Awful good follow-up to "The Wanderer." The tunes also were written by Dion. Very strong.

3) I Guess I'll Never Stop Lovin' You/Sneaky Alligator, La Rells (Liberty)—Here's one of the popular singing groups making a powerful bid for honors. "Never Stop Lovin'" is the side. Lead voice-and-group type arrangement. Watch this one. (Flip side is no winner.)

4) Hassie/The Flame's Gone Out, Ronnie Isle and the Yo-Yo's (Okeh)—A very strange tune but possessing that quality. Strong on the rhythm side. Ronnie does a first-rate job of shouting! Rare, but strong!

5) Wind-up Toy/Caravan Of Lonely Men, Tony Richards (Carlton)—A strong coupling of good tunes and strong deliveries. "Wind-up Toy" could be a sleeper. Good arrangement on "Caravan."

6) Walk On The Wild Side, Part I and II, Jimmie Smith and the Big Band (Verve)—A jazz artist bucks the single market and in fine fashion. Definitely, Part II is the one to grab juke-box and air play. Very strong! The wild organ of Smith with a shoutin' band plus a great movie theme. Look out!

7) Chapel Of Tears/Funny, Gene McDaniels (Liberty)—That "Tower of Strength" and "Chip, Chip" boy is at it again. "Chapel" is the side. Ray Charles-ish kind of ballad. Could get under the wire. Fine performances on both sides.

8) Tell Me What He Said/I Apologize, Helen Shapiro (Capitol)—This record should be up high on the list. It's a great record. Good tunes and arrangements. Fine job of performing by this deep-throated, J. P. Morgan-styled thrush. Watch this sleeper!

9) Mine All Mine/Look No More, Little Eddie (Liberty)—"Mine All Mine" definitely the stronger. Eddie gets a rendition favorably to the market. It's a bit underweight, but who knows!

10) Love Theme From Lolita/Look No Further, Leroy Holmes (MGM)—An enchanting theme from the Hollywood studios. Sure to be a good runner. "Lolita" theme, the heavier. Flip-side pleasant but not for the charts.

SPECIAL REVIEW SINGLES

Don't Turn Around/Hush Now Sally, The Journeymen—(Capitol)—Here's a group that's like most of the newer folk-style groups in make-up, with one notable exception: they sing beautifully together, with a fantastic sense of pitch and clarity. They also have the magic ingredients: The right tune, "Don't Turn Around," which will hit the younger set as well as the oldsters, and an interpretation musical as well as commercial. The quality of the tune is in-between a folk-ballad and a regular pop song. The arrangement is "right as rain." The added plus is the lead voice, who sings well enough to sing on his own! If it ain't a hit, I'll eat the record!
PIECES OF EIGHT

- Jackie Wilson, well again, after accident, is shouting in fine form on his new Brunswick album release. . . . Another compilation of “Greatest Hits” on Capitol’s “Starline” series features Kay Kyser and his gang rattling off his big ones, Tennis, anyone? . . . RCA Victor has Sam Cooke twistin’ on his new album. . . . On the classical side, Angel Records has a marvelous piano album by the exceptionally talented Russian pianist, Sviatoslav Richter.

Teresa Brewer’s new Coral album is all slam bang, from the Gay ’90s to the Rockin’ style. . . . Camden, the $1.98 RCA Victor line, has the “Living Strings” traveling again. The title, “Souvenir D’Italie.” Good for the money.

Command Records, possessors of the finest line of stereo recordings, added two more to the list. “Vibrations” with Enoch Light and the band and “Roman Guitar” with Tony Mottola’s smaller ensemble. Both excellent sound ventures.

Atlantic has added some new jazz packages to their already impressive list. “Herbie Mann,” live from the Village Gate, and Charlie Mingus’ always vital excursions in another.

Gene Kelly, Judy Garland, Howard Keel and William Warfield are just a few of the stars on the new M-G-M album, featuring the best tunes from the movie screen.

Steve Lawrence, with the able backing of Don Costa, came up with a heck-of-a-good single, “The Lady Twists,” or something resembling that title. Should get a lot of air play.

Rumor has it that this year’s Newport Jazz Festival will be televised nationally. At least, a good part of it.

The Twist albums have been coming in less frequently to your reviewer. (Not that they constitute a potion of pain to said reviewer, but a good ninety percent are second-rate attempts.)

Dave Brubeck’s FM station, WJZZ in Bridgeport, Conn., is having some financial difficulties. Any help is graciously accepted.

Bobby Darin is coming East for an engagement at N.Y.’s Copacabana. Film work has been keeping him busy. . . . George Maharis of “Route 66” is recording vocally.

ALBUM COVERS:
PROS AND CONS

- It seems that, as we all build record libraries, some thoughts about the value and longevity of the containers of the records should be considered from time to time.

Among the classical lines, it is your reviewer’s humble opinion that Command Records has the most outstanding packages. All double-jacketed, the covers are actually bound like a book and capable of withstanding a bit of punishment. (As to their beauty, their covers are generally first-rate, if not exceptional in the art department.)

Columbia releases, from time to time, a gem of a package. Their “Swan Lake Ballet” package came with a booklet attached, of some twenty or so pages full of the history of Swan Lake performances and photographs of the ballet artists involved. Of course, this is not a regular feature with their line. Angel always encloses a booklet of information where necessary. The edgings on their albums, in the binding sense, are helpful to the life of the packages.

The popular albums rarely get the long-lived treatment. It might be worthwhile to write the companies of your favorites and ask that they be packaged for better wear. (I can’t promise you they’ll do anything, but who knows!) The jazz fans, after years of bad packages, are finally getting the double-jacketed deluxe treatment. (At least from Verve and Impulse.)

The option with flimsy covers is to buy the regular albums for records. (You may recall keeping 78’s in them.) You can throw the cover out and house them in these book-like jobs. Of course, it doesn’t make for ease when you begin looking for something. (Catalogue-style would help. Keep a listing inside the front page.) At any rate, these album-holders are available in a size that will cover LP records.

One thing to remember is to be careful when buying an album that’s covered with a cellophane wrapper, to slit the paper just at the opening and thereby leave a protective covering over the rest of the jacket. Some people in haste rip all of it off. This is foolish. A thumbnail will suffice to open it sufficiently enough to slide the record out. Keeping it intact will preserve the cover art work, if you so desire. It pays to treat them well.
BROADWAY STAGE

★★Cast Album of “No Strings”
Written by Richard Rodgers, featuring Diahann Carroll and Richard Kiley—
Musical Direction, Peter Matz—Orche-
strations by Ralph Burns (Capitol)—
This is the most lightweight work
Richard Rodgers has ever come up
with. Unfortunately, his lyric writing is
on an entirely different level from his
musical writing. It succeeds at times,
but very infrequently. On the whole,
this score couldn’t even bump its way
into the other shows Rodgers has par-
ticipated in creating. It has added to
the quantity of already sad Broadway
shows running (“Subways Are for
Sleeping,” “Carnival,” etc).
Miss Carroll and Mr. Kiley, for all
their performing ability and vitality,
are not heard to advantage here. The
show lacks, sorely, a first-rate voice.
(In fact, Miss Carroll’s flat and biting
sound on “Loads of Love” and “You
Don’t Tell Me” is irritating to this
reviewer.)
The orchestrations have no spectrum.
They remain in one groove with blurs
of brass from time to time. Very little
excitement in this area.
I’m told the show (live) plays well
and is playing to good houses. It’s
possible it could hurdle these obstacles
in the theater. The recording medium,
though, makes its own demands.
The stronger tunes are “Loads of
Love,” “Be My Host” (melodically),
“You Don’t Tell Me,” “Orthodox Fool”
and “Look No Further.”

POPULAR
★★★Bobby Darin Sings Ray
Charles (Atco)—Though I strongly
disagree with the idea of Bobby doing
these already “done-up” and warmed
tunes, I’m happy to say the album suf-
fers very little as compared to Ray’s
original records. Bobby is perfectly at
ease with all the material. His sound is
remarkably close to Ray’s on several
tracks. (The band arrangements are al-
most note-for-note imitations of the
originals. This reviewer would have
liked to see a change in that depart-
mant.)
Bobby takes care not to give out with
the new famous Ray Charles’ hollers,
and justly so. The last thing Bobby
would want anybody to think was that
the album was not done with taste and
respect for one of his favorite artists.
(I assume the thought of someone
thinking it mockery was considered
strongly.)
My favorite is “The Right Time.”
The vocal group of girls, who I believe
worked with Ray originally, are here,
too. They work excellently with Bobby.
The tunes are all winners. “Hallelujah,
I Just Love Her So,” “What I Say,”
“Drown in My Tears” and others.
Bobby is certainly to be commend
ded on his flexibility. Again, I find the idea
a little strange. But the album—not at
all! I have no doubts that it’ll sell like
hot cakes—it’s an enjoyable tribute
from one growing legend to another
growing legend!

★★★Strange Enchantment, Vic
Damone, Orch. conducted by Billy
May (Capitol)—This is Vic’s second
effort for Capitol and it’s way ahead of
the first album in value. This album
creates beautifully and totally the feel-
ing of the tropical islands of the Blue
Pacific. Billy May’s highly pictorial
arrangements, utilizing all the instru-
ments of exotica, lead us through the
magical archipelago with Vic’s enchant-
ing and resonant voice, sitting comfort-
ably, cushioned by the strings and the
constant beguine beat. Like its source,
this album is not flashy, but rather per-
meated with the quality of the climate.
Warm and rippling, “Shangri-la,” “Ebb-
tide,” “Beyond the Reef,” “Flamingo”
and “Bali Hai” are a few of the gems.
Strong is the thread Vic weaves. Good
photo of Vic on the back of the cover.
Much . . . Strange Enchantment!

★★★Stars in Our Eyes, The Four
Freshmen (Capitol)—This is a great
group, but this is not a great album.
The idea is a little limiting, considering
these boys are head and shoulders over
most of the vocal groups they pay
tribute to. The most striking and un-
conventional interpretation is the bow
to the Kingston Trio’s big hit “Tom
Dooley.” It’s done a cappella and hardly
folksy, but it’s an excursion that few
groups have the ability to make.
The tunes range through “Shangri-
la,” “Standing on the Corner,” “Opus
One,” “Green Fields,” “Love Is a Many-
Splendored Thing” to distaff honors
melodies can hold any arrangement together. To be fair, though, they succeed more often than not, as in the case of “Bali Ha’i.” Here the South Pacific is recalled in glowing terms. Exceedingly picturesque.

The trouble with putting an album together with tunes by these aces is there’s never enough room for all their classics. (I missed especially the “March of the Siamese Children” from the “King and I.”) At any rate, herein will be found “Carousel Waltz” and “If I Loved You,” “Hello, Young Lovers,” “Oklahoma,” “Surrey with the Fringe on Top,” “It Might As Well Be Spring” and a slew of gems wrought to perfection by Rodgers and Hammerstein. For lovers of the musical stage and all generally classified “relaxers,” take a look into this album.

★★★★“Love Embers and Flame” is a new package on Capitol presented by Jackie Gleason. Lux string settings with generally soloistic horn playing plus some vintage standards. All warm and embracing. . . . ★★M-G-M’s new “21 Channel Sound Series” brings us David Rose and his orchestra. An album chock full of oldies recorded on a high level with a large orchestra. Arrangements are par-for-the-course. . . . ★★Capitol also brings pianist Lee Evans into the spotlight. Surrounded by soaring strings and mellow French horns. The album title: “Piano Plus.” A little over-done at times, but generally palatable offerings. . . .

★★Movie themes is the idea of Russ Conway’s new album on M-G-M. The British pianist runs thru a flock of screen favorites. “All Time Movie Favorites” is the title.

JAZZ SPECIAL

★★★★The Bridge, Sonny Rollins (RCA Victor)—This is the most recent Sonny Rollins’ recording. He has just returned from a self-imposed exile. He retired to “wood-shed,” to use the player’s vernacular. “Wood-shedding” is the searching and studying of new ideas and the reflective re-hashing of the old. It may not help everybody but it has helped Sonny. I remember shortly before he took himself out of the jazz scene, his playing had become static. He even appeared a bit unhappy. (Mind you, my conjecture.) This happens often to jazz players of stature, who are constantly expected to open new doors at the drop of a hat. It’s incredibly taxing. The mind and the heart are not machinery. Sonny sacrificed a lucrative string of bookings, cutting his throat economically, and retired to think. Certainly, a noble gesture. Such things would not be necessary if the jazz fans were more stable and less fad conscious. (As I recall, John Coltrane appeared the corner when Sonny packed in his playing engagements. Now, Coltrane is under fire.)

The album title, “The Bridge,” is where Sonny did his “wood-shedding.”

(Please turn the page)
Yes, the high pedestrian walk, above the traffic on the Williamsburg Bridge, in New York. He felt that all that playing would disturb his neighbors, so he used the bridge. A considerate chap, this Mr. Rollins! Well, after two years, he returns triumphant!

His playing now seems more economical. Less of the former boppish phrasing (and hints even of Lester Young), more concentrated musical thought. The ballads are done as ballads with very little or no gymnastics. He also appears to have absorbed nothing of the new nihilistic movement in jazz known as “The New Thing.” His musical attitude seems now much more personal than contemporary, the solos are light and lean. The simplicity of these vehicles infers their directness as opposed to the current fad in jazz of beckoning us righteously into darkness. There is no doubt in this reviewer’s mind that the retreat has paid off.

His current group is heard here. The always fertile and sympathetic Jim Hall is heard on guitar, with Bob Cranshaw on bass, and Ben Riley and H. T. Saunders splitting the drumming. “Without a Song,” usually heard as a ballad, is done in a light, swinging groove. Also here are “You Do Something to Me,” “God Bless the Child,” “Where Are You” and two Rollins originals, “The Bridge” and “John S.”

All first rate. Nothing could make me happier than to see Sonny back again. I hope he’ll not vacation again for a long, long time.

COMEDY

★★★★ Borge’s Back—Recorded Live!—Victor Borge (MGM)—Borge the ad-libber, Borge of wrong notes, Borge of the absurdly funny demoli- tion of language, Borge the exception- al, Borge the Great! This is a definite- ly unique talent. He has mastered even the use of silence! This album is mur- der! Having spent some time with Borge one evening in Omaha, Nebraska, I know how incredibly funny his facial expressions are. Believe me, that’s the only thing missing in this package. The bits of business he covers range from his general introductory remarks to his audience, which I’m sure could make an album itself, to his own ideas about changing language, to the now famous Borge pianistic sojourns. Every bit of it instilled with Borge’s own brand of marvelous nonsense. I could give you examples of some of it, but it would lose in the telling. Just go out and buy it! Highly recommended!

CLASSICAL

★★★★ Rachmaninoff — Piano Concerto No. 3, Opus 30—Byron Janis, Pianist, Antal Dorati, Cond.—London Symp. Orch. (Mercury)—This work is the baby brother of the Second Con- certo. It is an infinitely more subtle work, though it does not enjoy the Second’s popularity. Rachmaninoff often echoes the Second here, but here it is a more integrated concerto we hear. The statements of theme are anything but rhetorical. It’s a growing work. Slowly it appears, slowly it develops. Always in evidence, the brooding and melancholy, the constant use of the minor sub-dominant, in the major mode which has the quality of putting tears in the eyes of smiling faces, the flowing, rippling, pulsing lines, crossing from the piano into violins and back, always the emotional, the touching, al- ways Rachmaninoff! Byron Janis plays the work beautifully. His range of dy- namics, his fantastic ways of playing exceedingly hard things, with a quiet, crystal-like feeling, the attack, full of body, when needed. (It is this review- er’s humble opinion that Janis is our finest young pianist.) He certainly brings it off. The recording is one of Mercury’s 35mm. Series and has the finest sound. Highly recommended.

★★★★ Wagner—(Magic Fire Music—The Ride of the Valkyries—Entry of the Gods in Valhalla—Siegfried’s Rhine Journey—Siegfried’s Funeral March) —William Steinberg Cond. The Pitts- burgh Symphony Orch. (Command Classics)—The marriage of the most updated recording techniques (like stereo and, in this case, 35mm. tape stereo) and the music of the romantic giant, Wagner, who, himself, was ob- sessed with dynamics, is one to investi- gate. Here the clarity and balance of sound on the recording definitely makes for a more enlightening look at the music. Your reviewer was struck dumb by the opening of “Dawn and Sieg- fried’s Rhine Journey” (from the opera “Gotterdammerung”) on side two of the recording. Aside from the absolute genius in the score of Wagner, William Steinberg’s handling of this is beauti- fully controlled. It grows quietly into a surging mass of sound, building transparently through the dawn-like string figures which overlap in Wag- ner’s natural leitmotiv fashion, to a stunning climax with the brass assum- ing the dominant role. Steinberg takes care to end each repetition of the strings quietly, so as to let the underneath strand come out at its beginning and conversely to edge the bottom and let the upper sing again. (Always build- ing in volume and intensity.) The 35mm. recording technique adds to the beauty. It’s what, to draw an analogy.
the wide screen is to films. Another striking moment is the “Ride of the Valkyries” (from “Die Walküre”). A ringing effectiveness, which is brought to light with all its joy of orchestration intact! This recording surpasses Steinberg’s older album for Capitol immeasurably. The latter is, of course, quite old. Here, what happens at the recording session gets onto the vinyl and doesn’t remain for posterity on tape shelves. This step ahead gives the phonograph the chance to stand next to tape, hurling the transference obstacle. A wonderful compilation, finely brought to life by a first-rate conductor and orchestra and marvelously recorded. Recommended. (Incidentally, I could write a review of the cover-jacket. It’s indestructible.)

[Image: Schubert—Symph. No. 9 in C Maj. (“The Great”)—Otto Klemperer Cond.—Philharmonic Orch. (Angel)—This symphonic masterwork composed in the spring of 1828 forletell’s, musically, nothing of the foreboding death which is to come to Schubert in November of that same year. His age, at passing, an incredible thirty-one years. This work was considered in Vienna but passed off as too difficult to play. It waited patiently on the shelf for ten years after its creator’s demise before Robert Schumann discovered it and prevailed upon Mendelssohn to conduct it publicly. The work, as compared to the Mozard and Beethoven monuments of form, is structurally weak—but it is a joy of lyric only expressed by the masterwork of Lieder. It bubbles with an unconventional lack of restraint. It is long and, to people unprepared for the journey, it might be wearying. But to those interested in the beauty of line this is home. Otto Klemperer puts the orchestra beautifully through its paces. Strong here, light there, and pointed when meeting and holding the thread of continuity. The recorded sound is not all it could be (mono), but it cannot hurt. Strangely enough, when Mendelssohn rehearsed this work for its initial performance, the string players laughed at the last movement. Mendelssohn disgustedly withdrew it from the program. Fate always has irony up its sleeve. Recommended.

MOVIES

Original Soundtrack of “State Fair,” Rodgers and Hammerstein—Pat Boone, Bobby Darin, Ann-Margret, Tom Ewell and Alice Faye (Dot)—This certainly was a hopeless venture. It suffers terribly by comparison with the original. Pat Boone is utterly boring! The tune, “Willing and Eager,” a duet by Mr. Boone and Ann-Margret, succeeds, unintentionally, to a level of high comedy! It seems a shame that these tunes, although not the very best Rodgers and Hammerstein, have to be clobbered like this. “That’s for Me,” the tune Haynes sang in the earlier flick, and Boone does here, is hopelessly bland. Strangely, Darin does a bit better than his cohorts, but even he seems like he’s over-deliberate. His falsetto tones here are the first I’ve ever heard from him. About Ann-Margret there is little to be said, other than she is quite a looker.

Certainly this is not the way to revive musicals on the screen, at least not with this kind of sound track. Lots of luck!

SPECIAL

The Midnight Special, Harry Belafonte (RCA Victor)—The great pro barrels through again with another driving folk album—an all-American vehicle with overtones of blues, gospel, jazz, work-song and just plain hollerin’! But this album, mind you, is not just folk-fare. Harry, through his marvelous performing ability, hurls the folk traditions and strikes at the heart of pure unbridled entertaining. He bends the material his own personal way, but takes care not to disturb the fundamental directness of lyric or dilute the musical fire inherent in this folk material. The projection is incredible when one thinks of how hard this recording medium is with its lack of the visual.

The arrangements are all sympathetically written by Jimmy Jones. They range in sound and texture from Harry’s personal small ensemble, which is characterized by guitars and rhythm, to blanket-like string settings and crashing brass. (The solos of Jerome Richardson on saxophone deserve much attention, as well as Bob Dylan’s harmonica-playing.) Harry meets each level of the band skillfully. They are soft together and roar together.

The tunes include “Memphis Tenn.,” the log-rolling “Did You Hear About Jerry,” “Crawdad Song,” a decidedly different “On Top of Old Smokey,” “Muleskinner,” the gospel-like “Michael, Row the Boat Ashore,” the title piece and some other steamrollers!

It would seem, if I’m allowed a humble opinion, that Belafonte seems freer on this album than he has on several preceding ones, and it may possibly be the nature of the material here. His Calypso tunes are very demanding of form and to play with them in an improvised fashion is “beckoning trouble to ya,” to use a colloquialism. May we hear more of this unrestrained Belafonte! Much credit due to all connected with this vital package. Don’t miss it! I repeat: Don’t miss it!
In the first three months of 1962, Chubby Checker raked up about $375,000 in album sales, by-products and personal appearances. Says his manager, Kal Mann: “Not long ago—July, 1960—Chubby and I almost flipped when I got him $100 per night for 11 nights, in Harry Levy’s Wildwood, N.J., night club. That was $1,100 more dough than we’d ever seen, but I said to Harry: ‘Suppose Chubby’s new record—“Let’s Twist Again”—becomes No. 1 in the country.’ Harry chuckled and said in that case he’d triple the $1,100. And, by gosh, that’s exactly what happened, so we got $3,300.” ... The Nick Mayos (Janet Blair) expecting. . . . Pat Boone’s wife recuperating, surgery. . . . Bob Young’s daughter, Babs, and designer Tom Bebe set the date. . . . The Mickey Rooney’s named him Michael. . . . Rick Nelson and Tom Harmon’s daughter, Chris, at Arthur Murray’s. . . . juliet Prowse and Mike Garth a big deal. . . . Peggy Lee is the sultriest canary in show biz. Her eyes and her tones project a boudoir quality. . . . even her musical arrangements accent the Lee mystique. No other girl singer projects so much sensuousness. Contrast the let’s be pals, scrubbed-face technique of Mary Martin, Rosemary Clooney, the McGuire Sisters, Dinah Shore, Connie Francis, Doris Day, Martha Wright, Teresa Brewer. In the Peggy Lee league are Lena Horne, Julie Wilson, Fran Jeffries, Diahann Carroll, Polly Bergen, Jane Morgan, Carol Lawrence—but Peggy is No. 1 in that department. . . . Eddie Adams Kovacs and Joe Mikolas a twosome. . . . Connie Francis European tour a blockbuster . . . Elizabeth Taylor, now 30, has been married four times. Older men got along best with her: Mike Todd was 48, twice her age, when they were hitched in Acapulco; Michael Wilding was twice her age when they were wed in 1952. By contrast, Eddie Fisher is only four years older—and Richard Burton only seven. . . . But I’m thinking back to Liz’s first honeymoon in June, 1950, at Cannes with Nicky Hilton, because we were there. She was 18 and incredibly beautiful. But young Hilton hardly talked to her! Liz would ride out to the Eden Roc beach with Mrs. S. and our daughter, Betty; young Hilton would ride out later with me. At the beach, he spent no time with her. At day’s end, he’d curtly signal her to go home with him. . . . Betty had been a bridesmaid at their Coast wedding. In a magazine article, she analyzed Elizabeth. “Sensitive—generous and kind of heart—a fine sense of humor. Not malicious, cat-ty or mean. Easily hurt by unkindness. Almost completely unaware of her own beauty and always praising her friends to the skies.” The late Mike Todd would have en- cored that analysis of Liz; I doubt that Eddie Fisher now would rhapsodize over Liz’s virtues. But, as in the case of Todd, who was a take-charge individual, Burton is equally positive in his approach, and Liz apparently goes for that kind of guy. . . . Both Hope’s son Tony now a Georgetown grad. . . . Sal Mineo and Lisa Kean a duet. . . . George Maharis prefers Mimi Weber. . . . The Red Buttons working out the settlement. . . . Big shakeup shatters 20th-Fox, any minute! Both in the East and the West.

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TV dropped him!

Liz destroyed him!

Now read about

THE WOMAN WHO CAN SAVE EDDIE FISHER

WHO IS SHE?? MEET HER ON PAGE 78
The 7 deadly errors
Chamber
Dick Chamberlain wanted to relax, it had been a hard day at the studio for "Dr. Kildare." Now at home, he flicked on the hi-fi, settled into a deep armchair and casually started to read a magazine. The article was about a man he'd never met—an actor whose work he was interested in. But as he read, he started to

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Dianne was first, just the way everyone expected. But you may be surprised at which girl is next to marry!

The Next Lennon

“You make it sound like 'Button, button, who's got the button,'” complained Janet, sixteen this June and youngest of the singing Lennon girls. “After all, falling in love and getting married isn't a game . . .”

“You're right, honey,” their mother, Isabelle (“Sis”) Lennon, nodded approvingly. “Marriage is a serious matter.”

“Serious, sure,” chuckled father Bill, “but let’s not make it sound like a parachute jump. The question's only natural. After all, Kathy's almost nineteen and Peggy's twenty-one. Let's face it, DeeDee was twenty when she became Mrs. Dick Gass . . .”

As the Lennons begin thinking about the next wedding in the family, they remember the day
Sister To Be A Bride

Danny, twelve and eldest of the Lennon boys, came in with a teasing rhyme:

"Peggy, Kathy, Janet—whoah! Which'll be the next to go?"

So goes the latest pastime of the family and friends of the pretty and talented Lennon Sisters, mainstays of the Lawrence Welk shows. The provocative question of which will follow sister Dianne into matrimony—and probably retirement—looms more urgently as time goes by. Both the elder girls have been dating regularly for years, while pert Janet has just begun to give the subject of boys (Continued on page 74)
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As the Lennons begin thinking about the next wedding in the family, they remember the days when Dianne married Dick Gass. Seen here: Some of the moments none of the Lennons will ever forget.

The Next Lennon Sister To Be A Bride

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a TV Radio Mirror
SUMMER BONUS
May God love you.
a TV Radio Mirror
SUMMER BONUS

[Image of a family gathering]

May God love you.

William

Laurel

Anne

Lucy

James

Ann

John

Kathy
"I did what I did for the sake of my boys ...I went through with the divorce for their sake."

As Chuck Connors spoke, there was a look of love in his eyes—and also of pain. It had not been easy.
Whatever it cost, moments like this with Jeff, Steve and Kevin are worth any price to Chuck.
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I did what I did for the sake of my boys...I went through with the divorce for their sake.” As Chuck Connors spoke, there was a look of love in his eyes—and also of pain. It had not been easy. 

(Continued on page 96)
Wagnalls and his pal Funk define “comedian” as “a very amusing person.” In that same dictionary of theirs, “wife” means “a woman joined in marriage to a husband.” Put them together and they spell Mrs. Georgia Skelton, Groucho Marx’s Eden, Dolores Hope, Margie Little Durante and Garry Moore’s little Nell—to name just a few. What does it take to be one of these women? In 1959, after 9 years of matrimony, Mrs. Red Buttons answered—quote—“A sense of humor, you nut!” Other qualities must also be essential, because three years and many laughs later, Red and Helayne separated. “A comedian’s wife has a hard job,” admits Barbara Edwards Griffith, who married CBS-TV’s Andy Griffith August 22, 1949. Mostly she needs patience. A comic’s like a child. He requires (Continued on page 83)

by CINDY ADAMS
YOU'RE LAUGHING AT!!!

Every wife needs a sense of humor—no matter what her husband’s job is. When it’s comedy, she can’t stay married without one. She soon finds the joke’s often on the wife—and it’s not always funny!

A LADY DOCTOR EXAMINES VINCE EDWARDS' HEART

For Bettye Ackerman's own story, please turn the page
A LADY DOCTOR EXAMINES VINCE EDWARDS' HEART

For Bettye Ackerman's own story, please turn the page
There’s a play making the rounds with the weird title, “Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma’s Hung You in the Closet and I’m Feelin’ So Sad.” Well, with apologies to that little gem, I’d like to coin a title expressing my feelings as the woman doctor, Dr. Maggie Graham, in “Ben Casey.” I’d like to call it: “Oh Sam, You’re a Lamb, and Vince, You’re a Prince, and Poor Maggie’s on the Rocks Between Two Such Darling Docs!”

Sam, of course, is my husband, an actor of eminence who plays Dr. Zorba in the series—Sam Jaffe. And Vince—well, Vince is that dark, angry, handsome young man who has become, according to reviewers, “the hottest thing on TV.” Need I mention the magic name, Vincent Edwards?

In many respects, despite the difference in age, I see great similarities between Sam and Vince. Perhaps it’s why they are so fond of each other and hold each other in such high esteem. It may also explain my own fondness for the frowning young rebel of our makebelieve hospital. Vince reminds me of Sam, not in any physical resemblance, but in the sense of character and emotional depth.

I asked my husband about the friendship that’s grown between Vince and himself. He smiled and said, “He’s the young man I once wanted to be.” When I put the same question to Vince, he sounded as though he’d been eavesdropping. He said, “I like Sam because I see in him the man I’d like to become.”

All good and well, but how about me—Bettye Ackerman, a woman and actress—caught between them? I tell you, there are times when I feel literally trapped between Sam’s hair and Vince’s frown. If I were a more ambitious actress, I think I’d hate them both. Luckily I’m not, so I just do my best and hope my efforts won’t get lost.

I remember one “Ben Casey” episode where an alcoholic is admitted to our hospital for the thirteenth time but still can’t break the habit. Something about that scene moved me deeply. I actually broke down and cried. It was one of the (Continued on page 87)
In its first few years, a marriage can grow strong and sturdy, putting down roots that can last a lifetime. Or it can grow weak, wither and die. The sad truth is that one out of every four couples who walk away from a wedding ceremony, head and hopes high, will eventually walk their separate ways into the divorce courts. Why? What goes wrong in these marriages? What goes right in the ones that last? In the stories that follow, we think you'll find important and surprising answers to these questions.
Speaking for myself—and I'm sure June has her own ideas on this—the most difficult thing for a young husband is to realize a woman's thinking. After the first two months, the naive fellow believes he has the whole thing figured out. For example, wives often ask for opinions, but that doesn't necessarily mean that they want opinions. So you speak up—until you learn it would have been wiser to dodge the issue. Then again, sometimes you deliberately give an opposite opinion to what you really think. Now it looks like you have the situation licked when things work out your way. So you win that little round— (Continued on page 92)

by DAVID NELSON
WHAT YOU THINK!"
THE HONEYMOON
“It’s funny,” Sandra Dee Darin admitted, “but I thought the minute I saw the baby I would love him and feel like a mother. And I didn’t. The first time they brought him in to me, I loved the baby. But I didn’t love this baby. I would have loved any baby they brought in, because I didn’t know him yet. It was like I loved him more inside, because I carried him for so long. Then when they showed him to me, it was very hard to associate this with the baby I’d carried.

“So I didn’t love Dodd Mitchell like a mother the first time. It was about the third or fourth time I saw him that I started to love him. Because by then I knew what was coming. I knew the face that was going to come down the hall, and I knew the little body.

“You should have seen me the day I took the baby home from the hospital. I told Bobby, ‘Send the nurse home.’ He said, ‘What?’ I said, ‘Send her home. I’m taking care of the baby myself.’ So I had him send the nurse home and the maid, too—although the maid came back the next day to help with the cleaning.

“So there were three people in the house when we entered—the baby, Bobby and me. I put the baby down and we were watching him like proud parents and, all of a sudden, he starts crying. He was hungry. Well, the nurse had made the formula before she left, so I just got the bottle out and—I can’t figure out how to put the nipple on! I’m a mother now, taking care of my own child, and I can’t figure out how to put the nipple on the bottle.

“So I’m only home about an hour, and I’m on the phone with my mother. (Continued on page 35)

For Sandra Dee and Bobby Darin, the love song is now a lullaby—and you’d hardly recognize their marriage!
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"So I'm only home about an hour, and I'm on the phone with my mother. (Continued on page 85)"

For Sandra Dee and Bobby Darin, the love song is now a lullaby—and you'd hardly recognize their marriage!
WHO SAYS IT'S JUST AS EASY TO LOVE A RICH GIRL AS A POOR ONE?

“We wanted each other,” Tommy Sands said. “We didn’t let a little thing like her parents having a lot of money stand in our way.” He glanced across to the kitchenette of the tiny New York apartment where a pretty girl was fixing a snack. Nancy Sinatra Sands caught the look, pursed a silent kiss and then went back to slicing the store-bought coffee cake. . . . They’d been married a year and a half, but not until now had they been willing to talk about the special problems that had been theirs. They had come from such different backgrounds; perhaps at first look the only thing they had in common was that each came from a broken home. Tommy’s youth had been spent in poverty, and, when they met, he was just beginning to know—for the first time—what real money was. Still, he was far from being in the same financial league as Nancy’s father. Most girls, whether they’re aware of it or not, weigh their husband’s virtues against their father’s. In Frank Sinatra’s case, there was more than just money on his side of the scale. There was fame, success, power—and an almost legendary attraction for women. It would be a hard thing for any young man to balance out. At first, both Tommy and Nancy denied that this could have created any problems. But then Tommy thought it over. . . . “Getting back to that business of how hard it is to marry someone of a different background,” he said, “I guess maybe some additional problems do arise that you wouldn’t find between two people who are used to the same things.

“Like, for instance, when I decided to move to New York. That was one of the most important decisions I had to make, and it was one of the first major readjustments Nancy had to make.

“I had decided some time ago to ease off the singing and concentrate on becoming an actor. I did it by easy stages, you may remember, swearing off rock ‘n’ roll first. But then I found that saying I wanted to be an actor and being one are two different things. There was much to learn and the best place to learn is in New York, where the best legitimate-theater acting (Continued on page 86)
Tommy Sands' problem was how to support his bride Nancy Sinatra in the style she was used to—but he was not!
Diane McBain came flowing through the dressing-room door, wearing a blue sheath gown of the Roman era. It fit her with precision. The material was thin as paper, the neckline dangerously low.

The cast and crew on the set of "77 Sunset Strip" stared open-mouthed at Diane they hardly recognized. Even Elizabeth Taylor, playing "Cleopatra" thousands of miles away in Rome, might envy Diane's fresh beauty. In many ways, the costume and the black wig made her look like Liz. Oddly enough, their lives had been alike, too, in many ways—and one, in particular. They have a man in common.

The script called for Diane to play a movie actress in an episode titled "Leap My Lovely" (to be seen next fall). Though the writer won't admit it out loud, the plot is heavily shaded with overtones of Liz and her version of "Cleopatra."

The shooting went on through the morning. Finally, the director called, "Cut . . . lunch, everyone." Diane, deciding it would take too long to change, went to the commissary in costume. The restaurant fell silent as she entered—dressed as Liz Taylor. Diane realized she was being stared at, but she thought it was because of the dress and wig. She tried to ignore it as she sipped iced tea.

Yet it was quite a coincidence. Most people were unaware of how great an irony it was which had Diane playing Cleopatra on the same day that the names of Liz and Richard Burton were splashed across the headlines. A few, though, remembered . . .

Diane had been linked with Richard Burton, too. They had met while making "Ice Palace" (now being re-released) and Diane's friends say she fell hard for him. Whispers filled the set all through the filming. People insisted they had seen them dining here, driving there—always together. What attracted her to him was natural and unavoidable. She was a Sleeping Beauty, (Please turn the page)
who made all the headlines...
This is the Cleopatra who made all the headlines...

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still a newcomer to Hollywood and all its promises and challenges. He, a prince on a white horse, was a proven star on two continents. And his way with the ladies was well-known. Still, Burton was a married man; Diane had to accept that reality. Abruptly, there were no longer reports of her being seen with him.

“Diane was terribly crushed,” a close friend said, “when she had to call the romance off. She became moody and kept to herself a lot.”

Time, however, seemed to help. Yet now time has caught up with Diane again. What does she remember? What does she feel about Burton’s new Cleopatra? Diane is wisely keeping those answers to herself. Outwardly, she showed no emotion when she finally learned about Liz and Burton later that day.

One thing, though, is certain. Diane McBain, although the junior in age and experience, could probably give Miss Taylor some solid advice. It is sometimes better to lose than to win—where a married man is concerned. —DEAN GAUTSCHY
You know what you like, when you look at other people—but do you really know what you see? Or what others see, when they look at you? You can have fun... make a fortune out of faces... learn a lot about yourself, your friends, the famous folk you see on TV! Physiognomy, it's called, this "science of reading character from the shape and lines of the face," and it's the fascinating hobby of an English banker who cloaks his true identity under the name of Cyro while he shares his secrets with you. Read his analytic profiles of six outstanding figures from today's headlines. You may raise an eyebrow at some of the portraits—but they may open your eyes, at the same time. As Cyro points out, both social and business success depend on being able to sum up—on sight—the characters you meet. Such an ability can help you save face... choose your mate... or even explain why you chose the one you did. Just turn the page and learn the "rules" for judging true face-value!
PERRY COMO: This is a face you'd instinctively trust—and you'd be right. The laugh-lines at the eye-corners are a sign of a relaxed person with a keen sense of humor and a lively imagination. The wiry, naturally wavy hair indicates intelligence and stamina, and the rather flattish contour of the head indicates a capacity for enjoyment. The forehead—round, high and full at the temples—shows an inquiring mind, an excellent memory and an innate shyness. The nose, straight and clean-cut, denotes great courage—and stubbornness. The mouth, more often than not with parted lips, indicates energy and a need to be liked. The low-set, sparse eyebrows are a sign of an affectionate and kindly nature. Overall: A well-integrated person who has had problems and solved them.

DICK CHAMBERLAIN: This unusually long face is a clue to adaptability—and moodiness. The chin is that of a somewhat aloof person, who makes friends easily but resists deep friendships. The large well-shaped eyes show humor but also ambition. The straight, fine eyebrows, slightly lighter than his hair, denote a capacity to learn quickly. The ears, set high and irregular in shape, show generosity. The fine, wavy hair is a sign of a romantic. The suspicion of a dimple indicates a tolerant nature. The large depth of jaw below the ear denotes decisiveness and very strong will-power. To sum up: A person who doesn't say all that he is thinking.

JACKIE KENNEDY: This is obviously the face of a lively-minded, optimistic, talented woman with a zest for life. From the wide gap between middle points of her eyebrows, and the wide bridge of her nose, you can deduce courage, grit and determination. The squareness of the face and chin show a love of fair play and a forceful character. The short but well-shaped nose, above a narrow lip, is a sign of impulsiveness and fearlessness. The eyes, spaced much farther apart than average, indicate humor, straight thinking and loyalty. The fine, virile hair is that of a healthy though not robust person. Overall, this small, square face is that of a person who can make friends in every stratum of society, whose desire to see and do everything is limited only by human endurance.
CONNIE STEVENS:
Here is an open and trustworthy face, guileless and friendly. The chin is broad and round with firm contours denoting forthrightness and determination. The nose, finely molded with small nostrils and well-defined bridge, shows generosity and an even temper. The short upper lip and bow-shaped mouth indicate a happy disposition. The well-spaced eyes (precisely the length of an eye apart) are a sign of level-headedness and honesty. The eyebrows—low, well marked but irregular in shape—show she likes people and needs affection herself. The ears—set rather low, with small lobes and a well-defined rim—show sensitivity, tolerance and sympathy. The high round forehead shows intelligence. The heart-shaped face is ambitious—likely to succeed.

ELVIS PRESLEY:
The finely molded, slightly pointed chin shows serenity—and also determination. The nose, a little short and broad at the nostrils, suggests he is impulsive. The short upper lip (with fuller lower lip) denotes kindliness. The mouth, with lips usually parted, is a sign of energy and courage. The way he holds his mouth indicates wit and an ability to make friends. His hazel eyes, deep set with low brows and soft laugh-lines, show a love of justice, as well as humor. The ears—with the tips slightly higher than the center of the eyes—show sympathy. The considerable depth of jaw below ears shows a capacity to make quick decisions.

VINCENT EDWARDS:
The face of a hard-working, intelligent, alert man. The low-set eyebrows, slightly irregular in shape, are evidence of an unusual self-sufficiency. The rounded chin, with its suspicion of a cleft, shows a strong masterful nature that wants its own way. The nose, with its deep bridge, shows tolerance and the physical ability to achieve his ambitions. The lips, frequently pressed together, show determination and possibly reserve. The dark brown eyes, well-spaced and deep-set, mean he’s loyal to friends—and ideals. The straight, virile dark hair shows good health and a fiery temper, though it’s slow to rouse. The overall impression: A man who doesn’t bother about public opinion as long as he knows he’s right... a romantic, sentimental man who pretends to be hard.
It'll go down in history as the Battle of the Thermostats. You see, Vici and Roger have always kept their house at seventy degrees. Sometimes they would vary as far as seventy-one. But when Vici’s family moved in with them, they found that suffocating. “You can get pneumonia coming out of a hot house into the cool air,” said Vici’s mom.

As for Roger’s mother, she likes it hot. So, when Vici’s family came from Australia and Roger’s family came from New Mexico and they all piled into the house in the valley—you can imagine! There were now nine people in a house that was comfortable for two adults and two small children.

They’d let the maid go, Roger and his father-in-law built an extra room onto the house, Roger bought five new beds... but someone was always sneaking out of one of them to jiggle that thermostat! No one ever actually saw anyone else do it, but the mercury sure wandered up and down. When Roger’s mother and brother were comfortable and sleeping peacefully, the Aussies were smothering; when they could sleep, the rest of the household was freezing.

It came to a climax the day everyone was sick. The kids had bronchitis (because the house was too hot, if you asked Vici’s relatives)... Mrs. Elphick, Vici’s mom, hurt her elbow... Mr. Elphick had the flu... and Vici collapsed with (Continued on page 91)
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Three problems in "The Clear Horizon":
1. Should a husband tell his wife everything?
2. Is a lie ever justified?
3. How much should a mother tell her son?
Every month, a doctor looks at TV’s daytime dramas and tells you what you can learn about yourself from them.

It’s often said that TV daytime dramas are so popular because they’re so filled with problems—usually, with the inference that these problems would be wildly unreal in actual life! If you’re a typical viewer, you’d be the first to say this isn’t so. You follow your favorite serial because you “recognize” the characters and the basic dilemmas they face. Their success depends upon how closely they actually resemble you and your own problems.

But—from the standpoint of modern psychology—do you really learn from their experiences? Can the solutions they find, on TV, help you in real life? Because millions look in on these programs each day, and are often deeply affected by what they see, these are important questions. To get the answers, we’ll analyze a different drama in these pages each month, treating the characters as real people and their problems as real problems—with my descriptions in regular text type, and Dr. Wolk’s comments in italics. Our first subject is “The Clear Horizon,” which presents several interesting aspects, morally and psychologically, as well as the general question of what you can learn about yourself while watching television.

From the psychological viewpoint, it is perfectly healthy to watch a TV drama unfold and see others wrestle with problems similar to one’s own; this makes one’s own problems seem less serious and easier to cope with. In fact, this is the basis of group psychotherapy. (Continued on page 94)

by ARTHUR HENLEY
with
Dr. ROBERT L. WOLK

Pictured in these scenes, in order of first appearance: Ed Kemmer and Phyllis Avery as Anne and Roy Selby; Earl Hammond as a Russian officer and Michael Fox as injured Sig Levy; Charles Herbert as young Ricky.
At a secret Paris meeting, Hitchcock talked; his wife Alma and Prince Rainier listened. Finally, Grace got a word in. It was "Yes."
Perhaps you wouldn’t believe it to look at him, but Alfred Hitchcock has a way with women.

Grace Kelly couldn’t say “NO” to

With the speed of a man losing a fortune at the gaming tables of Monte Carlo, the news spread. Grace Kelly was coming back to Hollywood! Just as quickly, the rumors began. Why was she doing it, people wondered. Why should Her Serene Highness want to be a working girl again? Noblesse oblige it certainly wasn’t. Some said it was because Grace was finding life at the palace dull. Others blamed it all on Charles de Gaulle and the French Premier’s threat to introduce carefree Monaco to the quaint custom of income tax. If that happened, they said, Grace would have to go to work in order to make the royal budget come out even. Still others said you couldn’t blame everything on de Gaulle (wasn’t Algeria enough?). They explained that the princess wanted to be a movie queen again so she could bring some of (Continued on page 89)
JACK LINKLETTER:

"I Won't Make The

Art Linkletter hugs grandsons Mike and Dennis. Son Jack smiles—but he has his own ideas about how to bring up his two lively little boys!
On a sun-dappled spring day a few years ago, when future "Here's Hollywood" host Jack Linkletter was at Emerson Junior High, heading into his blue-jeans-busting teens, he and a school chum decided to run away. . . . There was no good reason for the caper; Jack and his pal were no more "misunderstood" at home than any other thirteen-year-olds in their swaggering, boisterous crowd. Emerson did have a hard-nosed, fist-swinging, often troublesome element, and Jack was part of it. But for Art Linkletter's oldest son there had been no real panic at school, except perhaps for a few bad grades and his unwillingness to crack a book for months on end. . . . True, young Jack secretly resented, like so many Hollywood celebrities' kids, having to live up to Papa's fame. (His dad, Art Linkletter, was already a top entertainment star.) But mostly the running away was because the two lads were—at (Continued on page 76)
People are talking, but Annette's answer is:

IT HAPPENS ONCE TO EVERY GIRL

Only yesterday, she was a child, a Disney Mouseketeer . . . playing with baby-brother Mike . . . roughhousing with bigger Joey, just three years her junior . . . leaving her room a wind-tossed heap of dolls. Today, she is a woman . . . a little tremulous at the thought of leaving her teens behind, next fall . . . but achingly eager to face the adult world.

Annette Funicello is now nineteen, very much in romantic Rome and quite possibly in love! As days grow warmer and nights expand, Italians beam to see (Please turn the page)
her walking hand in hand with a gallant cavalier. To them, it is most natural that it should happen here. Youth’s the time for love, and Rome the very place to give it a never-to-be-forgotten setting.

And how (even if she wanted to) could Annette resist one of their handsomest young men? Any girl (even a so-famous American) would enjoy making movies with Nino Castelnuovo. As for making love . . . !

But, to her many fans back here, it comes as something of a surprise. Just months ago, Annette was skipping lightheartedly through the fantasy of “Babes in Toyland.” Now, she’s a full-grown heroine in Walt Disney’s “Escapade in Florence.”

Dates? Of course, she had them—but never while working on a film. Never any that led to speculation she might elope—even when Paul Anka was writing songs to her. Somehow, she seemed always to return to her old friends among the Mouseketeers . . . as though seeking reassurance.

A parlor game, a good turn around the dance floor—a girl’s first kiss can come and go before she knows it, when she clings to childhood pals. But a kiss in Rome is very different! As different as dating a boy you never set eyes on, till this year . . . a boy with melting eyes and the charming manners which make even a young European seem already wise in the ways of the world . . .

As for career, that’s something Annette has always taken seriously—with a poignantly childlike intensity. Fans heard her say she’d rather act than sing . . . and thought of that as something far off in the future, while they went on cherishing her young-as-spring records.

They saw her bob her nose (permanently) and bleach her hair (temporarily) in search of “glamour.” Like her Hollywood friends, they felt that the more “sophisticated” she became, the younger she looked.

They noted all the signs of adolescence . . . and forgot it must all lead to maturity someday.

When did Annette grow up? Perhaps her family noticed first. Mike, when her primping monopolized the bathroom for hours . . . Joey, when her calls monopolized the family phone . . . her mother, the morning Annette got up early and actually cleaned the kitchen “as a surprise!”

Or perhaps Nino Castelnuovo was the first to realize it, the moment their hands touched. Here, in these exclusive, off-guard pictures, is no shy uncertainty, no wistful wavering between tomboy impulse and the eternal feminine.

When Annette says, “A rivederci, Roma,” will she leave a bit of her heart behind? Will she come back as a Signora . . . or more receptive to the idea of becoming a Mrs.?

It happens once to every girl. And no red-blooded male ever dreamed of changing that plot! —IRENE STORM
WHEN HE NEEDS THEM, WHERE ARE ARTHUR GODFREY’S FRIENDS NOW?

For the answer, turn the page
Do they remember the fame he brought them—or the tears?

He had so many of them once, both TV shows and loyal members of "his gang." On mike and camera, day and night—no matter what the title—it was always "Arthur Godfrey and His Friends." All the Little Godfreys whom he helped to fame . . . and who helped make him the Mr. Big of CBS . . . where are they now? Some left in tears, some smiling. Some have flourished, some dropped out of sight. If he could gather them together again, would the story be different today? . . . It's no secret that the once-fabulous redhead still yearns for the spotlight. No secret that CBS-TV somehow couldn't find time recently for even a Godfrey special—and that this fact sent Godfrey flirting with another network. Now he has signed with CBS again (Continued on page 66)

Starting as Arthur's announcer in 1945, Tony Marvin lasted longer than any other—until mid-1959—on both radio and TV. Says Tony, "It was my job to keep a step ahead of Godfrey." Was that the trouble?

Five years a symbol of Godfrey's interest in Hawaii, Halelako stopped singing when he let her go. But she has a rare distinction: He hired her again this year—though not on-air.

Sweet duets of Frank Parker and Marion Marlowe made them seemingly permanent Little Godfreys, convinced many fans they were really in love. However, it was a romance with another man entirely which led to Marian's dismissal.
The Chordettes are an enduring quartet, but not always the same four girls. In their Godfrey heyday: Carol Bushman, Janet Ertel, Lynn Evans and Margie Needham. Matrimony is responsible for almost every change in the group—including their departure from Arthur’s shows.

Top arranger and conductor from Broadway, Archie Bleyer committed two crimes in the redheaded impresario’s code: He started his own business—using Godfrey stars—and also fell in love with one of them. As head of Cadence Records, he proved this kind of “crime” can pay!

Young Lu Ann Simms and Julius LaRosa had audiences sighing of “young love” with their songs. But, off stage, Julie fell head-over-heels for the wrong girl. And—though Lu Ann kept her job after her own marriage—she found “maternity leave” turned into “walking papers.”

Of all the famous Little Godfreys, the McGuire Sisters—Christine, Phyllis and Dorothy—left Arthur on the best terms, have been the most successful. Could he get them back, if he wanted? Not likely, at current prices! And they have their own plans, romantic and otherwise.

Janette Davis was with Godfrey a dozen years, from singing on radio in 1946 to helping produce his TV shows in 1958. Her loyalty’s never been questioned—but could she be lured from retirement? Now wed, Jon says, “I’m content being a housewife and raising the children.”
(Continued from page 64)

— in an unprecedented contract for one year only—with the assurance that his daily radio program would continue, and a “guarantee” of three TV specials during the coming season.

But it’s a far cry from the 1940s and ’50s when it was dominated by “Arthur Godfrey Time” in the morning, “Arthur Godfrey’s Talent Scouts,” “Arthur Godfrey and His Friends” and just plain “Arthur Godfrey Show” at night... when all the Little Godfreys seemed actual members of the family in living rooms from coast to coast.

The fire in that family hearth is cold now, but does Arthur Godfrey ever remember the days when they all gathered, seemingly happy, around its warmth? Like any head of a family who makes one day to find himself alone, Arthur might well wonder what happened—and how? One thing he can be sure of: the family didn’t just doily did not run away from home; one by one, for many different reasons, it was he who sent them packing.

Remembering those days, does he ever wonder what would happen if he asked them—now—to come back?

For Marvin, for one, it would probably come as no surprise. He fondly recalls those years which brought him the mansion on Long Island where he still lives, with his wife Dorothea and daughter Lynda Ann. Tony’s now active in radio, but his heart’s still in TV—the old Godfrey kind. They were good days.

The only time Arthur spoke harsh words in print about his TV show was that moment in February, 1954: “You and that big fat mouth of yours!” More typical was the excuse he gave, when he told Tony in June, 1959, that there’d be no place for him on his new series because it would be so informal “a man of your high caliber would be a luxury.” Tony retorted, “That old flatterer! I hope he lives to be 9,000 years old.” Today, he still admits he misses the Godfrey shows: “It was a challenge, but a great deal of fun. You never knew what was coming up.”

Julius LaRosa certainly never knew.

LaRosa had been the first man in history to be fired right on TV. From the moment in November, 1951, when he started with Godfrey, until that fateful October 19th, 1953, this ex-sailor had endeared himself to the public with his singing, his naiveté and youthful bounce.

Unfortunately, he also endeared himself—or vice versa—to a lovely young lady on the program who was not yet divorced from her G.I. husband. The resultant publicity “embarrassed” Godfrey, who was already more than annoyed because Julie had hired herself an agent and was seeking outside assignments at higher pay. Julie, said Arthur, had lost his “humility.”

LaRosa was then just 23. Starting with a series of guest shots for Ed Sullivan, he made $302,000 the first year after leaving Godfrey. Now 32, he’s happily married to Perry Como’s former secretary, Rosemary Meyer, and they live in a nice New York apartment with their baby, Marcia Lucia.

He’s been working hard to improve himself, as both singer and actor, and has done very well. “I’m just starting to be a real talent,” he says.

The McGuire Sisters were always on good terms with Godfrey—even though it was Dorothy McGuire who figured in the much-publicized “romance” with LaRosa. And everyone who buys records or goes to swank niteries knows how successful this singing trio has become.

It’s a little harder to keep up with their private lives. Dottie, 32 and long since divorced from her G.I., quietly wed a Canadian oil man, Lowell Willi- liamson, in 1959 and has a son, Rex. Christine, 34 and married to John Teeter, has two sons by a previous marriage: Harold, who’s in the Navy; Asa, 16 and in boarding school.

Phyllis, 31 and divorced from Neal Van Ells, has been many times reported engaged but insists she hasn’t married again. She had to be a music critic for three years, to straighten out her admitted feelings of insecurity. Chris is now doing the same. Meanwhile, their careers continue to zoom.

Shipwreck for four

The McGuires don’t need it, but Godfrey has actually held out a helping hand to others whom he fired. The Mariners, for instance, who already had their own show on CBS Radio when they joined him—way back in ’45.

The group, first formed while all were members of the U.S. Coast Guard, consisted of Tom Lockard, baritone; Nat Dickerson, tenor; Martin Karl, baritone; Jim Lewis, bass.

These four had almost ten good years with Arthur, grossed $250,000 the first year after he let them go—then almost literally fell to pieces when re- placed. They had to be the most frustrated for three years, to earn as much as their music alone.

The McGuire Sisters, one of the most promising newcomers of the ’50s, was discovered by Tony. “Talent Scouts” will always be remembered as a Tony McGuire invention.

In November, 1953, Arthur and Archie, with a pet redheaded Janette Davis, sight unseen, just from a recording of her voice.

That was in April, 1946. When the last Little Godfrey contract expired in June, 1957, and Arthur decided to rely solely on guest appearances from such promising newcomers as Pat Boone and Carmel Lynne—plus occasional visits from some former regulars—Jan Davis stayed on salary.

She did it by switching from performing to producing—something she’d been dabbling in since 1949, at Godfrey’s own suggestion. And it was back stage that Jan found lasting romance. In October 1957, she married Frank Fras- ello, associate producer of “Talent Scouts.” The following August—a week or so after Frank left to take a job on another network—CBS announced: “Miss Davis is retiring to private life.” Her retirement seems permanent. She had a lovely house on Long Island and is devoted to Frank’s two daughters and daugh- ter from his first marriage.

Marriage and the Godfrey program seemed to mix well. Perhaps Arthur—like many a Hollywood V.I.P. —believed his starlets had more audience appeal in single blessedness. Per- haps he felt their first and only loyalty should be to their shows, just as he as resented their taking on any outside interests—particularly, going into business for themselves.

Musical director Archie Bleyer, who came to him from Broadway in 1946, managed to run afoul of both rules, sometime seven years later. The {.90长途}organs were sold, Records and re- leased discs by Julius LaRosa (the Unhumble) and Don McNeill (rival daytime host on another net). Archie also took both a romantic and a professional interest in a singing group on “Godfrey Time.”

The Chordettes had come from Sheboygan, Wisconsin, to win on “Talent Scouts” in September, 1949, and stayed to become Godfrey’s favorite “female barbershop quartet.” Until 1953, that is. By this time, two of the original members had retired to marriage and motherhood, but Janet Ertel and Carol Bleyer—the latter a singing “bass” and “baritone,” augmented by Lynn Evans and Margie Needham as the “tenors.”

Carol was married to Janet’s brother Bob, Lynn was the wife of an insurance man, and Margie was about to wed Walter Lukzo. The Chordettes’ musical arranger. But Janet was no longer interested, and Archie was about to be divorced.

In November, Bleyer was bounced from Godfreydom, hot on LaRosa’s heels. Things happened fast in 1954: (Continued on page 73)
“We hear and read a lot, these days, about ‘good’ music coming back. It never left our station.” That statement comes from the man who basically determines what popular records are played on Milwaukee’s WTMJ. He’s Gordon Hinkley, Popular Music Supervisor, as well as a featured personality on several WTMJ and WTMJ-TV shows. . . . Gordon currently is featured on four programs: An early, early record show, “Top O’ The Morning,” Monday through Friday from 6:30 to 9:30 A.M., on which he plays what he calls “lively” morning music while keeping southeastern Wisconsin residents up-to-date on weather and road conditions, the correct time and other important information; “Ask Your Neighbor,” a 25-minute weekday feature on which housewives—and an occasional male listener—call to ask for solutions to minor problems they have run into. (“I’m probably the world’s best-informed male when it comes to such domestic problems and procedures,” Gordon comments. “But it does create problems for me—Joyce [his wife] says, if I’m such an authority on homemaking, how come I don’t do more around the place?”); “Tonight—Milwaukee,” WTMJ-TV’s 15-minute prelude to NBC’s “Tonight” show, on which he chats informally with top celebrities visiting Milwaukee; and “Invitation to Beauty,” an hour-long classical and semi-classical music program sponsored by a fine suburban restaurant. . . . Gordon and Joyce—high-school sweethearts who were married in 1943, just before Gordon entered service—live in a modest Cape Cod home in suburban Whitefish Bay, with their three children (as seen in the picture below).

Gordon Hinkley’s surrounded by them—musical ones and those written by fans. And they all have to do with his job as music supervisor of Station WTMJ.
This handsome star of TV's "Whiplash" wields a powerful whip hand at home, but it's made entirely of love.

It's obvious Peter is always surrounded by beautiful women and he loves every minute of it. Said women are wife Joan—daughters Kelly, 11; Claudia, 8; Amanda, 4.
Peter Graves, tall, blond, good-looking and successful, is a Hollywood phenomenon—a happy actor. Not only is he content with his job, but he's a devoted family man who shuns the usual star's social life, preferring to spend his evenings at home in Pacific Palisades. "I've got no complaints," he grins happily. "Why should I, with two series on TV, a wonderful wife and three daughters? I've also got good friends and I like my work. Could a man ask for more?" At 15, Peter was already one of the youngest full-fledged members of the Musician's Union. He played clarinet and saxophone with local groups in Minneapolis (where he was born "Aurness"—he's the brother of "Gunsmoke's" Jim Arness!) and occasionally got a chance to "sit in" with visiting big-name bands. At 16, he decided he wanted to be a radio announcer and talked WNIN into giving him a job after school. Upon graduation, he enlisted in the U.S. Air Force. Two years later, taking advantage of the G.I. Bill of Rights, the ambitious Peter enrolled at the University of Minnesota as a drama major. To earn extra money, he continued playing the sax and radio-announcing parttime. He also fell in love with a vivacious coed, Joan Endress. As soon as he collected his degree, he headed for Hollywood. There were times when Peter slept in his car because he had no rent money. But he doesn't think of those days as having been unpleasant. "A bit of struggling toughens you up," he points out, "and makes you more grateful for the break when it comes." Meanwhile, Peter was finding that the old adage about absence making the heart grow fonder was true. He sent for Joan and they were married on the proverbial shoestring. It proved to be the turning point for him, as producer Frank Melford saw him in his first big TV role and cast him in "Rogue River." A number of important movie roles followed, in "Stalag 17," "Beneath the Twelve-Mile Reef," "Night of the Hunter," and "Fort Yuma." The actor was hesitant about accepting an offer to star in the Western TV series, "Fury," because he felt his real future was in motion pictures. But he decided that a family man must consider the present, so he accepted. TV producer Ben Fox also had his eye on Peter and moved in with an offer: How would Peter like to star in "Whiplash," a story dealing with the exciting days of the gold rush in Australia? The thought of six months' filming "down under" intrigued Graves and he signed for the role of Freeman ("Chris") Cobb, an American from Boston who founds a stageline in Australia. Stateside, the family lives in a Spanish-style house in Pacific Palisades with the family pet, "Mandy," a springer spaniel. Peter keeps his 6-foot-2 frame lean and hard through swimming, surfing and horseback riding, three of his favorite sports.
Although Hal Murray loves doing his early-morning daily show for KDWB, he does admit that it sometimes gets a bit nerve-wracking. Says he with a grin, “I’m the only guy I know who can thread the needle of a sewing machine while it’s still in motion!” Such is the brand of humor, thousands of listeners in the Minneapolis-St. Paul area are treated to every morning. . . . Hal actually began his career at WATL. One day, the announcer on a show called “Afternoon Swing Session” was ill and Hal filled in, and gave it all he had in the way of gags, puns, etc. Soon, the switchboard was lit up like a Broadway marquee with queries of “Who is that nut?” The nut remained until he moved on to better things at various stations, finally arriving at KDWB. . . . While Hal was appearing at the Gallery Circle Theater in New Orleans, he kept looking off-stage at a pretty prop manager named Elise Taylor. She eventually became Mrs. Murray and now there are two little
Hal and Elise pursue respective hobbies as often as possible.

Hal spends many hours preparing for his show.

Hal’s wife Elise has to use ingenious methods to wake him.

Meet KDWB’s merry morning madman, who spins his show jest for fun

comics in the family—Michael, 4, and Mark, 2 . . . All four Murrays figure ten must be their lucky number. Hal was born on October 10; Elise on February 10; Michael on September 10; and Mark on November 10. It’s ten to one, too, that Hal Murray will be regaling his listeners for a long time to come!

Here’s the rest of the merry Murray clan—Michael, 4, Mark, 2.
Meet the busiest man on Columbus TV—WTVN-TV's Gene Fullen, who loves every minute of it

WTVN-TV's Gene Fullen is known around Columbus as "the busiest man on television" but that is not quite accurate. Oh, he does do an interview show, "Guest Room," and a bowling show, "Spare Time," and a quiz show, "Dialing for Dollars," and guest shots on shows like "The Real McCoys." But he is—believe it or not—even busier off television! For example, he raises fruit trees, flies a plane, takes colored movies, refinishes furniture, emcees at dance parties for young people, plays the bass viol, and runs a small ceramics business. His ambition? To retire at 55! Chances are Gene will be much too busy then!
(Continued from page 66)

Archie signed The Chordettes for Cadence—their waxing of "Mr. Sandman, Send Me a Dream" hit the top of the charts—and Janet became Mrs. Bleyer. The Chordettes are still in harmony today, though there've been further changes. Margie's out and Ginny Lock ard's in. Joyce Weston, former publicist for Frankie Avalon and Fabian, replaces Janet when the girls go on tour. Janus stays home, to fuss over her teen-age daughter and her busy recording-executive husband. The Bleyers are quite content, thank you, with their careers just as they are.

So is Marion Marlowe, the statuesque singing beauty who also found romance "behind the scenes." Marion remembers vividly that she started on the Arthur Godfrey show on January 9th, 1951, at 8:22 P.M. She must recall, equally clearly, that she was fired on April 15th, 1955, after falling in love with Larry Puck—who'd lost his job as producer of the Wednesday-night show, the day their engagement was announced.

Marion's always expressed gratitude for her "wonderful years" with Godfrey, but has also confessed: "I felt the props were knocked out from under me when I was fired, but, thanks to Ed Sullivan, I went right back to work and I haven't stopped." She's singing and acting—and married to Larry.

The happy-ever-after ending seemed to elude the real-life Cinderella of the "Godfrey gang"—Lu Ann Simms (Lucille Ann Ciminelli), who leaped to fame from a $33-a-week job behind a department store music counter, when she won on "Talent Scouts," April 21st, 1952.

All seemed smooth sailing and she kept her new job, after marrying her Prince Charming, Loring Buzzell, in 1954. A year later, she took leave of absence to have her baby, Cynthia. Then, before she could return, Lu Ann was notified that her contract wouldn't be renewed.

"If I only knew why!" she wailed, as she tried to pick up the pieces of her career and care for her baby, too. Lu Ann wanted lots of babies, felt real happiness was in sight when she became pregnant again. But when little Laura was born, in January, 1960, her mother was a widow. Loring had died unexpectedly of a heart attack—handsome, talented and only 32.

Lu Ann continued to live in their midtown New York apartment, but went back more often to her hometown, to visit her parents and many relatives. She made new friends there, too—and married Casper Stolt, a local liquor salesman, just last October.

She and Casper now live in New York, where she keeps an eye on her late husband's music publishing interests. She makes frequent personal appearances, says she's happy, and seemingly bears no grudges against fate. "Without Godfrey," she says, "I'd still be working in a Rochester store."

But the singer who may owe Arthur most of all is the one least likely ever to be a Little Godfrey again. Frank Parker had once been one of the biggest and most romantic male stars on radio, but he was in his mid-forties and unemployed when Godfrey gave him another chance in 1949.

It proved to be a most satisfying comeback, with TV added for good measure. Frank paid off old debts, saved money, revived his career. Then, in June, 1956, the inevitable came as it must to all Little Godfreys. His contract wasn't renewed.

Frank guested on other shows, took night-club dates, did quite a bit of television—though he observed, in 1958: "TV, with its offers of higher stakes but threats of shorter life, has made beasts of normally nice people. I've seen what goes on behind the scenes of many big shows, and it isn't pleasant...

"I was one of the few who got along nicely with Arthur Godfrey, and I appreciate the almost seven years I was with him. But one day he'd overwhelm me with kindness and the next day he wouldn't even speak to me."

In 1959, Parker moved to Hollywood, took a bachelor apartment. "I live alone," he explained. "This climate is good for my old bones."

At this late date, it isn't likely Frank would want to appear regularly on a TV show. But his good wishes will always go with the man who gave him a big "second chance" years ago.

No, Arthur Godfrey's former "Friends" haven't forgotten him. If it's TV he wants, they hope he'll get it. With or without them. —PAUL DENIS

"Arthur Godfrey Time" is heard on CBS Radio, Mon.-Fri., at 9:10 A.M. EDT.
THE LENNON SISTERS

(Continued from page 29)

her thoughtful and serious attention. Mrs. Kay Esser, a longtime friend and neighbor, was sitting in on this particular discussion. "I wouldn't count Janet out of the race," she laughed. "She just might beat these two oldies to the altar . . ."

The thought jarred into pleased and grateful eyes on Mrs. Esser. "Well, I've read that, in some places, girls marry at a very early . . ."

"We've all heard about those places," Sir Lennon interrupted, "but this isn't one of them. My opinion, speaking as their mother, is that Kathy will be very fine, if I have a feeling she'll shop around quite a bit first."

Janet promptly dissented. "I think Peggy will be first."

But, when challenged to give reasons, she shrugged, "I'm not sure why, but it seems to me Peggy's chances are better.

"Gee, thanks," retorted Kathy, who's the most extroverted of the girls."

"All," said Janet, somewhat subdued, "that's my opinion and I'll stick by it."

As for the two most likely candidates to go the route DeeDee did, Kathy and Peggy are divided in their views. Peggy will probably take the big step first," says Kathy. But Peggy advises, "Put your money on Kathy."

"This good-humored and, as Bill puts it, "natural" guess game has in some way filtered out beyond the circle of family and friends, and the Lenons have received many letters asking questions very much to the point. In answer, here is the situation as of now. . . ."

There is no one young man in the busy, happy life of either Peggy or Kathy's life. Dianne, whose heart was committed to a neighborhood boy she began dating when still in high school, Peggy and Kathy have a goodly number of boyfriends whom they date as often as their work schedules and inclinations allow.

Bill—who, with sly humor, refers to himself as "the only boy of the Brood"—points out that "the phone never stops ringing for Kathy." He hastens to add, however, "I'll say this, though—she dates so many different types that it's hard to guess which type she really prefers. I doubt if she herself is sure. And that's probably why she hasn't yet become involved in any of them. But Kathy has never led a boy on. From the start, she's straight from the shoulder and makes it clear that marriage is not one of her pressing concerns at the moment. If the lad is willing to date on a friendly basis, and nothing more comes of it, that's fine with her. Of course, one of these friendships might well develop into love.

The theory some members of the family hold with regard to Peggy—that she will take her sweet time in picking her mate—is explained this way by Sir Lennon. "Peggy is the sort of girl who finds a world of serenity and happiness in herself. Sometimes she will go up to her room and curl up with a book. I may look in on her and ask, 'What are you doing?' She'll smile and tell me, 'Being happy, Mom. . . .' That doesn't mean she has no interest in outdoor sports and in dating young men. On a date, she may be as much fun as Kathy, she's just not as gregarious. But at home she loves to listen to classical music, read or sketch. She has had some art courses in school, and it's another hobby she enjoys."

Peggy and Kathy, and in a limited sense Janet too, have few views on the qualities that for them would be "plus" in a prospective husband. Their tastes and opinions on character seem to coincide. "He needn't be wealthy or even successful," says Peggy, "but he should be a man who does the best that's in him at his job."

"He must like children," muses Janet. "Yes, and even the "sisters," and want a real honest-to-goodness home life."

"And also," Kathy points out, "I'd want him to have the same religion. That way it's so much simpler, and so much better for the children, because then there is unity in the home and fewer problems develop concerning their education and upbringing."

"Yes," adds Peggy, "too often, when parents aren't of the same faith, the children become confused and end up with no religion."

"But he would have to be a man free of prejudice," Janet puts in.

Dating and mating

From Kathy comes the view that "There are small, casual and unimportant matters where a boy and girl don't really have to agree. They're not big enough to upset the balance and harmony of the family, and there's lots of room for a little give-and-take on both sides. But on the basic things in life, there should be an agreement on the sake of everyone concerned. Otherwise, you don't really have enough reason for getting married. I try to get to know each individual boy I date. I give him a chance to talk, to express what's in his mind and heart. It takes time to discover if he has the same basic aims in life you have. I don't say he has to be a 'me-too' type. But if you fight about basic things before you're man and wife, the chances are you'll keep on battling after marriage."

"I hear some girls talk about changing a boy before they'll say yes," Peggy says. "I myself don't approve of it. No girl has to change herself in order to please a boy who's been brought up on a certain way and is set in his style of living to change just for her, and the idea of reforming a man because he has a bad trait or unpleasant habit . . . well, I don't go for that much, either. To me, marriage is good when both partners keep up his or her personality, and somehow both personalities, as they mature, grow together and become truly one.

"Dating is great fun . . . and fun is the object of dating, mostly. But naturally, sooner or later, the talk has got to come around to conditions in the world and problems of life in this period of history. For instance, juvenile delin-

quency is in all the papers and on radio and TV and it's only reasonable for young folks to discuss it."

"That's how you lead into more serious topics," Janet suggests importantly, and is greeted with a tolerant laugh from her older sisters.

"She's right, you know," says Kathy after a pause. "Girls should learn how to communicate, not only with boyfriends, but their family, too. There isn't enough communication between people on dates . . . and often there isn't much of it at all."

"I think what's happened," ponders Peggy, "is that many of the parents of teenagers passed through a very rough period. A lot of them were born during the first world war, then they went through a terrible depression, then another big war—and they didn't want their kids to go through what they did. This is a wonderful intention, but what some of them forget is that the hard times made them into the fine, decent people they are. A kid can find good values from the school of hard knocks. I'm not saying parents should constantly throw it up to their children that they are more right than they are. Teenagers don't like to be lectured even when they agree with the ideas behind the lectures. It makes them feel guilty and hurts their enjoyment of their own better conditions."

"On the other hand," points out Kathy, "most children appreciate things more if they have to work for them. Almost all college boys I know want their own cars. And those who earn money with after-school jobs or weekend work—they seem to get more of a bang out of their cars than the boys who got one the easy way. Which brings up another trait I'd want my husband to have—a healthy respect for money and a willingness to work for it."

According to the "mother of the brood" (there are eleven children in the immediate Lennon family including Dianne, a frequent visitor) all dates are welcome at the house "if they pass the first test." That test, Sir adds with a twinkle, is: "Can they feel relaxed in the midst of us?" Another point in a lad's favor would be a liking of sports. "We're all either baseball or football fans or fans of some game where competitiveness is involved. A sense of humor wouldn't hurt his chances, either, of becoming a friend of the family."

"Woundn't hurt!" shrieks Janet. "In this family, you must have a sense of humor."

"Bill and I have no fundamental objections to youthful marriages," Sir explains. "We follow St. Paul's advice on that. I was nineteen and Bill was twenty-four when we were married. But we were both very sure of what we wanted: a boy and girls, and spending the rest of our lives together."

It is significant that, though Kathy and Peggy agree on the qualities they prefer in young men, they do not seem attracted to the same boys. "Kathy goes more for the Latin type—dark hair and eyes. I'm such a sport, so athletic herself, she likes a fellow who's outgoing and athletic," says Peggy.
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."

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The Lennon Sisters sing on "The Lawrence Welk Show," seen on ABC-TV, Saturdays, from 9 to 10 P.M. EDT.
JACK LINKLETTER

(Continued from page 59) least in their own opinion—a pair of "real tough kids." And they wanted, or thought they wanted, to show their strictly-from-Squaresville, old-fashioned parents that they were big enough to make it on their own.

I guess," says Jack, a bit ruefully now, "that running away was sheer bravado. I went into it without really thinking—or because the other guys at school had done it, too. I wasn't angry with Dad or Mother; in fact, I was careful to leave a little note on my pillow telling my folks not to worry. And I added, 'Remember, Dad himself hobied around when he was a boy and a fellow like you—father of his father's example. Much love, Jack.'"

Jack and his friend took along a couple of sleeping bags and packed knapsacks with canned goods, Krations and a carton of cigarettes. "I don't know what I was going to do with the cigarettes," Jack laughs now, "but I took them along. I understood that was the thing to do."

In the frosty early dawn the boys were still plodding up Highway 101, footsore and weary, when Jack's dad and a couple of his friends found them.

Rain had soaked their T-shirts, their sleeping bags were clammy and comfortless, Krations were nothing like good warm, Mom-prepared breakfasts. Secretly, both kids were relieved that they had been caught.

But Papa Art was furious with his son.

"How could you do this to me?" Jack's father demanded. "Suppose we hadn't found you and we'd had to call the police? Wouldn't that have been a nice mess?"

"Can it happen to me?"

Today, twenty-four-year-old Jack Linkletter, a married man for some years and father of a growing family, looks back on that youthful escape and asks himself: "What are Bobbie and I going to do [Bobbie is Jack's wife] if our boys Mike and Dennis bust loose when they reach their teens? How am I, their father, going to feel? Are they going to wish, as I did, that they could shed themselves of that too-well-known name of Linkletter? And can I, in guiding my children, make use of the wisdom my father taught me—and avoid his mistakes?"

Jack Linkletter, tall, husky, with his father's warm grin and business shrewdness—a fellow who had his own coast-to-coast, nighttime color TV show at twenty—is pretty sure he can profit by his father's mistakes. That manner, by his dad's more mature mistakes, the mistakes that even the most loving, considerate, well-intentioned parent can sometimes make.

Human beings are fallible, as Jack well knows, and if he and his dad were occasionally at odds, the fault was largely Jack's. Father and son were basically affectionate and close—and still are. "Remember," says Jack, "Dad never knew who his real parents were, while we kids had all the love and devotion we needed. And no one had more faith and confidence in me than my dad did. That was true, even when I was in New York doing my 'Haggis Baggis' show, and Dad wrote me a note I'll always treasure. There were other letters from home, almost daily letters, but this is the one that meant so much.

"I can't begin to tell you (Dad wrote) 'how proud I am of what you have done so far. With each appearance you are looking more like a champion, and I can see the growth in your poise, confidence and authority from week to week. Just keep on in the same direction . . . and I won't be able to find much to complain about.'"

Young Jack grinned at the memory. Then he went on. "Of course, Dad, being Dad and a real perfectionist, had to put a little P.S. on the note, 'I have only one admonition,' he said. 'There were eight "wonderfuls" in your show last night. Go into a corner and repeat over and over again, at least twenty-five times, "I will not say 'wonderful' again.' Then get a Rogel's Thaurus and write down all the other expressions that are fresher and more wonderful to use. Remember, this is your "wonderful" old Dad, signing off to his "wonderful" boy wonder on Broadway."

In the Linkletter home, the relationship between parents and children (Jack has a younger brother, Bob, and three younger sisters; Dawn, Sharon and Diane) was a fundamentally sound relationship, and Jack could usually go to his dad with his problems. "Even in high school," Jack said, "Dad and Mother, and I and my girlfriends, frequently double-dated. Since my marriage, we still do. Now and then, Dad even allows me the 'privilege' of picking up the tab. We go cycling or play badminton; we're a close-knit family, and we've always had lots of fun together."

But Art Linkletter is pushing fifty, and Jack is twenty-four. The two have different viewpoints and lead different lives. Jack himself is the first to admit, "We're not at all the same, and we don't always think the same."

Most of all, as Jack once said, "There is a special ground for friction that is steadily present between a Hollywood star and his offspring from the day the child is born: The famous name itself. A star is the inheritor of hallowed name-down prestige, and I, at least, resent it. In my junior-high days, that name 'Linkletter' became as unwelcome and as hurtful to me as the name 'Lard' or 'Tubby' must be to an overweight kid. My brother Bob, who is six years younger than I, took it fairly calmly, with his own explosive temper, I got into trouble."

From his own experience, Jack knows that, for the first dozen years or so, the life of a celebrity's son—or daughter—is a kind of magnificent fairy tale. The younger is petted, fawned over, deferred to by older people who should know better, by young people who should know even better. That makes the Linkletter name, but about the kind of human being Jack was becoming.

All this self-discovery took a while, and Jack had to be moved from the unfavorable climate of Emerson into Beverly Hills High. But continued to travel with some of the most tough crowd, but his heart was no longer in it. As he has said, "I began to mix more with my classmates at Beverly Hills. I ended the year as president of the junior class, and I was master of ceremonies of our talent show. My final two years of high school were among the best years of my life."
There were, of course, certain things that he still didn't like about his father's way of bringing up the children. "For instance," says Jack, "none of the five Linkletter kids was ever given a regular weekly allowance. What money we got, we had to earn.

If I asked for a dollar to take a girl to the movies, Dad would say, 'All right, wash the car,' or 'Go clean up the garage.' I won't say Dad's way was wrong, but personally, I don't relish price tags on things. My children will get regular allowances, but they'll also be taught the true value of money."

When Jack married Barbara Hughes, he was then nineteen, and she about six months older.

"No, I don't think I married too young," Jack said. "Dad and Mother weren't much older when they got married. Dad was the kind of lad, or so he once told me, who liked to skip around from girl to girl, while I was the more conservative type. I always went steady with my girl—at least for a couple of weeks. But when I met Bobbie . . . well, that was it."

The two youngsters did a smart thing. Bobbie had come from a broken home, and she had a great feeling of insecurity about herself and marriage. She had to be absolutely sure that her marriage would last. That way, she and Jack went together for a year and a half, and were formally engaged for nine months. Even more, the young couple decided that a "preparation for marriage" course would help them immeasurably. So they enrolled, and faithfully attended, Dr. James Peterson's "Reconciling and Marriage" clinic at U.C.L.A.

"We got so much out of it," Jack chuckles, "that we decided to have Dr. Peterson marry us, and he did. The ceremony took place at Pasadena's Oneonta Church. There were about five hundred people present, including, of course, both our families. I'll never forget the scene when Dr. Peterson came up to me, while I was nervously pacing the vestry, and demonstrated that he'd learned a little about show business. 'I'll tell you one thing, Jack,' Dr. Peterson smiled, 'for this wedding of yours, you've pulled a great house!'"

Today, Jack and Bobbie are building a big new home in Brentwood, with four bedrooms for the children—those who have, and those they expect to have. "We want at least four kids," Jack revealed, "and Bobbie and I have decided to have them all right away, one after another—boom, boom, boom. I want to have time with them as they grow. I don't want them spread out too far apart. That was the trouble in our family. Dad and Mother, probably for financial reasons, had their five kids too many years apart. Take my youngest sister, Diane. There's almost a dozen years' difference between us, and sometimes I feel I hardly know her."

Discipline his kids? Oh, yes, Jack will discipline his youngsters, all right. Little Mud and last . . . and why you babies to come, may not be held by as tight a rein as Art Linkletter held his children—but Jack's children will..."
learn to obey. And if they don’t, their little bottoms will feel the strong hand of authority.

Fond Mama Bobbie was the one who cringed from spanking little Michael—at first. “No spanking for my children,” she used to say to Jack. But Mike can be a handful, as both young parents have discovered. He is spirited, anything but docile, and can be very stubborn. He needs a firm hand and guidance, and, as Jack grins, “I think Bobbie has finally learned how to spank.”

Yet Jack is sure that there is one course his father followed which he definitely will not adhere to. “Parents tend to over-protect their kids,” Jack says. “That’s why, I suppose, my brother Bob and I were sent to private school. We were a little wild!”

No, Jack doesn’t mind his young-asters following his footsteps—and their grandfather’s—into show business. That is, if they want to. Little Mike has already racked up a long list of credits for appearances with both Jack and Art. “Really,” says Jack, “I can’t think of a better arrangement than for a son to follow in his father’s path in any business. After all, he becomes accustomed to it and schooled in it very early. A carpenter’s son should know the trade of pipes and cabinets than a fellow who doesn’t study carpentry until he’s grown.”

Still, Bobbie Linkletter doesn’t seem quite so enthusiastic about an entertainment career for little Michael. “Look, Jack,” she keeps telling her husband, “let’s not railroad our son into show business like Bobbie.”

Jack definitely will not. He knows that professionally it was all too easy for someone like himself to get a start in TV; after all, he was Art Linkletter’s son. But he knows, too, that sometimes the carefree, happy years of the mid-teens get squeezed out or lost—then no way to anything like this happen to his children. They’ll be guided and counseled, and they’ll learn both from their father’s mistakes—and their grandfather’s.

“I think,” said Jack, “it’s the insecurity of show business that disturbs Bobbie. True enough, you make good money while you’re working. But when you’re not working, that money has to stretch. I’ve had several shows canceled out from under me, and I know how it feels. I’ve got a big house with big payments.”

Canny Jack, however, has little real need to worry. He has just built, with an associate, a big apartment house in Santa Monica; he has interests in a chain of children’s dance schools and in an entertainment packaging company which handles and produces fairs and civic events. He is also a principal member of an insurance agency and is an investor and developer of tract homes in San Diego. But probably the most interesting of his extensive outside activities is his position as administrator of his father’s far-flung enterprises.

“That dad of mine is a real character,” Jack laughs. “Why, he has oil wells and real estate he’s never even seen. And what does he do to his check book? He never enters the amounts in his stubs. When I call him on it, and I do, he says, ‘Now, Jack, if I’m overdrawn, the bank will tell me about it.’ That’s my Dad. He revels in wheeling and dealing, but hates details. I love them.”

If Jack had his childhood to live over again, he might—just might—live it differently. But Art Linkletter gave family life a warm meaning, a closeness that Jack and his brother and sisters will always treasure. And Jack is not really too concerned about any mistakes his dad may have made. Jack isn’t a célébrite, doesn’t know a grand job with his son, and that is the lesson Jack will carry with him, always.

—FÁVIO FREEDMAN

Jack Linkletter hosts “Here’s Hollywood” over NBC-TV, M-F., 4:30 P.M. Art Linkletter’s “House Party”, also M-F., is on CBS-TV at 2:30 P.M., on CBS Radio at 10:10 P.M. (All Ed.)

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EDDIE FISHER

(Continued from page 25) "If I ever needed you," he sang, "I need you now." The young man spread his hands in a gesture of appeal. The women in the studio audience rose, shouting and crying, in answer to his plea. Millions of America, watching on television, turned to their husbands, remarking how much they liked that nice boy. And one woman, in particular, thought she’d never forget him...

The “nice boy” with the easy baritone ballad was young Eddie Fisher, and the year was 1954. At twenty-four, he was a phenomenal success. Four of his records had passed the million mark, and his personal appearances were sold out as soon as they were announced. Eddie had come a long way in a short time.

The Woman knew all about that. The early poverty in Philadelphia... the first tries for a career... the night at the midnight show where Eddie Cantor discovered him... the big night at The Riviera night club when, filling in at the last minute, young Fisher proved that Cantor had been right. He was "going places." She knew, too, of the day in 1951 when Eddie Fisher opened his mail and found, among the fan letters, a notice of a very different sort. For the next two years, he was booked solid with the U.S. Army. He was headlined as soloist with the Army band, singing at recruiting rallies, and entertaining the troops in Europe, Japan and Korea. Private Fisher’s vocal aptitudes made a lot of girls forget briefly that they were lonely and their men were far from home. The men themselves remembered the shy kid who kept smiling and singing in spite of his tedious journeys and impossible schedules.

When Eddie came home in 1953, his fans clamored for more records, and TV and radio networks begged for his services. Less than a month after he left the Army, Eddie faced the cameras and mikes with a bottle of Coke in his hand. He looked sort of nice and shy, a skinny kid with dark eyes and a friendly smile. He wasn’t a brilliant conversationalist, nor a great comedian. He didn’t have to be.

He simply sang the ballad-type songs he liked, and the whole country heard and saw in him the things they liked best. His style and material were inoffensive—no gimmicks or fades—a straightforward style and a fine baritone. And everyone listened, and bought records and Coca-Cola. Eddie had the unexplainable "Teen-aged girls liked Eddie. Obviously. He was both good-looking and shy, the kind of fellow who would hold a girl’s hand and say something romantic... and maybe blush. They dreamed of marrying him, or someone like him.

And teen-aged boys liked Eddie, who was like a teenager himself—one of the gang. He looked just a tiny bit puny, as if you could beat him up if he made a play for someone’s girl. He looked a bit timid, too, as if he needed friends.

Young wives liked Eddie. They could imagine being married to him... or he could easily be a kid brother, or the type of a man “our Junior” will some day be. And young husbands liked him because he was not pretty-boy handsome... and because he had had a real struggle to become a success, such as they themselves were having. Moreover, Eddie was a soldier who had done his bit.

Older people liked him. He might have been their own son. A nice religious boy who respected his parents. Excellent manners, and a clean-cut appearance. The kind of boy they’d want their daughter to marry.

And the Woman thought about him often, and felt good for him.

Eddie Fisher was the all-American boy... rags to riches... Horatio Alger... "Mr. Cinderella." By the time he was twenty-four, Eddie had rocketed to heights that few performers reach after an entire lifetime.

What more could a fellow want? He told, a fellow of his age, and the press was hot for Eddie to do romance. They linked him with one starlet after another... until he happened to meet Miss Debbie Reynolds, a national idol in her own right. In the following year, their friendship was the talk of Anytown, U.S.A. He loves her, loves her more... when would they marry... why such a long engagement? Only the two of them know the truth about when...
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he bore it like a gentleman. Eddie accepted all the blame, and with quiet dignity. Perhaps the union could never work because of the differences in the two partners. But Eddie publicly said it was his fault, that Debbie had tried and he had failed.

The love that failed

He had failed to learn how to love his wife. (Can one learn to love?) So Eddie played the role of villain. And, through it all, Debbie was brave and truly acted like a little lady by not involving Eddie in the divorce proceedings. And Eddie lost his kingdom. His record sales fell, his name was ruined, his sponsors dropped his TV show, and his network tried to squirm out of the remainder of his fifteen-year contract. He gave Debbie most of his savings and properties. Everything was gone. He felt the damage to his career, but the deepest pain of all was the separation from little Carrie and Todd. He had thrown it all away.

He had also thrown away the respect of the Woman who would be most important in his future. Shocked, hurt, disappointed . . . not wanting to believe . . . she turned away. Her "nice boy" had become someone she did not want to know.

All this he threw away . . . for Liz? For love. Eddie said that he found love for the first time in his life. Where Debbie had been an efficient little manager and a dutiful wife, Eddie found strange and exciting qualities in Liz. Liz needed him like a woman ought to—has to—need her man. They were married in Las Vegas after Fisher was granted a quickie divorce. "This marriage will be for the rest of our lives," said Eddie. He said it sincerely, and hopefully. Liz said so, too.

Eddie started producing, and bought his own recording company. He began making his own career, which had not been affected by the gossip—except possibly to increase her allure at the box office. Earlier in his career, Eddie Fisher had played a command performance for England's Queen Elizabeth. Now he was at the command of America's queen Liz. She insisted that Eddie Fisher appear in "The Seven Year Itch." And so Eddie studied acting with Stella Adler, the New York drama coach. It didn't help much. Liz got an Academy Award for her portrayal, and her husband was named "Worst Actor of the Year" by the Harvard humor magazine, The Lampoon. Eddie's singing career fell by the wayside, in favor of Miss Taylor's enterprises. Eddie Fisher decided to assist in producing "Cleopatra" and his major job—for which he received a handsome salary—was simply to keep his wife happy. She was preparing her role when she suddenly fell victim to a dangerous climate. The many bouts both the Fishers had had with sickness in their brief marriage.

Eddie lost some thirty pounds with the worry and watching at her bedside. Nevertheless, he refused to leave, or to give up. He wouldn't let her die. Not the woman he loved! As Liz fought for her life, Eddie fought, too. He asked the world to join him as he prayed by her deathbed. . . .

He continued to pray with all his heart . . . and the prayers were answered. The crisis passed. The lovely Miss Taylor regained her health. During her convalescence, Eddie took her to sunny resorts where he tried to revive his night-club career. The public saw that his adoration went far deeper than the voluptuous Taylor body and face. And the Woman, who had rejected him, began to see the good in this boy again. Still, when he made his first new record in a long time, she didn't buy it.

But a return to work could not replace the emptiness Eddie felt without his children. The Fishers learned that Liz could never have another child. Debbie's little ones would see their own father very infrequently, and they would grow up under the guidance of Debbie's new husband and regard him as a father. Liz had three children . . . two boys from her second marriage, to Michael Wilding, and Mike Todd's daughter. Eddie loved all the children . . . if he could, he would have adopted all three of them. Instead, he was only allowed to become the daughter's legal parent. The adoption was arranged, and the little girl was named Liza Todd-Fisher.

Eddie still desired a larger family; he was one of seven children himself. And he had a heartfelt of love to share. Liz made plans to adopt another child. Fisher knew he would be accepting a great deal of responsibility. Liz was always so busy. She needed time to relax in her room, to rest upon her feathery pillows. She would play with the children for a while—no one doubted that she loved them—but the majority of the attention had to be left to nursesmaids and to Eddie. Still, he wanted a large family to love. . . .

Once the man who had everything, the man who felt Liz had everything, will have nothing. Liz Taylor will divorce him. There is not as much wealth as one might suppose, for the Fishers have lived like royalty and traveled in the greatest style imaginable. Liz's illness cost a small fortune. But far worse than such losses is the thought that Eddie, who has suffered in the eyes of the world.

Perhaps you feel that he deserves this treatment . . . that he dropped Debbie and is justly punished by having Liz jilt him. But he never treated Debbie with anything but the greatest consideration. He took care to consult her, and to make mutual agreements upon the stories they would give to the press. There was no shock or embarrassment.

Eddie doesn't seem to have had the vaguest knowledge that Liz had grown tired of him and wanted new romances and conquests. Despite all the rumors about him, Eddie's co-star in the filming of "Cleopatra," Eddie denied the stories vehemently while still in Rome.

When Eddie arrived in New York City, he still denied that Liz and Burton were carrying on. Fighting the divorce rumors, he stayed briefly in a local hospital. Finally, he was ready to face the newsmen and columnists. "There will be no divorce between—" In mid-sentence, the phone call came from Liz in Rome; she would not confirm his statement.

Mr. Fisher looked very foolish indeed. His wife would have been far kinder to have saved him the shame of being the last to know. Instead, she waited till he had left the country, to drop him and make a fool of him. As one journalist remarked, "Liz tossed him away like a squeezed lemon."

Far worse for Eddie than the loss of the raven-haired Liz is the certain estrangement from the four children. He loved Wilding's sons, Todd's child and Liz's newly adopted one as if they were his own very. He had suffered so much with the parting from his own two . . . when he said goodbye to Carrie and Todd the last time he was permitted to see them, the pain in his heart was mirrored by the sorrow in his eyes. He watched them go and stood silently for a long time . . . then took a deep breath and turned back to Liz.

Now Liz has turned Eddie away.

Now it's up to the Woman

Twice, Eddie Fisher had the world in his hands. And twice he lost it! He stands now with empty hands before the one woman who can help him. Or is he beyond help? Is Eddie washed up, at thirty-three? Has he changed a good deal, from the "nice boy" we used to know. Eddie no longer looks shy and innocent. The burden of his sorrow and his rich living are discernible in his once-boyish face. He is no longer the guileless kid from Philly. Or the guiltless kid, for that matter.

He has been punished. The question is: Has he suffered enough? Has he been punished enough?

The editors of this magazine ask you —and the Woman who has the power to help Eddie now. You—and the many others like you who once loved him and then, in anger, turned from him. We ask you to tell us what you think now. Does Eddie Fisher deserve another chance to prove his talent? Only you can give him that chance. We will send your ballots to the TV networks and producers. We will tell them how the public feels today about its fallen idol.

How do you feel about him? Do you think it's time to give him another chance?

—LYNN JACKSON

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laugh. And the more he read, the more he laughed. Nobody, he decided, could be as ridiculous as the actor in that article.

The story was about Dick Chamberlain.

When Dick had finished the article, his first reaction was to wonder why the author hadn’t bothered to talk to him before writing it.

His second reaction was to go back through the piece and pick out the worst mistakes. There were so many that it became almost a game—a very high-scoring game! But finally he narrowed it down to what he laughingly thought of as The Seven Deadly Errors.

1. "As a child, Dick was so painfully shy that he always kept to himself. He was a real loner."

2. "He didn’t get along with the other boys, because he was awkward and sickly."

3. "He never dated during his high school years—didn’t have the nerve!"

4. "He was so studious that the other kids called him a "nerd."

5. "Even today his shyness still plagued him; he paints in his spare time—to get away from people."

6. "He’s ill-at-ease being a celebrity and wishes he were still unknown to the public."

7. "Although he stars on a weekly television show, he lacks confidence in his humor and is very much afraid of the future."

It wasn’t all lies. It was something much more dangerous—a collection of half-truths, false guesses and bits of phony psychoanalysis that added up to a completely distorted portrait.

And yet, he suddenly realized, if each of the errors were straightened out in turn, the result would be a fairly complete mosaic of the real Dick Chamberlain—a guy he’d gotten to know pretty well during the past quarter-century or so.

He thought about that first statement: "Painfully shy child . . . a real loner." It had been that he had been in high school. Both at Beverley Vista Grammar School and in Beverly Hills High School, he’d been known as a person who never had too much to say.

But it certainly hadn’t made him a "loner!" There’d been six or seven guys who’d gone all through school with him from about the fourth grade on, and they’d been close. And when they’d reached dating age, an equal number of girls had joined the group.

Of course, there’d been the braces.

... those ugly, prominent, awkward braces he’d had on his teeth for a few years during school. How he’d hated them—and tried to keep his mouth shut as much as possible.

But it was true—he never did have much to say. However, in school that could be an asset; kids tend to resent anyone who comes on too strong. It had helped get him elected a class officer, as well as (in his senior year) "Most Sophisticated," "Most Courteous" and "Most Reserved."

He’d also been chosen "Best Physique"—which pretty well took care of the second claim, that he was "awkward and sickly" in school. He’d gotten that physique by swimming, riding—and by taking a lot of exercise. Some of his best friends were the other boys on the team. Later on, at Pomona College, he’d starred on the college track team, too.

Number Three: "He never dated during his school years—didn’t have the nerve!"

"I wish the three girls I went steady with in high school had known that," he thought.

There had been difficulties, though, and embarrassments. One was the fact that he didn’t have his own car, which forced him to double-date or have his father drive.

A blow to his pride

And there had been the time he was invited up to a girl’s house at Arrowhead for a week, along with another couple. That was a week he preferred to forget.

Everything had gone fine for the first days. But one night his girl’s parents had gone to a party for the evening. Dick and the girl—her name was Anne—were sitting near the fire with the other couple, feeling pretty romantic, when the doorbell rang. It was Anne’s ex-boyfriend, and for over an hour Dick had to sit quietly while the boy, with the other guest, conversation and made a play for Anne. To top things off, Anne and the boy went for a ride around the lake, leaving Dick without a girl. They didn’t come back for hours. The next morning, Dick took a bus back to town.

But even that hadn’t really discouraged him, and by the following fall he was back in the dating swing again.

Error Number Four was really a whopper: "He was so studious that the other kids called him a "grind."

As a matter of fact, this might have been the cause of his shyness—not that he was a grind, but that he did rather poorly in school. He was afraid sometimes that the other students would laugh at his disinterest, so he tended not to say too much if he could avoid it.

It wasn’t that he was stupid; he just wasn’t very interested in school. And it showed up in his marks. In fact, he could trace the crowning embarrassment of his school years to his poor marks: When he re-entered the third grade, his entire class skipped ahead a half-year when the school changed its grade system. All except Dick. He was put back a half-year. It was like flunking, and the insult ranked for a long time. Fortunately, a patient and understanding teacher named Florence Montgomery had then entered the picture, and with her help, particularly in increasing his reading speed—Dick’s studies were no longer a problem.

But not until he entered Pomona College did Dick really become interested in school. That was when he discovered acting. For the first time, his interest was seized and held, and the change was remarkable. Suddenly, there wasn’t enough time in the day to learn all he wanted to about acting, and with delight he lost himself in preparations for a whole series of school plays.

In losing himself, he had found himself all at last, and that was the way he wanted to spend his life. After college, a two-year interval serving in the peacetime Army in Korea seemed almost interminable because it kept him away from acting, and as soon as he was back in Los Angeles as a civilian, he began to search for work in the theater and on television—a"grind."

As a year and a half went by, during which he lived frugally on the skimpy income from occasional television roles, much of his money went into dramatic lessons with Jeff Corey and singing lessons with Caroline Trojanowski.

Dick looked at Error Number Five: "His shyness still plagues him; he paints—to get away from people."

But that was the amazing thing. Although his shyness had never really left him, he somehow discovered the ability to turn it from a handicap into an asset. It certainly didn’t "plague" him. In high school and college, apparently, the darkly predicted he eventually found his reserves of appealing and easy to take. And it had proved to be of real benefit in his career. For shyness, he had discovered, could really become a kind of control—a control of the emotions, keeping them from getting out of hand, so that he could select the proper emotions when he needed it in a certain way. Of course, he’d noticed, would sometimes get so carried away by the roles that they went overboard and threw their whole performance out of focus. He, on the other hand, could keep his power in reserve until it was needed.

It was true that he still painted—he’d become a painting major at Pomona when he decided that his real interest lay in acting. But he had decided against painting as a career partly because it kept him away from people. The life of a painter, alone for hours every day with his canvas, was too lonely a prospect for a life’s work, he’d decided. Now painting was a pleasant hobby to take time, an added creative outlet, but nothing more. Certainly he didn’t do it to avoid people.

True, he did try to avoid typical Hollywood parties, with their hordes of guests. But that was mainly because they were so hectic you couldn’t really get to know anyone. And that activities that he called the "hustle" of life, he tried to talk about it to people who were willing to listen and to contribute their own ideas. That was why he’d been dating girls like Myrna Fahey, Carole Wells and dancer Vicki Thai. They were either actresses, like Myrna and Carole, or interested in show business, like Vicki. Dick hadn’t gotten really serious with any of them, because right now he wanted to concentrate on his career. But he certainly enjoyed their company and hoped they liked him.

Error Number Six was easy to dispose of. "Ill-at-ease being a celebrity,
When Dick had finished going over his list, he was ready to throw the magazine away.

"Wait!" he thought. "There must be something in this article that's completely correct."

There was. In fact, there were two things. One at the beginning and one at the end. He read them over:

"Richard Chamberlain was born on March 31, 1935, in Los Angeles, the son of furniture manufacturer Charles Chamberlain and his wife Elsa. . . . He is now under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where he has appeared in a feature picture, 'A Thunder of Drums,' and is seen each Thursday in the title role of the 'Dr. Kildare' series over NBC-TV."

Dead right, Dick had to admit. For the most part, the article was only wrong about the things that had happened in between. —James Gregory

**COMEDIANS' WIVES**

(Continued from page 34)

more of you than another man. Comedians depend so deeply on their wives. They know you're not going to hurt them.

"Our house revolves around Andy. Dinner is when he's ready. If he takes a day off, I cancel my plans. If he's home earlier than expected and I'm out, he'll be in a chin shop. He wants me here when he's here. It's a form of selfishness. You must give all of yourself and not expect much in return."

Having met Andy when both were music majors at the University of North Carolina, the green-eyed Southerner married him three years after he proposed—which was three days after they met. Her one-time theatrical itch now gets scratched with hobbies like choir work and poetry writing.

Explains Barbara. "A comic has an absolute super-ego. It's up to a wife to appease this ego."

In common with most comedians, her husband is a good family man, extremely generous, gracious about her relatives. He tries to please, but: "It's a hard life in that there's a constant digging of yourself. A constant giving. A continual satisfying of the other's needs."

Plainfield, New Jersey's Margie Little Durante, permanently engaged to Gentleman Jim some fifteen years, now married to him some eighteen months, says, "We're very happy, but generally if you marry a comedian it's rougher than if your husband is a butcher or baker. It's not a normal, routine, nine-to-five existence."

"Jimmy usually gets up, eleven or twelve. Now he's up at six making the movie, 'Jumbo.' He usually goes to bed midnight. But when he's working night clubs, it's not until four A.M. Most men relax at night. Jimmy's relaxation is the races in the middle of the afternoon."

"Then there's the traveling. We recently adopted our first child, a brand-new baby. With children, you can't leave town whenever your husband has to. My wife worries when their husbands are away. You know, there are always younger women and stars always attract the most beautiful ones. The first five years, this bothered me. It doesn't anymore."

"Another thing," the redhead went on, "is Jimmy likes lots of attention. If he's suddenly hungry at four in the afternoon and I couldn't eat until seven, it makes no difference. He wants me to sit down and join him. . . . Do I? Of course!"

"Or if he hurts his finger, it's a 'catastastrophe.' Instead of a Band-Aid, he'll have it bandaged with splints and keep rushing to the doctor."

"A comic's wife needs nerves of steel. Especially if he's doing TV or opening in a night club. I'm terribly nervous then. I just sit there praying. He always insists he's not worried, but I know he is. To give him confidence, I say, 'Oh, honey, what are you worrying about. You know you're great.' And after each performance, he'll ask how he did. This is after fifty years in show business. But they're all that way."

**To love, honor and applaud**

One important element is that a wife be able to "speak the lingo," as Milton Berle put it. Comedians think, breathe and eat comedy. To them, it's serious business. The butcher and his wife rarely sit around the fire of an evening debating the merits of chuck steak vs. veal cutlets, but a comedian's wife is always consulted on which gag she likes, why she likes it, why she thinks everybody else will like it, etc.

Result is, most of their wives come from some phase of show business before giving it up to "love, honor and applaud." Ruth Berle was a press agent.
Bob Hope's Dolores, a singer. Comedienne Kay Leonard married Jack E. on a U.S.O. "Hellzapoppin" tour. Morey Amsterdam's wife, Kay, was a model. Ditto Eden Marx and Mrs. Phil Foster (Joan Featherstone). Montezuma, Georgia's Kathleen Mann, who became Toni Kelly, the once-upon-a-night-club showgirl, is now Jan Murray's everlovin'. Sherry Dubois (nee Ethel Cohen) gave up being a dancing teacher to acquire Buddy Hackett and the little Hackett. Sarah Herron, same actress, met Shelley Berman in a Chicago dramatic school. Ballerina since eleven and actress since twelve, Betty Lou Padoshek married Ken Murray after auditioning for his "Blackouts" revue. Patti Palmer Lewis sang with Jimmy Dorsey's band when Jerry found her. Arnold Stang's missus, Joanne, was a reporter who interviewed him. Orlando, Florida's Evelyn Patrick, on radio since age four, renounced her successful TV career six years ago to care for Phil Silvers' scrapbook.

"Our wives need to be two things. One is a rock. The other is an ear," said Milton Berle. "With the pressures of the business, the uncertainties, always trying to perfect new jokes, always having to be funny, playing different places, you need a woman who's a rock. I had this in my mother. Now I have it in my wife. "Comedians need plenty of guts, a built-in nerve, no inhibitions. They have to be used up. They need someone to lean on. They need what's called 'a stand-up dame.' And that's what Ruth is. "A comedian's wife needs to be 'a handler.' Ruth's a great handler. When I'm upset she gives me the 'just take it easy now' routine." He illustrated with a story that happened when he worked the Eden Roc in Miami Beach. The night before he opened, he'd promised to be in bed by two a.m., but things just weren't going right. It was very late and he was still restaging, pacing and getting generally more nervous and unravaged. A quarter to four, Ruth walked in. She took one look, called him over and said quietly, "Pack up. You're through for tonight. You're going upstairs." And Berle packed up and went upstairs.

One famous television wit maintains he and his conferees are not normal people. They're abnormal. But they need companionship and so do comedians. A comedian can't maintain a 50-50 marriage. It's 65-35. Sixty-five percent of the giving is on the part of the wife. Buddy Hackett also dedicates 50-50 marriage. "In my house," he crowed, "I'm the boss and she's the subject." One obvious fact about comedians' wives is that their husbands' hearts are extremely protective and generally happily married. Mrs. Joey Bishop: "My only comment is, I love my husband very much. We all do. The whole family." Mrs. Bob Hope: "Our whole family loves Bob's business and everything about it. But I insist, because we love Bob. We all idolize him."

Mrs. Jan Murray: "Comedians are gentle people. Very sensitive. Easily wounded. A comic suffers great pain. They require a lot of love. But marrying a comedian is wonderful because if you do something wrong, his reaction to it is funny. . . . I only wish everybody could be as happy as we are."

Married 28 years, Dolores Hope, an erudite, highly intelligent conversationalist, says Bob is unusual in that he's not temperamental. Admittedly, comedy is "a tough profession . . . a precarious business." And Mrs. Hope's analysis of why Mr. Hope doesn't permit himself the luxury of temperament is that he approaches his work scientifically, much as any other business man. Says Dolores, "Bob works very hard and thinks very hard about his profession. He never lets down for a second, even though his popularity is 'way up.' Dolores believes indulging their individuality to prevent relying emotionally on their husbands for every inner need. She insists it's an obligation to develop mentally and physically, to pursue hobbies and thus avoid being a drudge. When things get snafued, she takes it out on the golf course.

To Dolores Hope, comedians aren't

A: Except for comedy specials or his friends like Jack Benny, he prefers shows like "Majors & Minors," "Open End," "College Bowl."

A big question: Are comedians easier to live with before or after they make it big? Which is tougher, the frustrations and fears of failure or the anxieties and fears of success? When Danny Thomas was struggling and intent on working or looking for work on a film, according to a perfectly reliable source, Rosemary never quitted him. She used to pray nightly that he'd make it soon so they'd have more time together. Now he's so busy keeping abreast of millions, they have even less time alone. Most professionals who are "very amusing persons" have several mutual qualities. One is insomnia. "Grouch habitually has me in its doldrums," decrees Eden. "He's tried everything from pills to showering in the middle of the night to an electric vibrator chair. Sometimes I stay up with him. Or try to, anyway. I even taught him Yoga, but nothing helps. "Getting laughs is more nerve-wracking than other businesses. Grouch goes through all the moods. When he's really hurt, he doesn't show it. He shrugs it off with a quip. He's either very happy or very cool. Nothing halfway. That's when the good wife comes in. If I'm in the mood, I jolly him out of it. If not, I just keep quiet. We argue very little because I've learned to give in more. What else can you do?"

And another thing, they're worried. It's been said of Bert Lahr that he's not worrying about today because he's still worrying about what happened twenty years ago! The comedian's wife is often considered the "villain" because, as the buffer between her husband and the outside world, she tries to preserve him. "Danny comes home so exhausted he's barely able to eat," complains Rosemarie Thomas. "He worries about everything and I worry about him. When I see he's neither gay nor amusing anymore, I lure him off for a weekend of his own. I drive a car better than he does. Danny can play a few rounds of golf and relax and be my happy husband again." She loyally insists his bad moods are few and far between, but, sighs Mr. Thomas, "If I were married to a person with my particular temperament, I wouldn't be living at all—never having to watch him!"

And the wives of these highly paid, highly amusing persons have several mutual qualities. One is the ability to laugh at themselves. What choice has Mrs. Henny Youngman when he cracks: "Take away Marilyn Monroe's eyes, take away her hair, take away her mouth, and what have you got? . . . My wife!"

What other choice has Cindy got when Joey Adams sneers, "My wife wears so much cold cream at night that she keeps slipping out of bed!" (Author's Note: I'll tell you what other choice she has. She can write this article and see what kind of a sense of humor he has!) And what can Jeanette King do but get a fixed smile on her face when Alan

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**PHOTOGRAFERS' CREDITS**

Dick Chamberlin color by NBC; Leonard Sestin black-and-white by Leon Beanchemin of Topix; Leonard茛onna color by John Hamilton; Chuck Connors by Dick Blackstone; Vincent Edwards and Bettye Ackerman by Bill Kobrin; Bobby Dorin and Sandra Dee by Lee Thody of P.I.P.; Nancy Sinatra and Tommy Sands by Bob Price; Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton by P.I.P.; Roger Smith and wife by Globe; "The Clever Horizon" by CBS; Grace Kelly and Alfred Hitchcock by Pictorial Parade; Art Linkletter and family by Frank Box of Globe; Annette Funicello and Nino Castelnuovo by Elia Sorci of P.I.P.

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a breed different from everybody, "except they're high above any other kind of people. Even entertainment people. They have great heart. Do unsurpassed charitable work. They're extremely talented. They take your mind off problems, make you laugh. They are the true entertainers."

And are these true entertainers truly entertaining offstage?

Q: (of Mrs. Morey Amsterdam) Is Mr. Amsterdam a good housekeeper?
A: Usually. . . . until I ask for money.

Q: Do you laugh at his jokes at home?
A: Only when we have company. Can and these true entertainers be truly entertained?

Q: (of Mrs. Alvin King) Does Alan enjoy your sense of humor?
A: He never laughs at anything I say. He doesn't think I'm even capable of saying anything amusing. And what kind of entertainment entertains them?

Q: (of Mrs. Marx) Does Groucho think out loud?
A: I've never heard Groucho laugh out loud.

Q: What kind of TV shows does he watch?
Shakespeare said it; “Laugh and the world laughs with you.” The comedian laughs because he’s getting paid to squawk publicly what he wouldn’t have the nerve to squeak privately. The audience laughs because for the first time somebody’s saying what they’re thinking. And the comedian’s wife laughs because she figures, “Nuts to all of you. I’m going to the furrier tomorrow.”

—THE END

SANDRA DEE

(Continued from page 41)

‘Mother, come quickly, I don’t know how to put the nipple on the bottle!’ And she had to come over.

"By the time she arrived, I had the nipple on, all right, but backwards, so that it was too loose. The nipple was rolling all around, and my baby was getting a milk bath!

"But the funny part is this: My mother came over and I said, ‘Is this the way the nipple goes?’ And she said, ‘Yes, I think so,’ And we fed the baby like that. You see, I wasn’t a bottle-fed baby, so how did she know how to put a nipple on? The next day we were sterilizing the bottle and reading the directions, and suddenly I said, ‘Mom—the nipple’s on wrong! We were both surprised.’

She shook her head, “I don’t know. I look at our little boy now and I don’t know how I had the nerve—I’d never diapered a baby before in my life, or even held one in my arms. And yet I wouldn’t let the nurse near him. But when his formula wouldn’t agree with him and he had colic for a week, I naturally called the doctor down every day while he was sick, but I simply wouldn’t call the nurse. I had more nerve! When I think about it now, it frightens me.”

Sandra admitted that Bobby had been a terrific help during that first month. ‘There are some people that are born to be fathers,” she beamed. “Bobby’s one. He just loves kids—any kid. When I brought the baby home, he used to take over the night feedings, when he wasn’t working, and he’d even diaper the baby. I woke up one morning terribly sleepy, and I looked and didn’t see my bed. We have a gigantic bed, you know, so I had to sit up and look around, and all of a sudden I saw him sleeping with the baby in his arm and the bottle in the baby’s mouth. He is drinking his milk, and my husband’s sleeping.

For laughing out loud

“You know, the baby looks so much like Bobby. There is nothing of me in the baby at all. In his face, in his hair, in his build, he’s a miniature Bobby. In fact, I sit in the audience at night during Bobby’s show, and I’ll start to laugh hysterically. And nobody knows why. They all know who I am, and they look and wonder what’s

so funny. I mean, he’ll be doing a ballad, and I can look at Bobby and see the little baby’s expressions on his face, and I can almost imagine all through I’m a Fool to Want You.

“At first, I didn’t want the nurse at all. I was afraid the baby wouldn’t know its mother if somebody else took care of it. But now I realize how really lucky I am. Because now, when I take that baby, it’s only because I want to. It’s a real pleasure—it’s not a job anymore. By the end of that first month, I was taking care of him alone, when he’d wake up crying for his bottle. I couldn’t wait to give it to him and have him go back to sleep, because I was so tired. I wasn’t seeing enough of Bobby, either. The minute he’d come home from work, the baby would start to cry for his bottle, and Bobby would have to hold the baby. I feel the baby. Now I want to see the baby awake, and I want to play with it.

“On the other hand,” Sandra added, “if I hadn’t taken care of the baby by myself that first month, I wouldn’t have the self-confidence to turn it over to the nurse now. Because if I felt I couldn’t take care of the baby as well as I wouldn’t feel happy.

“As it is, I’ve gone through sickness with the little baby, and I’ve taken care of it myself, and now you should see me carry him! I’m so casual I carry him slung over my shoulder!”

The movie-star mother

“You should have seen the sight the other day. I was doing fittings for my new picture. ‘If a Man Answers,’ and I had to go to Jean Louis for them. Well, in this picture, I have thirty-two of the most gorgeous outfits you ever saw. Ostrich feather dresses and mink lined coats, and one dress is solid gold—well, the end of that afternoon, I was standing there with the fitter and Jean Louis, and I’m in this beautiful dress and they’re pinning me up, and on the couch is my son. He’s lying there with his bottle.

“So there’s the movie star, getting herself fitted and pinned up and all, and all of a sudden you hear me shout: ‘Hold it, folks! The baby’s bottle fell out!’ And I run over to the couch and put the bottle back in his mouth. Then the fitting continues.

“The baby’s going to come to the studio with me, every day,” she said determinedly. “I have a dressing room bungalow with four rooms, and I’m going to have them bring him in every day about noon. And he’ll stay with me the rest of the afternoon. I have a little

ad-libs—for the 4,000th time—“My wife’s getting so high class lately that she forgets I knew her with her old nose.”

And Jan Murray’s mother-in-law, who lives in, giggles loudly though a bit shrilly when her cornbreadwinner barks, “They wouldn’t take my mother-in-law in the marines because she fights too dirty.”

See what I mean???
porch, and I'll put him out on the porch in the sun when I have to work, and the nurse will be there with him. Then I can see him all the time between scenes. He's a very good baby and I know it'll work out fine.

The baby has already attended his father's rehearsals. "You see, he loves music!" she said proudly. "He's crazy about it. The day we brought him home from the hospital, whenever he'd start to cry, Bobby would play the guitar for him and he'd stop immediately. So when I babysit alone, I'd come over to the house to rehearse with Bobby. I'd wheel the baby into the rehearsal room to listen. When the band was playing, my boy would sleep. But the minute the band stopped, he'd start to cry until the music came on again."

"In fact, now he lies in his crib and listens to a little radio of his own—it's shaped like a baseball. At night we hang it up in the crib and he listens to it for hours. Why, he even knows the Top Ten! He can tell his father which is going to be a hit and which will be a miss. When he starts to cry, that record is out."

"But he's not impressed by his father's records—I tell you!" she laughed. "So far, his favorite record has been 'The Lion Sleeps Tonight.' When the high part comes on, he starts to cry. The doctor saw him and didn't believe it!"

"When he grows up, I'd like him to go to military school," Sandra went on with a smile, "because the uniform's so cute. But Bobby says, 'The boy is going to a public school, and he's going to play in the street like every other boy, and he's going to get hit on the funny.' I keep saying, 'Military school,' and Bobby keeps saying, 'Public!'"

"And then Bobby says, 'I grew up in a public school, and I didn't do so bad!' And I say, 'But I grew up in a private school, and I didn't do so bad, either!' But, you know, I think his father's going to win out."

Would Sandra object if Dodd wanted to go into show business?

"No," she said firmly. "I'm happy in it and Bobby's happy in it, and if this is what the baby happy, fine. You know, there's nothing about this business that I regret. It's not done anything to me that I'm ashamed of, or that I wouldn't want the baby to know. It's brought me nothing but happiness so far—knock wood!" And she rapped on the table.

—CHRIS ALEXANDER

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**TOMMY SANDS**

(Continued from page 45) coaches in the country are always located.

"I also didn't believe in sitting in Hollywood and waiting for the next role to come along. I felt I should spend my time working with a top coach, studying and evaluating scenes. And I knew it would be easier for me to find or exchange jobs between jobs, so I told Nancy we had to move to New York."

"That came as quite a shock to her. It meant a complete change in her life. She would not only have to leave her family for the first time—and she's very close to both her mother and father, even though they're divorced—but she would have to get used to living in a little flat like this one, with just a bedroom, living room, kitchen and bath. And you know she was raised in a huge house."

Tommy jumped up to help Nancy bring in the big tray of coffee and cake. Then when they were both settled, side by side on the couch, he went on.

"She just told me that, if it was important and necessary to my career and to our future, that's what we would do."

"She made the change, just as she made all the other adjustments a young girl must resign herself to when she leaves her past behind and goes off to make a home of her own with the man she marries. Changes like not being able to buy a drawerful of cashmere sweaters or a new dress for each party, like checking the prices on the menu at restaurants and planning and hoping for two courses instead of one, when Nancy got here and discovered that it would cost a fortune to get a large apartment, Nancy decided it would be foolish for us to go into our savings to keep it up. We found living costs in New York are quite high. So we scouted around for this smaller place. It's nice, it's clean and real liveable, now that we've fixed it up. And the best thing is that, with a limited income while I'm studying, we don't have to dip into our savings to meet the budget."

Nancy interrupted. "Honey, don't give the impression that I got into the swing of things right off the bat."

"It wasn't easy for me to understand. Those first few weeks were quite difficult. I was lonesome for California, for home, for my family, and it gave me a pretty bad feeling of depression more often than I cared to admit to Tommy."

"But he was so good about it. He knows what I was going through and he never got mad at me. He helped me get used to this new life in the same calm, efficient way he adjusted to marriage and helped me to adjust to it."

"For instance, Tommy has always been used to having dinner ready when he comes home at night from work. But I was always used to a relaxing sort-of-social period before dinner. So, when we were first married, I was in no hurry to fix dinner."

"Of course, one of us had to change our habits. Tommy didn't get mad about it and yell at me over it. He just told me that he was good and hungry by then, and had his work to do, and that he wanted to eat before doing anything else. So that's the way it is. And I don't mind. I didn't even consider it 'giving in.' This is the way it has to be for the man of the house—so that's the way I want it."

"You know, he has a slogan that says: 'Marriage is composed of ninety percent give on both sides.' This has done wonders in giving our marriage a solid foundation. It enables us to sur vive the usual misunderstandings and overcome the crises that seem to crop up even in the most perfect marriages.

*A bride becomes a wife*

"We try to avoid making an issue of little things. We believe that there are enough big things in business and in life to worry about that you shouldn't bother getting concerned with the little ones."

"Consequently, he doesn't holler at me when I leave the top off my lipstick on the dresser. I know it annoys him and I try not to do it, but sometimes I forget. When I do, he never mentions it.

"I guess he's learned how to be a husband, just like I've learned to be a wife. It's a new experience. Every bride has to learn how to live with someone else, just as she has to learn how to cook. She should learn to understand her mate's moods, when to encourage, when to sympathize, when to respect his privacy."

"And when not to interrupt," said Tommy, interrupting, with a grin. "But since you interrupted me, I guess it's okay if I interrupt you on the same subject. Okay?"

Nancy grinned back. "Okay, boss," she approved.

*A husband's tribute*

"One thing Nancy was very good at was recognizing immediately that a married couple must live for two instead of living for one. That's her nature. She's always been a warm, considerate, thoughtful person, which is one of the reasons I was so very strongly attracted to her, the more I knew her."

"But she is always thinking of my feelings and trying to understand me. When she makes decisions, it's on the basis of what I might like. For example, if we were still single and not going together, we could always readily give a yes or no answer to the questions I thought through. But now, when someone asks one of us if we'd like to go to a party or a movie or to an opening or out for any sort of evening at all, we try to think of whether the other is feeling well and whether it's something the other one wants or likes to do. That way, we don't pick the blame on each other's shoulders, for refusing, and we don't make each other responsible for these decisions.

"You ask if there are problems involved in marrying a rich girl."

"Sure, there are. Every marriage creates problems. But intelligent, sensible people realize it and attempt to do something about solving their problems."

"Nancy, like all wives, is a problem. But I love my problem."—MARY BALDWIN
VINCENT EDWARDS

(Continued from page 38) times I managed to steal the spotlight from the two giants in my TV life.

Then, in another segment, when Cliff Robertson died so beautifully, I again broke down and cried. The result was a protest from the American Medical Association. It seems doctors, female or otherwise, were emotionally involved with their patients. When Sam heard about this, he chuckled, "Maybe next time you won't get so smart, young lady." And Vince, taking up his line, added: "Our phone call to the A.M.A. sure got action, Sam..."

But, honestly, I do love the part of Maggie, the anesthesiologist. And so far—knock on wood—no big problems portraying her. She's uncomplicated, really... an intelligent, sympathetic person, competent as a professional but feminine to the core. Most of all, I like the subtle relationship that hovers between her and Dr. Casey. There is a hint of something more than affection, a trace of romance like faint perfume, and yet it never intrudes on their friendly, medical cooperation and their ardent dedication to the saving of lives. Always, without preaching, a delicate message is put forth to the effect that, however they may secretly feel toward each other, it's all sublimated to the demands of their profession.

Both Sam and Vince are from New York. Their backgrounds are alike. Vince hailing from the Brownsville section of Brooklyn and Sam from Manhattan's East Side. Both their families were hard-pressed in making ends meet. Both worked their way through school and both had—and still have—an urgent desire for education. Though they lean toward "flange-hair music," they both have a lighter side. Their imitations are hilarious. Vince's mimicry of Dr. Zorba is priceless, topped only by Sam's retaliation as the uncompromising, unconventional Ben Casey.

Sam and Vince are also alike in being very masculine men, strong-willed, serious in work, idealistic in their defense of the underdog, and in their frank and generous attitudes. I have said they love music. Vince recently proved, on "The Dinah Shore Show," what a terrific singer he is. Sam once considered becoming a concert pianist. He has composed a number of works in the classical form. All this has helped foster the friendship.

They have another trait in common. I'm afraid both are easy marks for a touch, and are sometimes taken advantage of. Since his success on "Ben Casey," Vince has naturally been approached for help by pals of the old tough days. And, in his generous way, he has tried to steer these struggling actors to jobs and has often made substantial loans. Sam—who has suffered some unfortunate experiences with making loans of this kind—warned Vince to hand out money with discretion, lest he lose rather than hold such friends.

Shortly after, an old acquaintance came by and asked Vince for a loan. Still mulling over Sam's warning, Vince decided to cut his loan to the minimum and gave the man a ten. So what happened? In a huff, the man approached Sam and sang his song of woe. Sam's heart was promptly touched and it ended with him giving a sizable loan. Whereupon we heard a Zorba-type roar from Vince: "So! So, doctor, this you call medical ethics—to make a diagnosis of my condition, and then practice the exact opposite? Such a shnook!" For once, Sam had nothing to answer. He shrugged and looked like the kid with his hand caught in the cookie jar.

My own background is quite far removed from these two New Yorkers. I was born in Cottageville, South Carolina, on February 28th—and I was a "Leap Year" baby. After I fell in love with Sam, I often toyed with the notion of using my "leaping" privilege to propose. But I was saved that embarrassment, Sam beat me to it, and I accepted with alacrity.

Afterward, I confessed to Sam that he'd come close to being proposed to, and his answer startled me. "It's a good thing you didn't," he said, his hair ruffling. "It might have been the end." Knowing him now as well as I do, I realize this is the simple fact. Sam's gentle and tolerant wise as a man can be, but he is no one to be pressured into things. Not even by the woman he loves.

My early life, I suppose, was really "small-towny." I went to Columbia College in South Carolina, where I studied drama with Mary Lou Kramer, then switched to Columbia University in New York, where I studied pantomime and dance with Louise Gifford. Drama and dancing were my passions and I continued studying Spanish dancing with Carola Goya, and drama with Alexander Kirkland at the Theater Wing and in the studios of Stella Adler and Herbert Berghof.

After five seasons of summer stock (I once toured with the Clare Tree Major Players as the Wicked Queen in "Snow White"), and some commercials on radio and TV, I was able to afford doing off-Broadway plays, one of which was Molière's "Tartuffe"—which starred none other than Sam Jaffe.

Sam is an accomplished mathematician, musician, actor, linguist—he is fluent in German, Italian, French, Hebrew and English, and is currently studying Japanese—and, on the whole, an informed and cultured man... but when I looked at him in those days, all I could see, alas, was Ganga Din! It was the one film I had seen him in, up to then, and I thought he was not only a masterly performer but the cutest thing in that little didic. (What am I saying? Now I will get the Dr. Zorba routine from Sam when he reads this!)

Anyway, six months later, I became Mrs. Jaffe and the Jaffes got married life off to a profitable start as members of the national touring company.
of "The Lark," starring Julie Harris. Our "working honeymoon" took us around the world and lasted three wonderful years.

It is now six years, come June, that we are man and wife. The other day, Vince asked how we met. With a straight face, Sam said, "In a health-food shop." The fact is, Sam's a vegetarian down to the last shred of spinach. I, Betty Ackerman Jaffe, wish to make a point here. I am not a devout vegetarian, I'm merely a "non-meat-arian," which is purely an emotional carry-over from childhood.

Sam summoned me up for Groucho Marx when we were at the same table at a party. Groucho raised those famous eyebrows when he saw me filling my plate with greens and passing up the meat platter. "She won't eat anything she could pet," Sam explained. Groucho leaned over and whispered with his hungriest leer, "Well, chicken, I could eat you!"

I haven't eaten meat since I was eight and my pet duck, "Waddle," disappeared. At dinner, I stared in frozen horror at the dish my mother was serving. I screamed, "Waddle!"—and ran to my room in tears. My brother did the same. To this day, my poor mother apologizes for having cooked Waddle. She hadn't realized that we'd been making a pet of the duck while she was fattening him for the kill.

During our courtship, Sam and I took a walk through Central Park. A duck swam by on the lagoon and I gasped, "He's just like my darling Waddle." Sam gave a snort of disgust, "That's not a duck, I can see," he snapped, "that you don't eat meat, out of a sentimental error." I argued, "It makes no difference." His retort was: "It makes a lot of difference to the drake."

But for all his "reasons" of health and moral principles, Sam's real reason for not eating meat was sentimental as mine. It began when he first saw a calf butchered on a farm where he, a kid from New York's East Side, was working the summer. (All this vegetarian talk will probably come as a surprise to some of our dinner guests. We usually serve them meat or fowl.)

Let me tell you what happened. Did not, as some people imagine, get my part in the series through my husband's intervention. It was completely accidental. I had just finished my first movie, "Face of Fire," and was at loose ends. I accompanied Sam to a costume fitting for the pilot of this new series about doctors in a Metropolitan Hospital.

As I sat waiting for my spouse, the director, Fielder Cook, passed through, did a "take" and came up to me. He said, "You look like Maggie Graham, the woman doctor in our series—how about reading for our producer, Jim Moser?"

I was in dungarees, totally unprepared, and felt uneasy. "Another time," I suggested. But Cook insisted. And, all at once, there stood Sam, backing him up. I did the reading and that's how I got to be Dr. Maggie Graham. If I'd known the role would stack me up against the formidable person-

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TVR
88
of the series. It's a wonder he hasn't lost all his sense of humor. He has a very keen one, I can testify to that! I recall vividly the way we were doing our part of the first episode. A woman tourist, who was visiting the set, rushed up to Ray Joyer, Valentine's stand-in. She fussed over him, calling him "Valentine" one second and "Dr. Edwards" the next.

Ray was helpless. She wouldn't give him a chance to explain that the gent, standing beside him, grinning broadly and saying nothing, was the star of "Ben Casey." After she had gone, Ray exploded, "Why didn't you tell her who you were?" Valentine laughed, "She was happy with you, wasn't she? That's all that counts." And to this day, weighed down as he is with so many responsibilities, Valentine has retained that large tolerance and the ability to smile charitably at the foibles of human beings.

The other morning, I told him that TV Radio Mirror had asked me to write my impressions of Sam and of him. "Any comment, doctor?" I teased. Valentine stared thoughtfully at me until he felt he wasn't going to answer. Finally, he said, "Bettye, don't sprinkle perfume down to earth as you see things around here."

As Sam would say in his very best Dr. Zorba voice, "Such a boy!" Yes, I think Bettye Ackerman Jaffe is very lucky to be Maggie Graham, the woman in the lives of Dr. Zorba and Dr. Ben Casey. And, cross my heart, that is the truth as I see it. —Bettye Ackerman Jaffe

They're all doctors on "Ben Casey," on ABC-TV, Mon., 10 to 11 p.m., EDT.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

(Continued from page 57) the glamour—and the tourist trade—back to her kingdom.

It was all very intriguing and the rumors grew louder and louder—so loud, in fact, that hardly anyone heard when a short, round man said quietly: "I just saw him and I saw yes."

The man was Alfred Hitchcock, and for him it's that simple. It always had been. It's easy for him to make a woman say "yes." You see, he has a way with them.

Alfred Hitchcock first saw Grace Kelly in a test for a picture called "Taxi," at 20th Century-Fox. The test was not successful, Grace did not get the job. When she finally did get a picture, "Mogambo" at MGM, it showed her as a stiff school-marm creature with ice water in every vein. But in the "Taxi" test, Hitchcock had seen beneath that frozen exterior the promise of warmth, strength, sexual power, and he was able to convey it all on screen. He snapped up for "Dial M for Murder." It was an exciting performance. So was hers in "Rear Window."

And after all that, after proof on the screen that Grace Kelly could be an exciting, provocative actress, she went back to Broadway and ended up in a languid "B" picture called "Green Fire," in which she was the frigid lady. But Hitchcock snared her again for "To Catch a Thief."

To film that one, Hitchcock took her to the Riviera and the cameras turned in the very shadow of the palace Grace was later to call home. During that picture, Grace met her Prince. The rest is history, except for the secret meeting years later in Paris. In a dimly-lit bistro, they found that Hitchcock's magic was still working. She couldn't say "no" to him.

The man who defrosted Grace Kelly may not have had as many women in his life as some men. But his relationship ships have been long-lasting. As a matter of fact, once a woman gets involved with Hitchcock, she's rarely ever the same again.

His wife, Alma, for example, was a film cutter when Hitchcock met her, and not in the least domestic. During the years of their marriage, she has worked with him as a writer, as assistant director—and also become a mother, a gifted homemaker and a superb cook. But she still looks cool and blonde. "I've been accused," he says, "of always choosing this same cool blonde type as the heroine of my movies and perhaps that's true. My taste is based on English women, outwardly cold, inwardly passionate—probably the most promiscuous of all. The trouble is, most Englishmen don't appreciate them. These lovely creatures are the products of their climate; Scandinavian women, from a similar climate, are similar emotionally—Bergman the apple-cheeked, but what secrets inside the apple! The type is most photogenic, most intriguing, and gives me the opportunity to present a woman subtly and slowly to the public, just putting it all on a platter. Look at the charm of the Victorian woman—but toned up to the neck, the corseted torso—yet all that barricade had to come off sometime, you know. Consider the size of the Victorian family."


To Hitchcock goes the credit for bringing these actresses to life. Strangely enough, he insists, it has nothing to do with teaching them to act. It's been rather a matter of giving them self-confidence. Though talented and lovely, they need what Hitchcock gave them—"feeling of ease . . . like the words that changed Madeleine Carroll into the radiant creature of "The-Thirty-Nine Steps." This picture was made at Gaumont British and the powers-that-be called Mr. Hitchcock in. Madeleine had only one picture to make under her contact, and Hitchcock use her for "The-Thirty-Nine Steps."

Hitchcock remonstrated, he felt the pretty blonde something of a stick, but they pressured him and there was
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nothing to do but use Madeleine. Suddenly, it occurred to him that, off the screen, she really might have a sense of humor.

"Madeleine," he said, "let some of your own personality come through. Relax! After all, this is only a movie." That broke her, and she said the line ever since. Most actresses are terrified of this director at first. They think him formidable and forbidding. Then they discover that he's really not fierce and they begin to find his deadpan and calm rather soothing.

Before his pictures start, shooting, every minute of production has been worked out, from the angle of each camera to the placing of a pair of gloves on a table. When the day comes to shoot, the major work has been done. All is order, precision. There is absolute quiet on the set, an aura of calm; an actress has the ease of simply playing her part.

On one occasion an actress, a top star, went off the deep end, raving and ranting about Hitchcock's direction. She was playing her anger to a room full of people, though, of course, the tirade was aimed at Hitchcock. What did he do? He quietly slipped out the door. Twenty minutes later, she discovered he was gone.

"That's the trouble with him," stormed the star. "He won't fight." She's quite right. When they resumed work the next day, everything went smoothly enough, but that actress probably wonders why the great director has never suggested she work with him again. The answer is that he doesn't like trouble. He likes simplicity, directness and honesty. He likes foreign actresses because, as a rule, they're more candid. American girls are very likely to put on the trappings of sex, the plunging necklines, the sweater's—but let a man put his hand on her shoulder, she'll run screaming to mother. They ogle men, they play at sex, but they're terrified. Not all American girls.

There is Grace Kelly.

"Make no mistake about this," the director says. "Ninety-nine percent of the box office is determined by women, at least in this country. Women decide what movie they and their male escorts will see. Women stars are made by women and one of the reasons for poor movie attendance, I feel, has been the downright picture. From sink to sink, I fall them.

"My inclination is to give an audience a different world, divert them. There's nothing new in the elements of shock and horror. Why have people from the beginning of time loved to visit a haunted house or ride the ghost train or visit the Chamber of Horrors? What I add to the story is the important stars to the horror. You have to have important people at the top or the public will not worry about them. It's as if you saw, at the next intersection, a terrible accident. A girl has been thrown into the street and lies there, inert. You feel her absence. But suppose you take a second look, the girl is not just Jane Doeakes, she's Doris Day?"

A star, he feels, must be surrounded by glamour. During "North by Northwest," he watched over every hair on Eva Marie Saint's lovely head. Eva is sensitive; like most actresses, she worries about her appearance. Up until this picture she had always appeared on the screen as a sort of shy girl-next-door. Somewhere along the line she has tor-ried character. But Eva in life is bright, lively, witty and sophisticated. This is what he wanted to get on screen.

"Perhaps you think of all actresses as exhibitionists," he says. "They are, to an extent. But they are also embarrassed and sometimes tortured by the exhibit. What I'm after is a degree of objectivity. We sit in the projection room watching the rushes and I reassure them. 'That's not you, it's a shadow. See the mistakes and correct them. This is something you can't do on a stage, but you can in a movie. You can do what you want, there's always the cutting room.'

Actresses are apt to take themselves too seriously, they're often on the defensive, they're inclined to lack humor, Above all, they worry."

Doris Day worries. In "The Man Who Knew Too Much," she worried because she felt she wasn't getting any direction. Hitchcock reassured her, she was excellent.

"What's the matter with you—it's only a movie. For the money you get, you should be happy." He's said this to many actresses and they have to laugh. He's suggested perhaps they'd like to take up nursing as a career. It seems Ingrid Bergman is a worrier but she has a good sense of humor. Janet Leigh worries but she is an eager and apt pupil.

Kim Novak gave a great deal to "Vertigo," once she had been pulled into a sense of confidence. She played a double role, and was particularly good as the girl from Kansas. She temporarily dropped her self-consciousness and let her self emerge into the girl. Joan Fontaine was able to achieve a real triumph in "Rebecca." She had existed before then but had received no real recognition—until Hitchcock. A worry she may be is the psychology. I cannot any circumstances let my wife clear up, while I sit back and smoke a cigar, I have to be at it with her. I have made her depend on me through the years just as in our deep basic companionship she has become the other half of me. To some extent, my knowledge of film psychology has grown through my knowledge of her."

How could Grace Kelly resist? Even if she finally can't make that picture for Hitch—this Princess business being what it is—she simply couldn't say "no" when this understanding man first asked her! —JUNE MORFORD

TV-wise. "Alfred Hitchcock Presents" is on NBC, Tues., 8:30 p. m. edt.
(Continued from page 53)

pomegranate. The next day, not to be left out of things, Roger collapsed on the set of "77 Sunset Strip" and was carted home in an ambulance with a roaring fever. It was a toss-up to prove who was the more ill that night, Roger or Vici. And, all that night long, the thermostat jumped up and down and the Smiths alternately roasted and froze.

The next morning, Roger called a meeting of the clan—or clans. Vici was the one about to have a baby, he said; she had to come first. From here on out, it was hands off the thermostat. He closed the vents in the Elphicks' room, left their thermostat open and their door shut. He piled an electric blanket and two extra wool blankets on his mother's bed. Then he went back to bed himself. And all was well. Well, almost . . . the pilot on the furnace kept blowing out.

"If you ever invite your relatives to visit," Roger says, using the polite term for invader, "you must make sure they have a sense of humor—and that you have one, too. Every time I wanted my car, it was missing, my kid brother had it. We spent a lot of time with the kids, enrolling my brother Craig in Birmingham High (he's seventeen) and enrolling Vici's sister Frances at Lanai Junior High (she's five)." And do with suppose either one of them liked their schools or were happy? Heck no. Frances had never had boys in her class and there were boys. Craig had left his friends behind in Nogailes and he still hasn't adjusted to the loss of our father.

Life on an assembly-line

Luckily, at the Smiths, the senses of humor were in operation. So were the appetites. The kitchen took on the aspects of an assembly-line operation. Say it was sandwich time on Sunday. They'd have a dozen two-and-a-half or three loaves of bread on the kitchen counter . . . Vici's sister Frances spread the butter . . . Vici's mom spread mayonnaise . . . Mrs. Smith'd come by with slices of ham, cheese and pickle . . . Roger'd add lettuce . . . and Craig would flip on the top of the sandwiches—which his mother sliced in two. Roger bought a couple of seventeen loaves of bread a week, and he took to shopping every other day.

The little house hummed like a hive. Roger and his father-in-law worked together sawing and hammering at the new room . . . Mrs. Elphick did the cooking . . . Mrs. Smith was watching over the children, Jody and Tracey . . . Frances breathed without cooking, and they all helped keep the house clean (so did the day worker) . . . Craig helped with the gardening . . . Mr. Elphick put a lock on the medicine cabinet so the children could never invade that, washed cars and repaired everything . . . Roger made a thousand decisions a day for everyone, shopped for groceries and helped with homework . . . and Vici—in bed a good deal of the time—supervised everything like a little queen bee.

There were four meals a day (three plus tea) and a constant clicking of cameras over the weekends. Roger won movies of everything so they'll have all their memories on film. And of course, plans for the baby.

"A boy," Roger said—he wanted a son for Jody to play with. Vici and Tracey have girl-times together but he felt Jody needed a playmate and he was looking forward to two sons.

"A girl," Vicki said—and all the relatives agreed with her.

But girl or boy, Vici was determined to have that baby before her dad had to return home. Fifteen days before the expected date, she told Roger that the time had come and insisted on going to the hospital. He was just as eager as she, but he didn't believe for one moment—and her mother said . . . and his mother said . . . And when they got to the hospital, the doctor and nurse said, "False labor." But the very next day, determined little Vici had her baby—a boy—and two days later, she talked the hospital into letting her dad put on a cap and gown and hold the baby. Grandfather and father agreed that this was the most beautiful child they'd ever seen. "We were absolutely dumbfounded to hear another dad say the same thing about his." A few days later, Roger brought his wife and child home from the hospital. They had named the new child Dallas, after Roger's father, who died this year.

"I couldn't help thinking," Roger said, "that just twenty-nine years ago, in this same city, a man named Dallas Smith was bringing a baby Roger home from the hospital. And now, twenty-nine years later, that man Roger was bringing home a new Dallas Smith."

They'd asked for it!

So, even when Vici's dad had left for home, they still had a house of nine! And the Vici's brother and sister-in-law arrived. Roger got his mother and Craig an apartment three minutes away from the house and they are still nine.

Of course, make no mistake about this: Roger and Vici had asked for it. They'd planned on this visit for five years, ever since they were married. Roger had promised Vici then that, as soon as they could, he wanted her family to come for a good, long visit. Of course, what he couldn't have known was that his father would die this year and that, at just the same time, he'd be wanting to bring his mother and brother here, too.

What happens when all your in-laws move in on you?

Well, it goes like this . . .

One night Roger came home from the studio after a hectic day. But on the way home, he'd thought up a wonderful idea for a new episode for the show. He could hardly wait to tell Jeanette—he's taken to calling Vici "Jeanette," as her family does; it suits her. He
dashed into the house and went straight to the bedroom. Vici, her hair tied up in pink ribbons, looked like a little girl as she lifted her face to him. Then he started telling her about his idea: “Listen to this, Jeanette, tell me what you think . . .”

At that minute, Tracey rushed in and threw herself on Daddy—she had a new doll, she had to see the new doll. Roger picked her up and gave her his attention. “Daddy,” she said, “you’ll never guess who you gave a doll to.”

“You can tell me about the idea later, darling,” Vici said, smiling up at him. So he sat down and played with the kids until his mother came to get them for dinner. More boiled beet.

“Hey, you know, I’m getting to like it,” Roger told his mother-in-law.

After he’d tucked in to tuck Vici in bed again and maybe now they could have a minute or two alone. He’d just settled himself across the foot of the bed and was getting into the exciting part of his story when Craig popped in.

“My God, there’s a test tomorrow in driver’s school?”

“Just a minute, Craig,” Vici said. “Okay, so I’ll flunk the test!”

So off he went with Craig.

And after that it was Frances with American history, and his father-in-law, who was having trouble making change in foreign currency, and the drug-store delivery boy was there.

“The drug-store delivery boy was always at our door,” laughs Roger.

“As a matter of fact, the drug store ran a shuttle service to our house, they’re now adding a new wing to the drug store with the Smith name in brass over the lintel as a tribute to our patronage.”

Roger jumped up, took care of the drug-store delivery boy, helped his mother get the youngsters into bed, stopped for a minute to help his mother-in-law put things away in the kitchen, then went back to see how Craig was doing with his homework.

About nine-thirty, it seemed to him that every single person was talking at once. He stepped out into the patio for a minute to breathe the calm, quiet air, then went back in. His wife was waiting, propped up on pillows, but she was sleepy, he could tell, and so was he.

“The idea’ll wait until tomorrow, honey,” he said.

But so far, he hasn’t told her yet . . . he’ll do it soon, when the guests have gone and the house is quiet.

It’s going to be terribly quiet at the Smith’s. Vici and Roger are going to turn the intercom down low and listen to the silence, hold each other closer, talk to each other all of her family and his, and savor the flavor of their own little family unit, the miracle of their new son. Roger will tell, at last, his idea for a new episode. The thermostat will point to seventy-and-a-half—no more, no less. And after the children are asleep at night, Vici and Roger will watch television, each other’s arms—neither another sound.

—JANE ARDMORE

Roger co-stars in “77 Sunset Strip,” ABC-TV, Fridays, 9 to 10 P.M. EDT.

—CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 42—

but you’re pushing your luck if you think this gimmick will always work?

Before our marriage, I lived in sort of an eagle’s nest high in the Hollywood hills. June had furnished up her own apartment, right next door to loved our individual possessions, and naturally, combining two households under one roof provoked a challenge. Both of us thought we had good taste—but it was in different areas. I like paneling, for example, and heavier type furnishings. June is more subtle. June likes things that are decorative, comfortable and more modern. It’s funny, but you just don’t think of things like this before marriage. We had many discussions about many things, but it never occurred to either of us that furnishing our own home could possibly present a problem. You live—you learn!

Obviously, we’ve ended up being very happy with the results. First, however, there were compromises and a couple of times when no two newlyweds ever agreed to disagree more convincingly. Sometimes a husband can forget that a wife has her likes, but still has to please him as well as herself. June’s favorite color scheme is white and gold and that’s what we used. But white and
as taxing for someone like June. She's lived by herself for many years, while I've been accustomed to the warmth and camaraderie of family life. Therefore, June's adjustments have been more difficult and I try to remember this.

Fortunately, we both have good, healthy tempers which enable us to let off steam when there is need. I've trained myself to hold my temper in what I can, but June has learned to watch for those tell-tale signs. Like seeing me start to get red in the face. Nine times out of ten when we blow up, the reason is almost too inconsequential to notice, but sometimes, when I start to laugh, that spoils all the fun of kissing and making-up. And may I add, our system of making-up is rather unique? We work backward—and I highly recommend it to all young husbands.

If June starts the argument, it ends when she says, "Now you owe me a present!" When I start something, then she has to give me a present! Kind of wild, isn't it? But that's half the fun of being married.

Both June and I love animals, so you'd never suspect that they could become a bone of contention (no pun intended), now would you?

June owned a dog and I parakeet before we were married. When we settled down, a cat came with our lease. Shortly after, when I went out on tour accompanied by June, we stopped for gas and my bride observed the steward attendant feeding a stray kitten part of his sandwich. Don't ask me how it happened. I just know when we drove off, the kid joined our family. Our small menagerie now sleeps on our bed and this wouldn't be too bad if I had built that Doggie-Door—as promised. Of course I'll get around to it—but, in the meantime, we have to leave a door open all night so our pets can go out. We shiver until morning!

For many years, I've enjoyed the habit of staying up late and sleeping late in the morning whenever possible. You know, my parents were in band business, where they met, so late hours seem natural to our family. This pattern is understandably foreign to June, who feels I'm sleeping my whole life away if I sleep late. I guess she has a point and I've made her a promise. Regardless of what time I get to bed, I'm going to get up when June does. Luckily, we have no neighbors close enough who'll hear me moaning and groaning by dawn's early light.

Before my marriage, I must admit I approached the possibility with certain misgivings. Like my father, I have always loved athletics and participated in practically every sport. While filming "The Big Circus," I became fascinated with the trapeze. Del and Babs Graham were technical experts on the picture, and after studying with them I was able to appear with their aerial troupe on numerous occasions. When you're out on the road, you have to have some way of carpooling. So I bought a flat bed truck and mounted two campers on the back for living quarters.

In thinking about marriage, I had to ask myself: Supposing my wife would object to this gypsy life? Although the circus is not my business, maybe a wife might consider my brief excursions too hazardous. Perhaps marriage would be too much of a drag. The more I thought about all this, the less enthusiastic I became. But then I met June. What a relief when I learned she, too, had her misgivings about marriage. Could she conform to a pattern way of living, she wondered. And she, too, was afraid of losing her independence. The answer is, so far we have had a ball because there's never a dull moment. Once a month at least, we go out camping in our truck and each trip is a new adventure. June loves the gypsy life and puts up with many discomforts without one little word of complaint. She's really the greatest.

Now that I'm out of circulation, as it were, I suppose it's natural for people to ask me about Rick and his plans. I've also been asked what advice I'd give my brother. You know, things I've learned as a bridegroom that I'd tell Rick for his future use. He has always been quite a bit within himself, so we'd never have a long and serious discussion about marriage unless he was contemplating it. To my knowledge, he isn't. I think he feels he has a lot to see and do before settling down.

But when I was dropped by the house unexpectedly, we did sort of talk around the edges. Rick's of that age where he has it all figured out. He said casually that when he got married, he was going to lay down the law. Just wait until you're married—that's what I should have answered! According to Rick, a husband should be very consistent and take a stand about things immediately. Otherwise, he said, how can a wife learn to adjust to her husband? In marriage, I pointed out there are two people involved—not one. Two people who must learn to adjust to each other—and it's very difficult for each to retain individuality and still keep from clashing.

Maybe it was better. I suggested, for Rick to marry someone in our business who would understand all our daily problems. However, if he did marry a non-professional, there could be many advantages, too. Being separated from each other's problems all day might give them greater objectivity, might create greater understanding as a basis for advice and guidance. Rick listened to my little speech, but I know my brother too well. When his turn comes, he'll have to find out all the answers for himself. And he will.

How often it's been said: The first year of marriage is the toughest! Recently I ran into a friend who has been married for quite a long time. He kidded me about marrying trapped by a wedding ring. Then, as he shook hands and said goodbye, he added: "Oh, well—just remember it's only the first ten years that are the hardest!" Well, I'll say it again. With June by my side, I'm more than willing to take my chances—"as told to JERRY ASHER.

All the Nelsons can be seen in "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet," on ABC-TV, Thursdays, 7:30 P.M. EDT.
THE CLEAR HORIZON

(Continued from page 55)

Even the usual "happy ending" can serve to give hope to viewers and stimulate them to meet their difficulties courageously.

On the other hand, it is unhealthy to subscribe to the make-believe world of TV drama for everyday reality. Rarely are real children as obedient, real women as romantic, or real men as virile, as those portrayed on our screen. Once the program is over, it is time for viewers to become disenchanted and snap back to reality—or they are likely to become confused, frustrated and unable to accept the circumstances of their own lives.

Few women, for example, are married to astronauts or space scientists, but all husbands must face similar tests of courage—physically, morally or emotionally. Captain Roy Selby and his wife are a case in point. They exist only on the theory that "The Clear Horizon," working side by side in space research at Cape Canaveral.

They’re happily married and have a son, Ricky, who is twelve. He was born in Morocco and has lived in Japan, Alaska, California and New Haven. Roy was in the Army when he first met Anne. He was raised on a farm in the Midwest, worked his way through college and has all but lost track of his family. He’s a natural athlete, enjoys competition, has a great sense of duty and likes to be by himself—reading, listening to music, or just thinking.

Anne comes from New England, where her folks still live in the house in which she grew up. Her dad was a real estate agent who painted pictures on the side; artistic, impractical, weaker than his wife, he drew on her strength to survive. Anne was more like her mother and made her way in the business world at a young age.

Anne works parttime at the billeting office of the air base. Roy is now an Air Force captain, assigned to various hazardous jobs connected with our space research program. His life is often in jeopardy and Anne lives, as they say, on the razor’s edge.

These two are well-mated. Anne required a strong masculine figure, unlike her father, for a husband. Roy required the solid family roots he missed as a child. Anne—as well as the Army—offered him this kind of security. The Army—or the police force, a large corporation, or any major business enterprise—gives a man a sense of belonging; he may find roots and a feeling of "home" which he never knew.

Men like Roy choose hazardous work for any number of reasons: The appeal of the job itself, higher pay, excitement, the admiration of others. (When a man is in a "getaway" djapo the, he may have been driven to such work for neurotic reasons and unconsciously wish to be hurt or killed in performing his duty.

But this is clearly not Roy’s reason.)

For any woman in Anne’s position that goes with marrying a man who’s always on the go and forever courting danger, she must love her husband deeply and share something of his own excitement in undertaking risks. Anne seems to have met this challenge in a mature, healthy way, uncomplaining and working by his side as much as her time allowed for such. They have a son and must pay extra attention to her son, who is growing up in a highly dramatic, uncertain, ever-changing environment.

Ricky has never known what it means to have real friends, for his friendships never lasted more than two years, at the most. That’s the longest his family ever stayed put in one place before his dad was moved elsewhere for military reasons.

The Selbys live under tension at all times, never knowing when Roy will be separated from them, or for how long, or whether he’ll ever return. Sometimes, his work may entail such secrecy that he can’t even alert his wife as to what might happen.

Ricky’s feeling of emotional security is very much in the hands of his mother. If she is a warm, loving, strong person, the child can survive the tensions imposed by his dad’s job and any sudden separations from him. Even the child who attends a sleep-away camp or out-of-town church school is hospitalized through illness or injury—successfully copes with such separation from his family only when he lives in a home where he feels secure and knows that his parents love him, as well as each other.

A boy of course, his masculine companionship in order to identify with a strong male figure: His father. If his father is away too long or too often, a boy is bound to be hurt, even in the best of families. Since his dad is a “soldier,” Ricky may have less of a problem than do his civilian counterparts, because he’s growing up in an environment where it’snormal for fathers to be away from their families.

Anne Selby must have great faith in her husband in order to survive the anxiety that must plague her constantly. She must believe in his love and in his ability to take care of himself. The wife of America’s famous astronaut, Col. Glenn, is almost idolized emotionally, as did her husband physically. This is the pattern Anne must follow.

In a particularly exciting episode, Captain Roy Selby and his buddy, Lieutenant Sig Levy, are held captive on a Russian ship which picked them up at sea when they were attempting to observe an exploded missile during a test. Anne does not yet know that Roy and Sig are being detained as spies. All she knows is that they are missing.

She doesn’t tell even this to Sig’s wife, Jeanette, who is her friend. She doesn’t want to worry her and is waiting for an opportunity before giving her the news. However, she doesn’t take her son, Ricky, into her confidence.

Is this fair to her friend? Is it fair to the boy?
Anne was wrong in revealing such news to her twelve-year-old son. He is too young to recognize the situation in its true perspective, and could be hurt emotionally. When a wife takes a younger into her confidence this way, in real life, we are inclined to suspect that she is using him as a husband-substitute, viewing him as an adult rather than as the child he really is.

Also, it is inconsistent for her to speak out to her son but withhold such information from her friend. Even though Jeanette is pregnant and Anne is pregnant, presumably her husband will protect her from worry, she is not playing fair with her. This situation deeply concerns the other wife, too, and she should know what's happened.

Again, if a woman behaved this way in real life, we would suspect that she may be expressing some unconscious feeling of competition with her friend under the guise of "protecting" her, or perhaps might want to play martyr and not share her martyrdom with anyone else—a selfish attitude, in any case.

Learning to live with death

Ricky is terribly upset. He can't sleep. He complains about missing his father even at those times when he normally wouldn't be with him; just knowing he's there, if he needs him, makes him feel secure. Anne smoothes her own fears and bravely tries to reassure her son.

But what if Roy should never return? How can a mother prepare her child for the possible loss of his father? This situation calls for great courage on Anne's part, and adult courage means recognizing things as they are, standing up to them and dealing with them forthrightly. Anne has shown courage here. She has fought back, in the face of stress and anxiety, in order to sustain her child. She has set him a good example; he is looking to him on hope and love and the truth of the matter. She has not broken down; if she had, then the last support of her child would have crumbled and Ricky, too, would have broken down.

This is all that any mother can do when her husband is threatened and may never return to the family fold. Of course, every young child should not be exposed to as much of the facts as an older one. The emotional age of the child must be considered, too.

A moral question is raised by Roy's imprisonment, and it reminds us that perilous situations sometimes lead to wholesome, less than honest solutions. In this case, the problem arises because Roy and Sig have found a benefactor to board their prison ship—an officer who shows a desire to defect and flee to America.

When this officer inadvertently leaves the door open to Roy's cabin, Roy protects him by going along with Sig's explanation to the ship's commanding officer that an innocent sailor named Kirnov was the puller.
The smile that had played at the lips of the tall, husky actor faded. "It hasn't been easy, but I think we're better off now. The boys are happy and well adjusted. No one can survive and grow in an unhappy atmosphere."

"Of course, there's a lot of work to be done. Why shouldn't it? Last weekend I took the boys to the ball game and afterward we stopped over at Ray Danton's house where we got into a football game with him and his kids. It was great. Ray's boy threw a pass to him for a touchdown and Mike caught one from me to tie up the score. It ended a tie game, but it was a father-son victory for both sides. After the game, Ray's wife fixed us all a batch of hamburgers for dinner."

"The day had been a wonderful one for the boys and me, a real family session. But then, when I got ready to drive them home, Kevin said, 'Daddy, I don't want to go home.' I decided to stay with you in your house tonight.' It tore me apart. I couldn't tell him, 'It's not in the settlement, son.'"

"Actually, though, my wife has been very good about allowing me to see the boys whenever I wish. I'm supposed to have them only every other weekend, but I'm with them more often than I may seem. I've rented a small house in Beverly Hills and I'm fixing it up so I can have the boys stay overnight."

"I'm planning a lot of wonderful times with them. In a couple of weeks, I'm going to take them up to the mountains and ski. If the weather is nice, we'll camp out. If not, we'll rent a motel room, but either way it will be a real family affair."

"The word 'family' popped up frequently in Chuck's conversation, although he seemed unaware of it. "I'm also planning a special children's preview of my picture 'Cimarron,' and, of course, I'm going to take my boys to that. I'm excited about the movie and anxious for the children to see it. It's a real family picture."

The things that trouble them

Chuck shook his head as if to answer a silent question that had come to his mind. "No, I don't think our relationship will be much different than it's ever been. Oh, sure, I'm not with the boys constantly, but when we're together they ask my advice about things that have been troubling them, and I still try to keep a close eye on their school work. Mike was having a problem with arithmetic a short while ago. I had him go over some problems with me and I saw he had missed the basic principle. I worked with him for a couple of hours and it cleared everything up for his picture 'Cimarron.'"

"It's been eight months since I left home. I've had plenty of time to see how the boys are adjusting and I've found they've adjusted well. We talk together about everything—except the divorce. They were told when it all happened that I had to move away and they were to see me as little as possible. So there is really no need for us to discuss it."

"I make sure that the time we spend together is a happy time. We go hiking and fishing as we have in the past. Anyone who has worked with me knows how close the boys and I have always been. I've brought them on the set quite a few times and they're in heaven there. Of course, after about ten minutes of watching the show being shot they get bored and run off to the studio's back lot to play."

"Chuck looked away as if trying to see something that was not there, but the picture story books portray. But we are a family, and a close one. And you know something? That's the way we're going to stay." —Marilyn Beck
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IT HAPPENED THIS MONTH

Eddie Fisher
Richard Chamberlain
Vincent Edwards
The Lennon Sisters
Perry Como
Peggy McCay
Gracie Allen
Second Honeymoons
Cara Williams
Michael Landon
Ted Mack
“Love of Life”
Kathy Nolan
Carol Burnett
Arthur Godfrey
George Maharis
Sebastian Cabot

Stealing Back into Debbie’s Heart...James Højman
Secretly Married! TV’s Hottest Rumor!...Dean Gauthschy
The Next Best Thing to Marriage........Nick Dennis
The Day God Answered No...........Unice Field
Why He Stopped Being a “Nice Guy”.....Irene Storm
Twist—from Etzem Z. to Robert Q.1....James Gregory
“Am I Too Sick to Know the Truth”....Rocky Rockwell
Is Love Sweeter—the Second Time?....Marilyn Beck
“He’s No Barrimore!”..................Chris Alexander
“I’m Their Father Till I Die”..........Alan Somers
Are You Losing Out in Life?...........Betty Eter
Does a Second Wife Have to Be Second Best?
My Fight to Save My Reputation...as told to Tex Maddox
Why She and Garry Moore Had to Part...Chrys Harantis
“Every Day I Live with Dying”........George Carpozi Jr.
Why They Warn You About Him.......Pat Richards
“But Darling, We Can’t Afford It!”......Tricia Hurst

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EUNICE FIELD, West Coast Editor
TERESA BUXTON, Managing Editor
LORRAINE BEAR, Associate Editor
ANITA ZATT, Assistant to Editor

JACK PODELL, Editorial Director
JACK ZASORIN, Art Director
FRANCES MALY, Associate Art Director
PAT BYRNE, Art Assistant
BARBARA MARCO, Beauty Editor

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Eveline Marcello
Flushing, N. Y.

Does Scandal Pay?

It is a deep insult to the many fine people of the theatrical profession that most magazines seek to promote those who do dishonor to their profession and to human values as well. Your TV Radio Mirror presents refreshing articles on the fine people of the theater today. You have shown them as human beings with a special talent who work with it and enjoy their work. You have covered the life and ideals of public favorites without sensationalism or mistrust of the confidence placed in you by those you interview. I was especially grateful for the June article on Vincent Edwards which dispelled the rumors about his family relationship, and your earlier article by his charming girlfriend. Please continue to present your magazine in this fine form. It is a credit to you and the media you cover.

Joan Evanish
New York, N. Y.

"Hawaiian" Native

What can you tell me about Doug Mossman, who plays Moke on "Hawaiian Eye"?

J.S.B., Bronxville, N. Y.

Very few viewers watching "Hawaiian Eye," on ABC-TV, realize that Moke, who wears a police-like uniform and works for the "Hawaiian Eye" investigators, is played by half-Hawaiian Douglas Kimilau Mossman. . . Doug was born in the Islands, attended the famous Kamehameha school and was graduated from the University of Hawaii. His father was three-quarters Scottish and one-quarter Hawaiian; his mother three-quarters Hawaiian and one-quarter Scottish. This, says he, makes him half-and-half... Besides his role in the series, the versatile actor has two other connections with the show. He serves as technical director, working with the producer to make sure everything is accurate with regard to its island locale—clothes, props, customs, and pronunciation of Hawaiian words. He also is an accomplished musician and works with Connie Stevens and Poncie Ponce on the Hawaiian songs they sometimes do in the show. . . Mossman is married to a Japanese girl who was born in Hawaii... His middle name means "many thousands of relatives," which he really has. This may be one of the reasons the series is so popular in the Islands.—Ed.

Calling All Fans

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

Ben Casey Fan Club, Vivian Owens, 105 Marshall Lane, Derby, Conn.
Connie Francis Fan Club, Eileen Weaver, 83 Cambridge Avenue, Saddle Brook, N.J.
Michael Ansara Fan Club, Bonnie Tagami, 2472 Raggio Avenue, Santa Clara, Calif.
Paul Anka Fan Club, Elaine Burke, 6 High Street, Lawrence, Mass.
Rick Nelson Fan Club, Sue James, 8421 Boyne Street, Downey, Calif.
McGuire Sisters Fan Club, Linda Moore, c/o McGuire Office, 157 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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.
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Can Jackie Gleason launch “The Honeymooners” on a new honey-moon—or is the honeymoon over?

Oval-shaped, bouncing, bellowing Jackie is determined to lure Art Carney and Audrey Meadows back into regular performances on a new “Honeymooners” series when he returns to CBS-TV this fall. And a determined Jackie is hard to stop.

But there are some skeptical people around—some who’ll belly right up to Jackie and scream as loudly as he does and say it’s not such a sensational idea.

One happens to be wise, shrewd Bill McCaffrey, Art Carney’s manager. He knows very well that Ed Norton, sewer worker, and Ralph and Alice Kramden have become classic figures of TV, thought by millions of viewers to be the best thing ever put on the home screen.

“And that’s the trouble with trying to bring them back as a family,” he says. “The farther you get from the original, the greater it becomes in the public imagination and memory. And therefore the harder to top, or even equal, in a new series!”

But some sentiment, and perhaps even love, is involved here. Jackie helped make Art and Audrey the big people they are today. They both love Jackie. They loved working with him. They probably didn’t love it as much at the time as they think they did now. But it was then that they came into greatness and there’s a good chance now—as we slash this out on our typewriter—that there’ll be three or four new “Honeymooners” this season at least.

“Art Carney is a star now in his own right,” declares his manager.

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“Art Carney is a star now in his own right,” declares his manager.

“Audrey Meadows is a star now in her own right,” says her manager, Val Irving.

It’s true about them both. Strangely, Audrey has made it in the movies and Cary Grant wants her in another film following her success in “That Touch of Mink.”

And there are all kinds of starring offers at hand for Carney, whose box office appeal kept a Broadway show, “Take Her. She’s Mine,” going for
many weeks longer than had appeared likely.

Having become big stars, they're worth more money than they were when they last worked with Jackie. That's another problem. But can Gleason do without them? There has been talk of finding "another Art Carney" and "another Audrey Meadows." But where do you look—and do you really want to look—and what's a few thousand bucks to Jackie Gleason Enterprises? That's why we predict "The Honeymooners" isn't over.

Did anybody happen to notice that Shirley Booth has now won the Grand Slam of acting? Quite a long time ago, she won a Tony and then an Oscar for "Come Back, Little Sheba"; now recently she won an Emmy for her "Hazel" series. That gives her just about all the prizes that are available.

"Where do you keep all your trophies?" I asked her.

"I have a little room 'way, 'way in the back," Shirley said. "I don't think it's nice to be ostentatious about it."

Shirley likes to tell how she "fell right on my face" when she won the Oscar. She did, too. She tripped on her long dress and went kerplunk on her kisser as she plunged up to accept the award.

DON'T PRINT THAT! One of the young married TV singers came close to embarrassing his wife by being around New York not so discreetly with another gal. He was spotted smooching the other babe rather openly. . . . Several readers have written to me that they don't think Richard Burton should be permitted on American TV. (We think the decision on such matters as that shouldn't be too hastily reached; anyway, wouldn't that be some sort of a morals censorship?) . . . There's still some bad feeling simmering about the Emmy Awards—East vs. West, never-the-twain-shall-agree and all that. The Westerners are likely to draw their forces tighter next year.

Do you remember Kenny Delmar, alias Senator Claghorn? He who was the sensational comic on the Fred Allen radio show and then went on Fred's TV program, making famous such remarks as "That's a joke, son!"

Still a young fellow, gifted at dialect, and an excellent actor, Kenny became famous almost overnight—and that's been his trouble. He wasn't able to sustain the incredible reputation that came so swiftly. But he's done quite well—and, interestingly, is about to make a movie in Greece, written by his 21-year-old son, Kenny Delmar Jr.

Recently (Please turn the page)

Gleason's back—and there's just one question: Is the "honeymoon" over? Some say yes, but Jackie says a loud no!
Kenny came out at a TV gathering “to see all my old friends in the business.” He confided to this columnist: “And you’re the only one I saw that I know! It’s a new generation!”

**Vince Edwards** was reported to be marrying beautiful, blonde Californian Sherry Nelson—so I asked him about it. For once, the non-smiling Dr. Ben Casey grinned, just a little, and said, “I’ve been going steady with a gal”—Sherry—“and if I get married to anybody, it’ll be her.” But he indicated they were in no hurry. “She knew me well when I was busted,” he said.

Scarceley-known fact about Vince: He once waited tables in a sorority house at Ohio State University, while a freshman and sophomore there.

**Marty Ingels**, who’ll co-star on ABC’s new show, “I’m Dickens, He’s Fenster” (it’s about a couple of comic carpenters), got his first big break on a *Steve Allen* show, winning a guest shot without so much as an audition.

Actually, Marty was ready to go before the cameras to give his routine for the brass, but then he got started talking about the National Guard and the nation’s military setup and was so funny before the audition that he was hired straight out.

“War,” Marty pointed out, “is a question of timing. See, everyone meets at night in their uniforms, ready to do battle. But,” he lifted a finger, “if we get attacked in the morning or afternoon, we’re finished, because all the troops are at the office, dressed in civvies.”

Marty also cited a complicated battle plan, whereby each general calls so many colonels, each colonel calls so many majors, and so on down the line, till every private is alerted. He envisioned this telephone conversation:

“Hello, is Colonel Schwartz there? Oh, he’s sleeping? No, don’t bother to wake him. Will you give him a message, please? Tell him to be sure to call all the majors because we’re at war. No, that’s W . . . A . . . R . . .”

The return of “Talent Scouts” this summer reminds us of the story Irving Mansfield, the show’s producer, tells of the time he went back to his old neighborhood, flush with the success of his first TV credit. He came upon an acquaintance, who asked: “What are you doing these days?”

“I’m in TV,” said Irving proudly. “Wholesale or retail?” came the squeal.

**Sam Jaffe**, who got into a hassle with the “Ben Casey” people about having his part expanded, told me the dispute had been settled amicably, and it was agreed that Dr. Zorba would have a more prominent part next season. But Sam prefaced his remarks with an amusing wordplay: “It’s my only heel—and remember, I’m a vegetarian!”

No one had a greater appreciation of Ernie Kovacs’ comic gifts than **Sandy Stewart**, the pretty singer on “The Perry Como Show.” Sandy broke into TV as a regular on Ernie’s old morning show, and she’ll talk for hours on all the nutty things Ernie did.

“He had some sense of humor,” said Sandy in awe. “You had to be on your toes every minute of the show because you’d never know what he was going to do next. Some mornings, he’d come in and say, ‘I don’t feel like writing the show today. Let’s ad-lib it. Sandy, camera man, you just follow me.'”

**Barbara Eden**, now a big movie star, also got her start working for a star who wasn’t one back then: **Johnny Carson**. Barbara figures he’ll be as big a hit as Jack Paar ever was—as soon as the audience can identify with him.

“Johnny’s creatively funny—like Jack Benny,” said Barbara, who worked with Johnny on the Coast. “Benny can stand up there and do almost anything and be funny, because the audience has come to know Jack as a particular personality. I’ll be the same with Johnny when they know him.”

**Sid Caesar**’s up to his old great tricks of tearing up the script and playing the sketch by ear. Sid, you know, will be back once a month next season with “As Caesar Sees It.” One of “Caesar’s Players,” **Andy Duncan**, was talking about Sid’s great improvisational talents in a
sketch about two stuffy Englishmen playing billiards.

The idea was to make firewood of the billiard table with razor-tip cues, and after Andy took a shot that virtually dissected the table, Sid piped up: “Ripping shot, ol' boy!”

Who says TV viewers are asleep at the wheel? Garry Moore, recuperating from an operation on his right hand, was shaking hands left-handed on his shows—and no fewer than 4,000 persons wrote in one week to seek an explanation.

It’s simple enough, according to my crewcut counterpart: The hand’s too tender (he even had it in a sling during rehearsals to keep the pressure off) to risk re-injury by being on the other end of a bone-crunching greeting.

Speaking of Garry, he’s been vacationing in Maine, in what’s described as the only “fjord” in America. A fjord, in case you haven’t been to Norway lately, is a narrow inlet or arm of the sea bordered by steep cliffs. When Garry refers to it, he say slyly: “It’s a fjord—and much as I’d like to say Oldsmobile (his sponsor), I can’t.”

FEARLESS FORECASTS: Now that she’s packing an Emmy for ammo, CBS may consider more seriously Carol Burnett’s request to do a spec on “Calamity Jane,” her pet project. . . . ABC, roundly criticized for using the slow-motion video tape in the Benny Paret tragedy, will stand firm on its use. . . . Tony Martin and Cyd Charisse will be united professionally for the first time for an hour-long TV spec. Our fearless forecast is that this’ll mean thirty minutes less of watching Cyd’s luscious gams. . . . Lassie will enroll at Actors’ Studio—now that Mr. Ed beat her out of the “Patsy” Award as TV’s top performing animal. . . . Those famous ex-Leathernecks, the Everly Brothers, won’t be invading TV’s “wasteland” much; they’re determined to have their battle cries heard on the Hollywood sound stages.

Jack Weston, the papa nursemaid to the Marquis Chimps on “The Hathaways,” couldn’t contain his delight over the fact that the show won’t be renewed for next season. It was fun and all that, Jack said, but, somewhere along the line, evolution got its signals crossed:

“One day I walked on the set and saw one of the chimps sitting in the director’s chair sipping a beer. That was a little too much!”

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And all it is, really, is talk! Candid, personal, completely engaging give-and-take about everything under the sun. What Garry likes and dislikes about show business, maybe. Or how it feels to be short. (Durward is apt to come in with how it feels to be so tall.)

Garry will often surprise you. He doesn’t believe in false modesty, yet he tells you right out that he doesn’t consider himself a great comic, singer, dancer or anything like that. What Garry Moore is is a remarkable personality. That’s why his audiences respond to him so.

That’s why you’ll find his program brightens your day. Tune in on Garry and Durward tomorrow. Better still, make your morning even merrier. Catch the whole CBS Radio weekday morning lineup. You’ll hear radio’s greatest array of performers.

Before and after Garry Moore, there are Arthur Godfrey, Art Linkletter, Bing Crosby and Rosemary Clooney. All different, but each possessing a special magic that means special enjoyment and entertainment for you. They’re all on the CBS Radio Network every weekday morning. Consult the list below for your local CBS Radio station.

CBS RADIO STATIONS:

Alabama: Birmingham WATV, Gadsden WAXY, Mobile WMRG, Montgomery WCOV, Selma WSDG, Tuscaloosa WWA A

THE CBS RADIO NETWORK

THE MOORE THE MERRIER
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THE MOORE THE MERRIER
Flirty Parties: Rick Nelson and Tom Harmon’s daughter Christine playing ring-around-a-rosy-finger? ... Brother Dave gifted wife June Blair with a white mink stole ... Dwayne Hickman, from his sick bed, ogling Carol Christensen ... Connie Stevens giving equal time to Gary, Barry and Glenn—Clarke, Bezzarzan and Ford, that is! ... Frank Sinatra whistling again at re-glamarized Nancy Sr. ... while Juliet Prowse and manager Eddie Goldstone call off mixing business with pleasure. ... Ronnie Burns and Helene Crane “thinking it over.” ... Gardner McKay twisting with MM. ... Geraldine Brooks—who said “never again” saying “maybe” to Fredd Wayne.

Teen Topics: Tony Dow and Brenda Scott — both 17 — have been holding hands. And Tony has been trying to land Brenda a steady part in “Leave It to Beaver.” ... Hollywood teens now have their own niterly, “The Peppermint Stick.” It features dancing, pizzas, burgers and soft drinks. “It’s darling,” chirps Dodie Stevens. Owner Dave Rosen vows to spread the idea all across the country.

Career Along: Robert Culp once felt “Trackdown” scripts cramped his style — now he has writer’s cramp, developing his own scripts. His “Rifleman” two-parter will open that series’ fifth season. ... Warner Bros. dropped Anthony Eisley from “Hawaiian Eye” — but the howls from his many fans are giving him quite a lift. ... Bob Mitchum’s son Jim goes TV in a “Have Gun—Will Travel” and Lisa Lu, the show’s Hey Girl, will beautify “The Ugly American” alongside Marion Brando. ... Hugh O’Brian, who’s dated queens and stars aplenty, will settle for one to love, honor, etc. Meanwhile, he’s making his first really big movie, MGM’s “Champagne Flight.” A royal-type launching!

Oh, the Legals, They Fly High: In ’62, TV doctors had a ball. In ’63, lawyers will get their chance. With “The Defenders” a smash and “Perry Mason” A-O.K., new courtroom dramas will appear on the TV scene. Two examples: Joseph Cotten in “For the Defense” and Edmond O’Brien in “Sam Benedict.” Ed—proud papa of a first son—has been haunting San Francisco to get the lowdown on trial tricks of famed Jake Erlich, after whom the new television series is modeled.

Naming Names: The same day Doug McClure checked out of “Checkout,” he signed for “The Virginians.” Along with Lee J. Cobb, Gary Clarke and Jim Drury, he’ll star in the 90-minute color series. ... The trouble some men have finding their wallets when the bill is presented has been christened “shell-out falter” by Don Rickles ... Mario Thomas and Ron Harper, touring in summer stock, yummimg it up “Under the Yum Yum Tree.” ... Memo to G.J.: Most TV writers get names for characters from road maps. Examples: Warren (Ga.) Denver (Mass.) and Milton (Vt.) Platte (S.D.). This gimmick insures against lawsuits by people whose names accidentally pop up in scripts.

Overhearing Things: At launching rites of Hugh Hefner’s ten-million-dollar Playboy Club, hotel and office building on Sunset Strip—“If she wears her neckline any lower and her hemline any higher, she’ll have the dandiest waist-cincher you ever saw!” ... At the SHARE party — Marty Milner and George Maharis are the Mary Worth and Little Orphan Annie of the highways.” But a little bit sexier, hmm?

Echoes of Emmy: Worried comic Don Knotts frowns, “Now that I won it again, I keep asking myself where do I go from here?” ... Fearful “heavy” Peter Falk—whose emoting also won him an Emmy award—admits, “That walk from my table to the mike was the loneliest, longest journey I’ve ever made. By the time I reached my destination, I’d forgotten my carefully prepared speech of thanks!” ... Meanwhile, a jobless, nameless actor moans, “If Oscar married Emmy and they had a thousand offspring, I still couldn’t get a job baby-sitting!” ... But New York TV is gloating: Swank Sardi’s East has honored it — and the Academy of TV Arts and Sciences — with a namesake “Emmy” Room.
The Rising Generation: To critic Richard Coe of Washington, D.C., Bob Hope was far from "Critic's Choice" when he made personal appearances there. But Ski-Nose's 21-year-old Tcny copped raves from Coe for his staging of a Georgetown U. production. Young Hope—studying law, with no itch to follow in dad's footsteps—promptly mailed Bob the review, kidding: "If you try to make a comeback on my name, I'll sue!" Quipped Dad: "Hope was never a private name—it was always owned by the world." . . . Gene Kelly, starring in TV's new "Going My Way," reports his first son—Timothy, born March 3rd—is a "born kicker, bound to become a song-and-dance man like me."

Broadway Medley: At Zero Mostel's "A Funny Thing Happened, etc.," Sam Jaffe and wife Bettye Ackerman had a reunion with their old pal. "Gone Hollywood with a swimming pool, huh?" growled Zero. Shrugged Sam, "It's only an itsy pool—your avocado could fit in it." Roared Zero, "You have gone Hollywood! A year ago, you'd have said 'big fat car-cass.' Now it's avow-aboo-pwah." . . . Lady to gent, at Jason Robards Jr.'s "A Thousand Clowns": "What do you like most about Robards?" Gent to lady: "Baccall." . . . Grandma, leaving "How to Succeed, etc.": "It isn't that I used to enjoy Rudy Vallee more in the old days—it's just that I enjoyed myself more." Ain't it the truth?

One Good Turntable Deserves Another: Latest prank is to annoy crank neighbors by buying a laugh-and-talk record and tuning up the speaker. It gives the effect of a wild party—and baffles the snoops, when they find no parked cars or guests around. But what if said snoops retaliate by buying a disc with a loud siren and a police voice saying, "You're all under arrest"? . . . Ty Hardin—with blond hair yet—too busy playing the field to note that his ex, Andrea Martin, has wed . . . Mike Ansara's "Infidel Caesar" Broadway debut went blooey when the play folded before opening. But Mike's compensated. Revue's whipping up a series for him in the medical field.

Polly, Poppa & Pee-pul: "Honey, let's sing for the peep-pul," said Bill Bergen to daughter Polly, striking a chord on ye olde gee-tar. And a city-slicker crowd at the Las Vegas Dunes was moved to cheers when they sang such country classics as "Shall We Gather at the River" and "My Buckteethed Love:" Proved to be the highlight of pretty Poll's great act. "He taught me all I know," she glowed. With the simplicity that has charmed rustic crowds in Tennessee for years, Bill answered, "I'm proud of you, daughter." Besides making music for the peep-pul, Bill helps manage Polly's dress business—which may go to 300 shops by 1963. All this and a best-selling beauty book, too!

Bye Bye Buddy: Dick Van Dyke, top banana of Columbia's "Bye Bye Birdie," was on set when he got a message from his answering service. Said the operator, "One of your gag writers must talk to you at once. When I asked if it was important, he screamed, 'Go down the hall, pass the door marked Crisis, then walk through the one marked Panic. You'll see me on the Titanic facing two icebergs!'" Dick chuckled, "Tell him the ship won't go down till tonight—I'll be sure to call him then." A few moments later, he rang back. "I told him the ship would keep till tonight and you'll talk to him then. Next, I heard a loud splash—and him mumbling glub, glub, glub. Then there was silence..." That's all...
Perhaps it was the bright spotlights that made Eddie Fisher blink and then rub his eyes. Or perhaps it was the enthusiasm and warmth of his reception. He had only wanted to do his bit. And so, without any fanfare, he had made this surprise appearance at the annual party for Share, a group of Hollywood wives who stage a yearly benefit for handicapped children. He had never expected anything like this. A thousand people, crowded into the Moulin Rouge night club, jumped to their feet, applauding...cheering.

And among all these people welcoming Eddie home was Debbie Reynolds, his former wife.

Slowly, the thunderous ovation quieted and the audience found their seats again. Debbie fixed her eyes on Eddie. He was smiling—that shy, boyish grin that had not changed through the years. Yet, in other ways, she could see how much he had changed. He was much thinner, for one thing. And for another, there were (Please turn the page)
little lines under his eyes—lines of worry and of strain—which his deep suntan and his shy smile couldn't quite conceal.

He said something about "what a difference a few thousand miles makes," but his attempt at lightness didn't quite come off.

A chorus of yells went up from the audience. "Sing 'Arrivederci Roma.' "Arrivederci Roma,' "Sing 'Goodbye Rome.'"

Eddie paled under his tan and he shook his head no. But the shouts continued. "'Arrivederci Roma.' "Arrivederci Roma.'" (Eddie had recently admitted that the title of the song is "meaningful," He explained, "It means the end of a wonderful love.")

Debbie, of all people, must have known what Eddie was feeling. For it had all happened to her, too. It was all crazy and jumbled up, as if Fate, having played a mean trick on her, had now turned around and was playing exactly the same trick on Eddie.

Far away and long ago, she, Debbie, had been married to Eddie. One moment she was secure in her love for him—and their mutual love for Carrie and baby Todd. Then the next moment . . . the next moment, without warning, she was sitting alone in her living room, alone although she was surrounded by a mob of reporters to whom she was mouthing words. Actually, she was talking to herself, trying to explain to herself what had happened. "... I didn't believe it until he told me himself. Then I had to believe it."

And now it had happened again. Like a re-make of an old picture. New characters. New scenes. Same plot. The scene: Rome. The characters: Eddie Fisher and Elizabeth Taylor and wife. One moment Eddie was secure in his love for Elizabeth—and their mutual love for the boys, Mike and Chris, and the girls, Liza and baby Maria—a love so deep that Eddie was able to say confidently, "Take it from me, our marriage will last forever." Then the next moment . . . the next moment, Eddie is alone in a crowd of reporters to whom he is mouthing the words, "I love her—I love her more than ever," as if by stating his feelings emphatically he could somehow, make her, Elizabeth, keep loving him, too.

It must be almost the same for Eddie as it had been for her. Knocking herself out during the day on the set. Knocking herself out at night doing benefit performances. Killing herself so that she might kill her memories. Driving herself mercilessly until she'd fainted on the set one day and they'd shipped her off to a hospital.

Eddie had also been in a hospital. The papers called it a "nervous breakdown" caused by the collapse of his marriage. His friends had insisted he was "just plain exhausted."

Eddie had also thrown himself into work, recording songs, trying to prove to himself and the world that he wasn't just "Mr. Elizabeth Taylor," even while disc jockeys were announcing, "And now we'll play Elizabeth Taylor's latest release," and then playing old Eddie Fisher records.

Eddie had also knocked himself out to appear at the Friars dinner in honor of comedian Joe E. Lewis even when he just wanted to run away somewhere and hide. He disappeared when he saw all the newspapermen waiting for him and courageously came back. His face was as white as the cloth of the head table and his hands clenched and unclenched spasmodically as toastmaster Milton Berle introduced him from the dais: "... Here's a little guy with a big voice and a big heart. We all love him and respect him, Friar Eddie Fisher."

Eddie had spoken for less than thirty seconds. His words hardly carried beyond the first row of tables. He'd fumbled with his glasses, and at one point he choked up and couldn't continue.

And now, in the big ballroom of the Moulin Rouge, the crowd was screaming for Eddie to sing "Arrivederci Roma," a song of love and of parting, and Eddie was shaking his head no. All at once he raised his hands, palms out, and the crowd was silent.


A special song for Debbie. A song Eddie used to sing back when they first met on set of "The Athena." A special song for Debbie. A song Eddie used to sing when they first started dating. . . And on their third date, the night Eddie proposed . . . "You Made Me Love You." A special song for Debbie. A song Eddie used to sing when they were first married . . . On their honeymoon . . . in their first house together . . . for baby Carrie . . . and later, for little Todd Emanuel. First love, unforgettable love, unshadowed love. . . "You Made Me Love You."

The applause broke like thunder. More than $100,000 had already been raised for mentally retarded children by the time Eddie came on, but his unexpected appearance sparked over thirty thousand extra dollars.

One of the guests offered Eddie $500 if Eddie would sing "Oh My Papa," and this time he didn't falter for a second. Confidently, he launched into the song. A sentimental song of a child's love for its father and a father's love for his child. A sentiment Debbie understood. She'd said, "I've brought Carrie and Todd up to respect and adore Eddie. They will always love him as you love only your father."

That's what had accidentally brought them together again tonight, she in the audience and Eddie up on stage. Their love of kids. Not only their own kids, but less fortunate children, too.

After he finished singing "Oh My Papa," Eddie plunked down exhausted in a seat next to Eddie Adams, Ernie Kovacs' widow. A little while later, Debbie and Harry left, hand in hand. She couldn't stay too late. An expectant mother needs plenty of rest.

A few days later, Debbie read about Eddie's triumphant official return to the singing stage at the Coconut Grove. "Electric . . . exciting, he stopped the show colder than a faithless wife's heart . . ."

None of the raves surprised Debbie. After all, she had heard Eddie's voice herself a few nights before at the Share party . . . the night when, as memories of a young first love came flooding back, Eddie stole back into her heart. And even in those horrible days right after they had split up, she'd said: "... I don't know of a better singer. God gave Eddie a gifted voice, and if I'm right, the public is wrong if they don't flock to hear him. If a talent can't survive and overcome something the public doesn't approve of, then the public is wrong."

And Debbie was right. Eddie stole back into her heart and found his way back to that night.
ON THE RECORD

AUGUST 1962

Bobby Scott
Music Editor

• It’s not often you’ll find me writing about someone who doesn’t like to be written about. Bobby Darin is that someone—quite an argumentative point, but Bobby is quite justified, generally speaking!

Your reviewer, for one, has seen some hopelessly misguided approaches to Bobby’s attitudes and personality in print. You won’t find me stretching things or distorting them. Aside from accompanying and arranging for Bobby on occasion, I consider him a friend.

He has his edges. There are things that bother the mildest of us, and Bobby is no exception. Unfortunately, a performer’s private life is public record. This easily becomes a thorn to many performers, who can hardly put a hangkie to their noses without someone starting a rumor that they are “down with pneumonia”!

Bobby works as hard to please his audience as any performer I’ve heard or played for. His source of energy is his desire to be as good as he can—to develop every area he feels is native to his diverse talents.

In the business, Bobby is what you call “heart”: If you cut his throat, he’d figure a way to sing through the opening. The great misconception about Bobby is that he’s a “toughie,” with little or no humility. But here I think the surface isn’t up to telling the story.

The enigma is the product and the process. Having spent more than half my own life in the entertainment business, I can assure you there are easier axes to grind. (Contrary to what some journals would have you believe.) To push, to drive, to open your heart—and, in general, expose yourself to the public—is not the easiest thing to do in life.

The process is a difficult one to live. An awful lot of work goes into every recording, every night-club engagement, to say nothing of the time spent laying things out for a television show. It’s incredibly time-consuming. (Some performers turn around one day and find that the whole of life has got away from them during the process.)

The rub is the “double standard” forced upon performers. They must beam, no matter how bad dinner was, how long the band rehearsal dragged on, or whether their child—who catches a cold like everyone else—kept them up all night with nursing.

There are no exceptions to the rule that the lid has to blow off periodically. Bobby, contrary to what is said about him in a great many cases, seems to have a good grasp of the problems the entertainment business has dropped in his lap. He always knows, firmly, what he wants in back of himself musically. He has the happy faculty of enjoying other performers—I hasten to add, “who are talented.” Make no mistake that anyone who is as critical about himself, as Bobby is, could be easy with his peers!

He’s a wealth of information and advice. Very strongly does he hold his opinions. Believes emphatically in his own talent. That is the reason he is where he is today. A sage once said: Ten-percent talent, ninety-percent sweat. Work, hard work, never frightens those ready for it. Bobby has always “paid his dues.”

The question that always remains is: Do we enjoy the product, or is picking the process apart the answer? There are many gifts performers give heartily and lovingly. Do we take them in, enjoy them and reflect upon being enriched? Or do we want what we shouldn’t expect and what can never be given—even by those people whose lives are at least partially an open book?

Entertainers are to be enjoyed. They are not running for public office. The height of serving is giving your best. I’ve known hardly any performers who do not hold to this. Bobby is no exception. I enjoy him immensely and you, no doubt, enjoy him immensely. But what you may not know is: He keeps faith with your trust. He gives his best. And, most important, he enjoys you, too!
POPULAR

★★★Can't Help Falling in Love, The Lennon Sisters (Dot)—The Lennon Sisters are competent young ladies. Musically, their department isn’t a very difficult one, but they do inject the personal quality into what they perform. This quality is their edge.

I don’t hold with watering down the harmonies of a Victor Young tune to give it market value, but the girls do not make a career out of over-dramatizing this simple approach. They always seem comfortable. They rarely exceed their vocal range, and that has the tendency to make one tune sound very much in the same groove as the one which preceded it—but it also has power to unify their total approach.

The songs are all reasonably first-rate: “When I Fall in Love,” “Moon River” and the title tune, to mention a few of them. The girls’ musical attitude is deceptive. In this package, I think they were shooting for low-keyed, subtle expressions. And they got them. It’s not my cup of tea—but then, again, they’re persuasive.

★★★Latin and Hip, The Brothers Castro (Capitol)—Well, if you don’t think they’re swinging, down Mexico way, you’d better tune in to this album. These chaps are really something else! Very much in the Four Freshmen—Hi-Lo’s groove, they bring a Latin flavor which, at the outset, seems a bit incongruous to a lot of smart material, but they hurdle all the obstacles. The blend is wonderful. The highest voice in the group has an intriguing sound like a siren.

The harmonies they run through are hardly simple. Rich would be more like it. They have a very wide range of dynamics which is shown to advantage. The tunes are all vintage: “T’ll Remember April,” “Serenata,” “Angel Eyes,” the enchanting arrangement of “Summertime,” “Perdido”—which cooks along in a highly Latin-swing fashion.

This is a group to watch. Full of fire, talent, capable of finding a fresh way to do an old tune, and obviously enjoying what they are doing to the utmost. Ole! Olé!

★★★The Best of The Kingston Trio (Capitol “Starline”)—This is a beauty of a compilation! All the winners: “Tom Dooley,” “M.T.A.,” “Where Have All the Flowers Gone,” “A Worried Man,” “Scotch and Soda,” to name a few. See what I mean? There’s hardly much to say about these oft-heard hits, other than that, one after another, they are gangbusters. Humor is here, too! (The “Merry Minuet” is ridiculously funny.) As usual, the musicianship is first-rate.

An awfully good buy.

★★★Twistin’ Round the World, Chubby Checker (Parkway)—Well, this is the capper! Here’s a mediocre idea, done in a mediocre fashion. For this reviewer, nothing happens here. In fact, the band doesn’t even swing! The tunes are brutally beaten into something resembling a fourth-rate pop tune. Where the tune cannot be so nicely fitted, we hear Chubby attempting to sing them in a straighter style.

“Hava Nagela” gets a better-than-the-rest treatment, but “O Sole Mio,” “Alouette,” “Miserlou” and the rest find difficult going!

★★★For Teen Twisters Only, Chubby Checker (Parkway)—Now here we find Chubby in his own backyard! This album is a cooker! It’s good for dancing and partying. The tunes include “The Peppermint Twist,” “Runaround Sue” and a gang of others all calculated to disarrange your vertebrae.

Chubby as a performing artist is beyond the proper evaluation. He’s sort of an aberration on the music scene. We shall wait, watch and see how he develops.

As the Twist fades into the sun, we may discover his talent is much bigger than is currently being expressed. Time tells all. For you dancin’ fools, this album has that twistin’ message, so just go and buy it and—commence to wiggle!

CLASSICAL

★★★Paul Whiteman Conducts George Gershwin, Leonard Pennario, pianist—“Rhapsody in Blue,” “An American in Paris” (Capitol)—The premature death of George Gershwin left the American musical scene in a dither. The dither still remains, to a degree. No American opera, in your reviewer’s humble opinion, has matched “Porgy.” The only composer on Broadway carrying the Gershwin mantle is Harold Arlen, whose successes have
not been numerous. Of course, many landmarks have occurred in music for the concert hall. But Gershwin, I'm sure—alive and growing—would have broadened even that area.

These works, though familiar enough, have not lost their lustre. (Particularly the "American in Paris" opus.) These pieces are permeated with blues. Not the garden variety, but Gershwin's own special brand. A highly sophisticated type. The performances are very good. Pennario rarely has great problems with any piano literature. (He is certainly underrated.) Whiteman, although no conductor in the classical sense of the word, carries his end creditably. The sound is good. (Mono.)

Gershwin should be in everybody's collection. He's part of the American dream. From the tenement to world-wide renown in the musical world. It's indeed unfortunate that he didn't get the time to give us more of his personal look at ourselves: He knew us so well.

★★★★ Romeo and Juliet Overture and Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks, Tchaikovsky—Richard Strauss; Charles Munch cond. The Boston Symph. Orch. (RCA Victor)—Charles Munch is very sympathetic in his handling of the Tchaikovsky masterpiece, "Romeo and Juliet." The natural build in the very opening is very effectively brought off. In making the first statement of theme material, the strings make its meaning come to the front through striking, articulated playing, without a noticeable forte. Munch also plays down the first statement of the lyrical theme. All in all, it's sensitively done.

"Till," which is possibly Strauss' most important work, is a most interesting orchestrating wonder. It's full of the kind of writing only a master can come up with. Strauss, who was a marvelous pianist and a greatly underrated conductor, knew the orchestra from many angles. The materials never become obscure, no matter how profuse the color and action effects. Munch and the orchestra seem to enjoy "Till," and well they should—it's a player's piece. If by some chance the pieces are not in your collection, I suggest you look into them.

★★★★★ I Had the Craziest Dream, Manny Albam Orch. (RCA Victor)—This is surely one of the most charming examples of taste I've come across in a while. It's chock-full of tidbits of adventurous sounds, plus the jazz playing of such-calibre musicians as Phil Woods and Bob Brookmeyer, Joe Newman and Clark Terry.

The orchestra varies from the lush strings, sitting blanket-style and embracing the saxophone of Woods, to a shouting band fully equipped with brass, to a smaller brass ensemble which utilizes French horn and tuba.

The writing is all jazz-orientated, but don't let that scare you jazz-shy people. It also embraces the best points of the "big band" tradition and the melody is in evidence.

The tunes are all in the dream category: "I Can Dream," "A Kiss to Build a Dream On," "Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams," "Darn That Dream"—which features Brookmeyer's trombone and Miriam Workman's obligato voice line, sans lyric, and a shoutin' Woods solo.

It always says something, this album. Good arrangements, first-rate players, good tunes and what more can I tell you? Manny Albam deserves his name on the front, too! He's done a great deal of wonderful creating and, to my knowledge, has never received the acceptance due him. Recommended.

★★★★★ Jazz Samba, Stan Getz and Charlie Byrd (Verve)—To my mind, the biggest jazz pleasure of late has been the re-activated recording schedule of Stan Getz. Though he has always been a consistently first-rate jazz player, his few years' absence from the American jazz scene threw open wide the doors for a whole lot of new tenor-saxophone talent and his work was pushed into the background.

In all honesty, Stan was, for some time, making recordings which were devoid of a unifying idea. Recently, he changed direction. He recorded an album for Verve called "Focus," with a string ensemble. (The writing was done by Eddie Sauter.) This was his first departure of significance in a great while. It was all original Sauter material, constructed tightly but leaving room for Stan to improvise—without leaving him the burden of sustaining a unified whole. The writing stood on its own. And Stan, not pressed to create new edifices, just relaxed and floated. It is, by far, one of the most outstanding jazz albums. (Please turn the page)
But here we find another direction. The Samba! A fresh look at some Latin
music, with the added plus of Stan’s
improvisation and the guitar-playing of
Charlie Byrd. This album, as con-
trasted with “Focus,” is narrow. It’s
essentially an improvising album. Of
course, the instrumentation of the group
and the quality of the musical material
offset the confined area. (Guitar, bass,
two drummers and Stan.)

On the whole, it’s a rather enjoyable,
non-hostile jazz effort. That, in itself,
makes it unique. With so much—if
you’ll pardon me—marching going on,
this flowing, warmly Latinesque, harmoni-
cally honest and intensely lyrical
journey is a breath of fresh air. The
titles are unimportant. They are, I
gather, popular Latin vehicles. All are
charming in their simplicity. The whole
venture proves the universality of music.
Recommended.

★★★Bashin’: The Unpredictable
Jimmy Smith (Verve)—Jimmy Smith
is one heck of a talent. He is also able
to bridge the gap to the hit-record
charts. (His single record of “Walk on
the Wild Side”—which, incidentally,
was grabbed from this album—is doing
very well.)

This latest effort of Jimmy’s is chock-
full of gems. One side of the album
finds Jimmy rumblin’ with a big band.
The arrangements—written by a largely
underrated writer-saxophonist, Oliver
Nelson—are played brittle-bright by a
host of great jazz players: Phil Woods,
Urbie Green, George Duvivier, Joe
Wilder and Joe Newman among them.
These big-band sides include the smash-
ing “Walk on the Wild Side,” “Old
Man River” and “Step Right Up,”
among others.

Side two features Jimmy’s trio. This
side almost steals the show. The beau-
tiful and touchingly blue “Beggar for
the Blues” is murder! “Bashin’,” the
title tune, is followed by—and I’m not
kidding—“I’m an Old Cowhand.” If it
seems strange, it doesn’t sound that way.
It all works! Jimmy is the past ma-
ter of the blues, truly the first real
“jazz giant” of the organ, and always a
pleasure and a delight to listen to.
Much of the message resides in his
own talented, flying fingers!

★★★The Sweetest Swingin’ Sounds
of “No Strings,” arr. and cond. by
Billy May (Capitol)—It appears that
when a talent like Billy May under-
takes an album—even when the mate-
rial is the worst example of Richard
Rodgers’ writing—he brings it off in
that wonderful May-ish way.

Billy is one of the few arrangers
around capable of injecting humor,
warmth, vitality, into almost every one
of his recording ventures. He uses a
big band’s instrumentation as if he
had discovered it! Here we find a set-
teled feeling prevailing, with occasional
shouts from the brass. I think, though,
humor is the call for the day. And no
one exceeds Billy at that trick. Also
herein are a few saxophone solos of
merit and the presence of the mighty
May songs!

All I can say is, Richard Rodgers
ought to be happy about this album.
His music from this show has hardly
been recorded any better. Included:
“No Strings,” “Eager Beaver,” “Look
No Further,” “Loads of Love,” and
eight more of the score. The stars are
for Billy.

★★The Newest Sound Around: The
Voice of Jeanne Lee—Ran Blake
at the Piano (RCA Victor)—Anything
is to be tried once. Well, ... it didn’t
happen. Here an approach quite, quite
different from what one would expect
—from a singer, plus a pianist, doing
a lot of standards—shoots out at you
trying to say something. Unfortunately,
it’s a vehicle only for the “in”-people.

This album is the most successful
attempt at obscurity I’ve heard yet.
Modernity doesn’t ever come under
indictment by your reviewer, but, oh!—
spare us this nonsense. Experiments are
solely for science. There’s only success
or failure in art.

SPECIAL
★★★★Billie Holiday: “The Gold-
en Years” (Columbia)—Billie Holi-
day is a legend because we are blessed
so rarely with artists of her calibre. The
individualism she possessed was titanic.
The circle of admirers she had includes
every jazz player of stature for the last
thirty years. Everybody loved Billie—
“Lady Day,” as Lester Young dubbed
her. She hurled no one in her whole life
but herself.

She was captivating, enchanting and
irresistible. One night, your reviewer
was playing in a jazz club in the Vil-
lage, on New York’s downside. I was
rambling through “Willow Weep for
Me” when I heard someone singing
from a table down front. At first, I had the feeling someone was having some fun at my expense. Then I heard that voice clearly and darned if it wasn’t Lady Day! Well, right then and there, I turned the floor over to her. She wasn’t just “hamming” it up; she wouldn’t come up on the stage. Her report was that she liked the way we were playing that tune and it was an old favorite of hers. She sang the tune from the table, finished it and uttered, “No more,” fearing we should feel imposed upon.

That was Lady Day. A beautiful human being who fought a drug habit, a frail body, and had magnified insecurities about her singing. Oh, if she only knew how appreciated she really was—

This Columbia package of three LP’s is a marvelous compilation of the Holiday monuments. From “Your Mother-in-Law” (circa 1933) with the Benny Goodman band through to 1941 and vehicles such as “God Bless the Child”—which Billie wrote—“Love Me or Leave Me” and “Gloomy Sunday.” The band personnel on these albums reads like a “Who’s Who in Jazz”!

You name them, they’re here, complementing the master improviser herself.

The package is a chunk of history. A healthy chunk of inherent joy of playing jazz in those days. The carry over of the Cotton Club type of sophistication and ornamentation, and Lady Day in all her glory. Talking about love—the sad kind, the light kind, the supremely touching kind—or bubbling along, with the jazz giants keeping pace. For a collection to be without these is for it to be incomplete.

Billie passed away with very little money or hope. Her grave had no stone to tell where the great lady rested for a year. Fortunately, a group of people held a benefit to raise the money for it. It seems ironic that the people she made so much money for were conspicuous by their absence at her untimely death.

I treasure this package. Please go out and listen to it. The sound is the old sound of recordings made in the ’30s and ’40s, but no advances in technology can give you that heart: The heart of Billie Holiday.


TOPS IN SINGLES

1) All for the Love of a Girl/Old Kentucky Home, Al Harris (Capitol)—Both these sides are strong. The first side, “All for the Love,” is the one that really kills your reviewer. The flip is a flying version of the Stephen Foster classic. No singing here. Just the tacky guitar-sounding piano with a big band. Should be a big one.

2) Bluebird/These Are the Things, Jericho Brown (Chancellor)—“Bluebird” is the tough one. Same niche as Bobby Vee’s efforts. Good arrangements, good shouting! The flip is a long shot. Watch for this one. It might take off!

3) Wonderful Land/Stars Fell on Stockton, The Shadows (Atlantic)—“Wonderful Land” is a spacious piece bringing the quality of the Western movie theme to light. The flip side isn’t in the running. Like our No. 1 record, this is an instrumental.

4) Please Send Me Someone/Another Dancing Pardner, Damita Jo (Mercury)—Both sides are very strong. In fact, it’s hard to pick one. “Please Send Me” is a blues-type shout a la Dinah Washington, but Damita sets her own groove. And a walkin’-talkin’ one, at that. Flip is country-style at the edges, with a cute lyric. Could be?

5) The World’s Greatest Man/Sweet Little Lovable You, Wink Martindale (Dot)—“Greatest Man” is clearly the stronger. Wink does a good job making known the fact! The flip is a fifty-to-ner. Watch “Greatest Man”—it’ll get to the hit charts.

6) Wild Flower/Express Train, Tico and the Triumphs (Amy)—This is for the kids. They’ll shove it right up high on the hit chart. The lyric means next to nothing. “Flower” is sort of a Rocking Island song of the Pacific variety. The flip is a traveling song, not quite as strong. The sound is what’s happening these days. Look out.

7) Yes, My Darling Daughter/Sonny Boy, Eydie Gorme, Don Costa Orch. (Columbia)—All the earmarks of a big one, and Eydie’s just about due for one. The groove of “Daughter” is somewhere between “Come On-A My House” and “Midnight in Moscow.” Very strong Dixie back-drop. “Sonny Boy,” the Jolson classic, is an added plus, but “Daughter” is the one you’ll hear on radio. A goodie!

8) Second Hand Love/Gonna Git That Man, Connie Francis (MGM)—“Second Hand Love” is in a wonderful groove. With Connie sitting right on top the proceedings, chirpin’ away! The lyrics lay well. The tacky piano appears again in the orchestra. It’s got to be a hit. Flip hardly stands up to “Love.”

9) Comin’ Back to You/ Mr. Hobbs, Richie Allen (Imperial)—“Comin’ Back” is the sleeper this month. Sort of raggety-type, guitar-playing, Western-theme-type material. I get a funny feeling listening to this. It keeps saying to me, “I’m gonna sneak in there.” And well it might. Richie plays in the singing-guitar style. The background is nothing to shout about, but the melody has a charm. Flip is out of the running.

10) “Route 66” Theme/Lolita Ya-Ya, Nelson Riddle Orch. (Capitol)—With all the exposure “Route 66” gets, anyway, this could mean something. But the big side is “Lolita.” Perfect for the market—right down to the chorus of girls’ voices, cooking drums, clanging guitars and the repetitive theme. Ding-dong!
1. Ann Blyth, Debbie Reynolds (did you recognize her?), Marge Champion at the Tholix circus. 2. Tony Dow doting Brenda Scott. 3. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Welk meet Jay ("Dennis the Menace") North. 4. Judy Garland, who fled to London with Liza, Lorna and Joey, now faces a custody fight.
6. Jane Powell and Pat Nerney on family outing with Mono, Suzanne, Lindsey, Geary.
7. Rick Nelson's serious about Chris Harmon; Ozzie and Harriet approve.
8. Tommy Sands struts his Actors' Studio stuff in summer stock. Is that a "method" kiss?
"I don't want to sound pompous or stuffy," said "Pajama Game's" Richard Adler, managing to sound both pompous and stuffy, "but the Madison Square Garden show to raise money for the Democratic Party is another way of doing something for my country—outside of military service. And I've already done that." Showbiz always takes these assurances with a grain of salt.

... Time and again, ambitious people of showbusiness have worked every shrewd angle to establish such a White House connection. They covet it for obvious social and professional bonuses. ... So I would urge Pierre Salinger, now that he's returned, to tone down Adler. For instance, one star asked Adler to change the star's rehearsal period at the Garden because it conflicted with his TV rehearsal schedule. Thundered Adler: "Is a TV show more important?" Said the star, simply: "Uh-huh." ... **Vince Edwards to wed Sherry Nelson.** ... Dave Garroway and Betty Furness resumed. ... Eydie Gorme—Steve Lawrence named him Michael. ... Vicki James, daughter of Betty Grable and Harry, and Keely Smith's brother, Buster, bustin' out all over. ... A son for the Harry Guardinos. ... Ann Sothern and Bill Frye a duet. ... Clifford Odets and Susan Oliver serious. ... Johnny Mathis serenading Miriam Colon. ... George Marahis and Inger Stevens something new. ... Mrs. Johnny Carson getting a Mexican divorce. ... As result of his smash, Louis Prima and Basin Street East ok'd $240,000 three-year deal. ... Back in the early 1930s when I booked Louis Prima and his band for his first stage date at Loew's State, he always showed plenty of moxie. It's this same type of courage that enabled Prima to stage his fantastic hit at Basin Street East. That, plus his uncanny instinct for selecting unknown vocalists who promptly become sensations. ... **James Stewart gets Art Carney flicker role of "Take Her, She's Mine."** ... Mort Sahl and Anna Kashfi a twosome. ... The Arnold (Bess Myerson) Grants back from European honeymoon. ... Lori Nelson Mann named the baby Lori. ... Bob Hope's son, Tony, set for Harvard. ... Doris Day's son, Terry, and Candy Bergen, Edgar's daughter, an item. ... Millie Perkins and Dean Stockwell separated. ... As you read in the gazettes, after Spyros Skouras had shown the rowdyish 20th Century-Fox stockholders twenty-one minutes of "Cleopatra," predicted a $100 million gross, and sketched the expected harvest of Zanuck's "Longest Day," the stockholders re-elected him as prexy. ... Facing an operation, Skouras nevertheless taxed himself with five trips to Europe to keep Liz from quitting the picture—then underwent surgery here at St. Luke's. ... The Red Wests expecting (he's Presley's stand-in). ... Anne Bancroft prefers Mel Brooks. ... **Jackie Gleason lost 45 pounds.** ... Carol Burnett and Richard Chamberlain at Jilly's. ... The Mike (Laraine Day) Grikhiles expecting. ... Hugh O'Brien switched to Dorothy Towns. ... Robert Frost up for the 1962 Nobel Prize. ... "Cyn-slenger's" Madlyn Rhue and Tony Young to marry. ... Raymond Massey's daughter, Anna, and husband Jeremy Brett detailed.
One look at TV's top doctors and the diagnosis is obvious: They're headed for the altar — and they're finding that half the fun is getting there! Just turn the page and see!
First Photos! The Girl Dick Tried To Hide

A one-line item in a gossip column started the hottest rumor in Hollywood. It also started a panic at the M-G-M studios where "Dr. Kildare" is filmed. Dick Chamberlain, it said, (Please turn the page)
First Photos! The Girl Dick Tried To Hide

A one-line item in a gossip column started the hottest rumor in Hollywood. It also started a panic at the M-G-M studios where "Dr. Kildare" is filmed. Dick Chamberlain, it said, (Please turn the page)
has been secretly married for more than a year. If the item was true, there was no doubt who the girl was: She had to be Clara Ray.

The studio was having a corporate nervous stomach as it moaned over the effects of having its new TV idol caught in a lie. Executives still haven’t quite recovered from the Yvette Mimieux caper. The same gossip column itemed, over a year ago, that she was secretly married. She had denied it, but the item turned out true.

TV RADIO MIRROR knew that it was possible—even if not probable—that Dick and Clara were already married. Our double-checking system sprang into action. First, we tracked down Dick; we found him, still sleepy-eyed, reporting to the studio makeup department for an early-morning call.

We put the question to him bluntly: “Are you and Clara married?” Dick woke up fast. “Are you serious?” he asked. We showed him the item. He stared at it for a long moment; then he broke into laughter.

“It doesn’t mention our children,” he said between guffaws. “This item is hilarious. It’s ridiculous.” He was still laughing.

Then, turning absolutely serious, he said, “There is no truth to it whatsoever. I wonder why they’d print such a thing. They didn’t check with me on it. When I get married, the whole world will know.”

Clara, too, denied the rumor, although she didn’t think it was funny—even at first. She seemed puzzled as to why anyone would print such a thing without checking first. Her parents, as well as Dick’s, maintained that no knot had been tied.

A spot-check of the marriage license bureaus also failed to produce any basis for the item. “Dick has taken out a license all right,” one of his buddies cracked, “But it was a driver’s license.”

Another close friend and TV associate, Chuck Painter, remarked: “If Dick got married, it must have been in his sleep. I have been with him constantly since he became ‘Dr. Kildare.’ I know where he lives. I know where Clara lives. It’s not the same address.”

TV’s hottest rumor checks out as false. The romance, though, is very much for real. It has been going on for some time—secretly—but, on the night of the Academy Awards, Dick brought it out into the open for the first time.

He held Clara Ray’s hand tightly as they stepped out of a limousine in front of the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium. Pandemonium broke loose. The thousands of spectators screamed wildly. The photographers’ flashbulbs popped
like machine-gun fire. Three high-school girls sitting together in the bleachers stretched forward for a better first look at Dick and Clara. They stretched too far, and started to fall to the ground six feet below. Two police officers grabbed them just in time. It was truly the biggest reception of the night for any star.

Those meeting Clara for the first time that night were quick to agree that Dick was a mighty lucky man. Even in a crowd of beautiful actresses, she was outstanding. Clara, though, is no actress and doesn’t want to be one. The twenty-one-year-old brunette has devoted years to preparing for a singing career. She prefers opera, but a year ago appeared at the Statler Hilton Hotel as a pop singer and later toured with Marie Wilson’s nitery group.

It was singing, in fact, that brought Dick and Clara together. Nearly three years ago, Dick reported for the start of a singing course at the Los Angeles Conservatory of Music. At first, he hardly paid any attention to the girl sitting across the room. She was just another student in the class conducted by Carolyn Trojanowski.

However, as the weeks, months and then a year passed, Dick became fascinated with her talent—and her beauty. They found they had much in common: A hungry appetite for the arts, an appreciation of the outdoors. They sipped coffee and chatted during classroom breaks; they took long walks together.

Then Clara had to go on the road with a show and, overnight, Dick found himself a public idol as “Dr. Kildare.” Yet they never drifted too far apart. Dick con-

continued to study twice a week at the conservatory.

Suddenly, last September, they discovered it could be love. They appeared in a duet number at one of the showcase performances that the school stages once a year. It wasn’t the first duet they had sung together, but after that night their dating was on a steady basis.

Few knew about it, though. They never appeared in night clubs or at premieres. They enjoyed spending what free time Dick had from filming at Malibu, walking hand in hand along the beach, or hiking in the Santa Monica Mountains. Or they would throw a small party for school friends. Or Dick would put on the horn-rimmed glasses he uses as a disguise and they would go to a movie or an opera. Success is still very new to Dick, and he often feels embarrassed when autograph hounds catch him in the middle of shopping for cold cuts or buying toothpaste at the corner drugstore in the usual way.

Clara, too, is unpretentious. Her background is similar to Dick’s. Although born in Memphis, Tennessee, she is practically a native of California (Dick is). Her parents moved to Eagle Rock when she was but a child. At Eagle Rock High, it became obvious to her classmates that she was someone special. She was the most popular girl in her class. The boys did everything but walk a fence, Tom Sawyer-style, to carry her books. She wasn’t the least bit impressed. She dated whom she pleased, whether he was a football hero or the shy intellectual in her English class.

Clara was a good, conscientious student. She even found time between studying and voice lessons to participate in the drill team pageantry at all athletic events. When she graduated, she went on to Glendale City College. In 1956, her beauty and charm won her the title of Homecoming Princess.

Yet nothing she had ever known could prepare her for the night of the Academy Awards when she stepped into the near-hysterical limelight with Dick.

“I thought my dress was slipping off,” she confided to Dick later. “I kept tugging it up. Then I realized it wasn’t the dress at all. It was my knees. They were shaking so badly my gown was like a hula skirt.”

Clara frankly confessed that, if it weren’t for Dick’s arm around her waist, she would have fallen flat on her face. When the night was over, she couldn’t sleep, she was still so tense with excitement from the crowd’s overwhelming reception. Dick, too, tossed and turned the entire night; it was his first glimpse (Continued on page 86)
When Vince Edwards and Sherry Nelson are together, they seem to light up as if they were hearing bells—wedding bells. But for Vince, this is not a new sound. There was that girl in Japan, for instance, with whom he came so close to marriage... And now? “I’m thinking of getting married,” he admits. “I go steady with a girl who is for marriage. That’s natural. She’s a woman.” Vince is for it, too. “After all,” says his best friend, “why else does a single fellow keep dropping in on a married guy with kids?” We think this friend has the best answer so far to: “When’s the wedding?” For his story, turn to page 73.
A reporter, something of an eager beaver, once asked the Lenons, “Have you ever felt that God’s thumb had been turned down against you?” The singing sisters stared at him helplessly. They were a little shocked. Their father, Bill, smiled and intervened. “Why should they feel that way?” he said. “They haven’t been taught to think of God as a Nero deciding life and death with His thumb. We Lenons don’t believe God plays games with the souls of people. If good things come

Why do we pray? What do we believe?
The Lennon Sisters—Peggy, Kathy and Janet—
get some frank answers from their father

THE DAY GOD
our way, we're thankful for the blessings ... but if something bad should happen, I'm sure we'd all take the view that there was a reason for it. We don't blame God and we don't argue with Him...” As a family, the Lennons would rather live their religion than talk about it. Sure and strong in their Catholic faith, they try to mingle devotion to the Church and observance of its rituals with humility, tolerance and joy. It is forgotten now which of the (Continued on page 87
At the swank Port St. Lucie Country Club, Florida folk stared in surprise . . .

This wasn’t the Como they’d expected to see! He seemed so different . . . off TV.
At the swank Port St. Lucie Country Club, Florida folk stared in surprise...

WHY PERRY COMO

This wasn’t the Como they’d expected to see! He seemed so different... off TV.
Slamming the ball more than two hundred yards, he permits himself the luxury of a smile.

"Nice guys finish last," said Leo the Lip. Less pessimistic prophets like to point to Perry Como as proof that it doesn't have to be so. It might be true in dog-eat-dog professional sports—but it couldn't be true of the ace song pro known as "the nicest guy in show biz."

Per hasn't finished last for years . . . and watching him play golf down Miami way, you begin to understand why. "Nice guy," eh? There's nothing wishy-washy about this star in action! No casual shrugs when the ball just lips the cup . . . no meek apologies. Here is a man who lines up every shot in deadly earnest . . . who whacks every drive as though sailing into a mortal enemy . . . who shoots a sizzling 78.

This is Perry Como?

Yes, this is Per today . . . the same guy who looks so relaxed on TV—after he's lined up every shot in hard-working rehearsal. He may have been "just a nice guy" once. That's when he had his failures. Now he knows: You have to play-to-win . . . in your career, as well as any game!
Just a game? Perry Como is obviously going for broke!
Slamming the ball more than two hundred yards, he permits himself the luxury of a smile.

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The dilemma of Peggy McCay

When the triangle first took shape, 'twas the night after Christmas. And all through the house, creatures were not only stirring—they were Twisting! . . .

The “house”: Romanoff's. The date: December 26, 1961. The Twisters: Just about all the stars at the gala post-premiere party for Warner Bros.' “A Majority of One.” . . . That's when Peggy McCay saw her chance. Peggy had plenty going for her. She'd been cast as the mother on ABC-TV's “Room for One More,” and tonight she was out on a date with Efrem Zimbalist Jr. Now, Efrem is the calm, gentlemanly, pipe-smoking catch of a lifetime, as any self-respecting spinster knows. And Peggy had him all to herself. . . . But was she content to count her blessings? No! You see, beneath the lady-like veneer she wears on the screen, Peggy McCay harbors a secret vice: Get her near a dance floor and the lady just has to Twist. . . . She looked at Efrem, who was sitting contentedly across the table from her, a mildly amused expression on his face as he watched his fellow actors make pretzels of themselves. Obviously he didn't have any intention of asking her onto the dance floor for this number. Peggy looked at the Twisters, who were gyrating happily to the wild music, and suddenly her feet started itching and her hips started twitching. Almost before she knew it, she found herself asking Efrem: “Say—how about it?” . . . He took his pipe out of his mouth, looked at her with just a hint of surprise and— (Continued on page 78)
her heart stand still...

... Then she saw Robert Q. Lewis!

Robert Q. will!
GRACIE ALLEN:

"Am I Too Sick To Know The Truth About My Son?"
The news stunned George Burns and Gracie.

Like the others on the tranquil block in Beverly Hills, it’s an older home. Like the others, it has been superbly maintained throughout the years. One warmish day this past spring, a woman peered bright-eyed out the large picture window of its spacious living room. The rosebuds in the garden yawned to a cloudless sky. The violets bordering the driveway were in full bloom. The leaves on the trees fluttered in a slight breeze.

Truly, it was a gorgeous day. The woman in the big house had enjoyed many splendid days. Ones filled with love, happiness and success. Ones devoted to her family. Ones devoted to her husband. Ones devoted to her career. Gracie Allen indeed has had a fruitful life. But that day, when she turned from the window—and the past—she found herself face to face with the problems of the present.

Ironically, that same week, her daughter Sandra had announced that her second marriage had failed. She was getting a divorce. The day before, Gracie had picked up a newspaper only to read that her son Ronnie was planning to marry a girl she had met only casually. There was a time when Sandra and Ronnie Burns relied on their parents for advice. No longer. Somehow, they had drifted away. They no longer shared their confidences.

On February 19th, 1958, Gracie Allen had announced, with much emotion, that she was retiring from show business. The team of Burns and Allen would be no more. The reason she gave: “I want to have more time to see our children . . . our grandchildren.”

This undoubtedly was a prime factor for her retirement. Another was her health. Associates at the time confided “off the record” that Gracie’s health was slipping. A year ago, she entered Mt. Sinai Hospital in Los Angeles for what George described as a “virus condition.” However, friends whispered that it was her heart.

Of late, Gracie seldom ventures far from the confines of her home. She’s still as witty and charming as ever, friends say, but she’s not up (Please turn the page)
Am I Too Sick To Know The Truth About My Son?
"Am I Too Sick To Know The Truth About My Son?"
- continued

Gracie's retirement meant the demise of the TV show. Then, when Ronnie decided acting wasn't for him, they gave him another break—a job as an executive in their TV production company. They installed Sandra in a similar job.

Ronnie, some say, began to drift back to his old habits. He liked to have fun. His handsome features and good build made him a sought-after bachelor. Two years ago, he came very close to marrying a Las Vegas showgirl whom he'd met while at the resort with his father. George even indicated that he and Gracie approved of the match. However, there was a quarrel and the two split up. She later married someone else.

Ronnie came even closer to marriage this spring. At first, his dates with Helen DeMaree seemed strictly platonic. After all, she was married to Steve Crane, who owns the Luau restaurant and was once wed to Lana Turner. (He is the father of Lana's troubled young daughter, Cheryl.)

Ronnie always has been one of the Luau's best customers and Steve was his good friend. So it appeared perfectly natural that Ronnie should dine with Helen at the Luau when Steve had to fly East on business. Sometimes, when Steve was home, the three dined together.

This arrangement was short-lived. Soon, Ronnie and Helen began to be seen together at other places besides the Luau. They made a (Continued on page 96)

going to night clubs and parties.

George Burns is still as active as ever. He puffs away at his cigars. He can exchange barbs with the best of them, whether it be Jack Benny or George Jessel. His Las Vegas appearances have been satisfying. The first time he appeared on Crap-table Row, he brought a young male singer with the egotism of Frank Sinatra and Jerry Lewis combined. His name was Bobby Darin, and it was George who introduced him to success. On the same stage, at a later engagement, he did the same for young Ann-Margret.

Both Gracie and George had tried to launch Ronnie on an acting career. They cast him as their son on the TV show and the idea was an overnight hit.

George once confessed that he had more than one reason for putting Ronnie in the show. "I wanted to give him something to do," George said. "I didn't want him to turn into one of those beach bums. He was spending too much time at Malibu with his friends."

George and Gracie had reasons for their concern. In the winter of 1956, Ronnie was involved in an accident that resulted in a $60,000 suit being slapped against his parents. He was only twenty at the time, so they were still liable for his actions. The following year, he was arrested for speeding at 85-miles-an-hour in a 25-mile zone. When it came to driving, Ronnie seemed to think he was on the Indianapolis Speedway.

Ronnie, Helen DeMaree, Steve Crane were deep in a triangle. Sandra (at bottom) had bad news, too.
Is It True That There's More Honey in the Moon The Second Time Around?

Want to bring romance back into your marriage? To “insure” happiness till-death-do-you-part? Don’t ask the couple who’ve never had a quarrel, “never been separated for a single night”! The lovebirds who really know are those who’ve felt the pain of long separation—even divorce—and somehow found the way to rebuild a broken marriage stronger than it was before.

Hollywood has many who found out “the hard way” . . . and maybe, listening to them, you can prepare for a soul-satisfying second honeymoon while still cooing (or crying) over the first! Some of their answers may amuse you—surely, your disagreements aren’t as silly as theirs? Some may stir you with a sudden sense of recognition. But all are the real stuff of life and love . . . and all quite different from the things they’d have told you in earlier days.

Take a peek into the living room of a rambling California home. See those blood-red flowers entwining two white hearts? Though the stems droop slightly and some petals have fallen, the message they convey will linger in this room long after the flowers have faded . . .

A two-year-old toddler named Michele reaches out toward them. “No, no, darling,” says her mother, Colleen. “Mustn’t touch. Those are Mommy’s present.” The (Please turn the page)
tiny hands drop obediently. "Daddy?" the light voice queries. "Yes, sweetie, Daddy gave those to Mommy," says Colleen, her glance flying to the face of her husband across the room. For a long instant, their eyes meet in intimate awareness. . . .

Jimmie Rodgers is first to break the silence: "Sometimes it's hard to believe all this happiness is ours. Colleen and I are living a second honeymoon. Our first honeymoon was wonderful—

Jimmie and Colleen Rodgers

— but it can't compare with this one. Between them were long, dark months of knowing what it is like to do without each other. We've known loneliness and we've known heartache—" a shadow of that pain crosses the faces of both husband and wife—" but it has all been worthwhile . . . for we've learned what marriage is really all about.

"Marriage is not the physical attraction, the passion, the glamour that first attracts you to each other. It's understanding your mate and realizing that troubles and disagreements may exist but they can't basically change your love for each other—provided you have a strong foundation of love and mutual respect to begin with." Colleen nods in solemn, shining agreement.

"We've been lucky that we found our way back," says Jimmie. "Colleen's recent serious illness has taught us the important values and made us realize that life means nothing for singing 'Love Is Wonderful, The Second Time Around.' It has been wonderful for us."

Jimmie and Colleen belong to a large army of Hollywood couples who decided they wanted "discharge papers"—only to discover, after lonely months apart, they had a strong desire to sign up for another hitch! The cause of each couple's original strife may have been different . . . but all pairs have one thing in com-

June Allyson and Dick Powell

Carl Neubert and Ruth Warrick

Your first honeymoon may not have been what you

either of us if we're not together. We know now that, regardless of the adjustments we might have to make, we belong together.

"When Colleen and I decided to dissolve our marriage, the tensions and disagreements had built themselves up all out of proportion. My traveling was an almost-constant source of irritation to us both—and when we were together, we were like two strangers having to become re-acquainted all over again." He grins shyly as he adds, "Now I feel like mon: They learned that, for them, separate life is no life. By returning to the mate they once thought they could discard, they found that, truly, the second honeymoon was richer and sweeter than the first.

It took Jane Wyman and her husband Freddie Karger seven long years to learn this lesson. Why did they part? At the time of their separation—just two years after the wedding—Jane explained what had gone wrong: Little things had mounted up . . . a major annoyance, for her, was the
late hours Freddie stayed at the studio to rehearse his band ... in two brief years, love's first violent storm of passion had been becalmed in a sea of dull monotony . . .

Today, the Kargers radiate serenity and peace—together. "We've found," says Freddie, "there was a way to keep our romance alive. Now we look for the positive things in each other, rather than try to find the flaws all humans possess." And

stead of sliding along with the bad habits we cultivated, we've had a chance to back off and think about the things that really matter. Now we both really work at our marriage. I know Dick is trying much harder and hasn't allowed his career to become the all-consuming monster it once was.

"I suppose many couples reach the point where they can no longer talk to each other . . . sit down and discuss the frictions driving them apart. Small troubles magnify until you're sure you've lost all the love between you. I know now—we both know—how much we've gained . . . we've thrown away the resentments and bitterness, and we've found the one thing that really counts: Being together. Life alone was bleak and worthless."

The Rodgers, Karger and Powell break-ups had a common denominator: Explosions stemmed from the spark which causes friction in many

a home outside Hollywood ... a woman's tendency to feel neglected as romance gives way to her husband's absorption in business when the first honeymoon is over. After the second one, a woman seems better able to accept the fact that her man's career will always be a tempting, time-consuming mistress ... and a man realizes that success doesn't mean much without the personal happiness he can enjoy through a better

Jane adds, "Our years apart taught me how wrong I was to think that marriage would always be a honeymoon—without tensions, without moods! I know now that much more goes into marriage besides romance. We're each trying harder to compromise and to understand the other one ... and our effort has paid off in a deep and lasting relationship."

Positive thinking also paid big dividends to June Allyson and Dick Powell. "Our separation was the best thing for us both," June says. "In...
If you've ever looked at your husband and thought, "HE'S NO BARRYMORE..."

look again!

In 1952, Cara Williams became Mrs. John Barrymore Jr. It was a strange marriage from the very beginning—and very different from Cara's happy domesticity on TV's "Pete and Gladys." In a way, the Barrymore marriage was written in headlines and front-page newspaper photos. But, in a deeper sense, the real story has never been told publicly until now.

"Things were always bad for Johnnie," Cara said thoughtfully, as we talked over supper at a dimly-lit table at Trader Vic's in Beverly Hills. "If things went right, something would always go wrong, because he made it go wrong. And the pity is that he didn't realize it. He's a wonderful boy, and it's pretty sad to think about what happened to him.

"Johnnie was born under a tragedy. He was the son of two famous parents—his mother was the movie star, Dolores Costello—but this brought him no happiness. He was always being sent off to schools, where he was beaten up, and he saw his father only once. He was told very little about his family, really.

He hardly knew any of them. I think he saw his Uncle Lionel for exactly a week, and Lionel never really talked to him. Then, while Johnnie was still a child, his father died."

She frowned. "When Johnnie tried to make an acting career for himself, he found that he was always being compared to this great man who had died years before. It was an impossible situation. He was constantly being put in the position of having to prove himself—of having to prove that he wasn't trying to live off the Barrymore name."

Naturally, John resented this, and occasionally he lashed out in a rebellion which only made things even worse. "Every time he got so much as a speeding ticket, it was on the front page, because he was a Barrymore. His smallest mistake would be magnified. Even today, the same situation exists, and it's responsible for many of his problems."

When Cara married him, she tried to change things. "I wanted him to forget all the Barrymore publicity and the comparisons, and start a life of his own. Although I'd been a pessimist (Continued on page 93)
Cara Williams talks frankly about her two Barrymores (facing page): husband John II and son John III.
He's lost his marriage...now.  Mike Landon (ig)
"I'm their father till the day they die... or I die!"

As reluctant as he may be to do so, Mike Landon is forced to ask himself the question every parent dreads:

"Am I an unfit father?"

It is a question he cannot avoid. Only weeks after adopting his third son, Mike and his wife Dodie separated. Then, shortly after, in a Los Angeles courtroom, Mike was named co-respondent in a cross-complaint to a divorce suit. Mannie Baier, a sales representative for a clothing firm, charged that he was not the father of the child expected by his actress-wife, Marjorie Lynn. He named Mike as the "other man." As we go to press, neither Marjorie nor Mike has had a chance to answer these charges.

It is a curious side of fatherhood, however—and perhaps Mike will derive some comfort from it—that, usually, only fit fathers have the courage to question themselves and their rights to their children. The real cruelty of Mike's situation is the fact that his role as a father has so little to do with the actual circumstances that push him into this anguished self-examination.

In the beginning, marriage for Mike Landon and his lovely Dodie was an exciting and emotionally rewarding experience. But, as in so many marriages, as the years passed Mike and (Continued on page 82)
As reluctant as he may be to do so, Mike Landon is forced to ask himself the question every parent dreads:

"Am I an unfit father?"

It is a question he cannot avoid. Only weeks after adopting his third son, Mike and his wife Dodie separated. Then, shortly after, in a Los Angeles courtroom, Mike was named co-respondent in a cross-complaint to a divorce suit. Manny Baier, a sales representative for a clothing firm, charged that he was not the father of the child expected by his actress-wife, Marjorie Lynn. He named Mike as the "other man." As we go to press, neither Marjorie nor Mike has had a chance to answer these charges.

It is a curious side of fatherhood, however—and perhaps Mike will derive some comfort from it—that, usually, only fit fathers have the courage to question themselves and their rights to their children. The real cruelty of Mike's situation is the fact that his role as a father has so little to do with the actual circumstances that put him into this anguished self-examination.

In the beginning, marriage for Mike Landon and his lovely Dodie was an exciting and emotionally rewarding experience. But, as in so many marriages, as the years passed Mike and (Continued on page 82)
ARE YOU LOSING OUT ON THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE?
Ted Mack tells you 8 ways to be a winner

Jackie Kennedy . . . Mickey Mantle . . . Connie Francis . . . Cary Grant. Imagine a more unlikely quartet if you can! Yet they all—First Lady, baseball player, singer, and actor—have one thing in common: They’re stars, all of them, in their own fields.

Of course, not everyone really wants to live in the White House, or play centerfield for the Yankees. Not even everyone wants a career in show business, though Ted Mack—who’s presided over the auditions of more than a million would-be performers—sometimes finds this hard to believe. But everyone wants to be a winner—a “star” in his own particular world.

How do you get that way? What’s the big secret?

In the more than twenty-five years during which he’s been connected with “The Original Amateur Hour,” the veteran showman thinks he’s learned most of the answers. From among the fifteen hundred aspiring amateurs auditioned weekly throughout the country, he and his staff, he says, can almost unerringly spot those who “have it.” And before the ballots have been counted after each Sunday afternoon show, he has “a good idea” of who will poll the most votes. They goof now and then, he admits. Elvis Presley, for one, was passed up at his audition and didn’t even get on the show. “We didn’t know then what rock ’n’ roll was,” Mack grins.

First of all, there’s that all-important ingredient which has never been quite definable. Usually called “star quality,” it’s the thing that sets Marilyn Monroe apart from millions of other curvy blondes, and makes millions of people stay up late to watch an old Garbo movie. The astute showman describes it as “an inner strength, a spark,” and he cites Frank Sinatra, an “Amateur Hour” alumnus, as an example. “He has great talent and virility,” says Mack, “and when he comes out on a night-club floor there’s a magnetic thing there which has nothing to do with his singing. Even when he does things his audience may not like, that spark—that magnetism—is still there.”

But Sinatra didn’t become one of the biggest stars in the entertainment world simply because of that “star quality,” any more than hundreds of other folk, in their various fields, have succeeded without really trying. The ingredients for success in show business are many, and for the most part they coincide with those for success as a human being.

The Mack recipe includes eight:

1. Talent. All the props in the world, says the man who should know, won’t make a successful singer—most of the “Amateur Hour” contestants these days are would-be vocalists—unless he has the talent to back them up. “Ability,” as it’s known in the non-show-business world, works the same way. But talent or ability, Mack emphasizes, doesn’t mean just technical perfection. Maria Callas—she was Maria Kalogeropoulos when she appeared on the show, back in 1935—didn’t become one of the world’s greatest opera stars just because she could hit high C. Just as truly, the girl who’s most popular on the dance floor isn’t necessarily the one with the snappiest new dress, or the one who can switch from the Twist to a polka without missing a step. But add a personality which shines out in a crowd and she’s well on her way to becoming a winner. One of the first steps: Be yourself. If you’re tiny and dark, don’t try to be a carbon copy of the Grace Kelly of your crowd. If you’re tall and, you think, skinny, don’t go around with your shoulders hunched and all of you slumped over to try to look shorter. Stand up straight and don’t worry if you have to look down at some of the men. Remember: From tall, slim girls, models are made. And a model represents what everyone else wants to be.

2. Persistence. “There’s rarely a short-cut to success in show business,” says Mack. (Continued on page 91)
STEPS TO A MORE BEAUTIFUL LIFE

1 Beauty is more than skin deep; it's a glow that starts from inside out. How do you get that glow? One way is to think beautiful. Sound easy? It is—once you get into the habit. To start, stand beautiful—i.e., straight. If your shoulders sag, if your back curves, if you always need to lean on things—tell yourself you're going to stop—and then do it! You'll feel—and look—much better.

2 Dress like a beauty. Believe it or not, you can do it on a budget. The big expenditure: Time and taste. First, keep your clothes neat, well-pressed, organized. Spend an evening sorting out accessories and deciding what goes with what—and when. (Rhinestones are out for daytime; pearls are always in.) Make a chart, if necessary, to avoid last-minute mistakes. Look closely at the proportion of your clothes. Hem-lengths must look right on you—no matter how short everyone else is wearing them. Buttons should be sewn on, hooks mended, linings shouldn't hang and neither should threads. If you're petite, try solid colors, vertical lines, small prints. If you're tall, try this year's mad prints, any-which-way stripes, big, bold accessories—but try them in front of a mirror! Let your sense of line and proportion guide you. A good rule: Better to be "under"-dressed than "over." If in doubt, take the pin off.

3 Walk in beauty. For this, you've got to stay loose and limber. Stretch lazily like a cat while you're still abed; stretch again when you get out. Limbering exercises will relax your muscles, put your whole body at ease. For waist and hips: Reach 'way up over your head, pull up through the spine, then fall from the waist and let your hands touch the floor. Just hang there for a few moments, then start again. For neck, shoulders and back: Stand straight, chin up high. At eye level, clap both hands together in front of you, then swing arms around to back and clap hard. At the same time, reach backward with your head to firm the throat-line.

4 Eat your way to beauty. To cut down fatigue and keep your spirits high during the day, keep a supply of low-calorie snacks handy—celery, carrots, fruits, whole-wheat wafers, skim milk. At mealtimes, keep things balanced. If you're dieting, you needn't be a martyr. Your grocer's shelves are full of low-cal, high-flavor temptations.

5 Start at the top—your hair. To get the most do's out of one haircut, visit a good stylist—the small extra expense is worth it. Have your hair cut fairly even all around, tapering gradually toward the ends. Remember, too, to choose the correct shampoo for your type of hair (dry, oily, normal, bleached, etc.). Add health with hair-conditioners, sheen with creme rinses. If your hair is drab, perk it up with one of the new semi-permanent rinses that last through several shampoos, need no retouching, dramatize your own natural coloring. If you need extra body to hold your hairdo, a permanent—home or salon—is the answer. If you haven't tried one in a while, you're in for a pleasant surprise. Modern science has taken the frizz out of them. And oh, yes—in all cases, brush, brush, brush.

6 Put on a good face. But first, remember the old adage about cleanliness. You can see through make-up—no matter how plastered on—so you need as near-perfect a complexion under it as you can get. Cleanse often, treat blemishes as soon as they pop. For deep cleansing, remove make-up with cleansing cream, then steam your face with a hot cloth for ten minutes. To draw a winning smile, use a long-line lipstick and shape your mouth up at the corners. For sparkling eyes, erase shadows under them first with an opaque, lighter-than-skin-tone foundation stick. Then try a light flick of rouge below the eyebrow. A very light flick!

7 Meet the world with open hands—and beautiful ones. In other words, no more nail-biting or finger fidgeting. And graceful hands need frequent manicures, though they'll last longer if you brush on a coat of top sealer every night. Use hand lotion generously and often to smooth and soften. And don't forget that, in summertime, your feet are part of the public parade, too. Pedicure, anyone?

8 Be yourself. You're a very special individual, so let the world know it. One lovely way: A perfume as your signature.
Vanessa (Audrey Peters) faces a double problem as stepmother to Alan (Jimmy Bayer) and second wife to Bruce (Ronald Tomme).

have to be SECOND BEST?

by ARTHUR HENLEY with Dr. ROBERT L. WOLK

(Please turn the page)
To millions of women, Vanessa Sterling is as real as their next-door neighbor. They see her each day on “Love of Life” and they know her as a rather remarkable woman in her mid-thirties, a woman struggling with the day-to-day problems of a second marriage. In this article, we, too, shall treat her as a real person and deal with her problems as real ones, especially those arising from a second marriage and the rearing of stepchildren. Certainly, a great many women on the other side of the TV screen are faced with the same problems as Vanessa and often need help in resolving them. In our discussion, my words will appear in regular type, like this, and Dr. Wolk’s words will be in italics, like the following:

Psychologically speaking, the intimacy of television and the regular habit of looking in on the same program every day combine to make Vanessa, her family, her friends, and all the local landmarks of the mythical town of Rosehill loom even larger than life.

Since Vanessa’s problems are universal, they become immediately recognizable to the housewife, for they have something “in common.” So by applying psychological principles to Vanessa’s trials and tribulations, we might obtain some insight into our own lives.

Barbara, now twenty, and Alan, now seventeen, Vanessa herself is childless. They all live in Rosehill, where Bruce is headmaster of a private prep school for boys, Winfield Academy. At one time a television actress, Vanessa particularly, may wonder if her second husband truly loves her as much as her first did—and also if he loves her as much as he loved his first wife. Furthermore, both husband and wife have become more set in their ways, so adjustment often becomes more difficult.

Stepchildren create further problems. Although Barbara and Alan are not babies anymore, and are on their way to independence and maturity, Vanessa does have to make herself acceptable to them as their new mother. She’s likely to be compared to their real mother and perhaps even resented as an interloper.

Still, marriage to a widower may require less of an adjustment than marriage to a divorced man. In divorce, the first spouse is still on the scene, visits the children and may become an active, ever-present rival to the new spouse.

Another problem every second wife faces is acceptance by old friends who knew her predecessor. But Vanessa and Bruce don’t seem to have this problem; they seem to be socially secure in Rosehill.

Vanessa’s marriage to Bruce is not “perfect.” Most of their conflicts seem to come from sources outside themselves. Nevertheless, they do have their differences, and don’t always see eye to eye on everything.

Vanessa, for example, believes in complete honesty at all costs. She is not as willing to make compromises for the sake of practicality as is Bruce—although he wouldn’t do so at the sake of his honor or integrity.

There was a time when they were separated briefly. During that period, Vanessa declined to feel sorry for herself and went to work. establishing

A first marriage is made with the heart, they say...a second, with the head. But is this really true? Doesn’t a second wife want—and need—love as much as any younger bride? The answer is yes, of course she does. But the path to this second love is far bumpier than a first wife ever dreamed...

Introduced by mutual friends over two years ago, they quickly fell in love and married. Along with Bruce, Vanessa inherited his two children:
a real-estate business in Rosehill. After their reconciliation, their relationship became stronger than ever, but Vanessa still gives a few hours of her time each day to selling real estate.

No marriage is perfect—even a first one. And any marriage is doomed from the start when the couple feels it falls short of perfection and doesn’t live up to their dreams. Unwilling or unable to make compromises, such a marriage soon disintegrates.

Vanessa and Bruce are no different from other couples in not seeing eye to eye on everything. This is normal and healthy . . . provided that the couple can sit down together and talk things out reasonably when they have a major difference of opinion. If they have a great deal in common—similar tastes, interests and backgrounds, for example—they’ll quickly overcome such differences and their marriage will become closer and more stimulating.

Reconciliation may be easier in a second marriage, for both partners are usually more mature and more inclined to want to make the marriage work. It’s the second time around for them and, unless they’re highly unstable emotionally, they want it to be the last time around.

Vanessa showed her mettle in going to work during her separation. Such a woman would not want her marriage to sink into nothingness. Sometimes an episode like this serves to wake up both partners and bring them a new awareness, a new closeness, a new respect for one another and their marriage relationship.

The Sterlings’ major problem is Bruce’s daughter, Barbara. Try as they might, they cannot remain aloof from her marital difficulties.

For Barbara had married a wealthy young man named Rick Latimer—a spoiled, egocentric, yet well-meaning fellow who simply was unable to find himself. Barbara failed to understand him and turned away from him—

and the more she turned away, the more he drank and the wilder he behaved. Finally, she filed for a legal separation, despite the pleas of Vanessa and her dad to give Rick another chance. Even her brother Alan more

or less condemned her antagonism toward Rick.

Another man showed an interest in Barbara, but she became so confused that she refused to see either him or her estranged husband. Vanessa accused her of knowing nothing about love and warned her that she would destroy both young men by her attitude. In this matter, Bruce disagreed with Vanessa’s severe point-of-view about his daughter.

But no one was able to prevent Barbara from finally divorcing Rick. They only succeeded in getting her to agree to a Mexican divorce to avoid talk and to prevent Rick from further hurting himself by filing a vindictive suit for divorce in Rosehill.

A stepmother has all she can do just to win the affection of children that are not her own. When such youngsters are beset by emotional problems, as Barbara is, her problem becomes doubly difficult.

The father also has a difficult job on his hands, for he has to play fair with both his new wife and his children . . . and his deepest obligation is to his children. When conflicts arise between wife and children, he has to decide who’s right without offending any of them.

Vanessa’s disagreement with Bruce concerning daughter Barbara doesn’t seem to have been too volatile. But Vanessa’s involvement in Barbara’s predicament may be looked upon by her stepdaughter as “interfering.” After all, she is an adult, and if her marriage turned out unsatisfactorily, she must be left to find her own solution—unless she asks for advice.

Her younger brother, Alan, also has no business interfering in his sister’s private (Continued on page 76)
When I arrived in Hollywood to play Kate in "The Real McCoys," I had the good reputation I treasure—both as a woman and as an actress. I still have it—but wait till you hear the details of my fight to preserve it!

According to the "authorities" I met, it was important to be talked about, to have a big career. So I said "yes" to some nice invitations to premiers and parties. I didn’t foresee how things would snowball when I was merely trying to be obliging. The first time someone referred to me as "a red-headed riot," I was flattered. Who wants to be dull?

To me, there’s nothing wrong in loving life, in singing and dancing and laughing along with everyone else. I’m not prissy. At times, I’m overly affectionate, a trait that’s been misinterpreted. I’ve had so much love in my own family, where we make every stranger welcome, that I feel like showing friendliness. But I learned that I can be standing next to somebody at a party in Hollywood, simply saying hello, and a picture may turn up in a magazine as proof of "a hot new romance." It’s supposed to be a sign of how irresistible you are! Well, with one exception—I’ll tell you about him later—I’ve never fallen instantly for  

(Continued on page 79)
"We talked about it for eighteen months," Garry Moore said. "For her own good, Carol had to leave. She has my blessings, but I regret she's not going to be with me...." This was not the first time Carol had to leave a show—but, before, she simply refused to go. That was the time, (Continued on page 94)
“EVERY DAY I LIVE WITH DYING’
Three years after his cancer operation: Arthur Godfrey’s own story of his life today

Three years after medical science snatched him back from the shadows, Arthur Godfrey still lives every day with dying. He speaks of it calmly and matter-of-factly.

"The pain is there but I'm inured to the aches and pains," he says.

He's talking now about the arthritis in his arm and his leg; about the occasional hurt he experiences in the left hip which was operated on because of his now-famous auto accident.

About the cancer?

"The incision aches in the chest," he tells you. He's speaking about the giant scar, a visible reminder of the three-hour operation in which doctors removed a tumor and part of his lung. He will have to wait until five years have passed before he knows if the operation was successful—or not.

"This horrible, skulking thing," Arthur called the tumor after he first learned the harsh truth. "Man, this is rough," the peppery freckle-faced performer revealed with utter candor. "No pain anywhere—look good, feel good. But some of the best brains in the medical profession have discovered a 'thing' in my left lung. Can't tell what it is—this thing—but, whatever it is, it doesn't belong there. It must be removed. If it's a benign tumor of some sort, hurray for our side—no more sweat. If the damn thing is malignant—cancerous—then there's real trouble. Maybe have to take the whole lung out."

The next night, he watched the farewell TV show he had taped on his Virginia farm. On the fourth hospital day, Godfrey was wheeled into surgery. The time was 7:25 A.M. At 8:29 A.M.—an hour and four minutes later—a team of three surgeons, three nurses and an anesthetist stood over Godfrey and the operation had begun. At 10 A.M. a doctor came out and whispered to Arthur's wife, Mary, that he had cancer. Mary Godfrey, who had spent the night at the hospital, took the news bravely. At 1:25 P.M. the medical team completed its mission; Godfrey was wheeled into the recovery room.

Less than two weeks later, he was discharged and went home to convalesce and undergo a long period of x-ray radiation therapy in an endeavor to kill the nucleus of the cancer cell and prevent any remaining living cancer cells from growing. Godfrey accepted the challenge with rock-ribbed courage. (continued on page 83)
One thing you’ve got to admit about the guy: No matter what he’s got, he shares it.” This was the local gag going around in television circles, and the only person who wasn’t laughing was George Maharis. He was in a Santa Monica hospital with infectious hepatitis, and everyone else in the cast and crew of “Route 66” was scurrying to the doctors for protective shots. There’s truth behind the gag about George’s willingness to share everything he has . . . but there was more than that behind the laughter. It was a big, booming sigh of relief—not only from his co-workers, but from the many communities being invaded by the wide-ranging TV series. George was under lock and key; he was well-guarded; for a while, at least as long as the quarantine lasted, they were safe. . . . Undoubtedly, adventure would still follow wherever “Route 66” went (isn’t that the idea behind the whole show?) . . . during those weeks George had to be left behind to convalesce. But surely there would be fewer misadventures which weren’t in the script! Now, perhaps, there’d be no more “dead” bodies in the bed . . . no clock-watching cities turned upside-down overnight . . . no false runs on the local bank. It had been enough to drive a man to drink (and it did). But you can’t really blame George for the poor guy who couldn’t find his home again, or all those people who were late to work next morning, or the two college boys who tagged him and Marty Milner from town to town mimicking everything the stars did . . . particularly when you see that guileless expression in the Maharis eyes: “Look, Ma—I didn’t do it. I was just there when it happened!” On the other hand, you can’t blame those law-abiding citizens who think there should be a town crier running ahead, swinging a warning lantern and yelling: “Maharis is coming!”—just like in the Great Plague—when this enterprising troupe swings into view down (Continued on page 89)
What your man really means when he says:

"BUT,
DARLING,
WE CAN'T
AFFORD
IT!"

“I own a Bentley, my dear, for three reasons. Firstly, it is a beautiful automobile . . . secondly, it is not showy . . . and thirdly and most important, it is three hundred dollars cheaper than a Rolls-Royce. I believe in cutting corners whenever possible, and three hundred dollars is, after all, three hundred dollars. Frankly, I can’t afford it.”

Being fully aware that the going price for a Bentley starts at around $20,000, I looked up quickly from my lunch to see if the gentleman was smiling. Sebastian Cabot was not. We were only on our first course, but I was already quite convinced that Carl Hyatt, the urbane and eccentric criminologist on “Checkmate,” was only surpassed by the man who buys a Bentley to save money!

“I have my eye on another Bentley now,” he continued, “and also a little type-35A Bugatti. They’re both a marvelous steal at the price on them.”

Sebastian’s handsome wife Kay emitted a sound very much like a snort and gazed at her husband. You might even go so far as to say she stared at him. Sebastian lowered his eyes and concentrated on his snails.

“We have four foreign cars in the garage but no place to sit in the house,” sighed Kay. “Why don’t you tell about the divan, darling?”

“My dear, that is a gross exaggeration and you know it. We have a number of places to sit. And as for the divan, I’ve told you we just can’t afford to have it reupholstered this month. Perhaps in a few weeks.”

“That’s what you said last month.”

“Darling, you have a one-track mind.”

“His stock answer to everything is we can’t afford it. Whenever I want anything for the house, we have to sit down and discuss it. (Please turn the page)
A lesson for every woman—from Sebastian Cabot
Sometimes we disagree,” Kay explained, dead-pan. “What she means is, neither one of us ever gets his own way without a hell of a battle,” smiled Sebastian. Then he turned to discuss the merits of a clear consommé, as opposed to a turtle soup, with the hovering waiter.

The discussion of money had come up when I asked the Englishman what he thought of the way many show-business personalities spent their earnings. So many appeared to live beyond their means, putting nothing aside for future security.

“Most actors come from fairly middle-class backgrounds and a number from quite poor homes. Almost all have a rough time on the way up, so I suppose it is only natural to go out and splurge, once the money starts rolling in. I see nothing wrong in having one fling and getting it all out of your system. But, after that, one should relax and take stock. Not only take stock—but buy it.”

Kay Cabot ignored her husband’s pun and pointed a finger in his general direction. “All right then, may I please have my first and last fling and get the divan re-upholstered? It’s not that I mind the fact it’s shabby and faded, but the darn springs have popped up right through the seat.”

“One must budget and conserve, my pet,” Sebastian nodded knowingly, as he admired the sole bonne femme and asparagus hollandaise set before him. Sipping the excellent white wine he’d ordered to go with the fish, he dwelled further on the wisdom of watching one’s bank account.

“My advice to any young actor is: Don’t put up a front, but go carefully. Moderation is the motto. Glamorous homes and expensive furs are not practical, and gadding about from one night spot to another is far too fatiguing. It’s better to acquire a nice little hobby.”

“What he means,” Kay explained, “is that the couch won’t be repaired next month, and this mink stole I borrowed from a friend is as near to a mink as I’m ever going to get. Night clubs are out because the food (Continued on page 85)
Morning man Marc Alan (he’s heard on KLEO from 5 to 9 A.M.) has an unusual and effective way of getting his Wichita listeners off to work in the morning. Here’s how it works: When Marc took over the morning slot a year ago, he felt his listeners needed something to remind them that it was time to leave for work. He went to a production studio and recorded his audio version of a kiss. Each morning, he plays it and urges the housewives to kiss their husbands goodbye. And who gets Marc himself off to work? Why, he has a loving wife of his own, named Joann, who’s only too happy to bestow a pre-dawn kiss. Says Marc with a grin, “I think she must be a little bit of a nut to have married a radio man!”
"It's not work, it's my whole life. I enjoy singing and I do it constantly." So speaks Chicago's pretty songbird Connie Mitchell, who is currently "not working" on three daily WBBM shows—"The Connie Mitchell Show," heard from 4:45 to 5 P.M.; "The Mal Bellairs Show," from 7:15 to 7:25 A.M.; and "The Joe Foss Show," from 7:30 to 8 A.M. . . . Cute Connie began singing at the age of six and, at eight, was a member of a local trio called "The Swingsters." At eight-

Sweet as an angel in front of a harp, 
Connie Mitchell finds joy in everything. 
P.S. She also found out "diamonds" and gold cocktail gowns don't mix!

THIS IS WORK?
een, Connie won out, over 300 girls, for a booking at the Sherman Hotel. When WBBM announced it was looking for a new femme vocalist, she auditioned... and is happily still there... “Getting up at five, every morning, means I have to go to bed very early and this keeps me from participating in an active social life, but I still enjoy it,” says bachelor-girl Connie. The young singer lives with her family in Lincolnwood, in an eight-room, bi-level house, furnished in “modern French provincial.”... Though Connie loves to play baseball, a recent incident almost turned her against the game entirely. At a radio-TV celebrity game, Connie enthusiastically joined in the play. Too enthusiastically, as it turned out! At one point, she unfortunately had to slide into third base. This wouldn’t have been so bad, only Connie was wearing a gold cocktail dress which split... before an amazed and astounded audience of one thousand!

Close harmony reigns in this musical Chicago family. Papa Albert is at the piano, above. Singing trio includes mama Ruth, Connie and sister Iris. Her nephew Mark shows he knows the score, too—though, at three years of age, he’d rather play “cowboy” with Aunt Connie.
Bill Kennedy knows all about the movies — with good reason: He used to make them
If Detroit's Bill Kennedy seems to know an awful lot about motion pictures, it isn't just because he's host of CKLW-TV's movie show, seen Sunday through Friday at 1 p.m. Bill actually made more than 100 films in the fifteen years he spent in Hollywood! Today, Bill says he honestly prefers showing films to making them. And his many colorful stories on his Hollywood experiences afford viewers a glimpse into the glamorous tinsel world of show business. In addition to hosting the movie show, he also answers listeners' questions and interviews celebrities, many of whom are his personal friends.

Recalling his beginning in show business, Bill says, "I was working for a Los Angeles radio station after a couple of screen tests didn't pan out. Hal Wallis (then with Warner Bros.) heard my voice and wondered what I looked like. When he saw me, he said, 'I can just see you on a horse.' Well, I signed a seven-year contract. Funny thing is, I never did make a Western the whole time I was at that studio!"

These days, widower Bill tries to spend as much time as possible with his three children—Michael, 22; Patricia, 19; and Bartley, 12—when not busy with his reel life.
with the greatest of ease—and speed . . . and a little help from their parachutes—these daring young sky divers of “Ripcord”

“Skydiving,” the country’s fastest-growing sport and a vital military tactic, became dramatic TV entertainment when Larry Pennell and Ken Curtis debuted in the action-adventure series “Ripcord.” As Ted McKeever and Jim Buckley, they portray men in one of the world’s most unusual and hazardous professions—parachutists for hire. They leap from a plane, doing what every child dreams of: Flying through the sky with the grace of a bird. In their remarkable jobs, they help on missions of rescue, mercy, and law enforcement.

Larry, born in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, spent most of his early life in Hollywood, where he excelled in all sports. His baseball prowess won him a contract to play for the Boston Braves—he was with them for two seasons before he was drafted for military service. When he returned from service, Larry discovered that his contract had been sold to the Brooklyn Dodgers. He didn’t like the terms and became a spring hold-out. During this period, a friend suggested he try for an acting career and arranged for a screen test with Paramount. Larry appeared in feature films for Paramount and other studios, then guest-starred in a number of TV shows. A role in “Malibu Run” caught the eye of producer Ivan Tors, who signed him for “Ripcord.”

Off screen, Larry lives a quiet life with his wife Patricia, a non-professional, and their baby daughter Melaine.

Ken Curtis also switched careers. Born and brought up on a ranch near Lamar, Colorado, Ken came into show business as a musician. While a student at Colorado College, he wrote a musical show which was highly praised. After graduation, he headed for Hollywood, intending to write music for the movies. Instead, while waiting for his writing break to come, he got a job at NBC singing on variety shows. After military service, Ken returned to civilian life and appeared in a number of films and on TV.

Ken is married to the daughter of director John Ford, and they live on a small ranch in the San Fernando Valley.
Science Cracks The Smoking Barrier

NEW "JET STREAM" PERMANENT CIGARETTE FILTER TRAPS LUNG IRRITATING TARS

Works On Amazing New Principle...No Filters...No Cartridges...No Crystals. Actually Knocks The Tar Out Of Smoking.

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heard of Ben Casey. I saw the way Vince was with kids years before any- one thought he was enough of a big shot to tour a hospital to cheer up patients.

I know the way Vince is with kids, because I've seen him with my own. My two daughters—Virginia, who's thirteen-and-a-half, and Paulette, who's eight-and-a-half—are crazy about Vince. They always have been; even when he used to stop over at the house and wonder out loud if he'd ever really get anywhere in Ben Casey.

At heart, I think it's the honesty of kids that gets to him. And strangely enough, although Vince is a big boy now, it's his honesty that gets to them.

I never saw Vince put on an act for my kids. He could either leave them alone or horseplay with them. If he doesn't happen to be in the mood, he wasn't in the mood. He respects them too much—and likes them too much—to con them.

All he has to do is just pick up Virginia or Paulette, give a squeeze and yell, "Greeeeek! What are you?"—and suddenly their Christmas and their birthday all rolled into one. You've never seen anything like it.

**A family of his own**

He's rough and warm, and they're hopelessly in love with him. He's never lacked then, a present, either. Something deep goes on with Vince when he's with kids. I think it has to do with how much he'd like to have a family of his own.

For about five years after I first came to Hollywood from Broadway, I used to live in a house behind the Cock 'n Bull restaurant in Beverly Hills. Everybody knew us from New York, and when they came to Hollywood they were always dropping in—big successes like Marlon Brando and Jimmy Dean, and some who were just getting by on hope, like Vince Edwards. He was a kid I just got to know, and when he came to visit, I'd say hello to Marlon when we were doing "Streetcar Named Desire" on Broadway.

More than any of the others, Vince got to be like one of the family. I always had the feeling, from the way he acted, the way he looked, that having our place to come to meant a lot.

You know he's Italian, he's Mediterranean. I'm Greek. We've always been very close, and I think that's part of it—because we naturally understand each other. Even his appreciation of Greek food—you'd think Vince was a Greek himself. When you drink Greek coffee, stopping it when slurring it, is allowed. It may be bad manners in America, but in Greece, if you don't make noise when you're having coffee, it means you're not enjoying it—and you're insulting the host.

Vince never insists that his favorite fish be, all the world is stefado. I guess this is Greece's answer to Irish stew. It's a national pastime in Greece. Vince will come practically from the other part of the universe to have some of Helen's stefado. It's made preferably with venison or rabbit, and sometimes with chicken or beef. Helen doesn't gravy it. She puts it in a pot and gives it the treatment with garlic, oil, wine, vinegar, tomato paste and what not. The aroma is fantastic. Vince can just stand there by the hour—savoring.

The point is, I'm making is that Vince isn't just a friend. He's become one of us. He fits. We are always glad to see him. Others are warm friends, welcome any time. But Vince is family.

Sometimes he'll just sit and barely say a word. Other times we'll stay up half the night talking about anything you can name—politics, history, women, boxing, wrestling, Rome, Greece. Often, when we lived in Hollywood, we used to take long walks along the Strip—he's always liked to walk. We'd go to Hamburger Hamlet for a cup of coffee and sit there for hours. Soon other actors would come by and join us.

I always had the feeling that what Vince liked most about our place was that he could relax with us and be himself. He'd just sit down and have a smoke. Helen would give him a cup of coffee, a doughnut, make him a sandwich on the chair and he'd get that strange, heart-tugging half-

Once, after Helen put the kids to bed and sat down with us in the living room, Vince put down his cup of Greek coffee, looked me straight in the eye, and said, "Vince, I'm starting to tell you something. You've got it made. I only wish I had your luck."

I thought he was talking about acting. I was getting pretty steady work—nothing earthshaking, but acting was my trade and I was earning a respectable enough living. And when Vince was sweating out his big break, and even though he wasn't working much at the time, at least he was drawing a salary.

"What's the matter?" I said. "You're not doing too bad, Vince. You're under contract to Hal Wallis, That's not the worst thing in the world, you know."

"Vince, I'm not telling you something. I'm not talking about that, Nick."

He looked at Helen, who'd happened to let her hand fall over mine. I'm sure she didn't even realize it, and I didn't even notice it. But Vince did.

**Marriage for Vince?**

"You've got the world by the scruff, Nick," he said. "You've got a good wife. She thinks you're king of the sandpiper. She takes care of you. You have two swell kids. You and Brando sit in the same room, and you better not ask your kids who's the greatest actor in the world. With them, it's not Brando. I envy you, Nick. Someday I'd like to make it like this."

After all, there's only one reason a single fellow keeps dropping in on a guy who's married and has kids. He likes to be there. I think no matter how full Vince's life may seem to be, he'll always be a little lonely until he finally gets married and settles down.

And I'm sure he knows it.

But that doesn't mean you have to get out the crying towel. There's a reason Vince is still single. Vince is thirty-one or thirty-two, give or take a year. Doesn't mean a thing. I married late in life myself.

You must realize his upbringing. Al- though Vince is American and all that, he still inherited what you call this Mediterranean flavor. In Italy, where Vince's people came from, and in Greece, where I came from, nobody thinks anything of waiting until he's 35, 36 or 37 until he gets married. That's when a man knows what he's doing. He knows how to take care of a wife.

In the old country, they start late, but they maintain the lateness. My brother was born when my father was 51. Certainly! You read in the papers in Italy and Greece about men—they're 82 years old and they've got twins. Because you haven't burned your candle. You don't drop the Bolognese before you've lived up to fifteen, you get married in your teens, and at twenty-four you're burned out.

Who needs it? Not Vince. Right now, in his looks, in his powers, Vince is like a nineteen-year-old kid. When he gets to be 45, he'll be like 32. I know his philosophy about something Vince and I have talked about many times. I know how he thinks—as an athlete, as a person, as an actor. He doesn't waste himself. He never has. He builds. He's a great swimmer, he wrestles, he's a weight lifter, he's an adagio dancer. He's an all-around athlete. He's a man.

I don't pretend Vince by, don't you worry. He's not about to let anything like that happen. I've honestly never seen girls go for anybody the way they go for Vince—and this was true long before he became Ben Casey.

He always had a lot of girlfriends. Some of the girls I don't even remem- ber. Every time he'd do a movie he'd have a different one. I'd say to myself, "How does he do it?" I'd see him in the morning with one girl. Come afternoon he'd be with another. I'd take my daughters for a walk on Sunset Boulevard, and I'd see Vince with still another girl.

Another thing I respect about Vince is his respect for women. I think that's because he has respect for himself. As I said, I've known Vince since he was a kid fresh out of Ohio State and used to come backstage when he was doing "Streetcar," That's a good chunk of years. Through those years we've spent countless hours together—no holds barred on anything we talked about. And I think the one thing that impressed me more about Vince than maybe anything else, is that, in all that time, he's never talked about his con- quests—never, not once. Not only acts, but a guy in general, are always boasting about their slumber parties to prove their manhood. Half the time you don't know whether to believe them or not.

But Vince is a man. For him, love is not for talking about.

Obviously, I cherish Vince as a friend, and naturally I'm high on him. But I liked him for the same reasons ten years ago that I like him for now. I remember when he and I used to go to the Auto- mat on Broadway and fish nickels out of the slots so we could eat. I remember (Continued on page 76)
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(Continued from page 74)

when I used to take him with me to the New York Times employees' cafeteria—where a few of us were allowed to eat because some guys in the drama section were very lenient on hungry actors. We'd get a whole vegetable dinner for fifteen cents, a big bowl of soup for five cents.

How his changed

I remember Vince during those "Streetcar" days when, like everyone else, he was dressing à la Brando. One day having a bit with the Tash on the next day he was in a polo shirt. That was the time when you were supposed to look not too well dressed. I did it and even Elia Kazan used to dress that way. But then around 1955, when Brando began to dress, everybody started dressing.

"I think the key to Vince is his boyishness. He's a big, rugged guy. But he's gentle, very gentle. If Vince hits somebody, forget it. That's why he controls his temper. When his temper comes, it comes. It's not like I could understand what he did for that kid in that Phoenix hospital. It wasn't Ben Casey that little girl was hopped on. It was Vince Edwards."

See Nick with Vince on "Ben Casey," ABC-TV, Mon., from 10 to 11 p.m. EDT.

"LOVE OF LIFE"

(Continued from page 55)

life. Certainly he and all members of her family should give her emotional support in such a time of crisis, but that is another story.

As to prevailing upon Barbara and Rick to seek a Mexican divorce, we wonder if perhaps this wasn't motivated by the fear that some of the scandal would rub off on the rest of the family and a desire to protect their own reputations.

Deeply affecting the lives of Vanessa and her family is her stepchildren's grandmother, Mrs. Vivian Carlson—the mother of Bruce's first wife. She is a meddlesome, opinionated snob who causes constant friction among the Sterlings.

She exercises a good deal of influence on Barbara. It was she who encouraged her to seek a divorce and who accompanied her to Mexico. On their return, Barbara stayed with her and her husband, rather than with her own family.

The modern grandparent plays an important role in today's society. Mrs. Carlson, of course, is an extreme example of the worst kind of grandparent who, to satisfy her own selfish needs, wreaks havoc with the rest of the family.

That she is allowed to exercise such control is, to a great extent, Bruce's fault. It seems reasonable to assume that he is too weak to put a stop to her meddling.

This is unfortunate for Vanessa, who now must battle the ghost of Bruce's first wife in the person of Mrs. Carlson. Obviously, she has been unable to persuade Bruce to take a firmer stand against this woman.

Barbara appears to be a weak, neurotic young woman who lacks confidence in her judgment. She has a tendency to win over such a person, Vanessa may be forced to offer more love, warmth and understanding than she can muster. For the odds are stacked against her, and she can expect little help from her husband.

Conflict piles upon conflict, reaching a climax when Barbara discovers that she is pregnant—after the divorce. She wants to get rid of the baby, but Vanessa talks her out of it. Barbara agrees because she believes this to be her obligation as a mother and, despite the fact that she is no longer married, the baby was conceived legitimately.

Suddenly, Barbara grows closer to her stepmother and even moves back into her father's home. During her pregnancy, she also works as a secretary at Winfield Academy and, although upset and depressed about her condition, she grimly determines to have the child.

The intense emotional experience Barbara is going through seems to have helped her to transfer her dependency from her grandmother to her stepmother. This incident may help to draw Vanessa and Barbara closer to each other. It all depends on the firmness of their relationship during Barbara's pregnancy.

Once Barbara gives birth, however, many new problems may arise. If Barbara accepts Vanessa as her mother, rather than just as her stepmother, this will make Vanessa a true grandmother to the baby. Also, it will help her to cope with Mrs. Carlson, who is sure to ingratiate herself into the situation.

Barbara's child is doomed to become the pawn of all this emotional give-and-take—just as is the newborn child in any broken family. The emotional problems of the parents and grandparents are sure to be visited upon the unfortunate child—unless they come to grips with their problems and clarify their relationships in a healthy, unemotional way. Now that Barbara has decided to have her baby, she must
resolve to protect the child from the disturbing emotions in her environment.

Vanessa—or any stepmother—must be guided by the behavior of her step-daughter. She must take care not to interfere in matters concerning Barbara and her baby—yet be there when she is wanted and needed. Bruce—as Barbara's father—can be decided helpful by rising to the occasion and standing by both his wife and daughter. In any second marriage, the true parent must be strong in times of emotional crisis in order to re-unite the family.

Other people's problems

In Rosehill, where everybody knows everybody else, togetherness is a way of life. Privacy isn’t easy to come by. Vanessa, as a respected member of the community, is caught up in one emotional tangle after another. So in addition to seeking answers to her own difficulties as a second wife, she hovers over her neighbors like a mother-hen, concerning herself with their problems as well.

Even in our largest cities, most people live in a “small town.” A recent study on the subject emphasized the fact that most people really know only those neighbors who live on their street; so, in effect, their street becomes a small town itself.

Rosehill is that street. Vanessa is somewhat of a busybody. She messes around in what doesn’t concern her. But in real life, the average woman has enough problems of her own to handle without going out of her way to become involved with her neighbors’ difficulties. Vanessa can do this because she has “dramatic license” to do so; it makes her more interesting.

A real-life woman in her position would be so taken up with the task of making her second marriage work that she’d have little time or patience to concern herself with anything else. Any second marriage most certainly poses some very special problems of its own, and it’s a full-time job for every second wife to find acceptance in a home that is not really her own.

Whatever happens in Rosehill is a matter of great concern to millions of faithful television fans. TV’s Vanessa is their Vanessa.

Even if yours isn’t a second marriage, you can’t fail to be affected by her various emotional conflicts. And if yours is a second marriage, chances are that you may very well see yourself as Vanessa in your own life.

But have a care. Remember to separate the real from the fanciful. Vanessa is not truly of flesh and blood; you are! Make sure you don’t confuse yourself and your problems with the image on your TV screen.

This month we dealt with Vanessa Sterling and the problems arising out of a second marriage. Next month we’ll tackle another popular daytime drama psychologically and try to make its stories and characters meaningful for your own life.

The End

“Love of Life” is seen over CBS-TV, M-F, from 12 noon to 12:30 P.M. EDT.

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Let’s talk frankly about internal cleanliness

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T V R

FLEETWOOD CO., Dept. 227—427 W. Randolph, Chicago 6, Illinois
PEGGY McCAY

(Continued from page 38) slowly but firmly—he shook his head. Then, seeing the disappointed expression on her face, he added solemnly: “But—Merry Twinstmas!”

When Peggy told me about the incident over lunch in Warner Bros. Green Room, she giggled—that’s another expression of hers—and said: “What can a girl do when she’s turned down so charmingly?”

I allowed that I didn’t know. And I said, “I also don’t know when you two met—but I’d like to.”

She smiled mischievously. “We met one day when I was shopping up furniture. Seeing my confused expression, she added hastily: “It was for a TV show—an episode of ‘77 Sunset Strip.’ I played a rich widow who was temporarily short of money and chopping up the living room furniture to use as fuel. Somebody was threatening my life. And you’ll believe it!” Then she added wistfully, “It was a marvelous show—practically a duet between the two of us…”

“When did you start dueting in private life?” I asked.

A dreamy expression had come over her. “She does, doesn’t she?” she retorted, but it’s true! and it took a few seconds for my question to bring her back to earth. “When did we start? I . . . I really don’t remember if it was while we were making the show, or just afterwards. But it was right around that time…”

“Do you see him often?”

Suddenly she was on her guard. “We see each other . . . occasionally.”

“How occasionally?”

“Occasionally.”

“All right. Where does he take you?”

“He doesn’t.”

“If I thought you said you see each other occa- . . . you know.”

She smiled. “He comes over to my house for dinner.”

“Doesn’t he ever take you out?”

She shook her head. “Never, except for the night after Christmas.”

“You must be a wonderful cook,” I said. “What do you make for him?”

“Casseroles,” she said proudly.

“Just casseroles?”

She bristled. “Not just casseroles! My casseroles. Things like Beef Bourguignonne and Chicken Veronique. Why. I spend hours over them, chopping and grating and simmering. . . . Did you ever make a casserole? You can do lots of things with them.”

Then she softened, and smiled. “My only trouble is that sometimes the things I prepare are too fancy. Once I cooked a very elaborate Christmas dinner for my mother.

“After my mother had finished the dinner, she was so stuffed that she could hardly speak for two hours. Finally she turned to me and said, ‘I think I’d like a cup of tea, dear.’

“And as I headed for the kitchen to make it, she added with a kind of desperation: ‘Uh—don’t—put—anything in it. dear. Just—tea…”

Peggy laughed. “Fortunately, Efrem hasn’t complained yet.”

“But it can’t be just your cooking that keeps him interested,” I said. “What do you two talk about when you’re alone together?”

“We often discuss music. As you know, his father is a famous violinist and his mother was Alma Gluck, the opera singer. Efrem himself recently read ‘A Lincoln Portrait’ with the Philadelphia Symphony.”

Aside from music, we talk about our work. We’re both ‘New York ac- tors,’ and movie work presents certain problems that our stage work didn’t prepare us for! There was that time I had to work with sausage behind my ear. ”

“What?” I asked.

“Here . . . I’ve startled you again!” she said apologetically. “You see, I recently made a picture called ‘Lad. a Dog.’ And the way you get the dogs to come to you is to rub sausage be- hind your ear so they can smell it. For a Method actress like myself, it was a bit of a laugh, but I finally resigned myself to it.”

“All right,” I said. “I can certainly understand why Efrem’s attracted to you. Your casseroles, your conversa- tion, and—did anyone ever tell you that you look like Janet Gaynor?”

“Not too few people,” she said matter-of-factly.

“You then obviously know you’re attrac- tive. But tell me. Just what is it that attracted you to Efrem?”

She gave me a look that said, “What are you? Some kind of a nut?” But then she put her reasons into words.

“Well, he’s certainly a very attractive person. And a completely charming gentleman—absolutely!” She rapidly warmed to her subject. “It’s a pleasure to see someone who’s so . . . so thought- ful And considerate! So very consid- erate. . . .

“Get the picture.” I said. “I sup- pose, with a man like Efrem available, a girl would be foolish to date anyone else.”

“But I do date someone else,” she in- sisted. “I see quite a lot of Robert Q. Lewis.”

Now, that was a switch. From a smooth, urbane leading man to a be- spectacled comedian—disc jockey. “Anybody else?” I asked.

She shook her head. “Do you cook for Robert Q., too?”

She smiled. “No, I’m ashamed to ad- mit that I never have. We always seem to go over to his house for dinner. He has a wonderful cook. But I do expect to have him over some day. ”

“Is he one of those comedians who’s actually very serious?”

She giggled. “Not at all! He has a wild sense of humor. Recently he did a guest shot on ‘Room for One More’ just as a lark, and in one scene he broke us all up.

“He was supposed to run up the stairs and say to me, ‘Your husband!’ I was to ask, ‘Something happened?’ and he was to reply, ‘I don’t know. We got the smelling salts.’

“But he changed all that when the camera started rolling, he rushed up the stairs and said his first line. But when I asked, ‘Something happened?’ he shouted, ‘I don’t know—and I don’t care! And if you think I’m going to do this show for scale, you’re crazy.’ Then he grabbed me in a passionate embrace like Rudolph Valentino. I nearly died laughing.

‘That’s why I’m looking forward to acting with him at the Pasadena Play- house in a few weeks,” she added. “We’re going to do ‘Send Me No Flowers.’ And after the first week he always starts ad libbing—‘like Nichols and May.’ Well, I’m no Elaine May, but I’m willing to try.

“And there’s one more thing,” she said, with a gleam in her eye. “We’re going to do a Twist in the play.”

“Now I’ll tell you took the part,” I said. “But tell me—how would you compare his sense of humor with Efrem’s?”

She thought for a minute. “Well . . . Efrem’s wit is very subtle, even though he loves puns. But Bob’s, as I said, is wild. He likes practical jokes and sight gags. There is also added diplomatically, “However, I think they’re both very amusing men.”

“And very eligible men,” I pointed out. “Which leads me to ask—just what qualities are you looking for in a husband?”

She smiled. “As a matter of fact, I do want someone with a sense of humor, first of all. And he should care a great deal about his work. Since I’ve spent so much of my life in a career, I’d like to have a husband who’s very interested in his, so that I could share some of that interest with him.”

“You wouldn’t mind marrying an actor?”

“Not at all. I’d love it! We’d under- stand each other so much better.”

“So far, your prescription fits both Efrem and Robert Q.,” I said.

“Wait a minute!” she cut in. “Who says I’m ready for marriage? As a matter of fact, I don’t feel that I am. I think I need to be a little more mature first.”

And then she added, with a mischievous grin: “Of course, there’s a point at which it becomes absurd to wait any longer.”

“When that day comes, will you want a big family?” I asked—remembering that Efrem has two teen-age children from his first marriage, which left him a widower. (His daughter by his sec- ond wife is living with her mother.)

“Yes, I will—because I love chil- dren,” she said. “And I’ve really en- joyed playing a mother on ‘Room for One More.’”

Suddenly I remembered something about the mother on that show: Not all her children were her own. Some were adopted. And I wondered if the same thing might happen to Peggy.

Peggy stars in “Room for One More,” ABC-TV, Sat., 8 p.m., edt. Efrem stars in “77 Sunset Strip,” ABC-TV, Fri., 9 p.m. edt. Robert Q. has his own program on KJH Radio, Hollywood.

After all, anything’s possible—par- ticularly if Efrem learns to Twist.

—JAMES GREGORY
KATHY NOLAN

(Continued from page 56)

anyone I've gone with. My theory is that every date should become a friend before any further development is possible.

Nick Adams and I got a lot of publicity when we were dating because we were newcomers to the Hollywood spotlight. We were eager to come up to expectations. But we recognized that our love was one of friendship, rather than one for marriage. There never was any blow-up, as some magazines delightedly reported. I've great respect for Nick's accomplishments. He and his wife, Carol, are good friends of mine and always will be.

I was unwillingly pushed into a new phase as a playgirl after that. I went to a few parties with very decadent dates and found I was considered a "starlet." That was supposed to be marvelous, but I didn't like that category. Either a girl is an actress, dedicated to improving her ability, or she is trying to use the starlet bit as a front!

When I protested that I didn't go to a party every night, my denials were jaded up into "colorful copy." I like to have fun, but I'm not a kook! I never did anything to win that classification.

It is a fact that I tried sky diving. I parachuted out of a plane four thousand feet above Chicago with Jim Franciscus and Jody McCrea. I took instructions carefully, wore the prescribed garb, and did it because I wanted to, not to be written about. Well, it was said that I kookily insisted upon wearing high heels instead of boots, and a straw hat tied with a ribbon under my chin rather than a helmet. I wouldn't be here to tell this if I had!

Tall tales don't fade away fast enough. Vince Edwards just revived that one with a new twist. In an interview, he said that sky-diving isn't something to kid around with (I absolutely agree) and gambling with me as his example. "Kathy Nolan fainting before she could pull the ripcord, and if the emergency cord hadn't snapped open, she'd be dead." I did not fait, Dr. Casev! I pulled the proper cord with my own little hand. That's why I'm still alive.

Certain magazines, attempting to be sensational to sell more copies, have caused me real heartache with their misrepresentations. While I was wondering what I could do about this, I heard from Walter Brennan. Somebody had promptly handed him a magazine with a terrible story about me. I loved my character of Kate. She's like a real person, and I'd never do anything that would be offensive to any of the people who love her. Mr. Brennan was properly aghast. He lectured me for giving such an undignified story. Of course, he believed me as soon as I told him I hadn't, and that what I had said had been rewritten without my consent.

It's terrible not to be able to trust some people. At least it is for me.

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$2.50 VALUE 

(Continued from page 56)

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It's terrible not to be able to trust some people. At least it is for me.
My father and mother and sister—my friends who were near—had no doubts about me. But it’s cost my relatives in St. Louis a lot of phone calls when they’ve read what they assume is absurd. They still want to be reassured, and I don’t blame them.

I had to realize that, as a whole, the press has been marvelous to me. Some of my best pals are reporters, editors, and columnists. I can be perfectly frank with them. They have the good taste I like. But that made the disappointments even harder to take.

Imagine my surprise when I read false accounts of how I was feuding with Connie Stevens, and then with Dorothy Provine. I’ve never had a feud with anyone, because I refuse to be that petty. I’m not envious of the ability I see in others. I admire it.

When an accident—a falling light on the set—gave me a brain concussion soon after I started as Kate, I was in a hospital to recover for several months. All my pals came to cheer me up, deluged me with flowers and messages. So what appeared in print? Sob stories about how sad little me, utterly forsaken and alone in heartless Hollywood! They may have aroused sympathy, but that phony version made me furious. I’ve built loyal friendships wherever I’ve been, and this definitely includes Hollywood. The time-called-for cracks made me so miserable I finally reached the point where I flew back to New York and my family there almost every weekend. If I hadn’t been under long-term contract for the series, I would have left Hollywood.

There was the date who was so dented by the party-girl publicity I was getting that he believed it. He got too fresh when he was taking me home. I made him stop his car on Sepulveda Boulevard, one of the main freeways in Los Angeles, and I was furious. The rest of the way was the last mile home, and I trudged along in the dark. I’d do it again if I had to.

A new way to say no

I valued the stories that had appeared about me in TV Radio Mirror. This is one magazine I always have been glad to be in. But, after a while, I no longer was asked for interviews. One evening at an industrial gathering, I had a chance to talk directly to Eunice Hed, the West Coast Editor. She’s as wise as she is pretty. When I made up my mind to ask her point-blank why this magazine wasn’t interested in anything on me anymore, she answered kindly, “Perhaps we’ve read so much about the kooky things you do, you don’t seem the type for our readers. She’s never knew that when I reached home that night I cried, thinking that over again. I hadn’t suspected even people as discerning as she is could believe I was at fault.

That’s when I resolved to say no in a new way. Until then, I felt nothing could be done. I’d firmly turned down the requests that confused me. When I was

polite, but wouldn’t go along with the gags. I was written about as a bit balmy, anyway. When I reached my decision that I wouldn’t cater to sensationalism, I was passed by for others who could be played up for their antics. But I realized, at last, that it was impossibly silly. I fired him by a few tricky operators and their fabricated stories. I’m a romanticist, but I’m realistic, ultimately. I saw I didn’t have to run away, shrink in silence, either.

From that time on, whenever I read something that isn’t so about myself, I refused to despair. I try to get on the phone to the person who wrote it and ask, “Just where did you get your information?” To my astonishment, invariably they’re glad to hear the facts.

I say now, when I must, with a happy feeling. For I dare to be myself. Although Dick Crenna and I had been a “team” in the series, I didn’t become as good friends with him as he and his wife until this past year. When we finally sat down to talk at length after four years in the show, I was amazed to discover even Dick had strange ideas about what I did—thanks to that old, kookie publicity!

Sometimes it has to be done. When the Spanish distributor of our show invited us to Puerto Rico for a week, I was able to fly there with Tony Martinez, who is Pepino in “The Real McCoys.” Since he’s from there, he was given a royal welcome. The newspapers also headlined that he was bringing me home to meet his family because we were getting married!

The man I’ll marry

Marriage will be wonderful for me. When the time is right for this step. Bob Fuller and I have been going together for over two-and-a-half years now. What you may possibly have read about Bob and me is guesswork, because we haven’t given any stories on love in the past two years. Our plans are not definite yet. Just because we have a disagreement over a cup of coffee at times, I’m not going to run to some writer and weep over what is bound to be a laugh for us in another day.

Bob is the exception to my rule of always take time to become friends first. I didn’t have time with him! Mutual friends have a smile of office and, friendship has had to follow the initial impact.

The reason I have never married is that I want to be sure. I want to be married only once. I have my silver pattern and keep adding to it. I have a hankering for)*wows, sherry, and linen. I’d rather have yellow linen than the wrong man!

Bob and I still go out with others at times. Keely Smith and her brother are mutual friends of ours. Most of my friends are married couples; the Edmunds, O’Brien, Grouses, the Andy Williams, Nick and Carol Adams, the Dick Crennas and the Charlton Hestons.

I know interesting men in the business world. Nobody ever talks about my business sense, but Kathy Nolan Enterprises has done well in an ultra-modern building on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood. I handle my real estate holdings, my interest in a printing firm, in a bowling alley, my stocks, personal appearances, and back a public relations firm there. My own office is efficient, but feminine. I’ve a silk scene of a romantic spot in Rome stretching across one wall. My desk is a table with a pink marble top. All the rest is cream and gold and pink.

So is my life, now that I’ve learned how to say no!—as told to Tex MAWDAX

This summer, Kathy Nolan can still be seen as Kate in “The Real McCoys,” on ABC-TV, Thurs., 8:30 P.M. EDT.

DID KATHY SAY NO ONCE TOO OFTEN?

Newspapers recently headlined Kathy Nolan’s biggest NO when she refused to sign a new contract for “The Real McCoys.” Producer Irving Pincus was quoted as saying he’d offered to double her $1250-a-week salary and throw in a percentage of the profits—but wouldn’t agree to her other demands.

“It was never a question of demands,” Kathy tells TV Radio Mirror. “Signing a new five-year contract would mean ten years of my life given to one role—the most important, most productive years of a woman’s life. I’m twenty-eight. I want a home and children. But no romance could really thrive under these circumstances.

“There’s a lot more to playing a regular part in a series than working in front of the cameras. Bob Fuller would say, ‘Let’s go fishing this weekend’—and I’d have to answer, ‘Can’t. Got to go to Peoria for a personal appearance.’ A couple of weeks later, I’d say, ‘Let’s take the day off and go to Laguna’—and Bob couldn’t make it.

‘Now, I’m not only making records but have been asked to sing and dance on TV variety guest shots. I’ve been approached about three Broadway shows so far—two musicals—as well as movies.” At the moment, Kathy is glad she said NO to the new TV contract. But is this one time she should have said YES? What do you think?

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(Continued from page 49) Dodie learned that happiness is never an easy prize. "There were times in our marriage," Mike said later, "that, for Dodie and me, were the happiest we have ever known.

"There were times, too, of fear and disillusionment. But until what happened lately, we always had faith that our marriage would survive.

"It was a sudden death. Dodie's life was the opposite end of the spectrum in terms of happiness. It was one of the reasons she held so long, as not to frighten me. But she knew, her Doctor.

"They watched Dodie for days before they decided to operate. She was conscious and smiling every time I saw her, but inside she was terrified—and I didn't know.

"The doctors knew an operation was Dodie's only chance. The night before, Mike and Dodie talked for a while and then Dodie made the startling revelation to Mike.

"Mike," she said, "I called my mother. I told her that if anything happens to me I want you to have custody of Mark. You're a wonderful father to him, Mike, and he loves you.

"Mark is Dodie's son by a former marriage.

Mike tried not to show his concern.

"Until that moment," he explained, "I didn't realize how terribly serious Dodie's condition was. I knew how much she, too, loved Mark and to hear that she was now considering the possibility of not surviving the operation turned my heart cold.

"Yet in that moment of awful panic and shock over Dodie, I could not help feeling proud of a woman I trusted me that much. She was right, of course. I love Mark as much as if he were my own and I've never kept it a secret. It's odd, but I think that Mark is more like me than a natural son could be.

"But after the operation I had another shock coming.

The doctor called Mike to his office. "Sit down, Mike," he said, "You're going to hear bad news."

"I can barely remember the night-marathons that raged through my brain," Landon recalls. "Oh, God, I thought, this is it! I know he's going to tell me that Dodie is dead or dying. At a moment like that, you pray without knowing you're praying.

Mike listened in cold silence.

"This will be a shock to you," the doctor said, gently, "but you will learn to accept it. Mrs. Landon will not be able to have any more children.

"I wanted to jump for joy," he said, "but I knew that the doctor would misunderstand. He didn't know that I was prepared to hear that Dodie's illness had been fatal. If I had shown the relief I felt, I was afraid the doctor might think I was happy because there'd be no more children.

"The doctor mistook my silence for shock and kept apologizing, saying he was sorry and reassuring me that everything medical had been done. So it startled him when, unable to contain my feeling an instant longer, I grabbed his hand and cried, 'Thank God! Thank God!'

"That doctor still thinks I'm a monster who doesn't like children. But I do. Nevertheless, to know I could never have children with Dodie was a hard blow to take. God knows, I wanted to be a father. Then the second shock came. What about Dodie? In pain from surgery, had she learned that she could not have another child? She had. We helped each other through that crisis. Mike stood up and paced the length of the room. Then he sat down again.

"I know the feeling I have inside me for children," he said. "That's why I know I'm a fit father.

"When the 'Bonanza' series caught the public's fancy and we knew the show was a hit—and enough of a hit to be established for a few years—Dodie and I didn't think of big cars, a house with a pool and the usual super-stardom trappings.

"We put our arms around each other and thought exactly the same thing, together—'At last! At last! We can find another son!'

"We adopted Josh, now two. And a year later, we adopted Jason, now one happy year old.

"They're wonderful boys. I love them. I think I am a good father. I know I try harder at that than anything else I do—even acting.

"I hate it when someone calls them adopted. I think adopted is a word that should be used only for the actual legal ceremony and then dropped from then on. They're our sons-period. Not my adopted sons."

"But with the success of 'Bonanza,' trouble arose in a marriage that had lovingly weathered the tribulations of failure.

"I don't like to say what caused Dodie and me to break up," says Mike. "But success, take it from me, is much tougher on marriage than failure. Failure—with two people as much in love as Dodie and I—can keep you together.

"All that I can say now is that success drove us apart. I'm sorry. I can say no more than that.

"He didn't have to explain—it's the oldest Hollywood story in the books. Once you get on top, that struggle to stay there takes over. Success is a ruthless master in Hollywood."

"But Mike says it will never take his boys away from him."

"The custody and everything will have to be worked out in court, but my love for them is something that can't be dealt with legally. I know Dodie will give me visitation rights and partial custody."

As to the question of governmental agencies taking away such young children from adoptive parents, Mike says there is no danger.

"That was the first thing I had my lawyer check. They are still our children—always will be. I am still their father and I hope I will be a good one."

"I think I'm a good father. I don't think Dodie would take any action she might take, will deny that."

"If she hadn't thought I was a good father, would she have called her mother the night before major surgery and asked that Mark be given to me?"

Unfortunately, Mike's deep-rooted affection for his three sons may not be enough for Dodie to avoid the stern examination of his fitness as a father will face if his relationship with "another man's wife" is revealed as more than just friendly.

In a sense, however, Mike's unhappy lot at the moment is of a kind that frequently plagues handsome, married, well-known TV stars. In some instances, simple business luncheons between a star and an attractive married woman start rumors skittering through the hoppers of the gossip-mills. Quick denials by either party only rejuvenate the reports while the most carefully-
worded explanations can be deliberately misinterpreted and slanted out of all proportion to their significance. It is why stars, in the midst of a controversy, prefer to keep silent.

Mike Lander, is a strong and intelligent man. Though his broken marriage with Dodie may never be repaired, he is not without hope for himself and his sons.

Yet his fitness as a father, in the eyes of the public—who, he hastens to admit, have given him everything he may be—would remember that this fitness is proven not by the father but by the sons.

Mike’s sons are everything children should be. They are well-cared-for, well-adjusted, polite and alert. Still, no parent, natural or adoptive, knows how good a job he’s done with a child until the child reaches comparative maturity, or a time when his actions give promise of intelligent adulthood.

“It is easy to say I love my sons,” Mike points out, “because I do. But there is no real way a man can prove that he loves his children.

“What it gives them that is the greatest proof. It is what he teaches them to become and, at last, what they do become. You can’t rush them through their young years just to find out how good a job you’ve done. All you can do is give them your heart, your honesty and your knowledge. I’ve heard that all a parent can do is hope for his children. I think that I, as a father, can go further than that. I am giving my sons hope. They need it as much as I do.”

—ALAN SOMERS

Mike Landon is Little Joe on “Bonanza,” NBC-TV, Sun., 9 to 10 P.M. EDT.

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ARTHUR GODFREY

(Continued from page 61)

He fought back and—so far, after three years—he appears to have the upper hand over the affliction which itself never actually gave him pain because, as he said on the night it was camouflaged as a cold, it exists: a itching fear that’s gnawing at my vitals.”

True to his promise, he went back to radio and television and today he’s a flesh-and-blood monument to the joy of living, faithful to be alive, solemnly hoping he will walk the earth for many more years, and the fifty-eight that he has passed.

“I love life so much,” Godfrey says today. “I love it so much I figure it’s just a shame to go. Every day I live with dying—but I must go on because I enjoy everything, even the pain.”

“Death is not something to be panicked about, it’s another experience. Unfortunately, the last one. Just look at all the graveyards. People lying in them have found their peace. But they are people who had the same problems, the same fears, the same ecstasies we possess. But look at those graveyards—you’d think nobody gets out of this world alive.”

Therefore, Arthur Godfrey is committed to making the most out of his life for so long as he has the strength and stamina and good health to do it.

“There’s no such thing as a lousy, stinking death, as long as you have life in your salty vernacular. “I enjoy everything—even the pain, I love to make something good out of nothing. What can you do if you’re full of pain all the time? You regard it as a part of life.”

“If I give way to it, I’d be sitting in one of those damn wheel chairs, full of narcotics, doing nothing.

“Am I going to let a little pain keep me from getting on a horse if I want to ride a horse? Am I going to stop ice skating when I get the urge to skate? The fun is in learning and doing and improving.

“I do everything better than I ever have before. I fly better. I ride better. And I’m twenty times the performer I have ever been.

It might appear Arthur Godfrey is giving the “I” undue supremacy, but this is not the case. This is a flat statement of fact by a man who has measured life well and accurately. He knows its real worth and he knows, too, that he has been granted a new lease in this existence; he is determined to make the best of it.

There is no bragging in his raspy voice when he brings the whole point home with a statement like this one:

“I know I’m living on borrowed time—and I love it. It’s fun. And I enjoy it every minute of the day. Young people think I’m old man and my contemporaries think I’m nuts, flying my plane, jumping in and out of swimming pools, showing the horses. I’ve been warned about outgrowing my contemporaries; a psychiatrist might say I’m trying to prove something.

“Hell, I’m not out to prove a thing. I’m just trying to live. That’s all I’m trying to do, the pains I suffer notwithstanding. I’ve been battered around quite a bit over the years and by now I’m thoroughly used to the aches and pains.”

Arthur Godfrey, who has been credited as being an extraordinary salesman, during his long period of prominence on radio and TV, is even more the salesman today than ever. But he is not plumping more energetically for the Madison Avenue boys and their accounts than in the past—Godfrey can get the fans to rush out and buy what he tells them without half trying.

His big product which he brings under the hammer every day before his audiences is not a commercial package but, rather, a by-product of his own invincibility—courage.

“I’ll buy her tomorrow, the Good Lord willing.” Arthur has always told his viewers and listeners throughout the years as he signed off. He still does today. His faith in God is inexhaustible.

He transmits his subtle words of bulldog courage in a variety of ways. He may say:

“High adventure—that’s what I’ve tried to make my life. Anybody who doesn’t try to make life an adventure

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is a damn fool. We had no control over our coming into this world and we have none over when we leave it; but the time in between is up to us. The Good Lord put a lot on this earth for us, but He doesn't force us to enjoy it, if we are determined not to. What a mess we can make!"

No man alive is so well acquainted with fear as Arthur Godfrey. His cancer operation of three years ago might have broken the spirit of many another man and cast a shadow over the rest of his days. Not with Godfrey.

"It would have been easier if I'd known more about cancer—if I knew then what I know today," Godfrey says.

"The fact is that there are now well over a million people in the United States who also once heard the diagnosis—cancer. And, after treatment, lived on to hear the doctor say:

"Well, you've passed the five-year checkup. Guess we can both relax."

Godfrey is referring to the "cure rate" which the experts use as a yardstick in determining complete recovery. A period of five years is regarded as a necessary time gap after a lung cancer operation to conclude that the patient is cured, if there is no recurrence of the disease in that time span.

However, statistics of the American Cancer Society show the "cure rate" is less than five percent. Moreover, some surgeons advise removal of the entire lung, rather than a part, as in Godfrey's case. But there's one happy statistic working for Arthur—his was a "left side" cancer, which, for reasons not yet fathomed by the medical profession, has a lower mortality rate than cancer of the right lung.

"I hope to hear those words that I've passed my checkup two years from now," Godfrey says. "The doctor tells me that so far there's no trace of cancer in me and I feel the same shape."

Indeed, in better shape than he has been in years. By following his doctors' advice, Godfrey has gotten down to 176 pounds and expects to shed another six pounds so he'll tip the scales at a healthy 170.

"When my time comes . . ."

Godfrey's experience with cancer and his close call with death taught him a great deal about fear. "Everybody is afraid," he says. "That's human, to be afraid. What's important is how you counter fear, how you control it and, finally, overcome it."

"We all live with the fear that someday we're going to die and, when my time comes, I'm going to be so miserable. But I'm not going to ruin all the days between now and then worrying about it."

Godfrey claims he acquired an "education" in the months after his surgery.

"What I found out is hopeful in the extreme. I want to share this knowledge with the public, because it may help other people face the ordeal of cancer if they must—and escape it, if they can. Many thousands of lives could be saved if more people knew the facts about cancer cure and prevention."

"First, what did the hospital teach me? It exposed me to the miracle of modern medicine. Surgery, followed by radiation, saved me. As I later learned, they now save 170,000 cancer patients a year.

"Second, what did my reading on the subject and interviews teach me? Up until now, more than 1,700,000 people in the United States have been cured of cancer—these are men, women, and children.

"And that's another thing I learned—cancer can strike at any age. It often hits hard at the young and defenseless. More children die of cancer than of any other disease."

Living on borrowed time

Over the years, Arthur Godfrey has accumulated tremendous wealth. He doesn't have to work but does, because he gets sheer satisfaction and pure fun from it. Godfrey claims he is a "practical realist," but he also maintains that he is an "outrageous dreamer."

He might add that he also is an extravagant spender, but . . .

"I don't go to Las Vegas and throw my money away," he says. "That's stupid. It's escape, like drinking is escape. I don't want to escape from life. I use my money to send kids to school, for medical research, for things people need to make life a little better.

"You know, it's true, that corny bit about making somebody else happy and you'll make yourself happy, too."

His money is poured at a fantastic rate into the Arthur Godfrey Foundation. The good this notable organization does is incalculable, but an example of its beneficence is the $70,000 airplane it presented to the late Dr. Tom Dooley for his medical missionary work in Laos . . . and the wing it built on the Loudoun County Hospital near Godfrey's home in Virginia.

Despite all that has happened to him, despite the pain he suffers constantly, despite the gnawing consternation he is compelled to endure until the next two years are up and he is "out of this world"—Godfrey can stand with head high, proudly, for his significant triumph.

"I love my work. I love what's going on in this life. I want to be a better performer," he says.

And you ask, "Hasn't Godfrey achieved the full and rich life without food? Isn't he satisfied?"

Arthur Godfrey's insatiable appetite for this life will not let him rest on his laurels.

"I've got to keep on going—or I'll die."

That's Godfrey's credo.

It's the tenet of a man who must live each hour, each day, each month in hope and prayer—and with forbearance for whatever the future might hold for him.

That's the way it must be for Arthur Godfrey, living as he is on "borrowed time."

—George Carpozi, Jr.
Take the bad with the good," Sebastian replied, as he ordered another brandy. Obviously, he was a man who also knew how to take the good with the bad. It was a very good brandy. Very old.

"I had to have my beard dyed blond once for a 'Twilight Zone' episode and, by the time the final day of the shooting was over, the roots were black again. The word got around that I was the only bleeding Irishman in town who had a beard and, really, I had a lot of explaining to do to some of my male friends who are not in the business.

"Another time, I was in Boston and I looked up some relatives. The Cabot family have done rather nicely in the States, you know, and I thought it would be a good thing to throw my credentials as a Cabot of England. My grandfather, Charles Cabot, was a sea captain and quite well-known, both here and abroad. Unfortunately, the Boston Cabots didn't seem to be very receptive to an actor in the family, I was royally snubbed. Frankly, I don't think it had anything to do with my being an actor. I think it was my grandfather.

In the old days, sea captains had some what the same reputation as the traveling salesman in today's jokes. Far more interesting in those days, don't you think?"

Sebastian asked for the check and, after signing his name and adding a handsome tip, he rose to help his wife on with her borrowed mink. "I must say, though, that—in spite of the fact television is by far the best way to make yourself known to the public and insure your financial stability—it can sometimes backfire.

"We expose ourselves to millions of viewers and hire press agents to tell everyone how wonderful we are, and then it kicks us back in the teeth. In my case, it has to do with my cars. I've had a few slight accidents and they haven't been my fault. A fellow will recognize a weakness of mine talking about me and say to himself, 'Aha, there is an actor who must make a lot of money and probably carries a lot of insurance. One little bump can't hurt anything.'"

"I swear I've had some of them come at me at fifty miles an hour. Very distracting."

As we were leaving the restaurant, the maître d' hurried up to Sebastian and excitedly whispered something in his ear. The portly man's face spread into a wide and wonderful smile and he beckoned us to return to the table.

"My dear, I have just been informed that a bottle of old and extremely rare Spanish sherry has just been uncovered in the wine cellar. We must certainly sample it before making our departure."

Kay dropped the mink back on a chair and, seating herself, gave me a look that only another woman would understand. "Sebastian, that sherry is worth a million dollars. You have opened that bottle, Kay insists."

"Tut, tut, my love, remember the budget! You know we can't afford it."

—Tricia Hurst

Cabot is Dr. Hyatt in "Checkmate," on CBS-TV, Wed., at 8:30 P.M. EDT.

---

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of the mass drawing-power of television.

Perhaps, too, there was something else that kept him awake. Certainly, any man might lose sleep over Clara's well-arranged five-feet-two. As for marital qualifications, she leaves few to be desired. Yet Dick does admit she should have taken home economics instead of algebra in high school. When it comes to boiling a three-minute egg, she's a whiz, but her culinary skill practically ends right there.

Last March 31st, after months of consulting cookbooks, Clara thought she was ready to solo at the oven. It was Dick's twenty-sixth birthday, and she wanted to impress him. Clara arranged a surprise birthday party at her Hollywood apartment. She invited Dick's close friends; she bought decorative party favors.

Then, by dawn's early light, she got out the mixing bowl, the eggs, the milk, the flour, the double checked the recipe, measuring each ingredient as carefully as a jet pilot checking his instruments before take-off.

Finally the cake pans were filled with the sweet smelling batter and she was ready to slip them into the oven. She started her stopwatch. This, she thought, should be a birthday cake to delight any man's heart—and especially Dick's.

At the appointed hour, she opened the oven door to take the cake out. Her face fell. So had the cake. Instead of the flatly even layer of cake book, she saw before her a dark brown mass of flat dough. The mounds of frosting she spread over the layers only made things worse.

It was too late to bake another. The guests were due any minute. Gaily, Clara stuck in the twenty-six candles, all the time remembering she was many miles away. The cake looked like a washed-out tortilla.

By the time Dick arrived and the guests yelled, "Surprise, surprise," Clara decided to throw in the sponge. She led him by the hand into the kitchen. She pointed to the monstrosity. Each took one look and broke out laughing. The others came in to see what was going on. They, too, started to laugh.

It was enough to make a girl cry. But not Clara. After a moment, she was laughing louder than anyone. Later, Clara and Dick drove over Hollywood trying to find a bakery that was open. They managed to bring back a cake, but it couldn't help being an anti-climax.

The two are definitely a fun-loving pair. When they did the showcase performance for the college last September at the Pilgrimage Theater, it was a satire on the opera "La Traviata." Clara was dressed in a sheet-like gown and, in the death scene, she placed a rose between her teeth while Dick clowned around her. They were the hit of the show.

Look for them to possibly record together someday. In late April, Dick cut his first record, "Three Stars Will Shine Tonight" and "A Kiss to Build a Dream On." An album session followed. The next step is definitely a duet.

Although neither has talked of marriage to others, there seems to be a secret understanding between them that it will eventually happen. Two of their close friends think it may be this year.

There's a hitch, however, that could delay the wedding. Clara Ray meets all Dick's specifications to be Mrs. Chamberlain—except one.

"My wife must be understanding of the problems of show business," he confided. "She must like the arts. She must be attractive—I don't mean a striking beauty. She must want a flock of children. She must be content to just be a housewife and a mother to our children."

Clara may not be ready to be "just a housewife"—you could hardly blame her. Like Dick, she has worked hard and long for it. On the other hand, her ambitions have begun to bear fruit. Can Clara give it all up now—or can she take the chance that Dick will wait until she's ready to quit? This depends on how strong her love is. Some believe she will. Others don't. Perhaps Dick will relent on this one demand.

One thing is certain. Dick won't be pressured into any decision. This happened only a few years ago when the actor was attending Pomona College. Unofficially, he was engaged to a college sweetheart. They had planned to marry, then he was not financially ready. The girl agreed at first, but then changed her mind. She wanted to marry him immediately.

Dick protested. Arguments followed, and he decided it was best if they called the whole thing off. They did. He confided later that he felt he was too young and forced into marriage. This feeling made him want to run. It made him unsuited of his love toward the girl.

Even today, Dick can't stand the feeling of being pressured or forced into a situation. Against his better judgment, the studio arranged for him to escape one of the young brood of Italian sexpots to the premiere of "West Side Story" last December. It was one of those last-minute arrangements. The studio had the tickets but no escort for Rosanna Schiaffino, who was on the lot making "Two Weeks in Another Town" with Kirk Douglas. Dick volunteered like a private in the Army does for K.P. duty. He had nothing against the actress. He just disliked being put on display for publicity purposes. Sure enough, the appearance of the two together set every tongue wagging around Hollywood, linking them romantically.

That was when Dick vowed—even if it put him in the guard house—to refuse any more of these "dates." When Academy Award time rolled around, hordes of press agents in town hounded him to escort one of their clients to the affair, knowing full well that any actress
I always thought that now was the time to tell this story. I remember hearing some stories about the way we used to be. But they were just stories, you know. They didn't really mean anything. They were just part of the past, you know. But now, I think it's time to tell the truth. It's time to tell the story of how we were able to overcome our past, and how we were able to make our own history.

I remember the way we used to be. We were a family, you know. And we were happy. We were able to overcome our past, and we were able to make our own history. It was a time of freedom, and it was a time of happiness. And I think it's time to tell that story. It's time to tell the story of how we were able to overcome our past, and how we were able to make our own history.
our religion because we never let it grow stale or routine. We go to study groups and try to learn a little more about the mysteries of the universe. We read the lives of the saints and try to benefit from their experiences.

"Yes," Janet put in, "and you leave those books around so we'll see them and get interested and read them, too."

"Well, at least we don't shove them at you," Sis laughed. "Sure, the books and pamphlets are here for you or any of our guests to read—if they want to. I keep hoping you'll want to."

"Oh, we read them and lots of times, when we're on the road, we talk about what we read and exchange ideas," said Peggy. "But, after all, you don't have to be a professor of theology or a priest to obey the Ten Commandments and follow the Golden Rule."

"You can do that without being a Catholic," reminded Bill.

"That's true," Kathy mused. "God says we must love every human soul even if we don't happen to like the person in it very much."

"Daddy, you once told us that all people are children of Abraham," said Janet.

"I was quoting the Holy Father," explained Bill.

"I think bigotry is hateful and disgusting," said Peggy heatedly. "We're Catholics and it's wonderful for us. But we mustn't forget there are other people who lead decent, worthwhile lives and they are Jews or Protestants or some other faith. After all, God gave the Ten Commandments to Moses, and he was a Jew. And Jesus, who was born of a Jewish mother, died on the cross to save us all—not for just one race or one religion."

"My opinion," said Janet, "that there are good and evil in every religion and race. People are born in a certain race and they can't help it or change it. But most people go to a certain church because they follow their parents' religion."

"Like us, for instance?" Bill asked.

"Well, yes," Janet hesitated a moment. "I suppose if I'd been born in a Jewish family, I would be a Jew instead of Catholic."

"On the other hand," said Sis thoughtfully, "some religions are not quite as strict as ours."

"The price we pay"
In particular, there is an amusing grouping of chubby porcelain monks. Biblical scenes are set into the frame of their large picture window, and these are changed frequently "so that we don't take them for granted and stop looking." This from Bill, who is convinced that pictures and sculptures are "reminders of the living God and our Lord to God." Some time ago, one of the girls mischievously added several African masks to their backyard "arrangement," which has for its centerpiece the Virgin Mother surrounded by foliage and a waterfall. We showed it to Monsignor Wade when he visited here," Sister laughs, "and he turned our kidding right back on us. He said, 'You Lennons have it made. What the Virgin Mother won't do for you, the witch doctors will take care of.'"

Thus the Lennon Sisters and their family move through the sophisticated world of show business—with an intense dedication to the things of God— with pleasure in their deviations and prayers... with tolerance for the convictions of others... and with a touch of humor toward their own observance.

—EUNICE FIELD

The Lennon Sisters sing on "The Lawrence Welk Show," seen on ABC-TV, Saturdays, from 9 to 10 p.m. EDT.

(Continued from page 62)

the turnpike. The story's right there, on the records... and perhaps some of it is inevitable, with a huge but close-knit family of cast and crew—a real family of the family when school's out and some thirty wives and sixty children, join the caravan—all traveling from one end of the country to the other. Together, they've covered tens of thousands of miles, put more than sixty shows—and cities—behind them. A lot has happened in that time and space. A lot more than an early press release predicted: "The show stems from a desire to present a more complete picture of contemporary America authentically and realistically. Many of the cities and towns where the show will be shot have undergone tremendous changes and face-changing in the past decade and the episodes will help acquaint and update TV viewers with the improvements of our country..."

Brother, they've undergone more than the most daring City Fathers ever dreamed. I wish some writer who should go on tour with us. Maybe the viewers are learning a lot about our country, but I'm not at all sure the people in the towns we've shot in know where they are any more.

You know, we never use sets and we try to get the true feeling and atmosphere of whatever we're shooting. One night, we were doing a scene in a hospital in Philadelphia, and we darn near caused a real-life heart attack. A relative of one of the patients walked into what had been his brother's room—and there was a body on the bed completely lifeless."

"The poor guy fainted dead away. He'd slipped past before anyone could tell him his brother had changed rooms with a bunch of actors and a dummy."

"We've moved into small towns and changed the entire Main Street," George continues. "One rainy night, the art boys converted the only bank in town to look like another building... man, let me tell you, the holy devil broke loose the next day! The bank directors had given us the go-ahead sign, but the local citizens didn't know what was going on."

"At nine o'clock the next morning, folks were walking up to their bank to make deposits or withdraw money, and what did they see? No bank. The local paper had put out a special edition to explain what was happening—but not before a lot of depositors had decided their bank president had most likely skipped town with their life savings."

That was one town with one bank. But let George tell you what he and his cohorts did to the city of Philadelphia itself. "We had to change the hands on the big Ben Franklin clock that's a landmark there," he recalls. "Turned it back from midnight to ten o'clock, to fit our story."

"I think I can truthfully say," says this truthful though high-spirited traveler, "Philadelphia will never forget us. The police department, broadcasting stations and newspapers were flooded with calls. And half the people in town were late to work, next day."

One man lost his job and we had to write a letter to his boss explaining what had happened, before he was rehired. How were we to know that everyone in town set their watches by that clock? Or that it hadn't been wrong in something like a hundred years?"

"We had a free land, line up at the left—tenants, run for your lives—while George tells the sad tale: "One time, Red McCormack, our art director, completely redid the outside of a little cottage. He got permission from the guy who owned the place and who rented it to a family which was away on vacation."

"They put up fake windows over the original ones, painted the front door, placed shrubs around the front, even built window boxes with flowers and plants. When we finished shooting the scene, the owner asked Big Red to leave everything the way it was. He liked the new appearance."

Home sweet hangover

"Unfortunately, the guy who rented the place didn't feel the same way! When he returned from his vacation, he couldn't even find his own house. It unnerved him so, he went to the nearest bar and got clobbered."

Hangover or no hangover, there's never been a real complaint from any city Maharis & Co. have visited. Certainly not from any of the local citizens.
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He can dream, can’t he?

Nobody planned such a cliff-hanger for George, of course, but there have been times when the crew turned the tables on him . . . like the time he was wearing opaque contact lenses for an episode in which he was supposed to have lost his eyesight. Though he practiced with them for three days, he found it impossible for him to focus.

“That guy was in azimuthing pain all the time and his eyes were a wreck,” says one of the crew, “yet now, when we think back on it, we say ‘What a shot!’

Maharis had always admired but never met a well-known movie star, and one of the crew could mimic her to the life. Maharis was leaning against a wall, during a break in shooting, when this mimic came up behind him and murmured, ‘Oh, George, you are just marvelous.’ At the same time, a script girl kisses George on the cheek.

“We thought Maharis was going to jump ten feet. By the time he’d removed his contact lenses and could see again, no one was in sight except the cast. He looked sheepish for a minute, then put his lenses back in without a word.”

To George himself, the weirdest memory of all their travels was the time two college boys followed their caravan for two-and-a-half months. ‘They were living the whole part—and believe it or not—driving a Corvette identical to that of Marty and I are supposed to be driving!’

“It got so they were making us both nervous, because they aped everything we did—dress, speech, mannerisms—and when we took off for a new town, there they’d be, waiting for us. It got so they’d make suggestions and correct the dialogue.

That was one time when George, instead of haunting others, got to feeling more than a bit haunted himself. Like all the other things that have happened along “Route 66,” it’s funny in retrospect—but not to be recommended or repeated. When the boys’ vacation was over and it was time for them to go back to college, they were flat broke. Maharis & Co. had to take up a collection to get them back home.

Which gets us back to the original gag: “No matter what George has got, he shares it.” He’s always had a reputation for being, not only a soft touch, but an easy mark for anyone who wanted or needed anything done.

“Money,” he says airyly, “isn’t going to get me what I want out of life, so I just keep enough to keep me going. Other people need it more. Other people need a lot of things more than I do. You help it if you can.”

He’ll share anything except his hepatitis. That, he wouldn’t wish on any one. And, all kidding aside, “Route 66” was mighty glad when he could join them again in their travels. But they still warn you: “Watch out for that guy Maharis! You’ll die laughing!”

—Pat Richards

“Route 66” whizzes along over CBS-TV, Fridays, from 8:30 to 9:30 P.M. EDT.

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It usually takes a minimum of five years of hard work, persistence and polishing to get a foothold. And all along the way, there are rebuffs, defeats, discouragements. Sinatra had his share of them. For three years, while he traveled around known as "The Hoboken Four," under the auspices of the show, he pleaded constantly for a chance to sing alone—and never got it. But he continued to try... to audition wherever he could.

Not everyone has to pick himself up off the floor so many times, but everyone meets with rebuffs and setbacks. The secret is not to let any of them defeat you permanently. If you're new in town, or in the office, or at school, and you're having trouble making friends, don't give up. Make a point of being pleasant, ready with a smile and a friendly greeting, no matter how hard it may be. Be helpful whenever you can. A real friend has been made over a knotty algebra problem or by a thoughtful gesture to a stand-offish neighbor. Go halfway, and a little more—but don't give up being "pushy." The latter, says Mack, will get you nowhere, either in or out of show business.

3. Management. The young person who has serious ambitions toward a career as an entertainer probably comes naturally endowed with both talent and persistence. Management he has to find later, and many a talented singer, Mack says, has never made it big because he hasn't been able to connect with a good manager. (Not every-who'd-be Elvis has a Colonel Parker.) Obviously, most people in other walks of life are in no position to hire managers to guide their footsteps, but there are people eager to help—parents, teachers, wise and willing older folk. It is guidance of this sort that helped Jackie Kennedy to get started. The White House brand-new kind of charm—and enables her to hold her own with foreign dignitaries far older and more experienced than she.

It was a wise mother who told her teen-aged daughter, about to take off for her first class party in a new school, "Forget about yourself. Find someone who's sitting off in a corner alone and try to see that she (or he) has a good time. Pretty soon, you'll discover you're having a good time yourself."

4. Beauty. No one, including showman Mack, underestimates beauty, though in his recipe for success it ranks fourth, maybe, he says, even lower. The bigger the star, the more it out of show business are seldom the greatest beauties, and there's no point in becoming a hermit because you don't look like a movie star. Even Zsa-Zsa Gabor (and who should know better?) describes glamour as "being neat and in lane, your hair brushed and shining... your nails in top tip shape... and your clothes pressed—these are within the reach of every girl and can soon become a habit. And it's one that helps immeasurably to give any girl poise and self-confidence.

5. Luck is one of those elusive, indefinable qualities made up largely of unselfishness, an interest in the other fellow, and an eternal optimism toward life. Invaluable in the making of a winner in show business, it's just as potent in everyday life. A young performer may feel like throwing a temper tantrum when his accompanist goofed—or become discouraged at what he expected—but he learns quickly that the old slogan about catching more flies with sugar than with vinegar is still true.

Cameraman, sales clerk, teacher, network, nests, neighbor, boss—all are pushovers for the smile-and-patient word. People who talk freely and often, can get to be a habit, and a much more beguiling one than the grouch-and-gripe bit. No woman looks charming when, mouth turned down, she begins talking about her troubles.

6. Luck is important, of course, and Ted Mack has dozens of examples to prove it. Pat Boone is one. It didn't take long for him to get "Amateur Hour" appearances, to get a toehold in the professional world. He went straight home to Nashville and a job on the radio station there; has been going onward and upward ever since. And there is Fabian, who just happened to be sitting on his front porch when Bob Marcucci happened by, saw him—and a new star was born.

In the same way, it's luck when a girl happens to go to a party, and it happens to meet that certain guy. Or happens to apply for a job on the very day there's a vacancy. Or holds a winning sweeps ticket. Luck, good luck, comes to everyone some time. The important thing is to be ready, as Pat Boone was, and take it from there. If you have already learned to be your own charming self, are well groomed, interested, thoughtful, you can't miss.

7. Education doesn't matter much, in Mack's opinion, when a young performer is getting started. Later on, after it's established, it becomes of inestimable importance. Translated into successful living, it comes out the same way. The "dumb blonde" is a classic gag, but it's not always a joke. Not the pretty girl who marries before she's out of school and finds, later on, that she's unable to keep up with her increasingly successful husband. Nor to the cute teenager who wakes up one day to find she's no longer a teenager and that cuteness alone won't get her by in the grown-up world. Night courses will help... or reading the daily paper... or watching the educational TV...
on his own opinions and self-confidence and the poise which comes with it are just as important elsewhere. It's rough to walk into a roomful of strangers without feeling some self-consciousness, but if you're trying, head held high and your lips curved into a smile, it gets easier and easier. Try it. Keep on trying. One day you'll wake up and wonder where those butterflies have gone.

Of course, there are things Ted Mack doesn't mention—things like money and family background and all that they represent. But run down a list of the currently popular singers. How many of them came from well-heeled families on the plumy side of the tracks? It is just as true that success as a human being depends not at all on these things. Hauling one's self up by your own bootstraps is an old American custom... and the Cinderella story is one which never grows out of date.—Betty Etter

SECOND HONEymoon

(Continued from page 45) their own selves in each other's personality. "At first," Mickey confesses, "I just wanted to win, who was going to make the other do things the way he wanted them." Mickey had led a life of coming and going as he pleased. When he attempted to retain the semblance of his old independence, Carlyn was hurt that the life she offered didn't completely satisfy him. Many separations and argument over the years, until the flames of love were doused by a storm of mutual reriminations.

Twice they separated. Twice they found they couldn't stay apart. Now they're back together in a relationship filled with more maturity and wisdom. Mickey says: "We understand each other now. We've found that neither of us had to change. I can do the things I want. Carlyn can do what she wants, too. The secret is we each stopped trying to defy the other, to mold our partnership into the way we wanted it to be. We started trying to teach each other a lesson—and everything else fell into place."

Actress Ruth Warrick and her interior-decorator husband Carl Neubert tried for nine lonely years to prove they were through with each other to make their lives complete—but found it impossible. Here, the original friction had been caused by Ruth's need for independence and by her European-born husband's equal need for her to be a 100 percent wife to the exclusion of all else.

"He never could reconcile himself to the fact that I could be two persons," says Ruth. "He seemed disturbed with my other identity as an actress. I, on the other hand, was determined not to lose my freedom, my independency, my own personality. My original parents had raised me by a father who constantly reminded me I was as good as any man. I had been taught I could make my way alone without having to cling to a husband for support. I couldn't accept the fact that, once I was married, my husband would have to give me that security."

"I've learned how to love a woman for herself alone."

--Marilyn Beck
all my life in regard to myself, I tried to get him to see the positive side of life. But it's very hard for a man to think positively when everything's been so negative for as long as he can remember.

"Were you ever able to make him change his thinking?" I asked.

She shook her head sadly, "No, not really. He was always negative, always unhappy to prove to you why he should be unhappy. He'd show you how much the breaks were against him, and nothing anybody could do would convince him otherwise. It was very sad, really, I tried, but I couldn't talk him out of thinking that way.

"In spite of all this, I was very much in love with my husband, and he loved me. In a way, that finally became the one thing that broke us up, strange as it may sound. For we possessed each other too completely. He had never had real love in his childhood, and now he turned to me, expecting not only a wife's love but the love he'd been deprived of when he was a little boy. He became dependent on me—completely dependent—not only for love, but for guidance. We became inseparable, to such an extent that it was unhealthy for both of us. We could hardly breathe.

"I gave up my career when I married Johnnie, and concentrated on his career. But he was so weak, so incapable of making a decision on his own, that it got to the point where he couldn't make a move unless I was there. He never went to work unless I went with him. He had his son John Barrymore III, and I also had my daughter Cathy, from my first marriage. I had to be a mother to my children and to my husband, as well. So, naturally, I couldn't get the cooking done in time when I came home at night. I had to neglect my housekeeping, too."

I said, "His family seems to have been responsible for his problems. Did any of them ever try to help straighten him out while you were married to him?"

She smiled weakly, "Never. The Barrymores are a strange family. I think they're one of the strangest families in the world. Until I married John, I'd never believed that a family could be as far apart as his was. Everybody was jealous of one another in the Barrymore family. I just couldn't understand nobody helping Johnnie, just as I couldn't see why we helped poor Diana Barrymore. But all the Barrymores were very cold to each other."

Cara tried to give her husband the love he needed so terribly, but at last she saw that his dependence on her was crushing them both. In telling about it, her voice was regretful yet tender as she spoke of this boy-husband who had loved her too deeply and possessively for his own good. "He was so terribly insecure. He had never thought anyone really cared about him, and when he saw I loved him, he tried to hold on to that love so desperately that he lost it. Actually, I suppose it's a great deal of my love was involved with pity, because of the sad life he led. When I finally realized that we couldn't stay together anymore, I told him that we had to break up. And so, in 1958, we were divorced."

John went to Europe, hoping to find success that had eluded him in American pictures. Cara resumed her own career, and began to do surprisingly well. In fighting her husband's battles for him, she had gained a strength that she was now able to put to good use on her own account.

"But, most importantly," she told me, "I started to take a positive attitude toward my life for a change. I hadn't been able to persuade John to give up his pessimism, but I suddenly realized that, if I was to live a happy, successful life, I would have to apply a positive philosophy to my own way of thinking. Today, I can truly say that I'm happy. I have a fine son and daughter, and a wonderful mother, and we all love each other very much. I'm happy in my work. "And it never would have happened if I hadn't tried to help Johnnie—and in doing so, I discovered what was wrong with my own life."

Yet her involvement with John did not end completely when they were divorced. A little over two years ago, he persuaded her to join him in Europe, telling her he wanted to try for a reconciliation. But there was no reconciliation. Cara returned to this country, and went into the CBS-TV comedy series, "Peter and Gladys," which brought her more fame than she'd ever known.

A new wife, a new life

On October 28, 1960, John married Gabriella Palazzoli in Europe. Once again, the marriage was a troubled one. After a quarrel with his new wife, John telephoned Cara and asked if she would oppose his returning to Hollywood. 

"You select your own settlement," she told me, "and he owes me a great deal of money. That's why he asked me if he could come back. He wanted to know if I'd try to collect the money. I told him that he didn't have to pay it unless he could afford it—and he can't afford it."

"It was generous of you to let him come," I said.

"Well, he is my son's father, and I can't help but like him. He's a very nice boy."

"You keep using that word 'boy' in relation to him," I pointed out.

"He is a boy. He's never grown up, really."

John did return to Hollywood and visited his son. He also dined with Cara. What they talked about is something Cara hasn't discussed, but perhaps it was helpful to him. For, when he returned to Italy, he patched up his

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CAROL AND GARRY

(Continued from page 58) in 1959, Carol opened in "Once Upon a Mattress," at the off-Broadway Phoenix Theater. The play was an instant hit. But the Phoenix had other commitments. When the contract time on "Mattress" ran out, the Phoenix said the play would close to make way for "Lysistrata."

The news hit Carol and the others in the cast like a hunk of falling scenery. "It's ridiculous," Carol fumed. "We were the first show in six years to keep that theater open all summer. So now we get evicted. It's a crime. Why don't they take it to another place? It'll probably be a bomb, anyway." That was the way Carol spoke, but her actions were even stronger than her words. She had the mattresses piled high during the final act, and right from the stage she climbed atop and appealed to the audience of reporters to protest to the Phoenix people. She also organized the cast's twenty-six members and picketed the theater.

She aroused so much feeling that the never-give-up Carol soon had the show moved uptown to the Alvin Theater on Broadway. Crowds poured in. When they had to leave the Alvin, to make room for another show, the play moved into the Winter Garden, then to the St. James.

But Carol's leaving Garry's highly popular CBS variety show was quite another matter. "Mattress" was a perfect vehicle for Garry and Carol was the perfect bitchy actress. So after Garry and I had long talks with Garry about the best course for her to take—obviously, she should travel on a road paved by her own destiny. It was not wrought by any disagreement or dispute between them. "There never was any pressure on Carol's part," Garry related. "She always was sweet and pleasant in her way when she disagreed with me. She never said, 'I'll never wear a pink nail polish again,' if I told her to wear a one. She always said, 'If you say so, I'll wear it.'"

"Do you think you'll ever marry again?" Garry was asked.

"I doubt it. At least not for a long, long time. I think the main reason for marriage is to have children, and I have two wonderful ones. Also, I think it's hard to combine marriage and a career in TV. If you're in the movies, it's not so difficult. But with TV it's impossible, because of the long hours of work. By the end of the day you're exhausted, and you can't be a proper wife."

Then she grinned. "Besides, I'm married to Pete for twelve hours a day. All day long I do the dishes and fight with my TV husband. When I get home at night, I can use a little rest!" —CHRISTIAN LEHR

Cara Williams co-stars in "Pete and Gladys." CBS-TV., Mon., 8 P.M. EDT.

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And somehow you point your finger at just one, often without knowing just why.

Yet I know why I hired Carol—because she was great.

Garry gave Carol her big break when he took her on after she had auditioned for him for his daytime show back in '59. As a result of those frequent guest spots with Moore, she was invited on the Ed Sullivan show, then opened in New York City's Blue Angel with a brisk act that wowed the night spot's sophisticated clientele.

The secret of Carol's instantaneous success was that she never allowed a leer, a wiggle, or an off-color innuendo to creep into her routine. Nightclub stages from New York to San Francisco are littered, like the desert sands, with the bleached bones of comedians and comedienne who tried to keep it clean and comic. Only Carol succeeded where all the others had failed.

"I'm not here to purify the American theater," Carol offers to explain, "but I won't work even a teeny bit dirty. Off-color stuff is a type of comedy."

Garry reminisced about her type of comedy, "I used to watch her come on stage. There was something about her—an infectiousness, a magnetic, dynamic, audience-appeal quality that is the true measure of star quality."

"She would smile and the entire set would light up making a show, it became difficult to continue. She had everybody in a state of near collapse from laughing—and that included cameramen, sound technicians, engineers, and the whole production staff."

**She'll try anything**

"Her main asset is that she can be enormously funny, yet retain her femininity and wholesomeness. She captures her audiences by doing what comes naturally for her. And she is always willing to try anything—never quits learning."

Carol came up the hard way. She was eight years old when the family moved from San Antonio, Texas, to California. Her father died a short time later. Her mother wrote publicity for a movie studio.

She entered Hollywood High School and concentrated on journalism, which she hoped to make her career. She became editor of the school paper. When she went on to U.C.L.A. and took a course in playwriting and theater arts, something happened to change the course of her entire life.

"It was a happy accident," Carol said.

"We were required as part of the course to participate in the college shows. The first time I stepped on the stage and got my first laugh—I knew that was for me. It was heavenly."

From that day on, Carol had a single goal in sight—the Broadway stage. In her junior year, Carol was invited to a posh party in San Diego with a fellow student, Don Saroyan. Together they entertained the guests with a skit from "Annie Get Your Gun." Afterward, Carol and Don were having coffee when one of the guests told them: "I liked you kids very much. What's your ambition?" His interest seemed genuine.

"To go to New York," said Carol. "Why don't you go?" the guest asked.

"Money," Carol and Don chortled.

"What's money?" the man shot back. "I came to this country broke. Now I'm a millionaire. Come to my office Monday, I'll give you the money to go."

"We thought," Carol said, "that maybe he'd had too much to drink. But on Monday we went to see him. He called in his customer and ordered two $100 checks drawn up."

There were four provisions to the offer: They couldn't tell the benefactor's name; the loan was for five years, to be paid back without interest; it had to be used to go to New York; afterward, Carol and Don would have to help others as the man had helped them.

"We'll send you a regular report," Carol enthused.

"Oh, hell," the benefactor answered, "send me a postcard once a year—a Christmas card. And you'll pay back. Others have."

"I made a fool of myself . . ."

Carol and Don came to New York in 1954 and, at first, jobs were scarce and money scarcer. Then, slowly, Carol began to prove that her benefactor had been right about her.

It was on Jack Paar's program that she sang "I'm a Fool of Myself Over John Foster Dulles." It so amused the late Secretary of State that he asked for a recording of it for himself.

"That got me a lot of attention," Carol said, "but I had to watch my step. I could have quickly gotten the reputation as 'that girl who sings the song about . . ."

But she didn't. As Garry says, "She was originally a stand-up comic and her stuff was infectious, hilarious, and tremendously popular. But in time Carol realized this was not her forte. She wanted to do more than the stand-up stuff; her comedy sense had become sharper. Basically it's important to realize she's a sketch comedienne, and my biggest satisfaction was in being able to persuade her that she is not a grotesque girl but someone with a great deal of charm and sex appeal. Above all that, she was in every way a girl."

Carol Burnett is deeply grateful to Garry for all he's done in her interests.

"I adore Garry and I'll always be indebted to him for the fatherly attitude he took toward me," Carol says. "His little words of wisdom, his guidance, the way he instilled confidence in me when things went wrong—they've helped make me the kind of performer I am today. Few people are as fine as Garry in the business. He's one in a million."

Of course there are times, working as close as Garry and Carol have, that misunderstandings might come about. Was Carol ever given to a display of temperament?

"Temperamental?" Garry exclaimed.

"Why, Carol doesn't know the meaning of the word. She's a warm, gentle girl, although very outgoing and frank. But lose her head? Never. Sure, she's uninhibited and she's got a free-swinging
nature. But that's refreshing and delightful to have around. Carol's a real pro."

But wouldn't Carol have been better off if she'd stayed in TV, from a financial standpoint?

"Money? It means nothing to her. If she stayed with us, she would be about the seventh highest paid performer on TV today, and that includes the stars. But that's not her objective. She wants more out of life than what she's accomplished so far."

Today, Carol's main ambition is to team up with someone like Julie Andrews on Broadway.

"We work well together," Carol says, recalling the time last year when she and Julie appeared together on Garry's show, and again more recently when they co-starred in a "special."

We tried it before, but if Carol might have had any other reason for leaving Garry's show and she assured us: "No, none at all."

How about a romance? Carol, who had married Don Saroyan after they came to New York, and later divorced him, has been linked romantically with press agent Johnny Friedkin. However, she doesn't seem ready to make a second grab at the ring on the matrimonial merry-go-round.

The absence of Carol Burnett as a regular will certainly take something away from the Garry Moore show, but it isn't likely to lessen its popularity over the long run. So long as Garry maintains the low-pressure approach and remains the star, as he has been all along, he should continue to keep his grip right at the top of the ratings.

For, despite all the talent that Garry succeeds in rounding up for his show, one incontrollable factor. Ronnie's ballyhooed "The Garry Moore Show," it's Garry, with his casual, easy style, his quick wit, pleasant humor, and refreshing personality, who makes the show the smash it is. Garry is a veteran of more than 25 years in the business, the first listing. Garry sat one time, back before 1949 when he started "The Garry Moore Show" on CBS Radio, considered himself a stand-up comic. But when he got going with his own program, he found the response was always bigger when he played himself.

One of his finest qualities, which is admired by the critics, is the consciousness he shows for his public, the respect he displays for his vast millions of viewers. He observes the standards of good taste, as do Carol Burnett and all the other performers who appear before the cameras on his show.

When we asked if Garry Moore will always serve as a reminder that quality and class and good taste are still in vogue.

Garry sums up this feelings this way: "It's true that I've been almost like a father to her in her career. But it's like when you son becomes of age at twenty-one and says he's leaving for another home."

"It'll be marvelous to lean back and watch her fly."

"She's one of the great talents—and I wish her all the best."

(P.S. Carol paid her $10,000 loan back to her benefactor in 1959, with heartfelt thanks.)

—CHRYST: HARANIS

"The Garry Moore Show" returns next fall to CBS-TV. "The Garry Moore Radio Show" continues through summer on CBS Radio. M-F; 10:30 A.M. EDT.

(Continued from page 42)

GRACIE

charming couple. Helen is much younger than Steve Crane; she's much closer to Ronnie's age. Tongues wagged every time they were seen in a different bistro.

"Imagine!" one gossip hissed. "Going out in public like that! She's a married woman. They both must be crazy in love—or just plain crazy!" The talk grew louder when Steve and Helen separated after a year of marriage. How they reconciled, one later, they were reconciled. Ronnie was still in the picture, though, and he and Helen soon resumed dating.

Then, in April, it happened. Ronnie happily informed his friends—if not his parents—that Helen would divorce Steve and marry him. The news was kept from Crane. He and Helen were still living under the same roof. Steve thought happily so, too.

Finally, Helen could stand it no longer. She broke down. She confessed her love for Ronnie and asked Steve for a divorce—a quick one. To say the least, he was flabbergasted. Yet he gave his permission and Helen hopped the first plane to Atlanta, Georgia, where she could obtain a divorce in six weeks.

Steve wasn't the only one who was surprised. George and Gracie were dumbfounded. Ronnie hadn't told them. When a reporter called for a comment the next day, Gracie said: "I didn't know anything about it until I saw it in the newspaper. We don't know the girl too well. However, we wish him all the best."

"Maybe a mother is the last to know," she said. "I met Helen when Ronnie brought her to see me when I was sick. But then, he brought a lot of other girls, too. All I know is that she is always leaving her husband and then going back to him. But ask George—maybe I'm too sick to be told the truth."

When George was asked about it, he said, "If you find out anything about it, let us know! Ronnie has dinner with us twice a week, but he's never told us anything about getting married."

It wasn't the first time George and Gracie found themselves in such an embarrassing position.

The phone rang in the Burns household on August 7th, 1953. Then, too, it was a reporter. He was asking about their daughter eloping to Nevada City with Younger III.

It was news to them. However, always the good showman, George managed to sound pleased as he said: "Gracie and I know the marriage will work out just fine."

A sudden elopement

Sandra was only eighteen then, and the couple had previously announced their engagement. George and Gracie were planning a giant wedding that would be the talk of Beverly Hills for years to come. But they didn't get that chance to see their daughter walk down the aisle in full splendor. Sandra and Wilhoite were married instead in a dusty office of a nearby justice of the peace.

The Wilhoites presented the Burns with two grandchildren—Laura, now seven, and Melissa, now five. Yet George was wrong about the marriage working out. They separated after three years and they were divorced in 1958—the year Gracie retired to devote more time to her family. Sandra surprised her parents a second time. Three years ago, she eloped to Mexico with TV director Rod Amateau. Again, George had missed the chance to give his daughter away. "Gee, we didn't know," Gracie told friends.

Otherwise, we would have gone with them."

This second marriage ended in April, just as Ronnie was busily planning his wedding to Helen DeMaree. He'd even fixed a date: July 9th.

"It's just one of those things," Sandra said with remorse, as she revealed her second marriage had floundered. "I feel badly about it. But we both feel it's for the best."

A few days later, Ronnie felt badly, too. His Helen had changed her mind. "I'm not getting the divorce," she wept from her hotel room in Atlanta. She was to go back to Steve—if he'll have me.

"Ronnie and I had a long talk. We decided it really wasn't love. It's best this way."

Again, George and Gracie had to learn the news at second-hand.

Why? What had happened to create such a distance between them and their children? Weren't they good parents?

Too often, success unites family bonds. "George and Gracie were wonderful parents to both Ronnie and Sandra," a close friend told TV Radio Mirror. "Perhaps, they were too good. George gave Ronnie everything he wanted. He thinks the world of that boy. I think Ronnie resents this in a way. He feels guilty. Guilty because he hasn't lived up to his parents' success. Until he can make it on his own, the situation probably won't change."

Both George and Gracie are in their sixties; their children still in their twenties. Perhaps, the future will be good to them. Perhaps, one day soon, the team of Burns and Allen will enjoy it in greater retirement. The much-weathering than a standingovation at Madison Square Garden would be the chance to be a closer part of Sandra's and Ronnie's lives again. Their friends hope they get that chance. They deserve it.

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Which Twin Has the Doctor?

Who is the one with the twin brother? Vincent Edwards (Ben Casey) or Richard Chamberlain (Dr. Kildare)?

What is his occupation? N.W., Berlin, Pa.

There's only one Dick Chamberlain. Vince has the twin. His name is Bob and he's a bus driver. For a full-length story on Vince Edwards, turn to page 34.—Ed.

Mystery Man

There is a very handsome man on "Sing Along with Mitch." He's one of the singalongers, in his early fifties, I guess, very distinguished-looking with a white mustache. Who is he? Is he British? M.U., New York, N.Y.

Adrian Revere was born in Minneapolis 55 years ago. He lives in Deep River, Connecticut, now, with his wife Margaret and son Karl, 32. You may have seen Adrian also in magazine ads, because he occasionally models for them. His favorite job, however, is singing-along.—Ed.

Here's Rowdy

I would like very much if you would tell me something about Clint Eastwood, who plays Rowdy Yates on "Rawhide." I enjoy your magazine very much. J.P., Holmes, N.Y.

Clint is 6' 4"$, weights 194, was born in San Francisco, May 31, 1930. He attended Oakland Technical High School and after graduation didn't know what career to follow. He tried lumberjack ing while he made up his mind—until he was drafted in 1951. His job in the Army was teaching swimming and survival courses. A movie was filmed while he was at Fort Ord, California, and the director suggested he start thinking seriously about acting. Back in civvies, he enrolled in the drama course at Los Angeles City College and met a co-ed from the University of California, Maggie Johnson. They were married in 1954. Clint likes everything about his co-star ring role in "Rawhide"—except the long hair and the sideburns.—Ed.

Calling All Fans

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

Richard Hayes Fan Club, Patti Burch, 5537 Ardleigh Street, Philadelphia 38, Pa.
Elvis Presley Fan Club, Lynn Huggins, Route 2, Staton, Tenn.
Carol Burnett Fan Club, Diane Devino, 11 Martin Street, Waterbury 6, Conn.
Brian Keith Fan Club, June Denning, 1305 Nolan, Corpus Christi, Texas.
Johnny Mathis Fan Club, Michael Barone, 1116 Mifflin Street, Philadelphia 48, Pa.

Some Quickies

I would like to ask you where could I write to the Bonanza cast.
Write them in care of NBC, 300 West Alameda Blvd., Burbank, Calif.

How old is Carol Burnett?
V.L.G., Paris, Ill.
Carol may not like our telling, but she was 28 in April.—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.
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Why doesn't TV bring on some dames?
I'm pretty sure I'd just as soon see Jayne Mansfield or Zsa Zsa Gabor, as, let's say, Vince Edwards—and I love Vince, who in real life is a personable Joe. Of course, Jayne would have to do something, and the question is, can Jayne do anything besides play that violin? Or come out of her shoulder straps? And can Zsa Zsa do anything (that wouldn't get the program thrown off the air)?

The sad truth is that some of our most beautiful women aren't seen on TV—and I think it's a great shame.

And apparently the reason is that they can't do anything. Well, the solution for that is to give them a program on which they don't have to do anything. You think that's silly, do you? Well, a few seasons ago there was a show all set to go, with Hal March as emcee, called simply, "The Most Beautiful Girl in the World." It was set to go—and it went—it went away.

Well, let's bring it back.

Just think of the mail it would get... the angry mail from not-so-good-looking women who would scream their heads off about those pretty women being on TV and not able to do a blasted thing!

Maybe if we have to have shows about doctors, lawyers and cowboys, we could have Marilyn Monroe, let's say, playing a doctor; Brigitte Bardot as a lawyer, and Natalie Wood or Lee Remick as a cowboy.

Sure, as Mr. Minow says, we ought to have serious viewing: Things like the Peace Corps in Afghanistan. But couldn't we have Liz Taylor or Arlene Dahl or Marie McDonald introducing the emcee, or moving the furniture around, or something...?

I suppose my idea will never catch on. But think back to the days when the most exciting thing on TV was Faye Emerson or Dagmar.

And then there was Jackie Kennedy's tour of the White House—and, personally, I don't think that
many people were only interested in the White House.

In case there's nobody around willing to find the beautiful girls for the shows I'm suggesting, I will even donate my time and talent to lead the search. That is to say, the great woman-hunt.

What do you say, fellahs? (Women—I wasn't asking you!)

That Paul Anka! His father, Andy Anka, was telling me the other day: "You know Paul wrote the theme music for Darryl Zanuck's 'The Longest Day'?" This I knew and said so. . . . "And Sammy Davis's new hit, 'Everybody Calls Me Joe'? . . . And of course he wrote his own new song, 'A Glass of Wine and a Steel Guitar.' . . . And you did know, didn't you, that he wrote all the music for the Copacabana show?"

I was about to say, "Make it easier for yourself. What didn't he write?"

Strange thing about Paul's "Glass of Wine" song . . . Dean Martin needed a song and asked Paul to suggest something.

"I've got something," Paul said. Long-distance, New Jersey to California. "I'll cut a demo and send it right out to you."

Paul recorded "Glass of Wine"—and when his manager, Irv Feld, heard it, he said, "I won't let you send that to Dean Martin. You're keeping this song for yourself!"

"But I promised . . . " protested Paul.

"No matter. . . ."

So Paul kept it and it became a fast hit.

Incidentally, Paul moves into the very sophisticated adult class with this song—doing the wine-drinking. I mean. In real life, Paul likes to sip a "Fogcutter," a rum drink served at Trader Vic's and elsewhere, with his girl friend, model Ann Dezogheb.

"That, and a little wine, is all I ever drink," says Paul—who will have turned twenty-one when you read this.

I asked Paul what turning twenty-one would mean to him.

"I'll become twenty-one while working in Las Vegas," he said. "When I really get there, I'm going to put fifty dollars on something—I don't know what. That'll be the sign that I've come of age."

Madison Avenue had a laugh at a report that NBC might again undertake to get Marilyn Monroe to do "Rain" on TV. The insiders knew it was laughable, because NBC spent $75,000 to $100,000, a year ago, on the (Please turn the page)

Now that he's turning twenty-one, singer Paul Anka's got everything he needs—including a pretty girl of his own.
wishes people wouldn't circulate those rumors that he didn't want to quit telecasting from the Ziegfeld Theater and move out to Brooklyn's big NBC studio. Perry claims he actually prefers Brooklyn to Manhattan—you see, it's nearer his golf course.

**FEARLESS FORECASTS:** One of the fat young comedians who is so personable on TV keeps getting into trouble playing night clubs (where he started). He hassles with the customers and privately predicts, "I'll have to get out of night clubs." And he will have to! ... Strange that an Eastern TV show noted for its nice "family appeal" is heading for difficulty over its own "family trouble." ... **Frank Sinatra** took his pride in hand and went personally to **Irving Berlin** and **Howard Dietz** to seek rights for Reprise Records to the songs of "Mr. President." So, naturally, with that kind of treatment, he's probably going to get them. ... **Marie Wilson** ("My Friend Irma" of a slightly earlier era) is on her way back to TV after doing very well again on stage and in the movies. ... **Garry Moore** is getting to be known as "Mr. Nice Guy" of CBS. Artists tell us he comes up to them before the show's even over and tells them how well they've done—even if they haven't. "You will go to any lengths to please a guy like this," one star said.

**Gracie Allen** needs a lot of rest these days to keep her health good—but she's pleased at the way **George Burns** is working out with his new comedy partner, **Carol Channing**, as they push on toward a regular TV series.

"Now, you know, Carol," Gracie told Miss Channing, "there are hundreds of dames I wouldn't have let work with Georgie Porgie—but you I like!"

One reason she likes Carol is that she feels Carol is much like her. "Both of us actually believe all those lies George tells us," Gracie explains. By "lies" she means some of the comedy material and show business yarns that George remembers.

George and Carol got acquainted through Carol's husband, **Charles Loew**, who produced the George & Gracie TV show. Burns gave Carol and Charles a party when they wed.

Carol has her husband to thank!

---

**DON'T PRINT THAT!** The reason that Mort Sahl has used **Inger Stevens** on TV every chance he gets is becoming obvious as I write this. He is just simply nuts about her. ... **Peter Lawford**—good as he is, and good as his connections are—has to look around for parts these days, just like everybody else. ... My Gorgeous Mother-in-law, who's seventy-seven, thinks that the team of **Marty Allen** and **Steve Rossi**, which has appeared so often with **Garry Moore**, is a more hilarious duo than any other comedy team working. ... **Perry Como**

Carol, victim of a bad memory for faces, decided to learn the names of everybody by memorizing the place cards on the main table. She wouldn't have to know the faces—she'd just remember that **Jack Benny** sat at the right of a Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Benny at the right of a Mr. Brown. Carol had everything worked out pretty well until George discovered her trick—so he mixed up the place cards deliberately, to mix Carol up.

They've been dear friends since the mix-up.

**Red Skelton**, one of TV's Great Men, kept a wary eye on the stock market during the crisis a couple of months back, and he tells this story of one of his speculative sorties then:

"I called up my broker, bought a certain stock—and it went up. I called up the next day, bought some more of the stock—and it went up again. This continued for a couple of days, but one day I called to ask how the stock was doing and my broker said it was down.

"'Down?' I said. 'Sell.'

"The broker replied, 'To whom?'"

It may not have looked that way to viewers, but just about the most ad-lib show on TV in the last couple
of months was Perry Como's farewell show of the season. That's traditionally the time when Perry and his cast of regulars play the game of "no-holds-barred," and everyone joined in on the fun.

After Perry had inched up behind music director Mitch Ayres and conducted the orchestra with a baton he filched from Mitch's hand, Mitch got his revenge when he walked up to Per's cue card for the rendering of "When I Fall in Love."

Perry, no kill-joy he, leisurely stepped aside and gave Mitch the front stage, whereupon Mitch sang the song straight through.

Jose with a TV series of his own. Bill, by the way, is a very shrewd, articulate fellow when he's not Jose, and he was a little miffed at NBC when they publicized that he, Louis Nye and Pat Harrington were going to co-host the "Tonight" show for one of the weeks prior to Johnny Carson's taking over for good in October.

"They released that story without my consent," said Bill. "Actually, Louis, Pat and I are trying to get away from being the same old three stooges. We're going our separate ways. You might say that I'm involved in very egocentric activities simply because you're not supposed to have.

They'll be making their television debuts on Ed's all-new talent show, and if the viewing response is good, Ed plans to have other new-talent shows every four or five weeks.

Did you know George Maharis, star of "Route 66," is an artist of some note? Well, if you didn't—or don't believe it—drop by the Lunt-Fontanne Theater on West 46th Street, N.Y., and inspect his work.

But don't forget to look up! He was one of three artists who landscaped the ceiling.

Gary Morton knows two beautiful girls who can "do something": His wife Lucille Ball and impish Sheila MacRae.

This show has such a high professional polish, though, even the ad-libs came out like they were written that way.

Bill Dana, the space astronaut in the guise of Jose Jimenez, says he'll come down to earth for the 1963-64 season long enough to have his own show, which is being handled through Danny Thomas.

Bill will be Jose Jimenez, the Elevator Operator, in the proposed comedy series, the idea originating from Bill's three appearances on Danny's own show. Response then was so great it was decided to launch right now," he grins disarmingly.

These activities, according to Bill, include another album, tentatively titled, "Jose Jimenez Talks to Teenagers of All Ages."

After fourteen years of following virtually the same program format, Ed Sullivan has something "r-r-r-really big and new" up his sleeve.

Sometime in September, you'll be seeing on his Sunday-night show such entertainers as The Cathalas—a circus act, Arlene Fontana, Yolanda White, Bobbi Baker, and Korenzo The Magician. If you've never seen or heard of these people, it's unearthed from a hilarious book entitled, "Son of Sing Along With Bullwinkle": A song called, "I'm in Love With Dr. Kildare" (to the tune: "Object of My Affection")

"The object of my affection
Can lance my infection
Or amputate my spine,
Anytime he takes my pulse
And tells me that he's mine.
There are other docs who bill me
And some who can thrill me
With offers of romance,
But I'd catch St. Vitus Dance
If it would make him mine!"

—that's Earl!
Mary Tyler Moore's elopement took CBS by surprise. They had no idea whom she'd wed. The name, gents, is Grant Tinker—an NBC-TV exec. . . . After selling his interest in Evans-Picone sportswear, Bob Evans is after sewing up the seams of his film career. His ex, shapely Sharon Hugueny, is now trying it on for size with Ann-Margret's ex, Burt Sugarman. . . . That cruise Dick Powell and June Allyson took added up to a three-month "second honeymoon." . . . Advert for a Los Angeles lunch plate: "Mother-in-law Special—Cold shoulder and tongue." . . . Caught at the women's press club: "There's a new doll on the market called 'The Liz.' You don't wind it—just push the Burton!"

That's What They're Saying: As Danny Kaye's sidekick in "Man from the Diner's Club," Cara Williams confides: "Instead of pay, I wish they'd give me a lifelong unlimited credit card—so I could eat forever and never get a bill!" . . . In spite of the loyal gang-up by the press and his friends to boost his morale, Eddie Fisher laid a bomb at his Cocoaanut Grove comeback.

What Every American Home Should Have—according to Kirk Douglas—is a steam room "to sweat out the problems and let off steam when the goin's rough." . . . Foss Parker doffed his Davy Crockett cap for modern-day clothes (the first time he'll wear 'em on TV) for ABC's "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," bowing Sept. 29th. . . . After Lucille Ball's wedding to Gary Morton, they were calling the studio "Desi-blues"—but now her ex, Arnaz, seems happy again. . . . TV will really become a "vast wasteland" if allowed to go on splitting old movies into installments. This could get down to making Johnny Q. Public watch one film four nights in a row—just to find out how it ends!

Kathy Nolan swore—once she left "The Real McCoys"—she'd gussy up as a glamour gal and go high-fashion. So how come she was back in the old gingham for a "Gunsmoke"—her first TV stint since returning from New York? . . . With the announcement that Dwayne Hickman and Tuesday Weld are "talking again" and she's cast in the new "Dobie Gillis" mish-mash, a teenie wit predicted: "There will be days when we won't get dialogue between them . . . but just two monologues on one soundtrack. . . ."

Stop! Look! Start reading—now! TV Radio Mirror brings you all the news—first! by EUNICE FIELD

Rumors on the Rocks: That Matt, Kitty and Doc conspired so as to get Dennis Weaver's big variety series nixed—so Chester would have to keep limping around Dodge City with them on "Gunsmoke." . . . That when Marie Wilson, buxom blonde star of yesteryear's "My Friend Irma," was asked why she hadn't been on TV lately, her so-simple answer was: "Nobody asked me—that's why!"

Dear Drs. Kildare and Casey: Since Dick ("Medic") Boone traded his scalpel for a gun, I seem to be the elder statesman among TV docs. You young M.D.s might gain by a small consultation. . . . On my first "Donna Reed Show" (I'm her hubby, Dr. Petersen) the A.M.A. caught me with my stethoscope on backwards. Were they mad! They forgave me only after I lost ten pounds, joined a gym and took elocution lessons. TV doctors, they said, must not mar the "image." . . . So, lads, here is my advice to keep in good with the A.M.A., the P.T.A. and your fans: Shave twice a day, stay trim, always carry Materia Medica and never say "fee." Your practice may then equal mine. . . . Luck, Carl Betz.

Judi Meredith's wedding present from Richard Boone was a promotion for husband Gary Nelson—up to director of the "Have Gun" episode in which she's starring. . . . Another newlywed is sunny Ginny Simms, top singer oh-so-long with Kay Kyser. Groom: Don Eastvold, former Attorney General of the state of Washington. Best man: Ish Kabibble, another Kyser alumnus. . . . Happiness re-visited: Best wedding news of the year for pals of James Craig was his remarriage to his ex-wife, Mary. His passel of kids are happy, too. . . . Billy ("Father Knows Best") Gray—convicted on dope charges—to appeal. . . . Don Taylor a-courting Hazel—pretty actress Hazel Court, that is!
He-jinks and She-nanigans: Robert Stack and Diane McBain in torrid clinch on "The Caretakers" set. Sez Bob, "This is my first hug 'n' kiss since I went into 'The Untouchables' four years ago." Quoth Diane, "What girl'd hug a man wearing one of those gun holsters?" Leered Bob, "That's why the Ness men were called 'untouchables'!" Actress-wife Rosemarie Bowe, she jest smiled and smiled.

When Pamela Mason read the London rumors about James seeking a divorce, she got off a wire to her press pals, asking them not to jump to conclusions, "James and I have not had a private talk yet. But I've asked my lawyer to do what is needed to protect the interests of our children."

Playing the Field: Are the Lennon Sisters movie-bound—in a re-do of "Three Smart Girls"? . . . Mario Lanza's 13-year-old Colleen not only inherited her late daddy's voice but has Joe Pasternak to guide her steps to fame. She already has an MGM record pact. . . . Bert Lahr's B'way-bound musical, "Foxy," opened the first Gold Rush Festival in Dawson City, Yukon. . . . Disc jockey Johnny Grant says, "Marriage is just another union defying management." . . . TV's going Mark Twain with Johnny ("Rifleman") Crawford co-starring with George Chandler as the late great humorist in "American Narrative," a fall spec—and Bob Newhart slated to do "Puddinhead Wilson."

Mary Livingstone and Gracie Allen couldn't be happier about the gals their spi's (plural of "spouse") picked as partners in their acts. Jane Morgan proved a great comedy foil for Jack Benny at Las Vegas Desert Inn, and Carol Channing helped George Burns win rave reviews at The Dunes. . . . The name William O. Douglas, long associated with the Supreme Court, has found a show-business niche. The younger Douglas is in Hollywood to try for stardom. A day after he told his famous father he'd decided to be an actor, he found him studying a news story about crime and violence in TV and films. "So now we're to be on opposite sides of the law?" sighed Dad.

James Best, star of Warners' "Black Gold," does his buying with silver dollars. . . . Through the keyhole at Sardi's: Sez actor No. 1, "Say, I know that cute chick." Pleads No. 2, "Could you get me a date?" Protests No. 1, "But what about my wife?" Agrees No. 2, "Okay—she'll do instead!" . . . Bob Conrad, the sunburnt "Hawaiian Eye," credits Col. R. W. Coe, principal of Chicago's Woodstock Military Academy, and Warren Watwood, his homeroom teacher, with inspiring his love of acting and his drive to succeed. Bob's a grateful, understanding-type guy—as his wife Joan's story proves in this issue. And he does so take her out occasionally—as photo at right shows!

Ask Me No Questions: Why does a TV hotshot medic’s agent whisper his client is secretly wed to the cute blonde he travels with—while said star firmly denies it? . . . Would you call Marilyn Monroe and Wally Cox, eyey-lay-ing it at La Scala Restaurant, a "suet duet"? . . . Could that possibly be Sam Jaffe getting a haircut in the studio barber shop? Preening his feathers to step out with co-star and wife Bettye Ackerman? . . . Will Liz “discover” Paul Anka? Or hasn't she noticed the singer's growing into a cross between Eddie and Mike Todd? . . . Do books "written" by actors really sell? Or are they bought by the authors and handed out as autographs?

Pierre Paul Jalbert, the Cajun G.I. in ABC-TV's upcoming "Combat," was once a film cutter. His job was to edit and trim film footage down to proper running time. "For years," he says, "I was haunted by a pair of huge scissors. I'd wake up screaming—all those poor sad faces of actors who'd waited years for the right part, now tossed like trash on the floor! All those fine scenes lost! I felt so guilty, I couldn't bear it. Thank heaven, I'm an actor now!" So those nightmares have eased up? "Alas, no," he mourns. "They're worse. I'm still haunted by those scissors. Only now it's my poor face and my best scenes that lie on the cutting-room floor! I still woke up yelling." (Please turn the page)
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Hi-Finance: At a Reprise recording session, a couple of deep thinkers were wondering what actually caused the stock market to go into a dive. "The real reason for the crash," said Sammy Davis Jr., "is this"—and pointed to the headline, "Mickey Rooney Files Bankruptcy!" Maybe that's financial advice yet, that Mickey's trying to give Milton Berle in the candid shot above???. . . The only man left in show biz with sex appeal—sez Mac West—is Elvis Presley... They say politics makes strange bedfellows. But, in Paramount's "Hatari," John Wayne gazes in disbelief at "bride" Elsa Martinelli as she beds down with three baby elephants. "Could you call that a 'bride' suite?" asked a viewer.

You Mean Girls? Little Jay North is not so little anymore, so CBS-TV is changing the image of "Dennis the You-know-what." He'll go from overalls to blue jeans, also his hair will be shorter. "And," says the studio, "he'll get into mischief more befitting an older boy of nine." . . . They used to joke about Sears-Roebuck catalogues—but not any longer. Now Vincent Price has been hired to collect art works for exhibition and sale at the many Sears stores... Tittle-titles for your titillation: The bird man of Alcatraz let the sweet bird of youth out for a taste of honey but it flew over oceans eleven to see a certain Rome adventure with a five-day lover, then winged over the road to Hong Kong.

Comeback Trail: Oldie comics Joe E. Brown and Edgar Buchanan join Buster Keaton in an October segment of "Route 66." Now, how about a TV spot for Judy Canova? That gal can really yodel—and make us howl! . . . "Fair Exchange," an hour-long family comedy, to debut Friday, Sept. 21st... An RCA album featuring Peter Nero is called "Music for the Nero-Minded." . . . Thought for the day from KMPC's Ira Cook: "Talkin' without thinkin' is shootin' without aimin'." . . . And while we're on the subject of gunfire and horseplay: Did you know that show-biz nags not only wear lipstick—but that something bitter-tasting is added to it, so's the oat-eaters won't lick it off before filming?
How High the Stars: 20th-Fox is howling that they've lost mill-yuns trying to keep Liz and Marilyn in orbit. But it has cost You and Me bill-yuns to put a coupla guys in orbit—and who's complaining? ... Add statistics: Beverly Hills, which has the highest concentration of stars, now also has the highest percentage of lawyers for any city, 893—or one for every 33 residents. ... Three tough, tough, TV cops—"Naked City's" Horace McMahon, "87th Precinct's" Norman Fell, and "Untouchables'" Paul Picerni—signed for film "Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World." ... What TV Romeo got in Dutch because the Gov't mistook his book of private phone numbers for a list of undeclared dividends?

Nuts to Steve? No, says Jayne!

What There Ain't No Shortage Of: Looking for new zany types for his late-night show—now seen on various top stations around the nation—Steve Allen put an ad in the shopping sheets, "We need kooks and nuts. See Steve Allen, 760 LaCienaga Blvd." Next day, all traffic was tied up by a line of trucks carrying cucumbers and peanuts. Steve and his wife Jayne Meadows are still chuckling. ... "The U. S. Steel Hour," now in its ninth dramatic year, is setting TVland a fine example. As usual, the show continues through the summer with new plays—and no repeats. ... Ann Blyth bowed blithely out of "Saints and Sinners," the Nick Adams series—but not to have another baby, as rumored. (Please turn the page)

"Just between us curls... are you still using water?"

Silly curl. Where will you be in 8 hours? Straight as a string, I'll bet. And it won't help to use a setting lotion, because these days a curl needs lasting body. A pin curl made with Bobbi (like me) holds a wave for 8 weeks. What's more, a Bobbi gives you the same soft, shy look you get with water. Bobbi holds like a permanent, but refuses to look like one. Easy to do. Just pin up as usual, but use Bobbi instead of water or setting lotion. Bobbi is perfect for adding body between permanents. It's a wave come true for girls who love the softness of curls made with water, but want that look to last. Have a Bobbi.

If you can make a simple pin curl—you can give yourself a BOBBI—the 8-week wave!
Meet Frankenstein: Jim Backus, summer host for "Talent Scouts," wails, "That runt Magoo has taken over my life!" Kids cry if he won't "do Magoo." TV sirens ooh and ah over him—not for his masculine charms, but to get him to "do Magoo." When he can't reserve a table at plush spots, he puts on that squeaky voice—and promptly gets a "Yes, indeed, Mr. Magoo!" Recently, he was invited to a party by a B'way producer and Jim had visions of himself in a hit legit. But all the producer wanted was for him to do the near-sighted cartoon character, Groans Jim. "All I live for is sweet revenge. I dream of the day that doggone Magoo will be called to the studio to star in a big TV spec titled 'Doing Jim Backus.'"... Memory Land: Bob Hope recalls that he talked his parents into letting him go into show business by arguing, "It will keep me out of poolrooms." And Joan Crawford, film-dom's most poised star, can never forget her "shakes" on reaching Hollywood as a $75-a-week bit player. ... Shades of Stain! The first title for a show about construction men was "The Workers." Sounds too much like the red sheet, The Daily Worker, said the big-domes. What was needed, they argued, was something cleancut American. So now the series is called "I'm Dickens, He's Fenster."... Numbers Game: MGM-TV feels number eleven is as lucky in production as on the crap tables. They just signed eleven directors for their "Eleventh Hour" series starring Wendell Corey. ... The Tragic Clown: Red Skelton often has a fit of wheezing before he can walk out on a stage—and if he winds up with the "old man at the parade" bit, he usually walks off in tears. ... Oddities and Endities: With 20th-Fox suing Dean Martin for over three million and Dino hitting back with a six-million counter-suit, the number-one song on Hollywood's hit parade is "I'll Be Suing You." Jerry Lewis added a boxing arena to his other dealings and wheelings. ... Talk about "fringe benefits!" Allentown (Pa.), dept.-store tycoon Max Hess spends thousands importing TV and movie stars—just to shake the hands of his star-struck employees. Brenda Scott, rising young actress, is sure fame will come her way if she keeps studying old pictures of her late aunt, Mae Busch, so lovely in the silent films. ... Annie ("Angel") Forde joins Julie Harris in the movie version of B'way's "Shot in the Dark."—THE END

Vote Today—A Gift Is Waiting For You!

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: "Letters from Camp" by Bill Adler, with illustrations by Syd Hoff. The art is hilarious, but nothing's funnier than the genuine messages America's Pup Tent Set actually write home! It's all yours to own and enjoy—if you send in 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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<td><strong>THE NEWCOMER I'D LIKE MOST TO READ ABOUT:</strong></td>
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Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded
Would you like to meet a flier? or a sailor? or a singer? or a salesman? or a horseman? or a farmer? or a writer? or an actor? or a banjo picker? or a producer? or a director? or a hunter? or a comedian? or a ukulele player? or a cab driver? or a war correspondent? or a radio operator? or a short-order cook?
They're all Arthur Godfrey—every description on the preceding page fits! Besides being all those men, Arthur Godfrey is now a horse trainer (he rides, trains and exhibits thoroughbred Palominos); an ice skater (he's done whole shows on ice); a crack trap shooter; and a retired Colonel in the U.S. Air Force Reserve.

Because he's done all these things, he knows all kinds of people, and many of them drop in on CBS Radio, weekday mornings at Arthur Godfrey Time. With Arthur drawing them out, they tell inside stories, trade facts, swap gags and personal anecdotes. You never hear an interview—just shop talk between fascinating friends.

Among other visitors, Arthur's talked shop with Andy Williams, a fellow singer; Red Buttons, a fellow comedian; John Crosby, a fellow critic; Major Bob White, a fellow flier (Bob flies the X15); Harry Golden, a fellow kibitzer; Robert Rauk, a fellow African hunter; Trevor Bale, a fellow animal trainer (he trains tigers and lions); Lionel Hampton, a fellow musician; Mr. Nita, a fellow fireworks-maker (Godfrey's are verbal, Mr. Nita makes the Japanese paper kind); and Phil Silvers, Buddy Hackett and Jackie Gleason, fellow experts at the game of gab.

That's just a small sampling. And besides all the good talk there's the best of popular music: blues, ballads, and old and new hit show tunes. All this, plus the regulars you hear each weekday morning on CBS Radio's Arthur Godfrey Time.

A lot of entertainment—a lot of interesting people. But then, so is Arthur Godfrey. All by himself, he's a crowd.
"THE OLD MAN"
GENE KRUPA

- "The Old Man"—as I have come to call him ever since I served an apprenticeship with him—is one of the nicest and warmest human beings I've ever had the pleasure of meeting. He is many things. He's the legendary Drummer Man, jazz giant, bandleader and teacher. He's also just Gene Krupa, manager of a Yonkers softball team. A lender of his musical talents for civic benefits, he's a well-rounded, well-informed gent whose neighbors call him by his first name and like him as much as they admire him.

He's a dyed-in-the-wool N.Y. Giant fan... a record listener from Bach to Stravinsky, from King Oliver to Dave Brubeck... a reader of books which can range from (Continued on page 21)
Mr. Broadway—Tony Bennett (Columbia)—This album delighted me. Tony embraces all the tunes with his biggest selling point: Heart! Throughout all the proceedings he’s in fine fettle. Tony’s range of expression is professionally large. He has got it down to a science. When the huge sounds and feelings are required, as in “Climb Every Mountain,” he is strong with sentiment and sound; strikingly warm when singing “Love Look Away”; and full of the old Nick when he does “Put on a Happy Face.” He also puts in a fine wispy performance on the beautiful and bewitching “Lazy Afternoon.” Needless to say, “Just in Time,” “Stranger in Paradise” and “The Party’s Over” need no introduction to you by this reviewer.

So if you care to see Broadway, there couldn’t be a nicer chap or larger talent to promenade with. The tunes are Broadway’s best, the singing, some of Tony’s best. The arrangements, all neatly written. (And performed very well, too.) I’d buy it, if I were you.

Bobby Vee Meets The Crickets (Liberty)—Bobby Vee never surprises me! His albums are always dead-center shots. This venture with the Crickets is a rewarding one. Both Bobby and the Crickets hear things similarly. It also offers Bobby a chance to stretch out, since the music is not highly arranged nor the orchestra encumbered with a great number of players. In fact, there may be only five or six musicians, including the Crickets. (I did detect a piano on several of the album’s tracks.)

The material in the album ranges from “Peggy Sue” and “Bo Diddley” to “Sweet Little Sixteen” and “Lucille.” Bobby is absolutely at home with all the tunes. He also appears to push harder and sing stronger on these than on some of his strings-voices type single records.

The recorded sound is very good and the cover is a tasteful picture, in color, of Bobby and the Crickets, casual-style. The kids, I’m sure, will hoist this album up all the hit album charts and justly so. In his groove, Bobby is one of the aces. He also has the talent to pull in a few older ears like mine. I dig him.

Movie Music

“Advise and Consent,” Original Sound Track, comp. and cond. by Jerry Fielding (RCA Victor)—Nothing delights me more than first-rate movie music. This is a wonderfully entertaining album even if you forget about the movie! I have no doubt that this score makes the movie a much greater experience. It would have to! It’s an entity in itself.

Jerry Fielding is a talent that many people have by-passed when in the market for a film score. Why? Don’t ask me. All I know is, he has for years been a top-notch arranger-bandleader-composer. I’m glad Otto Preminger gave him this opportunity to show his wares. Jerry is able to cover every mood. The titles really mean very little. The quality of the music is something else. It has the American pulse. (The modern
one.) Jazz is here, lyric right beside it. Strength and depth. Vital rhythmical excursions. For you people who always pick up on the scores from Hollywood, this is a must. To all concerned, congratulations!

**CLASSICAL**

★★★The Magnificent Sound of The Philadelphia Orch., Eugene Ormandy cond. (Columbia, 2 L.P.'s)—First, let me say two 12-inch L.P.'s for $3.98 is a steal—and throw in just about the finest musical organization in the world and it becomes highway robbery!

The collection, largely smaller works of the favorite variety, is impressive. The “Afternoon of a Faun” prelude by Debussy, the deeply motivated Sibelius opus, “Swan of Tuonela,” and the “Toccata and Fugue in D Minor” by the giant of composition, Bach, to name a few. (Several of the others are wearying to this reviewer, but they hardly detract from the value of the package.)

The Philadelphia Orchestra is, in your reviewer's humble opinion, our greatest orchestra. Even in the rest of the world, few orchestras have equaled their performance level. It is not strange that they upset the Russians on their tour of that music-loving country.

The string section of the orchestra is remarkable. It is unmatched in every area. (Recently, they lost their master flutist, William Kincaid, to the call of retirement. He was a great mainstay. Kincaid is heard, though, here.)

I would recommend the package as a buy for any number of purposes, from the classical collectors to those who would investigate for the first time the appeal of classical music.

★★★Summer Festival (RCA Victor, 2 L.P.'s)—As you might note, I haven't listed any artists here. The reason being it would require much as space for the list of the performers as it would for this review. This is a classical sampler. A pot of stew, so to speak. Cliburn to Lanza, Renata Tebaldi to Morton Gould. The pieces here are mostly excerpts, single movements out of larger works and short pieces, two long-playing records' worth. (I believe a special $3.98 price goes along as well.)

The high points, musically—the fact that it is a sampler aside—are the marvelous finale of Beethoven's Concerto No. 1, played by the Russian entry in the great pianists department, Sviatoslav Richter, with Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony; the finale of the Giaualini Guitar Concerto performed by Julian Bream; and the Scherzo from Edward MacDowell's Concerto No. 2 played by Van Cliburn, with Walter Hendl and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

There are two Puccini arias sung by Leontyne Price and Anna Moffo. Both are, to your reviewer's taste, sadly lacking. Both are deliberate, stilted. An exciting moment herein is an excerpt from Bernstein's “West Side Story” music with Robert Russell Bennett conducting. Also included is a “par-for-the-course” track by the late, great Mario Lanza.

On the whole, it's an interesting package, well paced and geared to stimulate interest. For the price—or even a much higher one—it's well worth it.
MUSICAL TRAVELOGUE

★★★ Sound Tour, Orch. cond. and arrangements by Kenyon Hopkins (Verve Records, 4 separate L.P.'s)—Verve is to be congratulated on this rather fresh idea in music and packaging. In conjunction with Esquire's travel editor, Richard Joseph (who has supplied the rather inviting booklet of notes that comes with each of these albums), Kenyon Hopkins has brought us an interesting look at the countries of Italy, Spain, France and our new state, Hawaii. The view is not so much representative of the cultures as it is of our view of them. Kenyon Hopkins—whose latest movie score triumph was "The Hustler"—incorporates the music of America, jazz, into every setting. Strangely, it never becomes obtrusive. (The jazz talent on these albums is of the highest calibre.) Also present on all four albums are sound effects ranging from a sheep's bleating to waves lapping the shore, winds, etc. In some spots, it is not a sore thumb; in others, it's a little overdone.

The Sound Tour: Italy album is chock full of good, though subtle, often under-written, arrangements. "Bella Roma," a Hopkins version of "Ciribiribin," is done in a contemporary waltz fashion with jazz overtones. It occasionally lapses into the Italian street band type of sound, which makes for interesting pacing in the color-of-sound department. "Gondola," a boat song, starts with the waves (real ones!) and sails an enchanting route. Other strong vehicles are "Early Morning Song" or "Mattinata" or better known as the pop song, "You're Breaking My Heart"; "Shepherd's Serenade" and the socking "Street Dance." Throughout these proceedings, mandolins are heard. They, almost by themselves, are able to create the warmth of Italy. It's a delectable little sojourn.

Sound Tour: Spain finds us in the hands of strings, enchanting musical moments and a good deal of the relaxed jazz piano of the underrated Hank Jones. Admittedly, I'm more open to Spanish, and particularly the modal-type, music. But that aside for a moment, I think the melodic material in this Spain album has not been beaten to death like some of the Italian and French tunes that we are so familiar with. (Of course, Mr. Hopkins is a bastion of taste so nothing falls too low.) Spain, in your reviewer's humble opinion, comes to life much more so than Italy did. (In fact, of the whole four albums, Spain is the most intriguing.)

The moments of Latino splendor are many in this album. "Parador" and "The Doves of Majorca" are entrancing! They're so plentiful here, these gems, it's hard to pick 'em. "Basque" has a swinging groove with the strings, like a blanket of warm wind, supporting a crystal-like piano solo. The rhythm section rocks along very strongly.

The wind effect on "Costa Brava" is definitely an asset in the sound department. It chills, unquestionably. Of course, nothing about Spain could possibly be complete without something from Bizet's opera "Carmen." The habanera, herein called "Carmen Speaks English," is done up in fine fashion. And last but not least, a glimpse into the bull ring. This time it's the "Timid Toro," a hybrid jazz and Latin satire. "Adios Granada" takes us sadly to the end of our journey.

Sound Tour: France—although its jazz quality is high, as well as its pictorial side—is not able to invoke what "Spain" did in your reviewer. It has enough wonderful moments so as not to affect the rating for all the other albums. "Train Bleu," a version of "Sur le Pont d'Avignon," is the opening gem. "Voyage à Bicyclette" is a wonder! It creates the ride through the countryside down to the dog's bark and the chirping birds. The candid shot of St. Tropez, more commonly known as Bikini-Land, "Pays de Bikini," is a marvel. The jazz playing takes the wheel here and do these chops shout a bit! As a matter of fact, this is more in a total jazz groove than the other albums.

Sound Tour: Hawaii is the weakest of the set but that's hardly condescending, as the others are impossibly good as these-type albums go. There is so much more to say about these albums, but I'm afraid this review could easily turn into a novel at any moment. I'll leave you with this advice: They are unquestionably the best of this variety I've heard in many moons. Highly recommended.
“THE OLD MAN”
GENE KRUPA
(Continued from page 17)

Current fiction to the contemplative works of Thomas Merton... a graying gentleman, who has spent more than half his fifty-odd years in the music business, and, to my knowledge, has rarely made an enemy.

Gene was raised in a tough part of Chicago. At one time, he entertained the thought of the priesthood as a vocation. But music kept calling. He played in keyhole clubs during prohibition, graduated into the Austin High Chicago-style Dixie clique and eventually the Benny Goodman heydays.

Gene’s bands were equally as famous as Benny’s, and the talents that Gene helped nurture are uncountable. Roy Eldridge, “Little Jazz,” Vido Musso (later to make a name with Stan Kenton), Anita O’Day, Johnny Desmond, Gerry Mulligan, Charlie Ventura and Teddy Napoleon and many others.

My own sojourn with Gene was a marvelous education. He is, above all, a patient. He stimulated my interest in all areas of music, was the first person interested enough in my voice to record me as a singer with the group, and was a great guiding force in my own subtle way. I matured quite a bit while working for him, both musically as well as mentally. If, when I did leave the group after two years, I was able, at nineteen, to lead my own groups, much of the credit goes to Gene.

Gene Krupa, the musician, is always very much aware of what’s going on in jazz. He always gives encouragement and credit to those players he feels are comers. More important, he never talks about himself. If asked about drums, he’ll talk about Buddy Rich, Max Roach, Joe Morello, Art Blakey and some of the older players. He is also the most receptive of the older musicians I’ve come across. (I believe “Burnin’ Beat,” his recent Verve album, proves that.)

Maybe that’s the key to his personality. He can enjoy many diverse things and absorb and eventually apply them. That’s why Gene is the vital person he is; he’s still growing.

One night, while I was working with Gene, he preceded us out on the stage. The audience gave him an ovation that is accorded only a small group of people in the music business. I looked out and what I saw was not just respect but love for the gentleman and legend that Gene Krupa is and always will be!

PIECES OF EIGHT

- Bobby Darin is having some throat difficulties. It may mean canceling some upcoming engagements around the country. Meanwhile, Bobby’s latest album tribute to Ray Charles is doing well. “Old Rivers” has put actor Walter Brennan on the recording scene. Wonder what he’ll do next? George Maharis of “Route 66” fame seems to be getting tunable action on his new recorded efforts. “Teach Me Tonight” is the strong one. Singer-actor Dick Haymes is in the middle of a deal to produce motion pictures. He’ll be leaving N.Y. to reside in Hollywood.

Tony Bennett’s “San Francisco” and “Candy Kisses” are getting air-play... Capitol Records has released three albums—all in the Hawaiian groove. Possible this is the new resource for tunes. Folk singer Joan Baez is playing concerts to full houses. (Don’t say I didn’t tell you about her!) Josh White recorded some single record material in Nashville. His family joined him and everybody sang... Jackie Wilson still taking it easy after his accident... Dion looks like he has another big album... Joe Williams set to do a big-band album for Roulette. Torrie Zito will do the arranging. Joe has been doing a single since he left Basie.

Benny Carter, saxophonist-composer-arranger-conductor, was in N.Y. recently, wielding the baton for Peggy Lee at Basin Street East... Johnnie Hallyday, Europe’s hottest artist, was in N.Y., too, for a short while.

Quincy Jones, bandleader and A&R man for Mercury Records, back from Europe, where he recorded Robert Farnon and Yves Montand... It looks like we called it! “Uptown”—our No. 1 single a couple of months ago—really climbed the charts... Clint Eastwood, of “Rawhide” fame, tells us he’ll be recording soon... Chuck Sagle, independent arranger-conductor, has been hired by Frank Sinatra’s Reprise Records as A&R man.

Singer Bob Crewe now heading a new record operation, Perri Records. Bob, one of the most diversified of talents, shouldn’t have much trouble putting them on the map... Buddy Rich is back drumming again with the Harry James band. He had been ailing with a heart condition, but we hope Buddy’s well on his way to recovery.

Jazz notes: ABC-Paramount’s jazz line, Impulse Records, has just released a big band album by Quincy Jones. Phil Woods is featured. Also albums by Benny Carter and John Coltrane... Verve cut Oscar Peterson’s Trio doing the score from “West Side Story”... The jazz scene was saddened by the passing of Leo Parker. He was an outstanding baritone saxophonist. He had recorded extensively... Gil Evans and Bill Evans slated to do an album on Verve... Julius Watkins has a new album release on Mercury which uses a choir of French horns. Eight in all. Gerry Mulligan’s new album on Verve features Zoot Sims on tenor with Gerry’s swinging concert band. It’s a winner... David Amram recently had a program of his compositions presented at Town Hall. It featured the Beaux-Arts String Quartet... Slide Hampton, late of the Maynard Ferguson band, has recorded an album for the new company, Charlie Parker Records... Columbia is soon to release an album of the piano playing of James P. Johnson.
In a recent issue of TV Radio Mirror, we asked you, the readers, if you felt that Eddie Fisher should have another chance. You answered with an overwhelming YES. In fact, you voted your confidence in him at odds of 8 to 1. . . . Apparently, Hollywood shares your faith and your concern for his future. The pictures on these pages reveal—not only the proverbial great heart of show biz—but the infinite variety of all those who stood up to be counted alongside Eddie: From the matriarch of Grossinger's—the resort hotel where he married Debbie Reynolds . . . to the son of the late, great Mike Todd—Elizabeth Taylor's previous husband . . . and, perhaps the most amazing of all, Juliet Prowse—whose frequent dates with Fisher had Hollywood wondering if it was about to see a triangle no one could have expected, when Frankie-boy got back to town.
Kay Gable—widow of "The King." 2 Mrs. Jennie Grossinger—owner of the big Eastern resort. 3 Eddie Cantor—who gave Fisher early boost to fame. 4 Andy Williams. 5 The Keenan Wynns—and Kay again. 6 Janet Leigh. 7 Mr. and Mrs. Mike Todd Jr. 8 And Juliet Prowse—Hollywood's (and Eddie's) biggest surprise!

Glenn Ford and Hope Lange resumed. . . Dag-mar and Danny Driscoll split. . . Cole Porter deeply pleased at world tributes on his 70th birthday. Porter, the Peru, Ind., kid who in 1911 penned Yale's "Bulldog, Bulldog," and "Bingo," told me that he was so humiliated at the flop of his very first B'way musical in 1916, he locked himself in his room at the Yale Club in N.Y., ate all his meals there, then grabbed a liner to Europe and enlisted in the French Foreign Legion! For nine years, Porter never came up with a B'way stage hit. . . Ann-Margret dating "Bye Bye Birdie's" Bobby Rydell. . . Peter Duchin and Gary's Maria Cooper pianissimo. . . Eddie Fisher dating Leslie Parrish. . . England's Gaitskell noted: "Best bit of news is that Khru shchev enjoyed Benny Goodman. Jazz is a very good international cement." Goodman learned, as we found out, that Russians love U.S. performers. . . Louis Armstrong was 62, July 24. . . Churchill's see'y, Jo Stur- dos, to wed Earl of Onslow. . . Joan Bennett and Peter Pagan at El Morroco. . . Jimmy Durante got final adoption O.K. . . Explains Harlem's Nipsy Russell: "I'm loaded. I smuggle Herald Tribs into the White House." . . . Carol Burnett would be sensational as Fanny Brice. She's just as good as Fanny and much more attrac-
tive. . . Peggy Ann Garner and Tony Farrar a twosome. . . Crowds made TV coverage of U.S. Open so difficult that TV must come up with new precautions to prevent fans from blocking putting greens. . . Carol Lawrence and Larry Kert resumed. . . Charles Laughton was hospitalized at the very moment all of us were cheering his Academy Award performance in "Advise and Consent." . . . Did you ever know that Laughton tried to get out of his Captain Bligh role, which made him famous? "I get deadly seasick," Laughton explained to director Frank Lloyd. Then he studied Lloyd's face: "Wait a moment. If I had your bushy eyebrows, Frank, I could be Bligh." They made up the false, bristling eyebrows, he became the fearsome Bligh and his menacing "Mr. Christian—come here!" became a national phrase.

To conceal his sentimentality, Laughton always assumes a pretended fierce gruffness. Actually, no one has a deeper affection for people. As long ago as 1949, he introduced Bible reading to TV on our show. As a result, Laughton and Paul Gregory then brought to the Broadway stage such classic readings as "Don Juan in Hell," "John Brown's Body," etc. . . . Sudden thought: How does "Ben Casey" feel about Medicare? . . .

Eartha Kitt to give four concerts in Kenya, for needy children. . . . Marlene Dietrich postponed concert tour in Russia. . . . Michael Wilding wooing Karen von Unge. . . . After all the cooing while she was headlining at the Latin Quarter, Pat Wymore and Texan MacCaudle iced.

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After being hounded by reporters and hurt by made-up stories, Eddie Fisher was driven into silence. Now, in this exclusive interview—his first with any magazine since his split with Liz—Eddie leveled with me. "The press can (Continued on page 74)"
All good little Brooklyn girls go to Coney Island and little Concetta Ingolia was no exception. The amusement park there is a magnet for youngsters, with its exciting rides and games, its hall of distorted mirrors which can reflect back to an imaginative child all the fantastic and different things she might be. . . . It's a long, twisting road that leads from Coney Island to Hollywood, but little Concetta traveled it—to become cute, glamorous and successful Connie Stevens . . . and the changes that took place en route are more fascinating than anything the hall of magic mirrors could have hinted at! Today, as Warner (Please turn the page)
Like any girl, Connie Stevens reaches out for a man to love... like no other girl, her choice will surprise you!
Bros.' hottest young star and the talk of the town, Connie is a growing legend. The list of men to whom she has been reported engaged, on the verge of marrying, or just dating, is as long as a space-flight countdown, and it includes the most attractive "eligibles" in show business. Not only that, but her "fussin' and feudin'" with the studio has made headlines wherever there are phonographs, movie houses or TV sets.

A recent conversation, overheard from a table in P.J.'s, went something like this: "That Stevens gal has the look of a teenager." "But," said another, "she has the body of a sex kitten." "Yes," added a third, somewhat maliciously, "a sex kitten with the heart of a tiger!" There must be moments when 23-year-old Connie herself—musing on the rash of stories that claim to "reveal the true Miss Stevens"—looks into her mirror and remembers . . . her mind backtracking to the time when little Concetta stood, big-eyed amid the weird and baffling reflections in the hall of mirrors, and wondered, Can any of them really be me?

The fact is, nobody knows the "true" Connie Stevens—and even if she herself has the secret key
to her complex, winsome, talented, frank, clever and explosive self, she isn’t talking. Those who purport to know her, know only what they see of her. To her father: “She is all a daughter could be . . . she’s still part little-girl and yet definitely all-woman.” . . . To her manager, John Vestal: “There’s a V-8 brain behind that doll’s-face—she has a knack for sizing up a good investment, and her drive for success is fantastic.” . . . To a filmtown wag: “Connie’s a gal who’s never said no to a date and never said yes to a pass. That’s her reputation. Beginning with Gary Clarke (her first love), she’s dated practically all of Hollywood’s eligibles. According to one and all, the date is wonderful—but it stops short at her doorstep.” Connie has reversed the usual pattern. The longer her escort brigade, the better her reputation.

To her brother, nicknamed “Charlie Boy,” she is “the type who’ll make a great wife and mother. She doesn’t have a lot of free time but, when she can, she’s over helping Ellen, my wife, and playing with our three little girls, who adore her.” To Gary Clarke, actor-singer who has been in and out of her life and is still considered “the front runner” as of this writing: “Connie’s (Continued on page 84)
What kind of a guy would turn his back on a million dollars? What kind of a wife would let him do it? Well, as for the man, he was described in his first acting job as “six feet of red-headed dynamite.” The name is Robert Horton. He’s a talented guy, a thoughtful guy and a growing guy. He’s fought his family, his studios, his script writers. He’s fought for love and rebelled at marriage and made some big, whopping mistakes, both personally and professionally. The difference, this time, is that fiery Bob finally knows what he wants and whom he wants... and he’s fighting for his very life. For three years, he’s been living and working in a strait-jacket... pressured from the outside to go on, on, on—pressed from the inside by an increasing lack of ease, a loss of self—he’d been swallowed whole by the show which had given him his first chance at the big-time. When he began pulling away from “Wagon Train,” Hollywood just thought he wanted something extra. “Bob,” a studio executive told him, “just give us another three years of your life and you won’t have to worry about money as long as you live. You can retire... you can see all of the world you want... you can give that bride of yours everything you’ve dreamed...”

The man was hitting close to home. Bob had just married. After romantic chaos, he’d finally found a girl who was right for him. Could he jeopardize their emotional security (Continued on page 76)

He'd been in fights before, but this time the stakes were too high...this time, Bob couldn't afford to lose
THERE'S NO LAW AGAINST BEING DIFFERENT
Five mornings a week, E.G. Marshall—the suave Lawrence Preston of “The Defenders”—wakes in his town house on New York’s East 92nd Street, breakfasts with his family and then changes from robe to sweat-suit. Then (Continued on page 71)
Five mornings a week, E. G. Marshall—the suave Lawrence Preston of “The Defenders”—wakes in his town house on New York’s East 92nd Street, breakfasts with his family and then changes from robe to sweat-suit. Then (Continued on page 71)
Vince Edwards was coming home to his old Brooklyn apartment for the first time in three years... for the first time since he hit it big on television. It was a happy time—especially for his mother. At least, it should have been.

Yet when I called Vince's mother, I was astonished by the sadness in her voice.

"How are you, Mrs. Zoino?" were my first words.

"Oh, just fine... fine..." The sentence drifted away. It seemed as if Mrs. Julia Zoino were speaking from distant Australia rather than the few short miles that separated her from my phone in midtown Manhattan.

"I called to ask about Vince," I told her. "I heard he's coming home. You must be thrilled."

There was a long pause.

"Well," she started, slowly. "Vince was coming home... but..."

Again Mrs. Zoino's voice sounded distant and faint.

"You mean it's not true that your son had made plans to pay you a visit?"

"Oh, no! It's right. Vince was coming home. But something came up... He had to go to Indianapolis... a publicity tour. He was forced to give up his plans. So he called..."

I interrupted Mrs. Zoino to inquire whether that meant that— even after all this time, after all of her (Please turn the page)
plans—she would not see the hulking, handsome twin son she had missed so much.

“No, no,” she returned, with alarm in her tone. She didn’t want me to misunderstand. There had been so many rumors that Vince didn’t want to come home again; that since he hit the big-time he had forgotten his family and friends back in the East New York section of that famous borough; that perhaps, like the Dodgers, he had forsaken Brooklyn for good. Mrs. Zoino was apprehensive.

“Please,” she continued, “Vince was forced to change his plans. He called me up last night and begged me to understand. But he didn’t have

must have tickled Mrs. Zoino to hear me fumbling for words to frame the next query. She began to laugh.

“I’m as surprised as you are,” she said finally. “I had no such plans until Vinnie talked with me last night and told me he couldn’t make it. But he asked me to come out to the Coast, to stay with him for a long visit. And I told him I would go sometime this summer.”

Mrs. Zoino was evidently pleased with the happy thoughts the planned visit brought to her mind. Her voice had completely lost its earlier sadness and now she bubbled over with enthusiasm. I couldn’t get a word in edgewise.

“So do you know what he told me?”

THE GIRL VINCE BROUGHT

to do that—I always understand when Vinnie talks to me. I know how difficult his life is and how complicated it’s made with his hectic work schedule. He told me to wait . . .”

There was no resentment in her voice. There was the hint of disappointment but, after all, she was his mother; whatever her Vinnie was doing was all right with her.

“Does this mean you won’t see Vince until some vague time in the future?” I asked.

“No if Vinnie has his way,” Mrs. Zoino said. For the first time, her voice brightened. “I’m going out to Hollywood to see him!”

This came as a total surprise. It

she went on. “He said he wants me to go out there and live with him! He told me, ‘Mom, if you come out to Hollywood, I’ll fix you up so that you’ll live like a queen!’ He made me so happy talking that way.”

When I was able to interrupt, I wanted to know if she’d take Vince’s offer and go out to live in the lavish surroundings that a grateful son had offered his mother.

“Oh, I couldn’t do that,” Mrs. Zoino replied. “I have my family and friends here in Brooklyn. My roots are too deep in this soil to just pick up and leave. And, besides, there’s my job . . .”

That was another surprise. “Your job?”
“I work in the school cafeteria,” Mrs. Zoino said matter-of-factly.
“In the school cafeteria?”
“Yes, I work behind the self-service counter at Eli Whitney Vocational High School . . . I’ve worked there for a long time. And I love it. I serve food to the children.”

It was the most interesting discovery I’d made in the several talks I’d had with Mrs. Zoino. It was more of a surprise because, when I had spoken with her on previous occasions for TV Radio Mirror—she had mentioned nothing about her job in the school cafeteria. So I wanted now to hear more about it.

“Are you a celebrity in the eyes of the kids?” I asked the mother of TV’s most famous physician.

There was a brief burst of laughter. “Oh, the new girls there come to me all the time and ask, ‘Are you really Ben Casey’s mother?’ They seem to think that the mother of a big star like Vince Edwards should not work—especially at such a routine thing like a countergirl’s job. But I tell them before they have a chance to say it. I tell them, ‘I know you’ll ask me what I’m doing here. My answer is that I love you all . . .’”

The kids who hear who she is for the first time are very surprised and don’t seem able to believe it, even after the veteran students have con-

“He always asks how everyone is feeling, and tells me how much he misses me. Then he’ll talk about his work—how much he loves it. But he’s always so very tired. He tells me that he works thirteen and fourteen hours a day. I can understand how difficult it is. I can see the results in the way he acts. As a doctor on TV, I think he’s getting better all the time. The shows are really great. Even real doctors call me and compliment me on my son’s performances. You can imagine how I feel then!”

I asked Mrs. Zoino kiddingly about Ben Casey’s video rival, Dr. Kildare. Does she ever watch that program, (Continued on page 86)
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firmed what she already said about being Vince's mother.

"The children are all well-behaved. Once they get to know me, all they want to do is talk about Vince. They keep asking me the same question you asked—when will he come home? And they also want to know if they might have a chance to see him. I tell them he's too busy."

"I just couldn't leave all my fans in the lurch, could I?" she laughed.

I shifted the conversation back to Vince and asked his mother what he talks about when he phones her.

"He always asks how everyone is feeling, and tells me how much he misses me. Then he'll talk about his work—how much he loves it. But he's always so very tired. He tells me that he works fourteen to fifteen hours a day. I can understand how difficult it is. I can see the results in the way he acts. A doctor on TV, I think he's getting better all the time. The shows are really great. Even real doctors call me and compliment me on my son's performances. You can imagine how I feel then!"

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THE LENNON SISTERS DISCUSS:

BROKEN YOUNG

MIXED
"Even a boy and girl who've grown up in the same neighborhood are strangers when they go to live as man and wife."

The woman on the front page stared out at the world with heartbreaking in her eyes. Her husband had deserted her, and now her young son had been picked up on a narcotics charge. Under her picture, the frightening question blazed for all to see: "Has the American Family Gone Bankrupt?"

Turning from the debris of shattered marriages and homes, both in and out of show business, TV Radio Mirror went to a family which has become for the vast television audience a symbol of love, responsibility and purposefulness in family life. We showed the picture and its question to the singing Lennon Sisters and their parents, noting: "Cases like this are becoming common—yet the public thinks of you Lennons as a decent American family built on something more substantial than matchsticks. What's your master plan for happiness and lasting success in marriage?"

"The children (of a mixed marriage) must have a bad time—because they grow up without believing in anything."

"Something about a religious wedding—no matter what faith—makes a couple realize the importance of their vows."

Here, in an exclusive interview, is what the Lennons had to say:

"Honestly," said Peggy, "I don't think any of us has such a thing as a 'master plan' for being happy or making a go of marriage. Dad and Mother . . . and DeeDee and Dick . . . they are happy, all right, but it's not because of any particular gimmick or formula."

"Dad always said a good family is like a hand," Kathy pointed out. "The fingers might (Continued on page 88)
“Even a boy and girl who’ve grown up in the same neighborhood are strangers when they go to live as man and wife.”

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“Dad always said a good family is like a hand,” Kathy pointed out. “The fingers might (Continued on page 88)
In case you didn't know, Hugh Downs doesn't hit his wife anymore. He hasn't hit her since that day some fifteen years ago. And it's only when some elephant-minded viewer needles him about it that he even recalls the occasion. Hugh himself publicized the love tap before millions of startled viewers on Jack Paar's show a few years ago. He matter-of-factly mentioned that, early in his marriage, he found it necessary to belt his wife. Hugh has never once regretted the wife-slapping, but it was the kind of slip of the tongue that makes a man wish he'd bitten it instead.

"Maybe I didn't make myself quite clear that night," smiles the easygoing, forty-year-old television veteran. "People wrote, called and wired accusing me of being a wifebeater and un-American. Actually, I was very young when the 'belting' took place. I wouldn't resort to it now, of course. Some men thrive on
the perpetual cruelty to women. They do it to give themselves a sense of security. I deplore that kind of behavior.”

Normally, viewers are in complete rapport with Hugh. They avidly buy the products he commends, and they quietly support his stand on almost everything from motherhood to brotherhood. But he aroused some fans’ ire on another occasion when he discussed Nazi butcher Adolph Eichmann’s case with actor Ben Gazzara over the airwaves.

“I enjoyed the session with Ben,” says Hugh. “He has enlightened ideas of the penal code. I was quite surprised at the reaction of viewers who blasted both our thoughts on the subject. I felt that Israel had missed a great opportunity when she condemned Eichmann to death. To kill this wretch was to give him final victory. He would have to be slain six million times for equal retribution. It goes without saying that I haven’t a shred of sympathy for this inhuman being. I simply thought he should have been incarcerated as a living monument.”

Hugh now wishes he might have clarified his position a little better. “I could have stressed that if killing Eichmann brought back one man, woman or child, I’d be in favor of it. But vengeance only begets vengeance. I still think it would have been a great step forward for civilization had (Please turn the page)
Israel not sentenced him to die."

Hugh believes in being outspoken on all matters, in intelligent airing of controversy. But the Akron, Ohio-born walking encyclopedia rarely attempts to be the funny man on the show. "I passed up glorious opportunities to have said smartalecky things," he says. "But I never mourned for not having said them. At the moment, they might have appeared clever, but they wouldn't have served me well in the long run.

"I remember one evening," he says with a chuckle, "when we were kicking around the word 'derriere' on the show. Somebody wisecracked 'Destiny shaped my end!' and the audience roared. I was concentrating on the next commercial, oblivious to all the horseplay. Finally, it was time to go on. I stood in front of dozens of tins of sardines, soups, dog food, and so on, and said: 'Friends, no matter what size can you have—' and then I stopped as the audience suddenly went wild. I just stood there sheepishly with a can opener in my hand."

Many viewers have written in asking: "Do you really feel so enthusiastic about all those products?"
The announcer's answer is: "Yes," Hugh claims he has often turned down advertising copy which he felt was "fraud-flavored or silly."

Even his own studio copy has been treacherous. One time he started interviewing a girl who had been a sniper in the Russian Army. "She was a Russian-type Zsa Zsa Gabor," says Hugh. "She had married four times and had marvelous anecdotes connected with each man."

My copy sheet, prepared by the show's researcher prior to the start of each program, read: 'I understand her first husband was some kind of a nut.'

"Without thinking, I blurted out: 'Exactly what kind of a nut was your first husband?'

It's not often that the glib, highly articulate announcer finds himself groping for words, but Jack Paar possessed the knack of tongue-tying him. "We'd talk about something prior to going on the air, which frankly wasn't meant to be said on television," reveals Hugh. "As soon as the program would commence, Jack would casually say: 'Hugh, tell them about the joke you heard today.' I'd look at him flabbergasted, and say: 'But Jack, I can't. . . .' He'd just lean back and laugh."

As for Paar himself, he never seemed fazed by anything that occurred on his show. "I can't recall ever having heard him duck a question from the audience," says Hugh. "One night we all held our breath when a youngster asked him point blank: 'Is it true that you wear a toupee?' Jack grinned and admitted he did."

Hugh likes to reminisce about Paar, and the days when viewers would write in insisting that either the announcer should tell Jack off, or Jack should stop picking on him. "I never understood where they got either impression," says Hugh.

Now Hugh is leaving the "Tonight" show to take over "Today," beginning September 10th, and he's currently figuring out how he'll find time to sleep with his new schedule. He just hopes nothing occurs on the morning show which might embarrass either him or the sponsor as it did when actress Rosanna Pagann was a Paar guest.

"She was relating the plot of her off-Broadway play," says Hugh. "She kept talking about how the viceroy in the play did this, how the viceroy in the play did that. Viceroy, viceroy, viceroy—that's all I kept hearing. Finally, I couldn't stand it any longer. 'Please,' I said. 'Don't mention viceroy on this Kent cigarette-sponsored show again, or we won't have a sponsor!'"

Sponsor trouble, though, is something Hugh need never worry about, and that goes for his highly-rated "Concentration" game show (seen daily at 11:30 A.M. EDT over NBC-TV). "They've been wonderful," agrees Hugh. "Why, they're even partially sold on my favorite idea to give away one million dollars as a prize on the show. They haven't batted an eye about the money. It's just a question of working out the tax and insurance problems."

That's what we've been saying right along: Money isn't everything—especially when you've got a good left hook!

—BOB LARDINE
A modern Cinderella story for all those who like old-fashioned, happy endings.
Like a good deed in a naughty world, this is a story TV can be proud of

The girl had spent ten years struggling toward this moment. Two years before, she had been a gangling, awkward fourteen, with the wrong hairdo and the wrong clothes. Only her answers—as a contestant on "Name That Tune"—had been right. And the way she sang—that had been right, too.

The years before that, she had been just another Negro kid scampering around the stoop of her house on New York's upper west side, playing hop-sloth and potsy with the other children, colored and white, from the neighborhood.

But tonight she was someone different. Tonight could be the beginning—or the end—of everything.

She took a deep breath and stepped forward onto the stage. Only someone who had known her through all the other years could have spotted the inner trembling. Her heart beat a little faster, her eyes blinked once or twice in the harsh light of the TV studio. Then her cue sounded and the camera found her. She started her song. When she started, she was a sixteen-year-old nobody. When she finished, she was a star.

The show was "Sing Along With Mitch" ... the girl was Leslie Uggams ... the moment was one she would never forget. Whatever successes came after it, this would always be her greatest triumph; this would always be the night she found out what it was like to have a dream come true.

Her mother had often prayed for a miracle—just a small one—so that life would be easier for Leslie and her older sister Frances.

"I wouldn't say that any 'miracles' occurred for Frances or for me," says Leslie now, "but I certainly had a lot of very good fortune in my friends!"

Leslie’s mother, Juanita, a former chorus girl with New York's famous (Continued on page 95)
When the clock strikes, Cinderella is on the run. Busy Leslie uses a taxi as study-hall (1) en route to rehearsals. She gets pointers from Mitch Miller (2), then, during a break, the crew invites her to join a friendly card game (3) and share an ice cream (4). A quick retouch on her makeup (5) and she’s ready for “Sing, Sing, Sing.” (6) A long day, but she’s home in time to help her mother (7 and 8) with dinner.
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Leslie's mother, Juanita, a former chorus girl with New York's famous (Continued on page 95)
Early in 1954, two lonely people met at a party neither of them really wanted to go to. . . . Fred MacMurray hadn’t been going out at all. His wife Lillian had died in 1953, after a long and heartbreaking illness. Fred, still not over his loss, was devoting himself to his children, Susan, 14, and Robert, 10. But that night—when friends simply wouldn’t let him say no once more—he came to the party. He sat down next to beautiful, blonde June Haver. They’d worked in a picture together once, but that was years before and a great deal had happened to both of them since then. . . . In October of 1949, the man June planned to marry, Dr. John Duzik, died of uremic poisoning. June, who till then had seemed to have everything—love, beauty, talent—faced life with an empty heart. She sought comfort in religion: She entered a convent. For 7 months, she served a novitiate—then, painfully, realized that this was not for her. She couldn’t turn her back on the world. . . . At that party, when they met again, Fred realized that neither could he. That night, these two began—together—to climb back from the depths of their despair. Five months later, they were married. This is Fred’s story of the road back and of the life he and June managed to build together in the years since then.—The Editors

We live pretty simply. We’re the kind of people who kind of like doing things ourselves and it isn’t too complicated a household. We both putter around the kitchen. I enjoy snooping around with cookbooks; they read just like literature to me. June does the secretarial work—whatever there is of it that gets done—I’m no letter-writer. I do most of the repair work and the putting things together—including a doll house and all the furniture, which came with such elaborate instructions that it took me the whole night before Christmas last year. We don’t have a nurse, we just have one girl who comes in every day from eight to four, and if that sounds chintzy for an actor’s family, there’s nothing chintzy about it. We like the privacy of our house at night, we enjoy taking care of the kids. Once in a while when we go out—and, believe me, it’s once in a long while—we get June’s aunt and uncle or her mother to come over and stay. They adore Laurie and Katie, our five-year-old twins, and the kids adore them. Every family has to work out a way of life for themselves, and this is ours. . . . June is a born wife and mother. She’s also a talented actress—we met first, years ago, making a picture together, “Where Do We Go From Here?”

But when we met again, in 1954, she’d already given it up. She’d worked since she was very young. She was exactly seven when she sat down with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra and played the andante from Haydn’s “Surprise Symphony” at the weekly children’s concert. That was just after she’d won the gold medal in the Post Inquirer competition and, from then on, she was in business. (Continued on page 93)
I'm happier than I've ever been in my life. The world is a grand, glorious, wonderful place—and it's all because of a man named Lou Adler... We argue about just one thing—Lou and I—and that's the first time we met! Lou insists it was back in 1958, but as far as I'm concerned it wasn't until a night in December of 1960. I can't imagine meeting Lou and not remembering it, but he says that one day in 1958 he came along...
but he'll marry me!

on a layout Jan and Dean, Roberta Shore and I were doing. The whole afternoon, as I do remember it, was very hectic, so it is possible I did meet him then. But still I find it hard to believe. Lou is not an easy man to forget. . . . He is a young, talented man of twenty-six who is head of the West Coast office of Nevin-Kirschner Music Publishing Company. In addition, he is the personal manager for the popular singing team of Jan and Dean. Also, in addition, he is the ideal man for me! . . . Lou also insists that we met for the second (Continued on page 82)
IS THE HONEYMOON

Is America's romance with her ending? Here is the inside story of the incredible plot against the Kennedys!

Eleanor Roosevelt could have warned her about it: so could Bess Truman and Mamie Eisenhower. They had been First Ladies, too, and they knew it was inevitable that the plot against Jacqueline Kennedy would get under way. Perhaps the only thing they couldn't have known was how bad it would be—how vicious.

But it was inevitable that the petty people, the jealous ones, would begin after a while to whisper about Jackie and to try to destroy her. They had waited while she had her honeymoon; they had waited while their intended victim charmed an entire nation, indeed an entire world. Patiently, they waited as her beauty and charm were extolled; her way of dressing copied; her every move—with her husband, with her children, on her own—recorded and delighted over. "She is the woman (Please turn the page)
What they’re saying about Jackie as a wife ... as a mother ... as First Lady

who has everything—including the President of the United States,” someone close to Jackie once affectionately said. And while the rest of the nation affectionately agreed with this, the plotters—their jealousy growing in them like a fungus—continued to wait.

There was no doubt that they would eventually strike. The only questions were: When? and How? and Is there any danger she’ll strike back?

All three questions, it turned out, were pretty easy to answer.

When? “You strike,” the thought seemed to be, “when the victim’s husband becomes most vulnerable. When there’s something like a war threat (wouldn’t that be nice!) ... recession (dandy!) ... any kind of catastrophe (the more catastrophic, the better!). When anything’s going on that gets the citizens upset and the first man they’re bound to blame for it is their President. So—through him—you get her!”

How? “You strike swiftly, and hard. One-two-three—let her have it! You pummel her with tiny whispered criticisms ... and let the wind take them from there. For the wind will swell the whispers and carry them to all corners of the nation—swiftly! (Continued on page 78)

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1 “Not properly dressed,” they criticize, when the First Lady doesn’t wear a hat to church. 2 “Not dignified,” they whisper, when they see her holding hands with her husband. 3 Yet her French hair style and elegant gowns are labeled “too chic.” 4 “Too many eggheads invited to the White House,” they cry—and 5 “Her parties are too lavish!” 6 India loved the way she followed local customs—but, back home, there was grumbling about “unnecessary extravagance” and that “her place is with her husband and children.” 7 When cameras record her life with her children, they snipe that she’s “using John Jr. and Caroline for publicity.” 8 They even attack her through her daughter—charging Secret Service men “take care of” Caroline’s pony!
What they’re saying about Jackie as a wife . . . as a mother . . . as First Lady

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. . . and let the wind take them from
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of the nation—swiftly! (Continued on page 78)
Can a family be too close?
What is it that really holds people together? Is it love? Or is it loneliness? Are they united by their similarities? Or by their differences? And can people—family or friends—actually be held too close together? These are the questions we'll try to answer as we look at the two families who come to life on TV each day in "As The World Turns."

Viewers first met the Hughes and Cassen families six years ago and, watching them in the daily drama, have come to know them as real people. That's how we'll treat them, too, as we look at their problems and try to see what these might mean in your own life.

In our discussion, my descriptions will be in regular type (like this) and Dr. Wolk's comments will be in italics (like the following):

From the psychologist's viewpoint, a TV slice of life can sometimes give a thoughtful viewer insight into her own behavior. She certainly won't want to pattern herself after some guilt-ridden heroine—but seeing such a person up close might help her avoid similar weaknesses in her own personality. And looking into family relationships that are honest and healthy can be both entertaining and enlightening!

Close families like the Hughes and Cassens stimulate and enrich each other. In a way, they lead each other's lives. Such strong emotional ties can be upsetting when the members are neurotic or unstable, but can be a blessing if they're normal, happy people. Two such families can support each other in times of crisis.

These two TV families are not identical. The Cassens are wealthier, members in good standing at the local country club, and ever conscious of their standing in the community. The Hugheses are comfortable, outgoing and close-knit.

The Cassen family unit consists of Doug, a doctor; his wife Claire; her daughter Ellen; and Judge Lowell, the father of Claire's first husband.

The Hughes family unit consists of Chris, an attorney; his wife Nancy; his dad, Grandpa Hughes; the three children—Penny; Don, a lawyer; Bob, an intern—Bob's wife Lisa and son Tommy; Don's wife Jan; and Penny's husband, Jeff Baker.

It was the friendship of Ellen and Penny, who were schoolmates, that brought the two families together, but they also have professional ties. Dr. Doug Cassen is the Hugheses' family physician, and Chris Hughes is the Cassen attorney—at one time defending Doug as both his friend and client.

Here are two families held together by far more than friendship. They are neighbors, they inter-twine professionally, and seem to complement one another socially and economically. However, in (Continued on page 92)
I try to share my husband's new life...

BUT I JUST DON'T BELONG

by Mrs. Bob Conrad

Looking through Robert's scrapbooks, it always amuses me to read about the "care appearances" of Mrs. Conrad. "It's so nice to see them out together," the captions say. Yet, somehow, half the pictures in the book are of me! ... Still, it's true, I don't go with Robert to all the parties and premieres and functions he attends as part of his job. Many of these are (continued on page 90.)
Ever since he became a star on "Hawaiian Eye," there have been hints of "domestic troubles" between the Bob Conrads. Now, Joan breaks her silence to tell TV Radio Mirror her side of it.
I try to share my husband’s new life...

BUT I JUST DON’T BELONG

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Looking through Robert’s scrapbooks, it always amuses me to read about the “rare appearances” of Mrs. Conrad. “It’s so nice to see them out together,” the captions say. Yet, somehow, half the pictures in the book are of me! ... Still, it’s true, I don’t go with Robert to all of the parties and premiers and functions he attends as part of his job. Many of these are (Continued on page 90)
Is Sinatra a right guy—or a wrong one? For the answer to that one, don’t ask the hipsters. And don’t ask the press. But around the world, you can put the question to any one of thousands of needy children and get your answer. Kids have that instinct for knowing a friend when they spot one. They don’t want to hear about the kind of headlines Frank Sinatra is famous for—scrapes and fist fights and dames and Clamantics. For them, the news is Frank’s global tour putting on benefits for underprivileged youngsters. . . . The trip cost about a quarter-million, and no one but Frank paid the tab. Why? To find out, turn the page.
A memory sent Frank around the world. One of his first stops: Israel

continued

Some said it was the White House urging a better image for their friend; others said it was Frank's way of forgetting a broken engagement. But perhaps closest to the truth were those who guessed it was a memory that sent Frank around the world. . . Once he had been a family man; once home and children had really mattered. Whatever happened along the way, Frank has never stopped caring about children. Perhaps now, as he found a way to help them, he was also finding his own way back to the man he was before high life replaced home life.

*A changed Frank meets Prime Minister Ben Gurion; speaks to Arab and Jewish children to launch the Sinatra Centre in Nazareth; dines with Archbishop George Hakim, Nazareth Mayor Zaoubi.*
At top right, he plants "Nancy's Tree" in Jerusalem's Histadruth forest. At left and above, he finds language is no barrier as he meets with kindergarteners.
A memory sent Frank around the world. One of his first stops: Israel

Some said it was the White House urging a better image for their friend; others said it was Frank's way of forgetting a broken engagement. But perhaps closest to the truth were those who guessed it was a memory that sent Frank around the world... Once he had been a family man; once home and children had really mattered. Whatever happened along the way, Frank has never stopped caring about children. Perhaps now, as he found a way to help them, he was also finding his own way back to the man he was before high life replaced home life.
"He made us laugh at our problems...."

"He helped us smile again."
It was obvious to the “Perry Mason” cast: Barbara Hale was seriously troubled. But why? There was only one man in her life, Bill Williams, her husband now for (Continued on next page)
sixteen years; they had three beautiful children, a fashionable ranch house in San Fernando Valley, an enviable bank account. It seemed a perfect life. But somehow, it just didn't hold up to everything a woman could desire?

Yet the close-knit cast could tell that their Della Street was in some kind of trouble. Barbara Hale appeared gaunt and tired that day as she reported for the seven a.m. call. Purposely but politely, she avoided conversation with his bright wife, "hugging her," an actor said as she left the set.

This was not idle curiosity, but deep concern. The members of the "Perry Mason" show were a real family, almost as much as if they were tied together by an umbilical cord. Years of filming the series together, years of sharing each other's good fortunes and even disappointments all have blended to make them a family unit. So it was not unusual that last spring the company was worried. Usually, Bab's (as most call her) would stand around and chat-chat with the predominantly male cast and sin sipping cups of coffee, crack jokes and discuss the headlines of the morning until it was time to face the camera.

This morning, Barbara would have no part of the coffee gang. She didn't even take a cup to her room. When it was her turn to do a scene, she emerged calmly but coolly. Her face wore a rigidly fixed expression.

Soon the routine of playing Della Street, Perry Mason's Mother Friday, seemed to snap her back to normal. Yet, throughout the day, Barbara periodically lapsed into stony silence. "She looks like she didn't get a wink of sleep all night," one of the crew members whispered.

The following days found Barbara in the same mood. One of worry. One of apprehension.

Burr and the others tried their best to cheer her up. They invited her to lunch. She politely refused.

Soon whispers circulated around the set as to the cause of the trouble. "Have you heard?" one of the players said. "Barbara and Bill are thinking about a divorce."

This surprised the others.

"Why, I can't believe it," he replied.

Yet, it was true. Barbara and husband Bill Williams were having marital problems. It was a closely guarded secret, though. Only a handful of their close friends knew.

Most Hollywoodians have become conditioned to accept the unexpected with only a blink of an eye. Too many so-called perfect marriages have been torn apart in recent months.

Still the intimates of Barbara and Bill were shocked that these two were having trouble.

They had married in storybook fashion on June 22nd, 1946. The wedding took place in a stone church outside of Barbara's hometown, Rockford, Illinois. Their courtship was equally as romantic. They met while making a "screen test" together two years previously at the old RKO Studios. Both wound up with contracts. Both fell in love almost at first sight.

Bill's career, at the time of their marriage, was at its peak. Barbara's was just getting into orbit.

"This will be a marriage for keeps," Bill told newsmen at the wedding.

The new Della and Perry Mason at Niagara Falls, the two settled down in a two-bedroom San Fernando Valley home. The breaks were really going Bill's way. He became one of television's first big cowboy stars, starring in the "Kit Carson" series. Barbara, too, was riding high and very much in demand. One morning, Barbara was ecstatic as she emerged from her doctor's office. And when she told Bill, his chest swelled bigger than Mickey Har- gitay's. In July of 1947, Judy was born. Again, in 1951, the stork stopped off at the Williamses. This time with Bill Jr. And another little girl came along in 1953.

Barbara appeared happier having babies than making movies. In fact, one day in 1952 when she was pregnant with her third child, the actress came close to making a decision that would affect her future. She wanted to retire. Bill left the decision up to her. Then came an opportunity the actress couldn't afford to turn down.

Enter "Perry Mason"

She couldn't refuse to play Della Street in the "Perry Mason" TV series. The series appeared to be a sure winner. And the pay was tops.

Bill took Barbara's good fortune as enthusiastically as she did, even though his own career was on the downhill.

Nonetheless, the next few years were happy ones. The Williamses moved into a large ranch house in the Hollywood hills. The three children were tanned and healthy in the California sun.

Season after season, the series was renewed. Each year, Barbara received a fat raise. Other rewards, too, like the coveted Emmy.

The鋠cluding to their circle of friends, trouble signs began to appear. "Bill's career practically was at a standstill," one of them confided to TV Radio Mirror. "He remained home most of the time. Therefore the rearing of the children more or less fell in his hands. Barbara was on call for the series nearly every day, leaving at the crack of dawn and not returning until late at night. Naturally, Bill felt neglected. Felt hurt. Felt that Barbara wasn't spending enough time being a mother."

How could she? When not working on the soundstage, there were other demands. Interviews, public appearances and other musts limited the time she had to spend with the family.

"She spent more time with her television family," another friend said.

The once happy home in the Valley became a potential battleground. According to a friend, Bill and Barbara had sharp words, followed by days of icy silence.

How long could this situation last? Divorce seemed to be the only alternative. Bill didn't want to be married to Della Street. He wanted Barbara Hale as his wife. Barbara felt he should be more understanding.

The relationship of Barbara and Ray Burr since the show's inception has been one of brother and sister. When Ray was hospitalized several times with a chronic throat condition, Barbara was usually the first to see if she could do anything for him. So when the chips were down and Barbara obviously was grieving about conditions at home, it was Burr who was equally concerned.

Burr and Williams always have been the backbone of friends. The two have enjoyed many evenings together along with Barbara.

So perhaps Ray sensed the main problem the two were facing. Bill felt neglected; Barbara, persecuted.

"If Bill could only become busy again," the speculation went. "He's broken; he needs a job. Spending too much time at home."

Unknown to either Bill or Barbara, a campaign was waged to help them. Bill soon found himself on the set of the "Perry Mason" show. Not as a guest to see his wife, but as an actor. He had been cast in a guest-starring role. On the set, he was given his way to make Bill feel at home. He took every opportunity, too, to remind Bill how lucky he was to be married to a girl like Barbara. He used the same tactics on Barbara.

Suddenly, Bill also found himself up for more picture roles.

And as for Barbara, the smile returned to her face. Why? Her close friends attributed it to Ray Burr's help. He began to kid her about her home life—but, each time, the joke had a point to make. "He made us laugh at our problems . . . he made us laugh and love again," is how she described it.

"Ray speaking as a big brother to his sister," one of her closest friends confided, "bluntly told her that she wasn't spending enough time with her family."

"Even if it meant sacrificing a portion of her career, she can do it. Being a good wife and a mother should always come before being a good actress."

Will Barbara now decide to retire and devote full time to Bill and the children? Her friends think not, mainly because the marriage is on an even keel again.

So even, in fact, that Barbara and Bill stole away for a second honeymoon. Just the two of them. They spent ten days in their power cruiser off the Southern California coast, and the trip did much to reassure them that their love is too precious to allow anything to destroy it.

Naturally there will be other problems that will come between them in the future. They know, however, that their love for each other is stronger than ever. They know that Raymond Burr and their other friends are depending on them. Are you on their side.

They vowed not to disappoint them. —CAL YORK

See Ray and Barbara in "Perry Mason," CBS-TV. Sat., 7:30 to 8:30 P.M. EDT.
ON THE

SUNNYSIDE

Kent Slocum’s listeners leave their worries on the doorstep when he beams KOTA’s good sound to Rapid City, S.D.

Kent Slocum tries to walk a balanced road in programming his “Music on the Sunnyside.” He says, “I’ve tried to keep in mind that the radio audience consists of many types of people and situations—the man in his car, the homemaker in her kitchen, the secretary in her office. To build friendship with the listener is to beam the broadcast to each individual, treating each individual as the most important person in the audience.” Heard weekdays 2:35 to 5 P.M., the program provides a good cross-section of popular music, “with the emphasis on good.” Kent has a classical music program, “Masterworks of Sound,” Saturdays 1:05 to 1:55 P.M. In addition he does the “Weathervane” on both television and radio, weeknights 9:45 to 9:50. . . . Kent’s family consists of his wife Elaine—whom he met “sneaking peeks at her Spanish papers at Huron College”—their four-and-a-half-year-old daughter Jan—who is “a little ham” and likes to visit Daddy at work—and a smoky-gray barn cat, “Shadow”—who came from Elaine’s father’s 720-acre farm. . . . Kent has an aversion to “any mediocrity that rock ‘n’ roll affords” and to “immature singers passing themselves off as professionals.” He is an optimist about future trends in popular music. “The turn to better music seems evident with stations turning from the Top 40 format to a better calibre of music.” It’s always been “better” on the Sunnyside.

Jan, Kent’s and Elaine’s daughter, tries to be a “good girl,” because Daddy may let her say a few words on the radio.
He’s been coming into people’s homes for such a long time—17 years on Station KMOX, St. Louis—Rex Davis, News and Public Affairs Director, thinks that must be why “they believe in me and accept me as one of the family.” Mayor Raymond Tucker echoed the sentiments of Rex’s large audience (42% of the total listeners for KMOX news broadcasts) with his congratulations on Davis’ “service to the people of St. Louis and his excellent job of maintaining the interest of the citizens in community affairs.” His listeners become interested because Rex himself is “terrifically interested in what is happening in the world today and, like many, terribly worried about how it’s all going to come out. One likes to be optimistic, of course; nevertheless, the chance of eventual confrontation with the forces of Communism seems to me to be virtually unavoidable. I don’t know if people have changed or I have become more aware of their thinking. I always realized there was prejudice and bigotry in the world, but never did I realize on how wide a scale it existed or how bitterly narrow they could be until I started taking their telephone comments. Under the anonymity provided by the telephone they speak in such a manner that is not only sickening, but almost frightening. Not all of our callers react in this way, of course—many are good, sincere people who have very valid comments or are genuinely seeking information and they are a joy to contact. To me the most dangerous thing in this country today is the very vocal spokesmen of both Right and Left. I wish fervently that we could organize the great middle-of-the-road group into a militant army of moderates to keep things on an even keel.” ... The opinions Rex Davis gives on the air are always his very own. Unlike many newscasters, he writes all his own material. In addition to the top-rated “Noon News,” Monday through Friday, Rex is heard, Monday through Thursday, with two programs, “Strictly Editorial” and “News Open Line,” both part of KMOX Radio’s “At
Your Service." On Fridays, he opens his "Mail Bag" and reads letters from listeners. He continues his "At Your Service" participation on Saturday mornings with "Ask the Mayor," "Ask Your Congressman" and "Strictly Editorial and News Open Line." And then, throughout the week, he broadcasts hourly morning newscasts plus news and business features heard later in the day. During the summer months, Rex acts as the host for the band concerts in the park, broadcast on KMOX. He is moderator for the medical forums sponsored by the St. Louis Medical Society, St. Louis Globe-Democrat and KMOX. . . . He somehow manages some leisure time for reading and once-a-week bowling, averaging 170. His wife Suzanne shares his love of listening to good music. . . . They live in Kirkwood, in a six-room ranch house. They met when both were singing in a church choir and have two grown children, both married. . . . Rex Davis believes strongly in his job and says, "I would do nothing else in the world."
When Rita rings your bell, it's probably to give away money. Or so most people think who watch Rita Bell's "Prize Playhouse," Monday to Friday from 9 to 10:20 A.M. on Greater Detroit's WXYZ-TV. She introduces feature films and comments on them. She conducts interviews with celebrated guests, civic leaders and volunteer workers for charitable causes. And she telephones viewers. She asks a simple question first. If the second, or jackpot, question is answered, the prize can range from $25 to something around $1,000. Each time the
When the phone rings in Detroit, people jump to answer it. After all, it might be Rita Bell calling!

jackpot question is missed, the pot rises $7. A toy jackpot grows along with it and also goes to the winner. Sample questions are: “What is the married name of the actress who won the latest Academy Award for best acting in a starring role?” “Who is the director of the Central Intelligence Agency?” “Name the members of ‘I’ve flown through space club.’”

... Rita’s other program is “Starlit Stairway,” a talent show for youngsters and adults, Sunday at 12:30. Her unflagging cheerfulness and warmth help overcome mike and camera fright and keep the pace fast and exciting. ... Rita, a speech graduate from Marygrove College in Detroit, worked as a public relations secretary until she sang informally at a corn roast one day and was discovered by John F. Pival, now president of WXYZ, but then executive vice-president. She was soon working for the station as a weather girl, and still fills in occasionally. One of the busiest girls in town, Rita, who is separated from her husband, keeps a neat house for a handsome youngster, Michael, 13, and her mother. She bought her attractive home three years ago. ... She enjoys her work most of all, then such pursuits as reading, swimming, ice skating and teaching speech. She listens to records, particularly those of Keely Smith, Andy Williams and Bobby Darin. She is also a rabid fan of Richard Burton and would like most to meet George Burns. Rita has interviewed hundreds of famous people on her show. She finds the best way to be bright and perky in the morning is to go to bed early the night before. In that way, she’s always sure to ring the bell!
The town “too tough to die”—Tombstone, Arizona—is the locale for the exciting adventures of Sheriff Clay Hollister (Pat Conway) and newspaper editor Harris Claibourne (Richard Eastham). Although the characters of Hollister and Claibourne are fictional, the stories told on “Tombstone Territory” are based on actual incidents recorded in the files of The Tombstone Epitaph, which is still printed. Tombstone’s fame grew from a span of three years, beginning in 1877, when the town’s founder, Ed Schieffelin, discovered a rich silver-ore mine. He named the lucky spot “Tombstone,” because he had been a home in the Hollywood Hills... Richard Eastham’s first theatrical break came when he replaced Ezio Pinza on Broadway in “South Pacific.” He had landed a small part in the Rodgers and Hammerstein show, then was selected to understudy the star. He did 56 performances opposite Mary Martin before he joined the national company, with Janet Blair.

Richard’s first straight role was with the road company of the comedy “Anniversary Waltz.” When the play reached the West Coast, Eastham decided to remain there rather than return to New York. He played an important role in the lead-off film of "Men of Annapolis,” a Ziv production. The studio was so pleased with his work, they cast him in “Tombstone Territory.” Eastham is a native of Opelousas, Louisiana, and is one of seven children. When he was five, the family moved to Missouri, and Dick began voice lessons. At 16, he sang bass in the famed St. Louis Grand Opera Company. In 1941, he went to New York to study voice—but the lessons lasted only a few months before he joined the Signal Corps, where he served for four years as a photography officer. After his discharge, he headed straight back to New York and singing lessons. Six-foot-two Dick is wed to childhood sweetheart Betty Van Allen.

Pat Conway, Richard Eastham re-create the thrills of frontier days in “Tombstone Territory” warned that he was headed straight to the heart of the Apache country, and all he would ever find out there would be his tombstone. Within months after his claim was staked, the area was swarming with prospectors, miners and traders. Some of the wildest gun battles of the West were fought on Allen Street, “main stem” of the town. Money and blood flowed like water. During this period, Tombstone was the mecca of famous gunmen, the hope of prospectors, and a prey for tinhorn gamblers and rustlers. Conway and Eastham as the sheriff and editor combine the pen and the sword to bring law and order to the town... Pat Conway plays Hollister unlike most
E.G. MARSHALL

(Continued from page 33)
hauls out his bike and blithely cycles off to work.

Unrecognized by most New Yorkers—to whom a bicycle is a toy for fifteen-year-olds and under, and fifteen may be stretching it, at that—E.G. hears his cracks as he makes his way up busy, traffic-choked Third Avenue.

"Crazy bicycle, lookit!"

"Where you pedalin' to, pardner?"

"Mama, see the character on the two-wheeler . . . Oooohh, nutty!"

"Unfair to us cabbies, that's what you are."

"Hey, Mac, mind if I trot along wich'a?"

So on and on E.G. pedals, till he reaches Filmways Studio at 127th Street.

There he gets off his bike, waves back to a few neighborhood Puerto Rican children on their way to school (they're used to him by now), enters the studio and—after a quick trip to makeup and wardrobe—makes his way to the brightly-lit and camera-eyed office of Preston & Preston.

One morning, just after he'd won the Emmy as best TV actor, E.G. was approached by one of the neighborhood kids, who asked him: "Mr. Defender—can you tell me jus' one thing?"

"Sure," said E.G.

"Why?" asked the boy, "you ride bike to work—big man like you?"

E.G. smiled. "For exercise, first of all," he explained. "I'm not as young as I used to be, you see, and a man has to find a way of keeping fit. So for this reason I ride my bicycle. . . . And—see this big studio? Well, inside it's stuffy. It's damp. It's pretty dark. Most of the year I work inside this studio for nine or ten hours a day. But this bike—for a few minutes a day, at least—it keeps me outdoors. . . . When I was a boy like you, I used to love the outdoors. You do, don't you, son?"

The boy nodded. "Sure thing, Mr. Defender," he said.

"Well," said E.G., "so did I. And I guess you could say that this bike—in a way, for a few minutes a day—takes me back to my boyhood. . . ."

The place of E.G. Marshall's boyhood was a tiny town in Minnesota—called Owatonna; there, for a boy nearly half-a-century ago, life was strictly Buck Finn.

There was a river, of course—"We fished there," E.G. says. "Weswam. We'd dig for freshwater clams. Mmmm, I can still taste them. Delicious, they were."

There were woods—"We'd hike. We'd build our tree houses. We'd find twigs and whistle, making things to play with or for our rooms, or for pretty little girls to whom we felt we might like to give a present."

There were caves—"Or more underground buts, you might say, actually built by us, and very well concealed. Every boy had to have his own private cave and the laws of concealment were very strict."

There was a gentle family life—slow.

SHOULD I REFUSE MY HUSBAND’S DEMANDS?

Her husband made life unbearable . . . until he learned his lesson the hard way . . .

No wife should miss this exciting story!

SPECIAL REPORT:

LOVE BEFORE MARRIAGE Society decrees that a girl must remain "pure" until she's married. Yet modern living has created more and more temptations for the single girl. Read this up-to-date report on the manners and morals of single girls.

I DELIVERED MY OWN BABY "I enjoyed freedom from terror and experienced the thrill of sharing every step of my daughter's journey into the world." These are the words of a modern-day mother who delivered her own child. Don't miss this informative story . . . a story that will help every future mother.

Seven exciting true-to-life stories, PLUS pages on food, fashion and beauty for homemakers everywhere . . . information designed for the busy modern-day woman.

SEPTEMBER

True Story

ON SALE NOW

SEPTEMBER

True Story

ON SALE NOW
loving, rich in the stuff of which memories are made—of waking up late in the morning and sneaking a little bread in the big kitchen. Or she would prepare some of those Norwegian specialties. She would sit near the window and darning our clothes. She would read to us. These things I remember... My father worked for the telephone company—it was quite an adventurous job for that telephone company was very new then. And at night he'd come home from work and regale us with stories of this new modern wonder.

There was school, too, of course; one of those red-brick one-room affairs—"I liked school. I got my start in theater there in kindergarten, one day, I did an imitation of Charlie Chaplin and all the children laughed and applauded. In a way, that was the beginning for me. In first grade, I think it was, there was a Christmas play and I played Santa Claus, the leading role. In fifth or sixth grade, we presented a spring pageant and staged an oxen-tanze—ox dance—and I was very proud to be chosen as caller: Slap your thigh, I called!"

It was, in fact, right after this oxen-tanze when E.G. Marshall met his very first fan. She was an immense woman—the embodiment of one of the county's leading farmers—with a piercing pair of eyes and an imperious voice that might once have been used, successfully, to call the cattle home. She came up to young E.G. now and said, boominly:

"Bud!"

"Yes?"

"I've just come from a trip to Chicago—don't you know."

"Yes?"

"And I saw some theatricals there. One—a play—with a lad no older than you. An actor he called himself. Imag-ina-ble! And the point is, he was a professional actor, and no better than you."

"Thank you, ma'am."

"Are you interested in a theatrical career?"

"Well, ma'am—"

"I think you should be. I know. Most lads from our country end up like the corn that grows out there beyond the road—all sturdy and hand-some enough, but all of them yellow-eared and all of them ending up same as the sheep. But once in a while, nobody can explain why, a red ear pops up in the crop. And I think that's what you're going to be, boy; a red e-er o' corn."

"Maybe, ma'am."

"Well, good luck—if you act, that is. And if you should ever act any of that Shakespeare, think of me. I like his writin'"s."

"Yes'm."

"You know who Shakespeare is, boy?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, you probably will. . . ." The farmer's wife was right. Young E.G. would know, and play, the writin's of Shakespeare—and before not too long.

But first came a baptism by music—or "premature rock 'n' roll," as E.G. likes to call it. It all started with a guitar.

Someone gave it to E.G. as a present. There were no music teachers in Owatonna at the time, so E.G. plunked away at the instrument till the chords were in place and things didn't sound too bad in general. After that—immediately— he became the town's leading musician. He continued plunking away—and after a while he sang, too, at farmers' conventions, at the local meetings, at the Y.M.C.A., at church suppers. Most of this was done for free—"though once in a while I did get a quarter tip."

Then one afternoon when he was sixteen or so, an elderly gentleman—an ex-vaudevilleian of sorts—got an idea and contacted E.G. about it.

"You got an orchestra? 'Cause I have some big ideas if you do," said the man.

E.G. crossed his fingers, fib-style: "Sure, I have an orchestra."

"How many fellows in the group?"

"How many you need?"

"Four?"

"Just what I got!"

The elderly gentleman, delighted, then explained: "My idea is to get a band circulating round here for Saturday night festivities. Now, if you and your three friends are good enough—"

**Shades of Hades**

The first thing E.G. had to do, of course, was to find three other musicians. But he did, soon enough, in neighboring towns—kids about his age; a violinist, a fiddlin' fellow, and a drummer. They rehearsed together for a few hours. One night they played for the old man, who seemed pleased with what he heard. They gave themselves a name—"The Shades of Hades," ob-vi-ously so there should be no question that the jazz band was hellishly hot. And that Saturday night, they played their first dance.

"As I remember," E.G. says, "we each got two dollars that night. And a few scattered tips. And we had a grand time.... I must have been quite something for me, and my friends, to be plunkin' away, I listen to rock 'n roll now once in a while, and I think. 'My gosh, that's the same kind of stuff I used to do!' . . . The Shades played together for a few years after that. We stayed together till 1933, when a Shakespearean repertory company passed through town, put out a call for an actor . . . and I found myself joining them."

"It was an adventure I wouldn't have missed for anything," E.G. says. "Yes, there were rough times in those early days. Most of us—guess you could say. But perhaps the roughest point of time, all looking back, was the night I spent in jail. . . . I was working in Chicago then, with the Federal Repertory Theatre. I was to have an interview with some one who wanted to meet him in Milwaukee. Well, I got to Milwaukee the day early one morning. But this fellow wasn't there. I'd just missed him. So I began walking back to the railroad station when these two cops came up from behind me, tapped me on the shoulder and told me to come along with them. 'Where?' I asked. 'To jail,' they said. 'Why?' I asked. They told me I was under suspicion of robbery and assault. Just like that. They'd do nothing more. . . . The next morning I was to be confronted with one of the victims, the one who would or would not put the finger on me—as they say. They brought me into this room. This woman was sitting there. Very nervous. Very agitated. All I could think was, 'She's so excited —who knows what she's going to say?' I even thought, 'Suppose she says it was me—then what?' But slowly the woman looked up, and over toward where I stood. She stared at me for a few long moments, very hard. And then, thank the Lord, she shook her head. And she said, 'No—that's not the man.' And I was set free.

But a night in jail here, a few hungry days there, didn't stop the young actor from following the career he had decided by now was it-or-nothing.

After a few years in Chicago, E.G. decided to try his luck in New York. And after a few years there—in the early '40s—at age thirty-one, he got his big break by playing a seventy-year-old adventurer in exactly seven minutes' worth of a play called "Jason."

"Jason" wasn't too well received; but Marshall was "cheerful"—cheered the critics. (One of them even wondered where the "old man" had been all his life!) And from that opening night on, E.G. Marshall—who has since played youngish, old, mediocre; what you want from a great actor; and how you want it—was on his way.

Don't let's bother here with the cred-its he has since racked up; we don't have that much room. Enough to say that, from that day to this, E.G. Marshall has appeared in nearly 500 television plays, two dozen movies, a dozen or so roadhouse plays.

Besides, this is a story about E.G. Marshall the man.

And we want to get on to the heart of the man.

For a good, nice, wise and softly-humorous heart it is. . . .

E.G. Marshall the actor, yet at the same time he's relaxed. If he is called in front of the camera for a short take, he will do, do what he has to do, return and say, "Now, as I was telling you—"

And talking about a variety of subjects, you get to know something about the man.

He talked a little that day about Robert Reed, the young actor who plays his son, Kenneth Preston, on "The Defenders": "Bob is a very gentle person. A real human being. He's very—I don't want to say dedicated—but he has a great deal of respect for the work he must do and that he must do . . ." Our relationship is the same off screen as on. Except I never get angry with him. He's a bright boy. Not self-serv- ing. He doesn't complain. Very often the writer doesn't give him enough to do. But I think he's happy. How many lines can go his way. I guess it's the kind of thing Lawrence Preston might do for his son. I do it because I like Bob Reed."

He talked about the subject of work: "I will never say that I am overworked because one, I love my work—and two, there are too many memories, which I guess all actors share, about the times
we couldn't get work. But there have been times when I became tired, very tired. And the operation is over and the wound is healed, you don't think about it so much. Yet, there were times. And it usually hit me around the eyes—a little twitch right here—in this eye. And I would find myself taking a little time off and going somewhere. A few days in the country.

He talked about his country house: "It's up in Stratton, a tiny town in Vermont. I call it the Nothing House—because there's nothing square there, nothing level. I was hiking with a friend who lived nearby, one day, through the woods, when we came across this little shed. It caught my eye—the way it was situated especially, in a pleasant vale, surrounded by big maple trees. The quiet pleased me, too; I didn't realize it till that day, how much I missed the natural setting. I'd been in so many cities these many years. You don't know that your ears are constantly bombarded with noise till you get away. I guess I felt at that moment that I had to have some wilderness again. Anyway, I bought the old shed. And proceeded to transform it into a house—added rooms, a foundation. It was like putting a shining new crown on a rotten tooth. We go there summers now. And for a few weeks in the winter, when we can. It's the happiest place in the world to me and my family."

He talked about a tree that used to stand not far from Nothing House: "I don't know why I did it. But this huge tree was in the way of something I was planning. A marvelous tree—about ninety years old. So I got some guys to come and take it away. And when they started with their saws, I had to turn away. At one point I thought I was in the living thing, the beautiful thing—it shouldn't be destroyed. I called out to the men to see if they could stop. But it was too late."

He talked about friends: "A good friendship to me is one in which one knows your faults and forgets them. I am moved by the purity of friendship in people.

About family: "I prefer to say nothing about my family life. It has always been a policy of mine. Yes, I was married when I was rather young and have two fine daughters by that marriage. I have since married again, very happily, and have the daughter. In any case, the definition of a good marriage? Nothing where each party gives fifty, but where each gives one hundred percent."

He talked a little about his social life: "My favorite kind of evening is for us to go down to the homes of the friends: Kevin McCarthy, his sister Mary McCarthy, Zero Mostel—and group-read from plays. Instead of cocktail parties, we have reading parties. Instead of musicals, we have theatres. They're a big hit. And we have an awful lot of fun together."

He talked a little about public reaction to himself since the wallowing success of "The Defenders": "I walk into a restaurant now and usually a few people will look up and nod. Not much more than that. Except, of course, that we get a lot of mail. Quite a few people write in asking advice on specific legal subjects: Bankruptcy, compensation, negligence. I tell them to go to a legal adviser—or to go see Perry Mason.

Finally, he talked a little about his initials: "Many people have asked me what E.C. stands for. I never tell them. Or else I say that E. is a name in itself and C. stands for gregarious. Or I might say that I borrowed E. from Lizabeth Scott, who didn't need it—"

that's a gag I picked up from Joe E. Lewis—and that E. stands for enigma. But I never tell. And I don't intend that I ever will. Why? Maybe because it makes me a little bit different. Once, a woman said to me that I was destined to be different—like a red ear of corn. And I guess that, at heart, I am just that. A grown-up and contented red ear of corn . . . "

"The Defenders" is seen on CBS-TV, Sat., from 8:30 to 9:30 P.M. EDT.

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as he landed back in his own backyard, he recorded “Back in Your Own Backyard,” which he likes “the best of anything I ever made. But later on I know I won’t feel the same way,” “The Sweetest Sound” from “No Strings” was next followed by “Bravo Giovanni.” The sixth sold 400,000 copies already. “Just so happens it happened to have been ‘Arrivederci Roma’,” Eddie grinned.

“It wouldn’t matter what I sang, though. People would read something into it. They’re just waiting for something. You can’t avoid a certain amount of torch songs. Most really great numbers written down through the ages fit that category. I’m planning on doing a variety of items. Some will be torchy.”

Although Eddie and Co. tried to avoid tunes that have the double meanings, this brought in a sort of personal benefit which prompted a reviewer next day to foam at his type-writer: “It was apparent Eddie was singing not to the thousand who were there, but to the one who wasn’t. He sang his heart out last night and every song was seemingly directed as a message of love. ‘Any Time’ brought a gasp from the audience. ‘I Need You Now’ caused an exchange of knowing glances. Most obvious of all was his tenderly touching ‘Wish You Were Here,’ which never before carried the sweet, haunting tones that he instilled into this rendition which was a lament of yesterday and a hope of tomorrow. In his last rendition of love to his estranged wife, Eddie sang ‘You Gotta Have Heart,’ and it was plain he was wearing it on his sleeve.”

Eddie’s very comment: “These days, anything I sing would be read into. Even ‘How Are Things in Glocroma?’”

Sitting on the edge of his chair, his chin clamped in his hands, Eddie discussed his career. “Of course, it’s too early to say. But this will affect my popularity. Tragedies always seem to make people more important. I’m already booked into my hometown and Vegas and Dean Martin pushed his engagement back so I can play Tahoe.”

“I’ve been offered several exciting deals. I’m considering them all. I’m very anxious to prove myself as a performer. But I’m a singer primarily. I made two movies. Both of them bombed. So, I’d have to consider acting offers very carefully.”

Speaking of acting, what was his opinion of “Cleopatra”? “I’ve seen two hours and forty-five minutes of it. It’s a true artistic achievement which will be one of the greatest pictures of all time. Elizabeth gives the greatest performance of her life.”

Rumored to have gone through cash almost as fast as 20th Century-Fox, he was asked about reports that he’s broke. He stared at his alligator shoes (rough guess is $40 per foot) and answered, “Well, I’ve leased a Beverly Hills home and an apartment in New York. And, as to whether or not I’m brokefinancially, tell them if I ever go to the courthouse and they’ll have to run a benefit for me.”

In the other room of his hotel suite there were some ten or more aides-de-camp, songwriters, TV producers, managers and other humans of assorted shapes, sizes and salaries. Two phones were ringing constantly, and being answered by the sergeants-at-arms.

Eddie Fisher is a young man who, at an age when many other men are still in hock to their in-laws, has already been married to Debbie Reynolds and Elizabeth Taylor, two of this planet’s most sought-after box office attractions. He’s entertaining wives and presidents. His “Anytime,” “I’m Walking Behind You,” “Oh, My Papa” and “I Need You Now” have sold over a million records each. But he is no cocky, arrogant kid whose off-hours are spent munching caviar.

He is a pleasant, boyish gentleman who amably and honestly answers questions from friends he doesn’t figure will gut him just for the sake of a headline. Eddie is a soft-spoken, well-mannered individual who shows remarkable restraint and good grace in this new international poker game where a fellow called Richard Burton is the bank.

Eddie abstently twirled the green jade circlet he wears on his pinky. It matched the green paisley tie, belt and handkerchief he wore. It’s his “engagement ring” given him by you-know-who back you-know-when. He’s worn it “three years and eight months.” He says: “I wear it, it all depends whether I’m in green or not.” He said. He had taken off his wedding ring, however.

“I admit I’ve made a lot of mistakes in my life. Sure, I’m human—like anybody else. I have a temper. I blow. I have an all-round disposition. But no man what’s happened to me, I always tried to be a gentleman throughout it all.”

“This whole thing has been like a free-for-all,” he continued. “I read all the papers every day, so I’ve heard all the reports and the rumors going around. In the beginning, every article about anything related to my headline hurt. Now I look at it like they’re strangers. Like it’s no part of me.”

Eddie puffed a borrowed cigarette and sat down on the frilly tuxedo shirt that was laid out for the evening. “And about that press conference I held and those padded dinner jackets. When I arrived in the United States, I decided to go into the hospital for some rest. There
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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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with financial insecurity? His wife Marilynn’s reaction, was, if anything, a bit more musical. “Your name is Bob Horton who strode through ‘Guys and Dolls’...” savoring the excitement of the musical theater, singing his heart out every night on stage. It was quite another Bob Marilynn had come to know in Hollywood...a man who came dragging home each night...

Three years of his life, the executive had said! That night, Bob came home steeped in gloom. The studio’s breathing had been turned off, he told Marilynn. “They want me for another three years, after my regular contract expires... it means a million dollars...”

“I don’t want you to do it,” she said, before he could finish. “You don’t want to and I don’t want you to.”

He had come to realize that he was hearing music, Bob’s been a fighter all his life—but now, for the first time, someone believed in him! “You have to fight to live,” she said, very simply—because that was one of the reasons she loved him.

The next day, Bob lowered the boom. He was through with “Wagon Train” as soon as the series stopped filming. NBC offered him “The Virginian.” He turned his back. “I was in for some surprises,” Bob tells me. “An actor is a commodity to be bought and sold I hadn’t quite realized.”

During the last week of shooting, he was down with a virus infection. Members of the crew called to see how he was, sent cheer-up cards. Not one word from the front office. A year before, he’d injured an eye while filming with plastic. The man on the set had been on the wire.

At the very last, one executive said bluntly, “Bob, come to your senses. How can you turn your back on a million bucks?”

“I had no difficulty turning my back on that money,” Bob says now, “as soon as I stopped and realized it was all I’d be getting for three years of my life. I’ve been broke, sure, but it’s not impossible to make money, and I’ve certainly found that money itself is no panacea for your troubles. When you’re involved in doing something that no longer stimulates you, you begin to slow down. You’re no longer using yourself, you lose your identity.”

“That’s what was happening to me with Flint McCullough. Flint’s okay, but I’d done as much with him as I could—you might say I was paralyzed to his stature. The fact is, TV builds great star characters but it doesn’t build stars, and I’ve got to build.”

“Actors aren’t the only ones who find themselves in a spot like the one I’m in. I think the number of jobs before acting and, sooner or later, found myself bored with all of them.

A man can start in any business, fight his way up, enjoy himself thoroughly, then find—a half dozen years later—no challenge left. He has a choice. He can conform, stay where he is, make a good living and accept the loss of his own self-respect. Or he can make a break, start over again, find new challenges and fight for his life.”

It’s a battle for which Bob has been building muscles since he was a kid. He’d probably disdained his family...a nonconformist...nothing like his older brother, Creighton. Young Howard (Bob was Meade Howard Horton Jr., but his dad was called “Meade,” so he was called “Howard”) did not do what he was told. “Not cross the street” ran away. First time, when he was four. Didn’t get very far—I was on a tricycle—but the point remains that I was very interested in what was going on around the corner.

“I kept on being interested. I ran away sixteen because I was fed up with things in general—and again, at seventeen. That time it was a car accident. I had my first car and I was driving along and, suddenly, it was a total mess and I wasn’t about to go home and hear the lectures. I just couldn’t face all that conversation. I phoned home, told they were coming, and by the time I came home, a week later, they were glad to see me.

“My family thought me hard to manage and maybe I was. There was certainly a problem with a kidney ailment that ended in an operation, and there was certainly a problem with all sorts of accidents. Here I was,” Bob grins ruefully, “a strong all-American-looking boy with red hair and freckles, and I was always breaking something or getting run over! But mainly the problem was that my strict parents were then and are now. They were very rigidly brought up in the Mormon religion and they brought us up this way, including no smoking and all that sort of thing—which was not for me.

“My family is wonderful people, but I didn’t happen to be just like them and I got pretty tired of hearing what good grades my older brother got in school and how he never talked back.

The opening battle

“The first time I ever really participated in school was at Harvard Military Academy, when I was a senior. Because of my kidney condition—and all the accidents—I’d always been kept away from sports. So now I decided I was going to play football. My mother and dad said I couldn’t. But I played, anyhow. The first day of practice, I turned my wrist and, when I came home that night, the family said, ‘You see, Howard, you see?’ But I played that whole season—quarter!”

That was his first victory.

Bob’s second victory followed shortly after, when he suddenly decided he was too hefty. Pictures had just been taken for the school annual, Howard took one look at his 205-pound image and didn’t like it. That was the seventeenth of January. There was a party that night and he had a date—but that, he decided, would be his last fling. He cut out dates and parties, went on a diet, increased his physical activity. When school broke for Easter vacation on March 27th, he’d lost twenty-seven pounds! To Bob, this proved the power of self-discipline. But he hadn’t proved anything to the rest of the world—yet.

He still wasn’t interested in his studies. He’d drop a class and never tell what he wanted to do, though his brother was already in medical school. Rebel Horton, aged nineteen, joined the Coast Guard. Unknown to his family, he had got married, just a few months before graduation, to a pretty teenager from a nearby town. They were secretly married, the wedding was secretly annulled—it all seemed pretty romantic.

Fourteen months in the Coast Guard were less romantic. They reactivated the kidney problem and, after his discharge, Howard drifted along as a member of the 52-20 club. “Veterans were given $20 a week for fifty-two weeks. I lived on that, went to the beach, loafed around. My family had a fit. And when I suddenly decided to go to college, they were afraid to believe it.

He had chosen the University of Miami. He had started running away from home and the climate was advertised as balmy. Also, on the side, a guy with a torso like his could model bathing suits and sportswear. The torso and the red hair attracted the attention of people who were producing a play. They decided to take him and they wanted a redhead to play her brother. The minute he started rehearsals, Bob decided to fight for a place in the theater.

In and out of Yale

Now that, for the first time, he had a goal and was in a whirlwind hurry to reach it, he really went to college with a vengeance. He transferred from Miami to U.C.L.A., completed four years undergraduate work in three, graduated with honors. He had his own way of things and they wanted a redhead to play her brother. There were exactly five days between his graduation and the close of registration at Yale. Though he’d been told he couldn’t possibly get in Yale because he hadn’t applied early enough, fighter Horton made it—they found that the schools had not been filled up. For five days, he attended those classes available, decided he was working for Yale, rather than Yale for him, turned around—and sped back to U.C.L.A.

That summer, he went East. He did summer stock in Atlantic City, returned to Broadway, played his first small part on television, in “Suspense.” The following week, he played a feature part in the same show. The third week, he was the star. Everything had worked precisely the season before.

Now he was ready to come to Hollywood and make pictures. Every studio was interested—and so was a "marvelous girl, Mary," he recalls, "who, at nineteen, was a bright young reader at Columbia. The memories I have of her are warm and dear, I was twenty-one when we were married and, for a brief while, we were happy. But things were moving fast. I made two pictures and
was signed to a contract at MGM. With my career going into full gear, I lost her. . . . She couldn't be happy moving at this pace, and reluctantly I agreed to a divorce.

Young Horton had planned to cause a furor in Hollywood. He did. David Selznick changed his first name to Robert, and MGM’s plans for him were star plans. Bob drew rave notices as the hero of “Apache War Smoke.” To make the triumph even lovelier, he and Barbara had fallen in love while making the picture, and married. It was all strictly Cloud Nine.

Then, a couple of months later, it was all over. MGM had run him in hard times, efficiency experts were called in to supervise a re-tooling of effort, options were dropped right and left. “I went from hot to cold so quickly, it was as if I’d committed some wrong,” Bob says. “When I’d married Barbara, I was the hottest young fellow on the lot. By the time we separated, I couldn’t get arrested. And I wasn’t equipped for it. I’d worked hard, the critics had praised me, the public reaction had been all I could handle. Then nothing. I didn’t know where my next dollar was coming from, but I’d learned a few things. You can’t put your career in other people’s hands.”

“You have to fight”

“I began going through the trial-and-error bit, trying out for parts, not getting them... getting parts, hanging the pictures shelved. Sometime about mid-1955, I began getting hold of my career reins again and, since then, I’ve made 98 and 44/100 of the decisions. I ask advice, but I make the decisions and I fight every inch of the way. You have to. This is a competitive business. “I think what touched me the most when I left ‘Wagon Train’ was the farewell from the crew. They’ve been around for a long, long time and they are pretty rugged. But we've had a great time working together and it’s nice to know that we’re friends. With producers, you usually have no relationship, you're a commodity.”

This particular commodity will “sell himself”—but only for a challenge. Bob has the combination of singing and acting talents that screams for musical theater and he's been trying them out in summer stock for several years. He likes drama, he likes comedy—"they ayud the actor to play all the strings of his instrument." At this writing, he’s off for Chicago with Mariyll to do “The Man” for six weeks at the Drury Lane, then they’ll play four weeks of “The Pajama Game" together in Detroit—where they fell in love—and then Bob goes into four weeks of “Oklahoma!”

“The most marvelous thing,” Bob says, “is to really enjoy your work and to be really, deeply satisfied with your wife.” He sits on the arm of her couch and they touch. “In this business, you're thrown constantly with beautiful girls. You're not blind, but, gradually, you reach the point where you're no longer impressed by what you see. You realize the toll this business takes of women... I'd never want Marilyn to be in it,
even though this girl has a giant talent. If she wanted to go on, she could make the Metropolitan Opera."

Marilynn, a tiny girl with an excellent figure and a charming, animated face, speaks up quickly. "I gave up any thought of a career when I married Bob. I would divorce Bob tomorrow if I even considered a career. I mean it. It doesn't work. There are too many problems just concerned with one career... singing together—"that's no career, that's just fun."

When the contracts were being drawn up, Bob told Marilynn to have them drawn up with her name as Marilynn Horton. She reminded him she'd have to have everything changed—her Equity card wouldn't stick with the old Marilynn Bradley? No, he said, he wanted her to be Marilynn Horton. Basically, this man has been fighting all his life for more than just self-expression, more than just a place in the sun. He's been fighting essentially for emotional security. The quick adolescent sorts of marriages only indicate one thing: A tremendous need to love and be loved, a need to have someone of one's own."

"I'm very much a one-woman man," says the gentleman four-times-married. "I never wanted to date a lot of girls. I dated a girl and married her. But they weren't really marriages. Marriage means living with a woman, taking care of her, taking responsibility for a shared life. I wasn't ready for that. I wasn't ready to take charge of my own life."

Actually, Bob emerged from those early marriages without any intention of ever marrying again. He realized perfectly well the reasons for marriage, but he felt sure that the problems of marriage were inevitable. Marrying himself, "Any relationship from which there's no escape," he said, "isn't as good as one from which you can go at any time."

So Bob was fighting marriage, too, when he met Marilynn—"who is a really wonderful girl, the loveliest thing that has ever happened to me. A girl who is with me all the time, who has been with me all the time since the day we met. She's my best friend, along with everything else we are. We come from such different backgrounds and yet our values are the same. She's much younger than I, yet she is marvelously mature."

What of his other wives?

"No," Marilynn tells you, "I never worried about Bob's having been married and married. The only one who's going to change, I think, is the one who's going to change all this." Sometimes you do, sometimes you don't. We're fortunate. We're amazingly alike. We didn't have nearly as many adjustments to make as some people. His approach to marriage appealed to me because he can be a lot more romantic, he was terribly analytical. I liked that. I've been married once before and you get to the point where you don't want to get into something wildly romantic. I believe in marrying and living together quietly."

They were married in Las Vegas on New Year's Eve—which wasn't exactly quiet—rode in the Rose Bowl parade next day, and almost immediately found that marriage was changing them... one of their worst dreads. Bob was the only one not worried. "I've been changed," he'd say, "you're not the same Marilynn." And he was right. Two weeks after they were married, Bob was the subject of "This Is Your Life"—which meant that, for those first two weeks, his poor bride was constantly putting on an act, to keep him from guessing the surprise.

Since then, of course, they've settled down. Their best time of day has been from 5:30 to 7:15 in the morning. Marilynn makes breakfast, brings it upstairs on a tray and they spend about an hour and a half talking. They are close, they are candid; they can start the day totally reinforced. What intrigues Bob about Marilynn is that most women he has known in this business have become hard... they have to—or be hurt. Realizing this, Marilynn says, "To be able to be soft and not be hurt is wonderful. Bob has made me feel so secure."

What kind of a woman will stand by her husband when he turns down a million dollars? A woman who is very young, very much in love, and who has no fear—because she has faith. Marilynn is. She believes that having married Bob was a tremendous experience. She believes it was the start of a career for emotional security. Now she wants Bob to have security... and, loving him, she knows there is no security for him unless his life is in his own hands, fought for by his own hands."

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**JACKIE KENNEDY**

(Continued from page 55)

You watch her every move. You pick on anything you want. In short, you two. But facts about her 'round and 'round until they somehow, I don't know whom you were talking about!*

*Will she strike back? "No. Don't be silly. As wife of the President, she can't exactly stand on a soap box every time someone says something about her, and cry back, 'It's not true. Believe me, it's not true.' Too undignified and, besides, the First Lady of the land is supposed to be above this... Does that put Jackie in a pretty helpless position? That's her worry!"

And so the plots simmered. And then...

They let Jacqueline Kennedy have her little honeymoon. And then, when the dark headlines began to hit—Indo-China, the Stock Market slump, a few others—they rubbed their hands. They gloated. And they prepared to strike. With all the might to know that some people—millions, they hoped—would listen to them, believe them.

It pleased them most to think that Jacqueline Kennedy herself would be hurt by what they said. After all, this was their mission—to hurt this young and sensitive woman; to make her a little nervous at first; then uncertain; to bring a few tears to her eyes; then to unnerve her completely; and, eventually, to destroy her.

Their reason for this? In the destruction of someone beloved by others, there are those who find sick solace. It's that simple.

And yet, suddenly, when the time came—shock and astounded—they struck... They whispered, insidiously, gleefully: "She's bathed in conceit, you know. A snob. Oh, yes, pure snob, through and through. The warmth? That's all surface, my dear. She doesn't really like anybody like us snobs who weren't born rich! Look at her background! Just look at her elegant hairdos and clothes. And those parties she's been throwing at the White House—aren't they elegant, my dear? I mean, fiddlers lining the hallway—and those strange, alienated, tense, shadowy eyes, she's been inviting to perform..."

They whispered: "She's some wife, isn't she? Real cold, if you ask us. Oh, sure—she holds her husband's hand once in a while, in public, with photographers around. But why isn't she with him more? His birthday party in New York—remember? At Madison Square Garden. With 18,000 people there. With music and confetti. And entertainers who flew in from all over the world. But where was she, his wife, that night? With him? Singing 'Happy Birthday' along with the others? No. Oh. no. Not her. She couldn't take the time!"

They whispered: "And a mother? Hmmmph. Allowing those children to be photographed all the time—just for her own publicity. And Caroline's ponies, living at the White House, You know who has to take care of those ponies, don't you? The F.B.I. And you know who pays the F.B.I., don't you? We do."

They whispered: "What right did she have to go running off to India last spring? She's not the President. Who wanted her over there—or her sister, for that matter? What good did they do there?—and do you know what that little trip of theirs cost the taxpayers of America? The Lord knows what for transportation. And for movies of the trip—forty-five thousand dollars, at least."

They whispered: "Why doesn't she live at the White House alone? All that re-decorating and everything. It's not her house. It's the nation's!"

They whispered: "She won an Emmy on TV—though we can't tell why. Still, winning something like that is an honor. But did she have the common decency to tell Jack about it? They?'"

They whispered: "And she's supposed to be a Catholic! I mean, did you see those pictures of her going into church without even a hat on, just wearing some kind of tiny veil? And with no stockings?"

They whispered: "See how she's mak-
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Clothes-horse—or monument?

Those clothes . . . those hairdos... The fact is that Jacqueline Kennedy has always had a way with clothes, has always believed in good grooming. The fact is, too, that many of the same women who are criticizing the Jackie Look are the same women who are somehow copying that look.

Actually, the hubbub about her wardrobe and tastes began even before she became First Lady. Wrote Martha Weinman in The New York Times: “When Jacqueline Kennedy, then five days the wife of the Presidential candidate, stepped aboard the family yacht in Hyannis Port, wearing an orange pullover sweater, shocking-pink Capri pants, and a boffant hairdo that gamboled merrily in the breeze, even those newsmen present who could not tell shocking pink from Windsor Rose knew they were witnessing something of possible political consequence.”

Jackie herself is honestly confused by the hubbub: “All this talk about having too much—what I wear, and how I fix my hair, has me amused and yet puzzled. What does it all have to do with my husband and the Presidency?”

It’s very probable that Jackie has found her greatest comfort in this matter from two remarks that have been made to her. Once by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who told her, “I often felt, when I was First Lady, as if I were dressing not myself but a national monument.”

The other, made by her husband, on Inauguration night, when he stared at her as she came down the White House stairs, that first time, and said, “My dear—you look so lovely.”

Those parties . . . violinists lining the hallway . . . eggheads performing! Let’s start with the so-called eggheads who have been asked to perform at the White House. The list happens to include the most brilliant examples of our culture—men and women of whom we should all be proud. To name just a few: Pianist-composer-conductor Leonard Bernstein; cellist Pablo Casals; dancer-choreographer Jerome Robbins. Don’t most of us, like Jackie, figure it’s about time we took these men from the private halls or commercial theaters—and spotlighted them before the entire nation? The entire world? Aren’t most of us a little tired of having America’s artistic tastes and talents downgraded in relation to other countries?

As for the White House parties themselves, a social arbiter wrote years ago: “The sign of the truly good hostess is the woman who does everything possible—and even adds that little touch of the impossible—so that she may please and delight her guests.”

Had this woman been writing today, she might well have gone on to say: “Mrs. Kennedy’s position as First Lady is extremely difficult and challenging. She must constantly entertain foreign dignitaries who have entertained her husband and herself—and show her guests as good a time as she and her husband were shown. Therefore, the old-fashioned concept of serving hot dogs to the King and Queen of England is out—and the concept of social reciprocation is in. Thus, the violinists lining the halls, the delectably prepared dinners . . . all the extra little elegant touches which show that the host and hostess of the White House—and through them, the people of America—care.”

What makes a husband happy?

She’s a cold wife. Those who know Jackie—who really know her—vow that she loves her husband intensely. “She fell for him, hard, the moment she first laid eyes on him,” says one friend. “She’s somehow never quite gotten over that first beautiful feeling of being madly in love with him.”

And listen to Jackie herself on the subject of herself and her husband, what she has said: “I think that a wife’s happiness comes in what will make her husband happy . . . . I don’t see myself as being a political partner to Jack. I like to think of myself as having an old-fashioned idea of what a wife should do—make her home as pleasant as possible, relax her husband and raise her children.”

“I love it when, once in a while, I have a chance to cook for him. When a man is tired after a busy day, I think he should at least be able to have a substantial meal. And so I start with a good homemade soup. Then a roast—never overdone—and fresh vegetables in season. Perhaps a potato or noodle casserole. It works!”

“I love my husband with all my heart. But I love him especially for his quiet kindnesses.”

About the matter of the President’s “birthday party” in New York, by the way, the very basic facts are these: It was not actually his birthday on that date. The weekend in New York was mostly political and the so-called birthday gift was looked upon only a small part of that weekend.

She spoils those children. Aw, come on, fellas. Let’s face facts! It’s hard enough for any mother to keep a child from being somewhat spoiled. And just think how fantastically hard it must be for Jackie Kennedy . . . with photographers constantly begging her for pictures of the children (when she says no, which is quite often, they use telescopic lenses and get the pictures, anyway) . . . with newshawks querying her and the entire White House staff about Caroline’s latest doll and baby John’s newest words. And yet Jackie has done a wonderful job of seeing that her children are not spoiled, and —she hopes—never will be.

To prove it, here’s an interesting quote from actress Lauren Bacall: “We were having dinner with Mrs. Kennedy one night, in New York, before she went on to see my husband’s play. [Editor’s Note: Jason Robards Jr. in “A Thousand Clowns.”] While we were eating, Mrs. Kennedy disclosed this fact—that Caroline had never seen a photograph of herself in a newspaper or magazine.”

And a heart-felt quote by Jacqueline Kennedy herself: “I feel that if you bungle in raising your children, whatever else you do—no matter how well—simply doesn’t matter.”

Those ponies and the F.B.I. A quickie answer should take care of this oft-whispered complaint! “Macaroni” and “Tex”—Caroline Kennedy’s pet ponies—do not live at the White House but are only occasionally brought there from the Kennedy farm, Glen Ora, in Virginia. The Secret Service men at the White House have nothing to do with their care, which is entrusted to head gardener Robert Edmond and his staff—men wise in the needs of ponies as well as penguins.

Innocence abroad

That trip to India. Regarding the transportation costs for Jackie and her sister—both what I wear and what I eat costs themselves. Regarding the trip itself, and its effect, Walter Winchell—one of the President’s severest critics—summed this one up nicely. He quoted a headline which read: “Congressman Criticizes the High Cost of Filming Mrs. Kennedy’s India-Pakistani Tour.” Then he wrote: “The tour was an ordeal. She did it to win friends for our country—which she did. She’s a greater friend-winner than all of Congress!”

Wrote another columnist, female this time: “She went only because she was invited by Prime Minister Nehru at a White House dinner last November. I was with her all that trip. She didn’t talk much about the President, the four or five times we chatted. At first I thought this rather strange, but then I realized it was because she was so lonely for him. Did you see those photographs of her smiling face at the airport when she returned and the President greeted her? Well, I was there and I’ll tell you—photographs couldn’t begin to capture the happy and relieved and I’ll-never-do-it-without-you-again feeling of that smile.”

Why doesn’t she leave the White House alone? All that fancy fixing up
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time at 1959's Deb Star Ball. "Surely you remember that night," he says. "I was Smokey's date." Smokey is my sister. Well, all I remember about that evening was being nervous—since I was to be homecoming queen at the Deb Star.

I do remember that Roberta Shore, who was responsible for setting up dates for some of the girls, called me to say she hadn't yet lined up a date for Lou Adler and another fellow. I already had a date, but since I knew Smokey wanted to go, I suggested her. Any rate, Lou said I was introduced to him—at the Ball, but I hardly knew my own name that night.

I have never forgotten, though, a night in December of 1960 when I went to a surprise party for Brenda Lee at the Crescendo, a night spot in town. Jimmy, O.N.E.'s local disc jockey whom I'd been dating, called me to ask me to go to the party—and he also invited Smokey.

"She can go with Lou Adler if she'd like," he said.

That night is one I'll always remember, forever. I came downstairs at our house and there were Lou and Jimmy waiting for us. Lou said to me, "It's nice to meet you again." I looked at him, wondering what he meant. But I liked what I saw—a tall, handsome young man with a warm smile.

At the party, Lou and I began to talk. I think Lou was with him the more impressed I was. However, at the time I was seeing Jimmy a good deal, so there was no thought of any dates for Lou and me. We were thrown together, though, at other times after this, mainly when Jan and Dean appeared at our school where Jimmy was acting as emcee. Lou was always there, and gradually we became good friends. Our friendship, born at this time, was later to mean so much to both of us.

After a while, Jimmy and I stopped dating. He had met someone else. And then, one evening, Lou called me.

"I didn't want to call while you were going with Jimmy," he said, "but I understand you're not seeing each other now."

"That's right," I answered. I was surprised to discover I felt so excited—because he was on the phone. "We haven't gone together since my birthday party a few weeks ago," I told him.

"Well, I—I wondered if you and Margie would like to go out to dinner with me," he said.

Margie was my close girl friend, and I had mentioned her to him. Still, I wondered why he'd think of asking her, too. But all I told him was that I'd talk to her.

He called back the next day.

"Margie already has a date," I told him, "but she said to say she was sorry.

"How about your sister then?"

Now I was even more confused. Why did we need a third party? Anyway, as it turned out, Smokey had to cancel, too, because of a previous date.

"Then, but Smokey can't make it, either," I told him when he called again. "If you'd rather, we can make it for another night."

"No, let's not do that." There was a pause. "Would you—would you like to go with me then?" he asked finally.

"I'd love to!" I could hardly believe it, and I meant it. I had begun to think he'd never get around to asking me.

Later Lou explained why he had gone around and around about asking for the first date. He simply felt my parents and I would like it better if he asked someone to go with us. He had really wanted to date only me in the first place.

That first date! We went to the Islander, my favorite restaurant, and I felt like a queen the whole night. Lou was such a gentleman! He helped me out of the car, he helped me across the street, he paid me every kind of attention. And God得知 I hardly knew what to say or do—at least for the first few minutes. But once we were in the restaurant, I felt as though Lou and I had been dating for months.

Lou was different from any other boy I'd gone out with. As I look back on that date, I can only remember how happy I was, how warm I felt inside. Everything was perfect, from the soft candlelight in the room, the tropical setting, the divine food—I do love to eat—and, of course, Lou.

Lou had more maturity than other fellows I'd known, and lou wasn't one of the players about him. Sophisticated—yes—but he didn't even drink. As the evening went on, I began to feel much more mature than my young years—and a little worldly. Yet—also comfortably young.

When our dates became more frequent, Lou began to treat me with even more consideration and kindness—and he also began to call me by a few nicknames, like "Little Girl," "Shell Shell" and "Finko." That last sound like an odd one, but he knew I liked, for some reason I don't even understand myself, the word "fink."

It was on our second date that I did an incredible thing. We were talking about what mattered to us and I suddenly began saying seriously how I felt about marriage, having children, and what I thought a wife should be. It was only after I'd expressed myself so fully that I began to think, thought to myself, "Shelley, what are you doing talking like this to him? He'll think you're trying to rush him into marriage—and he'll make a fast exit out the side door."

Very embarrassed, I said, "Oh, Lou, I'm sorry."

"For what?" he asked.

"For talking like that. What must you think of me?"

"Don't be silly, Shelley. I asked you how you felt about things and you told me. There's nothing wrong in that."

As I thought back about this later, I realized I never could have spoken as I did if I hadn't really felt close to Lou.

We had a couple of dates after that and then, on Valentine's Day, Lou called me. He'd been calling every day for the past couple of weeks.

"I know you're working and that you can't go out for long, but could you go on a treasure hunt with me tonight?" he asked.

"Treasure hunt? What do you mean?"

"You know, all he'd say was, "Lou picked me up about seventy-three and took me to Schwab's Pharmacy on the Strip, first.

"I have to pick up something," he said. "I'll be right back."

In only a few minutes he returned with a package all neatly wrapped. It was obvious he'd ordered it ahead of time. The first thing I saw was a beautiful three-dimensional Valentine's Day greeting. Then on the package was a thin card which read, "To Shelley—sweet as candy." It was attached to a big box filled with candies from Holland.

I thought this was the treasure hunt but he said he had another call to make, so we drove up the Strip to a florist shop. In a few minutes he came back with a card reading: "Pretty as a rose." It was tied onto a single long-stemmed red rose.

Lou had somehow remembered me telling him about a gift I'd bought for my sister Connie Stevens with a date one night. She had no corsage—she was simply carrying a red rose. It was a beautiful thing to see.

"We have one more place to go before I take you home," Lou said. "Jan and Dean are being interviewed at Don and Phil Everly's place and I have to drop in. Okay?"

We drove up to the house and, as he was getting out, Lou said, "Guess I'll better lock the car." Then he reached under the seat and pulled out a huge picture. When I looked at it, in complete, Lou was with me. I got them to Walter Keane, an artist both Lou and I had admired. He had remembered how much I had liked a smaller picture of Keane's that he had, so he had sent to San Francisco to get this one for me.

This was a Valentine's Day I'll cherish forever. Everything Lou did seemed to say, "I think of you all the time."

What my parents think

Lou has been very generous to me. anyway—too much so, I think. Last Christmas, he gave me a gold bangle, a cashmere sweater with a detachable mink collar, and then on my birthday this year he presented me with a matching black sweater. He also gave me a gold necklace with one pearl, and a pearl ring. I haven't taken either of them off since the day I got them.

My parents think Lou is as great as I do. We see each other every night now, and if I don't have dinner out with him, he has dinner at our place. We often spend an evening just sitting around playing cards.

He has been as thoughtful of my parents as of me. On their thirty-first wedding anniversary, he sent to Italy for a beautiful carved-wood statue
St. Anthony, my mother's favorite saint. And each Mother's Day he gives her a tremendous bouquet. Yet, there is always one flower in the center with a card reading: "For Shelley—Happy Sunday." The flower is a red rose.

That's another thing about Lou—he likes a family and he likes to do the simple things. The "chi chi" night life isn't for him. I can honestly say Lou and I have never had any arguments or differences. We discuss all kinds of things together, we share opinions and beliefs. In some ways, Lou has changed me. I used to be very nervous and I'd worry a lot. I also had quite a temper, but now, because he's so calm, I'm much calmer, too.

Lou is particularly understanding about my work. He likes the fact that I have a career, and he encourages me to continue with it. Of course, I don't know what I'll do about that in the future.

Lou is constantly attentive to me. In fact, he spoils me. Not long ago I had mononucleosis and was in bed for a month. He called me several times a day and came by each night to see me. Once, when I had the Islander send over a specially catered dinner for me. The relationship between Lou and me has grown steadily and beautifully from a real friendship to something more meaningful. I never said, "Lou, we're going steady now." And he never said, "You're going steady with me." We simply have not dated anyone else. Yet, we both knew we could if we wanted to. We just haven't wanted to be with anyone but each other.

So where do we go from here? All I can say is that it is very serious with us. We have talked about marriage, but in more general terms. We somehow don't think we have to put what we feel inside into words. You see, I've always felt a man and a woman are put on earth to love each other, to bring children into the world, to love God. And to fulfill those obligations, you have to look at every side of a situation. I think Lou and I have been ready, but I'm not sure about the future.

As for marriage—well, all I can say is I never wanted to be a June bride. I don't like hot weather. I like the autumn better, the beautiful colors of the season, the cold, nippy weather. That is the ideal time, to me, to get married.

Such is Lou's and my story. Some may think I'm too young to get so serious—eighteen certainly isn't old. But I've been raised to know what values are, what is important in life, what is a good relationship with another person means. I don't feel my youth is a disadvantage. I think I know what matters most about the future.

I know I'm happy now—beautifully happy, I know I can't imagine a day going by without seeing Lou. I am content, I feel a glow all around me. I belong to someone. What more does any girl need?

—as told to Jack Holland

Shelley is Mary Stone on "The Donna Reed Show," ABC-TV, Thurs., 8 p.m. EDT. She also records for Colpix.

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(Continued from page 29) not just a girl I’ve loved for four years and would have married long ago, if my career had orbited the way hers has. She is a tower of strength as a friend. She’s fiercely loyal and dependable. Not that she’s all sugar candy, by any means! She has a temper and isn’t shy about showing it. But in every case, when it happens, you can bet she had plenty of provocation.”

To Kenny Miller, an old and trusted friend: “She makes you feel warm, amused, wanted. Before you realize what you’re doing, you are pouring out your troubles and crying on her shoulder. As a result, she has many men devoted to her. But there has never been a scandal that could stick to Connie. She’s so forthright and decent, no one would believe she could do anything scandalous.”

To executive at her studio, she is “both the most talented and most exasperating package we have. What other girl, with everything to lose by a scandal, would take off for Paris with Glenn Ford for the premiere of ‘The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse’ and spend fourteen days abroad, mostly in his company?”

“When we had her on the carpet, her answer was so simple, so innocent, it knocked all the suspicions and fears out of our minds. ‘I wanted to help Glenn publicize his picture,’ she said, and then impressed a giggle. ‘Anyway, Glenn’s a perfect gentleman and you can hardly find that kind any more.’ If anyone else—say, Marilyn Monroe or Liz Taylor—had done a thing like that, the public would have raised Cain. All she has to do is open those luscious eyes a little wider, and her fans are ready to march out in battalions to do battle for her.”

That there are many whose feathers she ruffled in her rise to fame—and many whose feathers are being ruffled right now in her struggle to stay on top—can be seen in their views, while perhaps not openly, expressed, may easily be deduced. There is the pert young starlet who appeared on the studio lot looking and acting like a new edition of Connie Stevens. She had a ponytail swinging behind her, and spoken in the kipenish manner Connie often adopts in her role of Cricket Blake on “Hawaiian Eye.”

The real Connie took one look at the imitation, slapped down her script, and marched off the set. Obviously, she was under the impression that the studio had trotted in the little “double image” to scare her with the idea that she could be replaced!

To Jack Warner and his son-in-law Bill Orr, executive producer of all TV shows on the lot, Connie has to be a bluster on the nose of contentment. For months he has campaigned vigorously—“battering their doors down with her darling pink and white fists” is the way one observer sarcasically put it—to land the coveted role of Liza Doolittle in the upcoming multimillion-dollar “My Fair Lady.” In her usual fashion, Connie was anything but coy in making this desire known. “I want that part like I’ve wanted nothing else in my whole career,” she told a friend. But the studio awarded the part to Audrey Hepburn.

The shock of this disappointment had scarcely been absorbed by Connie when she was informed that Anthony Eisley, one of her co-stars in “Hawaiian Eye,” had been dropped, and Troy Donahue brought in to fill his shoes. The studio was a chaos of rumors, and there can be no doubt that some of them found their way to Connie’s shell-pink ears. Troy was there “to attract more teenagers to the show.” It was also rumored that Bob Conrad’s part would be subsumed to give a larger splash to Troy.

Connie has been closely associated with Eisley and Conrad and Judy Eisley are two of Connie’s confidants. Both families had just purchased new homes and Connie became concerned for her friends’ futures.

About Connie’s own relationship with Troy there seems to be some sort of ambivalence. Attraction and repulsion, love and hate, are often entwined. At one period, Connie dated Troy with some regularity. But by the time they completed making the feature “Susan Slade” together, they were far from friendly. Nevertheless, both tend to play down their “romantic” period by claiming it was a studio-inspired publicity gimmick. It’s reported that when they went to Hawaii recently, to shoot backgrounds for the series, they spoke to each other only when necessary.

“You learn a lot from love”

But the feud is now patched up. A crew member insists it was Bob Conrad, a man used to fighting his own battles, who soothe the troubled waters by assuring Connie that there was no rivalry with Troy. On her side, Connie makes it clear that the response of Eisley’s fans protesting his departure from the show is proof that her own objections were well founded. “If they needed someone to pull the teen-age viewers, won’t Conrad and the wife’s what’s wrong with Bob Conrad and yours truly?” she points out.

As for Troy, he’s become very career-conscious. He’d like fans to stop thinking of him as a fun-loving bachelor about town. In fact, he’d like to wipe out all memory of the headlines created when his ex-fiancée, Lili Kar dell, accused him of slapping her around. “I think I’ve changed in the past year,” he says soberly, “You learn a lot from love—though the lessons are often not easy to take. I’m trying, these days, to get along with everyone—especially the people I have to work with.”

That “have to” is telling. The truth—those who have known Troy for years insist—that he really would rather not get married from the start. He talked about “SurfSide 6” but, in order to get certain other conditions in his Warner contract, he went along with the studio. His assignment to “Hawaiian Eye,” after the other series folded, didn’t elate him at all. But he’s shrewd enough to realize he isn’t old enough yet to carry a leading-man role in Hollywood’s current crop of films. So—he looks on this as a transition period.

But Connie was not coming in as a philosophical and daring Troy. The news of the changes in the TV series, coming on the heels of her rebuff with regard to “My Fair Lady,” sprung the revolt that was already, due to a number of smaller irritants, on a hair-trigger. Connie went on strike. Not only wouldn’t she appear for work at the studio, she took off her telephone and—on the advice of her lawyer—refused to talk to the press, studio intermediaries or anyone who had the slightest link to “the industry.” When she was upbraided by the front office at Warners (some say the quote calculated by Warner himself) with the admonition, “You can’t eat your cake and have it, too, Connie,” she is said to have snapped, “Yes, I can, if I bake two cakes.”

For the true significance of this remark, one must go back to when Connie and Gary Clarke were courting steadily and quite seriously. She was upset by Gary’s stern refusal to marry her until he had gained some success and could support her properly without relying on her income. “I don’t believe in long engagements,” she said at the time. “They lead to temptations human nature can’t resist.” She has also been badgered by the studio on several scores. One day, she burst out angrily, “Maybe the solution is for Gary and me to get married and forget about Holly- wood. He could go back to being a me- chanic and I’d go back to clerking. I’ve done it before, you know.”

Much as she loves show business and the fun that goes with being desirable, famous and a star, there is a stubborn and inflexible streak in Connie that might, if she doesn’t find happiness in her career, prompt her to throw up her hands and go off into the woods. TV and singing star is not the only cake in her private kitchen. She is quite capable, if pressed too hard, of whipping up an entirely new batter and baking herself a new way of life. Just before this latest battle with Warners was resolved, she said, “I’ve had offers to write a column and be a disc jockey. Happiness is more important to me than stardom.”

Which is the real Connie?

In the feminine complexity that is Connie Stevens, there are many paradoxes, many contradictions, many mysteries. She is stubborn, open-minded, strong-willed, sentimental, jealous, intelligent, idealistic, practical, unconventional, deeply religious (Catholic), ruthless, generous, fun-loving, cleaning, and so on and on and on. Who can tell which of the Connie Stevenses is the real, the true, the definitive one? Probably the answer to the enigma will someday be provided by the man she marries, or by their union on the intimate terms of man and wife.

At the time of their break, two years ago, Gary Clarke said: “Connie is mine . . . whatever happens we’ll get together again.” Current items in the gossip col-
umns would seem to be making that prediction come to pass.

But Gary himself now denies the new batch of rumors that has him taking Connie out of Glenn Ford's arms and straight to the altar. "We are seeing each other again," he insists, "but not as much as it was on the old basis. Now we are just good friends."

What brought him back into Connie's life, Gary says, was "The Virginian," the new TV series in which he has his best acting job to date. The first person he called, after signing the contract, was Connie, because he knew how happy she'd be, how much of an interest she has in my career, as she has in the careers of all her friends," he points out. Naturally, Connie wanted to hear all the details—and in person. She and Gary saw each other that night, and have continued to do so.

"Gary and I discovered that we understand each other far better now than we did when we were dating seriously," says Connie. "For one thing, we don't take everything personally. We can discuss matters, criticize and help each other in an objective way. We were never able to do that before."

But despite all denials, there are still some who believe that Glenn Ford—quite inadvertently—brought Gary back into Connie's range. There had been many stories about her assorted escorts and alleged romances. Those who knew Connie never really took them seriously, until the question of her definitely subscribing Ford in Connie's future?"

Did Gary decide then it was time he took positive action or lost the girl he professed to love forever?

"Forever" is a big word, but there has never been any doubt that Connie, a Catholic and the child of a broken home, looks on marriage and family life as a permanent and unbreakable tie. With Gary's career at last on firm ground, there is now no excuse for them to put off marriage and every inducement to fulfill the demands of their heart. But both say there is no wedding in their future.

It would seem, at least at this writing, that absence has not made the heart grow fonder for either Glenn or Connie. Reports from France, where he was working in "The Grand Duke and Mr. Pimm," had Glenn once again romancing Hope Lange, his co-star in the film. Another person close to him confirmed that Glenn recently said he'd like to give up his bachelor life and go back to wife Eleanor Powell and son Peter.

Just as these rumors were circulating, news of Connie's new feud with Warner Bros. reached France, Glenn, who has always known Connie both professionally and business advice, put in a trans-Atlantic call to her. Perhaps he called as a friend who wanted once again to lend a strong shoulder of support. Connie's phone already disconnected, he didn't reach her. He left word with her manager and at her agent's office that he wanted to talk to her. He called back, the following day, to see if she'd received his messages (she had). This would indicate that Connie had decided against returning his call. Was it because, with Glenn, it was a case of "out of sight, out of
Mirror, mirror, on the wall...

Since there is no way of knowing, at least today, the true nature of Connie Stevens, there is no way of guessing how this situation will be resolved. Will she marry young Clarke or some older, more sophisticated beau? Will she and Troy Donahue discover that fighting goes with love, too, and they could be much more than a publicity-inspired romance? Or is real and lasting love yet to come—^from some other?—

When asked why she hasn't married yet, Connie gave a half laugh and said, "Because nobody has asked me." It is one of the few furs ever attributed to this utterly frank girl. With her current feud with the studio resolved, will the "truce" last? Or will she rebel once again and carry it to the ultimate limit, refuse to act in films or TV again, and either retire to the calm of homemaking, or go forward to a new challenge offered by beckoning Broadway?

Is there some secret yearning that has long troubled the heart of this impressionable and alluring woman-child, some ambition never disclosed, some will-o'-the-wisp she has mutely desired to chase? Who can tell? It remains the dark side of the moon, and nobody in her liue universe has been afforded a glimpse of it. Perhaps Connie herself isn't aware of the secret, buried longings of her heart.

It may well be that plump little Concetta Ingolia once did catch a glimpse of the truth in that Coney Island hall of mirrors. If so, the intuition has probably been all but forgotten. Perhaps Connie, one of these fine days, may decide to revisit Brooklyn's amusement park. It is almost a certainty that, if she does, she will seek out those mirrors and repeat the question she put to herself so long ago: "Which of these reflections is really me?"—KATHLEEN POST

Connie is Cricket in "Hawaiian Eye," on ABC-TV, Wed., 9 to 10 P.M. EDT.

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(Continued from page 37) since she has such a vested interest in the opposition?

"Oh, all the time," she answered. "And I like Dr. Kildare, too... But I love Dr. Casey."

As the interview drew to a close, I came to a familiar conclusion about Mrs. Zoino. When that lady talks about her boy, her love for him just drips from her voice. It's a kind of overwhelming pride, too. And she makes no effort to disguise it.

A few days passed, after I had spoken with Mrs. Zoino, when word reached me that Vince Edwards had come to New York after all, quite unexpectedly. Checking further, I learned that Vince was accompanied by Sherry Nelson. Sherry, as all Vince Edwards aficionados must know, is the secretary being billed as the future Mrs. Edwards.

Not too surprised, I learned that Vince and Sherry had taken proximous suites at the Sherby-Netherlands Hotel. I proceeded to seek them out, but Vince and Sherry could have put Khrushchev to shame in the game of erecting iron curtains.

They were literally and irrevocably incommunicado.

Still, I did learn that Vince had come to New York to attend the Emmy Awards party here, even though everyone had expected he would be at the Hollywood festivities. So, it was quite a surprise to find Vince in New York—and with Sherry along.

This much I concluded, that Vince's sudden change in plans would undoubtedly bring him home to Brooklyn to visit his mother, whom he hadn't seen in three years. That prompted another quick call to Mrs. Zoino.

"Isn't it wonderful," she cried. "He's here! And he's coming over to see me." "When?" I asked.

"He didn't say," Mrs. Zoino replied. "Maybe tomorrow, maybe back the day after."

I told Mrs. Zoino I'd call back in a couple of days for the details.

The Emmy Awards came off and, as luck—and the judges—would have it, Vince didn't walk off with any honors. If you were watching the ceremonies on TV that night, you might have noticed the disappointment on Vince's face. He wasn't alone in his feelings. Millions of his fans felt disappointed, too.

Whatever disappointment Vince felt after he was frozen out must have been quickly washed away when he saw the cherub glow of the family gathering that followed the next night in Brooklyn.

"Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful," Mrs. Zoino's voice bubbled when I asked about the get-together that had been so long and uncertain in coming. "We were so happy to see each other, we couldn't find words," she went on. "My goodness, I was so surprised how young he looked. He didn't seem any older than twenty-two or twenty-three. Everyone had been looking for him. He was away for three years. I was waiting for him every day."

I wanted to know how Mrs. Zoino reacted when she first laid eyes on her son after all that time.

"The bell rang," she said, "I was expecting Vinnie. I went to the door with my heart beating a mile a minute. I opened it and—there he was. 'Hi, mom,' he said, with a big smile. He put out his arms and I just rushed right into them. He tightened them around me in a wonderful bear hug. It was one of the happiest moments in my life. My son had come home again."

I asked Mrs. Zoino if Vince had come alone.

"Goodness, no," she answered. "He had a whole group of people with him."

"Was Sherry Nelson along?" I prodded.

Mrs. Zoino hesitated, at first. With the tact of a diplomat, she repeated, "He had a lot of people with him..."

If Mrs. Zoino was reluctant to di-
cuss Sherry, it might have been only the good judgment of a mother who didn’t want to embarrass her son. She no doubt had her suspicions, but she still wasn’t sure—at least not one-hundred-percent—until she saw him march down the aisle with that particular girl.

In one of our previous talks, I had asked Mrs. Zoino if Vince ever discusses marriage, and her answer was, “No, he never does—but I talk to him about it. I tell him that he should get married and have children, so I can have more grandchildren. He’s the only one of my children who hasn’t married. But his answer is that he isn’t ready for it. He tells me that he wants to hit solid rock bottom first before he takes the big step, and that he wants his wife to be lady of leisure.”

At any rate, it was obvious that Mrs. Zoino had rolled out the red carpet for the homecoming, and that Sherry could not have felt any less thrilled by the welcome than if she were really and truly a member of the family already.

For a full day, Mrs. Zoino raced about frantically preparing for the occasion. Everyone pitched in—Vince’s sister, Mrs. Nancy Alba- nese, and her husband; Vince’s twin brother, Bobby, and his wife, Pearl; and their other brother, Joe, and his wife. Not a detail was overlooked. Especially not in the line of food.

“What was on the menu?” I asked Mrs. Zoino.

“You name it,” she laughed. “We had it.”

There was proper indignation in Mrs. Zoino’s voice when I asked her if she had cooked the meal herself.

“Well, of course I did,” she replied. “You don’t just let anyone else step in when it comes to the food. After all, one of the big reasons Vinnie came was to get a taste of my home cooking!”

Of course, Vinnie has been billed as a food faddist who eats nothing but organically grown foods—foods that come free from chemical fertilizers. Even his mother couldn’t persuade Vinnie away from his special diet when he lived at home. Mrs. Zoino always had to yield during those years by supplying her son with wheat germ, black strap molasses, and the other special dietary provisions called for on his epicurean health kick.

This time was no exception, despite Vince’s three-year absence from the family table. Mrs. Zoino hadn’t forgotten, and those specially-packaged organically grown foods—foods that were right there and waiting when Vince sat down with his family at the overladen, banquet-style dining-room table.

Far and away, it was a spread of magnificent proportions. The antipasto was fit for the most discriminating gourmet. The spaghetti was cooked to perfection, and its sauce was simply m-m-m-in. Chicken cacciatore is always a delicious and delightful dish in the better Italian restaurants, but the way Mrs. Zoino prepared it was the epitome of perfection, suited to a king’s taste. All this, in a large sense, added up to a rather startling caloric intake for the guests, who were sculpted with such precise symmetry and architectural balance as shapely Sherry.

Wasn’t Mrs. Zoino afraid that her inordinately generous portions would create havoc with Sherry’s waistline?

Truthfully, it didn’t faze Mrs. Zoino one iota. Like most mothers who have been steeped in the traditions of an Italian heritage, Mrs. Zoino believes when a person sits down at the table, it’s for one purpose—to eat, and eat well. In her eyes, a girl like Sherry is probably so “skinny” that her present mold is just a hint of something that is yet to be. In other words, you might say, this girl hasn’t even begun to fill out. So why should Mrs. Zoino have any qualms about crowding Sherry’s plate with the inescapably fattening fare that had been prepared for the feast?

From what we heard, Sherry threw caution to the winds and, like the good trouper that she is, elbowed her way through yards and yards of spaghetti steeped with that rich sauce, a generously large portion of chicken, and the other delectable entrees—and enjoyed it tremendously.

She later confided in Vince, we were told, that she had never relished a home cooked meal as much as she did his mother’s. Mrs. Zoino later heard this from Vince and was elated by the compliment.

Moreover, Mrs. Zoino was overjoyed after the initial meeting with Sherry. She found Sherry friendly, endearing, sweet, and extremely likable. She had all the fine and desirable qualities that Mrs. Zoino has hoped for in a girl her famous son might someday pick as his bride.

The next night, another gathering was staged in a similar gala setting.

Then the moment that Mrs. Zoino dreaded finally arrived—the moment for goodbye. It had been three years since she had seen Vince, virtually a lifetime to a mother as devoted to her son as Mrs. Zoino is.

Despite all his assurances by phone that he is well, it is difficult for a mother to reconcile the restlessness, and the uncertainty that somehow he is hiding something from her: that, away from her, her son is not as well as he should be. And, above all else, Mrs. Zoino is unalterably a mother who loves her son deeply and intensely. Her concern and worry for him are inescapable so long as she is separated from Vince by the painful stretch of miles between New York and Hollywood.

There’s no doubt, now that Vince has returned to the movie capital, that Mrs. Zoino has gone back to worrying about him again. Yet in her heart, Mrs. Zoino knows now, too, that she still has a son who has not forgotten his mother. For whatever the future holds, the immediate present shows that Vince, coming home as he did, has cured his mother’s heartache.

—GEORGE CARPOZI JR.

Vince is “Ben Casey,” as seen over ABC-TV, Mon., 10-11 P.M. EDT.

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**THE LENNON SISTERS**

(continued from page 39)

be different, but they all have to cooperate and act like a unit to get things done!"

"That poor woman in the papers—that's a sad case, and I know there are many around," Bill Lennon commented, one arm around his wife and his expression troubled. "But it's not the rule, not in the United States."

Bill and Isabelle ("Sis") Lennon have taught their children that their own success in love and marriage was built around their family. They do not believe in separating their personal feelings toward each other from their parental attitude toward their children.

"We try to instill in our children a part of our love, and they get into the habit of showing affection and consideration to each other. Individualism is great, when you go out to compete in the world. But, inside the family circle, there ought to be some kind of unity and understanding," Bill said. "This doesn't mean that we expect or want them to think and behave alike. It's just that, in a family, you must learn to think as one for the good of all when it comes to family matters.

It was the eldest and only married child, Deedee, who explained: "From the time we were old enough to sing, and that's quite some time, we were taught that raising a family and having a happy marriage was like harmonizing. When you sing in a group as we did," Deedee is now a homemaker, though her sister, Kathy, and Janet still perform with the Walk show—"it is necessary to adjust your own voice to the others for the best effects.

In marriage, it's the same. The wife, the husband and their children must learn to fit their individual characters and wishes to what's best for the group as a whole. Just as some singing groups break up because each one wants the most to do or has a personal axe to grind, a lot of marriages go to pieces for the same reasons.

Sis believes, and often stresses the point, that many people rush into marriage nowadays because they think it's got to be a ball from start to finish.

"The word love is tossed around as if it added up to just romance," she claims. It's her theory that too many youngsters today "grew up in the fat years, not knowing what it is to struggle for bread and butter, let alone the icing on the cake. As soon as marriage begins to develop a problem or two and stops being a ball, they call for the divorce lawyers.

"Just for the record," she adds, "the old days had plenty of problems, too, but they were mostly concerned with making a living, not whether or not there was money enough for several TV sets in the home."

When Bill and Sis got married, their biggest headache (as with many people during those years just prior to World War II) was learning to get along, and have a family, on their very small income. Those "lean" days usually evoke a chuckle from Bill. He recalls, with a solemnity belied by the twinkle in his eyes, that when he and Sis got engaged, he found a job at Douglas Aircraft, making all of $38 a week. "My brothers and I had been trying to make a go of it in show business as a quartet, but we'd reached the point where we were anxious to get married.

"Selling just couldn't earn enough for that, not in those days. Also, it meant traveling . . . being away from our wives. At the time we got married, Sis had the idea of working for a while until we got our apartment furnished. But when, after a while, we decided she should give up working. We knew we'd have to do with the $38 a week, and we did."

"We felt then, and still do," Sis smiled, "that a woman's job is that of the homemaker and a man's the provider and protector of the home. It may be an old-fashioned idea but I'm convinced that, in most marriages, this makes for the most happiness."

"Actually," Bill pointed out, "when things got real rough, Sis did work—though not away from home. She made tortillas and, after work, I'd take them out and sell them. We're not against married women working when there is an honest-to-goodness need for the extra money or when she's a professional—say, a doctor or nurse—who is really needed by others. But we can't see a married woman with children holding a job just to buy a fancy car, or keep up with the Joneses."

The Lennon girls seem to take the same view, which is no doubt proving how she feels. When she married Dick Gass, she quit show business to give her full time to her home. The girls had been earning good money for several years and Deedee had a nice little nest egg. She also received a lot of gifts from fans and friends, but she didn't have any impractical notions, even if she did have it made, compared to many other brides. She was proud and content to move into Dick's old home, the house he'd purchased from his parents when they had moved to a larger place. Both Deedee and Dick are happy on what he earns working for the telephone company.

"They budget accordingly," Kathy explained, "and, as a result, everything they buy has a special meaning for them. They enjoy each new item more for having worked and saved for it. It's been a real lesson for me. I certainly going to try and be as wise when I get married."

"Me, too," Peggy agreed. "But, you know, money certainly isn't everything in life. Do you remember 'the old days before we went on the Walk show'? I know that some of my happiest memories come from the little house we lived in then."

In those days, the Lenmons lived in an old house which had only two bedrooms. The boys shared one room, the girls crowded into the other, and Bill and Sis slept in the living room. "Talk about togetherness," laughed Kathy. "We really had it!"

"Yes, but we were a real family," Janet put in, "as much as we are now, even though there were less of us. And
I'm sure that neither Mother nor Daddy ever would have thought of leaving each other. They had real togetherness."

“That's true,” Sis said softly, “but togetherness for its own sake is no answer. You can chain two prisoners and get togetherness, but who wants it?”

**Not a jack-in-the-box!**

"Of course," Peggy pointed out, "there are people who think that, since Catholics like us don't sanction divorce, this is practically the same as chaining two prisoners together and telling them they must live out their lives that way. The Church does allow separations when it is best for the couple or their children, but it comes right down to fact, I don't think there's any religion that doesn't frown on divorce. After all, marriage is a sacrament, and you shouldn't pop in and out of it like a jack-in-the-box."

"I don't know the statistics on broken marriages in the United States," said Kathy, "but, judging from the newspapers and magazines you read, it is high. And I've heard it said often that divorce is the cause of much of the juvenile delinquency and crime."

"And I've read, too, that the biggest percentage of divorce is in mixed marriages," said "and in marriages where there is no religion at all. It must be very lonely and depressing for any child who has no faith to turn to. That's why I feel it's so important to marry someone of your own religion. That way, children don't become confused—seeing their parents going to different churches—or, worse yet, none at all."

"Sis" Lennon herself went through her early years without the serenity and happiness that faith can bring. Her mother was Catholic, her father a Protestant. Sis and Bill joined a Catholic Church, but never practiced the religion. No child. Her parents divorced when she was very young. While the difference in their religions was not the only cause of their separation, it surely contributed. One of the things that attracted Sis most to Bill was his faith and the importance of religion to his family. Even before they decided to marry, Sis had made up her mind to take instructions and become a practicing Catholic. She was determined her own children would have a faith to give them peace of mind."

"You know," Kathy explained, "we've been brought up to the teachings of God the Father and the brotherhood of man. But we—and I'm sure Peggy and Janet agree on this, too—don't hold with mixed marriages as a general practice. The average boy and girl, even if they've grown up in the same neighborhood, are still virtual strangers when they go to live as man and wife. The first months of getting to know and adjust to each other—plus facing all the problems of running a home and paying the bills—must be a hard enough hurdle to pass. The difference in family customs and outlooks even a little thing like the difference in style of family joking—all this makes it hard for two people when they are newlyweds. Now, add a difference in religion—not just in how they worship or the kind of Bible and hymns they use, but how they think about having children, the meaning of marriage, and so on—well, then the problem of adjustment must be even bigger. Why ask for trouble?"

"Yes, that's true," agreed Peggy, "If boys and girls of the same religion date, it's only natural that they'll fall in love and get married. If they choose to do this, as a kind of insurance for their future families, it doesn't mean they consider themselves superior or intolerant to others. Catholicism isn't the only religion that discourages mixed marriages. Judaism and many Protestant sects also take the stand that, when you marry in your own faith, you have a better chance for a happy family life."

"Another strong "anti-mixed-marriage" factor, the Lennons pointed out, is that it can cause unhappiness and often estrangement, if the families of the young couple object.

**Mixed marriage for the girls?**

What if one of the Lennon children fell in love with someone of another faith?"

"We would point out all the pitfalls all the difficulties of a mixed marriage," said both Bill and Sis. "But if they did marry, we would do everything in our power to get them off to a fine start."

"Well, I don't think it's likely to happen," said Peggy seriously. "I know that Kathy, Janet and I always feel much better when Daddy and Mother and the kids set out for mass together. Getting so many children ready on time is a struggle—but it's worth it. I don't say that going to the same church can hold a marriage together—but it helps. And there's something about facing a religious wedding ceremony, no matter what faith it is in, that makes a couple realize the importance of the vows they are taking. That means they think about marriage a long time before taking the step."

Since religion stresses family life, the Lennons pointed out that a young couple planning marriage are forced to look ahead more realistically. DeeDee and Dick discussed every facet of their future before the wedding. They knew, from their months of dating, that they liked the same sports, household furnishings, and friends. That they had much in common was obvious. But they also realized many things change after marriage. That's why they talked over honestly any fears or doubts. Too many couples, DeeDee feels, are inclined to take the attitude of "well that problem when it comes," rather than being prepared for it.

While the Lennon Sisters are aware that building a happy marriage takes effort, they've learned, from observing their own parents, that the rewards are...
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Sis and Bill show no partiality among their youngsters. Each of their eleven children, from 22-year-old DeeDee down to 2½-year-old Christopher, feels that he or she has a personal stake in the family. They are not just a group of brothers and sisters forced through cir-

cumstance to make the best of living together. They have understanding, re-

spect and good will for one another. More important, they know how to com-

municate what they feel.

As for the original questions TV RADIO MIRROR brought up: Have mar-
riage and family life in America gone bankrupt? . . . If the Lenmons are an ex-
ample of American family life, the answer is a resounding no!

EUNICE FIELD

The girls sing on "The Lawrence Welk Show," ABC TV, Sat., 9 to 10 P.M. ED T.

(Continued from page 57)

strictly business and I don't go for the same reason I wouldn't go to his office

parties or I didn't go down to the Chicago docks when he was working there. I just don't feel it's where I belong.

This year, since I've started studying pre-law, I'm in school two out of three times when one of these affairs is scheduled. So I haven't. I've always wanted to study—my father and a brother are attorneys—and now that our daughters Joann and Nancy are both in school all day I have the time. But I needed encouragement to begin, and Robert gave me lots of it! He still does.

The only time I ever really participated in his "career" was in Chicago. He was working at three jobs—a candy factory in the afternoon, singing week-

ends at the Club Hollywood until two in the morning, then getting up to deliver milk by six. He had already missed two meetings, if you missed three you were automatically fired. So Robert insisted he had to run the route. I was afraid if he went by himself he'd fall asleep standing

up, so I put on a pair of levis, a warm jacket and pulled one of his caps over my hair. There, I could leave the children with so I bundled

them up and they sat up in the front of the truck. Robert would drive to a stop, catch a couple of winks, and I'd run up to the door with the delivery.

I was scared to death. The company had a very strict rule, but not letting anyone in the truck except the driver. We had to hide from the other mil-

ken—and the housewives.

You've probably noticed I call him Robert. I can't call him Bob yet, it just doesn't sound right to me. His legal name is Conrad Robert Falk, but we simply call him "Bob." We haven't been married for a week when we were married so my parents wouldn't find us. (More on that later.)

When he was growing up, he autono-

matically used his stepfather's names. This has created such a mess that some day we're going to gather up all our papers and try to straighten it out. The unsuc-

cessful lawyer to straighten them out—or maybe that's one of the things he's saving for me.

We lived just about two miles from each other in Chicago, practically on

the same street, right on the lake. I had seen him around. In the summer you see a lot of people who have boats at the lake. Finally I met him at a party. My first impression was that he laughed a lot, everything was a big joke, yet he was quiet and well-mannered. I thought I would love him for his good manners than anything else. I was wearing a red and white organdy dress, and he had on a blue shirt and dark blue slacks. It's funny, you do remember things like that.

The party was in June, but it was August when we announced our engagement. That was too early. My parents had other ideas. They had gone to Florida while I finished the semester in a convent boarding school. Then they decided, rather sud-

denly it seemed to me, to move to Florida, too. You weren't allowed to call boys from the school, so when I did call Robert I was more than a little shocked. He answered, I said, "Hello, Phyllis."

He said, "If what?" and I told him I was calling to say goodbye. I was all packed and my grandfather was coming at noon to pick me up. He said, "You don't have to go to Florida. We're going to marry," and I said "Okay!" real fast. So he can't really say I proposed to him. I just didn't waste any time when he asked me.

We had a big send-off. When I saw him drive up at the school, I just kind of dashed away from something. I had to have it. I was torn between Rights of Stairs and grabbed up my luggage I had al-

ready cached by the gate. Everybody was running in two different directions looking for me, and we drove off with people in the yard calling after us.

We were the shock of the whole North Shore. My parents, of course, were horrified—we didn't tell them where we were until the end of May and I found I was pregnant. We figured it was too late then for them to have it annulled. They thought we were so young to be getting married. We were, too, despite for one thing. At seventeen Robert was more ambitious and hard working and ready for responsibility than a lot of men are at thirty, or fifty or a hundred!

At the time, he didn't have any
definite career in mind. He had been interested in journalism, but in show business, too. He didn’t wait around trying to find something he “liked.” He had me to look after now and he intended to do it. He took a job as a dock worker. It paid more than any white-collar job he could have gotten and they weren’t too curious about his age. When he told them he was twenty-one, the minimum, they took his word for it. As little experience as he had he had worked it up being the one in the gang all the other men talked to about their problems. If they had known they were talking to a seventeen-year-old kid! The first year, our money didn’t go very far. He’d cash his check after work every Friday and bring home a dozen or two dozen roses. We always planned the things we were going to do together. We still do. After a movie or going out for dinner on Saturday and Sunday, we’d count up what we had left on Monday morning. He’d say, “I need this much,” and I’d say, “I need this much,” and that was it.

He was delighted when we knew I was pregnant. This was something he’d always wanted, a family. His mother and father were divorced before he was two years old. We celebrated our first family New Year in the hospital. Joanie was born at 7:30 on New Year’s Eve itself.

Career investments

Meanwhile Robert took singing lessons and even dramatics from a pro-
tessor at Northwestern. He had a friend with a band who signed with them at different clubs.

This was career, and the money he made from it went right back into it. One of his first major investments was a tux. He was pretty proud of it. He came home and modeled it for me. Even then, he’d rather have had so many things he really liked. He’s still that way. He likes to be completely informal or very dressed up. Nothing in between. He has a tennis jacket right now which he just adores and wears everywhere. It’s either all or nothing. This is pretty much a commentary on his whole outlook.

On Christmas Day of 1954, he was laid off at the dock—just three months before our second daughter, Nancy, was born. Out of necessity, he became a milkman.

All the time, of course, he was looking for a job. He got a start in his career. He was very excited and eager to go back to meeting Nick Adams when Nick came to Chicago for a personal appearance. Actually, I think they spent only one evening together, but Nick is the sort of guy who knows whom he likes. When Robert decided to make the big jump to Hollywood, he felt at least he had a toe hold in knowing Nick.

It was a lot more than a toe hold. Nick’s always remained a best friend. He took Robert around to agents and producers and finally practically pushed him into “Hawaiian Eye.” That took a year and a half, to be exact. Much of that time, Robert wasn’t working. Not even on a milk truck. He applied for a route but there weren’t any openings.

Now that we look back, that year Robert wasn’t working was a marvelous time. How many men have the oppor-
tunity to spend a year with their chil-
dren while they’re growing up? I mean, to get up with them and have lunch with them and dinner every evening. He taught them how to swim, how to ride their bicycles and took them horse-
back riding. Even when he’d go on job interviews they’d all go just for the ride and wait for him in.

We’ve always had as much fun with the dreams as with the reality. Right now our big dream is our house. We hope to start building in a few weeks. Once we’re living in it, there will be things that break down or need repairs. But now, while it’s still a dream, it’s all enjoyment.

Robert is happy and enthusiastic all the time because he’s doing work he likes to do. I don’t think being in the spotlight has changed him at all. He still does and says exactly what he wishes; he’s always been kind of an individualist. He has enough confidence in himself that he can do any job he sets out to do.

He’s interested in all the facets of his business—writing, directing, everything. One day he will be a director, too.

I would like to buy him one of those view finders a director uses to see the scene as the camera will show it—as a surprise. Except that I am terrible at surprises. All last year he wanted a set of golf clubs with a star sapphire he’d seen. I managed to get them in September and hid them away for Christmas. I had a feeling it was a secret, exactly two days. Then he was going some place, and I couldn’t stand it. I handed them to him and said, “You might as well have these now, when you need them.”

There’s only one thing that worries
me about Robert. Being from a family of lawyers, I like to see things in writ-
ing. His idea of a contract is a hand-
shake. He says this is how he and he’s built his whole life on handshakes. I’ve had to settle for that, temporarily.

It’s a little difficult to insist on this point with Robert. He has as great a belief in his friends and associates as he has in himself. He is as enthusiastic about their successes and their dreams as he is about his own. Perhaps this is why everybody confides in him.

I may not share the industry func-
tions with him, but he’s fun to be with—and I am with him as much as pos-
able. There, I belong.

—as told to Marie Tinsley

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"AS THE WORLD TURNS"

(Continued from page 55)

real life families may become drawn together for no other reason than that they happen to live across the street from each other. Or they may have just one special interest in common—such as bowling! Or perhaps the two breadwinners work at similar jobs or for the same company.

There are also times when families form close ties for purely emotional reasons. Not being the kind that makes friends easily, they might cling to each other out of sheer loneliness. And then there are those who make friends in order to fill their special needs. A family in a lower-economic bracket might seek out a more well-to-do family which enjoys higher social status. This flatters their ego, gives them a feeling of importance—and the other family needs their ego on the respect of their admiring friends!

To have more ties families needn't dovetail together as completely as the Hugheses and Cassens, but they should have as much in common as possible. Their backgrounds and chief interests should be similar, and all members of both families should get along well together. If the wives are closer—but the husbands are not because friendship can't truly blossom. The men, in fact, may resent being forced to socialize and may demand that the girls break off their relationship.

The Hughes family is especially interesting because there are four generations living in the same roof—Grandpa Hughes, Chris and Nancy, Bob and Lisa and their little boy.

Lisa often complains that her mother-in-law interferes too much in her family. She's been attending night school and busily socializing in sorority activities, and Lindy has been criticized for not spending enough time with her child. Still, when Bob suggests that they can afford to move into an apartment of their own, now that he's finished his internship, Lisa refuses to move, knowing that here she has a husband.

Reconciled with her own husband, Jeff, Penny no longer lives at home. Neither does Don, who's a recent bridegroom. But, even without them, it's a very busy household and all members are close and see each other regularly.

The Hughes family is one of the closest around, and their daily lives are an example of the power of friendship and the strength and ability of the Cassens family. It is easy to see why people are attracted to them and will always be there for each other.

This puts Nancy in a difficult position and forces her to play two roles. She is, in fact, grandmother to Lisa's small son but she is, in deed, also his mother, since she tends to him so much. Like so many real-life women in her position, her unconscious may play tricks with her mind, in this respect. She may find it necessary to criticize Lisa, the real mother, because she unconsciously is competing with her!

In situations like this, the suspicion arises that women like Nancy are extremely possessive and, in their heart of hearts, do not really want to let any part of their family go.

The lost child

The Cassen family structure is quite different. Dr. Doug Cassen and his wife Claire, who was married previously, have had many stormy moments. Claire has wanted to leave Doug, and at one time became so emotionally and physically ill that she attempted suicide. In spite of this, Doug stood by her.

The Cassens are the first family to have a successful marriage. They have their first child's father, Judge Lowell, who is greatly respected by Doug. And there is her daughter Ellen—who, some years ago, gave birth out of wedlock and put the child out for adoption. Ellen has learned the identity of the adoptive parents and is now intent on recovering the baby. In parallel, she thought that because the adoptive mother has since died, and she herself is engaged to marry.

The breadwinner of the Cassen family has had plenty to contend with! A busy doctor, Doug was denounced by Judge Lowell for being so absorbed in his own family that he was neglecting his patients. The Cassens are helping to drive her into another man's arms and to bring on her severe mental state. Doug took the tongue-lashing, offered to make amends by giving Claire a divorce, if she insisted. But she interpreted this to mean that he is in love with another woman. Meanwhile, he has rejected psychiatric help.

The Cassens are a good example of the kind of family that clings together—not in spite of—but because of their emotional problems. They seem to thrive on hurting and being hurt. It may seem strange, but this sort of high-pitched behavior is what keeps them all together. Such families are far from unique; you see them everywhere. In this case, Judge Lowell seems to be a powerful father-figure to all the Cassens—perhaps symbolizing the strong, stable, unchangeable wishes they wished for but never really had.

Claire would certainly benefit more from psychiatric treatment than from a divorce! At this point, it's impossible to state why she attempted suicide. Was she so depressed by her immediate problem that she saw no other way out? Was she trying to "punish" her husband? Or was it something that had been building up for many years, waiting only for the right opportunity? Only intense psychiatric examination can answer these questions.

The over-busy husband who neglects his family may be forced to work so long and hard in order to support them adequately. Or he may bury himself in his work, just to get away from them!
In the latter case, if his wife should decide to walk out on him, he may not care—even for the hurt to his ego. As far as Ellen's legion of unwed mothers—one can only speculate why she wants back the child she once gave up. The usual reason is guilt. Ellen may feel, now that her child is motherless, he needs her. But that could be merely a rationalization of her "guilt" feelings. It may be she who needs the child.

In both families, there are times when trickery and subterfuge are resorted to. In the Hughes home, when Penny's estranged husband sent her a letter, her mother withheld it from her—and when Jeff tried to see Penny to effect a reconciliation, Nancy went out of her way to prevent their meeting. And young Dr. Bob almost ruined a patient's marriage by concealing the performance of a hysterectomy from her fiancé—until after the operation.

In the Cassen family, Ellen avoided telling the man she hopes to marry about her past. But she didn't hide it—despite the fact that the child had been adopted by someone in the same community. She only divulged her story after learning that the adoptive mother had died and she felt she had a better claim to regaining her child.

Even Judge Lowell and his wife, when Doug was being sued for malpractice—cooked up a fictitious story, to prevent word getting around about Claire's suicide attempt. That was the real reason why Doug hadn't been able to attend the unfortunate patient who died. And, of course, the truth eventually came out.

But they meant well

Sooner or later, the truth always comes out, no matter how cleverly we try to hide it. Most of us know this and, when we disregard it, live in miserable anxiety under the ever-present threat of being found out someday. Aside from any moral issues, duplicity must be condemned because of the tremendous burden of guilt it places on the one who practices it. And parents who play lightly with the truth will find that their children follow in their footsteps and make a deceit a part of their character, too.

Of course, we always mean well when we tell a little white lie. But sometimes we take liberties we aren't entitled to. When Penny's mother tried to prevent her daughter's reconciliation, she was making a decision which was not hers to make. Bob did likewise, when he decided for his patient. But they meant well.

Ellen wasn't honest with her fiancé for fear she'd lose him. But that's no way to start a marriage. And Judge Lowell allowed his personal feelings to interfere with justice—actually jeopardizing Doug's defense by falsifying the facts.

The Hugheses and the Cassens are protective of their own and of each other. Whatever one family might lack, the other seems ready to supply—whether it be emotional stability or professional advice. They truly support each other and it shouldn't be at all surprising if they get on well together.

Families often become too inseparable and begin to get on each other's nerves. You've seen this happen when two groups go on a lengthy vacation together. In constant company with one another, they start interpreting every friendly gesture as an intrusion on their privacy. But the Hugheses and Cassens manage to retain their privacy without loss of their friendship. They're held together by common interests, mutual concern—and just enough differences in temperament to make them need each other!

Next month, we'll apply our psychological yardstick to another of your favorite daytime dramas and deal with another important aspect of human relations, hoping to make their problems meaningful in your own life.—The End

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**FRED MacMURRAY**

(Continued from page 47)

In short order, she was playing and singing on the air at Station WHFB. This is a girl who never had a teen-age life and that's probably one reason why she values a woman's life so much... . Two years ago, I got her to work one deal. I was on a "Lucy" show and the gag was that I'd lose my allowance and had to call home a couple of times to explain my plight. Desi suggested it would be great to get June to come in and appear in the final scene, and she finally did come in—one day. But it meant getting up terribly early, leaving the house before the children were awake, getting home after they'd gone to bed.

"I just wouldn't ever do it again," she said. "Never!" And I think she means never. She's found the way of life that's for her, she enjoys the children, she is happy, so am I. Actually, this way, when I come home from the studio with my problems, she understands them, but we're lucky enough not to have two sets of those problems. And, incidentally, she's very much the same June I fell in love with, a girl bubbling with vitality, very real, very curious and eager about life. She never was focused on herself, as many actors are. She was always concerned about other people, the world, everything. The only change: Her hair is brown and it's very attractive—I like it even better than the blonde and I guess she senses that. Sometimes she says she feels like being a blonde again, but she hasn't changed it.

A lot of our way of life is thanks to her. It isn't easy to walk into a family with a ten-year-old son and a fourteen-year-old daughter—and that, of course, is what she did. That first year was pretty rough. Kids the age of Rob and Sue aren't about to listen. Not to anyone. They're absolutely positive no one
understands them, especially parents. A radical change like this is hard for children, suddenly having a new mother and a new home.

But June was a mother ... from the beginning. Sue and Rob eventually couldn't resist that. They found they could rely on her in a pinch. I don't think I have to explain about Sue and kids and what you go through. But an amazing thing happens: Suddenly they come out of it. Our Sue never picked up her room in her life, you never saw such a mess. She couldn't cook, she wasn't interested in cooking, she was the least domestic teenager in America. Now she runs a spicy and span household of her own, cooks up a storm, is an excellent wife and is great with her two kids, Freddie, two, and Stevie, five months. And Rob is a freshman at the University of San Francisco and is interested in psychiatry.

I'd always looked forward to the time when they would be over the hurdles and then I'd have a chance to travel with June and do all the things I'd never done. I was sure June understood all that. Then one night after we'd been married about three years, I found myself at a hospital being guarded by doctors. The party was at a doctor's house. Dr. Prucher, the O.B. man I play golf with, was there ... now that I think of it, almost every man in the room was an O.B. man. Of course, June has always done a lot of work at St. John's Hospital, working with the sisters, helping with the paraplegics, so we know some doctors. This night Dr. Prucher cornered me.

"We have a wonderful baby coming up soon for adoption," he said.

I shrugged that off. "June understands how I feel about this. Thanks, anyway."

"I understand," he said.

Fadecout. A few weeks later, I was playing golf and, when I came in to the clubhouse, there was a message to phone Dr. Prucher.

"Sit down," he said.

"What's happened?"

"The baby's here."

"Boy or girl?"

"Girl ... two of them, as a matter of fact."

June, of course, was in a state of rapture. Six weeks later, we got them out of the incubator and brought home, and they are dolls, real dolls. How could I possibly imagine life without them?

As for the traveling ... Then when they were two years old, we took our long-awaited trip to Europe—and stayed ten days. I couldn't wait to get home. The next trip to Europe was this year, for "Bon Voyage," and the four of us had a ball. In Paris, we hired a nurse because I was working and we didn't want to disrupt their schedule with late dinners, etc. But the nurse deal didn't work out. So, from there on, we were on our own, as we've always been.

Really a saxophone player

When I'm working, I work hard, but when I go home, I'm not an actor. I've never considered myself an actor, never thought of myself that way. Maybe because I started as a saxophone player, maybe because I never had any acting ambitions and it was just something that happened. I happened to be in the right place at the right time and, without doing a thing about it, was hauled out to Hollywood and, in six months, I was a star. I didn't even know that a star was supposed to do anything more than $250 a week until I began looking around at the way the stars lived.

Carole Lombard was the one who put me wise. We were making a picture and she suggested I go to Palm Springs for a few days.

"But we have to work tomorrow," I said.

"Listen, Buster," Carole said, "go to Palm Springs."

I went. I got a raise. It's lucky I wasn't canned.

But, as I say, I just never felt like an actor. An actor, to me, is someone like Brando or Guinness who can step into different roles and be different. I'm a guy doing a job. At home I'm something else again, a sort of a Mr. Fix-It, always have been, always had a workshop in the house and carpenter's tools, and I always have, basically, light sockets or plumbing. As a matter of fact, when Sue and Rob were small, they thought I was a carpenter—that's what they always saw me doing. It was kind of a shock when they found out I was an actor. Times have changed and I'm much more realistic. The twins see "My Three Sons," watch TV and are pretty hip.

Sometimes my tinkering turns out fine, but I've been known to have duds. There was the day I took the toaster apart and finally had to plug it all in a box and take it to the job. And there was the day the tub was leaking in June's bath and I couldn't at first figure out how to get in the needed washer—faucets and spout come out of a marble slab. I waited until the plumber was there, fixing our water heater, and asked him to fix it. He said the marble would have to come off but he wasn't about to do it—he was afraid of cracking the slab.

I got the marble off with a hacksaw blade, unscrewed spout and handle, put it in the washer and got it all back together. I was feeling pretty pleased with myself, too.

We were having lunch when our girl rushed in, her face absolutely white. "Come look at the living room," she said. We dashed to the living room and there was hot water pouring through the ceiling and all over the paneled walls.

"What did you do?"

"What did you do?"

"Yelled at the plumber."

Well, what we'd done was this: The water had been turned off while I was tinkering, he'd turned it on. The next day he was doing on the water heater, I'd left a faucet open, not knowing. Then he'd turned the water back on. This is what can happen.

Of course what looked like a catastrophe that day is child's play now. Ours was one of the houses in the recent fire, and we were only too happy
Recipe for happiness

When I finished work on “My Three Sons” for the season, I had some time off. I went steelhead-fishing for a few days in Oregon. When I got home, June’s aunt and uncle stayed with the twins and June flew up and met me at Monterey, where I played in the Crosby Golf Tournament. It was pretty wild! It snowed. My golf isn’t too great in good weather, but it was fun. I played with Jimmy E. Thompson, and his wife and June waited around with us. At night, there’d always be get-togethers. One night, it was at the Hatlos. I had my sax in the car and Phil Harris and a couple of others joined in and we had a jam session. June knows all the songs. She sang and it was quite an evening, all told.

We like this sort of thing. When we go up to Black Lake, fishing in Colorado, I always take my sax along, too. Last year, Freddy Karger and Jane Wyman were with us and every night Freddy and I would go to work. Everybody sang, it was great. We like the outdoors, we love going up to the ranch. When we were up there, June, Thank you for giving, it rained most of the time. But we loved it! We built fires, walked, took jeep rides, had a look at our herd of Black Angus cattle, had friends in to dinner. That’s how we live.

And if the children wake in the night... |  

...it must have been something on television that was too exciting—we try to control that, but once in a while—and the poor little kid was crying in her sleep, while Katie slept straight through. June and I were both up in their room, patting, soothing, and listening, the two of them, growing in their sleep. It’s a wonderful feeling... beautiful... something you have to make for yourselves, something no book can tell you the recipe for.

—The End

Fred MacMurray stars in “My Three Sons,” ABC-TV, Thurs., 9 P.M. est.

LESLEI UGGBAMS

(Continued from page 45)

Cotton Club, resolved ten years ago that her youngest daughter was to be a dancer, and taught little Leslie many of the tap routines she had known at the club. With these routines “down pat,” Mrs. Uggams watched for notices of auditions for kiddie talent shows, and took Leslie to as many of them as she could manage. Leslie landed featured spots on the shows here and there, and very often won prizes.

“Those were pretty tough days,” says Leslie’s father now, “but we pulled through all right. I had sung with the Hall-Johnson Choir, but my voice gave out as I grew older, and I got a job as elevator operator in a Park Avenue apartment house. That job I still have, by the way. It was always a thrill to me when Leslie appeared in some show or another, at school, at our local movie on Saturday, or wherever.

In fact, Leslie’s whole family was, at one time or another, involved with show business. Her aunt Eloise has appeared in several of the Broadway revivals Leslie occasionally accompanies in her church choir. Leslie had sung ever since she was a little girl in the junior chorus at St. James Presbyterian Church. But under her mother’s urging, dancing had long been her greatest interest.

Once, Mrs. Uggams took little Leslie to an audition for the “Milton Berle Show.” To her delight and amazement, Leslie was signed for the show. After Leslie had made several appearances, Milton’s mother, Sandra Berle, went backstage to meet the little girl. She was speechless at the sound of Leslie’s lovely voice as she sang softly to herself in her dressing room. Turning to Leslie’s mother, Mrs. Berle whispered urgently, “That child of yours is going to be a star some day. I’m sure of it! But her greatest gift is singing!”

Leslie went on dancing, though, on Milton Berle’s show, and each week Mrs. Berle would come backstage and say to Leslie’s mother, “What are we doing for that child? She should be singing!”

After Milton Berle’s show, Leslie’s next big break was with Peter Lind Hayes, who booked her on his show and then was so pleased that he kept bringing her back, again and again. More than that, she praised her to people in power in television, and her name and face became familiar around the studios.

Leslie was booked on the “Arthur Godfrey Show” and the great man himself shook his head in wonderment: “Such a big voice from such a very little girl, I wish it was going to be a big star soon. I am sure of it.”

It was two years later, when she was fourteen, that the first “small miracle” occurred. She was only watching TV, but that was the beginning of a chain of events that would lead to the greatest miracle of all. The show was “Name That Tune.” Contestants identified songs and viewers were urged to send...
Uggams opened at Atlantic City would be an open date for her. And she went on every ride, and played every game!

Now Leslie is a star on "Sing Along With Mitch." Opening regularly on the show, and well on her way to a quarter of a million dollars this year. Hers is a "West Side story" come true with a happy ending, and a luminous chapter in the otherwise dismal history of television's rejection of fine Negro talent.

For all her acclaim and stardom, however, at home Leslie is still an obedient and respectful daughter. When the family moved last September into a new, elegant midtown apartment, she decorated her bedroom herself. She still puts away her own clothing and tidies up her own room. She runs errands for her mother, cooks her own breakfast and lunch, and does household chores.

Recently, when her mother called to her, "Leslie, carry out the garbage, please," Leslie protested. "Mother, I'm being interviewed by a gentleman from Life magazine. Can't you wait?"

"That's all right," her mother responded. "He can wait a minute. I'm sure, while you take out the garbage!"

Leslie enjoys cooking and, when she's in the kitchen, everybody has to leave, just as Grandma Uggams used to chase her out with a broom, when she was very little. "I like to, and my own favorite is spaghetti with Italian tomato sauce. Mom, who's from Florida, and Dad, from South Carolina, like Dixie pork chops, baked with raisins and pineapple sauce. But I prefer my own spaghetti. I make the sauce myself, starting with the tomatoes and going through all the ingredients—chopped sirloin, oregano, chili, everything—and gosh, is it good!"

Mr. and Mrs. Uggams are loving but strict parents. "When Leslie goes out," explains her mother, "she must call if there's any change in her plans. Her father, especially if she doesn't come home at the time she promised to. Now that she drives, she must phone us when she reaches her destination."

Leslie believes her parents are reasonable. "Too much strictness is bad, I think. When parents forbid too much, kids want to do the forbidden things, and too much leniency can be bad, too."

As an artist, Leslie has been compared with such greats as Judy Garland, Lena Horne, Mahalia Jackson, Doris Day and even the legendary Marian Anderson. But Leslie says, "It's a bit frightening to be compared with such stars. Certainly quite premature, I think!"

"Her friends find her an impossibly delightful, without any trace of self-consciousness. Her best friends include producer Herman Shumlin's daughter Lola, producer Mike Romanoff, Paul, musician Ronald Scott, actors Braudon de Wilde and Rex Thompson.

Cinderella as a Negro

She moves easily among both white and Negro friends, says she has never felt the humiliation of segregation. "I've been fortunate in practically everything. I attended integrated schools and lived in an integrated neighborhood. I know, though, what segregation means, and that it exists in both North and South."

Leslie sings with the Columbia Riders through the South, calls them "1961's most significant event, here at home." She admires the courage of the Negro and white Freedom Riders immensely.

She was excited when Negro college students led sit-in movements for Negro rights. "They showed the country there is a new Negro... not afraid of fighting in the open for his rights!"

People from all walks of life, Negro and white, admire her remarkable talent, her dignity, her lustrous innocence and her spine-tingling singing style. The magazine, Ebony, calls her "Television's Top Negro Performer."

A song of faith

She has a cupid face, with sparkling, mischievous eyes and a strong spirituality that can be traced to her Negro grandparents, her church-singing aunt, her devout parents and relatives. It is significant that she was singing "The Lord's Prayer" when Mitch Miller heard her for the first time on "Name That Tune" and it was almost inevitable that her first Columbia album was a collection of songs of faith, "The Eyes of God." There is an inner strength in her serenity, and she is calm, confident and mature beyond her nineteen years.

"I try to read good books, pay attention to what others are doing, and saying. The more you do this, the more you do yourself by way of self-improvement, the more opportunities you'll be given," she says.

"What my mother prayed for when we were little girls has come true for my sister Frances and for me. The 'miracle' has happened. Frances is happily married, and I have been able, through some talent, I guess, and through luck and help from some of the grandest people in the world, to accomplish something." Leslie Uggams has been compared with Cinderella of the childhood legend. And who does she consider her "fairy Godmother"? Milton Berle, Milton's mother, Arthur Godfrey, Peter Lind Hayes, Mitch Miller? There are others, people who gave her a boost here, a helping hand there: Joanne, Garry Moore, John Olsen, Jack Pair and Genevie. Each encouraged her, gave her work, inspired her.

"Cinderella I'm called," laughed Leslie. "Yes, in a way, maybe. But not much. And the biggest difference is this: where Cinderella had to run away from an evil stepmother, and a good fairy Godmother, I've had a good mother and—and, well, a good fairy, too, and they are both the same person! My mother is my fairy Godmother. Without her love and care, training and encouragement, all the other people in Leslie Uggams' life would never even have heard of little Leslie, you know!"

—PAUL DENIS

Leslie "Sings Along With Mitch" on NBC-TV, Thursdays, at 10 p.m. EDT. She sings, too, on Columbia Records.
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DIE'S OWN STORY: “What Debbie & Liz Taught Me!”

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Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."

Is Your English Holding You Back?

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of 'crippled English,' says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists right in their own homes.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a command of good English.

Question What do you mean by a 'command of English'?

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question Is this something new?

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question Does it really work?

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question Who are some of these people?

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?

Answer I will gladly mail a free booklet to anyone who is interested.

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If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, How to Gain a Command of Good English, just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.

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"You show up in Studio One..."

"He warms your cold hand..."

"...offers coffee or tea."

"He has tea..."

"The maestro begins doing the twist..."

"...the bandsmen twitch in rhythm."

"...Richard Hayes warms his vocal chords..."

"Engineer ready?"

"Okay, let's do a show."
Assignment: America

Zest Makes Godfrey Tick

By PHYLLIS BATTLE

A PPEARING as a guest on the Arthur Godfrey Show (CBS Radio) is an adventure in lusty juncey.

Arthur is lusty. And you are loony. I don't know what makes Godfrey tick (actually he doesn't just tick—he resounds), but whatever it is, it's catching.

You show up in Studio One, a little nervous, and immediately you are spotted and greeted—not by a technician or an assistant director—but by the titian-topped king himself.

He booms out a greeting, lopes grinning across the room, warms your cold hand with two warm ones of his, and the whole quick performance is headed by two fast jolts of bourbon.

You wonder how doctors ever had the call to tell this man he had two chances in 100 to live.

Arthur pulls you back through the big, air-chilled room toward a circle of folding chairs, flanked by an orchestra tuning up, and offers coffee or tea. He has tea, which he pours from a dainty porcelain pot about half the size of his smile. He's almost apologetic about it. Never particularly liked tea, he explains, but he had a tea sponsor for a hundred years (doesn't have them any more) and the darn fools got him "hooked."

Madness begins to permeate Studio One as show time approaches. The mastro of the band begins doing the twist, and the bandsmen tap the rhythm.

A pair of handsome Texans named Sandy and Tommy start softly crooning a West Indies melody, while balladair Richard Hayes warms his vocal chords with a rhythm number.

"The Buffalo Bills," a marvelous male ensemble, drifts into a number while Godfrey, himself, takes a slug of throat-clearin' medicine.

Then, at the height of the uproar, when the studio sounds like Times Square on V-E Day, the great Godfrey draws booms through the frantic bubble...

"Engineer ready? Okay, let's do a show!"

And, just like that, there is complete silence. Just like that, with the cast and the guest in a state of dizzy mayhem, the Arthur Godfrey Show (now in its 26th straight year at CBS) is on the air.

GODFREY explained it cheerfully.

"In your line of work, you like quiet to do your best job."

"When you've got a daily show, you've got to work yourself up to a g-ra-a-a-t big pitch. You've gotta be half crazy, all keyed-up. And then, whammo, in a high mood good humor you put on a show that leaves the audience and you in an uproar."

Afterwards the audience goes on chuckling, to their other chores. What the members of the Godfrey cast do, I can't imagine (I went home and took a nap). But for that one period of 50 minutes, hosted by the most remarkably relaxed, yet buoyant, emcee in the history of entertainment, everyone has a lovely time.
Name the Sisters

Could you please tell me what the Paris Sisters' names are and where they were born?

G.W., Sunnyvale, Calif.

The Paris Sisters' names are Albeth, Sherrell and Priscilla and they were born in San Francisco, California.—Ed.

More on Sisters

Can you please tell me where I can write to the Lennon Sisters?

H.H., Convent, N.J.

You may write to them in care of Lawrence Welk, ABC-TV, Prospect Avenue, Hollywood 27, Calif.—Ed.

Just Like Mitch

Dear Editor:

I thought you would like to know of Mitch Miller's latest young admirer. Our grandson Eric, 3, was visiting us and enjoyed a dish of chocolate ice cream. When I told him to wash off his chin, he replied, "I don't want to, Grandma, I want to look like Mitch Miller."

Mrs. Dallas Hart, Champaign, Ill.

Oh, Those Blouses

On your August cover, the Lennon Sisters were wearing the cutest blouses! Could you tell me where I could get one like theirs for myself?

L.K., Portland, Me.

The blouses are by Ship'n Shore and you can probably find them at your favorite store. If not, for the name of the store nearest you, just write to Ship'n Shore, 1350 Broadway, New York 1, New York.—Ed.

Blonde and Beautiful

What can you tell me about the actress Carol Byron?

I.E.E., Rome, N.Y.

In five short years, blonde and beautiful Carol Byron has compiled an impressive record. Beginning as a fashion model, she soon was in demand for TV commercials. That just naturally led to dramatic roles in TV and finally running parts in two series—"Oh, Those Bells!" and "Window on Main Street," both on CBS-TV... With her champagne miniature poodle "Mr. Brandy," the young actress lives in a Hollywood Hills apartment where she creates unusual mosaics and sculptures... A sports enthusiast, she is an excellent swimmer, tennis player and recently began to play golf. At least once a month, she tries to visit a hunting and fishing lodge on the Colorado River of which she is part owner.

 Relatives and Such

Could you let me know whether John Lapton and Marshall Thompson are related?

M.B., Paramus, N.J.

They are not related.—Ed.

Is Pernell Roberts of "Bonanza" married?

A.L.R., Becket, Mass.

No, he is not married.—Ed.

I would like to know if Gale Gordon, who plays the part of Mr. Wilson's brother on the "Dennis the Menace" series, is the real brother to the late Joseph Kearns who played Mr. Wilson?


They are not related.—Ed.

Could you tell me where and when Myrna Fahey was born?

J.B., Bath, Ind.

Myrna was born March 12, 1938, in South West Harbor, Maine.—Ed.

Could you tell me if Gladys, on the "Pete and Gladys" show, and Lucille Ball are related?

E.S., Graniteville, S.C.

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.


Phyllis Diller Fan Club, Rickey Wallace, Box 261 Mohawk Drive, Tribes Hill, N.Y.

Eddie Fisher Fan Club, Susan Gumbrenick, 725 Stanley Ave., Brooklyn 7, N.Y.

Rhonda Fleming Fan Club, Mary Johnson, 605 Euclid Avenue, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

Judy Garland Fan Club, Pat Math, 206 South 4th Street, Richmond, Ind.

Lorne Greene Fan Club, Ann Strother, P.O. Box 19122, New Orleans 19, La.

Boris Karloff Fan Club, Billy Ward, 719 Mountain View Avenue, Monrovia, Calif.

Nancy Kwan Fan Club, Helen D'Avolio, P.O. Box 107, East Boston 28, Mass.

Write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, 201 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y. We regret we cannot answer or return unpublished letters.
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$2,500 in Cash Awards
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Second Prize $500
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Fifth Prize
(25 winners)
Westinghouse Hair Dryer

A complete beauty salon in a travel case. Queen-size hood—nail dryer.

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(14 winners)

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(10 winners)

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read the story...enjoy the story...then

WRITEaTITLE

Look for complete details and entry rules in October True Story

A wonderful way to win extra pocket money — and you don’t have to be a writer to win...enter the monthly Write a Title contest...in October True Story Magazine now on sale.
Eugene Field:

Stop! Look!
Start reading—now!
TV Radio Mirror
brings you
all the news—first!

by EUNICE FIELD

Eugene Field:

Hollywood is a wonderland even Alice would blink at. Like Shirl MacLaine and Steve Parker, who see each other maybe twice a year, and Hope Lange and Glenn Ford, who did a film in Europe and cruised home on the same boat—with Glenn waiting to paws how he wished Ellie Powell would take him back . . . and Jayne Mansfield’s didos in Rome with Enrique Bomba while Mickey Hargitay eats his heart out on the sidelines . . . the eye-raising togetherness of Brando and ex-wife Anna Kashfi when he won’t speak to present wife Movita . . . Eddie Fisher, acting for-lorn and betrayed before fans but chasing chicks on the q.t. . . .

$\$\$\$: Billion buck’s worth of "talent" tossed to winds by M.C.A. in wake of the Government’s trust-bust slam . . . Dimitri Tiomkin suing MGM for $2,600,000 over his getting the pink slip on the "How the West Was Won" assignment. The composer of "High Noon" was hospitalized when replaced. . . . Fox financiers fainted. "Cleopatra’s" 11-month bill for mineral water: $85,000!

Prince Is King: With such hits as "Pajama Game," "Damn Yankees," "West Side Story," Harold Prince has indeed staked a claim as Broadway’s top producer. His latest—"Take Her, She’s Mine," with Art Carney, and "A Funny Thing Happened," with Zero Mostel—are both going strong. "Foxy," with Bert Lahr, is causing more Yukon cheers than the 1898 Gold Rush they’re celebrating. Due to muscle down N’York way in ’63 . . . The unusual: Warners has signed Broadway stars Barbara Bel Geddes and Barry Nelson to repeat "Mary, Mary" in film . . . The German autobahn makes our freeways a joy, says Steve McQueen. Starting for a studio 6 miles off, Steve ended up 150 miles away!

Terry Moore is a strict Mormon, gives her church a "tithe" on all her earnings. It’ll mean a neat sum, as she now gets a four-figure paycheck for her new NBC-TV series, "Empire." . . . Vic Dana, 19-year-old singer who scored with "Little Altar Boy," set for guest shot on Perry Como’s show. Funny—Vic, like Perry, studied to be a barber. . . . Bing Crosby Productions has added a foreign fan-mail section, now that its "Ben Casey" is No. 1 in Japan, Australia and Scotland and very high in 17 more countries ‘round the globe.

Big Money: "Bird Man of Alcatraz" and "The Counterfeit Traitor" were said to be "taa naive" for big-city film fare—so they racked up almost half a million, the first five days in New York. . . . And for a measly $10, you can get the biggest theatrical buy ever, in "The Concise Encyclopaedia of Modern Drama," scheduled by Horizon Press for Nov. Crystal ball included???

A Stritch in Time: With London plays and players grabbing most of Broadway’s cheers, Elaine Stritch got over to Blighty just in time to save our American laurels. Her performance in Noel Coward’s "Sail Away" blitzed English critics and theatergoers. . . . At eighteen, former Disney "Mousketeer" Cheryl Holdridge has grown to be a blonde of gorgeous curves. Fittingly enough, she lives on Contour Drive in Sherman Oaks. . . . Wally Cox has found he must shock his eyeglasses in order to avoid being typecast forever as Mr. Peepers. . . . Anna Maria Alberghetti and Claudio Guzman, who have tottered on the brink for oh! so long, may plunge headfirst when he directs "Climb to the Sky" next year.
Freeloaders, Take heed: Troy Donahue's new home will have an electrified gate with phone, so that only true-blue pals will be given entry. . . Are Rhonda Fleming and Sinatra getting around to each other? Or did she put off the European jaunt "just for business"? . . . "The best TV Western series!" raves Hugh O'Brien. The former Wyatt Earp is talking about "The Virginian," on which he guest-stars in the first episode . . . Earl Holliman soapboxes: "Why do we give a whole week to pickles, and only a day for Mother?" . . . There'll be no steady romance for "Dr. Kildare" in 63. But goggle-eyed Carol Burnett (at right) hopes that doesn't apply to Richard Chamberlain—in person.

Look Who's Storking: It's a girl for the Eddie Gilberts in Houston, Texas. Bing and Kathy Crosby sent the newborn babe of brother Bob's Cathy a book "to record the big events in her life." Growled the proud Bobcat: "Reserve a page for when Lisa Malia trims her great-uncle Bing at golf!" . . . Telestar trend: Ken Murray's title switch from "Hollywood, My Home" to "Hollywood Around the World" . . . Dennis Weaver reports the latest is "his and her" wigs, both dyed to match . . . Xavier Cugat and Abe Lane swear they'll stay married "even if it hurts our careers." . . . Upcoming film, "The Courtship of Eddie's Father," has nothing—but nothing—to do with Fisher!

Flipping the Third Coin: After two TV flops, 20th Century-Fox has penciled in a third series based on a film—"Three Coins in the Fountain," to star Cynthia Pepper. Viewers know her as Margie; friends call her Mrs. Buck Edwards. . . . Laraine Day, with two adopted, is expecting her first do-it-yourselfer in November. . . . Famed rodeo champ Harley May gets both acting part and technical job in "Stoney Burke." . . . In Britain, sex Paul Anka, you don't refer to a gal's measurements. Milady's vital statistics are reserved for ordering a coffin. . . . Deejay Ira Cook recalls when singers had names like Ray, Starr, Jolson—now it's Dee Dee Sharp, Mr. Acker Bilk, The Flips and Bent Fabric!

Romance ahead for "Dr. Kildare"?

Peace, it's—Ouch! To show there'll be no collision of stars when Bette Davis and Joan Crawford upstage each other in "Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?" Jack Warner gave a "peace meal" for the two. True to their word, Bette and Joan didn't trade puns or punches. Instead, they let their best shots fly at some of the new upstarts. . . . A Nobel Prize for Disney? Could be, according to Stanley Holloway, star of "Our Man Higgins," new CBS-TV series. Aboard the luxury liner Oriana, Holloway said most of the British Commonwealth would "go for a Nobel Prize for the man who's done as much as anyone to bring the world peace through laughter." He'd be "Sir Walt" if he were British!

Mr. Buck Edwards rides TV again!

Peach of a Lime: Odd to read of the engagement and coming marriage of Yvonne Lime on the society pages of Los Angeles newspapers. Talented and lovely Yvonne—once rumored to be Elvis's number-one pick for Mrs. Presley—would glorify any theatrical page. . . . And talking of Yvonne: What ever happened professionally to Ronnie Burns, who played her huggin' hubby on TV's "Happy" of yesteryear? . . . Slight boner on the book jacket of Joan Crawford's "A Portrait of Joan." It says that the star, as Lucille LeSueur, reached Hollywood in 1929 at age seventeen. Correction: She got here in 1925 at age seventeen, which makes her a full-blown and youthful fifty-four.

Future threat to great-uncle Bing?

In Memoriam: Of the late Jerry Wald they used to ask, "What Makes Sammy Run?" To those who knew him, the answer was obvious: An urge to raise the sights of motion pictures to meet the requirements of an adult mind. Jerry might have irritated the "vast wasteland," had he gone into TV. . . . Newlyweds John Ireland and Daphne Cameron happy as newlyweds. . . . Warners bulletin board: Men's shirts button down front and women's dresses down back because gals have the kind of shapes that can be reached around. "Oh, yeah?" croaked Tony Eisley. "So how come wives are always asking husbands to zip them up in back?" Guess it's a fair question! (Please turn the page)
What Mothers Can Tell Their Daughters About Internal Sanitary Protection

In the welter of publicity about juvenile delinquency and "wildness," one significant fact is often overlooked; more than 90% of today's teen-agers are responsible, reliable young people.

One reason sociologists give is a close relationship in the home. Actually, the relationship between mother and daughter is usually closer, franker, than ever before in history. She asks; you answer—and when she asks about Tampax internal sanitary protection (as she is almost bound to do) you treat the whole subject in the same relaxed, informative way you treat all personal problems.

How did Tampax come to be? More than twenty-five years ago, Tampax was invented by a doctor for the benefit of all women, married or single, active or not. He based it on the well-known medical principle of internal absorption.

Why do so many millions of girls start with Tampax, and stay with Tampax? Tampax Incorporated has built up an extremely reassuring relationship with women during the past three decades. Many mothers have been using Tampax for years. They understand it; they recommend it; they often encourage their daughters to learn to use it.

What does the user gain from Tampax? Countless letters from Tampax users tell time and again of the comfort, security, the poise and confidence that Tampax brings. Users often say they are apt to forget there's a difference in days of the month.

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SUPER ANAPAC TABLETS...

98c

HENI SUPER ANAPAC A.C., with anti-cough ingredient. 24 tablets...

$1.39

Extractum size bottle, 50 tablets...

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SPECIAL FORMULAS FOR CHILDREN...

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SUPER ANAPAC JR. COUGH SYRUP...

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1. RECALL MILK OF MAGNESIA. Plain or mint-flavored. 1 oz. bottle, 10 ... .

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4. POLYMYLUSION. Children's liquid vitamin, with A, B, C, D, E... .

5. RECALL ASPIRIN. For fast relief of pain caused by headache, colds, tablets... .

6. SUPPOSITORY. Recall gyno-penic suppositories, adults' or infants', jar of 10... .

7. BOXED STATIONERY. Gift quality, 7 smart designs, including airmail marks... .

8. REXL FILM, High-speed Panchromatic all-purpose film. 650, 120, 127 sizes... .


10. RECALL PERIDEX. Top quality, guaranteed fresh. Bleach, 6%, 30 Vol., 6-oz, 25c.

11. REXLTHAL-SAVE. Aqueous Antibiotic Ointment, for minor burns, abrasions, 14-c.c., .89.

12. KLENOZ ANTI SICEP H MOUTHWASH. Multi-purpose antiseptic. Ruby-red color... .

4. RECALL ROX-DO DOLORANT... .

5. QUIK-SWABS. Cotton-tipped applicators for first aid, nursery, 100, 35c, 200, .

DUSTING POWDER. Fine Adrienne or Lavender Bath Powders, with luscious... .

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PANOVITE VITAMINS. More than usual daily adult needs of all key vitamins. 100, 99c.

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KLENOZ TOOTH BRUSHES. Durable nylon bristles, in medically-approved styles... .

RECALL FUNGI-HEX. Effective treatment for athlete's foot. 1% oz. Salve or Ointment, 99c; 2-oz. Liquid, 99c; 3-oz. Aerosol. 1.65.

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TARGET INSECTICIDE. Powerful aerosol quickly kills flies and many other insects, 87c.

13. RECALL PANTHER. Purest, 100% cotton, 12-ply, 6-oz. 79c.

14. RECALL STAPLER. Provides fast and easy stapling. 65c.

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Aspirin tablets—no finer, faster-acting aspirin made...

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Calm the urge to cough!

REXALL COUGH CENTER TABLETS...

4-heat tablets...

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With D-Methorphan, the ingredient that turns off coughing. One tablet relieves for hours.

Helps ease colds fast!

REXALY RAPID VAPORIZER...

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Automatic shut-off. Has one saloon capacity, steams up to 10 full hours.

Up to 10 hours' relief!

TIMED-ACTION ANTIHISTAMINE CAPSULES...

4-heat tablets...

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Releases medication hour after hour, brings up to 10 hours' relief from stuffy nose of colds, hay fever.

Relieves muscular aches!

INFRA-RED HEAT LAMP...

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Soothing heat helps ease muscle spasm, aches, "La-Giarre" for comfort when used around face.

Relieves congestion!

SPECIAL FORMULAS FOR CHILDREN...

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FOR COUGHS AND Colds

REXALL NASOTHRICIN. Nasal spray helps clear stuffy-nosefast! Squeeze bottle 95c.

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TRIPLE ACTION COUGH SYRUP. Calms coughing, soothes irritation. 4-oz.... .

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ANTIHISTAMINE TABLETS. Relieves stuffy nose, watery eyes of colds, hay fever. 15, 59c.

APRIL Cough DROPS. Yes...

OXY-BIOTIC NASAL SPRAY. Antibiotic spray with antihistamine. Helps clear stuffy nose, open nasal passages... .

If you buy the vitamins in your house, ask you important question:

Are there ingredients missing from your family's vitamins?

(Ingredients that may be important)

Stop—take a pencil—and find out whether your present brand of vitamins has the formula potency of Rexall Super Plenamins.

Check off the ingredients in the brand you now buy... then add them up. How many do you find? 10? 12? But not 21! You do get 21 food supplement ingredients in every Super Plenamins tablet: 11 vitamins, including Vitamins A, B, and C; 10 minerals—iron, calcium, plus 8 more. In short—your Super Plenamins a day gives you more than the minimum daily requirements of all vitamins with established minimums!

If you're paying for missing ingredients, don't you think it's time you stopped—and got Super Plenamins? They're America's largest selling vitamin-mineral product!
The Squelch: On a Steve Allen guesting, Georgie Jessel said, "It's nice to hear myself talking again. I just did a 'Tonight' with Jerry Lewis. You know, when Jerry married Patti, she didn't even get a chance to say 'I do.'" 

... Striking example: Kathy Crowley's mutt, "Benjy," used to bring her the morning papers. But, now that L.A. has only two sheets, instead of four—both with extra-heavy ad pages—Benjy has been doggin' his job. Better check those "help wanteds," you cur! ... New Yorkers who visit L.A. want to tell about the "new" Third Avenue. Los Angelenos who trek to N.Y. talk about the sights of San Francisco. ... Berlin film festival award for "best actress of 1962" to lovely Rita Gam.

Scare Headline: Dean and Jerry Together Again! Only it's not Martin and Lewis, but a pair of Hollywood masseurs named Jerry and Dean. ... It was reunion at MGM when Franchot Tone co-starred with Chester Morris in a segment of "The Eleventh Hour," new series dealing with psychiatry. For fifteen years, Franchot had not set foot on Stage 22 of the Leo lot, and it was ten since he and Chester had met. ... To prepare for their roles in this series, Wendell Corey and Jack Ging attended psyche classes at U.C.L.A. ... Dotty Lamour, after a swell job in "Road to Hong Kong," slated for top billing in John Ford's "Donovan's Reef." ... Latest gourmet tidbit: Kosher-pickle gum—from the Orient.

Tu-Tu's Too Too: Tuesday Weld says she won't be twenty-one until August 27th, 1964. So why did she announce her twenty-first birthday while out twisting with George Hamilton? Since Tu-Tu changes her stories as often as her wigs, her age is anybody's guess but Polyclinic Hospital's, back in New York. She was born there. ... In Hollywood to do the movie, "Papa's Delicate Condition," Jackie Gleason welcomed kiddies and puppies to the set (see above)—but put the slug on "method acting." Said the Great One, "I once went up to one of those 'method' studios and saw a girl making like a trolley car. Real good, too. That was ten years ago, and she's still the best trolley in show business. ..."

How to Be a (Live) Hero: When cowboy star Bob Fuller (seen here in a more relaxed moment at the recent "Laramie" party, with Gloria Lyons) captured a burglar in his North Hollywood home, friends asked, "Did you beat him to the draw?" Grinned Bob, "I had too much TV experience for that. I sneaked up on him, gun in hand." ... The American Medical Association bypassed both "Ben Casey" and "Dr. Kildare" to vote "Hennesey" the best of doctors on TV—so CBS, who dropped the Jackie Cooper series, is pulling out its electronic hair. ... Is Clifford Odets consoling Edie Adams? ... In spite of co-starring in ABC's "Combat," Sheeky Greene will do 20 weeks at Vegas' Tropicana.
Playing the Field: "Rawhide's" Eric Fleming (don't miss the story about him in this issue!) may be handsomer, but Paul Brinegar, as the bearded Wishbone, also gets a big play from the ladies—over 60, that is. Paul himself is a mere 45 in real life. . . . Mary Tyler Moore (of "The Dick Van Dyke Show") gets her little Ritchie—a Western fan—to drink milk by serving it in shot glasses. . . . Pippa Scott and scripter Dick DeRafy have their own love lyrics. . . . Has Lu Ann Simms gone sexy in her comeback style? . . . Bobby Darin needs a hit, his concert tour a financial bomb. . . . Janet Leigh to exhibit her song-and-dance charm on Andy Williams' show. . . . That's the Field, for now!

Married women are sharing this secret

. . . the new, easier, surer protection for those most intimate marriage problems

What a blessing to be able to trust in the wonderful germicidal protection Norforms can give you. Norforms have a highly perfected new formula that releases antiseptic and germicidal ingredients with long-lasting action. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that guards (but will not harm) the delicate tissues.

And Norforms' deodorant protection has been tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms eliminate (rather than cover up) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

And what convenience! These small feminine suppositories are so easy to use. Just insert—no apparatus, mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate.

Available in packages of 6, 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.

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Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

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“Work’s good for you!” says Edie Adams—and there’s not one among us who doesn’t feel like giving a little cheer for the hard schedule she dived into... and the reason she’s doing it. Of course, Edie leaped into all her feverish activity because she needed the money... but it’s also kept her from becoming depressed and melancholy over Ernie Kovacs’ death.

I’ve known Edie since she was in “Wonderful Town” on Broadway. The fact is, I helped Edie and Ernie get married... and will tell you the whole story... not that it’s anything sensational.

First, though: Don’t ever think that Edie, in her new ABC series of eight half-hour music-and-comedy shows, is going to be content to do merely her famed “dumb blonde” impersonations. “It’s true,” she told me, “that Clifford Odets is writing a monologue for one of my shows about a dumb blonde. And he wants to direct that particular sketch.”

But the dumb blonde won’t be a regular role... and, besides, Edie has global ambitions... she’s practically another Telstar.

“I may do a show from Africa, if a deal for me to make a picture in Africa with Bob Hope goes through,” Edie said. “I think a show from Africa would be nice. Something different... I may do one from London, too, because that’s where the interiors of the African movie would be shot. I’d like to do one from Salzburg. And I’ll do one from Las Vegas... Gee, I might even do one from Los Angeles!”

Edie doesn’t want to become a gab artist. “I don’t want to talk much,” she says. “Let Barry Shear shoot it and I’ll sing it. It’ll be kind of a mood thing, as I see it. I’m going to be good!”

Ernie Kovacs was doing a morning TV show in New York, and Edie was in Texas on tour with a show, when they decided to get married, back in 1954. Taping hadn’t come along yet. Ernie could leave New York for the weekend, but had to be back early Monday morning.
"Don't you know Bill O'Dwyer?" Ernie asked me on the phone. (O'Dwyer, former Mayor of New York City, was then living in Mexico City after having served as U.S. Ambassador to Mexico.)

"Sure," I said.

"Couldn't he help us arrange everything in advance so we could get married in Mexico and I could get right back to New York?"

I phoned O'Dwyer—who not only arranged everything; he was even a witness.

As for my own part in it; Ernie asked me not to print anything in advance, as it might possibly upset plans for the marriage. I didn't print anything—and got scooped on the wedding I helped arrange. Because the instant the wire services found out about it, they bulletined it around the country.

I never minded, and Ernie was appreciative.

Prophetically—it seems now—in the last conversation we ever had, Ernie said that he was going to give up acting and direct.

We were having lunch in a cool New York restaurant on a hot summer day. It was a funny lunch, with Ernie laughing and explaining some of the funny things he planned to do...a book he was writing...a picture...all sorts of projects...but he wasn't going to act.

"Edie," he said, "is going to be the actor in the family."

DON'T PRINT THAT! They say one summer replacement got much too big-headed for his hat and ran into criticism. . . CBSers say young James Aubrey can only go up and up in the organization. And that he's being groomed to run the whole CBS shooting-match someday. . . Monique Van Vooien admitted that going to Italy to do a TV show wasn't very profitable, strictly from the money angle—"but look, I love to see Italy!" She also admitted that, in all her visits to Italy, no Italian wolf had ever pinched her as the wolves allegedly do there. "Unfortunately," Monique added.

I must applaud "The Perry Como Show"—or, rather, NBC—for announcing that it would furnish buses from Rockefeller Center to Brooklyn for the people who wished to go deep into the Beautiful Borough of Churches to watch Perry perform in his new setup.

"We can't expect people to go out there on their own to see the show," one NBC spokesman said. "They wouldn't do it—and if they would, they couldn't find it. Even I," added the spokesman, "got lost trying to find the damned place!"

Maybe this will get to be a trend. In Washington, a night club—the Roaring Twenties—sends a stagecoach for customers. A couple of scantily-clad showgirls are pictured in the club's ads, saying: "Call for our bus—and leave the driving to us."

(Also turn the page)
Jayne Meadows was ecstatic about Steve Allen’s nighttime TV show when I talked to her: “Steve’s having the time of his life. I tried to get a bunch of tickets for some friends the other night and could only get a handful. Fist-fights break out every night in front of the theater, between people trying to get in. Sometimes there’s such a crush, they can’t give seats to people who have tickets. . . .” You have to admit that girl’s loyal.

With Steve due to be on the air against Johnny Carson on “Tonight,” Jayne claims one of the NBC executives told her:

“Steve’s got us worried.”

Steve, Jayne and the boys (small Billy, middle-sized David, tall Brian) aren’t worried. Is NBC?

“Naked City” has its troubles shooting “on location” in fast-changing New York City.

“One time,” said production coordinator Hal Schaffel, “we used a lower East Side building as a backdrop. We had to do some retakes, four weeks later, and went down to the building. Only the building wasn’t there anymore. It had been torn down.”

Another time, the Queen Elizabeth provided a luxurious and colorful backdrop for a romantic scene. When they tried to do retakes, the Queen Elizabeth didn’t seem to be there anymore, either.

Schaffel finds everybody eager (restaurant owners, landlords, etc.) to have the show shot from their location with such TV stars as Horace McMahon, Paul Burke and Nancy Malone . . . but they don’t invite them back with quite the same enthusiasm.

“They don’t realize how many people and how much equipment we have to bring in to do a show,” Hal said. “They think we’re coming in with a Brownie!”

FEARLESS FORECASTS: Don Morrow, emcee of the “Camouflage” show, ought to go far in the business because he has a rare sense of humor. For example, his own nickname for “Camouflage” is “Camouflage.” (Morrow doesn’t go around talking about it, but he does several commercials separately, so he’s probably going to make a lot of money, too.) . . . Connie Francis is going to be quite a linguist. She tries to record in the languages of the countries where she’s popular, so now she knows considerable Spanish, French and Italian. She picks up the lingo from anybody she meets—maids and bellhops included. . . . Audrey Meadows isn’t going to become a mother (not as I write this, anyway). Fact is, she’s never been slimmer.

A funny thing happened to one of the boys on “Talent Scouts”: He actually didn’t want to go on—even though Zsa Zsa Gabor was going to introduce him.

“Talent Scouts,” you know, has been just about the most popular summer replacement show on TV, thanks to Jim Backus, the witty, unstuffed-shirt host.

So it came as quite a shock to young Vic Dana’s handlers when the popular nineteen-year-old singer actually had to be talked into going on the show.

Of course, the first refusal might be attributed to drowsiness. Seems he was called one Sunday morning at 6:30—when nothing is very appealing except sleep. When the “Talent Scouts” representative called back again at a more respectable hour, Vic was wide awake and he was reported to have said:

“ Heck, I’ve already had a lot of good luck. Why don’t you pick someone who could use a big break?”

Vic’s handlers finally got the boy to realize that no one has too much good luck, so he went on. Zsa Zsa and Vic weren’t what you would call lifelong bosom buddies, but both came off well on the show, and that’s what really counts with the public.

Sam Levenson says it’s a good idea for big TV stars to sit in Ed Sullivan’s audience occasionally. “It reduces their swelled heads,” says Sam. “When they’re sitting in the audience, they see the stage manager hold up the ‘Applause’ cards. Why, some of those stars always thought they got applause because they deserved it!”

—That’s Earl!
ON THE RECORD

OCTOBER 1962

Bobby Scott
Music Music Editor

A casual Ann-Margret and Bobby Rydell rehearse for film, “Bye Bye Birdie.”

Robin Adair, 13, and Eddie Hodges, 15, take in Palisades Amusement Pack, N. J.

MUSIC MAKERS IN THE NEWS

Juliet Prowse and Eddie Fisher cheer each other up at the Alberghetti party.

At a gala Hollywood premiere: Johnny Mathis and attractive Beverly Gillhom.

A more formal Ann-Margret dresses up for a big party, gets her name in the columns (see Sullivan in this section).

Returning West in triumph—“Carnival” star Anna Maria Alberghetti with James Mitchell and Janet Leigh at Chasen's.
SPECIAL

★★★★The Ray Charles Story (Atlantic)—Ray Charles, up to this double-jacketed, two-L.P. package, had not been presented in such a semi-historical and growth-wise light. For the fans, the dates and changes may mean very little and that may be as it should be. But for those who would concern themselves with more of what makes a Ray Charles—or any star of magnitude—this package is very revealing. I hardly need to tell you about its pure entertainment value.

When I think of Ray, the line that comes to my head is: "You know it didn’t happen overnight." And that you

... The advent of Ray Charles, the writer, seems to be the first turning point. “Don’t You Know,” “I’ve Got a Woman,” and “A Fool for You,” all are vintage ’53 to ’55. When Ray provided his own vehicles, the projec-

tion of his improvising was drawn and derived from them. This produced an organic quality. A oneness of melodic and improvised materials.

The next big step occurred during his string and big-band sides. Here something quite strange happened. He began to take the sophisticated edges off the showy tunes and make—in his own way—sophisticated vehicles out of apparently nondescript material. Two examples are “Rain or Shine” and “Let the Good Times Roll” (both included).

Another fact is that recording techniques have developed fantastically since ’55. Ray’s particular timbre of late, on records, is certainly a far cry from the early efforts soundwise. And as his highly styled singing is wrapped entirely in nuance, one can see the value of recorded presence.

The greatest value of the album is the purity of Ray’s expression. His attitudes, even when deliberately studied, take on a spontaneous feel when enacted. This is the height of performing. To breathe life into some, possibly confining, schematic.

The tunes include “What’d I Say,” “Just for a Thrill,” “Drown in My Own Tears,” “I’m Movin’ On,” “Talkin’ Bout You,” “Yes Indeed,” “The Right Time,” “Hallelujah, I Love Her So” ... all in all, twenty-nine gems!

It’s a stunning package musically. The cover is hardly much to shout about, so don’t let it keep you from picking this up. Several candid shots of Ray on the inside are interesting.

I must confess these Ray Charles records have not been capped yet by his recent ones. As good as they are, he left some potent bits behind him. I’d buy the album...

POPULAR

★★★★Bewitching-Lee, Peggy Lee (The Starline—Capitol)—Another great compilation of hits from Capitol. This time it’s that bewitching siren, Peggy Lee, and every tune is a winner. “Fever,” “Why Don’t You Do Right,” “Them There Eyes,” “Alright, Okay, You Win,” the touchingly beautiful “While We’re Young,” and some other big ones. (Did I forget “Mañana”? Oh, heck.) There is so little to say except the whole album is great. You’ve heard them all, so here they are under one roof. Well worth your money.

★★★★Swing Easy, Frank Sinatra; Songs for Young Lovers, cond. by Nelson Riddle, Billy May, and Axel Stordahl (2 sep. L.P.s—Capitol)—As both of these albums were recorded early in Sinatra’s stay with Capitol, I have lumped them together. But they’ve been released as single albums.

These albums, as you Sinatra fans may well remember, were originally released as 10-inch L.P.s. Each has been fattened by the addition of some single recordings.

In the case of “Swing Easy,” along with the classic Sinatra renditions of “Jeepers Creepers,” “All of Me,” “Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams,” and “Sunday” are some notable singles such as “Lean Baby,” “How Could You Do a Thing Like That to Me,” “I Love
You,” and “Why Should I Cry Over You.” Quite a menu, isn’t it?
Well, that’s the swingers! Now to the Voice’s first Capitol album, “Songs for
Young Lovers.” This is unquestionably one of the finest efforts ever put forth
by a singer. This was the Sinatra who pulled himself up out of a slump and
went on to re-conquer the public. This was the beseeching Sinatra. I still find
it impossible not to be moved by these tracks, even though I have heard them
over and over. “Violets for Her Furs,” “My Funny Valentine,” “A Foggy
Day,” “Little Girl Blue,” and “Like Someone in Love.” All of them incredi-
ibly read. On this album, the added tunes are “Someone to Watch Over
Me,” “My One and Only Love,” “It Worries Me” and “I Can Read Between
the Lines.”
More than likely, you have the 10-
inch albums. If you desire new copies
with some added goodies, here they are.

For the Nero-Minded, Peter
Nero; orch. cond. by Marty Gold (RCA
Victor)—For those of you who del-
ight in large and classically styled pi-
ano renditions of standard tunes, this
may be just your cup of tea. Mr. Nero
has unquestionably a technically fan-
tastic pair of hands. The reason for the
three-star rating is that most of the
tracks are good, some excellent, and
some rather odd. The strangest is
“Dancing on the Ceiling,” which fluc-
tuates timewise between bars of 4/4
and 5/4 time. The effect to some ears,
I’m sure, is interesting, but to your re-
viewer disconcerting. On the other
hand, the Nero treatment of the Ger-
shwin classic, “My Man’s Gone Now,” is
unquestionably the best instrumental
version ever done on that tune, to my
knowledge.

Peter’s jazz effort on the album is a
rousing romp of “Don’t Get Around
Much Anymore,” which builds beauti-
fully from a single-note jazz style to
crashing chordal, two-handed, meat-
and-potatoes-type thing.

On the whole, it’s certainly an effec-
tive and stimulating album. For those
folks who like to hear Berlin, Rodgers,
Gershwin and Ray Noble sound like
Tchaikovsky assisted by Dave Brubeck,
see about Nero’s burning-bright fingers.

Warm and Wild, Vic Dana
(Dolton)—Whenever young people are
found to embrace the better material,
written by the better tunesmiths, and
hold to the rather faint line of tradition
established by the Sinatras, Crosbys,
the odds are that music has not been
bounced out the back door—yet!
Vic Dana’s new effort is a confirma-
tion of this. The rarity of the album is
the material, arrangements, and the
readings. Whether or not the whole
comes off as smashing as a Sinatra ren-
dition is not of the most importance.
The fact is that the best part of ballad-
eering history has not been overlooked
by one whose years are few. It’s quite
pleasurable to hear lyrics that do say
something.

A handsome, somewhat Sal Mineo-ish
fellow, who I’m told is a “better-than-
good” performer on a stage, Vic looks
destined for some big steps in the en-
tertainment world. The years will only
polish up the talent, already discernible.
“Warm and Wild” includes “Blame
It on My Youth” (the touching and un-
der-recorded Oscar Levant classic),
Frank Loesser’s “I Believe in You,”
“Close Your Eyes,” and others.
The arrangements, which I believe
were written by Bob Florence, are effec-
tive as a backdrop and blanket for Vic
to rest upon. (Several of California’s
first-rate jazz players are in audible
evidence. Paul Horn, Buddy Collette,
Joe Comfort, to cite a few.)
I’d keep an ear and an eye cocked for
Vic Dana. Credit to all concerned.
**JAZZ**

★★★★New Vibe Man in Town—Gary Burton; Joe Morello, drums; Gene Cherico, bass (RCA Victor)—It's indeed a pleasure to bring you glad tidings of an auspicious debut. Gary Burton, a very young man (18 years old), has finally fronted his own album. He certainly is a shot in the arm of jazz. Largely, his playing shows very little trace of influence. A valuable attribute in one so young. His style is personal and, to a degree, could be called lyrical. His approach to ballads reminds one of Red Norvo, except Gary's harmonic sense is much different. The four-mallet vibe-playing is where the connection, not influence, lies.

Backed ably by Joe Morello and Gene Cherico, Gary races and romps through such charms as “Joy Spring,” “Over the Rainbow,” “You Stepped Out of a Dream” and “Our Waltz,” among others.

Certainly a new Jazz Voice to watch. So young, so talented. Much credit to all concerned. Recommended.

★★★★Coltrane Plays the Blues (Atlantic)—John Coltrane has been the newest large jazz talent to be heard on the jazz scene in a while. He is present is being over-recorded. This can sometimes prove fatal, but John seems to hold his own among his many L.P.'s.

This one is all about the blues. Coltrane's approach, on each of his original tunes in this album, is spectrum-like. He never settles into one groove. In evidence are traditional, modern, and Trane's own personal brand of blues. Pianist McCoy Tyner—who, I might add, deserves an album himself—backs John so agreeably that I hardly think of John's musical offerings without the inclusion of Tyner's modal-chordal piano playing.

The material on side one—which includes “Blues to Elvin,” “Blues to Bechet,” and “Blues to You”—is more in a straight blues bag, whereas side two finds John in a more personal groove. With the exception of “Bechet,” side two is the stronger. (“Mr. Day,” “Mr. Syms” and “Mr. Knight” are titles.) This side is full of organ-point and repetitive chordal figures from Tyner's piano, and John, as usual, soaring lyrically above.

There is, just as an afterthought, much reflection in Trane's playing on this album. He isn't cooking a stew here. It's more like the weaving of a tapestry. Much credit to the excellent rhythm players—Elvin Jones and Steve Davis, drums and bass, respectively.

★★★★Think Well of Me, Jack Teagarden (Verve)—Were it not for some of the arrangements, this would be a four-star effort. Jack Teagarden, although not in possession of the finest pipes in the business, has a personal, recliningly comfortable and confident way of weaving through a tune. The biggest plus here, though, is ten classic tunes by the grossly under-rated writer (possibly the most under-rated) Willard Robison. Willard's tunes are the apex of rural and, particularly, Midwestern expression. His own career as a bandleader saw him 'way ahead of a great many jazz and band talents. (To give you an idea, his “Deep River” orchestra was touring from 1917 to 25.)

His writing has continued even after he packed the band in. Thank heavens! He littered about many gems such as “Old Folks,” “Cottage for Sale,” “Country Boy Blues,” “Cane Bottom Chair” and a host of other monuments of tunesmithery.

Teagarden gets the feeling of the locale, but he misses from time to time in giving the lyrics the readings they deserve. Musically, he's aces! The lines are sung like Jack would play them. (Incidentally, he plays enough bone here to delight any heart.)

No matter how this pie is split-up, it's worth every penny of your purchase price. I would decidedly look into this package. The unbeatable Willard Robison and Jack Teagarden. That's not just music, that's history! (P.S. Don Goldie's trumpet solos are some more icing.)

**PIANO: JAZZ AND POP**

★★The George Shearing Quintet—San Francisco Scene—Capitol shows the group in the same setting and overall conception that has been carrying it along. Nothing badly done, but not much action, either.

★★★★Don Randi's new album for Verve, Where Do We Go From Here, is a horse of another color. Plenty of interesting listening. Backed by California stalwarts Mel Lewis and Leroy Vinegar—drums and bass, respectively. Don cooks on “T.J.'s Blues” and shows
ability to handle a ballad, without it revealing bad technique. His own composition, “Interlude,” is quite beautiful.

★★★On the Broadway side, a new Atco Release titled: Bobby Darin Presents the Richard Behrke Trio! “Like Westside Story” is Behrke’s look at that now-classic Bernstein score. Bobby’s connection with Behrke is quite simple. Dick conducts and accompanies Bobby. The music is pleasantly laid down with Mel Pollan and Frank DeVito rounding out the trio. Dick should be happy with this first-time outer. It’s not “Stream” jazz, but well organized ideas sifted to a fine-edged message.

★★★★Very surprising this month is an album from Dot Records called The Jan Johansson Trio. A surprisingly inventive jazz exponent from Sweden, this lad has put his feet smack in the jazz bag. Able backed by Gunnar Johanson on bass—who, if memory serves me correctly, recorded the Swedish album with a younger Stan Getz—and Ingvar Callmar on drums. The sides include “Night in Tunisia,” “Willow Weep for Me” and some charming Johansson originals, all done in a first-rate fashion.

Well, there are four albums for piano bugs. Take your pick!

HUMOR

★★★★Another Day, Another World, Jonathan Winters (Verve)—Jonathan isn’t a comic character who fits into any category very easily. He’s not politico or sick. Not rye or white bread, either. He’s just Johnny Winters, a supremely original and personal human, whose very existence is humor. The notes by Ralph Gleason call Johnny “a clown” in the traditional sense. He has a point, in that Jonathan has classic attributes. He is not in any one bag. Least of all, one that is the currentfad. His sense of the inherent humor of regional speech and attitudes makes him, in a broad sense, a “national,” as one would think of Will Rogers. (Impossible to think of Rogers as —say, French—isn’t it?)

A mimic of epic dimension, Jonathan also has the sound-effects market cornered. I must confess I miss his face. But that can hardly be asked of a phonograph record. The pieces of business herein include a barb about the slow Southerners, a funny yet very strange story called “Sail Cat,” a bit about a moon map with routes sketched on it and the reaction of one viewer of said map, a slap at TV commercials, a few anecdotes of his school days, and a gang of others. There are, for this reviewer, no reservations about this album. Every bit of it is worth investigation. Credit to Jim Davis and Verve for this goodie.

CLASSICAL

★★★★Bach: The Art of Fugue, Vol. 1, Glenn Gould (Columbia)—It’s enormously disconcerting to sit and listen to such amazing virtuosity and such towering genius in the written area, all crammed into one L.P. recording.

Gould, who recently proved that he could make a piano sound so much like a harpsichord and thereby create almost a historical quality, here again shows another side of Bach that seethes with his injection of tasteful modernity.

This collection of Fugues (the first nine are included in this album) was, in a way, a musical treatise. The master composer used the same motive for all the fugues—and the classic fugal form, in most cases—and still remained creative with each new attempt at the melody. Aside from the purely musical value, this series firmly laid a base for fugal and generally contrapuntal writing.

According to my Czerny-Kalmus edition, Mr. Gould takes many liberties. But, I hasten to add, none are in any way detrimental to the work. (It’s possible Czerny editing was not editing but cluttering.) Czerny indicates smooth legato playing, but Gould—realizing that a steady stream of notes of the same value, played evenly, can be taxing—uses instead a detached-note attack which simulates a legato-like approach, but separates each of the notes enough to create delineation. This makes for a strikingly articulated Bach.

In Fugue No. 4, Gould pauses twice where such is not indicated in Czerny’s edition. Both pauses do seem natural and tend to create the impression of terminal points. It’s quite effective.

About Glenn Gould’s organ-playing, all I can say is, it’s a delight. Very rarely have I heard such consistent performing, track after track. This is definitely an album to own. It’s sort of a new Bach. A refreshing vital Bach.
Mahler: Symph. No. 9, Bruno Walter cond., the Columbia Symphony Orchestra (Columbia)—This, along with Mahler’s “Das Lied von der Erde” and the Tenth Symphony (of which only one movement was completed before his death), comprise the music molded in his last period of writing. This period was shadowed by an infirmity and Mahler’s own sense of the end pending. Nonetheless, the works are complete in scope. The inherent melancholy finds ways to express itself, even joyously.

The hand of Bruno Walter—much like Mahler’s, who was his teacher and developer—brings this mammoth two-L.P. work to an apex of expression. (With the passing of Walter himself this year, one wonders who will carry this marvelous tradition along.) The first movement and the last are this reviewer’s favorites (of the usual four movements). The intense lyricism of Mahler is given full vent. Only the unfinished Tenth exceeds its sheer enveloping beauty. The package is excellent. An added plus: Another L.P.—making it three—of Walter conversing and rehearsing. Recommended.

ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK

Adventures of a Young Man, Comp. and cond. by Franz Waxman (RCA Victor)—After listening to three other film scores this month, this one was the saving grace. Franz Waxman has conjured up some magnificently pictorial images. The score bubbles with lyrical moments. The movie itself is based on some Hemingway short stories which cover, geographically, Michigan to Verona, Italy. Mr. Waxman stays with it all the way. The theme, “Adventures of a Young Man,” opens side one with a burst of lyric quality. The melody in this first cut is a memorable one. Another track which delighted this reviewer is one called “Goodbye, Father.” The imagery here is created by a single windwood against a largely intervalic background of strings. The impression it made upon me, if I’m entitled to some emotional expression, was that of a person walking through his hometown, at the dawn hours, and trying to recapture the youthful feeling and security with only half-recognizable streets and structures. A stranger among seemingly familiar surroundings. (A piece very striking in its subtlety.)

“D.T. Blues” sounds like it reads. A wonderful, biting effect of disproportion. A piano, prepared with tacks in the hammers, is in an enormous echo chamber plunking a melody quite simple. The background instruments, though, appear like they’re in another key. The pull, as it were, of two tonalities gives one the feeling of the binge.

The 20th Century-Fox Studio Orchestra lives up to its past performances and towering reputation.

This score probably will win no Oscar, as it is not cluttered with idiotic devices and repetitive figures calculated to seek the musical midgets’ listening level. But, aside from lacking crassness, this is still a great album!

PIECES OF EIGHT

• Hank Thompson and the Brazos Boys have a new country album. Plenty of shoutin’. . . Norrie Paramor and Van Alexander have albums in Capitol’s new sound series. Both ultimate-sound products. . . RCA Victor has released a Don Gibson album entitled “Some Favorites of Mine.” Good-looking cover. . . Dave Howard, a newcomer from California, has cut his first L.P. It’s for Chorico. Full of great tunes and smart arrangements. . . Leroy Holmes has recorded some more movie theme music for MGM—this L.P. features “Lolita.” . . . Oscar Brand has done another folk L.P. for Decca. This time, the Tarriers are along for the ride. . . Roy Acuff’s new platter on MGM a religious effort, “Hymn Time.” . . . The Knightsbridge Strings are singing again on Riverside. . . Bobby Darin finally decided to house his talents with Capitol. . . Coral sent us a new one. The Ivy League Trio do the singing. . . Mary Raye’s recent album on Verve is a gasser! . . . Capitol just released an album by the late Dave Barbour. Chock full of good things like “Baltimore Oriole.” Record fans will remember Don’s excellent work with the Four Freshmen. His untimely death surely took a great talent from us.
FOR SOUND
THAT’S SOUND!

• I was asked recently: What is the most important part of a sound system? Well, there are arguments for each part of a component set, but I think it can safely be said the speaker is the thing! The amplifier or producer of volume is the part most wrapped in ambiguity. As to power, the size of your room should determine what the strength of output should be. To buy one that’s for a larger area is to waste your money and provoke the neighbors. Most of the moderate-priced amplifiers are sufficient for most purposes. If you are inclined, there are many-knobbed sets for exploring different-level settings.

Fortunately, most recordings are processed completely now. A few years ago, there were certain values to be gained from the monster set. Today, it’s quite different. An important thing is also to think of family or brand, when adding an F.M. tuner to your set. (Of course, most of the costlier amplifiers have tuners as part of them. I, for one, like separate entities, as they make discovering troubles easy.)

I myself am happy with my Harmon-Kardon amplifier (“Lute” A220) and A.M., F.M. tuner (T300X). Turntables are generally a matter of taste and decor, if they are to be seen. In this area, you generally get what you pay for. My turntable is a Garrard 301 model, but I mounted a different arm for pick-up. I put a Rek-O-Cut arm on the turntable. It is much more sensitive than the arm that comes with the Garrard. Of course, if you can afford the best, I would suggest a Thorens turntable.

The speakers are the most important investment. As I’ve said, there is plenty of leeway in the other areas, but treat yourself right when you buy your speakers. You’ll get what you pay for. I myself have two Wharfdale speakers. They are English products in the sort of medium-to-low price range. And there are very moderately priced speakers which are more than adequate.

If you buy a set, take time and pick them over. I would caution you about single units, no matter how strong the “hi-fi” advertising. They do not give you the freedom to change just your amplifier, when moving to a larger apartment or home. They also feed back because of one-unit construction.

If I can answer any questions for you, do write to me. Even if you want to register a complaint, I’m still gamel

TOPS IN SINGLES

1) Silver Threads and Golden Needles/Aunt Rhody, The Springfields (Philips) — Here is the absolute winner this month! This group is a newcomer. They are English and the best entry of the new label, Philips, but they sing like they were born in the Southern Appalachians. The backing is great. The strong one is “Silver Threads.” You’ll hear plenty more from this group.

2) Indian Girl, Indian Boy/Now That You’re Leavin’ Me, Thumbs Carlyle and Ginny O’Boyle (Epic) — These two will break you up! The names might indicate this is a comedy vehicle. But it isn’t. It’s pure, unadulterated swinging, folk-type blues. Both sides could do it. Very strong.

3) House Without Windows/The Endless Night, Steve Lawrence (Columbia) — This record should be a big one. Steve is due! “House” is the heavyweight. Well written and performed in the first-rate fashion we’ve come to expect from Steve. Credit to all concerned for a blockbuster!

4) Beach Party/Turn ‘Em On, King Curtis (Capitol) — The walling tenor-saxophonist comes up with a great entry for honors. “Beach Party” is something dancing feet are going to find delightful. The kids will buy these faster than they can be made. Up it will go. You watch.

5) Where Does the Clown Go?/Chi-Chico Teek, Wayne Rooks (Capitol) — Another newcomer, with much promise, comes out shouting in fine fashion. “Where Does the Clown Go?” could be a big one for this young lad. It was penned by Jeff Barry, the writer of “Chip, Chip.” Good tunes, good performances.

6) I’ll Come Running Back to You/Climb Ev’ry Mountain, Roy Hamilton (Epic) — The “A” side is not this reviewer’s pick. “Climb Ev’ry Mountain” is the side. Very much in Roy’s previous hit-record groove. Watch this! It could be the sleeper — Roy is sure singing.

7) A Taste of Honey/Shagnasty, Quincy Jones Orchestra (Mercury) — Even though Martin Denny’s Liberty record has the jump on this one, Quincy nonetheless has brought “Taste” into the big-band dept. with lots of high-powered brass. The flip is an if. “Honey” is the side. This could sneak by them all.

8) Boy Child/As Long as You’re Near, Sonny Martin (Philips) — Another newcomer! They’re over-running us! A wonderful professional job turned in by 14-year-old Sonny. He sure is a find. “Boy Child” is definitely the choice. Billy Byers’ handling the background with much savvy. Fourteen! Look out for little Sonny!

9) Chills/At the Edge of Tears, Tony Orlando (Epic) — This is the sleeper! “Chills” has that hit-record sound from start to finish. This will move the younger set. Tony turns in a fine job of belting. The arrangement and tune are both very strong. At the wire, this could nose under.

10) Baby Elephant Walk/Experiment in Terror, Kai Winding (Verve) — Jazz trombonist Kai Winding looks like he has busted through into the pop scene. “Baby Elephant” is the stronger. A slue of trombones, pulsing rhythm section and an ear-tickling Henry Mancini tune. Nice job all around.
They were “The Toast of the Town”: What was happening 14 years ago when we started our TV show? Well, on June 20, 1948, at the Stadium, Joe DiMaggio presented Sporting News trophy to Babe Ruth as “the greatest Yankee of all”; a $100,000 TV fee was arranged for the Joe Louis-Walcott fight; Andrews Sisters headlined the Roxy... in support, the new team of Martin & Lewis; Congress passed a 21-month draft; India still was mourning the murder of Gandhi... U.S. and England were defeating Russia’s blockade of Berlin... Israel, a month earlier, had become a state and Alger Hiss was on trial... Merman in “Annie Get Your Gun,” Judy Holliday in “Born Yesterday,” Henry Fonda in “Mister Roberts,” Phil Silvers in “High Button Shoes” were the top tickets on the Stem!... Dinah Shore and Ronnie Lubin a steady duet... George Montgomery and Betty Spiegel an item... Judy Garland wants to enroll other Hollywood stars and raise money, via concerts all over the world, for child victims of Thalidomide... The Michael ("Bonanza") Landons okayed property settlement... The Jeremy (Shari Lewis) Tarchers called her Mallory... Keely Smith’s brother, Buster, wed Bonnie Husson... Cecil (NBC) Brown recovering, surgery... 20th-Fox has laid out $32 million for Liz Taylor’s “Cleopatra.” On TV recently, I watched C. B. DeMille’s 1934 “Cleopatra,” costing $914,000, with Claudette Colbert... The industry, aghast at this splurge, made dire prophecies that Miss Colbert’s $50,000 salary would panic the Hollywood talent market. Liz Taylor is getting a cool $1 million plus a big fat percentage!... By modern standards, De-Mille’s “Cleopatra” is an interesting museum piece. The script was modern American. At the party in Rome, where the city’s elite awaited the return of Caesar from his Egyptian tryst with Cleopatra, the conversation was strictly Hollywood Boulevard... such as—“Anything I can get for you?” Calpurnia, Caesar’s wife, asked a guest. Noted a Roman gossip: “The wife is the last to know!”... Penny Singleton enjoying last laugh as A.G.V.A. bounced Jackie Bright... Sal Mineo and Jill Haworth serious... Johnny Mathis serenading Beverly Gilhom... Showpeople of all nationalities mourned the death of fine comedy star Victor Moore... Loretta Young heading dinner committee for Father, Patrick Peyton, September 8, on the Coast... Bob Newhart and Ginny Quinn ain’t clowning... Ray Anthony and Ann-Margret in tune... Mike (CBS-TV) Harris changes the old jingle this way: “When you wish upon a star—your studio goes broke!”... Mary Benny’s dad died... Robert Young’s daughter, Barbara, Mrs. Tom Beebe... Mickey Mantle, Maris and Yogi are just great in that amazing Yankee bench scene with Doris Day and Cary Grant... The Richard Kileyes named the baby Deirdre... Illness plaguing Ida Cantor and Gracie Allen... I like Steve Allen’s answer to a gal who asked if he really needed glasses: “No, ma’am, I have prescription eyeballs.”

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KILDARE'S FIGHT WITH CASEY

How did the fight start? Over a woman! How will it all end? Just turn the page and start reading the inside story of television's biggest battle!
by ARTHUR HENLEY with Dr. ROBERT L. WOLK

The "battle of the century" isn't between two pugilists for the boxing championship. It's a fight over a woman—and, by all rights, should be fought with scalpels! For it's a duel between two doctors. In this corner, we have Jim Kildare—alias Richard Chamberlain. In the opposing corner, Ben Casey—alias Vincent Edwards.

Whose side are you on? You may be surprised to find how much your choice reveals about yourself—and your kind of man! In this article, Dr. Wolk and I will try to solve the mystery of these two medicos ... the woman in their lives ... and the conflict thus created. As usual, I'll set the scene in regular print, such as this, and Dr. Wolk's analysis will be in italics, like this:

If you, dear reader, will pause for a moment to compare your own physician with these TV doctors, you may be startled to discover more similarities than you'd care to admit! We conducted a brief survey of TV viewers and found that four out of five women noted a resemblance between their choice of Kildare or Casey and their own doctor.

This would indicate that a woman will prefer one or the other, depending on how each measures up in comparison to her own personal physician. Since the doctor-patient relationship is so intimate, it is only natural for a woman to favor Kildare or Casey in terms of the personal appeal each makes, and to use her own doctor as...
Who's the man who'll run away with her heart?

a basis of comparison for her choice.

Since there is no such thing as an "average" woman, the qualities each seeks in her doctor—or her man—vary according to her needs and personality. Such variations are very revealing and will be discussed later, along with the psychological differences between Casey and Kildare and the type of woman who appeals to them. However—since the relationship between doctor and patient is both special and professional—isn't it likely that there are some standards of choice which would apply to all women?

In spite of their differences, all women do have some things in common. They're protective to their children, are usually preoccupied with their bodies to the point of eagerly talking about their operations, and base their choice of a husband on the image of their father—seeking a similar type of man if they got along well with Daddy, or an opposite type if they got along poorly.

Nearly all women find comfort in a kind of father-child relationship with their physician. The doctor becomes someone on whom they can depend and who will be kind, strong, intelligent, understanding and all-powerful. In fantasy, these women often "fall in love" with their doctors. They enjoy the touch of a strange man on their bodies, feel secure in being told what to eat and how to live. The doctor becomes a (Continued on page 80)
She's Mrs. Gary Morton now!

She's a new wife with a new life!

But read—

The great comedienne turned her orange head and smiled. It was not her usual clown's smile, larger than life, its mad-cap mischief and merriment touched faintly with wonder and even with sympathy, at the antics of a troubled world. This smile had an added dimension. It had the unmistakable glow of happiness. . . . A bride of less than a year, Lucille Ball had, in her own words, “found what I’d been looking for so long . . . so long.” Glowingy, Mrs. Gary Morton added, “I don’t know how to describe life with Gary . . . you might say it’s like cruising out of a storm into the quiet waters of a summer afternoon.” . . . In slacks, flat heels, and with no cosmetic other than a hint of lipstick, the great comedienne (often called “the greatest of the woman clowns,” for clowning is the essence of her comic style) seemed transfigured by the morning light. As she poured coffee for her guest, the dazzle darting through the broad windows of the upstairs “family room” turned her round blue eyes to emerald and her flame-red hair to the color of the orange juice she had just set out on the table. . . . “It’s a very healthy pick-up,” she assured her guest (Continued on page 78)
EDDIE'S OWN STORY

There is a writer who knows the real Eddie Fisher in a way that neither Debbie nor Liz can. Their friendship began long before Eddie met either of them. Happily married himself, he has been the one Eddie would turn to during his problems with the women in his life. In his bachelor days, and as a young husband and father, and through the trying time of his separation from his second wife—Eddie has always been able to talk things over with his old friend, Terry Palmer. This story is based on those conversations.—THE EDITORS

At four years old, Todd Fisher is too young to understand the crises that his father, Eddie Fisher, has been through in his search for a woman to love. All Todd knows at the moment is that his very own Daddy is there in the flesh to hug him and wrestle with him, to sing and play with him, to eat and talk with him and his big sister, Carrie. The children are so happy when they are with Eddie that Eddie fairly bursts with happiness himself. He sees how his children love him and need him, and he sees that he came back into their (Continued on page 94)
There is a writer who knows the real Eddie Fisher in a way that neither Debbie nor Liz can. Their friendship began long before Eddie met either of them. Happily married himself, he has been the one Eddie would turn to during his problems with the women in his life. In his bachelor days, and as a young husband and father, and through the trying time of his separation from his second wife—Eddie has always been able to talk things over with his old friend, Terry Palmer. This story is based on those conversations.—THE EDITORS

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"Look!

She Reminds Me of Me"
Beastly idea? Not to Connie Francis, touring a zoo in Italy. 1 Elephant reminded her of herself—and a persistent dream she had. 2 Goat made her think of her boyfriend—other side of the Atlantic, that is! 3 Giraffe? "Eric Fleming—and a certain dancing class." 4 This parrot spoke Italian—and, unexpectedly, Connie's mother came to mind. 5 Tiger? "Fabian—but not for the reason you think!" For more of Connie's comparisons and the story behind it all, just turn the page...
It isn’t surprising that a girl as warm and outgoing as Connie Francis finds friends wherever she goes. What is surprising is the places she finds ’em!

It’s a bit startling, too, to discover that such a globetrotter as the internationally-popular Connie still suffers from homesickness. Even amidst all the flattering plaudits she received as Queen of the Venice Music Festival—in Italy, land of her forefathers—the girl born Constance Franconero (twenty-three years ago in Newark, New Jersey) longed for her family and friends back in her own America.

But then, there’s a sentimental streak in Connie wider than a hi-fi set. Secretly, she yearns for a home and children of her own... an ever-present desire revealed as she recalls a little girl she saw in Venice.

“She really looked just like me as a child,” Connie says now. “I picked her up and thought, This could be me... or she could be my daughter! Someday, I told myself, I’ll have a child like this one and a husband to always be with and always love...”

It’s a wistful dream for busy Connie, at present. But most of her memories of Italy are merry ones—particularly, those of the time she spotted “so many familiar faces” at the zoo in Milan.

“Don’t certain animals remind you of certain people?” she asks. “I was feeling sort of homesick when I decided to visit that zoo. Then, all at once, I started connecting the animals with people I know and things that happened in my life—both here and over there—and my homesickness left me, just like that! Suddenly, it was like being home again.

“The first thing I saw was this funny elephant—and it reminded me of me! Not because this elephant actually played the harmonica and was the greatest act I ever saw, but because of something else entirely.

“Elephants never forget, do they? Neither do I. And I must say having a good memory can be a big, big help to a girl who wants to get ahead!

“There was that time, for instance, when I was first starting out as a singer and I was crazy to have my own private hairdresser. To me, that was the height of glamour; it was something that really spelled s-u-c-c-e-s-s. And my manager, George Scheck—knowing how I felt—told me, ‘Connie, this is what we’ll do. You want your own hairdresser. You’ll get your own hairdresser. After your third hit record.’

“So I went ahead and made a hit, then another, and then another. Mr. Scheck didn’t say anything (Continued on page 89)
I was too young for the last war—but this time it's different. This time, no one is too young—or too old!

(Please turn the page)
As a fighter for world peace, Paul's been

The day was bright and hot, with the sand of the North African desert all around us. Our jeep bounced over a “road,” little more than two tire tracks in the sand. Gentle white hills rolled off endlessly to the horizon, but not a sign of life appeared as far as the eye could see in this barren country. No water, not a cloud in the sky; birds did not venture this far from the sea. Suddenly, just beyond a rise, appeared our goal: An orphanage for the poor children of Oran, Algeria. As we pulled into view, the low, brown buildings shimmered in the hot, dry air. A few palms stood motionless in the yard of the orphanage. A group of children—ranging in age, I would say, from eight to about fourteen—were playing with a ball. As we got out of our jeep, they stopped playing and ran up to look us over. Barefoot and wearing threadbare clothing, these boys and girls smiled shyly after they saw that we were not soldiers. These children were no strangers to war; many of them had lost their entire family under revolutionists’ machine-gun fire or in explosions of bombes plástiques. The younger ones had never known what it was like to live without constant outbreaks of hostilities. The oldest boy

(Pictures 1, 2, 3) The Third World War seemed very far away to Paul, sightseeing through London with Britain’s top vocalist, Helen Shapiro. And there was nothing but enthusiasm and good will from the people of Tokyo (4), Frankfurt (5, 6) and Stockholm (7)—where he tried his hand.
to many lands with a song and a message
couldn’t have been more than a year or so younger than my own kid brother! I was startled and saddened when I thought of that. Not so very long ago, our own mother had died, but, bereaved as we were, we still had our wonderful father, and one another. Here were these children with nothing except charity. How lucky my brother, sister and I really were, I thought! . . . I had just finished my concert engagement in Oran, and was more eager than ever now to sing for these innocent victims of combat. But how sad this place seemed. We were shown the dormitory where the boys slept, some of them on mats on the floor, the youngest on small steel cots. It was like another world—the bare floors and walls, and open, unprotected windows. . . . That night, after joining the children for their simple meal, I sang for them. And there, sitting cross-legged on the floor, a few rows back, was the youngster I had noticed in the yard, his black eyes shining, dark hair glistening from the combing he had given it. Without ever moving his eyes from me, he occasionally quieted one of the younger children, reaching out to pat one on the head, or pressing the arm (Continued on page 84)

at Swedish. A little milk of human kindness goes a long way in promoting world understanding (8), Paul believes, and teenagers of the Philippines (9, 10) proved eager to share local customs. Another town, another mission (11, 12); trying to win the Third World War can be a killing pace (13)!
IS THERE A REAL CASE FOR

SEPARATE

You've watched them play on TV... everything from saxophone to drums... but you've never seen them play like this! Looks like a family reunion? It's really an introductory sampler of happy "Lawrence Welk Show" refugees (still more in the pictures that follow!)... with their own families (ditto!). Flanked, overwhelmed and otherwise surrounded by wives and offspring, the big men in the background here — left to right — are Kenny Trimble, Glenn Harris, Joe Rizzo, John Klein, Orie Amodeo and Barney Liddell. Glenn's wife, cellist Charlotte Harris, is at far left — in the white blouse. Kathy and Peggy Lennon are in right foreground — amidst their small brothers and sisters. ... What under the sun are they all doing at Lake Tahoe, far from ABC-TV's cameras? Well, the Welk music-makers call it a "vacation" (Please turn page)

Before you decide, first look at what happened wh
Lawrence Welk and his gang took the families along!
IS THERE A REAL CASE FOR SEPARATE VACATIONS?

You've watched them play on TV... everything from saxophone to drums... but you've never seen them play like this! Looks like a family reunion? It's really an introductory sampler of happy "Lawrence Welk Show" refugees (still more in the pictures that follow!)... with their own families (ditto!). Flanked, overwhelmed and otherwise surrounded by wives and offspring, the big men in the background here — left to right — are Kenny Trimble, Glenn Harris, Joe Rizzo, John Klein, Orie Amodeo and Barney Liddell. Glenn's wife, cellist Charlotte Harris, is at far left — in the white blouse. Kathy and Peggy Lennon are in right foreground — amidst their small brothers and sisters... What under the sun are they all doing at Lake Tahoe, far from ABC-TV's cameras? Well, the Welk music-makers call it a "vacation" (Please turn page).
SEPARATE VACATIONS?

continued

It’s fishin’—for Joe Feeney, the little Feeneys and I.

... but wouldn’t you think they’d seen enough of each other, working together all week and telecasting every Saturday evening? It’s said that a weary man can tire of the sight of his own family... and many a woman daydreams of “getting away from it all”—including her bundles of joy!—for a little while. But when these Welk music-makers saw a chance to vacation together... they all worked double-schedule to snatch a week’s holiday—complete with their families—at Harrah’s club on the California-Nevada state line! Their holiday activities varied as greatly as their sizes and ages... from Welk’s own “pro”-type game of golf... to the tiniest toddler’s toe-dabbling in the shallow end of the pool. They covered the range from lake to snowclad mountains, as our camera shows... plus table tennis, water skiing, plenty of ice cream and an occasional exchange of recipes... (Please turn the page)
and daddy Jack Imel... safe shootin'—for Kenny Trimble and his daughter Pat... another kind of shot entirely—for John Klein, sons Jimmy and Jay.

Skiing's the sport for "Champagne Lady" Norma Zimmer, husband Randy (a real pro), sans Ronnie and Mark—who really fall for it!
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Boating on Lake Tahoe (left, with Dick Cathcart) is sweet as candy to Kathy and Janet and Peggy.

Let others—including some respected marriage counselors—talk of separate vacations for husbands and wives . . . the Welkers and their families vote for togetherness every time. Perhaps one wife's contented sigh gave the answer, "There's nothing like hotel service to give you time to enjoy your own husband and children!"—LOUISE RONKA
1932, marked the birth of the largest baby ever seen in that part of Texas. Fourteen pounds. Five years later, when he started school, he weighed in at 105 and was already almost five feet tall. At twelve, he entered the Texas Military Institute in San Antonio, tipping the scales at 200 and pushing six feet. It wasn't until he was seventeen that this gigantic growth finally halted at 275 pounds, six-feet-four—as he is today. . . . All this brawn was no advantage to the boy. "When I was ten years old I was working on a grain truck after school, side by side with men," Dan recalls wryly, "and I just naturally outdid them in feats of physical strength. This didn't sit well with a lot of them and it got so my main pastime was fighting. They used to rope off part of Main Street every Saturday and pit all the local toughs against me, hoping someone would knock me cold. No one ever did. Crazy, how people will put you in a category just because of the way you look. They never stop to think how you feel." Dan's own father probably wasn't thinking when he said, "Dan's the only boy in Texas who wears a size-14 shoe and a size-3 hat. (Continued on page 90)
It had been a hard day at the office for Mrs. Jack Bailey. She walked in the front door of her house, dropped wearily into an armchair, and called out to her husband: “I’m home, honey!”

Jack Bailey came out of the kitchen, wearing a frilly apron. “Did you have a busy day at the office, dear?”

“I’ll say! I think our company handles more cases than any other law firm in town. What’s for dinner?” she asked.

Jack beamed proudly. “Your favorite—pot roast. I’ve made it just the way you like it!”

The above scene never actually happened, but the chances are that something similar to it occurred time and time again during the early married life of Jack Bailey, who reigns today as the uncrowned king of ABC-TV’s popular daytime program, “Queen for a Day.”

For, as Jack admitted to me recently over lunch at the Hollywood Brown Derby, his wife supported him at intervals through the years when they were first married.

“You see,” he said, “she was a legal secretary, and I’m delighted that she was a good one. Otherwise we wouldn’t have eaten! We were married in 1941, and though I’d been in show business as an actor and announcer for over 15 years, I was having a tough time making a go of it right then. Whenever I was at liberty, she’d go find herself a job in some law firm. She literally supported me for quite a while. And that’s why, in my book, Mrs. Bailey is the most deserving lady I know.”

“Would you like to make her Queen for a Day?”

“You bet!” he grinned. “Actually, though, she’s very modest and hates taking bows. Sometimes, when I’m making an appearance out of town, word will leak out that she’s in the audience and people will say, ‘Where’s Mrs. Bailey? Introduce Mrs. Bailey!’ But I know that if I did she’d be furious.

“I’ll never forget, though, what she’s done for me,” he said with great sincerity. “When we were married, I was announcing on radio stations up and down the West Coast, and putting on pageants here and there. About three months after our wedding, I had a little radio show in San Francisco. I’m afraid people didn’t think the show was as good as I thought it was, and I soon was out of a job.

“Well, we started getting a little thin in the piggy bank. So Carol just went downtown at 8 o’clock one morning, and at 9:30 she phoned me and said, ‘I’m now working for Hiram Johnson.’ He was the former senator, and she had a job in his office. Yes, a good legal secretary is a wonderful thing to fall back on.

“Same thing happened in San Diego,” he continued. “I was called down for a job that wasn’t there when I got there, and away she went with her little notebook and got a job.”

“How did you feel at the time about having your wife support you?” I asked. “Were you embarrassed at all? Did it hurt your pride?”

“She never let it,” he said. “She’d always find some way to keep my ego up. For one thing, we both knew that I wasn’t a lazy guy, nor was I the type of entertainer who waited at home for the phone to ring. I took a lot of fill-in jobs myself when I couldn’t get anything in the entertainment field. In my day I’ve been an insurance salesman, a house paint-
er, a dance instructor and a cook. But sometimes there was just no job for me, and that's when Carol would help out. When she was working and I wasn't, I kept house. He grinned. "And I did it very well! As I said, I'd worked as a cook, and that came in handy when I was staying home. I became so good at it that a few years ago I put out a cookbook called 'What's Cookin'!'"

"Did you ever get discouraged about your career?"

"Oh, boy—did I! But Carol would be just the opposite; she wouldn't let me give up. You see, I had been successful as an entertainer for a number of years—I'd toured with the Ralph Bellamy Players, done tent shows, been a musician in a band. It wasn't as if I just suddenly decided to get into entertainment. So she had faith in me.

"Carol's mother died before I came along, but for years she'd supported her mother. Not only that, but her sister died and left a nine-year-old child, a girl whom Carol took in. In order to take care of both of them, Carol had to work like the devil, but she did, and they always went first-class. She devoted her whole life to taking care of other people. When we got married, she found herself with a niece and an itinerant actor to support! But she never complained."

He chuckled. "Even before we were married, she was helping me out. I was so poor that for our dates we went window shopping. We courted for several years, and afterward I used to joke that I took my time about marrying her because she wasn't getting enough raises. I was in the insurance business at that time, and I used to take her with me to help pass out post cards. They read, "'No one will call.' That was a laugh. Of course someone would call.

"I had her on a strange pay scale. If she could pass out a hundred cards in one night, then the next night her pay was that she only had to pass out twenty-five. Thank goodness, she's always had a sense of humor! She used to laugh no matter how bad things got!

"Another thing—Carol was very generous with gifts, but she'd always do it in a way that wouldn't hurt my ego when I was out of work. She wouldn't come out and say, 'Your shirt looks awfully tacky—let me buy you a new one!' No, she'd say it was the anniversary of the ninth time we put out the insurance cards, or some such thing as that. Just a light touch to make things easier. I remember one time some friends I'd worked with, years before, came out to the Coast, and it was the opening of Earl Carroll's theater. Well, they were kind of whispering that they were all going, and it was pretty obvious that I wasn't and couldn't possibly afford to. But we were there! She got an advance from her boss.

"Then in 1945 I became emcee on 'Queen for a Day' and I've been working steadily ever since. But when Ma saw that she wouldn't have to work anymore, it kind of upset her. She began to wonder what her place in life would be, and she really worried about it. Even today, she likes to keep busy. In fact, I'm going to be more honest than most husbands and admit that this lady is the boss of the house. She not only takes care of our home, she handles the business with the help of an accountant. We discuss our investments and she does the legwork on them. She keeps my taxes paid and takes care of my insurance and (Please turn the page)
any other payments we have to make. She also makes sure that I answer my mail on time."

He laughed. "One thing, though—for a long time after I'd started working steadily, I continued to do the cooking at our house. Carol came from a big family where the mother didn't have time to worry about teaching the children to cook. Then, when I started studying painting a few years ago, I stopped doing the cooking and Carol took over. Well, she'd been a business girl all her life, and she didn't know a thing about cooking. She wasn't too good at first, but she picked it up fast, and now she's doing just fine. But we're both so busy that we often eat out, or eat 'take-home' food from the store."

"Did you have any particularly painful experiences when she was learning to cook?" I asked.

"Well, one night she decided to make creamed chicken and Brussels sprouts," he grinned. "She boiled the chicken herself, and it came out tough. The cream sauce curdled. And the Brussels sprouts tasted raw. I tried to eat the dinner, but I just couldn't; it refused to go down. Instead of being insulted, Carol got to laughing and said, 'This is pretty bad. Let me fry you an egg.' Which she did, and I had that.

"I kid her sometimes about her cooking, and she'll turn around and kid me about some of the mail I get, particularly the 'romantic' mail. When I get a love letter, it's usually from somebody over eighty. One lady wrote and wanted me to tell my wife that she's got permission from her husband to have my picture on her dresser and kiss it every night. I'm afraid I'm no romantic idol. I've been a character-actor type since about the age of twelve! Actually, the people who write letters to me are very gracious, almost as if they were writing to a favorite uncle."

"How does your wife feel about your being a TV star after all the years of struggle?" I asked him.

He laughed. "To her I'm about as much a star as a fourteen-year-old boy who's late for school! In fact, we have a little running gag. When she doesn't like my clothes, she'll say, 'Are you going to wear that suit? You look like a bum!' And I'll say, 'Please—I'm known and loved by millions throughout TV-land, and they know I'm eccentric.'

"Really, though, we lead a very pleasant life. We have a home up in the Hollywood Hills, a little place at Malibu, and a cottage by a lake that's so secluded I can hardly find it myself. I spend a lot of my spare time painting, and, on nights when I have a painting class, Carol goes to the movies. She's a real fan.

"Seven or eight years ago, we gave each other twin pianos for Christmas. We have them back to back in the front room, and we'll play a medley and three pieces for anybody who'll listen." He chuckled. "That's all we'll play, because we don't know any other numbers!"

After a thoughtful pause, he said: "You know, a little while ago you asked if I'd like to make my wife Queen for a Day, and I said I would. Well, there's a prize that goes with the crown, and I know just what I'd give Carol: A trip around the world. She loves to travel." Then he grinned. "Matter of fact, I think I just may give her that trip anyway. After all—she's earned it!" —CHRIS ALEXANDER

Jack Bailey presides over "Queen for a Day," on ABC-TV, M-F, 3 P.M. EDT.
ALL ABOUT TV's FORGOTTEN MAN!

HE'S THERE...
BUT NO ONE KNOWS HE'S THERE

It was grand larceny! In fact, it was murder! Yet he took it lying down! Here's why!
One look at these pictures . . . and you know why Martin Milner doesn’t care whether or not anyone calls him the forgotten man of “Route 66”.

No scene-thief could ever steal Milner treasures such as these! In order of delivery: Amy, 4, as seen below and on facing page—Molly, 1½, in her mother’s arms at right—baby Stuart, above. But first of all came actress Judy Jones, who gave up her career to marry Marty . . . travel with him as he filmed his series . . . and make a haven of their California home.

It’s a crime! The cops ought to be chasing that snazzy convertible down “Route 66,” sirens shrieking, warrant in hand for the arrest of one George Maharis. Charge: Grand larceny of the TV series created for—and practically stolen from—one Martin Milner. But no warrant has ever been issued. The aggrieved party refuses to sign a complaint!

The facts, ma’am, are these: “Route 66” was hand-tailored for tall, blond Marty, an established star in Hollywood. Tall, dark George was brought from the East, almost (Continued on page 91)
Every month, a doctor looks at TV's daytime dramas and tells you what

How Long Should a Man Mourn His Dead Wife?

Viewers just couldn’t believe it! The CBS switchboard was jammed, mail bags bulged with one anguished query: Surely, Sara Karr hadn’t really died in “The Edge of Night”? But it was true . . . and Mike Karr has had to live with the tragic memory ever since. This problem of the young widower with a motherless child is sadly familiar in real life, too. You probably know at least one . . . and hope he’ll marry again. Can you learn something from TV’s handling of the emotional crises faced by a vigorous but sensitive man in such a situation? This is the psychological (Continued on page 92)
you can learn about yourself from them. This month—"The Edge of Night"

Can a girl like Nancy Pollack (Ann Flood) hope to find happiness with a widower like Mike Karr (Laurence Hugo)? Or is he forever haunted by the shadow of his late wife (played by Teal Ames until Sara's dramatic, untimely death in the TV serial)?
Eric Fleming held the gun to his father's head and slowly began to squeeze the trigger. His father slept on, unaware of the danger... The boy paused, undecided for a moment. But then he remembered all the times his dad had beaten him with a belt... whipped him with a lariat... slapped him nearly senseless. Worse yet, the way he'd hit Eric's mother so hard that he broke her eardrum, when she stepped between them and tried to save her son... He'd show him now. He'd pay him back for everything. And after all... what could the police do to punish him for the murder? Send him to the gas chamber? They couldn't. He was only nine years old... And so, calmly and deliberately, Eric squeezed the trigger all the way back.... (Continued on page 86)
Eric Fleming held the gun to his father's head and slowly began to squeeze the trigger. His father slept on, unaware of the danger... The boy paused, undecided for a moment. But then he remembered all the times his dad had beaten him with a belt... whipped him with a lariat... slapped him nearly senseless. Worse yet, the way he'd hit Eric's mother so hard that he broke her eardrum, when she stepped between them and tried to save her son... He'd show him now. He'd pay him back for everything. And after all... what could the police do to punish him for the murder? Send him to the gas chamber? They couldn't. He was only nine years old... And so, calmly and deliberately, Eric squeezed the trigger all the way back.... (Continued on page 86)
Nothing he has ever done on the TV screen—"Dennis the Menace," as danger as and as fraught with peril as what he's doing—may ever be as dangerous and as fraught with peril as what tow-headed Jay North is up to in real life. There, in a world of skinned knees and cracking voices, he's growing up! In fact, "growing" may be putting it too mildly. Perhaps "shooting" would be more accurate. The little boy is getting too big. And what happens when a little boy gets too big to be brought to life in the morning and sling shots in the afternoon? What happens then? What happens when a little boy gets too big for oatmeal in the morning and for goodnight kisses? What happens when he gets too big to bring a comic-strip imp to life? That's what some people in TV-land say is happening to Jay. And what happens if, before you turn ten, you've been a has-been? If they start looking for a little boy to play Dennis? You'd be surprised! I know I was when I saw the boy and his mother, Dorothy: "How do you do? It's very nice to meet you," said Jay, extending his hand. "I always study my lines on Saturday morning and then I go out and play catch. I'm going up in the game!"

"Oh, it's fine. Do you know that on our team I'm pitcher, second baseman and third baseman and we're going to rename ourselves Don Drysdale, Sandy Koufax, Roger Maris and Whitey Ford? They're my favorites." "That's lovely," I said, making a note to look up the names and find out how big they were. "I've never seen a baseball game."
"What's wrong with me? . . . Why do I always end up a loser?" What could make Elvis Presley wake up one morning, long before the alarm was due to ring, and stand there staring at his reflection in the mirror? What could make him ask such a question? Or rather, who could make him ask it? . . . The answer could only be a girl and not just any girl; she would have to be something pretty special to have Elvis hanging on the ropes like that. If not, why would he wake, still tired but unable to sleep? If not, why would he be standing there, searching for an answer, painfully trying to understand why he had lost her? If he looked back at the weeks that had just passed, weeks when they had been so close, so happy together, would he find the moment things had begun to (Continued on page 73)
"I never wanted to talk about my marriage," Carol said, "but it's come out, bit by bit... I wish it hadn't."

What had come out were these few bare facts: She had married Don Saroyan in 1956; they had separated four years later; they would be divorced in Las Vegas this September, as you read this.

That was all Carol would say—up until now. Now, for the first time, in this exclusive interview, she reveals the bittersweet story of what really happened.

"My marriage broke up," she said frankly, "because Don was not successful while my own career was moving ahead." Her dark gray eyes clouded as she added, "I don't want this to happen again..."

Then, slowly, hesitantly—like someone unused to revealing too much of herself—Carol went back over the years to the beginning of that success and to her first meeting with Don.

It had started with her enrollment at California's U.C.L.A. Up to then, she had been "everybody's buddy but nobody's girl
friend.” When she attended Hollywood High School, this “nobody’s girl friend” bit had hurt. She found herself competing with beautiful girls in expensive clothes, and suspected they were snobs. She knew she wasn’t homely, but felt she was “too average” to attract the boys’ attention—so she withdrew from the fierce competition for boys by concentrating on her studies.

At college, she took a required course in speech. She did not like the course, but it dovetailed with a drama workshop and she was sent to audition at the Theater Arts Department’s University Theater, for a one-act play. She won the role of a hillbilly. “When people laughed at the right place,” she recalls, “I realized this was what I had wanted all my life.”

Suddenly, she was (Please turn the page)

Exclusive! For the first time, Carol Burnett tells how it happened—why it happened—what will happen next!
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Carol’s falling in love again, and when that phone rings, she begins “working on him.” Decisions, decisions: An exotic new face, a glamorous hairdo, a seductive gown—should she be a siren or a homebody? The champagne may solve everything.

no longer Carol Burnett, a student. She was Carol Burnett, the entertainer. Fellow students kept telling her, “You’re great!” and “How long have you been doing this?”

In her next school play appearance, in a comic role, she was so good that even seniors started to talk to her. She began getting a lot of dates, and she enjoyed her new popularity so much that she informed her startled mother, “I am going to be an actress!”

During her sophomore year, she noticed a dark, handsome graduate student in drama school, Don Saroyan, a distant cousin of writer William Saroyan. She liked him instantly, and (Continued on page 83)
the forty-yard line out onto the terrace, where he stopped just in time to keep himself from falling into the pool. If he hadn't had his clothes on, I knew darn well he would have dived in and made an effort to break the record of the last aspirant who crossed the English Channel.

Dorothy North's eyes followed her son and she turned back to me with a broad grin on her face. She was obviously pleased with what she'd produced.

I asked how she thought her son measured up to his TV role.

"Jay is no Dennis The Menace," she said, "and that's the most direct answer I can give. He is one of the most average little boys in the world. He doesn't have time to get into trouble because he lives on too tight a schedule. He works all day, has to be at the studio at eight and is there until five. If he goes to nine, he stays until six. It breaks down to four hours of work, three of school, an hour for lunch and two half-hour rest breaks. When he comes home, he's ready for dinner, a little television, and then bed. Weekends and vacations, he's so taken up with sports he doesn't have the time to get into any mischief, even if it occurred to him."

Then it wasn't true he took a bolt of twelve-dollar-a-yard velveteen was going to make draperies out of and used it to construct a tent in the backyard? "Certainly not!"

And when he was attending public school and appearing as Joseph in the Christmas pageant, he didn't step forward on the stage and, pointing to the parting curtains, bellow: "Look, Mother, show business?"

"He never did such a thing in his life."

He didn't break a plate-glass window on the set with his sling shot?

"I don't believe he's ever had that sling shot out of his pocket. The prop man puts it there in the morning and removes it at night."

Then it wouldn't be true to say Jay is only happy when he's raising hell and actually being Dennis?

"He's an unusually happy child and I can't recall his ever having been in trouble. The only time I can remember him actually being unhappy is when Joseph Kearns died. He played Mr. Wilson on the show with Jay and, when he became ill, Jay was very upset. One night, after Jay had gone to bed, the studio called to tell me Mr. Kearns had died and they wanted me to break the news. I didn't want to wake Jay, so I decided to wait until the next morning. Unfortunately, he got up before I did and heard the news over television."

"He was a different little boy for days and wouldn't go near the television set. Somehow he had it in his mind that, if he turned it on, he would hear some sort of bad news. He didn't even want to play ball with the other children on weekends. Finally, his Christian Science teacher at church explained that Mr. Wilson had just walked into another room, and Jay accepted it. That was the unhappiest I've ever seen him. His life is too full to be unhappy, he's too busy to become spoiled."

At this point, Jay bounded in from the terrace and asked if I'd like to see his room and the playhouse beside the pool. The room was typical of any nine-year-old boy, except for two autographed pictures on the wall. One was of President Kennedy and the other of the famed Astronauts. Not many little boys, or even adults, can brag of such prized possessions.

No "future" in it

As I began to take stock of the room and what it held, I realized that, almost without exception, it was filled with pirate paraphernalia. Pirate costumes, swords, hats, pictures, books, ships—even a pirate salt-and-pepper set. The lamps were mounted on pirate figurines and an entire miniature crew of yesterday's bad men sprawled across the top of a chest of drawers.

"You dig pirates?" It was a pretty inane question.

"Boy, do I! Ever since I saw 'The Buccaneers' on television, that's what I've really wanted to be. When I get my vacation, Mother's going to take me to Florida. You know, they have special pirate days there and everyone gets dressed up like one and even acts like one. I'm an honorary pirate in Seattle, where they have the same kind of days. That's what I wanted to get into when I grow up, but mother says there isn't any future in it, and, of course, there aren't many working pirates anymore. I guess there are some left on the China Seas or some place like that, but those places are an awful long way from home. Guess I'll end up being a baseball player or something."

Jay and his mother saw me to the car and, as I drove back toward Hollywood, I sized up the situation this way: It's obvious Master North is no Dennis The Menace, but he's no mama's boy, either. He's wrapped up in a world of sports and pirates and he's still very much a little boy. I remembered the old rhyme: "What are little boys made of? Snips and snails and puppy dog tails—that's what little boys are made of."

In the case of Jay North, it's "sports made for males and old pirate tales"—that's what this boy is made of.

And when a little boy like this begins to grow up, he doesn't get too big.

He just gets too much!

I wondered if Jay and his mother had heard the rumors that there might be another Dennis to take his place. I thought it was nice that Jay was making other plans for his future, but I didn't really think it was necessary. At least, not yet.

After all, if Jay's growing up, why can't Dennis? It's not that dangerous.

—TRICIA HURST

Jay North is "Dennis the Menace" on CBS-TV, Sunday, at 7:30 P.M. EDT.
LET’S HAVE A POLKA PARTY!

Meet WGRD’s popular Bob “Jasiu” Whitcomb, who “polka-ed” into the hearts of thousands of Grand Rapids listeners.

Proud aunt and uncle are Carol and Bob with niece Karen Jean Southway, Miss Michigan ’62.

Recently, Bob’s many fans surprised him with birthday party.

Grand Rapids’ Bob Whitcomb is the son of a Presbyterian minister, yet he was recently given an award by several Catholic organizations. He isn’t Polish, yet he has earned the affection of that large population in West Michigan (and the affectionate nickname of “Jasiu” from them, too) and has a standing welcome to all their affairs. Much of Bob’s popularity has been gained through his fourteen-year association with Station WGRD. His two shows—the “Bob Whitcomb Show” and “Original Polka Time”—both reach a large, active and devoted audience. Says Bob simply, “I try to think of my listeners by taking an interest in their language, customs, and way of life.” . . . Born in Evansville, Indiana, Bob says of his school days, “I was always the first one to volunteer for school dramas . . . anything to be on stage and in front of the footlights.” . . . It was at the station that Bob first met his pretty wife Carol, who had been hired as traffic manager. They were married in 1954 and have two daughters—Linda Sue, 7, and Robin Jayne, 4. “They’re just like their dad,” smiles Bob. “Real hams, who love to play announcer with the tape recorder.” They all live in a ranch-type brick house with a recreation basement which self-styled “wreck-it-yourselfer” Bob built completely.
Just like reading a pleasant, informative magazine . . . that's Stan Matlock's show for WKRC
On the way to an audition for his first radio job, Stan Matlock went through a red light and got the only ticket of his life. He also got the job. But today, Stan's popular "Magazine of the Air" show for WKRC, in Cincinnati, is headed up by anything but a "hurried" Stan. It has been described as a relaxed show with "the comfortable feel of a favorite pipe." Stan himself says, "Here's how I feel about it: If a man is sitting at home reading and says to his wife, 'Hey, Mabel, listen to this—' then it's for me. I just want to share all the interesting things I read." And read, Stan does. His pleasant, homey, person-to-person type conversations on the air are relaxed, informal and easy-going and belie the fact of hours and hours of research and reading necessary to put together his four-hour daily show. Stan's being so fond of the written word, it naturally follows that it should have played a big part in his romantic life. Says he, "My wife Alice was a continuity writer at our TV station and—dashing Romeo that I am—I asked for our first date by written note." The Matlocks' eight-year-old daughter Anne is cute, blonde, and loves to help Daddy whenever possible.
As a secret agent in TV’s “Danger Man,” Patrick McGoohan finds excitement and big adventure in every corner of the world.
go wrong between them? ... Was it after he envisioned her presiding over Graceland—taking the place his mother held at their beautiful home in Memphis?

Or had things begun to go so miserably wrong between Nancy Sharp and himself after that Christmas visit to her family in St. Louis? She was certainly pretty special. He'd been so close to asking her to become his wife—so close, time after time, to whispering the words, when she was cradled in his arms. But somehow, in that warm, cultured home of books and paintings, and educated talk, Elvis became again the tongue-tied, fearful youngster from the public-housing apartment in the humbly part of Memphis. Suddenly, he was a country boy, lonely, restless, overly-suspicious, in an alien land. Nancy's father, a well-to-do dentist, was friendly but stiff, somewhat professional; her mother—a charming, pretty woman—was a college graduate, as was Nancy.

Elvis met Nancy last year when he was making "Flaming Lance." His restless, sooty-rimmed eyes focused on the quiet, ladylike Nancy and stayed there—a real tribute to her charm and femininity. An apprentice fashion designer, she was working as junior wardrobe mistress on her first film. Tall, shapely, hazel-eyed, quietly dressed in excellent taste, Nancy was far from the type Elvis fancied. In tight capri he often chose to date. The King of Hearts, who definitely knows how to magnetize any girl he fancies, had a little trouble with reserved Nancy Sharp. Finally, she agreed to a date.

Nancy's promise

"I must ask you something," Elvis said hesitantly. "I cannot date a girl unless she will promise me that she won't talk with a columnist about us or allow a photographer to take a picture of us together.

Nancy was a deep, masked. She wasn't seeking publicity for a movie career; she didn't want to be seen in night clubs. They dated steadily but quietly, in out-of-the-way places, spending more and more of their time together. She was no adoring slave, open-mouthed over him. Nancy was an independent career girl who put on no airs. Elvis found himself deeply in love. He had ripened from wild boyhood to mature manhood—ripened enough to appreciate a mature, sophisticated girl like Nancy. When he gifted her with a German music box which played "I Love You Truly," Nancy was deeply moved.

And then when Elvis was about to propose marriage, he did what he had done before—turned away abruptly, sick with fears and doubts.

Once again, he found himself unable to enter a deep, meaningful relationship with a girl. Why? Why? he asked himself over and over, like a needle stuck in a record. He had dreamed of a loving wife to come home to, and then he found himself afraid to take a chance on marriage because a failure might hit him where it hurts—in the heart! Was it better to let well enough alone? Too complex? Why did he dig almost to the point of proposing, then turn tail? Like he did with Anita Wood. With all the others. He'd dated so many—so many ... yet why did he always end up without the wife he needed? In a few months he'd be twenty-eight—twenty-eight and still not settled. His mom had been barely fifteen when she married. Dad, seventeen. They weren't afraid to take a chance. Why was he so fearful—so full of doubts? Was he afraid he wouldn't find anyone who would love him as his Mom had—no matter what he did?

Elvis lay in bed, twisting from side to side in an agony of self-condemnation, of indecision. Beads of perspiration enclose
clouded his upper lip. He straightened the rumpled covers, tried desperately to still the questions, to will himself to sleep. But once again, like a record he was powerless to turn off, the insistent questions filled the room.

Nancy... would he be happy with Nancy? She's a girl from another world. Anita, she's a girl from back home. He couldn't make a move, with one leg in Memphis and one in Hollywood... Why did he keep asking himself... Would a beautiful college graduate like Nancy love him if she were still a Memphis truck driver? Was she interested in Elvis Presley, millionaire movie star, or in Elvis Presley, son of a Mississippi sharecropper? How could he be sure? How could any man be sure of a girl? Was it because he'd met so many "gimme" dames with hands outstretched in Hollywood—girls who'd made him bleed, girls who'd had him cornered? Was that why he couldn't trust a girl all the way? Okay, so suppose he'd ask Nancy to marry him. How would he know she wouldn't turn him down if he told her how he felt?

And so he'd grown distant on their last few dates. "What is the matter?" asked a confused Nancy. "Have I done something to hurt you?" Elvis shook his head, too choked up to speak. Finally, he ceased to phone her.

But he didn't forget Nancy Sharp—the girl he'd come closest to marrying since his return from the Army.

No; he didn’t forget the delicate lavender cologne she wore, the soap-sweet fragrance of her long, curling blonde hair, the subdued print of her summer cottons, crisp with starch. He didn’t forget her, though his days were taken up with one picture after another; his nights, in the company of his five Memphis pals who live with him and accompany him wherever he goes. He didn’t forget her as he stroked "Scatter," the cute little chimpanzee he’d bought as a shield against the intolerable loneliness of his life.

**Cornered**

Between films, Elvis spends feverish hours gambling in Las Vegas. And dating the tall, voluptuous showgirls who look longingly at the jewels and mink-trimmed sweaters in the glittering showcases. He is a steady loser at the crap tables. "I dropped $15,000 my last trip," he told a clinging chorine. "Let me be your good luck charm," she pleaded. As Elvis watched the croupier rake in his last stack of dollars, he looked down at his empty hands, and turned away, murmuring, "Lady Luck's passed me by again."

As he prepared for bed in the bright sunlit morning, the mirror reflected his somber blue-gray eyes, his full, sensuous lips turned down at the corners. People had always said he had his mother's mouth...

At breakfast, in mid-afternoon, Elvis laughingly recounted to his entourage the crazy dream he’d had. "I was on stage, dressed up, but without my jacket. A blonde doll slipped a gold lamé jacket over my shoulders while my mom watched beside me. They say

Now or never—can Connie Stevens twist back to Gary Clarke?

Though Connie’s dated others, she’s never been out of Gary’s heart. But how long can a guy wait? They’re keeping company again, and we think now’s the time for Connie to say yes at last to this patient TV “Virginian.”
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.
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Veneta Stevenson, Kathy Case, Sherry Jackson, Ziva Rodann—so many, some now married, some still available. There were Tuesday Weld and Juliet Prowse, Connie Stevens, Anne Helm, Margie Regan, Joanna Moore. Some were wonderful girls; some were apparently motivated more by publicity than passion. Some thought he was a laugh, a kind of clown, some wanted only to see their photos in the fan magazines with him, some—all “kiss-and-tell” TV starlet Sherry Jackson—wrote devastating articles about their friendship.

When Elvis reads or hears what some starlets have said about him, he is depressed for days. For Elvis Presley is a hypersensitive, high-strung personality who needs everyone’s approval. Not long ago, he was a member of the “have-nots” and he still hasn’t forgotten his feelings toward the “have”s of the world.

Why did he get mixed up with girls who’d say how happy they were to date him, then turn away to laugh or stab? Or, why did he meet these movie dolls who come on like a ten-ton truck—no tell you, right off the bat, where they want to go, what they want to do—who never stop thinking of themselves? Why couldn’t he find a girl who really cared for him like Shirley cared for Pat Boone or Sandra for Bobby Darin or Nancy for Tommy Sands? And kids...

Elvis worries because he is exhausted all the time. Yet he knows that he agreed to the man-eating schedule of pictures since his return from the Army. Could he be doing this to mask his feelings over the emptiness of his life? Or is he on a professional treadmill from which he dares not jump off?

“You can’t stand still; if you do, you’re dead,” he once declared. He’s a world celebrity who is frightened of the future, determined not to go back to the poverty-stricken past. Robbed of a personal life—a multimillionaire rock ’n’ roller who can’t hide anywhere.

The world’s most eligible bachelor wants desperately to marry and raise a family—but he is afraid to get involved. There are those who believe that pretty Anita Wood, Memphis showgirl and disc jockey, is the number-one candidate to be Mrs. Elvis Aron Presley. Sometimes he tells his dates that they are the same height and weight as “his girlfriend,” and it is presumed that he is referring to Anita.

“They could make beautiful music together,” quipped a friend, “even if it’s only rock ’n’ roll. Anita and Elvis have been a twosome since 1957—longer than any Presley romance. She’s dated him in Memphis through the years, in times of joy, consoling him in times of sorrow, and she’s visited Elvis in Hollywood several times.”

When he can’t sleep in the shadowy dawn, Elvis asks himself what happened between him and his hometown girl.

He was closer to marrying her than he’d ever been; he’d missed her most when he was in the Army. What went wrong? His mom had passed away and he’d needed Nita so desperately. It had been on his tongue to say, “Let’s
run away and get married." But he was held back because he was going overseas. It wasn't fair to marry in those uncertain days. And when he came back, he was too busy re-establishing himself to think of marriage.

How love dies

Those wise to the ways of love know that there comes a time between a man and a maid when it would lead to marriage. Pass that time and, in most instances, the desire passes also. It is likely that this is what happened between Elvis and his onetime No. 1 girl.

Many girls who have dated Sir Rivel have said, "And then I never heard from him again. I can't imagine why."

Why is he so suspicious of the motives of those he's dated? Possibly it goes back to Elvis's first love affair. "When I was a sophomore at Humes and sixteen," Elvis once told this reporter, "there was this girl Billie, a senior, nineteen and a part-time waitress. She was my first real love, though she was heavier and taller than I was. But I believed she was the most beautiful creature on God's earth. Finally, I got up enough courage to tell her how much I loved her. And then I found out she was dating somebody else. When I asked her about it, she called me a kid and almost laughed at me. Like to break my heart. It was years before I got over it."

In addition to the wound a sensitive youngster received was his earlier conditioning by a strict mother, considered by many to be too possessive and over-protective. Perhaps Mrs. Presley made Elvis hesitant to leave the warm nest of her love. When he was a skinny, solemn-faced youngster, his mother would not permit him to leave the yard, go swimming or play football. She permitted him to date girls until he was around sixteen. Penned in by an anxious mother when he should have been forming group attachments and dating normally, Elvis matured slowly. He made up for lost time by showing an overwhelming interest in girls in his early twenties.

Today he needs one special girl, not the thousands of squealing, sweet-faced youngsters. Not one who makes him bleed; not one who'll have him cornered. He needs a wife—someone like Nancy Sharp or Anita Wood. Those who wish him well hope that soon Elvis will free himself from his fears, suspicions, feelings of inferiority, and that he will hold the woman of his choice in his arms and sing his old song to her: "Love me tender, love me true. Never let me go . . ." —MAXINE BLOCK

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when Willie Mae, her personal maid, had brought it in. "Orange juice with a raw egg whipped in." Now, coffee pot in hand, Lucy paused to reminisce. "I've always loved orange juice. Thirty years ago, I was working as a model in New York, making a hot thirty-five dollars a week. I had to watch both my figure and my figures. Economy was the watchword of the day. I'd slip into a walk-in stand and get a glass of juice for breakfast-lunch. That's how I thought of them—as one word, one meal.

"One scalding summer day, I fainted while having my drink. In falling, I knocked over a big glass container of the stuff. When I came to, I learned I'd caused $25 in damage. It might as well have been $2500. I nearly fainted again. It took me several months to clear up this debt...but, in some way, I've felt it brought me luck. A day after meeting the last agent, I was given the chance to come to Hollywood. And I've never been out of work since..."

At this point, Lucy's press agent, Kenny Morgan, came in. He wanted to let her know that the tape recordings she'd done an hour before—solicitations for the United Jewish Appeal—had all turned out "A-Okay, and they're real pleased and grateful." The laughter-quick mouth of the great clown twinkled in thought. "This is a kind of proof that you're a star," she commented.

"When I was a chorus girl and hadn't two cents to rub together, I was asked to donate to all sorts of causes. Now that I can afford to give to worthy charities, they want my time. They say they can always get money, but a few minutes from me is worth more in the long run."

Her guest, glancing slyly up from her coffee, put a sudden question. If it was meant to catch Lucy off-guard, it failed. Her laughter cluttered out in the infectious caroling that has delighted millions of film and TV fans.

"What a question," she gasped, "Is Desi still in my life? What next?" She walked to the window and gazed briefly down at the flowering garden and its lovely effect.

After a moment, she said, "I was married to Desi for over fifteen years. He's the father of my two children. And you don't erase a husband, when you divorce him, like a chalk mark! Of course he's still in my life, in a certain sense. As the father of little Desi and Lucie, he comes to visit them. Which is his right. Sometimes I see him when he's here. The kids spend most of their vacation with him, also many weekends and holidays. Is there any earthly reason why he should be deprived of being with his children, or they with their father? Our divorce, and my marriage to Gary, doesn't affect Desi's love for his children. In that sense he is still in my life.

"Then you mustn't forget that Desi is executive producer of my new show. That means he handles the business details. He also guided the story, and nobody can deny he's a whiz at it. This also makes him part of my life, doesn't it? It's well known I'm still a partner in Desilu. Naturally, I am doing my new series there. I wouldn't consider doing anything anywhere else. After all, I do feel an obligation to Desi and the other stockholders. I'll never forget that they played a large, maybe decisive, part in my success, financial and entertainment-wise. In this sense, too, Desi and all the people who invested in 'I Love Lucy,' and our other projects, are still a very real piece of my life. Just as I am in theirs."

She diverged from this line of thought to explain that the negotiating with Warner Bros. for her new movie—"Critic's Choice," in which she co-stars with Bob Hope—was a matter handled by herself and her lawyer. She doesn't have an agent.

Now, as it on cue, the phone rang. Answering, the eyes of the great clown rounded hugely in a burst of hilarity. "Desi! This is funny, but I was just talking about you. The children asked me when you were getting back from New York—yes, only this morning. They're holding up for you and they can't wait to hand them over..." The conversation moved into the area of business and it was five minutes, by the watch, before she set the phone down.

The suddenly alert glint in her eye, the sudden pressure of her fingers made her to her a tolerant sigh. "I'm completely in love with my husband, a talented comedian named Gary Morton. So, is there anything scandalous in my hoping that Desi also finds happiness and peace of mind, just as have?"

"When I fell in love with Gary, and felt sure he was in love with me, all at once I knew what the astronauts call a 'weightless state.' I floated on air. I felt all charged up. I had a need to make people laugh, and to laugh with them. I wanted to be busy. I redecorated this house, I'd rather have a home than hangout, and the kids cheered me out about it. You know, Lucy's ten and Desi's nine now, and they feel humiliated even for their nurse to sleep in an adjoining room. But what do you call that part of a home where the children sleep after they've outgrown the nursery bit?"

"This room," she swept her free arm, "has become our favorite gathering place. Gary is wonderful with the children. At night, little Desi teases him into a game of chess. Gary is pretty good at it and he's been teaching the little fellow. The feminine side of the Morton family—meaning my daughter Lucie and me—study the homemaking magazines, looking for ideas in furniture, gardening and recipes..."

"It didn't hurt a bit"  

As proof, Lucille Ball Arnaz Morton pulled out a cookbook she had started for her daughter while with Gary in Reno last year. Gary had been appearing there and, to fill in the time, Lucy had put together the cookbook, carefully plotting simple but nutritious menus a beginner might handle without running into disaster. To illustrate the copy, she pasted pictures of various dishes in.

She also wrote a "mother to daught-er" foreword: "Dearest Lucie, Have been planning some menus I'd like you to try all by yourself. I know how anxious you are to learn how to cook—so now, let's go. At least once a week,
you ought to take a whack at the kitchen. Love you, darling. Your Mommie." And, at the close of the book: "I hope you will use and enjoy this book. When Mommie was nine, she was already making meals for seven people in her family. It didn't hurt her a bit. I'm sure you want to become a good Mommie and homemaker yourself some day, and I'd like to help you in this all I can..."

According to Lucy, although little Desi has played the bongo drums since he was four, and Lucie takes piano lessons, neither has yet indicated any serious concern with show business. When the little girl began balking at the amount of practice required in learning to play, her teacher employed a psychological approach that paid off. Lucie was told to ask her mother what her favorite song was. "Make Someone Happy," said Lucy. "Well," chirped Lucie gleefully, "that's the song I'm going to learn next!"

Incidentally, there was also one of the songs featured at Lucy's and Gary's wedding... "but I didn't hear a note of it!" she confessed. "I was far out... far, far out."

The big white house in Beverly Hills boasts a small, compact but efficient theater in the guest quarters. Lucy and Gary use it on occasion to run through lines or rehearse skits. The children, however, find it a continual incentive for staging shows for the benefit of their friends.

Between phone calls and giving directions to Willie Mae, Lucy went on to explain how she had dated Gary five years before they married. "I wanted to allow enough time for my children to get to know and like the new big man in their mother's life. And it's worked out as I hoped. Gary is very fond of them, and they of him."

"So far, I do all the disciplining. We're dressing Gary in easy. But they have been a few times when he had to talk turkey with them—and, believe me, they listened. He is the kind who thinks hard before he speaks, but once he opens his mouth—authority! Even I quit kidding and listening."

"I try not even at Christmas. And it's sunk in, Lucie said, not long ago, 'Mommie, let's put away most of the toys and only use a few each week.' I find that, even with fewer gifts, they're just as happy. They get a chance to use and love what they have, instead of dashing from one toy to the next before they have any appreciation of the old one."

Desi and Lucy discuss all major plans for the children. It is by mutual agreement that they are being reared Catholic, Desi at St. John's in Northridge and Lucie at Marymount.

Meanwhile, Gary is making a subtle contribution to their education. In his den are two shelves lined with children's books, and they have a well-thumbed look. "I came in recently and saw young Desi doing his homework and watching a TV cartoon at the same time." I looked the set out of his room for a week. But then Gary asked if he could modify the punishment. He said he would give the set back two days earlier—if Desi would read two books after homework. Desi did and admitted he loved doing it."

It's "lights out" at 8:30 P.M., with the youngsters expected to be in dreamland by nine at the Morton household. This fall, curfew will ring half an hour later on Monday nights, so the children can watch "the best female clown in the world" perform in her new series.

Lucie has gone into art, her mother crowed with pride. "She's quite good, too." Lucy herself has done some painting for what she likes to call "my own amazement." Several of her pieces, signed "Balzac," adorn the walls.

"But," she insisted to her guest, "it's the little one's work I'm really gone on."

The subject of art inevitably led to Lucy's "fifty-cent tour of the joint," during which she called attention to a number of new paintings acquired since the marriage. "Gary already owned a few and so did I, but now we're weeding out those we're really not sold on and we're keeping the rest with the idea of gradually building up our collection. My dear friend, Ann Sothorn, got me interested lately in the works of a very gifted artist, William Rose Singer, so now we have some of his around."

King-size for "the master"

Had Gary had much of a hand in the redecoration of the house? Lucy shrugged, "Not really. He felt it should be left to me, since I'm at home more than he is, what with his making the night-club circuit. Of course, now it may be different, with new shearing going into the active stage. I will be on the go, too, shooting, rehearsing, and making p.a.'s. Gary did help a lot with choosing our pictures and hanging them. He personally hung each one in its present place. Oh, yes, and he ordered a new bed for the master! Gary's six-four, you know. He requires a king-size bed."

There were many decisions the newlyweds had to make in planning their life together. For one of the big ones, according to Lucy, was where "to hang our hats permanently." This involved some technicalities. While appearing in "Wildcat" on Broadway, she had rented a handsome apartment for $1,100 a month, and handsomely furnished it. Basking in all the optimistic predictions of a long run, she had signed a five-year lease. Now the place is vacant and this, she admitted, worries her.

"I hate to see money wasted, and I feel I simply must do something about that apartment," she declared. "I'm all for going East and subletting it to some deserving—and rich—fellow thespian! The only thing stopping me at the moment is that I'm still hoping Gary will be taking an engagement in New York soon, and then we can make the trip together—even if it's only for a week."

Downstairs now, Lucy opened the front door. She and her guest walked out and circled the grounds. "Beautiful," said the guest, taking note of the soft and shifting green tapestry of lawn, lined with crisply clipped hedges. Rose bushes were budding and camellias were thrusting up their glossy green..."
leaves. "You've done a fine job here."

"I have a marvelous gardener," Lucy smiled ... then, with a swift turn of thought: "He's as happy in his work as I am in mine."

The guest looked at her. "You look absolutely radiant—blissful—"

The round blue eyes of the great clown went pensive. "There are all kinds of happiness," she said softly, "I've been happy before ... and it's not the most important thing. Gary taught me values. It's the kind of happiness, the quality of your happiness, that counts. When I was in 'Wildcat,' I had a terrible attack of bursitis. I could barely make it on stage. But I was happy, too ... with my part, the applause, the nice things the critics said—and the knowledge that Gary was somewhere near. And yet I was in excruciating pain.

"Finally, my doctor gave me a shot and a lecture. He said I was pushing myself too hard and suffering from stress. 'You may be happy in what you're doing,' he warned, 'but think of all the other good things you'll be sacrificing if you kill yourself just for this one thing.'"

"I thought of my children. I thought of Gary. And then I realized I didn't want to risk losing them. I remembered something Gary had said. 'You can run, run, run, until you leave everything you love far behind.' That's when I decided to ease up and search for serenity.

"I owe my desire for serenity to Gary. He is very strong, a man who knows what he wants and just how much of it he can expect to get from life. He sees no point in tearing himself to shreds over something he can't be, and he has no fears about giving his best to what is within his reach. He has influenced me to give up being a perfectionist—to do my best, and let my conscience settle for that. And when you get right down to it, what more can an entertainer do?"

"Also, Gary made me realize some jobs and duties must be relegated to others. Granted my kids know you and can rely on—but it's simply not possible to do everything yourself. I'm afraid that's what I was trying to do, before Gary taught me his maturity of viewpoint. It's done wonders for my peace of mind and for my health."

Lucy smiled off into the sunlight. "Don't ask me for the secret of contentment. I only know it has a lot to do with knowing what you really want, and whether it is meaningful for you and yours. How do I know what I want? Well, I've got it, and that's how I know how much it means to me . . ."

Her guest watched the great clown walk briskly back into her house of happiness. The voice that has given the world so much of mirth and release from stress seemed to still be pulsing in the air. How the people love her, she thought. And no wonder. . .

"EUNICE FIELD"

"The Lucy Show" premieres on CBS-TV, Mon., Oct. 1st, at 8:30 p.m. EDT.

**KILDARE vs. CASEY**

(Continued from page 27)

kindly authority figure who knows them personally, intimately, and who may even offer advice on such private matters as their sex life. . . Only a doctor can prevail upon a woman to forsake her modesty. But every woman reacts differently to different doctors. Some may be embarrassed and uncomfortable with a good-looking, youngish doctor, preferring an older, colder kind of medical confidant who will not seem so realistically attractive.

There's more than a little bit of magic in the usual doctor-patient relationship between a woman and her personal physician. This is why almost all of us are reluctant to talk back to our doctor. Unconsciously, we somehow feel that, just as his "good magic" can cure us, so can his "bad magic" hurt us.

Women, especially, with their high degree of sensitivity, are reluctant to disagree with their doctors, even hesitating to argue over a bill. They have too much faith and too much fear to dare dispute their doctor's "magic."

Distance lends enchantment, and just being strangers can lead to the "magic" of the doctor-patient relationship. Many women become so taken with their doctors, they unconsciously create situations which will force them to visit his office more frequently. Some women become "accident-prone"—suffering a variety of sprains and bruises through carelessness. Others develop psychosomatic disorders—a nagging itch, stomach spasms or vague aches and pains throughout their bodies. Still others use their children as an excuse to visit their doctor more frequently—running to his office at the slightest sniffle or scratch.

Medical "magic" enables many a doctor to pose as an authority in fields in which he is not an expert: Child guidance, financial matters, and interpersonal relationships on a psychological level.

Many women want their doctor all to themselves and prefer a personal physician to the regular family doctor. Such a choice is less embarrassing and allows the female patient to retain her distance from the doctor—because he's not acquainted with the rest of her family—while permitting her to develop her own personal fantasy about the image he may represent to her. Both Dr. Kildare and Dr. Casey owe their popularity to such emotional factors, since the female viewer chooses one or the other for very personal reasons.

What sort of woman would be most attracted by Dr. Kildare, portrayed by 27-year-old Dick Chamberlain, as a gentle, lovable, understanding young medic?

Looking like the traditional "all-American" boy, his very appearance promises a sympathetic "bedside manner" most real-life doctors would envy.
He's often been described as "shyly sexy"—an apt description. His relationships with patients and colleagues alike are highly personal, and the head of Blair General Hospital, Dr. Gillespie, takes a kind of high-broker, even fatherly, attitude toward him.

Dr. Kildare laughs a lot, smiles a lot, and obviously has an eye for pretty girls. But always he is the eternal boy, friendly and impulsive, yet sweating out his ill-paid internship with commendable fortitude and an unenuenchable faith in humanity.

In Kildare we have the answer to the old-fashioned "American dream"—the wholesome, healthy, happy young fellow on-the-way-up who appeals to so many women. He would appeal especially to those who have the need to mother the male, perhaps in order to prove their own self-importance or superiority. For he is clean-cut all the way, not complicated, and seems to have no really deep personal problems. Many a mother must wish for this sort of man for her daughter to marry. And many a co-ed classmate would have a crush on him at least.

Quiet, undemanding, he appears to be highly considerate of women and not at all aggressive sexually, despite his roving eye—Kildare's view of woman-kind seems to be thoroughly moral and upright. Such a man would surely be protective of the girl he loves and be both pleasant and polite to his wife's family and friends... without threatening her in any way with the posibility of an extra-marital romance.

Two kinds of women would be especially drawn to him: The kind who dotes on mothering a man, and the kind who seeks her own self-importance or rather than heat and emotion. Dr. Kildare offers serenity, consideration and tenderness... an ideal combination of traits for a wife or sweetheart who would like to dominate their relationship.

What type of woman would Dr. Kildare be most likely to go for? He certainly hasn't been oblivious to pretty girls during his weekly sojourns in TV's big-and-spare hospital corridors. In fact, in one episode, he became so enamored with an attractive nurse that he had an accident and wound up in a hospital bed himself, with a dislocated back.

It's interesting to note that, unable to move about, he was forced to ask this same young nurse to scratch his foot when it itched unbearably. And somehow, in spite of his medical training, he became extremely modest and red-faced when the head nurse drew the curtains around his bed and used him as a guinea pig to demonstrate how to give a sponge bath properly... while a number of nurses-in-training looked on!

Beded in a ward, he became the butt of his fellow patients. But even his grumpiness was "lovable" and, before the episode ended, he managed to help straighten out some of their personal problems, through sheer friendliness.

There is often a certain immaturity and naiveté about Dr. Kildare. He comes through almost as an "embryo" male—still too much enough for a woman to mold him, in her mind, to whatever specifications she finds most interesting and attractive. This opportunity to "make him over" into the sort of man she wants him to be could strengthen his appeal to many a feminine viewer.

Kildare's character might be most apt to find happiness with a girl who was "cute," loveable, easily embarrassed and yet sufficiently dominating so that she could mother him, tease him gently and make the first move sexually.

What sort of woman would be most affected by Dr. Casey, portrayed by thirty-ish Vince Edwards, with his heavy, virile, decisive neuro-surgeon?

The tall, broad-shouldered Casey is a "nonsense" medic—blunt, tactless, arrogant. He never smiles, never chases women (they chase him), and regularly tells off everybody from nurses and patients alike. He's the usual "big-man-on-campus" type. Dedicates himself, he literally lives and breathes medicine. He thinks nothing of antagonizing anyone, in order to carry out the courage of his convictions—and, as a result, makes enemies on all sides.

He gives the impression of being a man with a secret sorrow, a very angry man. Impatient with all red tape, intolerant of even the slightest mistake, he scowls, sniffs and sneers his way through his weekly rendezvous in the hallowed halls of medicine and has frequently—correctly, it would seem—been referred to as "gutsy."

In Casey, we have Kildare's opposite. Casey exemplifies the "American he—
man”—decisive, independent, confident. Although he is brusque and tactless, he can muster up enough warmth with patients when he has to, and this helps to humanize him. Like Kildare, he, too, is shy. But his shyness is of another kind—seemingly based on an innate fear of letting people get to know him as he really is. In other words, Casey’s shyness is a front, a defense, hiding the softness underneath.

Such a masculine person would be most attractive to a mature woman who yearns for a man’s protection, yet is also able to secure it herself. But when Casey pulls away, sulks, and becomes belligerent, she must feel sure of his love without needing frequent demonstrations of it.

But the masochistic woman who, for reasons of her own, “enjoys” being bulldozed and hurt would also be attracted to Dr. Casey, who is a hurting man. He is completely dominating, so she must be on the passive side, willing to let him make decisions and able to accept his quick show of temper at her slightest mistake.

What type of woman would Dr. Casey be most likely to go for? He’s shown some attention to the attractive female anesthesiologist, Dr. Maggie Graham, during his medical exploits, but it’s interesting to note that at their first meeting, when she said, “You can call me Maggie”—his answer was, “You can call me anything you like!”

Casey gave further insight into his character when he and Maggie, he said to her, “Whenever I hold a woman, I take her pulse.”

That’s Casey for you—all-business, ironic in his humor, unbending even in romantic situations.

On one show, he contracted rabies from a young woman and was unable to take the antitoxin. Knowing he might die unless a leg was amputated, he asked a fellow doctor just how much of his hand would have to be amputated. The doctor answered, “Why ask me? You know.” And Casey replied, “I know, but I just want to hear you say it.”

Such morbid exchanges of dialogue—plus regular displays of gruesome medical operations, whirling, pain-racked women, and even a scene where Casey pummeled a dying patient’s chest with his fists to revive his weak heart—have served to type him as a rather sadistic person.

He breaks rules (often for good reason), disdains his superiors’ judgment in favor of his own, and coldly, bluntly, informs his patients of the desperation of their condition. That’s the kind of man he is.

Somehow, he gets the impression that Casey’s surly disposition doesn’t indicate irritability so much as it reflects his intense drive to be a first-class doctor. He carries this non-nonsense attitude over to his social relationships—and with women. He lets everybody know that no one will ever truly possess him, even the woman who loves him and whom he may love, for this is the sort of man who’ll always run through life as a free agent, making his own rules and demanding his own price for his affection. But when he decides to give his heart to a woman, he’ll do so sincerely and never waver in his love. He’s much too serious to play games.

He hates to show weakness, even when he himself is very ill. But he does have a vulnerable streak, and even he has a choice of neuro-surgery, as a specialization, becomes appropriate to his personality.

Casey would fall for the more serious, intelligent, self-sufficient type who could understand his devotion to his work. He doesn’t want a partner or a confidante, he wants a woman who can respect his work, his way of being, and his smoking habit, his irregular hours. She should be a highly feminine person—using her femininity honestly, not in the clever, tricky way some women make use of their female attributes.

Kildare and Casey—both doctors, both with good sex appeal but of quite different sorts—and the woman who goes for one might turn up her nose at the other.

It might be interesting to speculate on which of these TV doctors you, the female viewer, would most like to deliver your baby. Whom would you choose: Kildare or Casey?

This is a fascinating speculation. The insecure or shy woman, who needs reassurance, tenderness and constant comforting, would surely be more at ease having Dr. Kildare deliver her child. But the secure, realistic, independent woman would be content with the dedication with which Dr. Casey and demand no more small talk or sympathy than he cared to give. Kildare would become a friend as well as a doctor, while Casey would retain his professionalism and never become more than a doctor.

If, as we suggested, you took that long—and longing—look at the pinups of these two men, you know why Kildare’s fight with Casey had to start. Kildare and Casey are quite different. In fact, no two men could be more different. They appeal quite differently to women, and women appeal quite differently to them. But there’s only one woman they really care about.

That’s you, with all your individuality, your personal preferences, your very feminine likes and dislikes. You . . . the viewer who can make or break either or both of them—particularly as other doctors join the rating battle on your screen this fall to challenge their supremacy in your hearts.

You are the prize Dick Chamberlain and Vince Edwards are fighting for! Whom do you choose as your kind of doctor . . . your kind of man . . . your kind of TV star? The clean-cut, quiet-voiced Kildare, or the boisterous, understating Casey? Or the straightforward, independent Casey with the constant drive toward perfection?

You’re the woman who started it all . . . you’re the only woman who can decide how it will end. Whose side are you on?

—The End

Ben Casey throws the opening punch on Mondays, 10 P.M. EST, over ABC-TV. Dr. Kildare joins the fight on Thursdays, at 8:30 P.M. EST, over NBC-TV.
CAROL BURNETT

(Continued from page 65)

confided this to her girl friends, who then haunted Don about the importance of meeting "this wonderful girl Carol Burnett.”

One day, just as Carol was entertaining friends with an imitation of a gorilla—eyes rolling, jaw jutting, arms dangling down to her ankles—Don came along and was told: "Don . . . this is the girl we were telling you about?"

Shocked, Don murmured, "Are you kidding?" and withdrew hastily. In time, however, Don realized that Carol had her serious moments, and he began to date her.

At the close of Carol's junior year, she and Don did a scene from "Annie Get Your Gun" at a professor's home in San Diego. One guest—a local businessman—was so impressed, he told them they ought to go to New York and become stars instantly. "Sure," Carol and Don agreed, "but we don't have the money.”

To their amazement, the next day, he gave each a $1,000 check and said, "It's a loan; pay it back in five years."

Don did his post-grad year at U.C.L.A. In August of 1954, when she was twenty-one years and four months old, she went to New York with Don.

She lived at the Rehearsal Club for Girls, picked up odd jobs for more than a year, and finally landed her first TV job, on the "Paul Whiteman Show." On the day she started on TV—December 17th, 1955—she and Don were married.

They lived in a small apartment on a dingy side street in the theater district, counting their pennies and eating inexpensive food like her "poverty special" (chopped meat, onions, macaroni; tomato juice). When they were warned for a new food scent in the apartment, they simply opened their window and let the cooking smells waft up from the downstairs restaurant.

They dreamed big dreams, as all ambitious young couples do, and often walked by the window boxes, eyeing for lovely items in the window. They fell in love with an eighty-five-dollar modernistic lamp. But of course they didn't have the money—they dropped into the shop regularly, explaining casually, "No, thank you; we're just looking." When they were ashamed to use this excuse any longer, they began to buy cheap ashtrays just to have an excuse to linger and look at that lovely lamp.

In time—months later—they could finally buy the lamp and they were thrilled! It was their first taste of married affluence.

But as the financial problems ebbed, emotional problems surfaced. Don wanted to make good as an actor; but he didn't have much luck and had to take jobs as assistant director in TV. He was depressed, and his despondency became worse as Carol forged forward. She went on to the Buddy Hackett series, then Garry Moore began using her on his show. She went into the Blue Angel club, then on the "Jack Paar Show," where her rendition of "I Made a Fool of Myself Over John Foster Dulles" caused a sensation.

Carol finally had a spectacular career going, and she knew it. But Don was depressed, and the tensions of the unpredictable show business got on their nerves.

The marriage ends

On Christmas Day of 1959, when the outside world was teeming with good will and love, Carol and Don knew their world was over. They had to face the truth: They were not happy in their marriage. They decided to separate instantly, ending four years and one week of married life. There were no arguments, no screaming. Just sadness.

After their separation, they remained good friends. He never failed to congratulate her on her new jobs; she dropped in at the apartment to inspect their dog "Bruce"s" new puppies. When Don settled in San Diego, directing a musical theater, they continued to correspond. When she decided to file for divorce in Las Vegas, he said he would not contest it.

Carol's parents were divorced in 1946, after an uneven marriage punctuated by many separations. Did this contribute to her own breakup? "I don't think so," she says. "I blame competing egos, and the coincidence of her own career moving faster than her husband's.

"I am not cynical about marriage," she insists, "just because my own marriage failed. I am still in favor of marriage, but the next time I will be less impulsive." When she sees Durward Kirby and Garry Moore with their wives—living proof that marriage can be enduring—they confirm her basic faith in it. They confirm her own love of life; which is the beginning of all love. "But I don't want to get so cold-blooded about it that I will become over-analytical. You can over-analyze love. There is such a thing as following your impulse. And if you are over-analytical, you can spoil your chances in love."

"I will be more careful from now on. I know now that if you're looking for perfection, you will never get it. There's the human element. People are not perfect. A broken marriage makes you more tolerant."

What does she expect from marriage?

"The same things I did before: Companionship and liking the man. You must like your mate. You can love somebody and not like him. I believe you should like him first, and this is easier when your interests are identical with his. Not completely identical, but you should have enough similar interests to have something to talk about."

"My husband does not have to be a performer. In fact, I would rather he not be a performer. There's too much ego involved. I would prefer someone in show business—perhaps in the business end—who could help me, and whom I could help. So a person would be more understanding of the problems of a performer.

"When I marry again, I would let up on my career. I'd want to have chil-
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PAUL ANKA

(Continued from page 39)
of another. How like an older brother,
I thought! A couple of my numbers I
sang especially for this lad, although
I did not announce them that way.
Still, I think he understood, for he
smiled shyly as I caught his eye . . .
What a wonderful audience all those
decorations were! They were silent and
attentive—except just a few of the
youngest—until I finished a song, and
then they broke into shouts and clapped
and stamped until I sang another.
Although only forty or fifty youngsters
heard me, this “concert” was worth a
dollar in a concert hall, for all the
warmth and enthusiasm of their re-
action to me . . .
Maybe you’ve been wondering why
I think of my tours to foreign coun-
tries as a part in the “Third World War.” I don’t fully understand the
political issues involved in the conflicts
around the world, or what it is that
divides nations into armed camps, but
I do know that wherever I have been
—and other American entertainers be-
fore me—the reaction has been friendly
and encouraging. Encouraging to me as
an unimportant and unrepresentative of
the America we all love.
Some of my most friendly and re-
warding engagements have been before
people who didn’t understand a word

lot of people. And I enjoy this change
within me.”
We asked her, “What did you learn
from marriage to Don?”

The next husband
She says, choosing the words care-
fully, “I learned that I must find a
man who is as happy in his work as I
am in mine, a man who’s settled in his
career and moving ahead. Not in money,
necessarily, but in the sense that he
has standing in his occupation. He could
be a teacher or a scientist; they may
not earn much, but they are respected!
“I am looking for an intelligent man,
good in his work and happy in it.
“I know I cannot find a man making
the kind of money I’ll be earning the
next few years—unless he’s a million-
air.
“It’s not money that’s important but
the feeling a man has about his work.
He will have to be the boss . . . I must
respect him.
“I don’t like laziness in a man. A
man should have ambition and seek
success, for his own well being . . . Now
that’s the kind of a man I could love.”
We took a chance. “Do you think
you’ve met him?” we asked boldly,
aware of the numerous, no-names-please
items in recent gossip columns—which
Carol had always refused to confirm.
“I’ve got something cooking,” she
admitted, exhibiting her secret like any
girl at the beginning of a love affair.
“But I can’t talk about it. I’ve got to
work on it some more . . . .”
—PAUL DENIS

I was singing; at benefits before small
groups who could not afford the price
of admission to a regularly scheduled
concert, or to groups of children who
hardly knew what an American—much
less a rock 'n' roll—was all about. In
every case, friendliness and the uni-
versal language of music won them
over.
Another time, on another tour in
North Africa, I visited a children’s hos-
pital. Art Buchwald, in the Paris Edi-
tion of the New York Herald Tribune,
had reported that armed paratroopers
escorted me from my hotel to the the-
ater. The crowds were eager to see
an American performer, and in their
enthusiasm threatened to overturn our
cars! As always, this was a friendly
crowd, but pretty excited. What Buch-
wald did not report—because he didn’t
know about it—was that the next day,
with two associates of mine, I managed
to get out of my hotel unseen and visit
a hospital for children.
There, in the smell of antiseptic
and amid the scrubbed, dead-white walls,
I sang for children sick and injured,
many of them lying on their backs,
hardly able to move. Yet, as I finished
the songs I had planned to sing for
them, they shouted themselves hoarse,
weak as they were, calling for more
singing—just one more!”
I had a funny experience trying to
get out of a hotel unnoticed in Puerto
Rico. After my show, with my hands
crossed like a corpse, I was literally
“shipped” out of my hotel! I didn’t see what was going on, of course, since I was wrapped up snugly in a heavy, coffin-like cardboard box, but I do know that we made good progress right through the lobby and into a waiting taxicab. Yes, it was a successful “special delivery”!

In the busy whirl of show business, not much time is left for social activity. Although I live in New Jersey, there really has not been any place in the world that I call “home” since I began to accept for a few associates—my manager Irv Feld, Jay Weston and a few others—I’m afraid I have few fast friends. After a tough week or two of night-club appearances, I find some time to “relax” every now and then—in a recording session. By the time I get home, at the end of the day, I’m bushed. Unless I have an idea for a song, which I want to get on paper before it gets stale, I hop right into bed. This kind of schedule, as you can see, doesn’t leave much time for social life.

Intrigued, surprised and pleasure, then, when I found that Irv Feld had arranged, in advance, for me to have some “liberty” in London! I had several days with absolutely nothing to do—time of my own for a change. I had just met Helen Shapiro, a rising young singer, and was delighted when she offered to be my personal guide around London.

“You just let me run this act, Paul,” she said, “and I guarantee that you’ll see some of London the ordinary tourist never gets to see!”

Did anyone ever have a lovelier guide through Piccadilly Circus, the Tower of London, along the banks of the Thames or through Trafalgar Square? I doubt it. We fed pigeons in Piccadilly and ate in a little restaurant off Trafalgar Square. I have the happiest memories of the time we spent together, and it was undoubtedly one of the best tours I have taken of any city—anywhere.

My travels have taken me to dozens of interesting cities and countries in every part of the world—Brazil, Norway, Germany, Chile, the Philippines, Japan, Sweden, Denmark. I have watered on the beautiful Italian Riviera and I’ve been surprised with flowers sent to me backstage in Frankfurt, Germany. To use, sending flowers to a male performer may seem strange, but in Germany flowers are not reserved simply for women. Any performer on opening night receives this tribute, and I was touched by the gesture of friendship from these people in Frankfurt.

“...I very often think of the young boy in the orphanage in Oran. How many other homeless, wandering children there must be in this world! Recently I was invited to visit another country, in a distant land. Many young boys and girls are there without parents, depending upon others’ kindness for their lives. It’s a small country, with only a few million inhabitants, and the idea of visiting it fascinates me, but I was tactfully decline the invitation to perform in the young, vital state of Israel.

At night along the border, automatic weapon fire crackles and during the day the frontier guards keep an uneasy peace, together with a special United Nations forces. On the frontier—on both sides of the truce line—hostility is in the air and the people live tensely, waiting for the attack that might come at any moment.

For my part, the political divisions of the world don’t make much sense. I remember D-Day itself, but I am tremendously impressed with what the men did who made that historic assault.

Now, of course, I’m not too young—indeed, I am of the age that would be the first to be called in another war. In a few years, my kid brother will be old enough. And that youngster in Algeria—and of others like him, all over the world, victims of war and injustice—have already been fighting their own war for many years; sometimes, for all the years of their lives... . . .

For these reasons, it seems to me that if I began to write—just plain people—we go abroad being friendly and willing to give our best to people everywhere, it will help establish the good will the world needs so desperately. Perhaps the “Third World War” can be fought and won in the hearts and allegiances of men, not as a shooting war, and the world can finally know real peace.

—as told to Lawrence Atkin
Eric Fleming

(Continued from page 57)

What ended in hatred had begun in pain—the horrible, throbbing pain of osteomyelitis, a bone disease that had sent Eric to the hospital a year earlier, with his leg swollen to four times its normal size. The hospital told his parents that an operation was necessary to save his life—and that it would cost $500.

They could just as well have said five million.

For it was the Great Depression of the 1930s, and Eric's father couldn't hold a job—partly because of his violent temper. The family didn't have a dime.

Finally the hospital agreed to extend them credit—providing that Eric's mother would take the only job the hospital had available, as nurse with a family that was leaving for a trip around the world. Because it was the only way to save her son's life, she took the job. But first she made sure that the operation was a success. And some friends promised her that Eric would be able to live with them after his release from the hospital. So, knowing that he'd be well taken care of—she left.

It seemed as if Eric's father was not afraid to forgive his wife for having; he filed divorce proceedings against her. And when Eric was discharged from the hospital, he took him into his own home to live—a filthy shack in the slum section of Los Angeles. Eric wondered about his diminished father—perhaps for, he'd never once bothered to visit him during his months in the hospital.

Eric had to stay on crutches for six months more, but that didn't stop his dad from beating him cruelly. "That's how my father raised me," he said, "and it made me out of me."

Moment of decision

Finally Eric decided he couldn't take it anymore. He decided to commit suicide. When his dad was sleeping, he took his gun and put it up to his own head. But then he thought, "Why kill myself? Why not kill him? He's the one who's making me miserable."

That was when he hobbled on his crutches into his dad's room and aimed the gun at his head.

But the gun didn't go off. The trigger clicked, and nothing happened.

Eric put the gun back where he'd found it.

And so they went on the way they'd been for several more months, until Eric was well enough to throw away his crutches. Then, after a month of bloody bitter fight, Eric sneaked out of the house one morning when his dad was still sleeping and hopped a freight to Chicago.

He was ten years old.

Hopping freights was actually nothing to new and exciting. As the years passed, he learned that work. So he made it safely to Chicago, where he headed automatically for the racket-riden South Side, where a boy could live by his wits if he didn't have any parents to look out for him. He slept in an old car in a junkyard while he looked for a job. One day, in a pool room, another boy told him where he could find work. . .

The wrong house

The woman who came to the door of the big old brownstone house was well into middle age, and her face was hardly younger than Eric's. She clutched her faded pink silk wrapper to her stomach and blinked nervously in the bright morning sun as she looked to see who the caller was. But when she saw the small boy standing there, she let out a hearty laugh.

"I think you've come to the wrong house!" she exclaimed, still chuckling to herself. And then she turned to go back in.

"Wait!" Eric said, tugging at her arm. "Didn't you want a boy to run errands? That's what I heard at the pool room!"

She paused, turned slowly and looked at him again. "Yes, I did. But . . . I didn't want a small boy. I was thinking of a teenager. How old are you, kid?"

"Twelve," he lied. "And I'll work hard—honest."

Her grin spread from ear to ear. "Sure, you're twelve, and I'm nineteen! But I like your spirit. I don't know . . . She hesitated. Then suddenly she turned cautious, and lowered her voice. "One thing, though. You know what goes on here?"

"It's a cathouse," Eric said calmly.

The woman lowered. "Don't call it that. If you expect to work here! I run one of the finest establishments on the South Side, and don't you forget it. Why, we get some of your biggest politicians in here on Saturday nights." Then her face softened. "Well, be that as it may . . . I just wanted to be sure you knew the score. You think you can run errands and keep your mouth shut?"

The boy nodded solemnly.

The woman looked at him, and smiled as if at some private joke. "Well, all right then. Come on in. I'll introduce you to my regulars."

Eric stayed in Chicago for four or five months. He saw nothing wrong with his job as errand boy for a brothel—it was just a way to stay alive in hard times. And soon he began to drift into other illegal activities. Sometimes he acted as lookout for racketeers who were pulling a job . . . the police wouldn't suspect, or even notice, a small boy. Sometimes he kept a mobster's gun for him if there was word that the police were coming for a search. He was always ready to carry a package for bodyguards, without asking what was in it. And he himself stole merchandise from stores.

Eric was learning fast. For he believed the saying they had in the slums—that the only way for a poor boy to make it was as a boxer or a racketeer. And he, in particular, was interested in boxing. Yet, despite the feeling of importance his dangerous adventures gave him,
Eric began to realize something was missing from his life. Just what it was, he didn't know. But somehow he felt cheated, empty, alone.

Finally he came to feel that, whatever he was looking for, he wouldn't find it in Chicago. And so he hopped another freight train, and before many days he was in New York City.

He didn't like New York. There were too many other kids like himself there—young hustlers trying to scrounge a living any way they could—and it was tough going. Mostly he shined shoes for a living.

**Something was missing...**

Worst of all, he felt as restless in New York as he'd been in Chicago. He still had that strange feeling of something missing in his life.

One day he was walking along a street on the Lower East Side—all slums were beginning to look the same to him—when he spotted a group of youngsters who were beating up on a smaller boy, a kid near his own age.

"Hey! What are you gangup on the kid for?" he asked one of the boys.

"Aw, he's got it comin'. He's a dirty Jew," the boy said.

"So what?" Eric asked. "Did he do anything to you?"

"No, he's just a Jew, that's all. We don't want any damn Jews in this neighborhood."

Eric didn't know much about Jews, but he knew an unfair fight when he saw one. He plunged into the group of boys, determined to help their victim.

Together, Eric and the boy managed to fight off the others and get away. Finally they turned a corner and stopped, out of breath.

The boy, who was dirty and bleeding, looked cautiously at Eric.

"What's the matter?" Eric asked.

"What are you looking at me like that for?"

"Are you Jewish?" the boy asked.

Eric shook his head.

"Then—why did you help me?"

"It just didn't seem like an even fight," Eric said, starting to feel awkward.

"Will you come to my house?" the boy asked. "My mother will make you some supper."

Eric agreed. It had been a long time since he'd had a square meal.

The boy's family lived on the fifth floor of one of the shabbiest tenements in the neighborhood, but the apartment itself was spotless.

When the mother saw how her son looked, she let out a groan of dismay. She hurried him into the bathroom and washed off his face and hands. After they'd returned to the living room, where Eric was waiting on a couch, she seemed to have calmed down.

She went up to Eric and told him gently, "My son told me how you helped him. I want to thank you. This was a wonderful thing to do. ..."

She paused, then added: "Tell me—who are your parents?"

For some reason Eric felt instinctively that he could trust her. So he told her his story.

When he'd finished, she shook her head slowly. Then she said, "This is your home for as long as you want to live here." When Eric tried to protest that he couldn't impose on the family that way, she slashed him by saying: "My son needs a friend. And you have been a good friend to him."

And so he joined the family—as much as any outsider could. He met the father, who worked as a shipping clerk in the city's garment district, and the mother, who went to high school.

There was only one thing about the family that he found hard to understand.

They never shouted at each other, never struck each other. They loved each other.

And for the first time he realized what he'd been looking for, in his random flight across the country: **Love.** Pure and simple... and so very elusive.

He'd found it at last.

But... he couldn't really share it. For he was, when all had been said and done, only an outsider. This wasn't really his family. And only with your own, he realized now, could you truly find love.

Oh, he'd seen the lust that sometimes passed for love. The memories of the brothel were all too fresh. And though for the lark at the time, having such a dangerous job, he'd never forget the unhappy women he met there—the women who pretended to sell a love that they'd never known. never could know. They weren't fooling anybody, least of all themselves.

Now, with this family, he'd seen for the first time, real love could be. **Real love. Shared love.**

It was all that counted, really.

But to find it for himself, he would have to leave. He'd have to say goodbye to the people who had opened their hearts to him, for he wanted to have the kind of love that the love of someone who truly belongs to you.

Not that he expected to find it in his father. That was hopeless. But his mother... she loved him. Hadn't she gone far away and given up everything—even given him up—because it was the only way to save his life?

Perhaps somehow, if he went West again, he could find a way to bring her back....

**The pain of memory**

He came to in a bed. A strange bed.

And suddenly he knew that it was a hospital bed.

As he drifted into consciousness, he realized that a woman was sitting nearby, leaning over the bed, looking at him with anxious concern.

"Is it... Mom, is it you?" he asked, unwilling to believe his eyes.

The woman smiled and leaned back, relieved. "It's me, son," she said gently.

"What... what happened?"

"I think you remember," she said slowly. And for the first time, a look of hurt—of embarrassment—crept into her eyes."

Of course. He remembered. It all came back to him now. And with the memory came pain—not only the pain...
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of a heavily bandaged arm, which he was conscious of for the first time, but the pain of memory.

On his return to the West Coast, he'd avoided his father and began going to school on his own. It was simple—all you had to do was find some old wino who was looking for a handout, pay him fifty cents to say he was your father, and have him enroll you at the nearest school. Eric liked school—he always had, in spite of all his troubles, or maybe because of them. And while he was trying to figure out a way to bring his mother back, it seemed like a good idea to pass the time.

The trouble was, he had to make a living. And stealing was about the only way he knew to get money fast. Shining shoes took so long that it didn't leave him the time he needed for going to school.

His downfall had come at, of all places, a school. Not his own. Another one. A school he was trying to rob.

When he heard police approaching, he tried to scale a wooden fence and escape. A huge, jagged wooden splinter had driven up into his hand as he jumped from the top of the fence, and the police found him moaning in pain on the ground below. In his agony he told them who his father was, but when they saw the wretched shack the man lived in they realized it was no place for a boy—especially a boy who'd just got into serious trouble.

So the police wrote to Eric's mother, who was still overseas, and told her that if she didn't return immediately to take care of Eric they'd have to send him to a home for wayward boys.

She had emptied her savings, and arrived while Eric was still in the hospital, where his infected arm was just beginning to heal.

Eric remembered all this as he looked at his mother, and a warm flow of gratitude flooded his heart as he realized how much she'd done for her to leave her job and hurry to him.

"I've rented a little apartment," she was saying, "Just big enough for the two of us. The doctors say I can take you there tomorrow, since I've had nursing training and can change your bandages. The infection's under control now."

And all Eric could think of to say was "Thank you... thank you."

But somehow it didn't work. It didn't really work at all. He'd thought that living with his mother would solve everything, but it didn't.

His arm healed nicely enough, and two weeks after he went to his mother's apartment he was able to take the last small bandage off.

But something else hadn't healed.

What it was, Eric didn't know exactly. But he sensed, in some way, that there were scars the eye can't see. Scars on the mind, and on the heart, left by years of cruelty.

It was his father's cruelty. The hatred his father had shown him, the hatred his father had taught him. Somehow he had left a numbness that kept him from opening up to love, even though he wanted to so very much.

His heart told him that he wanted love—wanted to give it and receive it.

But his mind told him this whole thing was impossible. After all—his mother still hadn't repaid all of her debts to the hospital. If she ignored it, there'd be trouble. The debt would always be hanging over her. She had to go back to the job.

He didn't stop to think how strange it was that he was having these very adult thoughts and reservations. His mother had overlooked the practical necessities in her anxiety over him, in her love for him. But to Eric they seemed so clear, so reasonable they became uppermost in her mind.

One day he told his mother, "Look, Mom... it isn't going to work. You've been wonderful to me, but you have to go back to your job. You know that. On the money you're spending for this place..."

Finally she had to admit to herself that he was right. And reluctantly she left, knowing in her heart that they would never live together again.

The search

Today Eric Fleming is still searching for the love that has escaped him all his life... escaped him partly because he hasn't been able to accept it when it was offered to him. The youthful scars seen to have scarred the man, as well. He has spent years trying to make it successful. He starts in CBS-TV's "Rawhide," which brings him a good salary. He receives letters from admiring women. His acting is praised. Careerwise, the future looks bright.

And yet he is alone. Completely alone.

He talks vaguely of trying to help children, trying to save underprivileged boys from the cruelty that he suffered. He talks, too, of trying to help creative people, perhaps writers, toward success.

He is trying to help others. But as yet he hasn't been able to help himself.

And there is talk, too, of leaving the country when he finishes his current series. He's saving his money for it, and has a nice nest egg. He says that maybe he'll go to the South Seas, which he found to know during the war, and look for happiness there.

Eric is still looking for something he can't find, and his search may take him around the world.

If he can't find it across the seas, perhaps he should look elsewhere.

Perhaps he should look into his own heart.

—JAMES GREGORY

Eric stars in "Rawhide," as seen over CBS-TV, Fri., 7:30 to 8:30 P.M. EDT.
about my hairdresser. I thought to myself, okay, I’ll wait a while. Then I
made another hit, and another. And still he didn’t say anything. Would you
believe it, this went on until my twentieth hit? Finally, I went into his office
and asked, “Am I going to get my hairdresser cut at all very
blankly and said he didn’t know what I was
talking about.

“Don’t you remember?” I told him.

“You promised…”

“Connie,” he said, “I honestly don’t
remember.”

“Well,” I do. It was on the sixth of
June, in the afternoon. I was wearing
that cute red dress you always hated and
you said…”

“I didn’t have to say another word.
He got me the hairdresser. See what a
good memory can do for you?”

Connie laughed out loud as she re-
membered him standing in that unfamiliar
zoo in a foreign country. She laughed
even more heartily, feeling more at
home everywhere, as other animals
began to remind her of her family.

The peacocks made her think of her
brother George. “I don’t mean that he’s
vain about his looks or anything like that,” she says hastily. “But he’s proud,
terrifically proud.”

George is going to law school and,
just as when he went to college, he’ll
have a little trouble with the tuition.
But he won’t take any money from
Connie.

“I’ve asked him, time and time again,
to let me help him,” she sighs. “After
all, I can afford it and why shouldn’t
I make things a little easier for my
brother? But he won’t hear of it. He
wants to do it all by himself.”

“Sometimes, like for his birthday,
I’ll want to give him a check. He’ll
turn to me and say, ‘Connie, you worked
for this money and you spend it. I’ll
earn my own money. And he does.”

It was a parrot—the first Italian-
speaking one Connie ever seen—which
reminded her of her mother.

“No!” says Connie, “and whether my
mother agrees with him or not, she always says he’s
right. Not only that, but she says it
exactly the same words he used!

Mama quotes Papa

“For instance, I’m building a new
house and one day my father came home
and said he’d seen some beautiful
marble. ‘Now, I know it’s very expensive,’
he told me, ‘but I would like to see
the foyer done in marble. That’s the
one place I’d really like to see it.’

“My eye then seemed to get
in the eye. ‘You know, Connie,’ she said,
‘the foyer is the one place I’d really
like to see done in marble.’ Now, just
between you and me, I happen to know
my mother can’t stand marble!’

Getting away from the family, Connie
began to see what animal resemblances
to her friends in show business. The
giraffes, for instance, reminded her of
TV’s Eric Fleming—who once took her
to a dancing class at Arthur Murray’s
in Hollywood.

“Eric was so tall,” she chuckles, “and
I was so small that I kept looking up,
up at him—and stumbling all over
my own feet. Finally, I looked down
at me and muttered, ‘This has got to
stop.’ With that, he picked me up
and held me by the waist, dancing while
my legs dangled at least thirteen inches
above the floor.”

“We were supposed to be doing a
romantic tango, but it was not very
glamorous the way we were doing it!”

Fabian to the rescue!

The tigers just naturally reminded
Connie of Fabian—remember when
they used to call him “Tiger?”—but
that wasn’t what Connie was thinking of.

“Once, not too long ago,” she recalls,
“Fabian was a real tiger in my defense
—a knight in shining armor, to me!

“We were staying at the same hotel
in Florida at the time, and some men
in the room next to mine were having
a wild party. For hours, while I was
trying to get some sleep, I had to put
up with their drunken version of ‘Let’s All
Sing Like the Birdies Sing’ throbbing
through my wall.”

“Then, somehow, they found out I
was in the next room. The next thing
I knew, they were pounding on my door
and yelling for me to join the party.
I didn’t mind telling you I was very
scared. I thought they might break in!
They didn’t go away when I told them
to, so I ran to the phone and called
Fabian. And just like a knight, he
rescued me and saved my life, on his
charger (in this case, a convertible).

“It was really funny to see those men
scatter when he came! Maybe they
thought he was my husband or some-
thing, but they couldn’t have dis-
appeared faster if he’d been a living,
roaring tiger.”

“Anyway, I was saved. And then
Fabian even bought me a present:
A package of bubble gum.”

Only one lucky young man had the
distinction of being singled out twice
by Connie at the zoo in Milan . . . not so
lucky, perhaps, in her choice of his
animal look-alikes . . . but certainly
lucky in the fact that he has been so
much on Connie’s mind of late.

He was very much in her thoughts
when she saw the goat! “I didn’t have to
think very hard about who that re-
minded me of,” she admits. “It’s this
boy I dated in Italy but I don’t want to
tell his name because I don’t want
this to get blown up into a
big romance—not yet, anyway. But
he’s the most stubborn person I ever
met!”

Connie’s a pretty stubborn person
herself and many of her dates became
two-timers because of their temperaments.
One night, when he picked Connie up
at her hotel, he was all excited. (The
trouble was, so was she.)

“I have a new place to take you to,”
he said. “An American ice-cream parlor,
that is, just like American. And
it’s out in the country. We’ll have a
new drive.”

“Um, listen,” Connie told him, “I
just heard of the grooviest jazz joint

(Continued from page 36)
right near here. I'd love to go to..."

"But the ice-cream place..."

"But the jazz joint..."

The evening ended as a tie. Connie went to the jazz joint—and he went to the ice-cream parlor.

"But you know what?" Connie beams. "Most of our arguments, we don't tie. He wins. And I just love it!

"The last animal I saw at the zoo," she continues, "was a monkey—and that reminded me of my stubborn Italian friend again. One day, I had to do a television show, and I was feeling well. Everything went wrong. My dress looked bad. The rehearsal went terribly. I was almost ready either to walk out or to sit down and cry.

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**DAN BLOCKER**

*(Continued from page 47)*

He's too darned big to ride and too little to hitch to a wagon—ain't good for a darned thing."

Dan has developed a deep sensitivity and understanding of his fellow men. Today, he can say, "My father loved me, I know, and I loved him, but we often hurt those we love most. If my own family looked on me as something of a freak, I guess I couldn't expect much of anyone else. I didn't, either, until I met Dolphia in college. She didn't kid me like some of the others, she didn't enjoy seeing me fight—and I don't think she once mentioned my size, even though I was more than a foot taller. The only time she even referred to it slightly was something I'll never forget. She said, "Dan, I love you so much because inside you're really a big man.""

Dan majored in physical education and football on a scholarship at Sul Ross State in Alpine, Texas, because that was what was paying his tuition. But, inside himself, he wanted knowledge and not athletics. He was offered scholarships to virtually every college in the country if he would play football for them, and when he was graduated from Sul Ross, he turned down a high-paying pro football offer.

"In college I wanted to learn all I could, even though I was supposed to be just another dumb athlete. I signed up for a course, 'Rehearsal and Performance,' because that it might give me the confidence I needed to walk around like everyone else. But do you know that the first part I had in a production was a non-speaking stunt in 'Arsenic and Old Lace'? And they only cast me because they needed someone strong enough to carry the bodies out of the basement!

"When that happened, I was determined to show everyone I was good for something else and I started to learn everything I could about acting. At first it was a challenge but, before I knew it, I'd caught the bug. I got my B.A. in drama and played everything but a midget."

After graduation, Dan played summer stock for pennies, as opposed to the big money he could have made in pro football. He had also appeared on Broadway in "King Lear"—when the Korean war broke out. Dan rose through the ranks to become company first sergeant with the 45th Oklahoma Division, was discharged in 1952 and returned home to movie star Dan Blocker, the one person who had believed in him in his early college days.

"I went back to college to work on my master's degree. I knew I wanted to be an actor, but I also knew we were going to have to eat and we were going to have to have a place to live.

"I was first at 25 years old. He's a natural flair for acting."

Dan's rationalization took him to Hollywood, where he planned to work on his doctorate at U.C.L.A.—under the G.I. Bill of Rights—and still be in the midst of the theatrical world. He got himself an agent, moved into a house with his wife and family, and started classes on a Monday.

On Wednesday, they received a call and asked me to have lunch, and the next thing I knew, I got the heavy load on a 'Gunsmoke' episode. From there on in, it was one part after another. A couple of times I was out of work, so I'd do substitute teaching at Glendale or Hoover high schools and that teaching helped my acting. Those kids looked up to me for knowledge and guidance, with serious faces. They weren't leering up at me, waiting for me to play the buffoon. I think my wife and my students have given me the greatest gift he lumbered around the set—his private life consists of his family, constant study, and classical music. He reads biographical novels the way others read their daily papers.
To his children, he is not an ex-fighter, ex-football-player, or even Hoss Cartwright. He is a quiet, understanding man who gives them the same respect he gives himself, because he knows how important it can be for a child to be understood.

For a man who led such a violently physical life in his formative years, Dan has gone to almost the other extreme. But people who really knew him in his early days say he hasn’t changed. “He was never a tough guy—he was just put in that position by a bunch of insensitive folks who wanted to see an oversized boy perform,” an old rancher observes. “They were all waiting for him to get clobbered, but he never gave them the satisfaction. He was and is a gentle human being who can at least be himself in peace.”

Dan is happy in Hollywood. He says, “The main difference between this town and O’Donnell, Texas, where I was raised, is that here I know where I stand with people. I know it when they like me, and I know it when they don’t. In a small town, everyone is so close together that a smile doesn’t mean a thing. It’s a habit. A guy can put you on the back while he’s sticking a knife in it at the same time. I was always something of a freak and I paid for it. Here, I pay nothing to being an actor and, if I fall on my face, I can always go back to being another working schoolteacher. Even if ‘Bonanza’ folded tomorrow and I never acted again, I’ve been a lucky son-of-a-gun.”

He has an F. Scott Fitzgerald quotation hanging in his dressing-room which may best explain how Dan feels about his fellow men: “It isn’t given to us to know those rare moments when people are wide open and the lightest touch can wither or heal. A moment too late and we can never reach them anymore in this broken world. We are cured by our most efficacious drugs or slain with our sharpest swords.”

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—PAT RICHARDS

“Bonanza” is colorcast over NBC-TV on Sundays, from 9 to 10 P.M. EDT.

early life is supposed to have been. Back in 1947, when the freckled juvenile actor had just got his first big movie break—playing Irene Dunne’s “second son” in “Life With Father”—he became desperately ill.

Polio, they said. And the doctors told him he’d never walk again.

But he tried. They gave him hours of painful exercise, massage, whirlpool baths. Months of dogged determination when only he believed.

And he won back his health—so successfully, the Army took him in! There he managed to keep in touch with his future career, at least indirectly, by directing training films.

After discharge, the road back was just as tough as it’s always been in Hollywood, for the promising newcomer who’d been away. Then the breaks began to come again. First, a top role in “Marjorie Morningstar.” Then, “The Seter Morningstar.” And between these two came Judy Jones, the girl who’s made any road worth traveling for Marty Milner, so long as she’s beside him. They’ve been the “home team” ever since... no matter where his career has taken him.

For Judy, a screen actress and singer, gave up her own career to stay by his side... to bear his children... to travel wherever “Route 66” went—with their babies in the car beside them.

And to help make a home of the lovely house in Sherman Oaks which is the pinnacle of success for Marty Milner. This, and always keeping in mind, Molly and Stuart... so far...

What more could fame and fortune bring? What more could a thoroughly nice guy want? If you’re Marty Milner, nothing now. If you’re Marty Milner, you’re happy to be TV’s forgotten man. You remember you’ve got the things that count!

—IRENE STORM

MARTIN MILNER

(Continued from page 53)

unknown, to provide “contrast” as Marty’s co-star. But what happened, from then on, was not quite in the original script.

Perhaps the “contrast” was too great. Perhaps the two actors were cast too close to type: Marty as Tod Stiles, a nice guy who’d always had it easy—and trusted everybody—up to the time his “Route 66” adventures began.

George as Bus Murdoch, a hard-boiled young gun who’d seen the seamer side of life—and wasn’t about to take any guff from anybody.

Which actor had the juicier role? The dynamic temperament which carries an audience along with him, almost against their will? Which character did viewers take to their hearts? The nice, kind hero? Or his unpredictable baddy?

You know the answer to that one. Or you should. As a viewer, you’re the one who made George Maharis the star of Martin Milner’s series!

Why didn’t Marty sign any complaints because he hadn’t got any. Marty Milner has it made.

It wasn’t always that way. It hasn’t always been as easy for him as Tod’s.

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All Dressings Up

(Continued from page 53)
“THE EDGE OF NIGHT”

(Continued from page 54)

question which we will attempt to probe this month, analyzing the story's personal appeal—and relating its developments to the perils which a widower encounters in your own life. As usual, my setting of the TV scene will be in regular type (like this) and Dr. Wolk's professional comments will be in italics (as follows):

Psychologically, a strong male personality as a lead character of TV series has a very different effect on the woman watching than does a female lead. Instead of identifying with Mike, she fantasizes about him; he becomes the man of her dreams, a husband SUBSTITUTE, a father SUBSTITUTE, an all-wise, all-powerful, perfect kind of man who lets her escape from the "inferior" man she married. Mike is not only virile and successful, but also gentle and full of feeling when he has to be. The fact that he's a widower makes it easier for the female viewer to admire and desire his quick mind about taking him away from his wife.

His housewife fan does identify with the various women whom Mike admires. And he arouses both sympathy (for his plight) and admiration (for not compromising his masculinity while looking for a woman). But Mike after all becomes a symbol of everything a woman wants in a man and his status as a widower makes him even more attractive.

But widowers are faced with very special kinds of problems that, to some extent, must be judged by the circumstances that brought about their bereavement. Mike Karr lost his wife, Sara—with whom he was blissfully happy—many months ago, through highly dramatic circumstances. Their beloved daughter, Laurie Ann, had become involved in an illness which affected her brain. One late afternoon, the mixed-up little girl scrambled out of bed, wandered downstairs, and walked out the front door.

Busy in the kitchen, her mother wasn't aware of Laurie Ann's disappearance until she went to her room. Finding the bed empty, Sara rushed downstairs, noticed the open door and raced outside—just in time to see a speeding car bearing down on her daughter. She managed to reach her before the car did, showed her out of harm's way... and lost her own life.

Mike could not even pause to give way to grief, in peace, because Laurie Ann had been badly bruised and was in danger unless she received immediate surgery. Immediately, Mike had to find the one specialist who could perform the delicate operation to save his child.

The loss of a loved one, especially under such sudden and tragic circumstances, makes a tremendous impact on the survivor's personal life. If Mike had been the kind of man who had been more than he could have coped with at such a time.

Being a widower is quite different from being deprived of one's wife's company because she may have to be absent from home for some other reason. Temporary separation, even for long periods, always keeps shining the prospect of future togetherness. But a death makes such separation final.

Mike's immediate adjustment to the situation, in terms of his coming to grips with the problem of finding medical treatment for his little girl, shows him capable of meeting the worst that life offers—with vigor and decisiveness. A less stable man might have resorted to the plan of "dealing" his wife's death. But such resentment would have overlooked the reality of the situation and only been a cover-up for that husband's guilt—based on a deep, unconscious dislike of his wife and the hidden wish that she would die. If Mike were this sort of man, he might try to conceal his anger at the child by becoming over-protective—treating her "too good" and smothering her with love to make up for his real feelings of hostility. Such feelings lie behind the over-protectiveness many mothers show their children.

Most widowers find boys easier to raise than girls because they understand them better. And younger children, of course, find it easier to forget the mother and accept a substitute in the form of a nurse, relative or second wife. But Mike, with himself and his children, every widower must realize the need to get back into circulation socially, overcome his momentary feelings of helplessness and not hesitate to demonstrate his affection for his youngsters—without going overboard.

A means of escape

Sara's death was a terrible blow to Mike, for their marriage had been one of those rare near-perfect alliances. His only escape would have been to—"solve a self-made man who is now a successful criminal lawyer—Mike was able to throw himself completely into his work to help overcome his loneliness. Every man needs an escape hatch at such times, but losing oneself in one's work can be deceptive if it becomes the only escape. The quality of one's work, one's judgment—one's attitude to the work itself—could become distorted when work alone is used to overcome the loss of a mate.

It is healthier neither to forget one's wife nor to build a chimera to her. The widower must retain a decent respect for his wife's memory but accept the tragic situation and slowly but surely seek other companionship, for his own good and the good of his children. He must socialize, develop new acquaintances and re-construct his life. Above all, he must be careful to avoid comparing with his late wife every new female friend he meets.

Sara's last words to Mike were, "As long as you have Laurie Ann, I'll never be lonely. Even if she is. She is lovely, and her little girl, who became the image of her mother whom he loved so dearly. Mike had always been close to his in-laws, Winston and Mattie Grimsley,
and even shared the chairmanship of the local Citizens Crime Committee with Mr. Grimsley, who is a highly successful businessman.

Not long after Sara’s death, her folks moved into Mike’s house to help him in his own emotional adjustment to his loss and to aid in the rearing of little Laurie Ann. Since Winston Grimsley himself had been a widower before marrying Sara, he presumably had a special insight into what Mike was going through.

But is this the best solution for a widower? Would a nursemaid be preferable to grandparents, in raising the children? Could in-laws create new problems for both himself and his children?

The last words of Mike’s wife do not play fair with him or their child; they tend to trap Mike, to make him feel disloyal if he dares to find another woman and rebuild his life. Such death-bed utterances make for effective drama but seldom take place in real life—fortunately, since they only make things more difficult for the survivor.

The trouble with having grandparents help raise the children is that the youngsters would, in effect, have two “daddies”: Their real father and their grandfather. This could dilute the real family, the primary authority, to the detriment of the children.

Choosing to have the in-laws move in, or moving in with them, can serve to make the widower—or widow—uncomfortable about dating, thus making it doubly hard to “start all over” as every widower or widow must.

A nursemaid, as a temporary mother-substitute, is usually preferable but must be extremely well-chosen. It could be very upsetting to a youngster if she stays on only long enough to attach herself to the child, then is replaced by another substitute.

No widower should expect anyone else to take on certain responsibilities which are his own: Raising his kids with full awareness of the facts of the situation, taking time to play with them, not subjecting them indiscriminately to his pain.

A good marriage to someone new, at the earliest possible moment after a decent period of mourning, is the nicest thing that could happen to a motherless youngster—and to a lonely widower. Far from being disloyal, such a man is honest, grown-up and considerate of his child.

When Mike met Nancy Pollock, he was attracted to her at once—not simply because she was good to look at, but because she got along famously with Laurie Ann. He liked the way she spoke to his small daughter, and he appreciated her ideas on how to raise children.

Still, when Nancy locates a new house for Mike and he comes to inspect it, he finds himself uncomfortable in the new surroundings. Somehow he can’t bring himself to break away from the old house which, to him, symbolizes his beloved Sara and represents everything he found right and bright in life.

Although he feels great affection for Nancy, Mike shrinks from the prospect of matrimony. He shows his feeling for her in other ways—offering to defend her younger brother in court against a dramatic driving charge, lending emotional support to help Nancy cope with the constant problems of her teen-age sister because her mother, a college dean, is often away from home.

Nancy also stands by Mike when he decides to become a candidate for District Attorney—although her father, editor of the city’s leading newspaper, is forced to abide by his publisher’s decision to support Mike’s opponent.

Too eager to marry?

Nancy may or may not be right for Mike. Being good to his child is not enough; she must be good to him. Sometimes a woman is so eager to marry that she pretends to be what she isn’t—winning over the widower’s youngsters in order to win herself a husband. That’s why a man with children must re-marry cautiously, wisely, in order to be sure that the woman of his choice is completely sincere.

Mike must also consider the possibility that his fondness for Nancy might be based merely on the importance he feels at being able to help her with her own personal problems, such as the raising of her family.

The fact that her father is forced to go against him, while Nancy sides with him, places Mike in a very difficult position. Such conflicting loyalties could turn him away from her unless he is mature and clear-headed enough to realize that he is not responsible for her father’s action.

The suspicion that Mike still carries a bit of immaturity within him rises from his reluctance to give up the ghost of his late wife and the possibility that he is hiding behind her memory to avoid making a new home for himself and his daughter—preferring the dream of the past to the reality of the present.

No widower should expect his second wife to be a duplicate of his first—or demand, as some widowers do, that the second wife possess qualities that the first one despised. He must accept her as herself, neither comparing nor idealizing her.

Losing a wife—or a husband—requires the utmost in maturity and emotional stability in order to survive such a tragedy successfully and with as little damage to one’s youngsters as possible.

This Mike Karr’s problem and, of course, he copes with it in highly dramatic fashion, for this is TV’s way. In real life, the losses are usually larger and the gains smaller. Few real-life attorneys become as emotionally involved with either clients or kin as does Mike. But perhaps this is a good thing for a man who’s been recently bereaved . . . or is it too much of a good thing?

When a widower such as Mike becomes emotionally involved with so many, it may be because he is reaching out for the warmth and love that he needs to be complete. But by so great a need, it would make little difference whether he seeks out clients, kin, or anyone else. Professional and social contacts help to restore a man’s
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**Eddie Fisher**

*(Continued from page 32)*

lives permanently at a time when they can really communicate with each other and grow close and loving. So, out of Eddie's most recent marital misfortune, shines this ray of fulfillment and hope for the future. Eddie and Debbie are the children are his future now. He knows that as well as he knows the lyrics to "O My Papa." And he knows what an enormous responsibility he has to both of them—and especially to Todd, who needs his father's guidance and influence as much as he needs his mother's. The day is, after all, a father's role to shape a boy into a man, to give the qualities of manhood—not lip service, but practice and application. Eddie plays ball with Todd, wrestles with him, roughhouses, and talks man-to-man with him. When Eddie and Debbie recently, at his rented Beverly Hills mountain top estate, the child quickly absorbed the fact that there were no women around the place. In his childish curiosity he asked, "Daddy, where's your Mommy?"

It was at that moment that Eddie knew Todd's education about women had started. Eddie has told him about Todd's other grandmother in Philadelphia, his four aunts and two uncles and all the little cousins. Todd sees his Grandmother in Burbank often. Eddie looks forward to the day he may take his son and daughter to visit with his own family in the East. Right now, visitation rights preclude their going out of the state of California but, as they grow older and as Debbie and Eddie's circle of relatives and acquaintances, they'll be surrounded by the love and affection of Eddie's warm family unit. Eddie wants his son to know his father's heritage and his own.

Todd may be exposed to adult relationships, as well as child relationships, in order to learn the interdependence of men and women, brothers and sisters, aunts and uncles. He sees the
great tenderness and respect Eddie ac-
cords both Carrie and Debbie, and the little boy absorbs this way of treating his loved ones. Todd has even taken to imitating Eddie, and he Bowman to Carrie and kisses her dimpled pink hand with great ceremony when he greets her daughter on her visits to his house.

Eddie has always been a gentleman and a gentle man and neither his ex-
pertise for the popular entertainment world nor to the uninhibited international set has appreciably altered his own ingrained code of conduct. Throughout the dreadful Liz-Eddie- Burston scandal, Eddie kept his own counsel and valiantly kept his head up. He did not let the great down and his morale was at its lowest ebb. No backbiting for Eddie, no blaming, no blustering—Eddie minded his manners and his moulings when he had every right in the world to slash back at those who ripped his own life to shreds.

On humiliation and love

Todd will know of this as he grows up—that the conduct of a gentleman survives the greatest personal disaster and shame. He'll know that to pain his father endured and of the great courage he was able to summon in the face of overwhelming odds. Todd will learn from these lessons of his father's.

Eddie will tell his son, as he grows up, that people make mistakes. That nobody in the world—nor indeed the whole world itself—can stop you from making your own mistakes. Nobody can stop you from ever making the same mistake twice!

As Todd advances girls, Eddie will be the one to tell him about the "birds and the bees" as a father should. He'll instruct him to treat girls and women with the same kind of respect and re-

Eddie will not "warn" Todd about the opposite sex, nor will he catalogue his own experiences in the hope that Todd will be spared the humiliation
and hurt he suffered. For—despite the desperate bruises Eddie has incurred from love—he knows that it is still the greatest thing in the world. And he'll tell Todd that a woman can make earth seem heaven and that a man can best be a man when he truly loves a woman and she returns that love.

There is no bitterness about love in Eddie’s heart. Nor about women. There is much he has learned from love and women, and this is the gain he will try to pass on to his son.

Naturally, Eddie will have to explain to Todd that there is no sure way of knowing when love is real and forever. He will tell Todd that one must gamble one’s heart wholeheartedly, even at the risk of having it squeezed lifeless with agony and despair. In even love dies—it has, during its lifetime, enriched the mind, the body, and the soul—because it was flaming with vitality. And beautiful memories eventually survive the shabby ones.

Rejected, humiliated, cuckolded, Eddie sneered that the street to say to the press, when they asked him why he had recorded the song “Arrivederci Roma”: “Because I am saying goodbye to a beautiful love.” He could have said that he was betrayed treacherously, but he chose to remember, not the agony Elizabeth impaled him on, but he shared with her. Of course, he was hurt—destroyed, to be exact. But his inner resources sustained him. The manliness and virility were not destroyed. Eddie was able to surface when other men might have drowned in weakness and shame.

Eddie bared the heart for taking it with the good grace that he has. Many wanted him to take matters in his own hands, to beat some sense into his wife and knock the brains out of Burton. But to what end? Aside from the saving of face, would this have accomplished anything constructive? No, it would have added disgrace and dishonor to a situation which was already appallingly scandalous.

And it won’t ever be necessary for Eddie to explain to Todd that there is never any provocation for hitting a woman! Because Eddie believes that physical abuse of an adult is an evil only when it is confined to men. When it is used against women, it is brutality and indicates ignorance and insecurity with the opposite sex.

On the separation of parents

When Todd is in high school, no doubt he’ll hear stories about his father having once been married to the most beautiful woman in the world. And if he asks Eddie if that was true, Eddie will say yes. Eddie will tell him that exterior beauty can be breathtaking and awakening. But it will also tell him that beauty is a beauty which does not show on the outside, which manifests itself in countless ways that mean contentment to a man: Consideration, comfort, cheerfulness and complete sharing of heart, mind and soul.

If Todd asks, Eddie’s marriage to Debbie didn’t work out, Eddie will have to reflect on that question. He’ll be totally honest, as usual, and admit there were problems of personality and incompatibility that were insurmountable, even with the aid of family counseling. He’ll also have to admit to Todd that, at that critical moment in his marriage with Debbie, Fate dealt a catalytic blow which changed the destiny of many lives.

Eddie will tell Todd about the wonderful friend he was named for and how he was killed suddenly in a plane crash. He’ll point out that many of grief and the consequent rapport with Mike Todd’s widow. He’ll explain to his son that two people, united in grief and loneliness, found deep comfort and companionship with each other and that these led to love and marriage.

On failure—and growth

Eddie will never utter any unkindness about his marital failures, because Eddie knows he has to bear some of the responsibility for both failures. He will teach Todd that a man must grow with failure or never grow, at all.

Eddie can guide Todd’s education about the opposite sex but he cannot control it. He can help him develop in maturity and understanding, in the hope that these will equip him to avoid the terrible emotional mistakes his father made.

When Eddie marries again, Todd will have the opportunity of watching his father’s relationship with a wife. He’ll see that his father is incapable of being selfish in a man-woman relationship. He’ll see firsthand that Eddie has to give of himself completely, because Eddie is happiest when he is loved and loving as every man, woman and child normally should be.

No doubt, Eddie will be called upon to explain to Todd why some women are not content to love one man. He’ll have to tell Todd that a man and a woman can love each other madly, for a time, but still not be suited to each other for a lifetime. He’ll have to tell Todd that some women (and some men) are incapable of really giving or receiving love, and that these men and women constantly search for an answer to their restlessness and boredom. He will tell Todd that adult-hood is not always a guarantee of maturity and that grown-ups can be childishly demanding, all their lives, without ever knowing the deep fulfillment of giving love.

Todd will go from childhood to boyhood to manhood and he will see for himself the different roles women play in life. Mother, sister, daughter, teacher, friend, and lover.

It will be up to Todd himself in the long run, after he attains manhood, to decide for himself the kind of woman he wants. By that time, he will have had a chance to become the good and gentle man—his father is.

THE END

***************
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Jessica 19  "I Am a Woman!"...Janet Lennon
Vincent Edwards 22  The Night I Became a Woman......Janet Lennon
Gene Kelly 23  "My Marriage to Sherry!"...George Carpozi Jr.
Nikita Khrushchev 26  "My Marriage to Sherry!"...George Carpozi Jr.
Billy Gray 27  Holy Man or Holy Terror?...Jane Ardmore
Mary Tyler Moore 28  KhruShchev's Nightmares...Jim Hoffman
Steve Allen 29  Star Convicted of Being Dope Addict!...Evelyn Allen
John Larkin 30  Answering an S.O.S. from Hell...Eunice Field
Mary Tyler Moore 31  "When Your Son Has a New Daddy"...James Gregory
Shirley Booth 32  Her Laughing Days and Lonely Nights...Tricia Hurst
Arness vs. Graves 33  Tallest Feud in Hollywood...Kathleen Post
Search for Tomorrow 34  Can Love Help the Alcoholic?...Henley and Wolk
Polly Bergen 34  Panic!...Irene Storm
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Johnny Carson 36  What Is He Really Like?...Harvey Gene Phillips

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EUNICE FIELD, West Coast Editor
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In Defense of...

Just finished reading your article in the September issue ‘Is the Honeymoon over for Jackie?’ It was wonderful and those of us who admire and respect Mrs. Kennedy are ready to sing your praises. And I sincerely hope and believe that the honeymoon is not over!

Gladys M. Kesner
Sutherlin, Oregon

I would like to commend you for having the courage to stand up for the Kennedys. I congratulate you on a fine article.

Henry C. Sylvester, Pres.
Gold Star Fathers of America
Concord, New Hampshire

Your article on Jackie Kennedy made me so disgusted. I never knew people could be so cruel. Why, Jackie is as gracious, as beautiful and as perfect a lady as Queen Elizabeth. We are proud to have her for our First Lady.

Ann Moses
Syracuse, Indiana

Triple-Threat Man

What can you tell me about that handsome actor Vic Morrow? L.E.M., Joliet, Illinois

Good-looking Vic Morrow is what is known as a real triple-threat man—actor, writer, and director—or, at least, he hopes to be. He already is established as a talented young actor, with many movie and TV roles to his credit. He is currently appearing as Sgt. Chip Saunders in ABC-TV’s “Combat.” ... And Vic already has a running start toward his other two goals. He has written one book, is in the midst of a second and has several TV scripts in various stages. As a director, his credits include work in the stagings of off-Broadway shows and a Desilu Professional Theater Workshop presentation. ... Vic lives in Studio City, California, with his actress-wife Barbara Turner and four-year-old daughter Carrie.—Ed.

Some Quickies

Is Joey Bishop married?
I.L., Fairmont, Minn.

Yes, he is married to the former Sylvia Ruzga.—Ed.

Is it true that Clu Gulager is Jimmy Stewart’s son?
L.F., Visalia, Calif.

No, they are not related.—Ed.

What is the real name of the actor Chad Everett?
M.O., Hershey, Pa.

His real name is Raymond Cramton—Ed.

Is the actor Cameron Mitchell married?
F.M., Dallas, Texas

Cameron and his wife Johanna separated in 1956, after sixteen years of marriage.—Ed.

When and where was Cynthia Pepper born?
S.L.S., Flint, Michigan

She was born in Los Angeles, California, on September 4th, 1940.—Ed.
"You’re still using water? Silly curl."

Pity the poor curl that doesn’t use Bobbi. She’ll never amount to much . . . just another one of those 8 hour water curls (here today, gone tomorrow). And it won’t help her much to use a setting lotion, because what she really needs is lasting body. It’s a smart curl that uses Bobbi. She’ll have body for 8 weeks. What’s more, Bobbi gives you the look you like. Soft, silky, shy. Holds like a permanent, but refuses to look like one. Easy to do. Just pin up as usual—but use Bobbi instead of water or setting lotion. Bobbi is perfect for adding body between permanents. It’s a wave come true for girls who love the softness of curls made with water, but want that look to last. Have a Bobbi.

If you can make a simple pin curl, you can give yourself a Bobbi—the 8-week wave!

Write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, 375 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We regret we cannot answer or return unpublished letters.
Sinatra's global tour for charity was well publicized, but Frank has shown great modesty about it. He's refused to talk about the little Greek boy he had flown to Paris for special heart treatments, has played down the film footage he shot—proceeds going to charity, which has netted $2 million so far. . . Judy Garland's salary for her one-a-nite stint at Las Vegas Sahara said to be tops for any solo act. Without even a "pony" line to back her up, Judy set the crowd on fire, has been signed for a repeat in 1963 by hotel boss Milt Prell . . . Dick Chamberlain slipped into Vegas to see Carol Burnett's act. He's hoping she'll guest-star in a dramatic "Dr. Kildare" episode.

Carol's A-OK to do "Calamity Jane" in a TV spec—but is Tuesday Weld the perfect pick to do an album of psalms? . . . Diane McBain's pretty ears must have sizzled when she heard what Joan Crawford had to say! Though they're both in "The Caretakers," Joan blew protocol to bits by demanding: "Where do they get these cute young nothings? And why don't they teach them to act?"

The Space Lag: Art Linkletter, back from Russia, is convinced the Reds have the lead in space—parking space, that is. . . Actor and restaurateur Jack La Rue has wed his late cousin's widow. . . Polly Bergen's adored dad seriously ill. . . They're saying Connie Francis will record an album with the Vatican choir in Rome. . . Fess Parker is investing in a mobile-home park. . . Gypsy Rose Lee, who's been teaching Joanne Woodward the art of strip-teasing, once got into a serious talk with the great violinist, Jascha Heifetz. "The worst thing that ever happened to me," she said, "was when my G-string broke." Quoth Jascha, "That's the worst thing that happened to me, too."

More Fun 'n Games! "Hawaiian Eye" cutie Connie Stevens may be interested to learn that co-star Troy Donahue has come up with ten ways to keep from getting bored: (1) Listen to Bob Newhart. (2) Play with his hula hoop. (3) Sleep. (4) Study jai-alai. (5) Phone a wrong number. (6) More sleep. (7) Make mayonnaise. (8) Start a chain letter. (9) Try to remember his Sunday School teacher. (10) Still more sleep. . . . On the more practical side: Gary Clarke's birthday gift from Connie was three sweaters. He gave her jade.

Dr. Casey Callying: Insiders are buying transatlantic phone stock since Vince Edwards went to Europe to film "The Victors." His own loot has gone into honey-dearie phone calls to his beloved Sherry Nelson. . . Comic Marvin Kaplan sold his song, "It's Like Love," to Dwayne Hickman—who'll wax it for Dot. . . George Maharis may Biz no more on "Route 66" after 1963. Big new plans! . . . Rumor pops up, from time to time, that one of Hollywood's most admired bachelors owns a woman-sized doll that walks, curtsies and whispers: "I love you." Said to be an exact replica of a famous film goddess. What's not known is that the original has been dead more than twenty years!

With all the troubles "The Virginian" has, you'd think the NBC powers behind TV's first 90-minute Western would at least not foul up their public relations. For instance, they might cut the cockle about James Drury being a bachelor—when every reporter with any savvy knows he's divorced and a dad. . . . Meanwhile, John Forsythe is prepping a new series, "Major Forester."

The Elf in Elephant: Bertha, the 4600-pound star of Nugget Casino's Circus Room in Sparks, Nevada, is not only the biggest pachyderm in show biz—she also possesses the biggest trunk of tricks! She and her trainer, Jenda Smaha, were recently brought to the Nugget by 35-year-old John Ascuaga, whose gambling (and gambling) enterprises are up f1; the best of Reno and Tahoe, though not as huge as those resorts. Groaned Dick Shaw, the star comic, to impresario Ascuaga: "Bad enough I have to follow that seven-year-old moppet Ginny Tiu. . . . but how can I make out against an elephant that purrs, twists, does a handstand on a revolving disc—and can toss dice like a professional?"
Show Biz Whiz Kids: Acorns don't fall far from the tree, and the offspring of performers are busy performing. At "The Lucy Show," Lucille Ball's former TV son, Little Ricky, joined Dick Martin for a warm-up—with Ricky banging the drums, Desi Arnaz Jr. rapping the bongos and three pals backing them up. . . . Tony Wallace, son of Mike, debuts in "The Victors." . . . Helen Hayes' talented Jim MacArthur inked with Screen Gems for "Postmark: Jim Adams." . . . Peter Fonda, Henry's boy, about to hop from TV to a film feature. . . . And proud Ozzie and Harriet are already planning scripts to include their first grandchild, June and David's little Danny Blair Nelson (at right).

Baby has a half-Nelson on stardom!

MMMemorable: Every member of the Hollywood press has some fond memory of Marilyn Monroe in the heart. Mine occurred on Coronado beach, during filming of "Some Like It Hot." Marilyn, smarting under the critical eyes of Arthur Miller and her coach, Paula Strasberg, was having trouble with her lines. She refused to pose for pictures, rejecting even the lensmen from top magazines. At last, tired from the effort to master her lines, she walked off the set. Suddenly, a small boy with a camera begged, "One picture, please!" The unpredictable beauty turned from her tent, arranged her curves on a rock . . . and posed a full twenty minutes for the ecstatic kid.

Playing the Field: "I steal check with Zhak Paar," confides Geneviève. Especially where it concerns her career, she's convinced that Jack's advice has been invaluable. . . . Steve Lawrence goes the way of all singers with a dramatic gig on "Saints and Sinners," and he's good! . . . Four Star to shoot a new ha-ha series with Jackie Cooper in the lead. . . . George Fenneman, famed for his commercials on the Groucho Marx show, formed his own company to make (what else?) commercials. . . . Dick Van Dyke's brother Jerry signed by CBS. . . . Former "peekaboo" star Veronica Lake—long out of sight—now in Baltimore, Maryland, hosting a weekly "Festival of Stars."
Arthur Godfrey, CBS Radio's fabulous redhead who's discovered so many new show business talents, recently revealed a new talent of his own. Before a hip audience at the Las Vegas Stardust, he emerged for the first time as Arthur Godfrey, night club star.

It was a new role for Arthur and a new audience—but the response was just what it's always been.


From the Stardust, Arthur took his show touring—packing everything from ballrooms to stadiums. He even packed the giant gymnasium at The University of Texas. And the college kids loved him!

What won the night club crowd, the collegians and the critics? Godfrey himself, most of all. Supported by Kong Ling, the pert young singer he discovered in Hong Kong, Johnny Parker's swinging band, and the Buffalo Bills, he presented the same warm, witty mixture of anecdote, gag and song that distinguishes his daily 50-minute radio show. Enjoy the show yourself. Tune in any weekday morning to the CBS Radio Network for Arthur Godfrey Time. Your local station is listed below.
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As Louis Sokol reported in the New York Journal American, Godfrey "wowed them." Forrest Duke began his widely syndicated review: "Three of the biggest names in show business opened Monday night on the Las Vegas Strip—Arthur Godfrey, Marlene Dietrich and Louis 'Satchmo' Armstrong." And he continued, "Arthur Godfrey, in his Las Vegas debut... brings an omnibus of fun to the Stardust."

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Don’t do a double-take when the camera pans the chorus of “Sing Along with Mitch”! That face you thought looked very familiar is—a “mystery guest” at the tail-end each week. Never introduced or identified, he’ll be singing along just like the others. You have to spot him quickly, or else miss him altogether.

We don’t want to spoil all your fun. But, in future weeks, you might be spotting such mystery guests as Jack E. Leonard, Sam Levenson, Red Buttons and even the usually grim-faced Chet Huntley.

Also on tap are some special segments including hour-long salutes to such composers as George Gershwin and Harold Arlen.

Hollywood stars accept any invitation to talk about why they refuse to appear on TV. Some say the shows aren’t good enough—or long enough—or don’t pay enough. Then a Cary Grant will say, “Why should I compete with myself?”

But, when all’s said and done, give a star something equaling the challenge of a movie and she’ll be there before the first commercial.

That appears to be the case with Deborah Kerr, who will be making her TV dramatic debut in “Three Roads to Rome,” on December 23rd, over the ABC network.

In the ninety-minute spec adapted by Tad Mosel, Deborah will play three different women in three different stories—all of a different age and in different settings! What star wouldn’t jump at something like that?

To illustrate what some people think of “The Perry Como Show”: Thomas Mitchell came out of semi-retirement (occasioned by illness) to do the Thanksgiving telecast—saying, at the time it was taped, that he wouldn’t have done it for any other show.

The Como people were amazed when the veteran actor walked into the theater, quietly examined a script, then went through his paces as if he’d been studying it for days. Nothing fancy. Just an ol’ pro.
Carol Burnett will be back to visit "The Garry Moore Show" for the New Year’s Day program—and it will be a different Carol. You’ll be amazed when she goes through “You’re Nobody Till Somebody Loves You” with nary a giggle. And, if you look closely, you’ll see she’s wearing a gold heart locket around her neck—a present from the stage crew last season. (They also sent along a letter, as well—written on a bedsheets!) But Carol doesn’t play the entire show seriously. In one sketch, she’s sitting home, mooning away the hours by staring at a picture of Vince Edwards.

She cracks: “Oh, there you are, Ben Casey. What a shame you don’t make house calls!”

Horace McMahon admits to making many a “comeback,” but his present career—playing Lieut. Mike Parker on “Naked City”—is one of the most remarkable. He’s going into his third year in the series . . . and many of the youngsters who tune him in now don’t know that he was a screen gangster and killer ‘way back in the late 1930s and 1940s.

“It was a nice little run—about 100 movies,” Horace remarked one night recently at Toots Shor’s, his favorite hangout. “Then, in 1949, I got lucky on the Broadway stage, in a play with Charles Boyer—after which I went right into a 60-week run with another pretty great actor named Ralph Bellamy.”

TV was just coming along, and a producer grabbed Horace for the “Martin Kane” private-eye series with William Gargan, followed by the movie version of same.

“Then,” he recalled, “I stopped dead. A lot of summer stock, a few TV shots, vaudeville—not much, really, until 1958. Then I landed the Broadway show, ‘Say Darling.’

“All of a sudden, an agent called me and said John McIntire was leaving ‘Naked City’ and was I interested in taking over his role?

“I said, ‘Have we got any place else to go?’

That was the old half-hour show. “At the end of thirteen weeks, the show was dropped—and so was I.”

But, a couple of months later, somebody had the idea of converting it into an hour show, then made a new pilot film—and now Horace says, “This is the longest run of my 31-year career.”

Horace would like to do a series eventually with his wife, Louise Campbell, well-known dramatic actress who appears on other TV dramas but has never played opposite him. “We’ve got three chil-

dren, too. They all dance a little bit—what would be wrong with having them in it?”

Famous for being a non-drinker around the New York saloon beat, Horace tipsles only on coffee. Yet he’s always running into people, the next day, who tell him: “Boy, were you stoned last night at El Morocco! You fell downstairs like a ton of bricks!”

Horace just nods and doesn’t try to argue with any of the drunks he encounters.

“It’s one penalty for not drinking,” he grins. “If you ever do anything wrong, make any real mistake, you can’t come in to the director next day and say, ‘You see, it wasn’t really my fault. I was loaded!’”

Don’t get your hopes up too high on this Telstar business—just yet. There’s no doubting the significance of the satellite in space beaming live coverage throughout the world, but some people are already talking about things like live coverage of the 1964 Olympics from Japan. According to Tad Myers, CBS Public Affairs, this is all pie-in-the-sky stuff at this point, because it’ll take somewhere between thirty and forty of these satellites to provide continuous coverage of events from abroad. And (Please turn the page)
continued

with a six-hour time difference from New York to London or Paris, how can we expect to see Europe's best programs—since they have the same prime-time schedule as we do? A program seen at 8 o'clock in Paris would be seen here at 2 P.M. And if Paris wanted to see our best stuff, they'd have to wait up till 2 A.M.!

As Mr. Myers points out: "Why would we fool around with live coverage when we can get a perfect video-tape in six hours? In some respects, Telstar is similar to the development of the atom bomb. Now that we have it, now that we've used it, what are we going to do with it?"

Don't Print That: The new season's barely upon us, but already one of the new shows is proving embarrassing for the sponsors. The scripts are so bad, even the show's publicist tries to change the subject when asked about it... Another new show discovered it had hired a leading man who can't speak the dialect needed—so a voice coach was rushed in for around-the-clock tutoring...

...One of the sexiest, loveliest imports from Europe had the director and crew extremely frigid when she fluffed every line in the opening day's shooting of one of TV's best-known series. But she finally came around, later attributed it to "nerves."

Who takes up more space: Gigantic Jackie Gleason or little Garry Moore? Wrong! Jackie's new show will originate from the same studio as Garry's, and there was a considerable tussle going on as to which show would get the use of the studio for a third day of rehearsals.

The Great Gleason wanted a Wednesday taping, after rehearsing Monday and Tuesday, but Garry previously had the theater set aside for his show Wednesday and Thursday—for the Friday taping. ("The Ed Sullivan Show" has the studio Saturday and Sunday.)

Since Garry's been around longer with his show, he was given "squatters' rights." Jackie will have to be content to tape on Tuesday.

The joke that time makes funny: Jim Backus, talking about last year's fire in the exclusive Bel-Air section of Hollywood, said: "They wouldn't put it out sooner, but the Fire Department had an unlisted number."

Jim, mentioning that he and his wife Henny had been to the Playboy Club in Chicago to catch a new act, cracked: "Taking your wife to a Playboy Club is like going fishing with the game warden."

Fearless Forecasts: Even with new medical shows matching scalpels with "Ben Casey" and "Dr. Kildare," the studiest competition for the viewer's eye will be good ol' fashioned gunfire. As if there's not enough from the gangsters and Western badmen. ABC will give us all-out war—World War II—in three new shows, to prove there's nothing like "the firing line" to fire our interest. Our selection, then, for the most popular show is "Ben Casey at the Front."

Some of the top variety shows would like to originate their programs from other cities—if the Chamber of Commerce would be good enough to pick up the heavy tab for moving the cast and sets. Mitch Miller says he'd like to sing-along on a cruise ship bound for Bermuda—but the waves would have to match bouncing rhythms with The Bearded One. People who like to watch TV late at night—if only because they get more viewing and less commercials—will have a rude awakening this fall. The success of Steve Allen's show, along with Johnny Carson's "Tonight," has convinced the advertising people they should withhold some of their choice spots for the late-viewing hours. You might say their slogan will be: "Better late than ever!"

That's Earl!

How many stars did you see? Among those most easily identified on preceding page: Kildare shaking hands with Casey-Clara Ray's with Dick Chamberlain, Sherry Nelson's hidden by Vince Edwards; Sam Jaffe and wife Betsey Ackerman in midst of the TV medics; down in front—Connie Stevens and George Maharis, with Ray Collins behind them; far right, toward top—Mr. and Mrs. Dick Van Dyke, Dick's TV wife Mary Tyler Moore in same row.
ON THE RECORD

NOV. 1962

Bobby Scott
Music Editor

The road Billy Eckstine has trod for near to twenty years has not always been the most popular one nor the most rewarding one. Back in the forties, to those of you who entered the World of Eckstine later, Billy led a big band aptly titled "The First Big Be-Bop Band," and that's precisely what it was. Those years found "B" playing trumpet and valve trombone as well as singing. (Incidentally, that band included such jazz giants as Art Blakey, Miles Davis and "Fats" Navarro, to name a few.) Unfortunately for the general public, the band never got off the ground commercially. (Strangely, now that I recollect, I seem to remember Sarah Vaughan making some records with the band.) It left a few recorded gems that still turn up from time to time. One tune from this period that I still remember quite well was a swinger called "I Love the Rhythm in a Riff." Billy did some wonderful sax singing, the band roared along led by Blakey's surging drumming and inspired by Gene Ammons' vital tenor saxophone solo. That was recorded by the now defunct National Records. Also of the same National vintage was the wonderfully treated "Cottage for Sale." Billy's ballad singing appeared around this time to be the one big factor that could hoist him right into the commercial market. MGM records obviously sensed this potential million record seller and brought in Hugo Winterhalter and strings and the rest is history. One after another, Billy came up with hits. "Everything I Have Is Yours," "My Destiny," "Caravan," "What Will I Tell My Heart," "I Apologize," and the classic "Body and Soul" to just mention a few. There were also in this MGM period some records Billy split with Sarah Vaughan and George Shearing.

As the market began to change, Billy, like a good many polished professionals, found himself among a string of fads. To many real "pros," the mid-fifties were quite a strain. The tunes, to begin with, were nothing like the classic things Billy had previously recorded. In fact, Billy was just not simple enough to sustain on the hit record charts. So he continued doing what he felt was the best he had to offer. His wonderful recording of "Joey, Joey," from "Most Happy Fella," which he recorded for Victor, made enough of a dent, air-play-wise, to let everybody know that "Mr. B" was still very much on the scene. In this period Billy developed along entertaining lines. He incorporated in his act dancing, trumpet-playing and even impressions and through these abilities continued to work night clubs, doing a marvelous job, while the blight of rock 'n' roll cast its shadow across the land. He later formed a small group, of seven or eight players, which brightened a lot of ears in the Las Vegas vicinity. Singing and playing, with first-rate players surrounding him, Billy once again had the bull by the horns. At this point Quincy Jones, Mercury Record's pride and joy, deciding Billy was too large a talent to be anything but No. 1, attacked the problem of finding material. He, Quincy, supervised and arranged and conducted. The outcome to my mind is a new "Mr. B." All the years of experience have paid off, "Mr. B" is greater than ever. His recent recordings have done extremely well. His live performance album, with Quincy's great band, at Basin Street East was favorably received by critics, disc jockeys and you the public. "Exodus," a recent single, also did very well. His most recent single effort, "What Kind of Fool Am I," looks like it could climb up all the hit charts. Well there it is. Pleasantly, I tell you "Mr. B" is back and front 'n' center. I hope we can look forward to gangs and gangs of hits from this giant in the history of jazz.
1. Comic Jonathan Winters table-hops to cheer up Rosemary Clooney—who can use it since the divorce. 2. Art and Lois Linkletter are among stars at bash honoring Nat “King” Cole. 3. For Dinah Shore these days, “love” is just a tennis score.
Author Clifford Odets has been squireng Edie Adams, but it's too soon to talk of romance. 5. Eartha Kitt with her daughter, now one. 6. The Andre Previn's and 7. Patti Page and Charles O'Curran—two of music's in-tune marriages. 8. Mario Lanza's mother was among the first to realize his greatness. Here, she embraces a new "voice" in the family, Mario's daughter Colleen, thirteen.
SPECIAL

★★★★The Tale of Peter Rabbit, Vivien Leigh narrating; Ornadel Orch; songs by Cyril Ornadel and David Croft; written by Beatrix Potter (Wonderland)—This album is a wonderful journey into the “little” world of talking animals. The story—which I’m sure needs very little explaining to you big kids—is the one about mean old McGregor and his precious garden. It is presented in a tasteful way and absolutely skirts that condescending “now, children” attitude. It’s like an oasis after some of the nonsense that’s been thrown at our kids.

Ornadel’s melodies, Croft’s lyrics are first rate—sweet but not sticky.

Vivien Leigh turns in a subtle and captivating performance. Her reading is impeccable. Her sound is quite natural and charming. It has in it a “come-hither” quality which has that intrigue so necessary where young ears are concerned. She is assisted by a group of players who make up, voice-wise, Peter Rabbit’s family. They provide the colors and characterizations, and Miss Leigh ties things up tightly with her narration.

The really great value here is that a child can read, see the enchanting pictures, hear the story and have it supported by music—all in one album.

Also included in this album is the “Tale of Squirrel Nutkin,” which steals some of “Peter Rabbit’s” thunder. Music, text and pictures are also included for Mr. Nutkin. So if your boy or girl is crazy for bunnies and squirrels, or is the kind of child who loves to exercise his imagination, I would check this album and the entire new set of Wonderland records.

Among the others, you’ll find “Snow White and Red Rose,” an adaptation of “Little Men” and “Little Women,” Dame Edith Evans reading “The First Christmas,” “A Child’s Introduction to Shakespeare,” Cyril Ritchard reading selections from “Alice in Wonderland,” “A Child’s Introduction to the Orchestra”—and the companion album to “Peter Rabbit,” “The Tale of Benjamin Bunny.” This last also has Miss Leigh narrating. Several of these albums have text and pictures. Some do not, but all have underscored music—which, to my mind, is much more important. Well, you look into this Wonderland series. It’s been aptly named. Recommended.

★★★★Caribbean Guitar, Chet Atkins (RCA Victor)—If this album were full of first-class pieces like its beautiful “Mayan Dance,” it would easily merit four stars. (The “Mayan Dance” cut is in the traditional Latin style. Almost in the classical area.) Chet Atkins is one of my favorite musicians, a man of taste and technical proficiency of the very widest scope, and I reluctantly rate this three stars... the reason being that what could’ve been realized—and, on some tunes, was—was not.

★★★★The Lively Ones, Vic Damone; Billy May Orch. (Capitol)—Vic Damone once again proves why he remains with us year after year. It’s quite simple: He happens to possess, truly, a voice! (Which, I might add, can be a drawback in these strange days.)

Here, Vic salutes all the ladies. “Laura,” “Ruby,” “Marie,” “Charmaine” and eight other gems associated with the gentler sex, and so beautifully done. Warmly reading the message in “Nina Never Knew,” shouting out “Cherokee”—where the tempo literally flies—and in the wonderful version of “Diane” which lightly moves in a sort of “Society-Two” feel, Vic always seems completely at ease and comfortable. The arrangements by Billy May and Jack Marshall certainly help. The recorded sound is Capitol’s usual: The best! It’s a good album.

★★★★Parade of Hits (MGM)—MGM has graciously put a gang of winners, 45-r.p.m. variety, under one roof. Included in this bargain album are: Dick Chamberlain’s “Three Stars Will Shine Tonight,” Jaye P. Morgan’s “Heartache Named Johnny,” “The Stripper,” by David Rose, “Lolita, Ya Ya,” Elmer Bernstein’s soundtrack version of “Walk on the Wild Side,” “Portrait of a Fool,” by Conway Twitty, and some picture themes of fairly large value. (“El Cid,” “The Four Horsemen” and “King of Kings.”)

The album is a pop-market winner.

★★★★In a Most Unusual Way, The Bobby Doyle Three (Columbia)—It’s always a pleasure to tell you about some newcomers who have “pro” written all over them. These chops, the Bobby Doyle Three, are very unusual. They run the whole scene. Mainly in Hi-Lo, Four-Freshmen groove, they’re quite capable of stepping into a variety of different settings.

The leader, Bobby Doyle—who, incidentally, is without sight—is the driving force here. He alone runs the gamut from a Ray Charles-ish “Mammy” to an airy-like polished sound on the front of “Come Rain or Come Shine.” He also, I would imagine, has laid out most of these fine three-voice arrangements. Kenny Rodgers and Don Russell round
out the group. Ken and Don, although they blend admirably with Bobby, also have solo-istic styles. Each has a solo here in which they unquestionably prove a chain is only as strong as its weakest link. (There are no weak links here.)

The group is one of the most versatile around. Twister, jazz, ballad or Dixie fan, they've got "sumpin' for ya." I'd take a listen. (P.S. Fine arrangements and band. Dick Hyman at the baton.)

★★★The Faraway Part of Town, Andre Previn (Columbia)—Versatility is a word thrown around loosely by many about many, but as applied to one—Andre Previn—the word is indisputable. This particular album finds Previn not scoring a film, not playing out-and-out jazz piano, but relaxing against a background of warm strings and playing very economically and with a consciousness of the melodic properties of all the tunes included.

Among some beautifully arranged and performed standards—like "Over the Rainbow," "Where Are You," "Lost in the Stars" and "Gone with the Wind"—are some tasty vehicles that are seldom heard. Previn himself is responsible for composing a couple of them: "Where I Wonder," plus his theme, which is the title tune, "Faraway Part of Town." Also included is a wonderful tune composed by Bronislav Kaper (who gave us "Invitation"), called "Near to No One," from his film score for "The Scapegoat." This is an album to which you should listen (and I don't mean while you are eating dinner!). A choice platter. Bring us a few more like this one... please?

POPULAR: FOLK

★★★La Distancia Nos Separa, and Other Love Songs of Mexico, Trio Los Panchos (Columbia)—Maybe it's because at the roots I'm a dyed-in-the-wool sentimentalist, but this album is the perfect atmosphere-creator for lovers. It's the Latin nights that are here reflected in song. All the tunes are love songs, and it's as if these talented chaps were chirpin' in the street to a bevy of ladies who, leisurely reclining on terraces, were dropping roses down by the dozens! For people who delight in being serenaded, this is your treat. The Trio Los Panchos are highly polished performers. This album is rather elegantly performed. They blend well together and sing, when it's required, solo pieces in a class fashion. I like the album. It may take time for it to grow on you, but the time may be worth giving. . . .

POPULAR: JAZZ

★★★Greatest Hits, Cannonball Adderley (Riverside)—This category may seem strange, but it really isn't. Included in this package are tunes such as "African Waltz," "Work Song," "This Here" and "Sack o' Woe"... none of which were incapable of a larger appeal—hence, the category. "Work Song," though it started its life as a jazz vehicle, has become a standard tune (such artists as Darin, Belafonte and Ernie Ford do it). Here, in this album, you have the original. "African Waltz" won a "Grammy" award, and you no doubt remember it climbing the pop charts not too long ago. "This Here" may also become an important commercial tune—as we go to press, lyricist Bob Dorough has just written a set of lyrics for this Bobby Timmons jazz gem.

The bands here, be they large or small, are top-drawer. Cannonball's playing is his consistent best. Full of fire and brimstone. Brother Nat Adderley comes along for the ride. This album is an exceptionally good package for those people who would enter the jazz world for the first time. It's not the pure, isolated and introverted school of jazz, but the "good-timers" rompin' along. For the Adderley fans, it's a good compilation of winners.

★★★Soft and Silky, Smooth and Swinging, Satin Latin, The George Shearing Quintet (3 separate L.P.s jointly released by MGM)—Past performances, when heard in the light of a new day, sometimes seem pale and sound somewhat like period pieces, but there are exceptions—early Sinatra, early Garland, early Nat Cole, Ella, Billie Holiday, to name a few. I'm happy to see these early Shearing recordings held up fantastically. In fact, if I may be bold, they are much more palatable to this reviewer than the great bulk of Shearing's later work.

Granted, musically, times have changed. (And, I might add, so have values.) These recordings—particularly, the "Soft and Silky" album—find George's solo-istic playing overwhelmingly lyrical. (The ease with which he played also seems incredible.) There is a floating-like, subtle but persuasive sophistication wrapped up in every turn of a musical phrase. The players here, who make up these different quintets, also appear to have collectively played better than most groups of that time or since.

In "Soft and Silky" are found classics like "I'll Remember April"; "East of the Sun," where George's block-chord style literally creates a tapestry of
sound through enlarging the harmonic scheme; “Little White Lies,” which bubbles even though the theme is played with precision; “I’ll Be Around,” “For You,” and my particular Shearing favorite, “Tenderly.” On this tune, George played solo piano and the version is, without doubt, the most charming and sensitive one I’ve heard yet.

The “Smooth and Swinging” album leads us down a jazz avenue, but the street is not so narrow that the pop fan can’t enjoy the promenading. The inherent joy of playing permeates this recording. “Strolling,” “Geneva’s Move,” the classic “Jumpin’ with Symphony Sid,” “Swedish Pastry”—all glitter with the magic of Shearing.

“Satin Latin”—though it’s certainly worth having—is not, in your reviewer’s humble opinion, up to the level of its brother albums. There are moments, though, of rhythmical excitement and, in general, action. For those with the Latin leanings, this may be your cup of tea. At any rate, it’s a pleasurable experience to listen again to some of the glorious moments out of the not-too-distant past. Anybody who would get his money’s worth in entertainment—should see about these.

**JAZZ**

★★★★Inception, McCoy Tyner Trio (Impulse)—This jazz piano album, which happens to be McCoy’s debut effort, is one of the finest your reviewer has heard in many moons. This young pianist of twenty-four years has an amazing amount of assurance in his playing. Throughout the entire proceedings, McCoy, with an incredible amount of musical maturity, keeps things settled and flowing. His colleagues here are Art Davis, playing bass, and the fireball Elvin Jones on drums.

A very pointed and particular first album. Look forward to hearing an awful lot from this lad in the future. Recommended for the jazzophiles.

★★★★Bird Symbols, Charlie Parker (Charlie Parker Records)—These were recorded in 1946 and ’47 and originally released on the now-defunct Dial label. The tunes, cut in California, comprise such classics as “Moose the Mooche,” “Yardbird Suite,” “Ornithology” and “Night in Tunisia.” The group on these sides featured the younger Miles Davis, Lucky Thompson and Dodo Marmarosa. (One California session, responsible for the last two cuts on side one, featured a then-slightly-known Pittsburgh pianist by the name of Erroll Garner.)

Side two includes tracks from two N. Y. C. record sessions. Here we find Max Roach in evidence. Titles include such gems as “Bird of Paradise,” Parker’s version of “All the Things You Are,” the fantastic ballad work on “Embraceable You,” “Out of Nowhere,” and “Don’t Blame Me.” On the last mentioned tune, the young Miles Davis indicates his as-of-then undiscovered lyrical depth by playing out the last eighth in touching fashion.

Charlie Parker was a titanic talent. For years, the creative end of jazz resided solely on his shoulders. He was, almost in total, the driving force. As these tunes and solos of Parker were pace-setters, they certainly belong in your collection. This was the music which helped, to a large degree, shape what we hear today. A must for jazz fans.

★★★★Hollywood Jazz Beat, Ray Bryant; orch. arr. and cond. by Richard Wes (Columbia)—Ray Bryant is a strikingly singular and subtle piano talent who, I have no doubts, will one day (as John Hammond points out in his album notes) ride up over a jazz wave and find himself smack in the middle of the commercial market.

This particular album is really one of breadth. The tunes are Hollywood’s best efforts: “Laura,” “Green Dolphin Street,” “Invitation,” “Exodus” and more of this quality. A large ensemble provides Ray with a foil, concertante style. He rambles while they sing out themes, and the converse. Richard Wes is in fine form here. His arrangements are all transparent and light, leaving Ray every freedom.

The joy of Ray’s playing is the confidence of attack and thought. His improvising seems to just roll off him.

For folk who like the natural, listen to Mr. Bryant.

**CLASSICAL**

★★★★Wagner: Brunhilde’s Immolation Scene from “Gotterdammerung” and The Wesendonck Songs, Eileen Farrell; Leonard Bernstein cond. the New York Philharmonic (Columbia)—Wagner’s personal image, historically, is one glorious enigma. His love for other men’s wives was only exceeded by his love for himself. His life reads like a cheap novel, but his works are priceless. Strangely, as life would have it, his greatest moments of dramatic music were stimulated by back-door philandering.

While at work on his monumental musical tragedy, “Tristan,” he took time out to put music to some poems of his then-current love, Mathilde Wesendonck.
who, needless to say, was the wife of one of Wagner’s benefactors). On this album, it only gets second billing. Your reviewer finds it much more interesting than the scene from “Götterdämmerung.” The way in which Wagner marries musical elements with the words and their connotations is incredible. (Only in one piece does he use the technique of repetition. All the others are free-wheeling, form-wise. Gloriously rhapsodic.)

In one song called “Stehe Still,” Wagner begins with a whirling musical attitude, totally consistent with the text, and marvelously returns to a slow, lyrical and reflective attitude when the text demands it, halfway through the song. The melodic lines, in general, seem a bit tempered, when one considers Wagner’s sometimes over-dramatic and heavy-handed opera music. Here he seems to flow without deliberation. It’s the type of musical soaring only Wagner could turn out.

Miss Farrell again proves how much value and talent resides in her heart and throat, and Leonard Bernstein’s conducting is certainly one of his finest performances. But the real show is Wagner’s. His talent for blending tones with words is unmatched. For the seekers after timeless musical expression.

SPECIAL

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot, Leontyne Price; orch. and chorus directed by Leonard de Pauw (RCA Victor)—As I have said before and will say again, the music of worship—no matter what the creed—is always worth thorough investigation . . . and when that particular music is Negro spirituals, it makes the searching that much more rewarding. In this album I found only one piece, as far as composition, which was not of the very highest calibre—and that’s near-monumental, when one realizes there are fourteen pieces!

From a musical-materials standpoint, some things here are historically enlightening. Folk authorities generally agree that most secular music of the American Negro was born out of minstrelsy of his white brother and, later on, the converse, too. In “A City Called Heaven,” one is struck by the southern Appalachian cadential feeling. It bears a strong hill-song feeling. “On Ma Journey” also bears this out in its quasi-Irish quality. Mind you, I mean this generally. In some respects, all ethnic groups have denominators. The important thing is not that something was imitated—if it was, at all—but rather the fact that, in such matters as national music products, we all share in them.

Miss Price, who is one of America’s finest operatic voices, sings with conviction and warmth. The more rhythmically moving pieces find her gliding and punctuating, rather than belting it out. Needless to say, she is like the voice of the wind when singing the lyric pieces.

Leonard de Pauw is to be congratulated on his beautiful and sympathetic arrangements. The height of good taste was reached in the rather different version of “He’s Got the Whole World in His Hands.” You may remember this piece being a hit not too long ago. Here one does not find hand-clapping and a simple statement of theme . . . rather, a development harmonically which casts the tune into an unusual light.

Other priceless gems included are the beautiful and emotionally arc-ing “Deep River,” the elating “Ev’ry Time I Feel the Spirit,” the ringing joy of Hall Johnson’s beautiful composition “Honor, Honor,” the mysteriously modal “A City Called Heaven,” the touching questioning of “Were You There,” and the classic “Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.”

This album has more than two edges. It contains the art of a wonderfully gifted singer, the apex of the litany form, the spiritual, and marvelous arrangements which bring to mind all kinds of imagery. And last, but surely not least, the power to provoke the spirit. I would look into this album immediately.

CHORAL MUSIC

The Sound of Inspiration, Bill Brown Choir (Choreo)—Bill Brown has put together a beautiful album. Besides his composing, arranging and conducting, what is largely in evidence is his sense of tradition, which goes back to choral practices developed centuries ago. (One remembers the saying, while listening to this album: “The greatest and highest use of the human voice is in its capacity to utter sounds of worship to its Maker.”)

The singers, all twenty-five of them, are the best in California, and Mr. Brown has the formula for blending them. Not to be overlooked are the complementary string arrangements of Dick Hazard. The tunes include some standard spirituals like “Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child” and “He’s Got the Whole World in His Hands.”

Brown’s original music, for such poignant texts as The 23rd Psalm and The Sermon on the Mount, is first-rate, structurally sound and, most importantly, uplifting emotionally. The album uncovers the priceless joy of worship through song. Recommended.
TOPS IN SINGLES

1) Ramblin' Rose/The Good Times, Nat "King" Cole (Capitol)—Well, it's good to see a big professional steal some of the hit thunder! Watch "Ramblin' Rose." It's got to go up. Then I'm sure the jockeys will turn it over and then... there'll be another hit!

2) Lie to Me/With the Touch of Your Hand, Brook Benton (Mercury)—Brook's big baritone voice looks as if it's got him a winner in "Lie to Me." Flip is also very strong. Good, able backgrounds "à la Nashville."

3) It Might as Well Rain Until September/Nobody's Perfect, Carole King (Dimension)—Very much in the "Bobby Vee" style of over-dubbed voices and a well-written tune, "It Might as Well Rain" looks like a big hit if I ever heard one. Flip is so-so.

4) Hey There Mountain/Say It Again, Obrey Wilson (Liberty)—A very strong folk-orientated tune, this "Mountain." It could be a sleeper. Obrey Wilson turns in a good performance. Arrangements by Phil Spector are tops.

5) Jivin' Around/Raunchy, Ernie Freeman (Imperial)—Ernie Freeman has come up with two exceedingly strong juke-box goodies calculated to get your feet a-movin'. "Jivin'" seems fresher. "Raunchy" has already been heard plenty.

6) Busy/I Don't Wanna Know, Chuck Sedacca (Smash)—Both sides are blockbusters! "Busy" has the edge material-wise. Chuck Sedacca, aside from doing the shoutin', wrote both tunes. The lad looks headed for big things.

7) A Taste of Honey/The Good Life, Lloyd Mayers' organist; Oliver Nelson orch. (United Artists)—Another auspicious debut by a first-rate jazz player. This chap Mayers is one of the finest new talents around. "Honey" is the tough one, but he may be a little late. "Good Life" is also a likely contestant for honors.

8) Tuesday's Theme/Montreal, Johnny Williams orch. (Columbia)—A very catch-y theme on "Tuesday's" side. Elegant, but marketable. If it gets airplay, it could happen. The flip is a "ricky-tick" affair à la "Midnight in Moscow." Maybe?

9) Cathy/Vienni, Vienni, Vic Damone (Capitol)—Well, this is not an obvious hit article, but—i sure think it's a great record. "Cathy" is a beautiful vehicle for Vic. It may be too much of a ballad, but here's a pitch for good tunes and quality performances. Could be?

10) I Can't Get You Out of My Heart/My Geisha, Jerry Vale (Columbia)—Whenever Jerry tangles with some Italian material, you'd best believe something happens. I'd look for "I Can't" to make some noise.

PIECES OF EIGHT

- It looks like Roger Williams may have another big one in "Niagra" theme. . . Harry Belafonte is back in N.Y. planning a motion picture to be filmed in the Caribbean, also setting recording material for late fall album release. . . The jazz world was shocked by the tragic death of Eddie Costa, the very gifted pianist-vibist, in an auto accident. His talent will certainly be missed. . . Quincy Jones and Billy Eckstine did three weeks of theater dates. "Mr. B" is in fine shape. . . Steve Lawrence has come up with a "heck-of-a-pacer" album. Waltzes! . . Benny Goodman's first statewide concert, since coming back from Russia, was received unfavorably in New Haven, Conn. Wha' happened? Nat "King" Cole has a new single on the market. It's going to be a big one. . . The Everly Brothers still touring, at this writing. . . Peter, Paul and Mary riding their second hit. (Don't say I didn't tell you about these shouters.) . . Wayne Rooks, Capitol's new vocal find, is getting set to record again. . . Why isn't Felicia Sanders being recorded? . . For those of you who are interested, "I Can't Stop Loving You," by Ray Charles, was not only No. 1 in this country but darn near every other one . . . even Hong Kong! (And that's the truth, brother!) . . . Allan Douglass, jazz head at United Artists records, informs us that U.A. will be bringing out jazz singles. The first is Lloyd Mayer's rendition of "A Taste of Honey."

Cameo-Parkway Records have been doing a fantastic job of getting to things before the word gets out. (Currently "Wa-Watusi," "The Girl From Wolverton Mountain," such artists as Chubby Checker and Bobby Rydell.) Their new sound series is attracting attention. . . Tony Martin in N.Y. He was invited to guest for a popular disc jockey, and he carried it off! (Watch out, you disc jockeys, this kind of thing could get serious.)

A chap who has been rather quiet for a while, by the name of Tommy Leonetti, looks like he's ready to bust wide open again. . . Columbia's new Mildred Bailey package is a priceless chunk of jazz history. (I'll be reviewed in the following issue.) Just full of captured moments that are all worth a million, running through the entire span of her recorded years. . . Till next month, when we spin again!
“I will not give birth to this baby.”

These are not words of fiction woven from an imaginary television script. They were the words of an expectant mother who meant them from the depths of her soul. They were spoken when she carried within her a baby she didn’t dare allow to be born. Sherri Finkbine, TV star of Phoenix, Arizona, had not yet felt this new life stir within her—it was too soon for that. But it was not too soon (Continued on page 71)
What turns a young girl into a woman? I found out on my sixteenth birthday — or rather, the night after. It isn't just being sixteen and it certainly isn't something peculiar that happens inside of her that suddenly (Please turn the page)
The night I became a woman
by Janet Lennon

What turns a young girl into a woman? I found out on my sixteenth birthday — or rather, the night after. It isn't just being sixteen and it certainly isn't something peculiar that happens inside of her that suddenly (Please turn the page)
I thought they'd forgotten—but, secretly, the whole Lennon family worked on the party. Was I ever surprised!

makes a child become a woman. What does change, I found out, is how other people treat you. That's what makes the difference... We were appearing at Harrah's famous lodge at Lake Tahoe, you see. The whole family—with the exception of DeeDee (Dianne), her husband, Dick, and my brother Danny—were sharing a cottage at the lake. We spent most of the time there between rehearsals with the Welk band and the shows at night. It was just great. Such scenery! Mountains, a lake, and all sorts of pretty shrubs and trees. And the people—so nice and friendly and (Continued on page 77)
The cake and presents—like the new dress from Mom and Dad which even Peggy and Kathy would have been proud to wear—it was all such fun. Know what I think? A girl can grow up. But she never really grows away from her little brothers and sisters.
VINCE EDWARDS:

"MY MARRIAGE TO SHERRY!"
“Marriage is a permanent contract,” Vincent Edwards began, firm in his unshakeable conviction, “and that's what I want it to be for me. Sherry stuck with me when I had nothing. Now that I have something, do you think I'd let go of a girl like her? She's the sweetest, nicest girl I've known. And I've known quite a few girls. None are like Sherry—she's absolutely the tops. I believe marriage is for keeps—and forever. With Sherry, marriage is for keeps and forever, too.” Vince meant every word as he spoke to his mother, for it was one of the most serious conversations they'd ever had together. From the moment his mother, Mrs. Julie Zoine, had met Sherry Nelson, the rumors began to (Continued on page 62)
“Marriage is a permanent contract,” Vincent Edwards began, firm in his unshakeable conviction, “and that’s what I want it to be for me. Sherry stuck with me when I had nothing. Now that I have something, do you think I’d let go of a girl like her? She’s the sweetest, nicest girl I’ve known. And I’ve known quite a few girls. None are like Sherry—she’s absolutely the tops. I believe marriage is for keeps—and forever. With Sherry, marriage is for keeps and forever, too.” Vince meant every word as he spoke to his mother, for it was one of the most serious conversations they’d ever had together. From the moment his mother, Mrs. Julie Zoine, had met Sherry Nelson, the rumors began to (Continued on page 62)
“No one in the world ever thought of my becoming a priest—except my mother,” said Gene Kelly. He was talking of his early days in Pittsburgh, but he could have been speaking for all Hollywood—except the producers of “Going My Way.”

No doubt about it, Revue must have had a great deal of that mystic quality called faith to cast the noted dancer-actor in the TV role of Father O’Malley. At least as much faith as Paramount had, when it cast crooner Bing Crosby in the original movie role!

Now—as then—the rest of Hollywood was stunned.

“Holy father?” exclaimed one man who’s worked with Gene for years. “More like a holy terror!” He meant Gene Kelly today—but could just as well have been speaking of the youthful hothead Pittsburgh had known in Gene’s parochial school days. “Holy terror” was a phrase not infrequently applied to this fighting young Irishman then . . . perhaps even by some of those “holy fathers” Gene remembers so well . . .

Take that time big Paul Lewinski lay in wait for him, right after choir practice, to exact personal revenge for the previous day’s football defeat. Gene Kelly (right end) was then twelve years old—and not very tall for his age, either.

“Paul was fifteen, looked twenty-six, and I was scared to death,” Gene admits. “I did everything I could to evade the issue, but he baited me—including some choice remarks about the Irish!—so I had to fight.”

It was a whale of a fight. The two boys rolled over and over in the dirt, clawing, kicking, pounding each other with (Continued on page 80)
Nikita Khrushchev was scowling as he listened to the voice on the other end of the telephone. The circles under the Russian dictator’s eyes were darker than usual. His pudgy face looked lopsided as if he had been pressing it all night against a lumpy pillow. And, in fact, he had. All through the previous night, Nikita had thrust his face into his pillow, as if he might force the bad dream out of his head. But the nightmare only became more vivid, more threatening—worse, this time, than it had ever been in the past.

That face in the dream . . . that angular, pointed face, shaped like Churchill’s two fingers when he raised them in that famous V-for-victory salute. Those eyes . . . large, soulful eyes, round and black like two blot of spilled ink on a sheet of white paper. Soft eyes, sentimental eyes, decadent capitalist eyes. That nose . . . a long, sensitive nose, a prying bourgeois nose, poking itself into things that weren’t any of its business, smelling out weaknesses in the Communist world, sniffing out weaklings behind the Iron Curtain. That mouth from which spouted stupid, silly propaganda for Democracy. An absurd voice, a high, squeaking almost squealing voice. How could his own people, stalwart Communist militants, allow themselves to be swayed by that grating voice, shriller than chalk being pressed the wrong way against a blackboard, more dissonant than the eeeek of a dentist’s drill?

The face, the voice, and the figure. A puny body, product of American malnutrition, American soft-living, American decay. Yet somehow that

You’ll never guess who’s been banned by the Reds as a big bad American agent! So just follow the clues—and don’t peek at the end!
STAR WHO GIVES NIGHTMARES

figure moving awkwardly and jerkily across motion picture screens, that voice piping from television sets, that face peering out from comic book pages—it had captured the imagination and sympathy of Communists everywhere. And he would be successful in the future, too, if something drastic was not done. *Immediately.*

And besides, as long as this star was allowed to squeak out his perverted message about brotherhood, peace on earth, and the worth of the individual, he, Nikita Khrushchev, would never get a good night’s sleep.

That’s why the Communist czar was scowling into the telephone, and that’s why he finally screamed, “Excuses. Excuses. Always excuses. I’m tired of excuses, Comrade Heyde, I want action. Expose him in Freiheit tomorrow. Warn everyone in East Germany, especially our valiant Communist youth, that this is an American agent trying to lure people away from the workers’ paradise, across the Berlin wall and into the capitalist cesspool of the West.

“And, Comrade Heyde, I want a complete dossier—a record of his parents, his birth, his youth, his career, his romances, his marriage, his espionage activities. Everything. Everything you can find out about this . . . this . . . this dirty rat!”

Okay, Comrade Khrushchev, you asked for it and here it is—a complete and up-to-date dossier. We figure that your stooge, Comrade Heyde, in his job as Communist functionary in the East German city of Halle, is undoubtedly too busy to send you the type of report you asked for. After all, he also has the job of convincing millions of people that brown bread and potato soup are really steak and caviar, that slavery is freedom, and that red, white and blue will, in the near future, change to all-red. So here it is: *Our* statement of the life, career and loves of a great star.

Antecedents and birth. Our hero was born shortly after his father had suffered a crushing defeat at the hands of big business. Without money and without a job, did he join the American Communist party, did he call for the overthrow of the United States government, did he vow never to have offspring until the red flag flew over the White House?

He did not. Instead this courageous man, true to the spirit of his own pioneer forefathers, resolved that he would make *(Continued on page 90)*
STAR OF "FATHER KNOWS BEST"
CONVICTED AS DOPE ADDICT!

By EVELYN ALLEN

He couldn't quite remember who he was. That was what pot did for you. It blunted all the sharp edges that kept pricking you the rest of the time.

Time? Time didn’t exist when you were high on pot. Seconds were as long as hours. Hours were as long as days. The future didn’t exist when you were smoking marijuana. The past didn’t exist. All those razors of memory that kept slashing holes in your guts and your brain didn’t exist.

A memory crawled out of one of those holes in his head. “What’s your name, son?”

“Billy Gray.”

“And you want to act in my picture?”

“Oh, yes, sir, more than anything.” Was his voice sincere enough? Would the man believe him? He purposely shook his soft brown hair onto his forehead. A woman had once called that “an attractive gesture” and given him a job.

“How old are you, Billy?”

“Ten years old, sir.”

“Awful small for your age, aren’t you?”

He forced himself to smile, even though he hated it when they said that to him. “Yes, I am. That’s why I can play the little boy in your movie. I look

Official Statement

On Friday, July 12, 1952
Fifteen minutes later he ran out of the office. "Now we can buy things again, Mommy. Now we can buy things."

He took another drag on his cigarette and squashed the memory. There was a crisp noise like the time he had stepped on a cockroach. And the memory disappeared. As long as he kept smoking, it couldn't come back. Afterwards it would come back, though—and bring all its friends.

Sometimes it seemed as though there was a convention of memory roaches in his head, all of them shouting, "Listen to me, Billy. I'm uglier than he is." "Listen to me, Billy. I'm the ugliest of all."

But right now the cockroaches were marshmallow and the razors had marshmallow edges and time was one big marshmallow cocoon into which you could burrow until nothing was left but the lighted tip of your cigarette.

The Billy Gray Tragedy:
How does a good boy go bad?

In your car and so you lie and say you don't know how it got there or you tell the truth and say you put it there.

The truth? Where does the truth begin? Maybe it begins with all the things you don't say. You don't say that after his release, your father came back to Los Angeles but he didn't bother to look you up much because, after all, he was only your father. You don't say that your mother remarried twice and that you're sure your first stepfather hated you. You don't say that you got so lonely a few years ago that you, too, got married. You don't say that the loneliness you felt before was like a flea bite compared to the loneliness you felt after your own divorce. Instead, (Continued on page 88)
He couldn't quite remember who he was. That was what pot did for you. It blunted all the sharp edges that kept pricking you the rest of the time.

Time? Time didn't exist when you were high on pot. Seconds were as long as hours. Hours were as long as days and months. Nothing existed when you were smoking marijuana. The past didn't exist. All those roars of memory that kept slashing holes in your guts and your brain didn't exist.

A memory crawled out of one of those holes in his head.

"What's your name, son?" "Billy Gray." "And you want to act in my picture?" "Oh, yes, sir, more than anything." Was his voice sincere enough? Would the man believe him? It's purposely about his soft brown hair onto his forehead. A woman had once called that "an attractive gesture" and given him a job.

"How old are you, Billy?" "Ten years old, sir." "Awfully small for your age, aren't you?" He forced himself to smile, even though he hated it when they said that to him. "Yes, I am. That's why I can play the part." He took another drag on his cigarette and squashed the memory. There was a crisp note like the time he had stepped on a cockroach. And the memory disappeared. As long as he kept smoking, it couldn't come back. Afterwards it would come back, though—and bring all his friends.

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But there were new cockroaches were marshmallow and the roaches had marshmallow edges and time was one big marshmallow cocoon into which you could borrow until nothing was left but the lighted tip of your cigarette.

Official Statement
On Friday, July 12, 1952, William Gray was sentenced to 60 days for possession of marijuana.

Eight times during those 60 days anyone who turned on his television set could have a chance to watch Billy Gray in "Father Knows Best." Yet Father didn't know best and Billy Gray didn't learn what he was taught. Why? What makes a boy who earned $1,000 a week in 1950 get sentenced to two months in a county jail road camp three years later?

"To explain the physical circumstances that brought a small sack of marijuana seeds to the front door of my car, Billy Gray stated after his arrest, "It was easier to do it than to explain the emotional reasons for its presence." He then went on to explain "emotional reasons" to the police. The police don't care about "emotional reasons." And maybe they shouldn't care. The police find a sack of marijuana in your car and so you lie and say you don't know how it got there or you tell the truth and say you put it there.

The truth? Where does the truth begin? Maybe it begins with all the things you don't say. You don't say that you hardly remember your father because somehow he went to a state mental hospital when you were six or seven years old. You don't say that after his release, your father came back to Los Angeles but he didn't like it there, so after all, he was only your father. You don't say that your mother remarried twice and that you're sure your first stepfather hated you. You don't say that you got so lonely a few years ago that you, too, got married. You don't say that the loneliness you felt before was like a flea bite compared to the loneliness you felt after your own divorce. Instead. (Continued on page 82.)
How would you answer an S.O.S. from Hell?
When Steve Allen received the call, he had only one choice. To go in and help!

"It's not how many people occupy this hell—one is too much! In a nation of 185 million people, the fact that some 70,000 Americans are 'users'—addicted to dope, 'hooked,' in daily torment—may not sound as frightening as it should. But if you have the power to imagine what it must be like for each and every individual—the physical craving that's like a cancerous pain which only lets up for the short period of the drug's action: . . . the anguish of guilt, the pangs of remorse . . . the impoverishment and shame of each family . . . the wreck of careers and ruin of skills . . . the withering away of ambition and hope . . . the frustration of friends . . . and the growing burden of despair—if you can realize that this is a personal hell multiplied by some 70,000 human beings, then you can appreciate how important it is to study this problem and act to bring it under control. I should add that, when I say 70,000 users, I'm speaking of those who are known. Heaven knows how many more are unknown!"

The speaker: Steve Allen—in an exclusive interview with TV RADIO MIRROR. The subject: "Dope addiction and what you can do about it." It's not surprising to find Steve—sometimes called the most serious comedian in the world—committed to the fight (Continued on page 84)

Rehabilitation at Synanon House: A combo of ex-addicts sings its praises . . . Steve and Jayne Allen chat with families of "inmates" (all self-committed).
The mystery of what’s happened to John Larkin since he disappeared from “The Edge of Night” is solved!

THE MAN

Viewers in every state of the union were stunned. So were his confreres in the studio. It simply didn’t seem possible that the biggest matinee idol in the history of TV drama had given up his cushy role in “The Edge of Night”—a popular serial literally tailor-made to his own gigantic measurements!

Day after day, for a half-hour daily—the equivalent of a full Broadway play each week—John Larkin had thrilled a nationwide audience as Mike Karr. He had proved himself king in the realm of daytime drama, established himself as a full-fledged TV star . . . with fame, finances and fan mail to match.

Now, John had given it all up, left New York and daytime TV without so much as a backward glance.

Why did he have to do it? Where had he gone?

The answer to that latter question blazed forth for all to see, this September on NBC. John had gone to Hollywood. Today . . . after months of seemingly almost-total eclipse . . . he’s co-starring in “Saints and Sinners”—very much in the picture on nighttime TV.

But why he left the East—why he gambled everything he had, at the peak of success—has remained a mystery . . . until this exclusive interview for TV RADIO MIRROR. And, as John himself tells it, it’s a soul-searching, very revealing story!

Stalwart but sensitive, impulsive but logical, John starts at the heart of the matter and minces no words. “There comes a time when you throw discretion to the winds to protect your sanity,” he says forcefully. “When it is no longer possible to live at peace with yourself and your loved ones, you must change your pattern—before it is too late.

“God is good,” he vows fervently, “or maybe I’m just plain lucky! Today I am a man with a new lease on life and my gratitude knows no bounds . . . though I must admit that, during the interim, many a misgiving crept into my heart and I asked myself, Did I do right? Needless to say, ‘Saints and Sinners’ and the satisfying role I play have given (Continued on page 78)
The stakes were high in the risk he was taking — three precious people: His wife Audrey, their young daughter Victoria and their newborn son, John William Larkin Jr.
“How do you tell your son...
“he has a new daddy?”

It was not the first time Mary Tyler Moore had felt the need to justify herself to her six-year-old son. It was, in fact, the third time. And, on each occasion, the job seemed harder than before, and making little Ritchie understand became more urgent.

She knelt on the kitchen floor of the old stucco home she and her ex-husband Richard Meeker, had once shared. Her face was on a level with the boy’s. His wide, tender mouth—which, like her own, seemed to have been made for smiling—had pursed up in a familiar frown of puzzlement. *Well,* she thought, *I’ve seen that look before.*

She’d seen it first a year before . . . on that terrible day of her separation from her husband. It had been tough enough at the studio. They’d been rehearsing an unusually complex scene for “The Dick Van Dyke Show,” and it had taken all the will, grit and know-how she possessed to see it through. After rehearsal, she had to pick up Ritchie at the nursery school. She wished, for a moment, she could find escape in sleep, but she knew she had to face it—she had to tell the boy that his father would not be living with them anymore. Her heart gave a heavy thud. It was dusk, but the hardest part of her day was yet to come . . .

As they turned into their driveway, the boy was suddenly alert, his brown eyes sharp, the broad shoulders that marked him as his father’s son hunched in concentration. “Where’s Daddy’s car?” he demanded. The question was expected and inevitable, but it took the air from her lungs in a painful gasp. “Let’s go in,” she said. “Mommy has something to tell you . . .”

In the short walk into the house and through the kitchen into the living room, Mary had decided on her course. There would be no pretty fables about Daddy taking a trip, or Daddy having to work late every night. Nothing but the truth would do, the truth told clearly, simply—come what may. Instinctively, she felt it was the only rock they could cling to, in the difficult days ahead.

Seated side-by-side on the couch, they stared at one another, each with a touch of embarrassment, each with a special fear. “You see, Ritchie . . . your Daddy and I aren’t going to live together anymore. Daddy’s going to live in another house . . . and you can visit him there.”

“All right, Mommy,” he nodded his rumpled brown head slowly. “But—but why?”

“Well, you know how much you like having your own room? Daddy and I like having our own houses. Most of the week, you’ll stay here with me . . . but one evening, and all day Sunday, you’ll visit Daddy in his place—because he loves you, too, and wants to see you.” She was almost afraid to meet his eyes. “Is that all right, Ritchie?”

Then the storm broke. “I don’t like you! You’re not a nice Mommy!” The words tum-

*Whether she has actually lived through it herself or not, we think every woman will understand how Mary Tyler Moore felt when the time came*
bled out, as Ritchie stamped his foot and screamed. Mary got to her feet, waiting quietly for his small-boy's fury to spend itself. When he stopped crying, she said, "I know you don't like me, right now, but you'll have to realize this was necessary. Daddy and I wouldn't do this if it weren't necessary . . ."

Her voice trailed off as though she herself knew it wasn't true. Ritchie appeared to be waiting for her to reassure him . . . to tell him it was just a story, and Daddy really would be coming home. She drew him to her, hugged him close, kissed away his tears. "It won't be so bad, darling, you'll see . . . now go to your room a while and look at your picture books. I know how you feel, honey. Boy, I used to get plenty mad at my mommy, too, sometimes. After I take a shower, I'll come put you to bed, and then I'll tell you how much you mean to me and Daddy . . .""

The second occasion on which the boy had confronted her with a painful challenge had come some months later. It was the hard, complex question every mother has to face when her steps have led her toward a successful career: Her home or the shop? Or both? Ritchie had been watching a segment of "The Dick Van Dyke Show," in which Mary plays Dick's wife, Laura. Seeing his mommy in a strange home, as the wife of a strange man, was confusing enough. But there was something even worse. Ritchie's mommy in that strange house, with that strange man, had a boy very much like himself . . . and what's more—that strange boy was called "Ritchie," too. How could that be? "You got two boys named Ritchie?" he asked. And before she could find words to explain, he pressed on. "Today, some of the kids told how their mommies took them to Disneyland. Why can't you stay home like them and take me to Disneyland? Huh?"

Mary had a sudden wild impulse to break into sobs. Acting is more than a job to her. It fulfills a need that springs from the depths of her soul. But her love, her sense of responsibility to her son, spring from the same depths. Her slender figure trembled with the intensity of her emotions. She opened her mouth, then shut it helplessly. She hadn't the vaguest notion of how to define—in terms a child would understand—the difference between appearance and reality.

Finally, she said, "Mommy is an actress . . . and you see, Ritchie, that makes her different from mommies who stay home. For instance, it means that Mommy has two families. One is her dearest very own family—which is mainly you, Ritchie. The other one is just make-believe, like you saw on TV. That other little Ritchie is also an actor, and he is making believe he's my Ritchie, just as I'm making believe I'm his mommy . . . It's just like when you make believe you're a big, grown-up fire chief. But when the game is over, then you go back to being little Ritchie Meeker, a little boy and the son of Mommy and Daddy. So, when I finish being a make-believe mommy on TV, I come home to my real house, and my real son, and enjoy myself being a real mommy. See?"

"But," his chin had begun to wobble, "couldn't you be a real mommy next Saturday and take me to Disneyland?"

She felt a stab of guilt. There it was! The separation from Dick Meeker had shaken the boy's security. But he had shown wonderful resilience and he was, when you put him beside other kids, a remarkably poised and adjusted child. She couldn't afford to let him down now. There would probably be a rehearsal slated for Saturday. But—much as she was dedicated to the show—this once she'd have to dedicate herself to something nearer and dearer. (Continued on page 74)
An intimate portrait of Shirley Booth

HER LAUGHING DAYS...
HER LONELY NIGHTS

(Please turn the page)
All lonely people know the nights were made for mourners—as well as lovers.

She's a "veritable doll to work with"... a truly great actress who has both stage and screen awards to prove it... and America's best-loved comedienne on TV. Performers and crew scramble madly for the chance to work on "Hazel"... it's the happiest show shooting, and its star is always at the center of the gay goings-on. Only at the cry of "Print that and take five!" does the outside world get a glimpse of the inner sadness which is the private world of Shirley Booth... "Take five!" And leaning against a prop kitchen door, staring out a prop window which overlooks a prop garden, the plump, middle-aged body sags momentarily. In a fleeting moment, one glimpses what perhaps every human being feels—when he lets himself feel it: The sudden loneliness that no one or nothing can help. The perky maid's-cap slips despondently, and an almost visible veil drops over the kind and intelligent face which can hide thoughts and feelings more completely than any pancake makeup... Then, out of the blue, there's a wisecrack from a cameraman or wardrobe gal—and, as if on cue, the sad woman of a second ago returns from another planet and enters into the skylarking spirit more youthfully even than little Bobby Buntrock himself! These are happy days for redhead Shirley Booth, and she shares them with everyone around. The long and lonely nights—so un-
How did Shirley Booth ever find the courage to seek the answers to an age-old fear?

Shirley enjoys happy days indeed, clowning in "Hazel" and sharing the young actor's own exuberant childhood.

... Shirley enjoys happy days indeed, clowning in "Hazel" and sharing the young actor's own exuberant childhood.

expectedly mirrored in her mobile face—she has kept to herself... until now. Seated beside her, while she took a well-earned rest break, I hesitated before blurt- out the question I knew she hated to hear: "Shirley, I've been asked to get a story I've heard you don't want to discuss. Shirley—is it true you still mourn your late husband and lose yourself in your work to forget him?"... In the sudden silence after, that mystic veil seemed to drop once more over the expressive, somewhat weary features. But her answer was direct, and the tone was that of a human being who is being as honest and sincere as possible... while still protecting something so personal that it would be impossible to share. "I miss my husband," she said quietly. "Mourning for anyone or anything will not bring back the happiness. Life goes on, work goes on, you go on... There isn't anyone in this world who doesn't have his own private hurt, and that's the main reason why we must all be very gentle with one another... you don't get one thing out of this life if you try to add to those hurts, but you get a lot if you try to distract—both from others' hurts and your own. Understanding and love are always the answer... and, if you have the talent, make them laugh! I have the talent to make people laugh, and I've been told it's because I'm compassionate. I hope so."... Another pointed question: (Continued on page 92)
The surprising truth about the rivalry between Jim Arness and his brother Peter Graves

They're both actors, but they've never done a show together. They're both in Hollywood now, but they're never seen at the same parties. They're brothers—but they don't use the same name.

Well, what would you expect, when two boys grow up in the same family three years apart? One always taller than the other . . . stronger . . . getting away with things a kid brother's not allowed to do? Of course, it's a toss-up which is handsomer—but there can be terrific competition, even between two pretty sisters! "Sibling rivalry," psychologists call it . . . and it's bound to be stronger where male egos are involved.

It doesn't help any when they grow up and enter the same profession, either. How do you suppose the younger one feels when he starts his climb to the top—and discovers his big brother has staked out such a monumental claim there that he himself has to change his name?

How would the older actor feel, after fighting so hard to reach the peak of success . . . only to find the biggest, hottest competition around for his kind of role is his own kid brother?

What happens when the two boys grow up to be James Arness, the towering star of TV's most famous Western, "Gunsmoke" . . . and (Please turn the page)
Feud in Hollywood
Peter Graves, the rugged hero of such rival attractions as "Whiplash" and "Fury"? The tallest feud in Hollywood, that's what happens! Tallest because Jim Arness is six-foot-six and Peter Graves can face him almost eye-to-eye. And tallest for still another reason which has nourished the Hollywood grapevine—because Jim and Peter have never troubled to deny the existence of a real "blood feud" . . . until now!

"Honestly," says Jim, "it never occurred to me to deny something that never was. It's that simple. Pete and I are not the sort of characters that, for the sake of publicity, will grin into cameras just to show brotherly love. Feelings of that kind are very private and personal. They should therefore be expressed in private and personal ways."

Adds Peter, "The truth is, Jim and I get along better than most actors of the same family. There's never been any serious competition between us. And we do see each other, as often as circumstances allow. But we see each other because we enjoy each other's company, because we are friends as well as brothers, because we feel a deep and warm loyalty toward each other—not because we hope to impress others or ward off foolish rumors of a feud!"

The matter of the difference in names is easily explained. The family name was Aurness, but Jim, on entering show business, dropped the "u," to avoid confusion in pronunciation. Since Jim was already established in his (Continued on page 82)
At 16, Peter finally started to catch up to Jim in height!
Every month, a doctor looks at TV's daytime dramas and tells you what you can learn about yourself from them. This month—"Search For Tomorrow"

Is Love Enough to Help the ALCOHOLIC?

by ARTHUR HENLEY with Dr. ROBERT L. WOLK

One thing is certain, in our examination of the problems presented in daytime serials and the way their solutions might be applied to your own life: There is almost no crisis that could arise in your family which isn’t faced, at one time or another, by the characters in TV’s daily dramas! For eleven years now, on “Search for Tomorrow,” Joanne Tate and her friends have been meeting such challenges as illness, accident, and even alcoholism—perhaps the most insidious and potentially devastating menace which can threaten any household. . . . Joanne, in particular, has faced these problems with admirable fortitude and managed, somehow, to bring good out of evil and hope out of despair. For her, the magic answer has always been love—TV’s almost (Continued on page 69)
As his wife Allison (played by Anne Pearson) weeps helplessly, Joanne (Mary Stuart) tries to stop Fred (Tom Carlin) from drinking. But can any woman really solve Fred's problem?
Every month, a doctor looks at TV's daytime dramas and tells you what you can learn about yourself from them. This month—"Search For Tomorrow"

Is Love Enough to Help the ALCOHOLIC?

by ARTHUR HENLEY with Dr. ROBERT L. WOLK

One thing is certain, in our examination of the problems presented in daytime series and the way their solutions might be applied to your own life: There is almost no crisis that could arise in your family which isn’t faced, at one time or another, by the characters in TV’s daily dramas! For eleven years now, on “Search for Tomorrow,” Joanne Tate and her friends have been meeting such challenges as illness, accident, and even alcoholism. Perhaps the most insidious and potentially devastating menace which can threaten any household. . . . Joanne, in particular, has faced these problems with admirable fortitude and managed, somehow, to bring good out of evil and hope out of despair. For her, the magic answer has always been love—TV’s almost

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She drew a deep breath, held it a moment—and was surprised to find her body trembling as she forced herself to exhale slowly . . . naturally. There was the dry taste of panic in her throat—but she couldn't afford to be afraid! Not now. And it wasn't as though this were her "debut" in Las Vegas . . . why, she was just out of high school when she first made the scene as a band vocalist! But this was The Dunes and tonight she was the star. She'd been performing in public more than half of her thirty years (all right, thirty-two in July) . . . yet she suddenly realized her palms were moist with cold perspiration. Had she brushed that dampness against her hair? Touched and smeared her makeup? She looked searchingly in the mirror . . . and saw only a stranger. This was the Polly Bergen those people out front had come to see. A glamour symbol. Not the Polly Sit-by-the-Fire she really was at heart! She thought fleetingly of home and the children—Kathy, "P-K," Peter—and wished she were there . . . just Mrs. Fred Fields, (Please turn the page)
...AND HOW watching TV with her husband before they called it a night. Of course, Freddie was here now—with all the friends who'd come up from Hollywood to watch her from ringside. They were all so sure she would give that audience the very best she had... no matter what terrors lurked in her memory. The time her accompaniment was pitched too high when she was opening a ball game with “The Star-Spangled Banner”—and her voice faded out in “the rockets’ red glare”... the time she got nodules (“corns,” she called them) on her vocal cords — and had to stop singing for a while... and the nightmare time she had taken maternity leave from her Broadway play (oh, so happily!)—only to lose the baby, after all... Memories like this could not be drowned. They could only be submerged in the will to give those blessed people out there something good to remember. And if all went well—God willing!—after the show, there'd be relaxation with her friends... lively shop talk in which “stage fright” was never called by its rightful name... and “panic” was a verb meaning “to wow!”
She panicked them!

All over but the shouting! Polly leaves the stage ... cheers in her ears, roses in her arms — unexpected tears in her eyes.

Tears turn to ecstasy as she gets heartiest congratulations from Barbara Rush ... and George Burns waits his turn at bat.

It's easy to smile for the camera now ... solidly backed by friends like Eva Marie Saint, Phil Silvers, and Lee Remick.

These are her people ... the "pros" who know how well Polly has done ... just how and why she could thrill an audience!

Chatting with Eva Marie, she gets back to the basics of show biz: "Could that number have been a bit stronger if I ..."

The shop talk goes on. Polly forgets all panic ... but can't help thinking ahead: "Maybe I can be even better next time?"
"MY MARRIAGE WAS A CATASTROPHE!"

"That first year of marriage was rocky—yeah, terrible," Clint Eastwood said emphatically. "In fact, I'd say the first two years were terrible. If I had to go through it again I think I'd be a bachelor the rest of my life. Just knowing myself like I think I do, to have to start over from scratch—I'd really hate to do it again." It seems that when Clint Eastwood got married, he didn't know what he was getting into! Once the dimpled, rawboned star of "Rawhide" found out what he had gotten into, he didn't like it. The plain talking, bushy haired young man from Oakland, California, put it as simply as that—and he didn't hesitate first to check whether his wife Mag was within earshot of what he was saying. "It's so foreign, you know," he shook his head, "moving in together, having to trip over somebody else's things and so forth. Never having lived with a girl before, I didn't know what to expect. I lived at home with the family, but it wasn't the same. I just wasn't used to having to share my life with anyone." (It could be Rowdy Yates speaking—the independent, rovin' drover Clint plays on "Rawhide.")

"I'd had roommates before, but if two guys are sharing an apartment each guy has his own things, and you kind of stay out of each other's way. With a gal, it's another thing again." That's one way of putting it... but what it amounted to was that Clint was spoiled silly—set in his ways, Clint prefers to call it—and he had no intention (then or ever) of letting a little thing like marriage unspoil him.

"I liked doing things when I wanted to do 'em." Clint nodded, wrapping an affable grin around his iron will. "I didn't want any interference. I just didn't like to be pressed down, or having to go out of my way to cater to somebody, which I don't do. I'm not going to be that way. I never have been. You see, I'm a person who's never been gifted with a particularly easygoing temperament and I have lived by myself since I was about seventeen years old." (Yes, Clint is really very much like Rowdy—except for being married.)

The way Clint saw it, it was not a question of whether he was ready for marriage, but a question of whether he was ready to give up all he held dear—especially his individuality and independence—for marriage. Mag was not long in recognizing that the answer to that question, which would have sent a lesser girl home weeping to mama, was a blunt negative. "I wasn't about to give my life up entirely!" (Please turn the page)

Must reading for all wives! Clint Eastwood's frank story of what happened when he demanded his rights as a husband!
Clint said petulantly as he recalled the months he spent getting across to his stunned bride that there were certain limitations to a marriage partnership. "I was willing to enter into the partnership, but I wasn't necessarily willing to sell myself, give myself away, you know—be dominated in any form." Clint hesitated, groping as if it were difficult for him to put into words. But he rounded up the necessary language to express his reaction to the first impact of his marriage catastrophe just as smartly as he rides herd on the cattle in "Rawhide." "I don't know quite how to explain it," he held on to the thought, not wanting it to slip away. "I wasn't going to lose my total self—he submerged by the whole thing, submerged so that being married was everything in the world. Because it isn't everything in the world." . . . Getting this point of view across without disrupting the marriage in the process took quite a bit of doing—and it wasn't accomplished without a certain amount of fireworks. Notable was Clint's strange notion that, although marriage admittedly was a sharing experience, this didn't include sharing anything as intimate as one's mail. "Women have a fantastic curiosity," he said, trying his darnedest to climb to some philosophical plateau where he could manage at least a semblance of detachment. "This is a thing..."
"A man either runs the show or not," says Clint. For him, there's none of this guff about a husband keeping his feet off the couch! Mag only removes his shoes—gently—to make sure he's comfortable.

that has always been a bug with me. It's not a question of getting anything special. Probably most of the time it's just bills or something, but I just don't like to have anybody open my mail." . . .

It called forth smoke-curling memories. "Mag did it twice, you know," Clint said, "and then we put the ceiling back in the building." Clint would be the first to concede that, far from representing prying, the idea of mail inspection was probably motivated by a romantic belief of Mag's that husbands and wives have no secrets from one another . . . "Women are brought up with all these fairy tales," he scoffed. "Everything should be the vine-covered cottage and you come home at night and sit by the fire. Well, maybe some people can settle down to this, but I never could. I'm not the type. Nothing is that glorious and wonderful. Mag might have had different dreams of what marriage would be like. I guess I destroyed a few of these." . . . Maggie is not now and never has been the world's most docile girl. She's bright, capable, attractive and well educated. She has a high spirit, a mind and a will of her own. Clint will attest that she can give as good as she gets. Yet it is his unblinking boast that in their going-on-eight-years of marriage, she has been tamed down to where she purrs at his whims and caprices like a (Continued on page 86)
What's JOHNNY CARSON

“Tonight,” he belongs to you... but, off TV, who is this Johnny on the hot spot so hastily vacated by Jack Paar?
Really Like?

America's newest parlor game has just begun. As "The Tonight Show, Starring Johnny Carson," takes the airwaves, NBC top brass and producing and advertising executives gulp their favorite pacifiers, and try to get some sleep while waiting for the answer to their multimillion-dollar question: Can Johnny Carson actually take Jack Paar's place? On the program ... in the viewers' hearts ... in the sponsors' checkbooks?

Only the ratings and fan mail can tell. But for genuine, diehard stayer-uppers ... the night owls who will make or break the revamped late-hour show ... the fun starts well before bedtime. They're already playing their favorite guessing game.

For ... along with other assorted headaches and emoluments ... the new Crown Prince of the Night has inherited the longest-lived, most puzzling enigma about Jack Paar.

"What is Johnny Carson really like?"

For those who'd like to play the game ... and those who want an honest answer ... we've gathered all the clues. Some you'll find in the pictures on these pages. But you'll get even more in "quotes" from the best of authorities: Johnny Carson in person.

Describing himself as "the product of a typical middle-class upbringing," he gives the first clue on his rise to the midnight spotlight. For the record: He brought his first chuckle into the world at Corning, Iowa, in October, 1925. His father, H. L. "Kit" Carson, was a trouble-shooter for a public utility whose job kept him on the move . . . so young Johnny and his mother, Ruth, spent a lot of time traveling through Iowa and Nebraska. Johnny may not have been born in a trunk—but he developed an early working knowledge of one-night stands! (Please turn the page)
They finally settled down in Norfolk, Nebraska, when Johnny was eight—and eager to do something that would make his new “hometown” (pop. then 10,000) sit up and take notice.

A two-inch ad in the local paper promised to make anyone “a master magician and life of the party” . . . for certain considerations. “I got the quarter and the box top, mailed them off to the mysterious East—and back came a book on magic.”

When the same company offered a book on ventriloquism, he made it to the mail box even faster. By the time he was in his early teens—working as a delivery boy and car hop to help pay for all the tricks he saw advertised—Johnny was performing his comedy-magic specialty in school auditoriums in and around Norfolk.

He remembers those years with pleasure. “I was one of those idiots who take on everything in high school,” he grins. “I was in all the plays, wrote a humor column for the school paper, did everything. I would do it again. I believe in work. Take every opportunity you can get. You don’t start off as a star. I worked with church groups, the Elks, Masons, Moose, all the organizations in town.”

Between battling books and taking bows before local fans, Johnny juggled with ideas for his future vocation. He considered studying medicine—specifically, psychiatry—journalism and engineering. He entered the University of Nebraska in the Engineering program with a minor in Physics and Math.

A three-year hitch in the Navy changed all that. Johnny was accepted for the V-5 program leading to a naval-air commission, switched to Midshipmen’s School at Columbia University. Eventually, he was assigned to active duty in the Pacific.

In the meantime, the old magic had worked again. To entertain fellow servicemen on Guam, Johnny imported a ventriloquist’s “dummy” from the States. Correction from Johnny: “‘Ed-die’ is a member of the family! He’s no dummy. He’s a figure. No self-respecting ventriloquist calls his associate a ‘dummy.’ You treat him like a person. After all, it’s your voice he’s using.”

As with Jack Paar, the kick Johnny got performing for the troops convinced him he had the stuff comedians are made of. When he returned to the University of Nebraska, he switched his major to Radio and Speech, made personal appearances at fairs, clubs and outings.

Somehow, he also got involved in the University’s annual “Follies” as the only male in a cast of 1,200 Nebraska coeds. As such, Johnny wasn’t too hard to notice on stage! Result: A job with local Station KFAB, announcing a daily show of Western music and chatter for which he wrote his own scripts—an ability which was to catapult him into his first “really big” job later on.

Johnny’s own magic act brought him a bride: His lovely assistant, Jody Wolcott. They were married during his last year of college and have three sons: Chris, almost 12; Ricky, 10; and Cory, almost 9. But Johnny and Jody were legally separated in 1959, and he makes it a strict policy never to focus the spotlight on his family.

But, back in 1950, both his marriage and career were full of promise. Johnny headed for Omaha, where radio Station WOW had offered him a job as a disc jockey and announcer . . . and his glib patter earned him a key spot on WOW-TV’s “Squirrel’s Nest.”

A year later, armed with a film showcasing his best “comedy bits,” he set out for California. Admittedly, the film wasn’t exactly “Ben Hur” . . . but it did light a candle in the mind of Bill Brennan at KNXT in Los Angeles and Johnny was offered a spot as host of a daily show called “Carson’s Cellar.” To Johnny, the title seemed all too apt.

But the young comedian attracted attention. Angelenos repeated his quips, talked him up as a happy island in their ocean of smog . . . and Johnny was paged to fill a spot on the CBS network’s “Robert Q. Lewis Show.” This was the big-time, and Johnny was sure he was on his way.

Instead, he found himself in the drums. He worked on “The Morning Show” for CBS, hosted a now-forgotten opus called “Earn Your Vacation” and began to think that was just what he’d done, though a vacation from show biz was the last thing he wanted.

Things seemed pretty dismal, performance-wise, but Johnny’s ability as a comedy writer landed him a stall in Red Skelton’s comedy stable . . . and Johnny might still be grinding out gags for the great rubber-faced clown if he hadn’t been for that “break-away” door which didn’t break away!

One of Skelton’s quieter routines called for him to walk, headfirst, through a door. Instead of falling to pieces on cue, the door remained rigid and Red knocked himself out—nearly minutes before showtime!

A call was sent out for the freckle-faced, green-eyed writer who had gained a reputation around the studio for making people forget their pre-show jitters with his spontaneous wit. When the right writer wasn’t filled out, Red Skelton called that night, Johnny Carson stepped into the spotlight instead. And, in storybook style, Johnny came through. He won raves from press and public. More important, he won a sponsor. With a brand-new CBS-TV contract, he launched “The Johnny Carson Show” . . . and, unfortunately, didn’t sail out on a storybook happy ending.

The show was soon cancelled and, in the summer of ’57, Johnny asked CBS for his release and got it. Two weeks after tasting freedom—and unemployment—he signed with Don Fedderson as host of “Do You Trust Your Wife?” (now known as “Who Do You Trust?”). And that’s how, in the fall of 1957, ventriloquist Johnny Carson took over the daytime version of the show which ventriloquist Edgar Bergen had been emceeing in night-time hours! And, after five years of hosting this popular daytime series, Johnny can hardly be stymied by anything that might happen on “The Tonight Show.” Aside from developing his casual, easygoing style in informal interviews on “Trust”—
Johnny went in as an Ensign, came out a Lieut. (j.g.)—with entirely new ideas for a career.

Meantime, he served aboard the Pennsylvania (above, in 1948), entertained the troops on Guam.

Johnny comes from a swimming family and has passed their love of the sport on to his kids. Golf is a more recent interest.

Says he, “I could be happy loafing all day” . . . but, asked how he can put in such a heavy schedule, both on and off TV, he confesses: “It’s easier to do a lot when you’re busy than when you’re doing nothing. When I’m doing nothing, I get nothing done.”

In the rare moments when Johnny is getting nothing done, he takes on a serious, almost somber air. Unlike many of his fellow comedians, it’s not hard for him to shed the limelight, off stage. He paces himself like an athlete, firmly believes in saving my- self for the paying customers.”

Johnny evaluates his talent practically, objectively, “I’m not the funniest comic in the world. But I’m funny enough. My face is a handicap for comedy. I look ‘pleasantly young.’ But it’s my face and I’m stuck with it. I don’t know what category I fit into—comic, satirist, actor, emcee. I just don’t know. I guess you’d call me a ‘stand-up comedy entertainer.’”

Back in March, 1959, when Johnny was interviewed by Bill Slocum of the New York Daily Mirror, he was asked if he had any ambition toward a night-time show of his own. Johnny—who’d just turned down an offer to try and save a floundering “live” late-night entry on a New York station—said: “I watched it for a few nights. It was like watching a train-wreck.”

As far as “competing with Jack Paar” was concerned, Johnny remarked: “One of the main troubles with this industry is that, as soon as somebody is successful, everybody looks for carbon copies. Jack Paar is a personality, not a format, and you can’t imitate a personality.”

At that time, he had no idea that—one night in the distant future—he’d be plucking the biggest plum in Broadway history: As Paar’s replacement, rather than his “competition.”

In one sense, however, Johnny is very much competing with Jack: He’s inherited the Paar audience, the Paar legend . . . and an updated version of the old, tantalizing enigma.

“What’s Johnny Carson really like?” Johnny himself is insistent about just one thing—that he’s his own man. “Jack Paar,” he says, “took nothing and turned it into the hottest thing around. I have great respect for Jack. But I’m not going to duplicate his image. My new show is going to be just that: A new show.”

Asked how it feels to follow a legend, his crewcut bristles. “I’m not looking to become a legend . . . I’m too lazy for the role!”

That’s what Johnny Carson’s really like—off TV. How he comes across on TV, . . . how he lives up to—or lives down—the legend which preceded him . . . will be pretty much up to the viewers.

Johnny’s ready—and he hopes you’ll like him! —Harvey Gene Phillips

grow and spread, bigger and more loudly every day. Vince’s only answer—
the public—was a booming silence. Finally, Mrs. Zoine had felt it was high
time that she and Bob make a mother’s pro-
rrogative and asked her famous son just exactly what did Sherry Nelson mean
to him? With the natural curiosity of
a mother about her boy’s only love came
—equally naturally—thoughts of mar-
riage.

“I want nothing but the best for my
boy,” Mrs. Zoine told me animatedly.
She’s full of life, full of spirit, full of
bounce and buoyancy. She’s sixty-seven
years old, but she can walk the legs off a young chick—and often does, on
her strolls through Brooklyn. She’s very
alive, and so glad to be!

But he was also an age when a
mother likes to see a son—just about
half her age now—take the big step
toward marriage, a home, and children.
Vince is the latest of her four surviving
children to get married. And, more than
anything in the world, Mama Julie
wants that to happen soon.

The sooner the better.

“I’ll tell you confidentially,” Mrs.
Zoine whispered to me, “I think Vinnie
should marry that girl! She’s the sweet-
est thing I’ve ever met. And she’s a liv-
ing doll. “So beautiful . . .

It was easy to see that Dr. Ben
Casey’s mother had put the stamp of
approval on the blonde, brown-eyed
beauty who has been Vince’s “best girl”
for the last three years. Moreover, it’s
quite obvious that Vince and Sherry
want each other—which is kind of im-
portant, if a couple of people are going
to live as husband and wife.

Before going any further, let me set
the scene where I had all this conversa-
tion with Vince Edward’s mother. Our
“rendezvous” was a secret place known
only to our closest intimates: Vinnie’s
twin brother Bob and brother Joe, sister
Nancy, and the families.

The place was Bob Zoine’s house,
in Westbury, Long Island—just four
blocks down the street from my own
home. Bob’s wife and mine shop in
the same stores, buy the same bar-
gains. Bob and I buy grass seed and
fertilizer from the same nursery, nails from the same hardware store—but
I’m not giving out any street addresses!

When Vince came home to New York
this past summer, he went out to visit
Bob. It was a great, big family gather-
ing. Everyone was there—Mama Julie,
Joe, Nancy, and the kids.

And Sherry was there also, along
with Nick Dennis—who plays hospital
ordery Nick Kanavaras in “Ben Casey”
—and Benny Goldberg, the ex-boxer
who is Vince’s “right hand.” Nick and
Benny are his closest friends.

But the atmosphere turned into a
riot when Vince drove up in his big
rented limousine and parked in front
of Bob’s lovely, sprawling ranch home
and the kids in the block got wind
that Ben Casey was visiting his twin
brother . . .

“We had to call the Nassau County
police,” Bob recalls with a shudder.
The kids were climbing the trees,
trampling our lawn, and overrunning
the neighbors’ properties. It was a mad-
house of screaming, squealing young-
sters. There must have been a hundred
of them. Imagine what it would be like
if people in the neighborhood knew
where my house was!”

This time, when I arrived, I found
the whole family out back, on the patio, busy
as bees preparing the spread for a bar-
beque.

Bob and Joe were giving the spar-
rines and sizzling Italian sausage tender,
loving care over the flaming coals. Bob’s
wife Pearl and Joe’s better half, Ginger,
were setting the table. Bob’s four-year-
old daughter, Gina, was having a hedge
fight with one of the neighbor’s kids—
and Joe’s beautiful fourteen-year-old
daughter, Karen, was trying to arbitrate
the dispute.

Mama Julie was setting the beer
down on the large aluminum picnic
table. “Hello,” she said, as she saw me
standing in the doorway. “It’s about
time you got here. We’re almost ready
to eat.”

“Come on, Mom,” said Pearl, seating
her mother-in-law beside me. “We’ll
finish setting the table. After all, he
came to talk with you about Vinnie.”

“Photographers’ Credits
Lennox sisters color cover by Frank Bez
of Globe Photos; Janet Lennox color
portraits by Photographers pictures by
John Hamilton; Vince Edwards and
Sherry Nelson by Pictorial Parade,
Gene Kelly portrait by Bill Kobrin;
Nikko Krushchev by Werner Weiß of
Black Star; John Larkin family picture
by Bob Kobrin; Mary Tyler Moore with
son by Don Ornitz; Shirley Booth por-
trait by Pictorial Parade; Shirley Booth
and Bobby Buntrock by Don Ornitz;
“Our Search for Tomorrow” illustration
by Martin Blumenthal; Polly Bergen by
Bill Kobrin; Clint Eastwood color por-
trait by Frank Bez; Clint Eastwood with
wife Mollie by Globe Photos; Johnny Carson and his sons by
Curt Gunther of Topix.

“How do you feel, now that you’ve
finally seen Vinnie after so many years
that he was away?” I asked Mrs. Zoine.

“George,” she sighed, with a misty,
longing look in her eyes, “I’m the hap-
piest mother in the world. My baby
looked so beautiful . . . do you know
what I mean?”

Thirty-four years have gone by since
the twins, Vinnie and Bob, were born.
But Mama Julie still refers to Vinnie—
or “Vinnie,” as she calls him—as “the
baby.” You see, he was born six hours
after Bob.

Now, there was big news about her
husky “baby” and his lovely Sherry.

“Sure,” Vinnie had told Mama Julie,
“I’m thinking about getting married
and having kids. Why shouldn’t I?

That’s why I’m going steady with Sherry. Just give me a little time . . .
you’ll see!”

“You have no idea what a sweet girl
Sherry is,” Mrs. Zoine whispered to me
excitedly. “I fell in love with her the
moment I met her. She’s adorable.”

Mama Julie sighed contentedly.

“Sherry seems to mean everything to
Vinnie. He takes her everywhere he
goes. You know that she is pretty
enough to be an actress, but she doesn’t
want any part of show business—that is,
she doesn’t want to be in front of the
folks. She’s an ordinary girl. She’s
crazy about the business, but only be-
cause Sherry’s in it. Otherwise, she
has no interest in it.

“Sherry works for her brother-in-law
out on the Coast, as a receptionist,” she
added confidentially, “but she also
works for Vinnie. She’s his private
secretary.”

Then, gazing over to the barbecue pit
where Joe and Bob were plucking the
meat off the grill and putting it on a
platter, Mrs. Zoine murmured dreamily:
“Oh, how I wish Vinnie would marry her . . . and be as happy as Bob and
Joe are with their wives!”

“So,” I asked her, “when will Vinnie
and Sherry get married?”

“Maybe tomorrow,” Mrs. Zoine
smiled.

Suddenly, she burst out laughing.

“Vinnie should hear me now! He’d
probably put me down as a dope and
spank me for talking that way.”

Her face reflected an urgent yearn-
ing which seemed to give added impact
to her words, as she continued, very
seriously: “I wish it were tomorrow.
He’ll never find a better girl. He told
me himself that there’s no girl in the
world like Sherry. Only Sherry.”

Mama Julie stopped abruptly. “You
see,” she began after a moment of
meditation—perhaps seeking time to
frame her thoughts in precise phrase-
ology—“Vinnie doesn’t talk much about
marriage. It’s almost as if he is al-
ready married.”

“He talks about Sherry as if she
were his wife—right now. Yet I know
and you know that they’re not married.
I think it’s true love. Possibly, Vinnie
is hesitant about taking the big step
because of ulterior motives that could
be haunting him.”

Mama Julie was referring to Vinnie’s
great popularity with feminine viewers.
Once he gets hitched to Sherry, a lot of
gals are likely to suffer broken hearts—
which even Dr. Ben Casey, at his medi-
cal best, couldn’t cure.

Nevertheless, there’s no question that
Sherry Nelson is Vince Edwards’ girl.
There’s no doubt, if and when Vince
decides to get married, Sherry will be
the bride.

Therefore, as Vince told his mother—
“Just give me a little time . . . you’ll
see!”

Time is what Vince needs. His mar-
rriage to Sherry Nelson is merely a mat-
ter of time.

P.S. The barbecue was delightful,
delicious, delectable. Ginger’s home-
made cheese cake is the greatest.

P.P.S. Nice family—Vince Edwards can
be proud of them all. Just as proud
as the family will be of Sherry when
she becomes Mrs. Vince Edwards!

—GEORGE CARPOZZI JR.

Vince practices as “Ben Casey,” Mon.,
from 10 to 11 p.m. edt, over ABC-TV.
Celebrities love to guest on Lee Rothman’s WRIT show—he’s just as happy to have them.

“My disc-jockey work gives me the outlet for self-expression on current phases of show business,” says Lee Rothman of Milwaukee’s Station WRIT. It also gives Lee the opportunity of meeting many celebrities because—on his “Startime” show (heard daily from 2 to 3 P.M.)—“I work with all the big names who visit Milwaukee, as guest disc jockeys.” Lee also does “Command Performance” (heard daily from 8 to 9 P.M.).

Oddly enough, Lee started out in the sports end of broadcasting. Says he, “I began working as sports reporter for the Peoria Journal Star. When I finished my service duties in Europe, all newspaper jobs were filled, so I got work on a small radio station doing sports.”

It was also sports that introduced Lee to his pretty wife Dorothy. She was a cheerleader for a high-school basketball team, and he was a sports reporter covering the games. “We met after one of the games,” smiles Lee, “and have been together ever since.” The Rothmans now live in Wauwatosa, a Milwaukee suburb, in an eight-room Colonial-style house with their two daughters—Lynne and Susan. Lee’s hobbies include bowling, photography, amateur theatricals.
EVERYONE’S FRIEND

. . . that’s Lee Phillip, whose infectious smile and captivating charm endear her to WBBM listeners.

Whether sitting in her office or at home in her elegant glass-house apartment on Chicago's Lake Front, Lee Phillip maintains a quiet composure of beauty—when everything around her is a frenzy of activity—despite the fact that her TV schedule is one of the most demanding in the country: Thirteen programs spread out over a six-day week on WBBM-TV. In addition, Lee has five fifteen-minute shows each week on WBBM Radio, commentates an average of two fashion shows weekly, and makes many personal appearances! Lee's travels have also taken her to Brussels, where she was among the first to film the big exhibition; to Haiti, where she discovered an orphanage in desperate need and, through subsequent reports on her shows, helped provide much needed clothes, equipment and money; to Egypt, whence she brought back a film report of the political unrest of that country. . . . But, as well traveled as she is, Lee's heart still belongs to Chicago—and Chicago belongs to her. One might wonder how she's achieved such prominence in the nation's second city. It's been a long and hard but steady climb.

After graduation from Northwestern University, with a major in bacteriology, Lee went to work for her father, a florist. The florists' association sponsored part of a local TV show and asked different florists each week to provide someone to demonstrate flower arrangements. Lee's father was too busy, and she was the only one available. Although she didn't utter a word and was terribly nervous, Lee proved very popular with the TV audience. As a result, she returned week after week. About a year later, the station's top feminine personality decided to take a trip to the Far East and Lee was asked to fill in. A part-time job soon became a permanent one. . . . In 1954, Lee married writer Bill Bell, who—with Irna Phillips, no relation—writes daytime TV's "As the World Turns." One might question when and if the Bells ever find time to relax. Well, they do. Several years ago, they bought a 100-acre farm in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, and spend practically all their weekends there. They raise hogs, chickens and pure-bred Black Angus cattle, and hopefully plan to have their farm operating at a profit within the year. They've also run the gamut hobby-wise. They used to fly their own "very small" airplane until Bill had three near-misses in the period of a month. The plane was promptly sold. For a time, their hobby was taking weekend trips around the country, but then they ran out of places to go. Along the way, they've taken up any number of sports, have written books and have lectured to endless numbers of social groups. Their happiest moment of all came last July 7th, when Lee gave birth to a baby boy, William James. Chicago's most exciting woman is now Chicago's most glamorous mother!
"Lots of pep and fun" is Tommy Holtz's own description of his happy WOW-TV show in Omaha

For someone who—on a radio station in an all-Republican area (WREN, Topeka)—once introduced Wendell Willkie as Franklin D. Roosevelt, Omaha's Thomson "Tommy" Holtz is amazingly unsurprised that he has stayed in the broadcasting busi-
ness! Tommy currently is host of a bright half-hour program, "Breakfast with Tommy," telecast live, Thursday mornings, from a restaurant near the WOW-TV studios in Omaha. Next to hosting his "Breakfast" show—which he describes as having "lots of pep and fun because it deals with people"—Tommy most likes being stopped on the street by people he doesn't know, who want to chat with him. He's more of a merry master-of-ceremonies than a comedian, but will do anything for a laugh, from being kissed by a chimp to trying on funny hats worn by the ladies in his audience. . . . Now forty-six years old, Tommy started his broadcasting career as the first announcer on a new radio station in his hometown of Emporia, Kansas, where his father taught at a state college and where he himself earned a B.A. degree—after deciding that a career in medicine was not his forte. . . . Tommy describes his home as "happy and full of laughs," made so by his wife Clarnell; their 13-year-old son David LeRoy, a champ swim-
mer; their daughter Laurie Claire, 10; a cat named "Sam"; and a beagle-basset hound called "Sally" which Tommy claims is a real "pointer" . . . because she "points to any food that happens to be around"!

Below: Tom’s family—l. to r.—Laurie, 10; dog “Sally”; Clarnell; David, 13; cat “Sam.”
Here's a program that profoundly affects millions of lives—in most cases, it is hoped, for the better.

It is possible that “Divorce Court,” a show designed not just to entertain but to inform, can affect more than half the viewers—happily—to solve their problems at home and avoid the heartbreak of a legal hearing. The vivid picturization of a divorce action which rips the family apart causes many people to give second thought to their own problems. "The trouble with most married people," says Voltaire Perkins, ex-Southwestern University law professor and now the judge on "Divorce Court," "is that they don't discuss their grievances privately, but have no hesitation about dragging them into an open court for all the world to hear." Perkins has been trying cases on the Broadway stage, in films and on TV since 1952. In private life, he has been a practicing attorney for 30 years. ... Bill Welsh, commentator on the show, makes the viewer feel he is actually in the courtroom. He interprets legal technicalities, explains judicial rulings, and fills in on behind-the-scenes situations which affect the testimony. ... "Rusty" Burrell is really playing himself on the show—in private life, he's Deputy Sheriff R. J. Burrell, bailiff of the Los Angeles County Domestic Relations Court. Ted Kurtz also plays himself, since he is Clerk of the Los Angeles County Court of Domestic Relations. There is no script on "Divorce Court." An actor receives only two pieces of paper: One gives the facts of his case, which he will discuss with an actual attorney who acts as his lawyer on the show. The other presents facts which may be asked in cross-examination. There is no rehearsal; this assures spontaneity in performance and everyone concerned takes the cases seriously and tries to win!
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.

Shrinks Hemorrhoids
New Way Without Surgery
Stops Itch—Relieves Pain

For the first time science has found a new healing method with astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain—without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place. Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H®. Ask for it at all drug counters.
The medical term for Patti's illness is "conversion hysteria." Wanting to marry the boy—but not wanting to go against her mother's wishes—she unconsciously "converted" her conflict about walking down the aisle to the altar into an inability to walk at all, thereby preventing the need to decide one way or the other.

Many G.I.s in World War II suffered the same illness. Wanting to run away, but not wanting to be disloyal to their comrades or be called cowards, their legs seemed paralyzed, their minds working in strange ways. Patti may have realized this when she refused psychiatric help—saying she wasn't "crazy"—because she didn't really want to be helped.

Joanne's attempt to help her by reading up on psychology is admirable, especially in her husband's ability to act in a strong, masculine way, but she was doomed to fail. She simply couldn't understand the dyanmics of human behavior sufficiently to treat such a severe emotional illness by herself.

**The emotional cripple**

It required the shock of a highly melodramatic incident to restore Patti's ability to walk again. And, oddly enough, the two persons responsible were the same two who had served to bring on the paralysis in the first place. Patti's boyfriend, a G.I., went A.W.O.L. and arrived unexpectedly to visit her. Joanne was home alone with her, but—at Patti's insistence—allowed him to come in.

Suddenly, the very mixed-up young man pulled out his service revolver and threatened to kill Joanne unless she gave him money! Though his back was turned to Patti, she realized her mother's danger and that she alone could help her—but only if she could reach the telephone, some distance away.

Without knowing how or why, Patti found herself walking again, walking as fast as she could to that telephone, then whispering urgently into the mouthpiece for the police to come at once.

When the police burst in, Joanne was saved. . . . and Patti was walking again. Within a short time, she lost even the last trace of a limp and became her old self.

Such spontaneous "healing," brought about by a sudden emotional shock, is called a "traumatic cure" by psychiatrists. It rarely occurs in real life, though it is similar to the "miraculous" cures sometimes reported at a religious shrine. Swept up by a powerful emotion, "healing" seems to take place. Must times, however, the symptoms are relieved. The basic personality disorder still remains and may bring on new symptoms at any time.

What happened to Patti is a good case in point. Seeing her boyfriend threaten her mother, she undoubtedly realized that her mother had been right all along—that this was not the sort of man she should marry—and so she no longer had the need to remain paralyzed.

Patti believes that she did something fast! Since she no longer had any conflicts about marriage to this young man, and was able to feel concerned about her mother, she was able to overcome her paralysis and walk again.

It is quite possible that Patti might have remained an emotional cripple for years if this hadn't happened, unless she allowed herself to seek professional help. There is also the very strong possibility that, if faced with a serious personality conflict in the future, she might again seek to resolve her emotional problems physically and again find herself unable to walk.

The Tates have also been faced with a problem which is all too familiar in the world today: Alcoholism.

Arthur's attractive young cousin, Allison, had been converted—by her husband— into a human "cure" as a result of her having married a man who feels very responsible—is married to an alcoholic. But her husband Fred—despite having been jailed, fired from his job, and otherwise involved—simply refused to admit that he couldn't resist the bottle.

No matter how hard Joanne tried to convince Allison that her husband truly loved her—despite his drinking—the drunk wife walked out on him, saying she couldn't take it anymore. And this drove Fred to seek comfort from another woman for whom he feels very responsible—is married to an alcoholic. But her husband Fred—despite having been jailed, fired from his job, and otherwise involved—simply refused to admit that he couldn't resist the bottle.

Unable to get Fred to make a move to help himself, Joanne kept begging Allison to help him, but not every time. Allison finally agreed, Fred joined A.A. and has been rehabilitated.

The "glass crutch"

Alcoholism is a disease and the sooner we realize this, the sooner we'll be able to do something to help those afflicted. Fred is typical of thousands of alcoholics who rise up over their difficulty and accept help. Such people are, for the most part, immature individuals who cannot accept responsibility and take to the bottle instead—much like a child who sucks on his bottle for security as well as for nourishment.

But when an alcoholic's wife rejects him, as Allison did, she only contributes to her unfortunate husband's downfall. Admittedly, it isn't easy to live with an alcoholic, but it is absolutely imperative that the woman know she can and must work on the bottle, the only way to overcome the problem. Few wives would walk out on their husbands if they were physically disabled, but many refuse to face the fact that alcoholism is also a disability and their love, attention and understanding are terribly important.

The alcoholic feels inadequate, unloved, and inadequate. It is a godsend when someone like Joanne keeps after such a person to admit his failing and seek help from an organization like Alcoholics Anonymous—for, unless someone believes in him, he will rarely believe in himself and almost surely will wind up in the gutter.

Ironically, Fred's weakness for drink brought personal trouble to the Tates. Arthur suffered a heart attack, while trying to break up a fight Fred got into while under the influence of alcohol. But even this didn't turn Joanne against Patti. She only felt sorry for him.

Together with Patti—now a full-fledged nurse—Joanne calmly set about the task of restoring Arthur to good health. And when a stranger from abroad suddenly turned up and demanded to see Arthur, Joanne protected her husband from him, from learning that he was accusing Arthur of having fathered a child, years ago, during a brief period when she and Arthur were separated!

Joanne believes in her husband, trusts him and protects her. She believes in the goodness of this world and, when things go wrong, trusts in the healing power of love.

Joanne has shown unusual understanding in forgiving Fred and in protecting Arthur from the stranger who wanted to shake him down. She obviously realized that it was not Fred, but Arthur's own weakness, that led to his heart attack. And her faith in her husband is so strong that she refuses to believe in any possible infidelity on his part, even when they were separated.

Few women are so secure, so strong or so good-natured as Joanne. That's probably why Joanne is so popular with TV viewers. Most women yearn very much to be like her and to be able to cope with adversity with such assurance and success. But that's the difference between TV and real life. In real life, there are many more answers, many more no answers, no sure-fire happy endings. And there are a great deal more complications.

It's exciting and thrilling to identify with a woman like Joanne, but you must remember that real life digs deeper. Nevertheless, you can always talk about the wonder of forgiveness, understanding and hope by watching such heroines on your TV screen, and perhaps you can learn to make such happy traits meaningful in your own life.

A woman can do far worse than put her faith in the power of love—which can, indeed, work "miracles" in the case of an insecure alcoholic like Fred!

Next month, we'll take on another of your favorite daytime dramas and try to make their characters and stories meaningful, psychologicaally, in your everyday life.
to know that the baby might be born without arms, without legs, perhaps with fingers jutting from its shoulders—possibly with deformities, both internal and external, too horrible even to think about.

Sherri doesn’t have to think about this part of the nightmare—now. She will never give birth to the baby who haunted her dreams. A legal abortion has taken care of that.

But, since then, she and her husband have faced another kind of ordeal: Moral and religious criticism, from all over the world, of the choice they made.

You can’t blame Sherri for hoping that people everywhere will remember the reasons why the Finkbines made that choice. To Sherri—and to the many who have sympathized with her plight—those reasons are still as valid as when she first made her agonized decision. She hopes that even those who disagree most adamantly will be willing to consider her side of the problem.

“If they take it away from me now, it will be an act of mercy, for it is not yet a baby. . . . I wouldn’t be giving life to anything,” she had murmured, choking back the tears. “I would be giving a kind of living death. It’s no different than condemning the baby—rather than giving it the gift of life.

“That is what God intended a mother to do?”

The plea was an anguished cry from the heart, though the words had been carefully weighed and measured.

As Sherri observed the public personality on Station KTAR-TV’s “Romper Room”—the speaker had long been known to Arizona viewers.

Now the eyes of the entire nation were focused upon her private life. As Mrs. Robert Finkbine—devoted wife and loving mother of four bright, young, healthy children—who had suddenly found herself catapulted into the vortex of a swirling public controversy.

Sherri’s troubles started when she took the drug Thalidomide during the early days of her pregnancy . . . before the Finkbines learned that this tragic tranquilizer had caused thousands of malformed births in Europe and possibly as many as several hundred right here in the United States.

She realized her terrible predicament only after the nation’s newspapers screamed the startling disclosures which, at first, had quietly circulated only in medical journals.

Sherri had taken large doses of Thalidomide and now, suddenly, with the dreadful possibility that she might give birth to an infant grotesquely deformed, she was terror-stricken.

There had, of course, been no thought in her mind of the dangerous nature of the drug when she began taking it. “My husband, Bob,” she recalled, “had gone to London last year while he was conducting a European tour for teenagers.” (Sherri’s husband is a history teacher and football coach at the high school in Scottsdale.)

“Bob was having difficulty sleeping.
He tried aspirins but they didn’t help. Then pills containing the Thalidomide drug were prescribed. He took them. He found they helped him sleep much better than aspirins. . . . Briefly he thought them magic. He attempted to take them to relieve my nervous tension.”

(Tension, perhaps, was unavoidable in the busy life of a television star and mother of four.)

“I took the pills,” Sherri continued, her voice under control, “and found they helped tremendously. Then, in May, I learned that I was pregnant. There was no indication then that Thalidomide was dangerous. So I continued to take it. It gave me good results. It helped relieve my strain. It helped me sleep.

One day, she was leafing through her morning newspaper . . . the headlines of world news, of nuclear bomb tests . . . movie-star troubles, marriages and divorces . . . until her interest was captured by a story concerning a drug which caused babies to be born horribly deformed. As curiously, she learned that the deformities were being attributed to a tranquilizer drug developed by a West German pharmaceutical firm. Her gaze fastened on the name of the drug—Thalidomide!

Suddenly, the word screamed out at her—herself is small of type. Her eyes dilated with terror. Her thoughts raced to a small bottle in her medicine cabinet. She pressed her hands to her stomach and, stifling a gasp, ran to her bathroom. With trembling hand, she opened the door of her medicine closet and rapidly drained the small bottle of innocent-look ing pills.

The label on the bottle was clearly and terrifyingly marked—Thalidomide!

**Warning! Too late—or in time?**

She ran back to the newspaper. She read the story again. Then again.

“Then I thought about myself,” she said tremulously. “I wondered what I may be carrying around. It terrified me. It occurred to me that, if I were to give birth to a deformed infant, it would be at the expense of my child.”

“Sherri, I have an obligation to myself. But, most of all, I have one to my baby. Should a child suffer through its life when it needn’t?”

“I felt God had given me a warning to do something about it. If someone had warned me that one of my children was going to be struck by a truck, I would do all in my power to prevent it. If it happened, and my child had lost an arm, I would love and cherish the child and raise it.

“But now, God had given me the warning—as if I could prevent the track from striking.”

It was a monstrous moment for Sherri Finkbine.

All at once, the world of joy and happiness that surrounded her life crumbled down around her in a deafening roar.

She thought of the baby she was carrying and of the ominous cloud which suddenly hovered over the future of that child.

Would it be born grotesquely deformed?

Could she chance the birth, with the odds weighted so greatly against a complete recovery?

What could she do?

With a shiver, Sherri contemplated the future . . . her course of conduct. Even before she had a chance to talk with Bob, a possible way out came to her mind: “I’ll have an abortion—now, while there is still time.”

A sinking feeling gripped her inside. “I’m not a crusader for abortions,” Sherri told herself, “God knows, I didn’t conceive this child for that purpose. I don’t want an abortion. I love children—don’t I have four?”

“But that’s not what it was intended to be. I cannot burden my family—and society—with a deformed baby.”

Despite the enormity of the problem which had suddenly been thrust on Sherri, she spoke coolly, calmly, clearly about it with Bob. And yet, she was clutching by apprehension. “I could feel my heart sink, but I was quite calm at first.”

Long hours and days of soul-searching followed. They thought of their children—Terri, 7; Mark, 6; Steve, 4, and Tracy, 2.

Finally, an decision. It was their decision—Sherri’s and Bob’s. Sherri would have an abortion! They consulted her doctor. The physician arranged for a therapeutic abortion. But then—Sherri let the story out to the public. “I was hoping that what had happened to me might help other expectant mothers.”

But Sherri’s public utterances brought a quick and jolting reaction from the hospital: The abortion was canceled on the grounds that the Arizona law—as in all fifty states of the Union—prohibits the operation unless it is for health reasons. The hospital director wanted legal clarification before proceeding.

Sherri and Bob were stunned. They decided, then and there, to seek the abortion through legal channels. They applied to the Maricopa County Superior Court, whose application worded: “The health of the plaintiff is such that the termination of her pregnancy is necessary for the saving of her life.”

Now Sherri and Bob had to sit back and wait for the court’s decision. In the meantime, the groundswell of public opinion grew higher and higher. Across the land, a chorus of sympathetic cries blended with a chorus of sympathetic murmurs as news of Sherri Finkbine’s desperate dilemma exploded in headlines.

**“Guilty all my life”**

Sherri took exception to the criticism. “I am a Unitarian,” she wept, as the shock-wave of rebuke struck home. “I have strong personal convictions that abortion is morally wrong. If I am permitted to interrupt this pregnancy, I will probably have guilt feelings for the rest of my life, wondering whether I did the right thing.

“But I have seen pictures of the poor little babies who have been poisoned by the drug—they are monsters.”

The tide of opposition to the abortion swept up in ever-increasing fury, rocking the very foundations of the family’s home life. “The six-, four-, and two-year-olds—seemed unaware of the crisis that confronted us,” said Sherri. “But Terri, who is seven, began to understand what was going on.”

Sherri was forced to send the little girl to stay with her grandmother until the crisis was over. Before Terri left, her mother asked her if she knew why everyone was so upset. Looking at Sherri, sad-eyed, Terri whispered: “Yes, Mommy. You have a bad seed and it has to be taken out.”

In the anxious days that followed their application to the court to validate the abortion for her, Sherri spent sleepless nights worrying, wondering, wishing that the torment could end. Through her mind passed chilling thoughts, a thousand wild and incredible ideas. Sherri even thought that Bob felt responsible for her child. “I didn’t blame him,” Sherri said, in all sincerity. “And I pray he doesn’t blame himself. I was stupid and foolish to take medicine prescribed for somebody else.”

The court’s decision did not come quickly. It was marked by a surprise motion by the defendants of Sherri’s application. County Attorney Charles Ronan and State Attorney General Robert Pickrell carried that motion to the bench on the grounds that “no crime had taken place.”

Here was the technicality: Arizona statute holds that an abortion is a crime unless it is performed to save the mother’s life. Inasmuch as the abortion had not occurred, there was no crime and ostensibly no case.

Strictly speaking, the pregnancy should not have posed a threat to Sherri’s life. In fact, she agreed that Sherri’s awareness of the possibility that she would bring a malformed baby into the world represented a menace to her sanity.

Sherri pointed up the peril when she answered the many voices that thundered disapproval of her legal maneuvers. “What people don’t realize is that if I went ahead and had this child and took my chances, I know my mental health would suffer irreparable damage. I have an obligation to my husband and my children.”

“Must be healthy in mind, as well as body, so I can take care of my children as a mother should. I love my youngsters with all my heart—and they deserve a healthy, whole mother. If I went through with this childbirth, I know I would not be healthy and whole.”

Then came the decision.

Superior Court Judge Yale McFate did not act on Sherri Finkbine’s request for a ruling establishing that her situation was within the statutory provisions of the law governing abortions—that it was necessary to save her life. Instead, Judge McFate dismissed the case. He found there was no legal controversy, hence he had no authority to decide in the case. The matter was not properly before the court.

Judge McFate granted Sherri and her
husband ten days to amend the suit so that a legal controversy would be established. They consulted their attorneys, Howard Leibow and Walter Cheifetz. A decision was reached: The Finkbines would not pursue the case in court any further. In effect, the court’s dismissal of the case meant the Finkbines, their doctor, and their hospital had no guarantee against prosecution if they went ahead with their desires to prevent the birth of the baby.

"Ten days is too long to wait," Bob Finkbine said dejectedly. "Sherri must have the abortion. We have not clued our minds to any course of action."

The dangerous deadline

Rebuffed by the court, Sherri and Bob sadly contemplated other moves. They talked it over between themselves, and with their attorneys. And, as the discussions continued, Sherri looked at the calendar with alarm. The target date that stood as the deadline for the abortion was growing dangerously near: the three-month period. Unless Sherri had the operation by then, she would have to undergo a far more complicated Caesarean section in order to abort the child she was carrying.

Despite the heartache and attendant desperation that tore at her, Sherri took the court’s ruling philosophically. "We put men in orbit," she said, in a regretful tone, "our legal system is still in the leopard-skin stage. I don’t feel bitter toward the court for not giving legal approval for the abortion. It’s not the judge’s fault. This is an election year and I understand the problems. This is a touchy situation and there are many pressures."

Then Sherri made it clear that this was a problem which faced her and Bob four-square—and she vowed it would be solved. Within days, they agreed on what to do. They would go abroad, where the laws are more lenient toward abortion. Sherri would have the baby taken away, then return here immune to prosecution.

Sherri and Bob decided on Sweden. Meanwhile, in the wake of the great outcry over Sherri’s determined efforts to thwart her pregnancy, offers to adopt the infant, if it were born deformed, poured in from well-meaning and sympathetic persons. Sherri was outraged at the bids: "These people who offer to adopt my child make me boiling mad. If this child were born to me, I would take care of it as I have of my others. No one else will have that privilege. But it will not be born, because I will not allow my family and society to be burdened with a deformed human being."

Pressures mounted on other fronts. Sherri sensed that the glaring spotlight of mixed public reaction had put her future as a television star in jeopardy. "I think," she said mournfully, "that my career is finished. It’s too much of a strain on the studio to keep me on as a performer. There are too many pressures here. Perhaps I can go on entertaining children with puppets, but only where my voice can be heard."

Sherri said she loved Arizona, but, if it came down to losing out completely on the show, she was not averse to going...
As the Swedish medical men began their deliberations—studying Dr. Fros- 
ther's findings, as well as the recommenda-
and conclusions of her American physician who was in favor of the op-
tation—Sherri began to show the strain so
much that she appeared tense, nervous, and in a state of near-
collapse.

"I am hoping and praying that the Swedish medical men will be able to
help me quickly," Sherri said, trembling with anxiety. "This is the last report.
It is beginning to be more of a baby to me every day. I want it taken away before it moves. Once that happens, I
don't think I could hold up emotion-
ally."

The minutes, each desperate and des-
perate for Sherri, ticked by slowly and
papers. The minutes dragged into hours. And into days.

Finally, the decision: 
Operate!

And Sherri Finkbine and her hus-
band and all the people, the millions
throughout the world who had sympa-
thized with the young woman's plight,
breathed easier.

When the decision from the State
Medical Board came, Sherri already
was in Caroline Hospital, in a private
room. She learned of the decision
minutes before doctors and her came
to her bedside to inform her of the verdict.

The grounds: "Prolonged pregnancy and birth might endanger Sherri Fink-
binne's physical health."

On hearing the news, Sherri burst
into tears of relief. "Thank God," she
murmured. "This is the only sensible
way of doing things." 

Minutes later, Bob left his wife. Word
had been sent to the room to prepare Sherri for surgery.

On August 18th, just a few short
hours after she received the approval,
Sherri Finkbine underwent her long-
sought abortion. It took forty-five min-
utes. When it was over, Bob stepped out
into the corridors of the hospital to
meet the waiting reporters and photog-
raphers.

"Now we know," he told them. "Now
we know, beyond a reasonable doubt, that we were right in insisting on abortion."

What he was saying was that doctors
had found the baby was deformed!

In the beginning, when Sherri had
said, "I will not give birth to this baby," she
had also asked a question:

"Is it possible that what God intended a mother to do?"

All over the world, people were quick
with answers to her question. Yet it was
not an easy question and, in the end, only Sherri could answer it. After all, it
was she who would live with this answer
for the rest of her days and nights. 

—Chrys Haranas

MARY TYLER MOORE

(Continued from page 40)

"I couldn't be myself if I gave up
acting, darling," she said. "but I'll try
the mommies want. I promise. Ritchie," she smiled. "Next Saturday—

"Yes, Mommy," he crowed. "I
love you till it hurts."

She smiled, watching him trot off to
play. Already, he knew how to wrap
a woman around his finger . . . And
she did keep her promise to take him
to Disneyland, even though it meant
missing her Christmas. She kept her Sat-

day date with her son . . . then, while
he spent Sunday with his father, she
memorized her lines for Monday.

Mary had answered two searching
questions from Ritchie during the past
year. While they were far from perfect
answers, she said, she was the least of

knowing she had been honest . . . as
honest as she could be, under the cir-
cumstances . . . and that her son had
grasped the intention, if not the full
meaning of what she'd said. Now he
had come up with a third question.

It was, for her, the most difficult of
the three—though, on the surface, it
seemed the simplest. Time had brought
a great change in her life. She was now
more than a dedicated actress, a
troubled divorcée, a responsible mother
trying to bring up her child alone . . . she
was nothing, a woman wholly and
deeply in love.

"Is Buddy going to be my new
daddy?" the boy had asked.

"Buddy," for the record, is Grant
Tinker, whom Mary had known for
almost a year. Someone had introduced
them casually on the set . . . so, when-
ever they met, they smiled, said hello,
and went their separate ways. Neither
knew anything about the other's per-
sonal affairs. Grant did not know that
Mary was in the process of getting a
divorce, and all she knew about him
was that he was the vice-president of
an advertising agency representing one
of the shows on which she was working.

In time, Grant was offered a vice-
presidency with NBC in New York,
and he accepted. Months later, CBS
asked Mary to do some guest appear-
ances in the East. Grant saw the an-
nouncement in the entertainment trade
papers and called her long-distance to
ask if he could see her in New York.
He was aware her marriage was over,
and she learned that he, too, was in the
process of getting a divorce.

Mary agreed to see him—"mostly
because I knew so few people in the
East and I didn't want to see a fam-
iliar and attractive face."

We dated, the first night I arrived, and we
were immediately impressed with each other.
It was a case of love at second
sight, you might say. In fact, the only
thing we've ever differed on is clothes.
Grants a typical California type. He prefers women to wear un-
cluttered black or navy dresses with
good, simple lines and pearls or a
bracelet as the only accessory.

"I have the California view: Light,
big things for the warmer season—
which, of course, is not the time of
months a year. Luckily I, too, like
basic, well-styled clothes, so I solved
the problem by wearing the ones I have
when going out with Grant. And I
dyed a few of my summer cottons!
Anyway—to get back to that trip to
New York—we saw each other as often as
we could. And then Grant came up with
the idea of time for me to go back to Hollywood,
we both knew it was love, and that
distance would not change a thing.

And it had been so. They called each
other on the phone every day. They
wrote faithfully. And whenever they
could, they flew around the country to
spend a little time together. On Grant's
trips to the West Coast, he, Mary and
Ritchie went to the zoo, the beach, and
had picnics in state parks. A solid
friendship blossomed between Mary's
son and her suitor, and it was reflected in
their nickname for each other—

"Buddy."

Very few of their friends, relatives
or associates knew about their plans.
In fact, one of Mary's friends had urged
her, at the time, to get married again
"just so that Ritchie will have a full-
time father to help raise him." Mary's
reaction to this, the final blow, was a
firm

"Heavens, no! I think that's the worst
thing you can wish on a child. It's
bad enough not having a father around,
but having a father who is not loved
by the mother—that's infinitely worse.
When I marry, it will be because I
love, and am loved, and because I feel
that love will add something to what Ritchie and I already have—a happy,
healthy enjoyment of life together."

The first of June, Mary and Grant
decided to take advantage of his va-
cation to fly to Las Vegas and be mar-
rried. It proved a surprise to everyone
but Ritchie. As if he'd sensed—by some
inner radar known only to small boys—
what was going to happen, he asked his mother the third big question in a year. "Is Buddy going to be my new daddy?"

Mary gazed thoughtfully into her son's eyes. He returned the look squarely. For just an instant, she felt the touch of danger. What did his expression mean—the natural curiosity of a child... hope... disapproval... or an expectancy that was also a challenge?

She decided to meet the issue head-on. "Ritchie," she said softly, "we've always been honest with each other, haven't we? When Daddy left, you know I didn't tell any stories but I told you straight out he was going to live away from us... and when you wanted me to give up being an actress, or wondered why I didn't... I told you it meant too much to me to give up."

"Yes, Mommy, that's true."

"Now I'm going to tell you the truth again. Mommy and Buddy are going to get married. But not to give you a new daddy. Your own daddy is a good one and you wouldn't want to change him, and Buddy wouldn't want you to do that. But you and Buddy are good pals, aren't you?" She took a deep breath of relief, seeing his look of expectancy melting into a smile of pleased satisfaction. "That's how we all want it to go on. You and Buddy will go on being real good pals. And you'll still see your father regularly, and be his son, just as you are mine. Okay?"

A few days later, Grant and Mary were married at the Dunes Hotel in Las Vegas with Mr. and Mrs. William Warner as witnesses. "It was a lovely little ceremony," Mary recalls, "with no fanfare. That's how we wanted it."

Temporarily, the Tinkers are living in Mary's place in the San Fernando Valley. But, now that Grant has been transferred back to the West Coast, they hope to buy a larger and more convenient home. Grant's four children by his ex-wife live with their mother in Connecticut and he visits them often. Mary hopes that, with Grant moving to Los Angeles, the youngsters can spend some time out West getting acquainted with Ritchie.

In the meantime, Mary continues with her triple identity as wife, mother and actress. Aside from the Van Dyke show, she has few major plans or problems. "I keep waiting for one thing," she laughs: "My son's fourth big question! I know now in my heart that it will come as surely as I know that when it does—no matter how hard it may be—I'll not take it, but answer as honestly as I can... ."

—JAMES GREGORY

"The Dick Van Dyke Show" is seen on CBS-TV, Wednesday, 9:30 P.M. EDT.

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everybody having such fun—including me! So, the night before my birthday. I was on pins and needles waiting for someone to mention the “big event” tomorrow. But Mom and Daddy, and Kathy and Peggy, and all the kids, simply went about their business, swimming, shopping, sunning on the beach, and just generally having a fine time. “Well, after all, I thought, they’re on vacation. Tomorrow they’ll remember and, when I wake up, it’ll be: “Happy birthday, Janet . . . many happy returns!” And who knows? Maybe even a gift or two. Before going to bed, I said to Joanie: Esser—my best friend, who was a part of the group, “of casually, “Wonder if anything exciting’ll happen tomorrow,” Joanie looked at me and yawned. Yawned!

In the morning, there wasn’t a peep about “happy birthday” and not one package that looked like it might be a gift. Frankly, it wasn’t the gift. That part isn’t. It was a family of singers, not one human being to sing “Happy Birthday”? Well, Joanie said, “Let’s go for a walk to the shopping center.” I said, “Might as well.” All the way there, all the time we were window shopping, and all the way home, I felt blue. I admit it. I wouldn’t laugh at Joanie’s expense. I didn’t think I was more than “Hm? Uh-huh. Nope.” You know the story about the little match girl all alone in the dark and cold? Well, I guess I got to feeling pretty much that way.

Then it happened. As we came to the cottage, I sensed something was up. For one thing, there wasn’t a kid in sight—and in a family size, that has to be unusual. When I walked through the door, I could hardly believe my eyes. All the kids were standing around the dining-room table and in the center was a big birthday cake that said, “Happy Birthday, Janet.” I felt thrilled, all shook up, and guilty, at the same time, thinking they would have forgotten me.

Peggy and Kathy had planned it, but all the little ones—Joey, Billy, Pat, Mimi, and even little Anne and baby Chris—had helped to decorate the table and they all had on party hats and were blowing noisemakers. The only thing lacking to make the party perfect was that they didn’t have me. But it was good. For Joanie didn’t want to leave Venice because he had made the Little League “All Stars” out there—which we’re all proud of—and he didn’t want to miss his baseball games, since he did have an obligation to his team. And DeeDee stayed behind because, of course, her husband Dick was working.

I got lots of nice gifts—a new dress, a lovely handbag, and oh! Mom and Dad gave me four pairs of Bermuda shorts, a sweat shirt, three blouses, a pair of pedal pushers and white shoes with high, tappered heels. And my Uncle Bob sent me a case with twelve (imagine, twelve!) shades of lipstick—and Joanie gave me a bottle of Old Spice perfume . . . and—let’s see—hundreds of cards from fans . . . and one fan, a Robert Hudson from Detroit, Michigan, sent me a lovely gold watch.

Last year, he sent me an electric alarm clock. But the watch must be expensive. I asked my mother whether it was right for me to keep it—cause, after all, he is a stranger. But it was decided that it was such a nice gesture, we might hurt his feelings if we returned it. So I got to keep it, and I’m so pleased with it. It’s so beautiful!

And when we cut the cake, you should have seen the confetti and balloons. Little Chris, who’s the baby in our family, just went wild about his funny hat. He loves hats and Daddy jokes about it. He says, “Chris is probably the only one of us who’ll never come down with a head cold.”

But after the party . . . after the ice cream, when we were all (which was whipped up by the chef at Harrah’s and delivered while Joanie and I were out, so it would be a real surprise!), and after we’d gone to the club to do the show . . . that I saw what a difference being sixteen can make in a girl. Usually the members of the band or some of the tech crew are put on a pat on the head and say, “Well, well, doll—or ‘sweetie’ or something else just asickey—how does it feel to be a year older?”

This time, no pats on the head. No “little girl, doll, etc.” It was: “Congratulations, Janet, have a good year.”

I figured my older sisters, those dear ones, would come with a bit of sage advice along the lines of “now that you’re a woman . . .” But I guess I underestimated them. They didn’t say anything of the sort. Finally, I told them how I felt. I said, “I found out today why girls feel more grown-up when they’re sixteen—it’s because other people treat them more grown-up.”

Peggy and Kathy exchanged a quick look, then Peggy said, as nicely as could be, “Janet, what you just said is true. Kathy, DeeDee and I all learned it the same way. But there’s something that goes with this new respect people will show you. That’s your responsibility to your family. Or, to your womanhood.”

“That’s right,” Kathy chimed in. “Now you can’t trade on being a cute kid who knows she’ll be let off easy on account of being so young. Now you must deserve your new status. People treat you with respect because they figure you’re old enough to act like a mature and responsible person. If you let them down on this, they will just go back to thinking of you as a kid.”

Mom and Dad just kissed me that night and said, as they usually do, “Get a good night’s rest—you’ve got a rehearsal and two shows tomorrow.” But I caught an expression in their eyes I’ll never forget. It was the one expression I ever saw when I went to bed, I kept thinking about it, trying to pin it down. They were sort of solemn—happy, and there was pride there, too, and maybe a little sadness, and then there was something I couldn’t put my finger on. I guess I’m not as mature as I’d like to think I am, and there are many things I still have to learn, especially about human nature.

When I told Peggy and Kathy about it in the morning, they said that they had noticed it, too, on their sixteenth birthdays. “It’s a thing only parents can feel, they said. “Maybe it’s hope . . .” All I can say is, if it is hope—so, I shall pray and work all my life to dispel—point them. I have the most wonderful parents and I love them dearly.

The difference in dating

Of course, now that I am sixteen, the custom in our family is to allow more privileges. One example: I can date by myself. Up to now, I double- or triple-dated with my sisters or friends and their boyfriends. Mom and Dad have no objections to my going out alone with boys, but naturally they like to meet their first. This doesn’t mean they don’t trust me. They know I’d never want to do anything to spoil their trust, and I’d never date a boy they really didn’t approve of.

We’re a close-knit family and let me tell you, the boys we Lennon girls date have to have a keen sense of humor! We’ll all be there to joke and laugh and be with people who can join in the fun even when they have problems. Our young men also have to like kids. That’s one thing we have plenty of, and very often we girls babysit or take the kids out with us for a drive, or a walk, or a beach picnic. But we don’t overlook the other thing a driver’s license. I’ve had my permit for some time and I know how to handle a car. We already have two in the family, so I don’t imagine I’ll be getting one of my own. It would just be plain foolish to buy another.

Oh, yes—I’ll like to cut my hair! But that’s out for now. It’s become what they call our “image” to wear long hair . . . so our fans might not like it if we suddenly came on looking different. All the same, in the summer when I’ve been swimming and, as they say, “can’t do a thing with it,” I often put my hair in a French roll or pile it high on my head. I do it for practical reasons. But I’ve been told I look quite sophisticated that way.

Clothes and makeup won’t change much. I don’t care for more than lip-stick and powder to take away the shine. And I prefer sports clothes for daytime. In fact, I practically live in Bermuda, capris, or skirts and blouses. Again, this doesn’t go for dates. Then, I’ll wear a dress and high heels. I’ve worn heels since I was thirteen, and I never stumble on them. In spite of anything you might hear from my older sisters, I never stumble in high heels.

They make me look taller and that helps when you’re only five-feet-ten-two. I recently lost six pounds. I didn’t have to, but that family of mine, with their teasing about “baby fat,” drove me to it. However, even though I wouldn’t admit it to them, I’m happier this way, and I wouldn’t want to gain those pounds back.

Being sixteen has brought to my mind a couple of serious matters. Like: Will I go to college? The answer to that is no. I don’t think I will. I expect to stay in the entertainment field until
I meet the right young man and get married. Then I’ll follow the example of my sister Dee Dee, and leave the business to settle down and keep house and raise a family. That’s what I want most in life and, for that, college is not needed. I’d rather the money went to one of my kid brothers, who will need a profession because he’ll have to support her own day.

The evening after my birthday party, I was sitting for a little while by myself at the edge of the lake. Mother saw me and she strolled down and sat alongside me. “Penny for your thoughts,” she said. I looked at her, and honestly, there were tears in my eyes, I couldn’t help it.

“Mom,” I said, “I’m so—so grateful... you and Dad, the family, everybody... why do you think all this kindness and love? I feel it’s like the time we bought the piano ‘on time.’ We enjoyed it, but we still were under a heavy debt that had to be paid...”

My mother is one of the wisest people I ever met. She took my hand and squeezed it very hard. “If you didn’t actually become a woman yesterday,” she said, “you sure have taken a big step toward it tonight...”

—As told to Eunice Field

Janet Lennon and her sisters sing on “The Lawrence Welk Show,” seen Saturdays, 9 to 10 P.M. EDT, on ABC-TV.

JOHN LARKIN

(Continued from page 36)

my career a terrific shot in the arm... and renewed my faith in myself. It never would have happened—in a manner of speaking—if I hadn’t felt forced to close one door first before opening a new one.

“For nearly ten years, after I got out of the Army in 1946 and moved to New York, I portrayed an array of characters on radio—including Perry Mason, as a distinguished defense lawyer—and always felt happy. Every performance was stimulating and different.

“In the midst of this tranquil setup, however, a monster called television reared its magnificent head. Most of us actors refused to believe it was here to stay. But suddenly went thataway, and I had no choice.

“The Edge of Night” started April 2nd, 1956, and I, of course, started with it—five days a week, for five-and-a-half years. In retrospect, I now realize I should have pulled up stakes when this show was still along—popular as it was, and instinctively I knew it. Had I found the time and made greater effort to explore my feelings, I might have recognized the obvious dangers of being tied down to an eight-year contract.

“But I chose to play Mike Carr, and each day I rehearsed daily from nine in the morning to five in the afternoon—the show’s air-time. Television was highly experimental in those days, and I guess this aroused my curiosity. No one thought I could maintain the pace and this also presented an irresistible challenge. Last—and far from least—the salary was magnificent which provided handsomely for my family.

“Creatively speaking, however, it was exhaustive drainage.

“The whole truth,” John says bluntly, “is that, after the first few years, the show was a burden and ceased to be a challenge. Working at such close proximity and at such pace, outbursts of temperamental and personality clashes were unavoidable. I never wore makeup on live TV, so I had to work harder to keep from looking like a sack of meal.

“Each weary night at home, it was imperative for me to study my lines for the following day. This automatically ruled out all social activity. The time element was too demanding, when there were excellent opportunities to do other things. So I lost out. While the show continued to offer a great deal of security for me, it ceased to be rewarding as an actor.

“Finally—when my family life began falling apart—my generous contract became meaningless.

“Slowly but surely, I was turning into an unlovable, conservatively-middle aged man. At first, I wasn’t too aware of the danger, even though it became impossible to leave the show in the studio when I came home exhausted, tied up in knots. Thank God, my lovely wife Audrey was patient and understanding far beyond the call of duty! There is no way to estimate how long I knew, I know, I couldn’t have survived without her.

“She encouraged me to follow through, whenever I threatened to leave the show. ... but then I’d think of my responsibilities and turn milk-toastify again. Audrey loved southern California and talked about it often. Ironically—although I was born in Oakland, across the bay from San Francisco—I had never even driven down the Coast to Hollywood.

“Something seemed to snap”

“Finally, everything came into focus. It happened very suddenly. When I came home one night, our adorable little girl, Victoria, ran up and threw her arms around me. Something inside just seemed to snap. I exploded— and chased the bewildered child out of the room! Sick at heart, I saw myself as I really was, and I knew this couldn’t go on. I might even lose my wife and child.

“Although ‘The Edge of Night’ had become the number-one daytime show, I had stopped feeling like an actor. Audery and I talked things over, far into the night. We realized a change would mean giving up a lot of money and position. We had no big investments, and I had no idea where I might go—or what I might do. But one thing was for sure: I had to escape from what I considered to be the show.

“It was Audery, in her wise way, who managed to set the perfect scene for action. Remembering that she had married a sun worshipper, she persuaded John to try southern California on his precious vacation, “just to see what it’s like.” They flew there in June of 1956, and we the only people on the plane who carried raincoats! Skeptical John was thoroughly prepared not to be impressed.

“Instead,” he grins, running his strong fingers through his steel-gray mane, was astounded that such weather existed! In New York, you get up and rush to the window to see what kind of a day it is and dress accordingly. I never particularly cared for New York, even after sixteen years—it’s overly big, needlessly frantic, and I could never understand why everyone was constantly running around the Beverly Hills, every day was a day of beauty.

“Though John talked to a dozen agents—and finally settled on one, Ray Sackheim—he never said the magic words Audrey was longing to hear... until they were on the plane going back to New York.

“He sat quietly, his head fairly bursting with plans, then suddenly leaned toward his wife and nonchalantly squeezed her hand as he remarked casually, ‘One thing’s for sure, dear. When we move back to California, we’re going to leave these crummy raincoats in New York!...’

“Audrey just nodded and turned quickly toward the window, to hide the sudden moisture in her eyes.

“Although John had two-and-a-half years to go on his contract, he decided to ask for his release seven months hence. Back in New York, it was a little bombshell created a day of doom for those directly concerned. There was tremendous opposition. They offered more money, more time to John for himself. They even agreed to give him three months off each summer... before they realized they were losing the battle and him.

“It was all done in friendly fashion,” John insists, “and we parted the best of friends. Frustrated actors, who had failed to cut the mustard in Hollywood, tried to curtail my enthusiasm. They warned me that Hollywood was a cold, unfriendly town and a deathtrap for anyone except the big shots. But our hopes were high, so we still weeded out the stuff we wanted to keep from our apartment and shipped it on ahead.

“When the three of us drove across country, it was a glorious adventure. We could hardly contain ourselves, as we came closer to our new life in the land of sunshine. But when the great day came for our arrival in Hollywood, the rain was pouring down in such torrents, we saw automobiles floating down the streets!”

The disillusioned migrants were holed up in a Hollywood apartment for five months, while it continued to pour and the wind continued to howl. Their incarceration was especially rough on Victoria, who had no place to play. And, in the meantime, Audery was pregnant again... and John hadn’t
secured a single acting assignment. “I had many satisfactory interviews with top producers and directors,” John recalls. “They couldn’t have been nicer—except I didn’t get a job. Since I have only a small stock of patience, the constant rain disturbed me and made me more restless. Doubt, despair, worry and misgivings kept seeping into my brain. Had I made the right choice? Perhaps actors like me were a dime a dozen in Hollywood. The thing that hurt most was watching my wife and child perform like champions, while money went out fast—and none came in.”

It was when they were at their lowest emotional ebb that their whole world changed for the Larkins. Once he’d made the pilot film for “Saints and Sinners,” last December, there were more jobs than John could handle. How good it felt to be needed and wanted again! Arthur Nadel, producer of Robert Taylor’s “Detectives,” gave John his first acting chore.

“I had been told that Robert Taylor was sort of a loner,” John beams, “but he extended me the warmest hand of friendship. Having a little daughter near Victoria’s own age, Bob gave me his private telephone number, saying he thought it would be nice for the children to play together. Working with my TV counterpart on ‘Perry Mason’ was also a delightful experience. Raymond Burr was kind and considerate—when they wanted ‘the two Perry Maysons’ to make stills together, he insisted we both be featured equally! “In the meantime, we had moved into a comfortable little bungalow in the valley, on a friendly street overrun with healthy, happy kids. Our first Christmas here was unforgettable. It may sound corny—but our life is so good, these days, it’s all like a dream come true.”

The arrival of wee John William Larkin Jr. completed the fulfillment of his daddy’s dreams. Aside from little Victoria, John also has two other girls from former marriages living in the East. Although he’s resumed his favorite golf game—after a five-year hiatus—home and hearth are John’s primary interests now.

In addition to their newfound friends at Four Winds and the other friendly families they meet, wherever they go in California, really touches him. “Everyone is so willing to exchange pleasantries, it’s really amazing! And when you can look out your windows and see mountains so close you can almost touch them—that’s real living. I never want to leave. Needless to say, my family never has been healthier and happier. If Audrey should decide to resume her singing-acting career, I wouldn’t mind at all. But, so far, it looks like she’s perfectly content to run the show at home.”

That’s the one show John Larkin learned meant more to him than any other. To keep it going, he risked all he had ... and, for this one wholehearted gambler, everything’s coming up roses! —JERRY ASHER

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their fists while other boys gathered around, punching their fists into their own nervous palms and shouting. It was rough-and-tumble. anything-goes. Gene paced, slugged his close range, tried to get an arm free to swing.

When he did work free, he gave a bounce, swung from the ground, smashed his fist into the big guy’s face. He heard the nose bone crunch, loud as the crack of doom.

Then, unexpectedly, it ended. The red-headed giant edged away, crumpled, called it quits. And Gene was on his feet, the hero. He’d whipped the biggest bully in the neighborhood.

The guy’d bled all over him and Gene’s shirt was soaked with blood. But, as his pals marched him to his house, he could hear a whole brass band playing. There’d been plenty of fights—he’d even won some—but this was the real hour of triumph.

And then he was home.

No one was around—not his big brother Jim, nor his kid brother Fred. He sneaked in the back door, trying to make it up the stairs unseen. His mother was entertaining the ladies of the Altar Society for tea. He could hear them in the parlor. For that matter, he could see them—it was a pretty small house to sneak into. And suddenly he heard his mother’s voice: “Gene, what’s happened?”

His sisters came running, and the hero burst into tears.

This wasn’t the last of the fighting. It was a mixed neighborhood, with boys from differing backgrounds who battled each other instinctively, in a kind of unceasing “class” warfare.

“I study to be a priest on TV,” says Gene, “by remembering the young parish priests who had such an influence on us when we were kids in Pittsburgh. Father Tynan, for example—a handsome, tough, well-educated fellow, virile and energetic, who played third base like crazy and had a way with kids, tough or otherwise.

“He was probably in the back of my mind—along with Father Gallagher at St. Raphael’s and Father Coakley at Sacred Heart—when I dreamed of being a priest myself . . .

Gene was eighteen and studying law at the University of Pittsburgh when he discussed the new idea with a priest—who advised him to take his time, probably sensing that the monastic life wasn’t for Gene.

And it wasn’t. A fighter, Gene Kelly’d had his own nose broken in a campus brawl about this time. He’s a warm, loving man, too, who craves a personal life, marriage, children. And a non-conformist, if ever there was one! Since then, he’s developed all potentials, believing: “The more you do, the more you learn.”

When I saw him two years ago, he’d been heralded for his direction of “Flower Drum Song” on Broadway, had just finished creating two spectaculars that made TV history, was just

winding up his movie role opposite Spencer Tracy and Fredric March in “Inherit the Wind,” and was about to take off for Paris to stage an original ballet for the Paris Opera—and to spend Christmas vacation skiing with his daughter Kerry, who was in school in Switzerland!

A true will-o’-the-wisp, restless and volatile. But something was missing. I thought at the time. I’ve known Gene for years and, to me, he seemed more electric than ever but less serene. What was he missing?

Well, see him now, stopping to roll son Tommy’s baby carriage to a sunnier spot, and you know what was missing. Because now it’s here, Father O’Malley has a baby! Father O’Malley has a wife! Jeanne has made this difference in Gene’s life. She has brought it into focus—a happy blend of creative fantasy and equally creative reality.

“I can’t imagine an adult man not wanting marriage,” Gene said, standing there in the sun. “Freedom is lonely . . . it’s sheer boredom . . . getting to know you is the loveliest thing in life. It seems to me that a man who doesn’t want marriage has either been so hurt, he is afraid—or he’s never met happiness and doesn’t know its face. A little variety can’t possibly compensate for the joys of solidity, of having someone close by your side, of having children.”

Nineteen-year-old Kerry came bounding in from U.C.L.A. last pretty, brown-eyed girl who is going to take honors at Swarthmore next year, but she wanted to be with her father and Jeanne when the baby came, so she spent a semester at U.C.L.A. and lived at home. She greeted her dad, peaked at the sleeping Timothy—who, his father, had flown from Winston Churchill—took point for Beverly Hills to meet Jeanne and shop.

Gene’s eyes followed her. Under one roof, he now had everything that matters most. He’d worked in Ireland, France, Yugoslavia, London, New York and Hollywood . . . been cited by the American Legion for his outstanding contribution to Franco-American relations . . . named Chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the French Government . . . honored as a friend by the city of Paris while directing Jackie Gleason in “Gigit.” For two years, he’d been proud of being an “international citizen.”

“But the baby has changed our lives,” he laughed. “Even before he was born, he brought us scurrying home. Now that he’s here, he tells when to live, tells me when to take a nap and when to sleep! Your whole world changes with the coming of a child. It becomes the focal point of a family’s life.”

“a woman clips your wings”

The world is full of men who, having known one touch of freedom, find family life difficult, indeed unendurable. And no one has had a more winged life than Gene—who says, “For the joy of having a child, I’d eliminate a lot of freedom. And for a wife. A woman clips your wings a bit, but she’s worth
it. From here on out, we'll be home more, I'll be directing more.

And, of course, whatever he does, Jeanne is involved. "She's worked with me since 'On the Town.' No, even before. Did you know she went to my dancing school in Pittsburgh? I taught her her first steps. And out here she worked with me, first as a dancer, then as an assistant. Jeanne's absolutely invaluable. No one I've ever known has such a combination of talents."

It all adds up to a girl who understood his precision, his desire for perfection. A girl who worked with him all over the world, adapted her life to his and her moods to his, so simply and so ingeniously that she became his living answer. This wasn't always easy. Gene Kelly is a perfectionist, a demanding man, a man who puts forth an incredible effort, and expects a similar effort from those who work with him.

For years, he's been a "holy terror" to fellow dancers who have felt the fine edge of his perfectionism. When seventeen-year-old Debbie Reynolds worked with him in "Singing in the Rain," she found Gene the hardest taskmaster she'd ever known.

"I couldn't dance around my own big toe—and only two months to learn," Debbie says. "He had me on sound stages day after day, studying modern dancing with Carol Haney and ballet with Ernie Platt. . . . But when Gene would come on stage to see what progress I was making, I was scared to death of him! I couldn't dance a step, and he'd just smile and say, 'I guess we'll have to work a little harder.' I owe more to Gene Kelly than I can ever repay. He literally willed me to dance."

Leslie Caron never worked so hard in her life as she did in "An American in Paris." She says, "He's thoroughly professional and idealistic, a perfectionist. We rehearsed one number every day for one month. He created at least five versions before he was satisfied."

For one dream sequence in "On the Town," Vera-Ellen spent weeks during the hottest days of summer on a turntable with Gene, rehearsing strenuous movements which later translated to the screen as the gauziest of fantasies. Cyd Charisse—Judy Garland—every girl who ever worked with Gene—found him difficult, but he proved to them the value of precision. As Gene points out, "If a singer misses a note on television, the audience thinks it sort of cute. If a dancer slips or slides, the audience says, 'Look at that bum, he can't stand up!'"

In Jeanne, Kelly has found someone whose sense of perfection matches his . . . who understands the dancer's need for discipline . . . and the man's need for love. Like him, she came from Pittsburgh. Like him, she's from a big Irish family. She loves to keep house and she keeps it well, whether it's a sprawling Beverly Hills home or the little apartment in Paris. Like Gene, she has one foot in fantasy, and a perennial child's ability to imagine. Like him, she grew up with a dream.

Gene's dreams began in high school, Peabody High, where—out of a student body of 3700—a dozen kids got together to form an organization known as the Toreadors ("bull throwers"). "We were typical kids of the '20s," Gene says, "Our dads were all white-collar workers—mine sold records for Columbia—and we sat around once a week at the Y.M.C.A. and yak-yak-yak, we dreamed of doing big things.

**Throwing the bull**

"I was the only Catholic, the others were Protestants and Jews, but we could discuss the tenderest subjects and understand each other. We could even criticize each other—and did. The criticisms levelled at me were usually that I was conceited. We all were. We were also deeply religious, atheistic and agnostic, by turns, and pretended we knew too much about sex to even discuss it!

"But the big subject was the dream of what we'd do, and a number of the fellows made it to the dream. Chalmers Roberts is on the Washington Post and winner of a Pulitzer Prize, Leon Hochstetter is the film industry's legal representative in Frankfurt, Germany, and all the rest are doing equally interesting things. And, of course, my job chose me."

He'd dreamed of being a priest or lawyer. But, during college, when he was cramming his class schedule in from 8 A.M. to 12:30 and working in a gas station from 3 P.M. until eleven—for $17.50 a week—he discovered that his brother Fred was making more money in two or three nights a week, dancing! They talked it over, Fred taught Gene to tap, and, under the guidance of their mother, they worked up an act together and started the round of amateur nights at local movie houses. There were three prizes: $5, $3, $1. And Fred and Gene did well.

On the side, they started teaching at dancing schools, filling in for teachers who were ill. By the time Gene was in law school, he'd opened a dancing school of his own. He says his mother really organized it. He had some novel ideas that he clicked. He gave the boys some basketball practice, as well as dancing, and with new methods, attracted a clientele of dancers who already knew how to dance but wished more instruction. That summer he'd gone to Chicago, he'd seen the Ballet Russe and started studying classical ballet. "I'd seen Pavlova when I was very young, and had fallen asleep. But now I saw 'Les Sylphides.' At one point, a manly figure literally soared onto the stage and I was overwhelmed. But I knew I couldn't stay with straight classical ballet, I had to create something of my own . . ."

Nonconformist Kelly? He'd been brought up in Pittsburgh, brought up with jazz music and roughhouse, and he had to express the roots he'd been born with. "Beauty is the thing and loveliness, too. But what I have to say can't be done in fifth position. I had to express manliness and strength and Cokes and hot dogs and football and baseball and jazz. You can't do it with a port de bras. I quit school, gave up the law dream and went to work."

(Continued on next page)
He developed a style of his own, he developed a wardrobe of his own... a sweat shirt and cap, moccasins instead of ballet slippers. He was blaringly and blazingly American. He still is. Wherever Gene’s danced, wherever he’s worked, he’s spotted at once as American, the kid from Pittsburgh, the kid who flung himself into each new challenge, arms and legs flying.

His dancing school flourished and all the Kellys were in it. When Gene decided he’d gone as far as he could, that he wanted to be a choreographer, he turned the school over to his family and left for New York. Five years there, five years of choreography and dancing, and then... "Pal Joey." The kid Kelly had a style of his own. He was different, bravura—call it brash. And he came out to Hollywood.

He’s never stopped revolutionizing the dance or the movies, revolutionizing his whole life. When he started acting, people said, "Why did you stop dancing?" When he started directing, they said, "Why did you stop acting?" When he directs on Broadway or turns to choreography in Paris, they say, "Why did you stop doing movies?"

The fact is, Gene has stopped nothing. Like an expert fencer, he turns this way and that.

If he looks serene to you now, on TV, you should see him off screen... say, when young Timothy was baptized by Monsignor Sullivan. Pat (Mrs. Peter) Lawford acted as godmother, Joe Connolly (producer of "Going My Way") was godfather. In Pittsburgh were radiant—but you should have seen Gene! He was positively misty in the midst of all this.


—JANE ABDMORE

“Going My Way” is seen over ABC-TV, Wed., from 8:30 to 9:30 p.m. EDT.

“Yeah,” Jim reminisces, “we were about the same height and build as we grew up. I’m three years older, and was taller, but Pete was husky enough to make me forget any ideas of exercising a big-brotherly authority. But I never did have to try holding him in line. He was always the steady type.”

From both their stories of the past, it becomes clear there is still another reason why the brothers did not quarrel. They had no time! They grew up in what was both an exciting and the perfect environment—the outskirts of Minneapolis. “Ours was the last house in town before you hit the woods,” Jim recalls. “You might say we actually lived in the outdoors. We were two miles from school and, in good weather we walked. On these walks, we got to see a little of nature.”

“Winters, we skied to school. We had to do this, since big storms sometimes cut off our roads and the streetcars didn’t run. But Pete and I liked the long walk, never thought it was an inconvenience. We’d kick our way through the woods and walk along Minnehaha Creek—the one made famous in ‘Hiawatha.’”

“Of course, it’s all built up now,” Peter points out. “There’s probably a school just around the corner from where we lived. Life was harder in those days. There weren’t so many gadgets and devices to ease the way. You had to exert yourself, use muscle, brain and energy to do things. The push-button age hadn’t yet arrived.”

Neither Peter nor Jim is the type of father who gets long-winded about the "good old days." Each has three children. Jim’s are Craig, 16, Jennie Lee, 12, and Rolf. Peter’s are all daughters: Kelly, 11, Claudia, 8, and Amanda, 4. When Craig was recently allowed his own car, it was because he had helped pay for it with his earnings. Jim’s other two—like children of less successful parents—go to school on a bus.

"While I don’t make speeches to them about it, I feel a lot of kids today are cheated,” Jim explains. "They miss out on the fun of doing things,
earning things for themselves. Being country kids, Pete and I had the best of it. We were never bored or at loose ends. City kids have so much more for them, and I don’t mean another, they don’t know where to look for activity that can amuse them and keep them useful, at the same time. This accounts for some of the mischief and juvenile shenanigans we read about.”

Fond childhood memories of Jim and Peter involve the annual summer trips to the family cabin in the North Woods of Minnesota. They lived on an island there for almost three months, spending their time hiking, fishing, swimming and boating. Two young cousins from Pennsylvania were usually there and all the kids spent a great deal of time on the water in a sailboat. It is now an ingrained source of pleasure that will be with them to the end of their lives. Often, in meditative moods, one or the other will still turn to the water for a few hours of relaxed thinking.

While on the lake, the only contact the Aurness family had with the mainland was the weekly trips to buy supplies and fetch the mail. Jim’s earliest ambition was fostered during these summers. He wanted to be a Naval architect, but gave the idea up when he found the entrance requirements to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology required straight A’s!

“Can you feature that?” Peter teases. “He starts out, wanting to spend his life on the sea—and ends up, riding for seven years on the desert around Dodge City.”

“My first dream of owning anything came in those days,” Jim recalls. “There’s nothing I wanted so much as my own sailing boat.” Recently, he brought this dream to reality when he acquired a fifty-foot sloop. “Pete and I have hopes to sail it to Australia, maybe next year. We’ll take Craig along—he’s old enough to make the trip.”

An early, watery Graves

Peter’s recollections of the cabin, and life on or in the water, got off to a not-so-happy start. Jim was six at the time and, glancing about the dock, suddenly said to his mother, “Where’s Pete?”

Three-year-old Pete had fallen off the dock and was splashing merrily in the water, almost ten feet deep. “That was the day he learned to swim,” laughs Jim. “Not only swim,” nods Peter, “but underwater! We were a couple of water-rats in those days, and nothing but a chunk of cold watermelon could lure us out of the lake.”

As boys, Pete was called “Padre Peter” by their father and “Pod” by everyone else. He was considered the more serious of the boys. Oddly, though Peter now plays a devil-may-care adventurous character in “Whiplash”—while Jim is the soul of stability as “Marshe Dink”—it was Jim who was always the more restless and unpredictable. He played hookey as often as he could get away with it, and though “Pod” tagged along at times, Jim admits that his younger brother “liked school and had more serious interests than I did. For instance, Pete was a great Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw fan. His bedroom was plastered with pictures of jazzmen and his ambition was to be a great clarinet player.”

Peter, in fact, did enroll in the school band—but as soon as the teacher glanced at this fourteen-year-old six-footer, he promptly handed him a tuba! “I guess he figured I was the only big enough to carry the darn thing around,” sighs Peter. At fifteen, he was an expounding of both clarinet and saxophone and was a member of the musician’s union. “He used to sit in with name bands when they came to Minneapolis,” Jim proudly recalls, “and, by sixteen, he had his own combo and was on Station WNIN as a radio announcer.”

As boys, Jim, Peter was not only the steadier as a youth but “he was also the most popular guy you ever saw. Having his band made him a big wheel on campus, and I must say he was quite the ladies’ man in those days.”

On his side, Peter passes the buck right back. “Jim was the ladies’ man, not me,” he contends. “His restless nature appealed to the girls. At fourteen, he took off on a freight train and disappeared into the big woods to hunt and fish. He swaggered around, looking romantic, while I was practicing my clarinet. Then he went to work as a logger. This all added up to a guy the girls went for.”

There was one occasion both remember somewhat guiltily, when they did come dangerously close to a fist fight. Jim had agreed to teach Peter to drive and they went out for a lesson. Peter shifted into reverse by mistake and Jim angrily ordered him out of the car and took over control of the wheel. Peter was still arguing heatedly when Jim started the car rolling. Peter furiously leaped on the running-board. He had to hang on hard as Jim sped home!

On another drive—a double date—Jim allowed Peter to take the wheel and, in pulling into a gas station, he knocked the cans over a stack of oil cans. “It caused a devil of a racket and my whole evening was ruined. I was sure my girl thought me a chump and that Jim would never let me drive again.”

Jim graduated from high school shortly after Pearl Harbor. He lost no time enlisting in the Army, after being rejected by the Navy as “too tall.” Here, Peter reveals a little-known fact about his big brother. “Jim’s company was almost wiped out at Anzio, and he himself got his leg shot up. The wound developed into osteomyelitis (bone cancer) and for a while, he didn’t know whether he’d lose the leg or not. He spent a year-and-a-half in the hospital waiting for it to mend and, to this day, it bothers him. You’ll never hear Jim tell about his war experiences. But believe me, he had them—plenty. He was a hero.”

Jim will only say, “I’m grateful. It could have been much worse. I might have been playing Chester’s part in ‘Gunsmoke’—and not with a phony limp, either.”

Peter, after graduation from high school, joined the Air Force, where he served for two years. Jim got into show business by way...
of a university course in radio announcing which finally grew into a job as a disc jockey. Lila, theater productions occupied him, too. Then the usual restlessness set in and he took off for California with a friend.

“I came West for the weather,” he likes to say, but this is debatable. He had no trouble in 1946, with so many young actors coming along, filling a part as Loretta Young’s brother in “The Farmer’s Daughter.” The film won an Oscar. But, by the time Jim’s work in it was completed, the boys were pouring back into town and Jim could find no jobs. For months, he recalls, “I was a hobo, living in a ten-year-old Buick. Then I joined the Pasadena Playhouse.”

It was while at the Playhouse that Jim met a young actress, Virginia Chapman. They fell in love and she became his wife. The young couple were already crowded into a small flat with their two babies when Jim got a job in town, breathing theatrical hopes.

“Jim was really fine, in spite of his own problems,” says Pete. “I remember he met Jack Smight (who’s now a New York TV director) and me at the train. ‘What the devil are you doing here?’”

“Jim’s a master of out-of-town actors.” But he helped us find a place to live, showed us how to find an agent and look for production listings in the trade papers.

Peter got a break in “Rogue River” and, not long after, married Joan En- deed, his costar. Today they are still happily married and live in Pacific Palisades. Jim, reticent as ever, declines to talk about his two-year separation from Virginia. “It is typical, his keeping his problems to himself,” says Peter. “Jim’s got the broadest shoulders in the world when it comes to helping other people with their burdens. But he is no busybody. He doesn’t pry. And he feels the same about his own disappointments and setbacks.”

That the marshal of Dodge City is a wonderful father and devoted uncle may be gathered from the enthusiastic, even awed, affection of the six youngsters in the Armess and Graves homes. Peter’s three girls love nothing so much as visiting Uncle Jim’s ranch, where he is teaching them to be fine horsewomen. And, they chorus, “Big Uncle Jim shows us how to sail on his Sea Smoke III!”

In the long holidays when their acting commitments do not decree otherwise, both families get together at Jim’s ranch. Then there is an attempt to make up for the lost time and for the distances that sometimes separate the brothers. They walk, swim, ride, and spend long hours before the fire, remembering the old days, and promising to make every effort to maintain closer contact in the future. “The important thing,” says Peter, “is that we be true brothers in every sense, without making public displays of it.”

“The important thing,” Jim sums up, “is that we are true brothers—period.”

Which definitely seems to prove that Hollywood’s tallest feud is actually one of the tallest stories of all time!

—Kathleen Post

See Jim in “Gunsmoke,” Sat., 10 to 11 P.M., and “Marshal Dillon,” on Tues., at 7:30 P.M.—both EDT, over CBS-TV. See Peter in “Fury,” on NBC-TV, Sat., 11 A.M. EDT—and “Whiplash” (check local papers for stations and times).
hurt or discouraged, they seek some form of quick escape or relief. Some such emotionally upset types may turn to alcohol instead of drugs, still others, finding no relief in anything, break down completely. Unfortunately, there is no one source of the trouble. Each person's emotional crisis is peculiar to himself.

"Yet there are certain weapons useful in the fight against this scourge. I am thinking particularly of Synanon. This organization has been in operation in Santa Monica, California—but methods and an attitude rooted in hard-rock experience.

The "home," at present, is in an old armory on the beach with a fine view of the blue Pacific. It has given refuge to as many as eighty-five addicts at one time but can make room for more, if need be.

Addicts sign themselves in as "guests" for at least a month and, after a "gut-level" interview, pledge to go off the stuff "cold turkey." There is no halfway measure. The guest obeys the "hands off drugs" rule or he leaves. No restraint is put on him, if he feels he can't get along without themselves and wants to leave. But everything short of drugs is given to encourage him to stay.

He is admitted to group discussions as an aid to the therapy. These discussions are sometimes called "seminars" and it is typical of the goodhumored, even lighthearted mood of the "inmates" as they refer to themselves—that, when one of the first guests happened to mispronounce "seminar" and called it "synanon," the others gleefully took this up as their name.

"You can sum up Synanon very simply," says Steve Allen. "It's an open door that swings both ways. Race, creed, sex, color or station in life counts for nothing at Synanon. Their door is wide enough to admit any human being, caught in the narcotics trap, who's set on kicking the habit, on climbing back into decent society."

The torture—and the rewards

If Synanon fulfills the promise of the present, it will be largely because of its founder and moving spirit, Charles E. ("Chuck") Dederich. It was in his home that the first small group of addicts met to talk about their problems and seek help. And he played a major role in the development of the methods and policy.

"We've been remarkably successful with our approach to the problem," he says. "We've had quite a few people come down to study and write about our work. including some psychiatrists and psychologists. All of us at Synanon have been giving our best to the men and women here, and I can't start to describe the feeling of accomplishment and elation we have with us all when we actually succeed in kicking the habit. It's just as if we passed through the torture of withdrawal with him. I suppose, in a sense, we did."

In spite of his pride in the organization, Dederich clearly takes a practical view of the inmates: "We're well aware that a lot of people in Synanon will eventually succumb to the temptation to use again. But when the law is breathing down their necks, some have served time in Federal hospitals 'drying out,' but the treatment didn't last—possibly because there was no time to dig into the depths of their psychological and emotional troubles. We have no illusions about this. There are women who've come to us for help only when they were one step from prostitution. Dope is a very expensive hobby. Synanon House gives them a haven, a little time to gather their wits and their courage, to find themselves again, to patch up a world that was about to break down around them."

Steve explains that he got interested in Synanon "after reading an article which gave the impression that all jazz musicians were addicts. I began looking into the subject, and that's how I ran into the work of Chuck Dederich. I want to say, right now, that people from every trade need not feel ill at ease about coming to Synanon to get help."

He adds that Synanon is getting support from people in all these walks of life: "There are entertainers like myself, my wife Jayne Meadows, singer like Oscar Brown Jr. and Anita O'Day, producers like Jack Harold, writers like Ray Bradbury, Jim Williams and so on. Contributions are coming in from all of them, but the work has really just started."

Aside from cash offerings, Steve and Jayne back Synanon in other ways. When they went hunting, they returned with a freezer filled with antelope meat and a carcass as well—to the "home." At Easter-time, they invited the children of inmates—about fifteen boys and girls living at Synanon with their mothers—and hosted an egg-roll and party.

The day after Marilyn Monroe's death from an overdose of sleeping pills, Steve was asked for a comment. Shaking his head sadly, he remarked, "Our tears for that warm, beautiful, unhappy girl will be wasted unless we learn something from her tragedy. Obviously, she was in need of help, real help—the kind of sympathetic understanding offered by the dedicated members of Synanon. All they do is: keep her calm, her nerves, to give her energy when she was tired and bewildered, to escape her problems in sleep. Believe me, there are thousands of girls like Marilyn who are crying 'Help!' in their hearts this very minute. But it's like shouting down a dark tunnel with nobody there to listen or answer the call."

Furthering rehabilitation by giving the ex-addicts jobs is strongly urged by Synanon. Steve has showed the way in this by asking the Synanon jazz combo to appear on "Jazz Scene, U.S.A."

a new series his Meadowlane Productions
is making at Desilu Studios for syndication. Leader of this combo of ex-junkies is Arnold Ross, a forty-year-old pianist and graduate of Synanon—now so tanned, fit and gainfully employed (as a truck driver) that it’s hard to believe this one-time member of the Glenn Miller and Harry James bands was arrested three times as a “user,” served a hitch at Camarillo, a state institution, and tried to commit suicide while on heroin! The combo, in a gesture that spoke louder than words or music, donated the money they earned on the Allen show to Synanon.

People are only starting to get interested in this good cause,” Steve pointed out. “Church leaders, they are getting requests from all parts of the country, asking for information about the movement and how to help it along. Naturally, every citizen who’s salt wants to wipe out this horror of dope addiction. But how? That’s where Synanon comes.” You can help by supporting this organization. Follow its methods and advice. If you’re in a position to hire, take a chance on a cured addict and give him or her a job.

“But perhaps the most important thing we can do is to surround our kids at home with the security that comes from love, setting a good example by our own carefree education on the miserable consequences of taking dope. In this respect, I want to thank TV Radio Mirror for taking such interest in the problem, I hope all its readers look into the subject of addiction, lend their help to stiffen the laws against smuggling and pushing dope, and contribute to work of Synanon. I hope this will happen especially with the teenagers who are a target for criminals who sell dope and try to make it seem glamorous and thrilling.

Dope is not glamorous, exciting—or even fun. It’s not fun to have a tooth — and when the multiple doctors are ordered to write a hundred times over and spread throughout your body, mind and soul! Who in their right mind would want to take this pain go on? Addiction is a hell on earth, and God grant the time will soon come when not even one human being will have to live in it.

—EUNICE FIELD

“ar the Steve Allen Show,” a Westinghouse live-on-tape production, is seen for 90 minutes nightly over many stations. Check local papers for your area.

CLINT EASTWOOD

(Continued from page 57)

contented pussycat. “It was a training thing, yeah,” Clint said unabashedly. “The whole relationship consisted of learning about one another. One thing Mag had to learn about me was that I was going to do as I pleased. She had to accept that—because if she didn’t, we wouldn’t be married.”

“I’m gonna run the show, you know,” he said laconically. “That’s pretty well laid out. That’s put together. She’s stuck with it. A man either runs the show or not. Unless I’m staying home and she’s supporting me or something—then I shouldn’t be running the show.”

A case in point, during the tender years of their matrimony, was when Clint airily dismissed Mag’s misgivings and went ahead with his acting career.

“Everybody recommended against it, including Mag,” he recalled. “She didn’t want any part of it. She was always reading in the columns about actors and actresses getting divorced. I guess she didn’t see marriage exposed to that kind of thing. I was going to college at the time, and she would rather have me continue.”

That was when Clint decided to set up a basic marriage standard—or double standard. Whenever there was a difference of opinion he would prevail.

“I have a very bad temper,” Clint acknowledged, “and I do what I want to do—which is another thing a lot of women will never put up with. If I want to go somewhere, I go somewhere. If I want her to go, I want her to go. If I don’t want her to go, I don’t want her to go.”

As a redeeming feature, Clint has consistently accorded his wife the same privileges. “There’s never been any jealousy in the marriage or anything like that,” he said. “She can go anywhere she wants to. If she wants to go away for a weekend to Vegas or Palm Springs, she can go. I trust her. If she feels bugged, if she feels like getting away by herself, I’m not so egotistical that I think I’m the greatest person to have around.”

When the shoe is on Clint’s foot, he takes off without ceremony—or apology. “I throw my golf clubs in the back of my car and I’m off. One time, I was tired of working and tired of anything to do with the job. I jumped in the car, went to Yosemite, down across Monterey and to a jazz festival. I have a nature, when my mind’s made up, I just do what I want to do.”

Recently, Mag found herself a television widow again when Clint embarked on a personal-appearance tour of the Orient. “Ralphie,” co-star Eric Fleming and Paul (Wishbone) Brinegar. There was no budget to take Mag along—but Clint bluntly admitted he’d have left her behind, anyway.

“To tell you the truth,” he said, “I just didn’t want her along. I just felt like going myself. I just didn’t want to be involved with having to look out for somebody else that was going to be touring around. It might be a pleasure for her, but it wouldn’t be a pleasure for me.”

He could feel persecuted if they were excluded from some part of your life,” he realized. “You know—they’d get the big persecution deal and go around moaning all the time. Maybe Mag does it, too. But if she does, she doesn’t do it in front of me. I do feel sorry about an awful lot of things, I guess.”

Even in that mood of searingly frank reflection, Clint was not overcome by remorse. He was convinced that Mag
had found contentment at least matching his own and that, if anything, his marriage had thrived because of his caveman tactics.

"I definitely feel I would never have been married this long if I had been at all wishy-washy," Clint said, untroubled. "If I hadn't been the way I am, I probably would have cleaned all the pressures. Women love this much more in the long run, and there's not a woman in the world who won't admit it if you pin her down.

"When women are running the ship completely, they might think they like it. But really, underneath, they're probably unsold about it. If they feel they're running the show, they wonder, Gee, what happens if something goes wrong? Then they're left by themselves."

During the first years—when his marriage was a catastrophe—Clint pitched in on the chores. But, even then, he never let Mag get any ideas that he was trading in his trousers for an apron just because he got along side her in the kitchen. "She'd come tired and I'd come home tired," he explained, "so we'd split it all down the middle. When I had time off, I did the housework. When she had time off, she did it. We'd cook half the time if we was strictly fifty-fifty, so far as that type of thing went.

"But I still always made the decisions. Doing chores didn't bother me because I always did 'em for myself, anyway. It was like being a bachelor again. I've never been defensive about masculinity. I never thought about it. Clay splashes don't interest me. I get more excited to the subject of men who, unlike himself, permitted themselves to be dominated by their wives. "Nowadays, it seems a lot of gals come from a family where the mother might be the dominating factor. They just grow up to think this is the way it's supposed to be. Then, when they marry some guy and he rebels—they can't understand it. They think something's wrong with him."

Clint not only insists on running the show—he insists on running a show that is not sloppy. Clint avoids overt demonstrations of affection as though it were against his religion. He might weaken on an anniversary or birthday, by coming up with a mink coat or a red Cadillac hardtop for Mag, but he covers up his emotion by making a crack about how long he expects it to last her:

"I'm not terribly sentimental," he asserted. "It gets maudlin, making a Federal case out of something. That's my pet peeve."

Of course, there was the time Mag was hospitalized with a critical case of hepatitis and the doctor said she was as ill as anyone could get without dying. Clint was worried still then. No matter how late he worked, he dropped by. He kept phoning at all times of the day and night, and sent a steady stream of flowers to Mag's room.

"You don't appreciate some things until they look like they might be shaky," he allowed, with typical understatement. "She was pretty shaky, I guess. When she came out all right from that, it was pretty good."

Clint was never more jubilant or thankful than the day he brought Mag home from the hospital. But even an event of that magnitude was not sufficient to break open the padlock he keeps on his emotions. "I just brought her home," he drawled, and I figured she'd be so happy to be out of the hospital that she'd be glad to be home and couldn't care less.

Unreconstructed and unrefined, Clint Eastwood had a warm sparkle in his eyes as he gave his wife her due for having the sense to know when she was overpowered, and having the grace—as well as the charity—to accept him as he was.

"If I felt that she's a lot sharper than she was a few years back," he said magnanimously, "Mag's not a dumb girl. She's learned to understand and she's learned to accept some of my faults. When I find somebody who accepts some of my faults, then I figure I really found a gem.

There was even more praise where that came from—although tempered, to be sure, in Clint's own laconic idiom. He had especially approving words for Mag because of the way she stood by him during the dog days of his acting career. "I wasn't able to get a job. We had trouble buying groceries. She stood by me pretty much. I'd had it low. The best thing she probably did—she kept her mouth shut.

Then Clint really got going on Mag's good points. "She's real," he said, a precipitously. "A lot of times she says what she thinks, which is good and bad. She's not a phony. She's honest, if close to being totally honest as any person I've ever met. I respect this.

"We still argue now and then. We have some beauts. And when we do, you can hear it around a few blocks. But," he added expansively, "she's as good a wife as you can get.

Clint wasn't the least bit vague about what was entailed in Mag's measuring up to his expectations.

"She must not get jealous about the fact that I'm constantly exposed to a lot of feminine creatures. And she has to know enough to keep her mouth shut when I'm having troubles."

Clint thought about it judiciously. Then he looked up with an agreeable smile. "For the most part," he nodded, satisfied, "Mag passes all that."

As for Clint Eastwood's wife, there is much to suggest that Mag has been on to him all along.

One afternoon recently, Clint was bemoaning the fact that it was four years since he had played a "heavy." He said that he would like to dig his teeth into a nice, meany part as villain. "Yeah," Mag drawled. "Wouldn't that be type casting? You could play yourself."

There must be some rewards for such bravery—and Hollywood's most outspoken wife-tamer admitted to one of them which means a lot.

"Sure, I tell Mag I love her," he said, with a crinon flush of embarrassment. "I'm that emotional, I'm not that reserved!"

—William Tusher

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BILLY GRAY

(Continued from page 33)

"The sack contained the remains of a
lid or can of marijuana that I had
acquired four or five months ago and
the only reason that it wasn't thrown
away was that I was too lazy to do it.
I don't remember how long it had lain
there or why I put it there. I am not
looking for an excuse for my behavior
or attempting to throw the blame on
parties other than myself but simply
trying to be objective enough to view
myself and my mistakes. My
career was in the year of age was
one marked by heavy responsibility. My
mother and father had parted, and I
came 'the man of the house' and 'the
breadwinner.'"

You just sit in a probation examiner's
office and try to keep from trembling
while you answer his questions.

Yes, at the age of six, to support your
family—which consisted of your mother,
and an older brother and an older sister
—you became an actor.

Yes, you were quite successful as
an actor when you were child.

Successful enough, of course, that you
were successful as an actor. So suc-
cessful at becoming other people that
you could never quite figure out who
you were. Maybe that was why what
happened happened. Maybe you even-
tually had to do something to prove
who you were. Maybe you had to prove
that there was someone named Billy
Gray, someone who really existed at
night after the air lights were turned
off and the cameras were turned off
and all those other little boys were
ucked away in their cans of film.

On September 13, 1952, Billy Gray
was 14 years old—Billy Gray was declared
a ward of the Juvenile Court and re-
 leased to his mother on probation.

He had entered a Department of
Recreation auditorium with the intent
to commit burglary. Yet he did not
commit burglary. In an auditorium he
found himself unable to steal anything.

A little over a year later on No-
ember 30, 1953—he was considered
by the court to have made "a satisfactory
adjustment on probation" and the case was
dismissed.

By this time, he had been hired to
join the family that was to be his family
for the next six years—the amazingly
successful television family of "Father
Knows Best." He was 16 years old
and he was to play Bud, the middle of three
children and the only boy.

As awkward, engaging, teen-age Bud,
Billy Gray's biggest professional
problems were how to keep a date with two girls
for the same dance or whether to report
himself for accidentally cheating
on a test. It is a measure of Billy Gray's
talent that he was touchingly convinc-
ing as Bud, the disciplined,
responsible, well-loved, and completely
lucky life that Billy Gray had never known.
Billy Gray's years as Bud were an irony
made all the more painful by the different
world to which he returned each
night.

Even at the beginning, Billy was mak-
ing several hundred dollars each week,
but it was much too late for money to
make up for the effects of other things.
As his television mother, Jane Wyatt,
was to write of him eight years later,
in an effort to keep him out of jail,
"Nothing seems to make up for a shat-
tered childhood with love denied."

On March 15, 1954, he was again
declared a ward of the Juvenile Court. He
had taken a YWCA course; had
taken a 1950 Oldsmobile for a joy-
ride; had stolen three blankets, a mat-
tress, and nine dollars from a hotel;
and admitted smoking six marijuana
cigarettes.

The probation officer who investigated
for him felt that "a lack of discipline from his
father," "rejection by his stepfather," and
"lax discipline by his mother" had
been important causes of his reappearance
in court. However, he was again
released to his mother.

A year later, he was reprimanded
by the Court because of several traffic viola-
tions and once again returned home
on probation. Again the probation re-
ports characterized his mother as "in-
effective" in helping him. But this time
his older brother and sister tried to
supply the missing supervision and
guidance, and he was only once more
involved—a foray driving with a sus-
pended license—during the next six
years. Then...

"After steady employment for six
years, I found myself out of a job, ex-
remely lonely, and having much free
time. I did not use the time altogether
carefully.

You sit in a probation examiner's
office and try to answer his questions.

What did it feel like when they told
you there wasn't going to be any more
"Father Knows Best?" Funny, you
didn't think about the money at all. You
thought about your family. What did it
feel like to have someone kill your family?
What did it feel like to have to inter-
cept them and to discover that the boy-
ish face and short, slender body that
made you so successful as a child actor
are worse than useless now? Because
now you are 21 years old and suddenly
you're supposed to be tall and broad-
shouldered. What did it feel like to
walk into a hundred offices and be told
the same thing. "You're a good actor, Billy.
I know you could do it. But we've got to
have someone taller, some-
one who looks older?"

He had used marijuana a few times
when he was 16. For kicks. Now he
had turned to it once or twice. But this
time he needed more than kicks. This time
he needed to escape from a frighten-
ing world.

"I met some people at the beach. They
didn't become my personal friends,
but they did give me a source of
smoke and I became interested in
whether it wasn't going just right, instead of
getting drunk I would smoke a marijuana
cigarette. My threshold is quite low.
Over a couple of years—on and off—
I probably didn't average more than
a couple of marijuana cigarettes a week.
Sometimes I used it more intensively."
But just escaping wasn't enough. He needed more than escape. He had lost his family and he needed someone. He married 20-year-old Paula Quarrell, an Italian exchange student. After their separation, he felt even more alone. Yet even in his emotional agony, he was wise enough not to graduate to sleeping pills or heroin; and he only used benzedrine occasionally. And eventually he had guts enough to try to stop destroying himself. He asked for help.

"After two years of individual therapy with... a clinical psychologist, I began to get a clearer view of my problems and also started doing something about them.

"I enrolled at Los Angeles City College and spent one and a half semesters studying and actually enjoying the fact that I was applying myself. My relationship with my family improved to the point of understanding and love. "In general this period was one of awakening to my potential as a human being. Although during this time I had smoked marijuana, its use was becoming less and the seven years [of being in a car at the time of his arrest] were from the last marijuana I had acquired. In the six months previous to my arrest I had been very uncomfortable whenever I was smoking it.

"Evidently the need or needs that encouraged the use of it in the past were gone. I had proved to myself that through determination and concentration I could accomplish things that I am proud of. I realized for some time that whenever I smoked marijuana it is not something I can be proud of."

But it takes time to understand yourself. It takes time to change. Days of time. Months of time. Years of time. And at 2:45 A.M. on Sunday, March 25, 1962, time ran out for Billy Gray.

**Trapped**

Deputy Sheriff William G. Burke and his partner, Robert Carroll, watched a 1957 Oldsmobile drive slowly and "erratically" up Gardner Street in West Hollywood. Carroll looked at Burke. Burke nodded. And they glided silently behind the other car.

What does it feel like to be trapped? What does it feel like to live out your nightmares?

You get out of your car and stand blinking in the middle of the street. One of the officers scribbles something in his book. You discover later that it is a note that you got out of your car with "a slow and staggering motion."

They flash a light in your eyes and make you sit. Your pupils fail to react. You're suddenly aware that your pants are wrinkled, and you try to brush the wrinkles out. But they have already noticed your clothes. They have already made their notes about "a heavy odor of alcohol" and a "strong, musty odor of perspiration." When they ask you to show them your driver's license, you open your wallet and your hands tremble. And in their notes they "fumbled open" your wallet "and then stopped as if in a daze."

Suddenly the silence is unbearable. You have to say something. You tell them that you had been drinking a few beers, that you were on your way to a party.

But Officer Burke merely walks past you and opens the door of your car. He notices a white plastic bag under the driver's seat. He smells a heavy strong odor which he suspects is marijuana. He puts the bag carefully away and then he turns to you.

"All right, son," he says. "You'd better tell me all along with us."

While you wait, the bag with its eight grams of loose green seeds, stems, flowering tops, and leaf fragments is taken to the crime laboratory for analysis. The analysis confirms what the officer suspected. Each and every one of these items is marijuana.

What does it feel like to be trapped? What does it feel like to live out your nightmares? What does it feel like to hear yourself charged with "the violation of Section 11530 of the Health and Safety Code: Possession of Marijuana"?

It feels like someone has kicked you in the stomach. It feels like your guts are spilling out. It feels like you want to cry.

And later—much later—maybe you do cry a little as you listen to a letter written in your defense. A letter written by the person you most want to respect you—the sweet, warm woman who married you on television for six years. A letter that says... "I met him eight years ago when our TV series, 'Father Knows Best,' began."

"At that time he was 16 years old and didn't seem to have any parental supervision whatsoever. His home life has been very poor indeed. In fact, I believe he has been away from his family since he was 17."

"He is extremely talented as an actor and has a good mind which has never been properly trained. During the six years I played his mother in 'Father Knows Best,' we saw him through various troubles, but we also watched him develop character and a stronger sense of responsibility. When last summer I took him with me on a seven-week tour of the eastern summer theaters, I found that he had developed enormously. He was the first to arrive at rehearsals and the last to leave. He gave a magnificent performance and grew in stature each week we played."

"In fact, he was one of the mainstays of the company from the point of view of morale and discipline. I was tremendously proud of him and encouraged him and it was most disheartening to hear of this current problem of his."

"You know, he has been going to Los Angeles City College, which I feel is a step in the right direction. Unfortunately, he has not had any jobs as an actor for a year. And I think this has left him at loose ends. He has fallen in with the wrong crowd with this landscape business."

"During the eight years I have known Billy, I have always been able to count on his telling me the absolute truth. I feel we must all have great charity for those poor victims of broken homes and irresponsible parents."

"Nothing seems to make up for a
shattered childhood with love denied."

Do you squirm in your chair in the probation officer’s office as you listen to Jane Wyatt’s words and feel the shame of your failure to win her respect—or anyone’s respect? Do you suddenly want a cigarette so that you can escape to that nice, soft marshmallow cocoon? If so, nothing seems to make up for a shattered childhood with love denied. So it’s not fair to blame you. And yet...

There isn’t any marijuana in the office and there isn’t any escape. You get wounded by the broken glass of a shattered childhood and the scars never go away. But when that childhood is irretrievably distant, there is still the problem of living in the present.

The present... and the future—

Maybe you stand up then, as though to face the fact that you are going to spend 60 days in a county jail road camp. It’s hard to struggle to your feet. Your knees tremble and there seems to be sweat trickling down your thighs. But you stand and you have the guts to say...

"[The smoking of marijuana] is, in fact, only a very large step downward. That is not a direction I intend to go. This arrest and conviction is without doubt the point at which I have stopped entirely this personal and socially unacceptable behavior. Not only because of the immediacy and gravity of the situation, but because it echoes my own self-induced despair."

And as you say the words, suddenly they are more than words. They are part of that truth from which you have been escaping. And you know, really know, that you are on your way home at last.

—The End

(Continued from page 31)

NIKITA KRUSCHEV

a go of it in business and that he would bring a little one into the world. The little one was born in 1927, on a westbound train somewhere between Tucumcari, New Mexico, and San Antonio, Texas. A star is born. Shortly after the infant came into the world, his father decided that his offspring was going to be a movie star. In fact, he decided this before the baby was even born.

Our hero wanted to be a star, he loved being a star, and he took to col- loidul like other babies take to milk. His father produced two pictures with his son as star, one after the other. The first was "Plane Crazy," a satire on The Lone Eagle, Charles A. Lindberg, who had just completed the first solo flight over the Atlantic. Our screen hero, hardly able to walk but very pre-cocious for his age, managed to act and look like Lucky Lindy, even to ruffling his hair just like the real-life hero did.

Satire worked once, why not try it again? This time our star poked fun at the reigning male movie idol of the time, Douglas Fairbanks Sr. Fairbanks always starred in films in which, as a kind of early-day, acrobatic superstar, he bounced around rightful wrongs, foiling villains and rescuing fair maidens. Our hero made Fairbanks' most difficult feats do look easy, and he went on to perform stunts and accomplish rescues which were unbelievable, except that they were happening right there on the screen.

There was a villain in these films. Named Pete. This bully tried to abduct our hero's girl in "Gallopin' Gauche" (that's the name of the picture), but our star rode to the rescue.

It's time to say it bluntly, Comrade Nikita, no matter how much it might hurt you. In close-ups, sometimes, Pete, brutal bully, looks remarkably like your predecessor. You know, the guy you replaced. Joe Stalin.

As for our hero's girl—the one he saved from Pete and the one he was to save time and time again in future

films—well, it was love, true love, on screen and off. Neer at love between children, if you will. Call the whole concept "bourgeois sentimentality." But bear in mind that they did love each other, that he was enslaved by her charms from the very beginning.

Anyway, with a third feature, "Steamboat Willie," almost completed, it was time for our hero to head for New York to peddle the pictures to distributors. He arrived in Manhattan and was swept up in a revolution. He had sunk all his money into these three "silent" films. What could he do?

Well, Nikita, the first thing he did was not do a thing. Rather, he did do things. He mortgaged his house (to a capitalist bank), talked his brother (our star's uncle) into mortgaging his house (also to a capitalist bank), and converted his Moon roadster (that's a brand-name, Dick,, into one of this make) for $1,200, he completed "Steamboat Willie" by synchronizing sound, words and music into the film.

So great was the success of "Steamboat Willie" that within a week it was moved to Roxy's, a much larger theater. "More," the public shouted. Within a short time, "Plane Crazy" and "Gallop- in' Gauche" were synchronized. (You probably never saw any of these films, Nikita. After all, Joe Stalin didn't want you contaminated by "capitalist culture.")

Some of his fame—and perhaps the names of some of his films—must have seeped through to you. "The Opry House" in 1929, "The Birthday Party" in 1930, and "The Cactus Kid," in which our hero spoofed the Western badman, Billy the Kid. (Our star was always doing that, Nikita, pooh-poohing American heroes. You see, Americans have the ability to laugh at themselves.)

From everywhere (Soviets Russia ex- cepted) came praise, direct and indirect, for this star of stars. He was a hero around the world.

Now, Comrade, it's time to come to a most delicate matter that has to be handled with great care. The "relationship" be- between our hero and actress Mary Pick- ford, America's Sweetheart. In a mo-
Our hero was a success. But remember, it was not because of his talents. It was because of the extraordinary circumstances in which he found himself. His star image was enhanced by the tragic death of his wife. The press portrayed him as a tragic hero, and the public flock to see him in his final role. And the industry was quick to cash in on his success, releasing films that capitalized on his persona.

His role as the tragic hero was not just a matter of luck. It was the result of careful planning. The studio knew exactly what the public wanted to see, and they were able to deliver it. The studio also knew how to create a sense of impending doom, building anticipation for the film's release. And when the film was released, the studio marketed it as the ultimate tragedy, with all the makings of a classic. The result was a massive commercial success, and our hero was hailed as a cinematic genius.

The studio's marketing strategy was a masterstroke. They understood the psychology of the audience, and they knew how to play to their emotions. They created a sense of urgency and excitement, and they delivered a product that met the public's expectations. The result was a film that was both critically acclaimed and commercially successful. The studio's strategy was a lesson in how to create a hit, and it remains relevant today.
Shirley Booth

(Continued from page 43)

"And your work is fulfilling?" The very lift almost imperceptibly. "Perhaps," says Shirley softly, "it would be better to say—it fills."

The thoughtful, honest correction confirms what has always been obvious to everyone really close to Shirley at the time she was married. As one friend said: "She's copped about every award and kind of recognition you can think of, including the best. She was a great wife—and I think the most happy in that role."

When Shirley's husband, H. W. Baker Jr., died in 1951, the word was that she'd never work again. Theirs had been one of those ideal marriages not based on publicity releases. With his death, Shirley lost something far more dear than her Broadway fame or rave reviews from the critics.

Close friends and those who worked with her stood by and watched helplessly, as she wandered through the days as though she were walking in her sleep. One friend told how she thought she had become deaf because she appeared to hear nothing and see even less. Her private world of love, for almost ten years, had quickly crumbled and didn't seem to have the slightest interest in attempting to pick up the remaining pieces to start over again.

"If you're trying to ask me if my feelings for my late husband affect my work," Shirley now told me quietly, "the answer is yes. I think I am more sympathetic to the characterization of Hazel than I would be, if he were alive. Hers is much more of a human heart, a sense of humor than mine, but I understand her not wanting people to feel sorry for her. She says and does things the rest of us wouldn't have the nerve to say or do—although we'd like to—but underneath we know that kind woman is who identified with the Baxter family because it is the only one she has. Without them, she'd be alone."

"And without the Baxter family, would you be alone?"

"I'm alone, but I can also be alone without being lonely," she said staunchly.
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GLAD Sue

FOUND OUT ABOUT

MIDOL

IT HAPPENED THIS MONTH

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Is It Casey...

Your article was degrading to Casey—he was beaten down and all the praise was for Kildare. Why praise Kildare so? Why not Casey? To me, Casey is the best ever. If one of the docs has to go, let it be Kildare, because Casey has earned his career and he's doing a fine job. I'll stick with Casey no matter what—and so will thousands of others.

M. Downs, Mt. Vernon, Ill.

TV's Forgotten Man

After reading your article, my blood reached a roaring boil. Don't you think you're overdoing this George Maharis bit? It was a pleasure to pick up your magazine and find an article on Marty Milner at last, even though the article infuriated me. I'm in favor of the nice-guy type, and Marty's always been my favorite.

A.J., Pleasantville, N.Y.

I just finished your article on Marty Milner. I have just one thing to add—Amen!

Marty Milner Fan, Orlando, Fla.

Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! I love Marty Milner and I love TV Radio Mirror for writing about him. It's been absolutely killing me to see all those articles about that arrogant George Maharis popping up in every magazine I look at these days.

Lucy Keyes, N.Y.C., N.Y.

... or Kildare?

I'm on Dr. Kildare's side. I've always been on his side. I've been going to doctors a mighty long time, but I've never gone to one who's so blunt and cold as Dr. Ben Casey.

B. Powell, Portsmouth, Va.

Who's a Rat?

I thought your article about Mickey Mouse, the Capitalistic Rat, was just great. I know, of course, that the struggle between Democracy and Communism is a serious problem. But perhaps more articles like yours would help. There's nothing like a sense of humor to ease a situation.

D.L., Reading, Pa.

What's all the fuss about? So Marty Milner's a nice guy. Big deal. Didn't anyone ever tell you that nice guys finish last?

Arlene Finch, New Orleans, La.

As far as I'm concerned, the only possible reason for preferring Marty Milner to George Maharis is if you just happen to like blond men better than brunettes. George will always be number one with me.


Even though I prefer George to Marty, I think it was only fair to have a story about Marty. I never knew he was supposed to be the star of "Route 66." That really surprised me.

E.L.J., Youngstown, Ohio
Calling All Fans

The following fan clubs invite new members. If you're interested, write to the addresses given below—not to TV Radio Mirror.


Brian Hyland Fan Club, Barbara Edelstein. 9231 W. Lisbon, Milwaukee 22, Wis.

Troy Donahue Fan Club, Roger Bauer. 623 E. State St., Algona, Iowa.

Rick Nelson Fan Club, Charlene Malterer. 4688 Bassett Rd., Route 1, Atwater, Ohio.

Brenda Lee Fan Club, Larry Vogel. 500 B Grand St., New York 2. N.Y.


Bobby Vee Fan Club, Anna Niel-son. 5046 S. 4660 W., Kearns, Utah.

George Mairhas Fan Club, Cathy Mr. Alice, 16 Boutwell St., Pawtucket, R.I.

Theme Songs

We've received many letters asking about theme songs of popular TV shows. Here is a list of those asked about most frequently:

Armstrong Circle Theatre—“Long John Silver,” “New Horizons”

The Guiding Light—“Romance”

Great Challenge—Beethoven’s Symphony Number Three

Millionaire—“Whirlwind”

New Bob Cummings Show—“Gay Blade”

Sky King—“Cracked Idol”

Sunday News Special—“Golden Trumpets”

Professional Football—“Dominion Day”

Saturday News—“The Visionaries”

Write Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, 265 E. 42 St., New York 17, N.Y. We regret we cannot answer or return letters received.

Vote Today—A Gift Is Waiting For You!

We'll put your name on one of 400 prizes—and all you have to do is fill out and mail this ballot. This month the prize for the first 400 ballots we receive is “Princess of Monaco. The Story of Grace Kelly,” the complete and moving story of Grace's life—from her childhood days right to the present. Be sure to mail your completed ballot today to win this book.

Please mail this ballot on a postcard and send it to TV Radio Mirror, Box 2150, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York.

MY FAVORITES ARE:

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THE NEWCOMER I'D LIKE MOST TO READ ABOUT:

THE FAMOUS PERSON, NOT IN SHOW BUSINESS, I'D LIKE TO READ ABOUT:

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TVR 12-62

5
Wedding Belles: John Gabriel, wowing Hollywood in the lead role of "A Family Affair," musical about a Jewish wedding, is eyeing Anja Comer, green-eyed actress from Dawson, Texas. The segment he did for "The Untouchables" was such a smash, it may be stretched into a TV series—with Gabriel, Dane Clark and Joseph Schildkraut starring. . . . Bill Holden's daughter Virginia wed to U.S.C. professor Dr. Aly Baylor and "blissfully happy living the quiet life with the man I love." . . . Are the nuptial bells about to ring for Rick Nelson and Chris Harmon, lovely daughter of Tom Harmon and Elyse Knox? The Harmon's and Nelsons are old friends and, since the birth of David's little Daniel, Rick has been showing a strange fascination for helping sis-in-law June with feeding, rocking and burping. Is he practicing?

This Is The Virginian? In the novel on which this series is based, the hero is described as a courtly, gallant man of few but profound words. James Drury, who is trying to play this role, is offending his fans, the press—and panicking Revue execs—by bawling out commissary waitresses, flying into unaccountable rages in which he insults television and its audience, and generally showing contempt for his fellow actors, some of whom have long held a fond place in the hearts of millions. Not only does Drury—nicknamed "Dreary" by many crew members—fail to live up to the qualities of "The Virginian" . . . he hasn't the least resemblance to the tall, quiet, strong man once played by Gary Cooper and Joel McCrea.

Happy Talk: Gracie Allen her own perky self at a party. . . . Brett Halsey and Debbie Loew to wed. . . . And George Maharis has a

No real blows for Tony Martin and M. Berle . . . but friends worry about Sinatra (below with Eddie Fisher, Harpo Marx).
"funny" to tell about a woman who writes letters to the show's producers, enclosing maps of the U.S.A. marked with a red "X" to show the location of the latest episode. It usually indicates that the action is taking place miles from "Route 66" . . . her terse comment: "Alos, the boys are lost again!"

**Dick's Mail Bag:** At least 12,000 letters come to Dick Chamberlain each week, MGM estimates. They come from all kinds of people, especially women, and some are stronger than science-fiction. "I'm fat and ugly," wrote one lady, "and dieting is no help. The only time I feel weightless is when I look at you, Dick—because then I'm in orbit."

**Large Ha-Ha:** Sighed Earl Holliman to Andy Prine, during their "Wide Country" shootings, "I sure could use a large set of china in my new home in Laurel Canyon." The following Tuesday—Earl's birthday—a large package was delivered to Earl from Andy. It consisted of 92 pieces of china . . . not the set Earl had desired, but a large salad dish carefully broken into 92 fragments! . . . Bobby Vee off to England to see Helen Shapiro, the Isle's top femke lork.

**Best Rear, Best Leer:** A joke "prize" has been given to John Astin, comic co-star of "I'm Dickens, He's Fenster."

The trophy shows a man slipping on a bonono peel . . . in honor of Astin's "5,000th pratt-fall"! He has also copped another award—for the "best leer of the year"—in "Touch of Mink." . . . Bob Walker, deciding he was too skinny, worked out with a trainer, put on 15 pounds of muscle . . . and was promptly signed to do a "Ben Casey," flat on his back as a bedridden invalid! . . . Eddie Hodges just bought his first car, a cobalt blue T-bird. "I wouldn't say it's fast," sez he, "but my neighbors call it 'cobalt blur'."

**Rollin' Along:** Ty Hardin, divorced from Andra Martin, hitched to Marilyn ("Miss Universe") Schmidt. . . . Dwayne Hickman over the virus and dating Carol Christensen, newly baptized in his Catholic faith. . . . Peter Breck, so popular in "Black Saddle," up for role in "Night of the Iguana." . . . Vic Morrow, starring in ABC-TV's "Combat," to direct Jean Genet's "Deathwatch."

**Having Thunderful Time:** Myrna Fahey's two weeks in Hawaii were a ball—eight-ball, that is. On her second day, a thunderstorm broke out and she was hit in the head by a surfboard. She then got tonsilitis . . . and, the day after leaving the hospital, cut her hand on a piece of glass. An optimist, Myrna hoped her troubles were over when she embarked for home . . . but just after passing the point of no return, the plane lost an engine. She finally reached home and went out to dinner with good pal Joe DiMaggio. Soon as she sat down at the table, a squad took flight from a neighboring table and landed—gravy on all—in the lap of her new gown!

**Turn of the Dial:** While of the Sahara in Las Vegas, Eve Arden confided that she has been watching her old movies on TV. "I never saw them in the old days. I had no interest in the flip old-maid type I played. But time moves on, and now I'm glued to my set—watching that lovely young creature who was once me." . . . Eddie Hoy Jr. of "Fair Exchange" reveals that he and President Kennedy have something in common: Foy's real cognomen is Fitzgerald—J.F.K.'s middle name. Another point in common: Foy's brother Bryan is producer of "PT-109," the film based on the President's World War II exploits.

**Cara Williams** talked her best girl friend Joan Connors into buying a pet ocelot. Said cat slashed Joan's new rug, drapes and couch to shreds. Joan is having its claws removed . . . and, oddly enough, she and Cara—who's pictured on this page with her little boy John Barrymore III—are temporarily not speaking. . . Oddly enough, she and Cara—

Gay chat: Gracie, Brett & Debbie . . . son John still speaks to Cara . . . Eve and husband Brooks West like old movies!
This slim young guy Richard Chamberlain, who gets so much of the fan mail at NBC, turns out to be a blunt-spoken bloke who speaks right out—particularly about “Dr. Kildare.”

Chamberlain, who got famous playing Kildare, doesn’t always like Kildare. “He’s grown up this year,” he said. “But last year I had the feeling I wouldn’t trust this guy near me with a stethoscope. . . .”

Let alone with a surgical instrument! Chamberlain last year, would have preferred to be operated upon by Dr. Ben Casey.

The six-foot-one, milk-drinking, beef-eating, 26-year-old TV hero confessed this as we had dinner at the Plaza Oak Room in New York. . . . “They are writing Kildare a little better than last year,” he said, while being constantly interrupted—even in the smart Oak Room—for autographs. “When we come to a point in the story where he has to be incredibly naive, I sometimes speak up. . . .” He doesn’t say to the writers, “Hey, this is lousy!” Instead: “When something doesn’t feel right, I merely say, ‘I think there’s room for discussion about this. Why don’t we pick it apart?’”

“Somebody has said,” I told him, “that Dr. Kildare is cornball, whereas Dr. Ben Casey seems to want every operation to be a failure.”

“No. no!” said Chamberlain. “I haven’t seen Casey a lot. But I think people confuse Vince Edwards’ personal image with Dr. Ben Casey. What I’ve seen have been good. . . . If anything much is wrong with Kildare, it’s that he gets too involved with his patients for his own good.”

It made Chamberlain a little uncomfortable to be compared with Clark Gable. (An NBC press release had mentioned that MGM reported his fan mail was the greatest since Gable was there.) “I wouldn’t particularly like to walk in Gable’s footsteps,” he said. “He got caught in a personality trap and it nearly drove him mad. He wanted to play other kinds of parts, and couldn’t.”
“Do you think you can change your image so you won’t always be Dr. Kildare?” we asked.

“I’m trying,” he answered, “to increase my competence to deserve the acclaim I’m getting.”

“What else do you want from life?”

“I’d like to have some money,” he replied. “I like money.”

“Why?”

“Merely to put it in the bank and know it’s there.”

And, with that, Chamberlain had to depart, for he was getting up early to ride in a parade before thousands and thousands of people.

“Do you just love a parade?”

“I don’t understand them, I never did understand parades . . . they’re bewildering. You smile and wave and it’s so apt to look like you’re phony. I try to pick out one person in the crowd and wave and smile at that person, and it doesn’t seem so phony.”

He added, however, that parades are more fun for him now than they were a couple of years ago. “My first parade was in Gardena, California, before ‘Kildare’ had started. They were just starting the promotion. There I was, trying to wave and smile, and I was very embarrassed . . . because I could hear the people saying, ‘Who is that?’”

FEARLESS FORECASTS:

Garry Moore may become the “East Coast Danny Thomas,” now that he’s starting independent TV production with a series planned for Marty Allen & Steve Rossi, who are, themselves, the “new Martin & Lewis.” . . . Eddie Fisher would be well received on TV now, based on my mail on the subject. It’s running 2-to-1 in favor of his returning, with only one in three still angry at him, for leaving Debbie Reynolds for Liz Taylor, and saying he shouldn’t be back . . . There probably won’t be any publicized battle about the romance of a new woman star and her beau, who’s a producer (he sure is—he’s the father of eight children!) . . . because, as one TV Row character was saying, “Could you imagine being his lawyer in a divorce case, when eight kids come walking into the courtroom!”

We followed Jackie Gleason around recently, studying his technique, as he helped improve the material in his show at a rehearsal. Actually, Jackie was sitting most of the time, but it was amusing.

Sue Ann Langdon was over in a corner with her husband, writer Jack Emrek. She was trying on her platinum-blond wig for the sketch.

Jackie and Sue Ann got up to run through it. A script girl, standing close, made changes in the dialogue which Jackie dictated on the spur of the moment . . . “What’s a nice girl like you doing in a joint like this?” Jackie asked Sue Ann, who was playing a floozy. “Well,” said Sue Ann, (Continued on page 12)
Douglas Edwards, Alexander Kendrick, Richard C. Hottelet, Daniel Schorr, Robert Trout, Allan Jackson,
etc.!

Etc.? Any news enterprise would be happy to have such “etc.’s.” Not only the men pictured here, but all the other correspondents like Charles Collingwood, Dallas Townsend, Ned Calmer, Eric Severide, Walter Cronkite, Larry LeSueur—and on and on. In fact, over 750 “etc.’s” make CBS News one of the biggest news-gathering organizations in the world.

And one of the best. It has been described as “far and away the ablest news staff in broadcasting.”

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For informed, intelligent reporting . . . for complete, accurate and immediate news coverage . . . keep tuned to your CBS Radio station.

The CBS Radio Network
"my mother—" "Hold it," Jackie interrupted her, saying, "make it 'My ol' lady,'"

Jackie also switched the music around. "Over here," he mentioned at one point, "we need some music like the old Warner Bros. pictures, with Bette Davis running to catch the train. Remember that? Real schmaltz."

Then Jackie wandered over to the bar set up there in the Terrace Room of the Henry Hudson Hotel and got a large laugh when he leaned on an elbow, scowled, cleared his parched throat—looking like the toughest man there ever was—and said:

"Cherry smash, please."

"DON'T PRINT THAT!" One of the big TV names is staying out of New York and Hollywood—where he could make big money—because his ex-wife would grab him for alimony. So he'll remain a minor-leaguer.... That onetime night owl, Hugh Downs, who used to go to bed around 3 A.M., now hits the sack around 8 P.M. because of his chores on "Today." He has dinner with his wife and children just before. "In one way, it's wonderful," says Mrs. Downs. "For several years, Hugh never knew whether he'd have a regular dinner—because of all the work he had to do at those hours."

Hugh will get occasional breaks from the rigid early-morning schedule with excursions to resort cities, but there's little chance he'll deviate from the "live" format. He's insisted that he would only do the show if he could do it live—"there's so much that can happen between the taping time in the evening and 6 or 7 o'clock next morning!"

George Jessel's constant attacks on TV are amusing—though they don't seem to have hurt it much. I asked Dick Van Dyke whether he thought TV is "show business."

"Of course!" he said. "Why?"

"Because George Jessel says it isn't—he says TV is the advertising business."

Dick grinned and acknowledged that Jessel has a point.

"Take your biggest stars of TV... Garry Moore, Arthur Godfrey," Jessel said. "They don't know what a backstage looks like."

He meant that they were qualified in buckstering, but were actually more public salesmen than actors.

"But what about Lucille Ball, Jackie Gleason, Bob Hope?"

Van Dyke challenged. "You can't say they've never been backstage."

Dick didn't bring his own name into it—but he's been an actor in the real sense, too.

Richard Egan's lovely wife, the former Pat Hardy of the Copacabana line, has been with him while he and Terry Moore have been shooting part of the new "Empire" series around Albuquerque and Santa Fe, New Mexico.

"While driving around in my car one day," Pat says, "I decided, 'Maybe I should drive over to Las Vegas and play the slot machines for a half hour.' I'd noticed signs saying 'Las Vegas, 67 miles.'"

"I mentioned it to somebody—who said, 'You're lucky you didn't, girl. That's Las Vegas, New Mexico, where there isn't any gambling! The Las Vegas, Nevada—that you want—is several hundred miles westward."

Are there certain people on TV whom you hate—and love to hate? Do you ask yourself, "Why do they let him (or her) stay on the air?"

Well, that's exactly why they do it! Producers of most of the panel shows know that the public just loves to hate somebody. They deliberately cast the panel so that there will be one person who will rub most of the audience the wrong way. They know that, as the show gets older, there will be people who will continue to watch it—not because they like the format, but because they can still froth and fume at disliking a panelist.

Some panelists stay on and on for that reason. Don't ask me to name them! But this idea is far from new. Some of the greatest advertising slogans have been those that were repeated so many thousands of times that the public got sick of them—yet never forgot them. And then there are political scientists who contend that very few Presidents were ever elected for their own popularity—but because the public hated another candidate and rushed to the polls to vote "against the man they hated."

Karen Sharpe—good enough to win an Emmy nomination for acting, six years ago—is just one of the many females who feels TV hasn't done right by the ladies.

"After Donna Reed and Loretta Young and maybe a couple of others, what TV series uses women?" she asks. "And if you did get a job in a series, would anyone use you afterward for anything else? What will Amanda Blake do when 'Gunsmoke' folds?"

—That's Earl!
To the club-owner, Belafonte means *business* . . . to the television network people, Belafonte means *ratings* . . . to the record stores, Belafonte means *records crossing the counter* . . . to the fans, Belafonte means exciting performing, ethnic excursions and dramatic experiences. But to the people around Harry, who contribute their talents to his desire and need, no matter in what capacity, Harry Belafonte means hard work.

Some performers feel that plenty of time is enough time to work out tunes and arrangements and all the extra-musical loose ends that need tying up. With Harry there is no limit. Only trial and error, until the tune shapes up or is, as is the case with a great deal of material, shipped out.

Harry is a demon when it comes to rehearsing his own small combo, which travels with him. But no one hollers, since Harry works as much as anyone. He will sing a tune until, almost naturally, it begins to shape itself. It would appear that he tries to become so familiar with a piece that its structural points, lyric message and vitality, cannot remain hidden under the seeming complex of chords, words and melody. After this, there may come the beginnings of a musical backdrop. This may take even more time. It may require different instruments: a mandolin, or a conga drum, a triangle, tambourine or bongos! Whatever it needs, it will get. The only criterion here is “Let’s Do It Right.”

Of course, there’s always the folk problem. Harry is a folk artist, and this provides him with another bucket of work which is: *I cannot take this piece, by arrangement or interpretation, out of its idiom and I cannot just sit back and do it like another artist has done it.* To find a new, fresher way to do it can mean only one thing: more work!

Harry looks ahead always. The resourceful people in his Belafonte Enterprises organization are always trying to secure more creative conditions for him. I had the pleasure of visiting part of a Belafonte recording session last year. The reason I say *part* is that it ran, I believe, five days. That’s with sleep, of course. It cost, probably, a lot more than most albums, but it was more than just an album. It was a great album. There is an infinity of difference. It’s that difference that makes you want to buy, hear or see Belafonte—and not someone else.

Harry’s tastes musically range from serious music to jazz and folk. His own expression, of course, leans heavily on folk. I believe he sees in folk music a naturalness that our urbanizing direction is fast suffocating. Harry, as you probably have gathered from his recordings, takes his lyrics quite seriously. He instills whatever quality and intensity is required by the words he sings.

Folk music generally is the voice of the people who did not write books or symphonies, but used song to air complaints or joy. Harry is honest enough to give fullest consideration to the message, as he is an accepted instrument through which it or they, the countless voices of the past, speak.

Well, Harry Belafonte continues to grow in stature. There seems no end to his finely wrought output. I have a sneaking suspicion that it’s all wrapped up in *that* one word: work. It reminds me of what a famous classical composer once answered when asked how he came by his genius. “Ten percent talent, ninety percent sweat.” Well, he was being modest, but there is a little more than *some* truth in his answer. Only through hard work does a man earn the title of a good custodian of his talent. Harry has earned it. Just work. Hard work.

That’s Harry Belafonte’s well-known secret.
1. Hollywood tipped its hat to Johnny Mathis at a shish-kebab party. 2. Gar Clarke is big on TV’s “The Virginian,” but his wedding to Connie Stevens looks as far off as ever. 3. We’d like to hear more of Jeanette MacDonald, here with Dore Freeman of MGM. But she still sounds as good as she still looks. 4. Remember Eddie Fisher’s last opening night in New York—as staged by Liz? This time, Eddie made the plans himself, and it was Ann-Margret who promised to fly to his side. 5. Juliet Prowse was there, too—on stage with Eddie and break
6. Andy Williams' new show may start a trend to bring singers back to TV. Meanwhile, his love songs are for wife Claudine. 7. And Tony Martin's are for Cyd Charisse. 8. Kirk Douglas checks with Liza Minnelli for news of her mother, Judy Garland. Both Liza and Judy were ill, but both snapped back fast. 9. Pat Boone huddles with old pal Randy Wood. And how about that new, sexier image of Pat's? 10. Vic Damone could've danced all night with pretty Joan Staley.
POPULAR

★☆☆☆Johnny's Greatest Hits, Johnny Mathis (Columbia)—This package is not a new one, but a re-issue. Columbia has—to quote them—“electronically re-channeled for stereo” sound. (Whatever that means!) At any rate, the tunes are some oft-heard big ones. “Chances Are,” “It’s Not for Me to Say,” “When Sunny Gets Blue,” just to mention a few. Johnny is heads up throughout the proceedings, rarely deviating from the highly polished performances we've come to expect from him. The arrangements are adequate and unobtrusive. “The Twelfth of Never,” a tune partially lifted from a vintage folk song, is my particular cup of tea; but there is a wide variety of colors and attitudes, so all you musical gourmets are bound to find something for your taste buds.

It's gloweringly apparent that Mathis has carved himself a comfortable corner in the House That Bing and Frank Built!

★☆☆☆Tony's Greatest Hits, Tony Bennett (Columbia)—If you're really looking for an album worth the money, look no further. This album is just loaded with the big ones. “Stranger in Paradise,” “Cold, Cold Heart,” “Because of You,” “Rags to Riches,” “Boulevard of Broken Dreams,” “Just in Time” and some others. (I'd say those cuts alone constitute a buy.) Another plus in the presence of “Sing You Sinners,” a tune that is associated with Tony's night-club act. It's interesting to see, all in this one album, Tony's musical development marked by “Boulevard” through “Just in Time.” It sure is a collection. The package itself has a fine candid of Tony singing at a Chicago nitery. It's also what Columbia calls “electronically re-channeled for stereo.” (This, I trust, means very little if the originals were not cut in stereo.) A big talent performing the big hits. Recommended.

★☆☆☆I Remember Hank Williams, Floyd Cramer (RCA Victor)—Well, here's a bagful of the happy sound that only Nashville, Tennessee, can turn out. Strings, voices and the “hominy” piano of Floyd Cramer cooking up a batch of new arrangements of the great Hank Williams' classics. Included are the Williams hits like “Jambalaya,” “Cold, Cold Heart,” “Hey, Good Looking,” “Your Cheatin' Heart,” and religious vehicles like “House of Gold” and “I Saw the Light.” I guess I need not tell you about Floyd's tripping piano. You have all heard him, I'm sure. I can tell you, though, that on this album he's in rare form. Swinging all the way. The strings and voices pace Floyd's piano beautifully. In fact, now that I reflect on this whole album, it should please nearly every fan. The kids will dance to it, you may find yourself singing to it. It's that kind of album. I like its utter lack of pretense. It just rolls on naturally. I'd buy it. As pop albums go, this one is definitely a winner.

★☆☆☆A Taste of Honey, Martin Denny (Liberty)—Before I'm accused of favoring this album (because I wrote the title tune, "Honey"), let me first tell you that—my own composition aside—the album is first-class in material and performances.

Mr. Denny, though not a favorite of mine in the past, has dented my armor here. Maybe it's because we find him in a jazz-exotica groove. The music makes interesting listening, and also good dancing music. For Denny fans, the group is the usual vibes plus rhythm section, with Martin's dynamic piano being featured all the way. Among the tracks that delighted your reviewer were the beautiful "Black Orchid," the movie theme, "Walk on the Wild Side," Dave Brubeck's surprising hit-chart jazz piece, "Take Five." "Stranger on the Shore" gets a casual, lip-service interpretation. "Clair de Lune," the Debussy masterpiece, gets an interesting Latin treatment, with some jazz moments, and "The Wild One" rounds out the real winners. The added plus is the inclusion of Denny's hit single, "Honey." All in all, a very good buy. Liberty Records can be justifiably proud of this package.
In my Way, Barbara Dane (Capitol)—This newcomer is one you're going to hear much about. Miss Dane is a big-voiced belter in the grand tradition of Bessie Smith and Ma Rainey. It's almost unbelievable that this bright-haired girl from Detroit can very impressively re-create the "twenties" feeling. (It just goes to show you that the truths of Bessie Smith and the other grand shouters are too wonderful to have been forgotten with passing years.) If you're looking for some exciting musical fare, let this fireball charm your ears off. She is capable of it. Barbara Dane, that's the name. (The band is also great which provides the backgrounds.)

Golden Encores, Eddie Heywood; orch. cond. by Hugo Winterhalter (Liberty)—Eddie Heywood is a true example of style. He came by it honestly, too. It's taken him no short time to arrive at his personal modus operandi. He has been part of the music scene for many years. (Some young fans may not remember Eddie's famous rendition of "Begin the Beguine," "Canadian Sunset," which is included here, was the beginning of a comeback, along with several other tunes—the titles elude me—which Eddie started after literally years of illness. He climbed right back into the saddle and he's been riding there ever since.

This album is sort of a tip of his hat to some exceedingly popular and very musical tunes. "Exodus," "The High and the Mighty," "Like Young," "Tonight" and "Maria" have all found their way in. Eddie, very comfortably, puts them through the paces. It's not gangbusters, but the subtle work of a pro. Eddie gets to the core of each tune and unravels its essence. He can charm!

Softly As I Leave You, Matt Monro (Liberty)—Rarely is it that an album like this one falls into my hands. A comparative newcomer record-wise, good tunes, polish and much good musical intent. (Included here is Matt's near hit, "My Kind of Girl," which may bring him into focus for those who are not acquainted with the name Matt Monro.)

His musical identity, at present, is rather colored by some obvious Sinatraisms, but they are more like conditioning than imitation, and that in itself constitutes no corner on that market. There is a bunch of Sinatra-influenced and orientated singers.

Matt's ballad singing is much more original in expression than his swing things. "Softly as I Leave You" and "Portrait of My Love" are the high spots, along with "My Kind of Girl."

I, for one, would like to see Mr. Monro grow in stature through recognition, as he embodies what I like to think is the grand tradition of pop music. Good readings, good material, sensitive arrangements and a non-gimmick approach vocally. So if you've got the money . . . investigate.

"Route 66" Theme and Other Great TV Themes, Nelson Riddle Orch. (Capitol)—This album was a disappointment. Only "Route 66" and the "Ben Casey" theme take wing. The rest get rather poor treatments, considering what we're used to expecting from Mr. Riddle. As a matter of fact, the "Defenders" theme is almost comical in its complete lack of imaginative writing. The theme from "Naked City," which was written by Billy May and happens to be a favorite of this reviewer, was also clobbered.

Why anyone would record such themes as "The Alvin Show," "My Three Sons," "The Andy Griffith Show" and "Sing Along With Mitch" is beyond my ken! (The inclusion of the themes from "Checkmate," "Dick Powell," "Gunsmoke," the beautiful "Playhouse 90" theme, even "What's My Line?"

which has a pleasant jazz feel—would have made the album palatable.) By Jove, even a commercial theme would stand up to the aforementioned. Oh, well, it's your money.

Drinking Again, Dinah Washington; arr. and cond. by Don Costa (Roulette)—The "Queen" has made better albums than this, but she's always worth your money. Here we find her in that
"I've-lost-my-love-and-I'm-sad" groove. The big minus is the relative difference between what Dinah needs, arrangement-wise, and the arrangements here. It doesn't always jell. As a matter of fact, it's like that most of the way through this album.

Dinah rises when a tune really cries for a sensitive reading, but she also takes it easy by cutting the phrases. This can get tiresome when listening to six songs in a row on one side of an L.P. where the tunes are under-arranged and Dinah is really heavily clipping phrases—there's much silence.

The collection of tunes includes: "Drinking Again," "Just Friends," "I Don't Know You Anymore," "On the Street of Regret," just to name a few of the more interesting tracks.

★★ "Things" and Other Things, Bobby Darin (Atco)—Aside from "Things," Bobby's recent hit, and "The Beachcomber," this album remains unalterably pedestrian. It would appear that some of these tracks are a few years old. They are certainly not representative of Darin's talent to this reviewer. This seems to me to be a collection of experimental tries at the singles market. As a package... Well, it's a question of what you want.

JAZZ

★★★★ Dizzy, Rollins and Stitt, Dizzy Gillespie, Sonny Rollins and Sonny Stitt (Verve)—For the jazz fan, this album is a must. Some of the playing here is the best I've heard on record in a long time. There are only four tunes on this album. The shortest track runs just under nine minutes. The longest and possibly the best—"The Eternal Triangle"—runs fourteen minutes. More than enough time for everyone to have his say.

Sonny Stitt's playing on "Triangle" is near-incredible. He steals the show, to the ears of this reviewer. His solo on Dizzy's beautiful composition, "Con Alma," is just a bagful of flying fingers.

Sonny Rollins' playing, though good, appears at times a little chaotic. But on "After Hours" he finds a groove. And presiding here is the high priest of bop, Dizzy Gillespie. Dizzy, year in and year out, remains—along with Miles Davis—the core of the modern jazz-playing trumpet. In this album, Diz is no less strong than he ever was. His solos on "Triangle" and "Con Alma" are stimulating excursions.

A special word should be mentioned about the rhythm section. It's comprised of the Bryant brothers, Ray and Tom, and Charlie Persip at the drums. Ray's solos add the proper dash of spice which offsets the horns. He is one of the new growing giants of the jazz piano. Brother Tom holds down the bass fiddle dept. admirably. Charlie Persip keeps the pulse charging and churning. His solos, though not epic, are effective. Three giants—plus a growing one—makes four stars. And that's the rating.

★★★★ The Compositions of Horace Silver (Riverside—Jazz Master-Comp. Series)—Here's an album that's like an anthology. Every track on it features a different jazz group, all pulled from Riverside's large catalogue of jazz albums. Of this whole Composers Series that Riverside has put out, I believe this album to be one of the best.

Horace's classic jazz lines get admirable treatments, most of the way. The two exceptions to the otherwise-high level were Bobby Timmon's unaccompanied piano solo on "Home Cookin'", and the inexcusably bad arrangement of "Peace" which features Blue Mitchell's trumpet amongst a string and brass ensemble. (The trombone intonation was near-hopeless on that track.)

Among the winning interpretations were Nat Adderley's vital playing on "Sister Sadie," Blue Mitchell's playing and Tadd Dameron's arranging on "Strollin'," Joe Harriott's group playing "Senor Blues" and the wonderful Wes Montgomery playing "Ecotechn." Horace has the capability of making things clear in his writing. It's largely economical writing. His form is mostly a natural action from inside to out. It rarely ever feels like he has imposed a form upon material. His attitude melodically centers around the blues, its scale and harmonic scheme. He invariably relieves melodic sameness through rotation of harmonic roots. Other than that, it's fun to listen to Horace's writing. It possesses the open and exhilarating quality his own nature has.

If you are not familiar with Horace's writing, this may be an interesting excursion. Bear in mind, this is jazz.

I like this album because it's sort of an objective look at Silver's writing. I'm so used to hearing Horace do them that part of the interest is hearing others read something else into them.

★★★ Solar, Red Garland Quartet (Jazzland)—Red Garland's particular kind of jazz piano-playing sort of sneaks up on you. It's not an imposing type of expression but rather like a mist that slowly, and quite unnoted, envelops you. This album finds Red covering a large area of grooves. Some light and tinkling things, some bright and boisterous ones, some fresh Garland tunes.

Accompanying Red are some fine talents. Les Spann, who served an apprenticeship with Dizzy Gillespie, on guitar and flute—plus Frank Gant and Sam Jones, drums and bass, respectively. The solos, needless to say, are first-rate pourings. The recorded sound, on the other hand, leaves much to be desired. It's rather nasally.

All the technical aside, the album is worth having. The wonderful, almost period-ish "I Just Can't See for Look-
ing," Red's very sensitive interpretation of "The Very Thought of You"—which, incidentally, has some interesting Les Spann flute-playing on it—the title tune "Solar," Red's own compositions "Blues for News" (which is a minor blues), and "Marie's Delight" (written for Mrs. Garland) are all gems.

LIGHT MUSIC

★★★Curtain Up! Fennell Favorites, Frederick Fennell cond. the Eastman-Rochester "Pop" Orch. (Mercury) — This album is one of many albums just released by Mercury in its new "Curtain Up!" series. For the most, it's an interesting series. This particular album is a compilation of conductor Fennell's favorites. It includes classic pieces and light pieces of short duration. They all fall into the "favorites" category. Among these vignettes are a quartet of Leroy Anderson classics ("Sleigh-Ride," "Fiddle-Faddle," "Blue Tango," "Syncopated Clock"), two Percy Grainger pieces ("Country Gardens," "Molly on the Shore"), and single pieces by composers ranging from Schubert through Debussy to Granados.

All the pieces are performed competently and recorded so as to compete in the sound market. (You know, stereo and all that.) Grainger's "Molly" is a strong track. Debussy's "Clair de Lune" gets a very sensitive treatment, and the Anderson pieces carry themselves along.

Another "Curtain Up!" album released with the aforementioned is "Gershwin Favorites." It features both the Eastman-Rochester and Minneapolis Symphony Orchestras—Howard Hanson and Antal Dorati conducting, respective-

ly. It comprises three popular Gershwin works, "Rhapsody in Blue," "Cuban Overture" and the exciting "American in Paris." Eugene List is heard as guest pianist on the "Rhapsody."

Another "Curtain Up!" album features symphonic dance music. Dorati and the Minneapolis Orch., Fennell with the "Pops" Orch., and Paul Paray conducting the Detroit Symphony make up the personnel. The pieces range from waltzes by Strauss to Khachaturian's "Saber Dance" and Copland's "Hoe-Down" from "Rodeo."

As series go, this Mercury set is a good contender. It definitely makes the three-star listing easily.

MOOD MUSIC

★★★★Rendezvous in Paris, Michel LeGrand (Philips)—This is one heck-of-a fine album. From the choice of tunes, to the polished arrangements and performances. Michel LeGrand can easily be called, in this reviewer's opinion, the finest arranger in Europe. (Only in England is there competition, in the talent of Robert Farnon.)

On this album, Michel paints us his Paris. A Paris of sights and sounds, of love and adventure. Throughout every tune, the incredibly high level of taste that LeGrand possesses is always in evidence. A subtle jazz feeling permeates the proceedings. Mind you, it's texturally jazz. The melodic material of the tunes remains intact. The orchestra is extremely large but never cumbersome under LeGrand's deft hand. Though there is a brass section here, the burden of work is carried by the strings. And they do sing!

It's an April feeling that comes off this album, but tinged with an autumnal briskness. The air is full of Parisien magic. The wonderful magic of LeGrand. The tunes include: "C'est Si Bon," "Melodie d'Amour," "I Wish You Love," "Pigalle," "Petite Fleur,” and some other tasty French pastries.

Michel LeGrand has done it again!

CLASSICAL

★★★★La Creation du Monde, Suite Provençale, Comp. by Darius Milhaud; Charles Munch cond. the Boston Symphony Orch. (RCA Victor—Soria Series)—Darius Milhaud is unquestionably one of the finest composers living today. A composer who embraces structure-rich sonorities and coloristic orchestration. He is the possessor of a musical talent suited for any area. Theater, ballet and concert, all find some Milhaud work solidly entrenched in their respective repertoires. These two works are related—at least, their beginnings—to the theater. "La Creation" was written for dance. (The "Suite" was originally an incidental score for a play called "Le Trompette de Seville.")

"The Creation" was inspired by jazz. The instrumentation and quality of the piece can be called nothing other than jazz-like. Of course, it's an early jazz period in style. It expresses, in character, the "twenties," when one considers its jazz materials, but Milhaud's genius gives it the chance to stand the passing years. As to its musical intent—and by that I mean the use of jazz materials in a serious piece—it preceded Gershwin's fine efforts. (Its program is an African conception of the beginnings of life.)

As good as "The Creation" is, I feel stronger about the "Suite." This piece, which was welded from the themes of an incidental score, is impossibly alive with color and dynamics. Heavily French—and Southern French, at that—it rolls before your eyes, through its tonal imagery, all of the Provencal countryside. It's quite magical. Munch, who just recently retired at seventy, gives both works beautiful readings. RCA can be proud of its Soria Series.

The packaging (jacket and booklet—which is eleven pages long, full of photos, a Cezanne print and the romance of both pieces—are choice) is tasteful and built to last. That's as it should be with such a truly classic L.P.
SINGLES

1) One More Town/She Was Too Good to Me, Kingston Trio (Capitol)—If “One More Town” isn’t a hit, I’ll eat the record. This winner finds the boys for the first time with a complement of strings and brass. You’re going to hear this one plenty. Flip is good, too.

2) A Taste of Honey/The Old Cathedral, Lenny Welch (Cadence)—Another interpretation of “Honey.” This time a new lyric and a definite market rendition. Lenny Welch is a lad to watch. He’s got the makings of a star. “Cathedral” is not a bad effort, either, but it’ll need help. Strong record.

3) Anna/I Hang My Head and Cry, Arthur Alexander (Dot)—I’m taking a flyer but I think “Anna,” with plenty of exposure, could be a big one. Arthur wrote it and sings it like he means it. The other side is not as strong. Could be...

4) If a Man Answers/A True, True Love, Bobby Darin (Capitol)—I believe this is Darin’s first singles effort for Capitol—and it is good. “Man Answers” is the side. Bobby belts it out in fiery fashion. Flip is maudlin. Look out for the first. Both tunes are written by Bobby.

5) She’s Changed/I Catch Myself Cryin’, Mark Dinning (MGM)—A very strong contender for hit honors is “She’s Changed.” Tricky lyric with Mark doing sort of a Mathis-like job with it. Mark can be congratulated for writing it, too. A good, strong competitor, this record.

6) Portrait of a Blonde/Theme From Hong Kong, Hank Levine (Dolton)—This could be a sleeper. Hank Levine has conjured that blonde right into existence. It’s a rare kind of record, but I’ll take a chance and say I think it will mean something. Flip is par for the course.

7) See You in September/Summertime Goodbyes, The Quotations (Verve)—I really like this record! “September” seems a happy marriage of some musical and market elements. These chaps cover things nicely. It’s exciting, too. “Goodbyes” doesn’t mean too much. Good record!

8) You Won’t Forget Me/I Don’t Think So Much of Myself Now, Jackie de Shannon (Liberty)—This is the sleeper! Both sides are charging vehicles. Jackie sure is singing. “Forget Me” has the edge, but flip is definitely not to be overlooked.

9) He Thinks I Still Care/I Was Such a Fool, Connie Francis (MGM)—Connie could have a big one in “He Thinks.” It has that ballad groove she’s been lucky with in the past. Flip is palatable but a “B” side. Watch for this one.

10) Love Me Tender/All I Do Is Dream of You, Richard Chamberlain (MGM)—Well, here’s Doc Kildare’s next hit. He rejuvenated the Elvis hit, “Love Me Tender.” It’s a good performance. Whether the tune is still too fresh in people’s minds will be the deciding thing. Flip is so-so. It has that sound.

PIECES OF EIGHT

- Pianist Billy Taylor, who has been a popular disc jockey at WLIB in N.Y., made the move over to WNEW.
- Stan Kenton’s newest release is an album with Tex Ritter doing the singing. What an alliance! ... Damita Jo has been breaking it up at the Copa. ... Bob Crewe has come up with the winner. He produced “Sherry, Baby.”
- Bobby Rydell looks like he’s headed for movie stardom. There’s a lot of talk about this lad. ... “Point of No Return” is going to be Gene McDaniels’s next big hit. ... What has become of Page Cavanaugh?

What about the “Bossa-Nova”? “Descafinado” by Stan Getz started the whole thing. ... Charlie Ventura is back again with Gene Krupa. It’s been years since they worked together. ... Is there a Duke Ellington-Bobby Darin album in the offing? ... It’s just a rumor, but Frank Sinatra has not set foot into the Reprise Records office since its inception. Strange? He owns the Company!

Quincy Jones plus band at Monterey, California jazz gathering. ... Roulette sure is releasing those slam-bang Dinah Washington albums, one after the other, but who tires of the Queen of the Blues? ... Buddy Greco, with sweater, making the rounds on Manhattan Isle. Promotion, no doubt. ... Riverside Record’s “Wonderland” Series is one heck-of-a winner with the small fry. ... Till next month!
"WHY CAN'T WE CALL HER MOTHER?"

It was a little girl's question, asked years ago...answered years ago, by Ernie Kovacs. But Ernie's gone now—tragically dead in a car accident. And now that the question is being asked all over again, Edie Adams is alone to answer it. "I couldn't fight God to keep the man I love," she says, "but I will fight to keep our children. He was their father. She was (Continued on page 78)
But can they ever marry?
We have the story!

Dick and Clara walked out into the clear briny air, laughing softly like two people who share a rare secret. It did not go unnoticed that their hands were tightly clasped. A photographer darted out of the shadows, his camera already cocked. “Is it love?” he demanded. “If it ain’t, say so.” Dick shot back a quick answer. “Nobody’s going to make me say I don’t love Clara Ray. Sure I love her.” Then he paused and added teasingly, “... in my own fashion.” Instinctively, Clara echoed his mood. “According (Continued on page 67)
Troy Donahue
Suzanne Pleshette:

A KISS

TO BUILD
He pursues her with a fidelity—and gentleness—Hollywood didn't suspect Troy Donahue ever had! He's serious about Suzanne Pleshette, trying to prove he has all her qualifications for an ideal husband: Intelligence, humor—and no talent for carrying a grudge. No one doubted Troy's wit or forgiveness . . . but he kept his intelligence hidden—till he met Suzanne. Now he reads philosophy and gets more rest than he's had in years! Suzanne won't date on week nights while making a movie . . . and she's "the marrying kind."

So Troy moved into a large modern-Colonial house—just the kind she loves, she told him, as they drove around looking for a place for him to live. . . . For all of their "togetherness" now, this romance really got off to a bad start. The studio put out too much publicity about their dates—and each blamed the other. Troy admits he was particularly resentful because he considered himself more important at the time. "Now," he says, "I realize Suzanne is so far ahead of me in acting I could never catch up"

. . . strange confession from a man who's not only a movie star but hero of a regular TV series, "Hawaiian Eye"! With this new humility of Troy's, Hollywood can't help but wish him well in his campaign . . . even while many believe his kisses are getting him nowhere. If only Suzanne would start thinking less about her career . . . and more about Troy—as a future husband—what blissful dreams could come true!
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Loretta won’t talk about it—perhaps because she’s too much of a lady . . . perhaps because she’s saving her talking for the courtroom. There should be plenty of beans spilled there! You see, Loretta’s being sued by Portland Mason — and she’s suing right back!

But if Loretta is keeping quiet, Portland is not. In fact, she’s talking enough for both of them! (At fourteen, Portland is pretty precocious. After all, she’s been going to Hollywood parties since before she could walk — her parents, Pamela and James Mason, took her in a basket!)

When we turned the tape recorder on at our interview, mother Pamela was also present. She’s a good talker, too, but she didn’t get many words in that day. We asked about the five-year contract Portland had, to be Loretta’s TV daughter . . . we asked about her getting fired before she had worked one whole day . . . we asked what she thought of Loretta — and Portland was off like a shot.

“The way I happened to get the part,” she started, “was I went six or seven times to see them. Each time I went in looking very Vogue-model, I thought . . . (Continued on page 70)
Merv Griffin was trying to explain why his wife is ashamed to have people know they are married. "A few months ago," he told us, "somebody asked Julann why she didn't come around to the studio more and watch her husband's shows, like other wives do. She said, very frankly: 'I'm too nervous to come to the studio. I'd rather just stay home and sweat it out. . . . Besides,' she said, 'I think it's bad for the public to think that Merv is married to such a nut!' But as for Merv, he doesn't care who knows it!

"I first met Julann while I was singing on the Robert Q. Lewis show. That's going back about six years. Julann was Robert Q.'s secretary for a while. Then one day, on a hunch, he decided to put her on the show—just as somebody to gab with—and she was so hysterical that Lewis fired her as his secretary and she became a regular part of the line-up.

"We began to date. We had a lot of fun. We'd talk about getting married, once..."
She brought her roommate...
He brought his dog...

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"We began to date. We had a lot of fun. We'd talk about getting married once in a while, over the years, and-a-half that we went together. My career was coming along nicely enough—I could certainly afford a wife by now. There seemed no reason to keep putting off our wedding. But somehow we did.

"And then, one summer day in 1957, we were riding down Seventy-second Street, in my convertible, the top down, a beautiful evening.

"Very strangely, we'd both been quiet for about fifteen minutes.

"And suddenly it was as if I knew the time had come. And my great words were: 'Julann, this is ridiculous. Let's get married.'

"Her great words? 'Sure,' she said.

"And so we were wed, the following day. Very quickly. Frantically. With only my dog and Julann's roommate to give us their blessings.

"Both the dog and the roommate, in fact, spent our wedding night with us. And the roommate was definitely not dressed for the occasion. Before I go further, let me explain. The roommate was one of those store...

(Continued on page 85)
VINCE EDWARDS:

"I WANT TO BE A FATHER"
A shrug of the bull-heavy shoulders, a smile that manages to be shy, masculine and sincere all at once, and then the gruff, plain statement: "I'd like to put my mind to being a family man. After all," the smile widens to a grin, "I come from a long line of family men . . .

"The trouble is," Vince Edwards explodes, "I'd make a lousy husband!"

Of course, there are some who insist Vince is already a husband—lousy or not. Certainly, he and Sherry Nelson have a togetherness many a husband and wife might envy. But in this exclusive interview with TV Radio Mirror, Vince settles that question once and for all.

"Why should I lie about it?" he asks. "I'm not one of those rock 'n' roll kiddies. My image—or the image of 'Dr. Ben Casey'—is the more mature type. If I got married, nobody's dreams would be destroyed. No, I've got nothing to lose by admitting it if I were married. I'm not. Sherry is a wonderful girl who's been an inspiration to me since long before I got the TV series. I'd be proud to say so, if she were Mrs. Edwards. But I wouldn't wish myself on her or any girl at this time . . .

"I'm not a congenital bachelor or hater of family obligations. There's nothing I'd enjoy more than being a husband and father. I mean it. But I'm not a half-way guy. Remember, it took me eleven long years to grab off (Please turn the page)
a hunk of the spotlight. I'm ambitious by nature, and because it took me so long to step up, I'm all the more anxious and determined not to fall down now and go boom."

That the struggle left its scars is quite evident, but one thing that didn't get damaged is Vince's sense of humor. "When you're climbing," he grins, "you console yourself by saying, 'Wait till I hit the top . . . then I'll relax and rest.' But when you get up there, that's when you discover there's just no time to relax and rest, not if you want to hold on or even do a little more climbing. I'm not sore or bitter about the years it took to get me there. In fact, I'm grateful to be able to look back. I'm even grateful for the struggle. Believe me, there are a lot of fine actors around who may never get a break, and I'm aware of that, too.

"But I am wrapped up in my career. It's become a habit with me after all this time. Being a good actor now and a better one tomorrow is the big incentive of my life. I admit it. In a way, I'm glad of it. I wouldn't be true to myself if I started bleating that I'd rather be a hearth-and-homebody, watching TV with the family. Right now, I'd rather make TV than watch it. And I feel that anyone who gives as much of himself to just plain work, the way I have to do, would add up to a lousy husband and father. I feel I'd be cheating the girl who staked her happiness on marrying me. I don't think a woman in love is looking just for a man's physical presence. She wants him to be with her emotionally and mentally—and, right now, I couldn't be. My mind is usually on 'Dr. Ben Casey' and the next day's script."

"I hope, of course, that after a while the tension will ease up, and I can put my mind to becoming a family man."

And the tension may very well be easing up right now. No one was happier than Vince about the plans for Sam Jaffe, Bettye Ackerman and Harry Landers (he plays Dr. Ted Hoffman) to begin getting more to do in the show. If the work slows down, would his marriage plans speed up?

"They might," Vince admits. And no sooner is this concession out than he's back to worrying about the kind of husband and father he'd make. Vince has been engaged three times before—in 1951, 1952 and 1955. "Looking back," he says, "I realize it's just as well nothing came of those romances. I'd probably be out selling insurance or real estate like other actors I know. And most of them are miserable, they're so unsuited to it."

"I want a family . . . I come from a long line of family men . . ." 

"I don't believe you can make a wife happy with a checkbook."

"I don't want to cheat my wife . . . I don't want it half-way."

Vince feels strongly that actors, like other men, must meet the responsibility of earning a living for their wives and children. In his own case, the problem of money has always been a big one. When he first came to Hollywood, he was under contract for a while and drawing good money. He spent it faster than it came in. He had a sleek car, nice apartment—a closet full of suits. Then, as so often happens in Hollywood, his option wasn't picked up. "I learned a lot about money in the years that followed," Vince recalls. "Once I was down, not to three cents—but to a box of home-made fudge my mother had sent me. Between acting jobs, I lived on my unemployment checks, but there were some periods when even they were mighty small."

The problem of money, however, has by now been removed. His salary has recently been upped and will, in time, vault to a handsome $10,000 a week, "plus a piece of the action."

But Vince's early experience in Hollywood has paid off when it comes to money. He recently moved into a rented Beverly Hills house which, he says, will be furnished slowly. When Columbia Pictures approached him about doing trailers for "The Interns," Vince said he'd be willing to do it for free, since he felt the picture was a good one. When they insisted they wanted to give him some payment, Vince suggested they contribute a couch to his new digs—an indication that a much more practical streak is developing in Vince's character. A business manager is investing most of Vince's salary and he is living on an allowance—a necessity since two of his "habits" are the horses and picking up the check for old pals not yet in the chips. The rumor that these tendencies are keeping Vince broke, however, could hardly be true; after all, the hours he puts in give him little time for either.

We reminded Vince that he can hardly use "lack of financial security" as an obstacle to marriage now. He laughed self-consciously. "You got me there," he said. "But I don't believe you can make a wife happy by giving her a checkbook—you still have to give your time, your major concentration and your love . . . ." "When I (Continued on page 75)
DONNA REED:

Must My Children Pay For My Mistake?

Turn the page and read how one mother's worst fears almost came true!
It was all a dreadful mistake, Donna Reed thought, in panic. When a woman has everything she wants—a happy home, a husband to be proud of, four wonderful children—she'd be a fool to take any risks!

The older children didn't worry her so much . . . Tim was nine, young Tony eleven, Penny twelve, so they were in school a good part of the day.

But Mary . . . Mary was only one year old. . . .

It had seemed such a lark, making a TV pilot for her husband Tony. But she never really expected the series would be sold! Now that it was, the whole Owen family schedule would be turned upside-down . . . there might be psychological reactions she and Tony could neither foresee nor forestall. . . .

She was most frightened about Mary, she confesses today. "What would my being away do to her? I'd been with her constantly—had no regular nurse. I had devoted most of my time to her, and I was scared that such a drastic change in her routine might leave serious effects . . . I don't think I ever prayed so hard that everything would turn out all right!"

From the start, there was no doubt that "The Donna Reed Show" itself—now in its fifth season on ABC-TV—was a success. But the work schedule was every bit as much of a problem as she'd imagined . . . and the show's effect on her children greater than she could ever have dreamed.

At first, she wouldn't let Mary see it. She simply didn't want her
Mary's own mother acting as mother to two other children... and as wife to another man, called Dr. Alex Stone.

Finally, Mary did see the show. And Donna's fears were more than justified.

Mary was completely bewildered by Donna's "other life." One day, as Donna was leaving for the studio, Mary asked her wistfully: "Are you going to see your other two children today, Mummy?"

Donna felt as though someone had struck her. Suppressing sudden tears, she sat down and explained that the children played by Shelley Fabares and Paul Petersen were part of Mummy's pretend world—just like the boys and girls in the fairy stories Donna read to Mary. And Alex, portrayed by actor Carl Betz, was just her makebelieve husband.

Mary listened, wide-eyed and silent. "I understand," she said at last. "Shelley and Paul are going home with Alex tonight."

Donna knew she had failed. Another remark, about the same time, showed just how much the situation still needed clarifying! "Do you know," Mary told a friend excitedly, "my mother's going steady with Alex?"

"Fortunately," Donna sighs with relief, "this kind of confusion ended after a while!" It hasn't been just "good luck," however, that Donna's children haven't suffered from her work on TV. From the start, Donna Reed Owen planned everything carefully so they wouldn't have to pay (Continued on page 80)
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In the cool darkness of an Italian church, Jacqueline Kennedy knelt in prayer. And even in that sacred moment, the photographers followed her—it was their job. Other prying eyes—without the same excuse—also followed to stare and then to make a wide-open guess as to what was in her prayer. It was her sister, they said. They pointed to Jackie's meeting with a Knight of Malta (one of the highest lay titles the Vatican can give) and said that she had come to Italy for more than a simple vacation with her sister, Princess Lee Radziwill. She was there, they said, to put pressure on the Vatican—to get them to recognize her sister's second marriage. . . . It was the kind of half-truth, half-falsehood that makes headlines. The whole truth? Certainly Jackie might pray for her sister's marriage to be recognized by the Church. Certainly such a petition had been filed. But hardly by Jackie. Prince Radziwill explained (Please turn the page)
JACKIE KENNEDY: THE PRAYER THAT WAS ANSWERED IN HEADLINES!
that it had been filed by Lee—and before she had a sister in the White House. They are still wait-

ing for the Vatican’s answer—but whatever the

answer is, Jackie will have had nothing to do

with it. Unfortunately, it was the kind of calm,

logical explanation that doesn’t make headlines.

Jackie and Caroline had traveled all the way
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The Rev. Willis J. Ray, executive-secretary
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Jackie’s late hours “while away from the U.S.
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Her husband, halfway across the world, also
went swimming—and the crowd that gathered at
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Her husband, halfway across the world, also went swimming—and the crowd that gathered at the beach followed him right into the briny. Jack Kennedy did not escape Dr. Ray's notice, either. "Has a former President (Please turn the page)
of the U.S.,” he asked, “ever been caught in shorts with a group of women hanging on him as he made a public splash as our President did recently on the Western Coast? . . . In the seminary our teachers used to warn us never to appear in the public presence of a lady without a coat on, and here the President is appearing with only his shorts on.”

Even before Americans could agree or disagree with Dr. Ray, a London newsman named Cassandra (William Connor) leaped into the fray. “Since when has youth and grace and gaiety at the White House been improper?” he asked. “I would recommend to Dr. Ray that he look up some photographs of the wives of previous Presidents . . . They ranged the whole gamut of feminine beauty from the homely to the formidable, from the rolling pin to the battle-axe.”

Once Cassandra had his say, Americans had theirs. Perhaps the last word is in these exclusive pictures. Judge for yourself. —The End
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Why did Mike Wallace travel to the mountains of Greece to bring his dead son home?
he have to die now?

You’re Mike Wallace, and that means hard as nails. You’re Mike Wallace and you’ve earned, perhaps justly, a reputation as a “killer” with a sure instinct for the jugular vein. People, famous people, look on you with dread and curiosity. You have publicly probed their secrets, throwing tact, manners and mercy to the winds, exposing—for the world to see—the throbbing nerve of the human soul. You’re Mike Wallace, who gives no quarter and asks none . . . but today, at the simple sound of a ringing telephone, your lips go dry and your strong hands begin to shake.

For you are waiting for news of your son.

It has been three weeks now since Peter disappeared, three weeks since he left the group of students with whom he had been touring Greece, to walk alone to the isolated mountain monastery. No one has heard from him since; the State Department has notified his mother, your first wife Norma, that he is missing.

At first, of course, you shrugged it off. Peter’s a big boy, you thought proudly, weighs one-seventy, stands tall—he can take care of himself. Maybe he heard of a tennis match somewhere, you thought, laughing. He’d been chasing them all over Europe all summer.

But now, weeks have gone by, and you admit to yourself that it isn’t like Pete to let everyone worry about him this way. You begin to wonder if perhaps the hepatitis he had last summer has struck again . . . you hope to God he’s not sick in some little mountain village . . . you pray there’ll be news before his mother worries herself sick.

And now the telephone is ringing and instead of leaping for it hopefully as you have for days, you hang back; for some reason you wait. As last you pick it up—and then understand why you were afraid.

A body has been found. . . . (Continued on page 77)
Ray has a way with people, especially children. But on vacation in Portofini, Italy, he had his hands full!

The Raymond Burr I Know • by BARBARA HALE

The first time I remember meeting Raymond Burr, he was wearing his usual leisure-time outfit of blue denim pants, sweat shirt and tennis shoes. I remember asking myself: "This is going to be the dignified Perry Mason?" He was younger than I had expected from his movies, in which he usually played older menace-types. . . . What impressed me most were his eyes, which have an almost hypnotic quality. They are blue, with a very steady, piercing gaze. And his voice and manner were (Continued on page 87)
The Girl Who Is ALL-WOMAN

I often tease Barbara by saying there must be some deep Freudian meaning in the fact that she’s completely forgotten our first meeting. She’s under the impression that we met the day producer Gail Patrick Jackson called us to her office to sign contracts for the “Perry Mason” show. “Maybe you’re prettier than I am,” I tell Barbie, “but I’m smarter—because I do remember when and where we first met!”

It happened when we were both working for RKO in 1943. I was there briefly before she came out from Illinois. She certainly made a lasting impression on me. When I left for service again, I took with me the image of a bright, lovely and wholesome personality whose charm kept lingering in my mind.

During this interim, she met Bill Williams and, being no fool, he lost no time in snapping her up. Since then, I’ve followed her progress as a woman and actress with great interest. It is something of a hobby with me. I enjoy watching the growth of other people, much as I like to watch the unfolding of the orchids I grow as an escape from the pressures of work. When I have a part in this unfolding of talent, it is a source of genuine pride to me.

Though she doesn’t have the vivid and flamboyant personality of certain glamour girls, Barbie is a natural beauty and her quiet, outgoing friendliness affects people much longer than the splashier effects of others in show business. She is one of the warmest-hearted and most understanding women I know. She takes a real interest in people and their problems without getting nosy, and the nicest thing about this understanding is that it’s never forced.

If people have troubles, Barbie is eager to help. If they have happy news, she’s delighted to share it. She’s never, as far as I have observed, either condescending or envious of others. She’s a great listener, not only for the above qualities, but because she’s unobtrusive. She doesn’t overwhelm people with her offers of aid or comfort. But she has an instinct for the exact moment when the other person would welcome her advice or sympathy. I think it indicates that Barbara is a shrewd judge of human nature. She knows when a smiling silence speaks louder than ten thousand fine words.

I’ve been asked many times if Barbara in real life is as close-mouthed as in her role of Della Street. Well, in all honesty—and I’m sure she’d want me to be (Continued on page 68)

The Williams family—Bill, Jody, Billy, Juanita and Barbara—learn that what—or who—goes up must eventually come down.
The scream in the darkened room was shrill and piercing—the cry of a woman in intense pain. As it penetrated Aladdin’s consciousness and jolted him out of a deep sleep, he realized that it was his wife screaming! Quickly he switched on the night lamp. Louise lay beside him, her eyes wide and staring. She didn’t seem to know he was there. “Darling, what is it? What’s the matter?” he asked. He put his arm on her shoulder—and realized that she was shaking with fear. “My leg!” she moaned. “Oh... my leg!” She gripped her left leg under the covers, rocking back and forth in pain. “What’s happened?” he asked. “Do you want me to call the doctor?” Louise looked at him and, for the first time, seemed aware of his presence. Slowly she shook her head. “No. No doctor... he couldn’t do any good. It... it’s not me. It’s Bob. Bob’s been shot.” Bob? She could only mean one Bob—a friend of theirs, a Chief Petty Officer in the Navy. But Bob was in the South Pacific, fighting the Japanese... thousands of miles away! “How do you know he’s been shot?” Louise said nothing. Just looked at him. Soothingly, he put his arm around her, but she refused to be comforted. “He’s been shot, I tell you! I felt it!” She rubbed her leg again, (Continued on page 31)
Every month, a doctor looks at TV’s daytime dramas and tells you what happens in a marriage when...

HE’S OLD ENOUGH TO BE HER FATHERS

by ARTHUR HENLEY with Dr. ROBERT L. WOLK

When a widower with three children marries an attractive woman almost the same age as one of his own daughters, there’s bound to be trouble ahead... but not necessarily the kind of trouble you might anticipate! Take the case of Peter and Myra Ames, a scene each weekday (4 to 4:30 P.M. EST) on CBS-TV’s “The Secret Storm”... where Peter has been finding it increasingly difficult to make his marriage work and keep his family happy at the same time. Why? Is it because he’s too old for Myra? Or because...
can learn about yourself from them. This month—"The Secret Storm"

On one side—alone: Second wife Myra (June Graham). And on the other: Peter (Cec Linder) with his daughter Amy (Jada Rowland).

she's too young for his children? Or does the problem lie in another direction entirely? One based, perhaps, on personal conflicts between the husband and wife themselves? . . . We'll consider all these questions—and try to make our answers meaningful to you—by treating Peter and Myra as real people with real problems. As usual, my remarks setting the scene will be in regular type, like this, and Dr. Wolk's analytical comments will be in*italics*—like the paragraphs immediately following.  

*(Please turn the page)*
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Why does a man marry a woman much younger than himself? The healthy reasons are based on love. Neurotic reasons make love less important than the satisfaction of one's needs . an attempt to recapture his youth, a need to assert his masculinity and build up his ego. In the case of a second marriage, a man might choose a girl because she reminds him of his first bride—or because the loss of his wife suddenly makes him feel very old and only a lively young female can make him feel different.

A wide difference in ages doesn't necessarily mean the marriage is doomed to fail. If love exists, if the older partner has the physical stamina to keep up with the younger—if the relationship satisfies mutual needs—the couple can certainly make it work. However, when one or both have children by a previous marriage, complications may occur.

To understand Peter and Myra, we must first know how they came to find one another. Peter had lost his first wife—whom he loved deeply—through a tragic accident. He was left with three children: Amy, a teenager; Jerry, a bachelor in his mid-twenties; and Susan, nearing thirty and not too happily married. Myra, on the other hand, had never been wed and was well on her way to spinsterhood. A highly sensitive schoolteacher, she met Peter after having been of great help to his daughter Amy.

The path to matrimony wasn't easy for Peter and Myra. There were continual delays and difficulties. Most important of which was Myra's reluctance to finalize her marriage to Peter because she still felt a strong attraction to another man. When the latter tried to seduce her, she finally turned from him completely—but she required psychoanalytic treatment to help her do so.

Peter offered her security. He was an established businessman—who could have married his late wife's older sister. In choosing Myra, he turned his back on a woman who had found favor with his children, and took as a wife a woman who was comparatively a stranger to them.

When a man re-marries, he evaluates his second wife sexually, socially and domestically—and if his earlier marriage was successful, he'll undoubtedly seek someone who reminds him of the loved one he lost. Perhaps Peter knew his sister-in-law too well... which is why he spurned her for Myra, who challenged his masculinity.

But Myra appears to be a terribly disturbed young woman who hasn't yet resolved her social and sexual problems. Perhaps this is why she found Peter attractive. He is older, stronger, and offers her a ready-made family—meaning, to her, that he will make fewer demands of her sexually. His children, however, may be embarrassed by Peter's marriage because, in their young minds, they may consider their father's behavior foolish and "over-sexed!"

Peter's marriage to Myra created problems in the family from the start. Amy is fond of Myra. Older brother Jerry can take her or leave her, but would rather leave her. Big sister Susan—almost as old as her new mother—cannot accept her at all. And Myra, so unsure of herself, is unable to demonstrate any real warmth to win Susan over.

Susan and Myra cannot get along because they are rivals. To Myra, who looks upon Peter as a "fatherly" person offering refuge and affection, Susan becomes an interloper. To Susan, who demands her dad's total attention, any consideration on his part toward his second wife becomes unbearable. Here we have, in essence, the reason why a man must consider the needs of his children when he re-maries. He must, in fact, consider three needs: His own, his wife-to-be's and his children's. When he marries a younger woman, he must expect that a daughter almost the same age will vie with his new wife for his attention.

As troubles multiply, Peter is invariably thrust into the middle. Like many other men, he tries to act "neutral," refusing to take sides. But this very refusal seems to place him on the side of his children and against his wife. He's so understanding of his offspring, he leans over backward in order to "play fair" with them.

But is he being fair to his wife? And, in the long run, is he being fair to his children?

Peter is not being fair to anybody. And he is not offering emotional support of the proper sort to either side. By not taking a stand, he allows his children to take unfair advantage of Myra and helps to wreck his marriage. Although his first loyalty must be to his children, he must nevertheless play fair with his wife.

It seems likely that Peter experienced his "great love" with his first wife, and thus may expect more of Myra as a companion and housekeeper than as a sweetheart. But Myra has not had her "great love." She not only demands the security offered by a man of means but also craves the romance a lover would give. Her attitude may be unreal—but her needs are very real to her.

Once again, Myra has been forced to seek professional help. Earlier, her minister had sent her to a psychoanalyst. Now it's her family doctor who does so. And, this time, she consults a female analyst.

But, in spite of treatment, her relationship with Peter continues to deteriorate. She becomes interested in another man, lets herself become involved in an affair with him. Psychiatric treatment doesn't deter her, Peter becomes ineffectual in winning her back. The marriage seems doomed.

Is "single blessedness" better?

Myra's need for psychoanalytic treatment makes sense. The only thing that doesn't is her need to seek a referral from her family doctor, inasmuch as she had undergone such treatment previously. One gets the impression that Myra is really trying to avoid getting help, seeking an extra-marital affair to avoid coming to grips with the problem and—unconsciously, perhaps—trying to break up her marriage in order to return to her previous state of single blessedness. Marriage may have demanded too much of Myra than she could handle!

If Myra doesn't truly want such help, her previous analytic treatment could not have been successful and the later one would be doomed to failure, too. Such treatment must be responded to on an emotional (not an intellectual) level, if it is to be helpful. It makes little difference whether the analyst be male or female. The important thing is whether the patient truly wants help.

Myra may be the sort of person who just "goes through the motions," not really wanting to change at all. She may be unhappy, but her personality structure may make it possible for her to live with herself. She may always suffer—but she may suffer less as a single person than as a wife. Peter, however, might be able to help both himself and his family by seeking psychiatric treatment. He would find out what he truly desires, both for himself and for his children, and thus be able to choose more wisely if he decides to leave Myra and find a new wife.

The story of Peter Ames is, unfortunately, the story of many men in real life who suddenly lose their wives and then marry women years younger than themselves. "The Secret Storm" is refreshing, in that it acknowledges the weaknesses in human beings. So sit back, enjoy the story and try to learn something from it. But remember that Peter and Myra are only makebelieve, after all.

Next month, we'll take a look at another favorite TV drama and try to make it meaningful in your own life.
WHY TV STARS ARE MORAL!
WHY MOVIE STARS ARE NOT!

FOR THE ANSWER PLEASE TURN THE PAGE
TV vs. MOVIES
continued

If Liz Taylor wheezes, columnists flash the news to the world; if Liz Taylor sneezes, it makes the front pages; if Liz Taylor freezes Eddie out of her life, the story is blazoned in headlines; if Liz Taylor squeezes Richard Burton, everyone knows about it the next day—or the next hour.

And Liz doesn’t seem to care who knows the intimate details about her wheezes, sneezes, freezes and squeezes. Why should she? Exposure doesn’t hurt her career; on the contrary, it is the penicillin that keeps her career—and the careers of many other movie stars—very much alive.

But one woman’s penicillin is another woman’s poison. TV stars do care about their publicity—and for good reason. Bad publicity can kill them as performers, so they go out of their way to keep the details of their romances and their diaries private.

Take Loretta Young, for instance. She doesn’t expose the details of her first and unsuccessful marriage to actor Grant with the same gusto as Liz Taylor.

TV versus movies is a battle that continues to rage, and who wins is often determined by the power of the press.
Withers (she eloped with him when she was 17 and the marriage collapsed in less than a year and was annulled); the whole thing is a closed book and Loretta insists on keeping it that way.

Furthermore, there is reason to believe that Loretta's second marriage—to producer Tom Lewis on July 31, 1940—has been a marriage in name only for the past five years. Loretta and Tom were seen together last September at a charity affair in Hollywood, but there was no indication of a reconciliation nor has there been any formal separation. And there probably won't be a divorce (her religion forbids it and she takes her religion very seriously). For appearance's sake she continues (Continued on page 73)

1. ARTHUR GODFREY
2. LORETTA YOUNG
3. LUCILLE BALL
4. VINCE EDWARDS
5. LAWRENCE WELK
6. DONNA REED
7. CAROL BURNETT
8. RICK NELSON
9. LIZ and EDDIE
10. LANA TURNER
11. MARLON BRANDO
12. BRIGITTE BARDOT
WHAT'S IT LIKE TO CLIMB?
THE TOP?*

Not quite thirty-five years ago, the little town of West Plains, Missouri, was roused early one morning by the squawls of a newborn baby. Of course, there's nothing unusual about that. Lots of babies are born in West Plains. But the thing is, as this baby began to grow, people became more and more convinced that here was a boy born to be a sad sack. And even when his family moved to Danville, Illinois, his neighbors looked at him, liked him and then reluctantly they, too, decided that he was just a sad sack. In fact, more than anybody else, the boy himself was sure that he would never really amount to much.

Now here's the funny part: Today that sad sack is one of television's brightest, newest and definitely most here-to-stay stars.

"To tell you the truth, I never thought I'd make it," says Dick Van Dyke today. "And I know I'd never have stuck it out without my wife. (Continued on page 83)

* Says Dick Van Dyke: "We just can't get used to the 70¢ spread!"
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* Says Dick Van Dyke: "We just can't get used to the 70¢ spread!"
In love with another woman’s husband!

Carol Burnett never thought it could happen to her—but it did! Read the true story of her divorce . . . and of her new love for a married man!
This was the moment Carol Burnett had dreaded. She had been approaching it with fear since the very beginning—from the moment she first realized she was deeply, irrevocably in love.

Her hand trembled as she picked up the newspaper and read aloud the words that revealed to the world for the first time what had been her own personal, carefully-guarded secret.

“America’s favorite comedienne, Carol Burnett, is in love with a wonderful guy, and they expect to be married ‘when everything is straightened out.’”

That’s how the story began. It was bylined Dorothy Kilgallen. “The lucky fellow,” she wrote, “is Joseph H. Hamilton, handsome producer-director of the Garry Moore TV show.”

It was a big story—and a scoop. But there was much more to it than just the routine ritual of a guy and a gal in love. What brought Carol to the (Please turn the page)
In love with another woman's husband!

Carol Burnett never thought it could happen to her—but it did! Read the true story of her divorce... and of her new love for a married man!
Carol Burnett  

(Continued from page 59)  

edge of panic was this revealing paragraph: "He had approached his wife, the former Gloria Hartley, about a divorce, and hoped it would not be too long before they could come to an amicable agreement that would make it possible for him to marry Carol. The Hamiltons have eight children—five girls and three boys, ranging in age from thirteen to a year-and-a-half."

We have underscored the last part of that sentence to emphasize what was in Carol's mind and heart as she read the story, and the reply worried about those children... she was worried about Joe and his wife... and she was worried about herself. Carol was terrified that people might not understand how she now had become involved with Joe... that she might be accused of being a "homewrecker."

Carol wants the whole story told. The true story.  

Ordinarily, a story of an actress who falls in love with a married man has a built-in snowboard for adverse comment. Add to it eight children—and you have all the potential of a swan dive into a black pool of scandal.

But, remarkably and happily, this is not true in the story about Carol and Joe. Their love story has an incandescent brilliance which illuminates every facet of their relationship. There are no dark or shadowy corners which either party have to fear or be ashamed of. Their romance is—and has been—aboveboard from the beginning.

To start with, Carol admitted to Miss Kilgallen that she is "madly in love" with Joe. In turn, Joe told Dorothy that "the feeling is mutual."

It is quick to explain, not only to Miss Kilgallen but to all other newsmen who besieged them after the story came out, that their romance did not instigate or trigger the breakup of their respective marriages.

As TV Radio Minor notes readers know, Carol has been separated from her husband, actor Don Sanov, for nearly three years. They had been married in 1955, but separated in 1959 because of "our ego problem," as Carol puts it. Carol and Don parted after Carol hit the top with the Garry Moore show. "What made it really rough," Carol said, "was that Don is an actor, too. If he were a director or producer, it wouldn't have been so difficult. But I was making more money than Don. It didn't bother me—but it did him, since he's a man."

Joe Hamilton didn't have the same problem, of course. Gloria left him career except that of a housewife and busy mother. She was a devoted wife and Joe was a devoted husband. His success in show business is a page torn out of a rags-to-riches novel.

Joe came out of the Navy in 1946 after serving with distinction during World War II. He was full of ambition and drive—and full of hope. He auditioned with The Skylarks, but didn't make it. He tried later, made it, and sang five years with them. He also sang on such big video network showcases as the Dinah Shore show.

In fact, Dinah's show exerted such an influence on Joe that it proved the turning point of his career. By that time Joe and Gloria were married, and they had already started on their family. Joe decided to quit singing and turned to directing and producing.

Joe's marriage hit the skids early this year, and he was enjoying the greatest success of his career as director-producer of "The Garry Moore Show." Friends agree that Joe and Gloria had come to share "irreconcilable differences" which made their parting inevitable.

Carol, these same friends say, had no more to do with the Hamiltons' separation than Joe had with Carol's breakup from Don.

Nevertheless, no one is more aware of the implications of her romance with Joe than Carol, who is thinking concernedly about the children.

"Joe loves his youngsters," Carol says. "He is in awe of the complications of a divorce."

Actually, Joe has been living apart from his wife and children since late last winter. That was when he took a bachelor apartment in New York City. It was after then that Carol and Joe began dating, but discreetly. Up until that time Joe had maintained a close but professional relationship. It was strictly business and the business was strictly "The Garry Moore Show."

Garry had much to do with launching Carol into the show-business orbit. His encouragement and interest helped her to her great success.

There are people also who credit Joe for many of Carol's achievements, which were climaxd this year when she won an Emmy as TV's finest comedienne.

"We love each other"

Persons close to the "Garry Moore Show" say Carol and Joe began to betray their emotions for each other soon after he separated from his wife.

One of the people closely associated with that couple is: "It became apparent that Joe had more of a mere professional interest in Carol sometime after her announcement that she was leaving the show to strike out on her own."

"Somewhere it seemed to me that Joe felt he didn't know what to make of it, except that he assumed he had wanted Carol to stay as a permanent member of the cast."

"But Carol, of course, kept coming back for guest appearances with considerable frequency. After that, some of us began to notice a new warmth, a fine tension in the way Joe handled Carol. And Carol looked at Joe differently, too."

Miss Kilgallen said that one friend of Carol's and Joe's told her: "Those two could be in two different parts of a crowded room, and you could tell everything just by the way they looked at each other. They were as proper in their behavior as could be, but they might as well have sent up rockets saying, 'We love each other.'"

Carol herself had hoped and prayed that the story of her romance with Joe would remain untold until his divorce. She had succeeded in keeping it under wraps, and even went to great lengths to divert attention from it when she reached Las Vegas for her in-person appearance at the Sands—by going out with Richard Chamberlain.

Miss Kilgallen adds this comment: "Carol and Richard are about as much in love as Martha Raye and Rock Hudson. They're both pleasant people, and there's no reason why they shouldn't see each other—but Carol's real sweetheart is a handsome television executive, separated from his wife and mother, for the popular comedienne to get her divorce."

This column item appeared two days before Dorothy bustled the exclusive and named Joe Hamilton.

When I phoned the Sands after Miss Kilgallen's story appeared, Carol was locked in her suite with sister Christine, a 19-year-old whom Carol has been caring for almost since childhood.

"I didn't want to say anything," she told me, "but I don't see how we can hide something like this. Now that the cat is out of the bag, I guess it's just as well."

What about a wedding date?  

"Too soon to tell," Carol replied. "I'm here in Las Vegas on tour, but I'm taking advantage of my Nevada residence to file for divorce."

"It's all very friendly. Don understands that it has to be this way. We separated months ago. In fact, we had more to talk about since our separation than before."

"Don's in San Diego working as a resident producer and director for a musical theater. He's doing what he really wants, and it's only since we parted that he has begun to find himself. It was best this way."

Joe himself said that his separation from his wife also was amicable. He revealed further that he had discussed divorce with her and apparently she is willing to go through with it.

"We have come to an amicable arrangement," he said. "Things will have to be worked out. It'll take a little time."

Meanwhile, after her divorce, Carol looked ahead to a busy schedule, which included a trip to London to do a show. "I may stay through Christmas into early next year," Carol offered. "I hope to have Christmas during her school holidays. Then we'll come back together in early January."

"By that time, Carol hopes that Joe will have his divorce, too. Then they can live together happily as man-and-wife."

"There's a brief in postscript to this story. No story about Carol Burnett and Joe Hamilton can be complete without a comment from Garry Moore himself."

"Carol and Joe are wonderful people," Garry said. "They work together like no two people I know. They deserve all the happiness in the world."

—GEORGE CARPOZI JR.
That's South Bend, Indiana's Dorothy Frisk—who's a charming hostess both on television and in her home.

Dorothy Frisk is hostess of her own television show, "The Dorothy Frisk Show," seen every weekday at 12:30 p.m. on WNDU-TV in South Bend, Indiana. She also manages to keep a warm, happy household for her husband, a South Bend attorney, and four mighty active children. Dorothy's hometown is Muncie. There she attended Central High, then went on to Indiana University—where she and Arthur met and fell in love. Her start in show business was at WJW in Cleveland. When asked how she feels about her present show, Dorothy replies enthusiastically: "I'm completely and utterly fascinated with it. I've always been a ham at heart, and the best part of all is that I have ample time for my family. This is very important to me." Dorothy’s found a way to be a ham and a housewife at the same time, and everyone who knows her or watches her on TV agrees she's great at both!
with Martin & Howard

TWO'S A CROWD
Martin and Howard of KYW Radio in Cleveland have a zany flair for comedy and a big heart for charity.

Two is company—and a crowd—when the two happen to be Harry Martin and Specs Howard! The crowd comes in the persons of the many characters who wend their ways through "The Martin and Howard Show," heard Monday through Saturday, between 6 and 10 A.M. on KYW Radio in Cleveland. They are "Mildred Bourdallaise Brown" ("virtue is its greatest reward"); "Bart Gooch" (he sets off the fire crackers in Cleveland's Municipal Stadium every time a Cleveland Indian hits a home run); "Hum-Bug," the only choral-minded bug in existence (you don't sing along with Mitch—you go "bah" along with "Hum-Bug"), and many others whom Martin and Howard have created to the delight of their thousands of listeners. . . . Galveston, Texas-born Harry Martin is the more aggressive member of the team. He has a quick, original mind which is sparked by humor. He joined KYW in June, 1962, after presiding over the longest running number-one rated radio program in Southern California. . . . Specs Howard is the more patient, understanding and serious (but not somber) member of the team. He makes others laugh, and can also laugh at himself, so he's not lacking in the humor department. He began in broadcasting by building a station in his hometown, Kittanning, Pennsylvania, and joined KYW in the early '50s. . . . Both Martin and Howard are active in community projects, and have inspired drives to raise money for local charities. Their zany and wholehearted enthusiasm for money-raising campaigns somehow makes contributing a treat, and their campaigns have been tremendously successful. . . . Their wit and their wisdom have done a lot for Cleveland, and their fans are with them 100 percent.
Who said: "Always be kind to your mail boy"

To find the answer, read our story of Philip D’Antoni of the Mutual Broadcasting System...

Philip D’Antoni, at 33, might well be called a “boy wonder” in the world of broadcasting. Picked as one of the top ten young broadcasting executives in the country this year by “Sponsor Magazine,” Phil is Vice-President and General Sales Manager of the Mutual Broadcasting System. That’s pretty impressive at 33! . . . Phil was a professional jazz musician at one time, but his real start in broadcasting was as mail boy at CBS. As a matter of fact, he even had a special title—“Official Mail Boy” for Garry Moore, Steve Allen and Mike Wallace! Mike took an interest in him and got him a job as an assistant producer at CBS-TV. . . . Then, years later, Phil was working at Mutual and was instrumental in hiring Mike. Mike said then that this was “proof positive that you should always be kind to your mail boy!” . . . Since then, Phil has worked with many top names—among them, Bill Stern, Arlene Francis, Bess Myerson, Sidney Skolsky, Rita Hayworth and Leo Durocher. . . . Born and educated in New York City, Phil found out years later that he and his wife had attended schools directly across the street from each other! They finally met at a church dance and, two months after they met, Phil proposed—in a subway during the rush hour! . . . They live in a large Colonial home in New City, New York, which they’ve furnished in antiques. Besides Carol and James (see picture), they have two other children: Christopher (“Kippy”), 8, and Jeanne, 6. They’re all blond except Carol. Phil says, “She’s brunette and looks exactly like me. Incidentally, three of the kids eat spaghetti and Italian food, but one won’t eat anything but American-type food!” . . . In his spare time, Phil still plays in jazz sessions, besides swimming every weekend and playing golf (shoots in the high 70s). He also finds time to coach local Little League and Teeshirt League teams and, at one time, was a hero as the coach and referee for a girl’s basketball team! . . . Mutual Broadcasting System’s “boy wonder” is a wonder in his spare time, too.
Phil, (l. to r.) Frank Singiser, Hy Gardner, Norman Baer, Westbrook Van Voorhis, George Combs, Tony Marvin.

Phil keeps up to the latest news with Norman Baer, Director of Mutual News, and assistant Shelby Livingston.

Phil and wife Ruth enjoy their large Colonial home which is over 100 years old and complete with swimming pool.

Edna Zycz brings a welcome cup of coffee to Phil as he chats with Frank Miller, Assistant to Mutual's President.

“Okay, Maestro, let's hear it!” gags Phil in a control room with engineers Don Dewsnap (left) and Al Sikora.

Daddy wants to relax and read a magazine, but Carol, 5, and James, 1, want to play. Guess who has their way?!
that's Chicago's Dick Biondi, who thinks nothing of sitting on a flag pole for three
days and nights to publicize a record hop. And that's why Chicago loves him!

Fan mail gets personal attention from Dick.

"Some kinda nut" is a typical reaction
upon first exposure to Chicago's Dick Biondi. But, like a bowl of nuts, after a taste or
two you can't quite get enough. That's the
way it's been with the WLS madcap whose
lively show is heard nightly from 9 P.M. to
midnight. . . . Dick uses a combination of
popular music and his own unique brand
of wild humor to capture the hearts of teen-
agers—not only in Chicago, but stretching
across as many as twenty states. . . . When
he's not on the air, Dick can be found mak-
ing personal appearances, holding impromptu
conferences with teenagers who visit the
station in droves, performing at record hops
or playing golf. "I have the highest score in
town," says Dick, "180 for 18 holes!" Ac-
cording to Dick, he got his start in radio
"by hanging around the station in Albany,
New York," not far from his hometown of
Endicott. That was back in the days when
he pulled gimmicks such as growing a beard
and dyeing it a different school color every
day of the week. . . . On the serious side,
Dick devotes much of his time to charity
drives—plus writing a weekly column for
a dozen community newspapers in which he
pleads for better understanding between
teenagers, their parents and teachers. . . .
On the matter of his fantastic youthful fol-
lowing, Dick comments, "I treat the teens
as equals. I'm on their side, and they feel
they can talk to me. We sit around after the
show for hours and have bull sessions." Ob-
viously, Dick comes by his popularity
through hard work and—above all—sin-
cerity and really caring about his audience.
. . . Home to Dick is an apartment in subur-
ban Evanston which he shares with his wife
Hazel, son Ted, dog "Heidi," "Minnie" the
kitty and a turtle whose name is "Turtle"! 
to the dictionary," she said, winking at Dick, "a romance is an imaginary or made-up story or idea. Now, what I feel for Dick is definitely not imaginary. So you can draw your own conclusions on whether it's a romance or not.

Hand still clasped in band, they went to Dick's car and got in. The photographer flipped a wave to them in grudging admiration. To the little group in front of the night club they had just left, he grumbled, "One will get you seen—it's love—and I still think it'll wind up making you famous.

You can't blame the lensman and many others for being curious about Dick and Clara or for wanting to know the answer to their future—together or apart. There is one of the most intriguing romances in Hollywood.

They have known each other for three years. Though it hasn't always been a case of "steady dating," from the beginning they have sought each other out.

They have much in common. Clara is a spirited girl with the same love of life Dick has. She's also ambitious, and Dick—though he adds he'd rather the future Mrs. Chamberlain confine herself to the domestic life—admits feminine achievements.

They met when both were studying singing at the Los Angeles Conservatory of Music—long before Dick was tapped as Dr. Kildare. Dick was limited on money at the time, but neither seemed to notice. They were too busy getting to know each other. They would take long, long walks together. Sometimes, they liked to sit around at coffee "klatches" with other students and musicians. "You learn so much that way," Clara points out seriously. "It helps you get the right perspective about things when you talk with true artists."

By "perspective" it can be assumed Clara means in life other than success or money. Even now that Dick is established as a TV star, their dates are simple. They still enjoy seeing old school friends, or just going to a movie. Dick wears casual clothes and "disguises" himself with horn-rimmed glasses so he won't be recognized.

Basically Dick and Clara "think alike. Dick is a native Californian; Clara, though born in Memphis, Tennessee, was brought up in Eagle Rock, a Los Angeles suburb. Dick decided to finish college at Pomona before pursuing an acting career; Clara, too, chose to complete Glendale College before concentrating on singing. Both prefer the company of intellectuals, such as Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tashlin (Mary Costa) and other artistic people, to going to fancy night clubs or premières. The very club they were attending this night, The Horn, is a small bistro in Santa Monica frequented by singers who want for "the big break." Clara herself had sung there often... and on this night was trying out some new material.

As Dick guided his Jaguar along the shoreline that twists toward Malibu, he—ang the refrain of an old song to Clara. It was a song remembered from boyhood. Strange that he should find himself singing it at this particular moment for this particular girl, after it had lain buried in his mind for fifteen years—

"When I am king, dilly-dally, You shall be queen . . ."

Clara laughed softly. "That photograph spoke to the men at the club . . . I wonder what they'd say if they could hear you singing that to me?"

"They'd probably have married again . . . and divorced by tomorrow." Dick said. Her head was on his shoulder and she nestled closer. They drove on in silence.

"I could use a sandwich," Clara suggested after a while.

"Me, too—I'm hungry." Dick slowed the car, considering where to go. "How about one of these places with a view of the ocean?"

"Oh, I'd love it."

A few minutes later, they were being ushered to a glassed-in booth with a wide, unobstructed view of waves foaming and thrashing against a jut of rocks. A string of ruby lights along the beaches diminished and disappeared finally into darkness. So far . . . so good, murmured Dick. The waiter who had taken their order hadn't seemed to recognize them. The area around their booth was empty. They felt warm, relaxed, serene. Fame was a glorious thing to have, but once in a while it was good to be alone—so long as long as to be unknown. As if by some mutual agreement, their hands came together.

Both were deep in thought. Perhaps they were thinking about the night before, when they'd been guests at the home of Dick's brother Bill. They'd arrived early enough to see the three children—"my babies," Dick calls them—tucked into bed, a ritual both thorough and enjoyable. Maybe it brought dreams to them of the children they would one day have... Or maybe they were thinking about Carol Burnett. Dick had been up to Las Vegas to see her the previous weekend. Then, two days later, New York papers headlined Carol's love for another man.

It was only natural for Clara to wonder if Dick was in love. She had been surprised to learn of Dick's marriage plans than he let on. Dick had insisted his trip to see Carol meant nothing romantically—that he thought of the comedienne only as a warm, wonderful, attractive human being. Perhaps that's all it was, Clara thought. And perhaps when she agreed to it than Dick himself reconsidered. Times Dick had tell.

They looked up as the waiter arrived with their order. He set out the plates, but then, instead of leaving, he seemed to find all sorts of excuses to hover about. He was grinning at them broadly.

At last he said, "Wait'll I get home. I got five girls, boy, am I going to be a hero tonight?"

"Would you like autographs for your daughters?" Dick offered.

"Nah, them I ain't worried about," said the waiter. "It's the missus. She'll crown me if she hears I was waiting on you and didn't ask—"

"Ask what?" Dick prompted. The book he exchanged with Clara said only too clearly: As if we didn't know.

"Well," the waiter hesitated, "you and this young lady—we've been reading about you, seeing your pictures together—you gonna get hitched like it says in the magazines?"

Afraid they'd laugh. Dick and Clara didn't dare meet each other's eyes. Finally Dick motioned to the waiter to bend down. "I'm going to have to ask you straight," he whispered in the man's ear. "You see . . . if Clara and I didn't have to answer so many questions, maybe we would have time to think about getting hitched."

"I get the answer," the waiter grinned good-humoredly. "I guess you do get pestered about things which are your own business. I didn't mean to jump you like that—it's just the missus likes to find out about these things."

Clara's answer

"That's only natural," Clara reassured him. "People read about entertainers in love... and they can't help being curious. Why, a few weeks ago, my phone rang, but when I answered it, the party hung up. This happened many times... until—instead of hanging up, a girl's voice, squeaky with nervousness, said 'Miss Ray?' I asked who was calling, and then it all came out. The girl was a fan of Dick's and she'd read that we were dating steadily. Her girl friends had told her it was nothing but publicity. Would I tell her whether Dick and I were serious and were there any wedding plans?"

"And what did you tell her?" asked the waiter. Dick, too, seemed eager for the answer.

"I told her that all good friends love each other... but that we were both very career-minded, and were too busy working, so that we were not making any plans as yet."

"But that ain't yes and it ain't no," protested the waiter.

"Exactly," nodded Clara. "We aren't denying... and we aren't confirming anything. We're willing for people to form their own opinion."

"Sure, but when I tell that to the missus," the waiter groaned. "she'll say I'm a clown and that we've got that much information from a magazine."

There can be no doubt in anyone's mind that Clara was not exaggerating when she said she and Dick were devoted to their careers. Dick is all wrapped up in shooting new segments of "Dr. Kildare" and cutting records. I'm Clara and she's preparing a new slate of songs for the Marie Wilson show. She has toured with the latter for about two years, off and on, and will soon be Chicago-bound. Yet it is hard for people to swallow the notion that their careers could be a hindrance to marriage, if they are truly in love. After all, both performers are young and go on with their separate careers. Why, then, should it stop Dick and Clara?

At first glance, there seems to be nothing else that might be considered a stop-sign. They are both healthy, attractive, single. and when you see them...
together you can practically hear the wedding bells. They come from similar backgrounds, went to the same voice school, share many in common interests. Their families are an integral part of the romance, but are not interfering.

"My family think Dick's just grand," says Clara, "They would be happy if I married him. They'd feel that way even if he were not a celebrity. They'd feel that way if he were a forest ranger and I'd take him on a mountain top. My happiness is all they ask for."

Dick's family waste no words in expressing their fondness for Clara. "She's wonderful . . . and if he gets her, Dick is to be congratulated."

One theory which has gained a small following is that the powers behind "Dr. Kildare" are afraid of a bad reaction from the fans if Dick were no longer the unattached Prince Charming of medicine, available and within reach of every woman's secret dreams. Those who are supposedly "in the know" do not accept this theory.

It's true that Dick is ambitious. Yet does this ambition go so far as to make him give up love? Those who know him well think not.

Another "key" to the enigma is that Dick seems to be following a pattern already set in earlier days. He has a record of two unfulfilled romances before Clara came on the scene. In one case, he kept postponing any definite commitment on the grounds that he wasn't sure they were ready for an engagement. In the other, he received a "Dear John" letter while he was in Korea—but here, too, it seems that Dick had postponed making a proposal until the young lady began to doubt his intentions. This "key" assumes that Dick is unable to make up his mind or muster the courage to take the big plunge. Yet this does not fit in with Dick's character.

He can be quite firm and specific, once he is sure of his way. Like many actors who have to show business, he has plenty of drive and determination. Further, in Clara's case, it may be that the tables have been turned on Dick. It often seems that it's not Dick who's doing the hesitating, but Clara. It is known that Dick has discussed marriage with her, that he was the one to feel they should wait.

"He loves me, but——"

"We are content at the moment as we are," says Clara, who obviously is not a girl who believes in pushing her man. "I've waited this long and he's waited this long, so why should we hurry? Yes, I love Dick, and I believe he loves me, but he might not love me the way a husband should love a wife."

She did not add, however, that she might not love Dick the way a wife should love his husband.

Those who know Clara and Dick cannot fail to note how much fun they have together ... how "perfect" a pair they make. Their friends say that no one has ever heard them quarrel, or even utter a cross word to each other. When Clara filmed a "Dr. Kildare" segment—her professional acting debut—Dick was by her side every moment. Going over the script with her, giving her needed reassurance. "I really shouldn't have been nervous," she laughed later. "After all, it was 'type casting.' I played Dick's girlfriend," One MGM old-timer commented.

"They're such good pals, it would almost be a shame to see them marry. You don't very often see an old grey and girl like each other so much. Can true love really run so smoothly?"

If Dick has not put the ring on Clara's finger before now, it could be that they themselves want to be as sure about their love as others—seeing them together. They don't want any doubts in their hearts that theirs is the kind of love which would make for a happy marriage.

For the present, Dick and Clara apparently intend to continue with what Dick calls "a good man-woman friendship." They still laugh off all direct questions ... still hold hands on dates ... still make like people who are up to their ears in the details of their jobs ... still give cute and provocative answers that are no answers to their flock of well-wishers who want nothing better than to see them get married. Can they ever get to marry? Everyone is convinced that the answer is yes. Everyone, that is, but Dick and Clara.

—BEATRICE EMMONS

"Dr. Kildare" is seen over NBC-TV. Thurs., from 8:30 to 9:30 P.M. EST. Dick also sings on MGM Records.

BARBARA HALE

(Continued from page 46)

honest—that woman can talk and talk and talk. But, of course, she is a woman and that’s her privilege as long as she talks sense. And bless her heart, Barbie can talk sense.

To my mind (with apologies to Bill), Barbara is all-woman. I admire her for it and for keeping a sane balance between career and home. Certainly, she has lots of drive—she wouldn’t have come as far as she has without that essential commodity—but she never lets it cut in on her obligations to her husband and children. That also goes for her friends. With her, it’s first things first, and being a useful, decent, responsible human being is first. Then come her acting and dedication to the show.

Barbie makes a marvelous wife, Ask Bill Williams. When he appeared on our show, she saw with her usual tact that he was a bit nervous about invading her territory, and after all, she had it made as a star. She let no opportunity go by to fuse over him and make it clear that the guest star was the North Star in her sky. She introduced him to everyone, including the crew, all of whom he met on his previous visits.

But Bill took it with a twinkle in his eye, and then doubled her in spades by calling some of the boys by their first names and asking about their wives. He also assured her that she should forget he was her husband on set, and think of him only as an actor, what with so many careers. They do all in their power to avoid this catastrophe. Bill was Kit Carson on TV, and has more recently starred in "Assignment Underwater." Both series have done well. But Barbie has had the "Perry Mason" show for five years now and—for the past six weeks—she had to step up her pace with guest appearances and publicity interviews.

Bill has balanced this by giving more time to the home and the children, and is being quite cautious, for the present, about taking on another series. Not that he hasn’t got a soft spot with guest spots, managing their rental property and—let’s not overlook this!—hurrying to the bank to deposit his residual checks.

I'm trying to make a point here: That there are good parents, good family people, and the kind who work at making marriage a success. Neither will fly, because of the family. Oh, in case of an emergency, of course, they would—but then not in the same plane. It's their view that, should one go down, there would still be the other to care for the children. The education of these three youngsters, and their futures, are of more importance to them than an award or income from acting.

On a note of warmth, pleasant and loyal friendship going. They have been to my home and I've been invited several times to theirs, in Van Nuys. I'd like to make public apology, to both of them and the kids, for not having taken up their invitations as yet. Time! Or rather the lack of it, is the villain here, not me. And I promise here and now to get out and spend an evening with them at the first break. I say this in all sincerity because I like being with them. They are a wonderful American family.

The Williams kids go to school in their suburban community under Bill’s real name of Katt, so there is almost no limelight or attention drawn to them. They are accepted at school by the other kids strictly on their own merits, which is how Bill and Barbara want it. In order to keep the family they enjoy sharing, that comfortless and intimate sharing of funny, sad or cultural experiences. Bill and Barbara have avoided acting commitments that would take them to locations far from home. They want no long separations, no matter what the cost.

The facts of File

I've been informed (as Perry Mason, an expert snooper 1) that Barbie accuses me of turning her home into a menagerie. Well, I really can't take all

(Continued on page 70)
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United Film Club Inc. 1962
the credit, or blame, for that. True, I gave the children some pets, but they are great nature-lovers and they started their collection before I hove into sight. I just kept the ball rolling. It's my opinion that animals, both domestic and wild things, give children the chance to learn how life begins, how it grows and runs its course. It also relieves parents of the painful duty (sometimes!) of having to explain the facts of life to children, facts like sex, pregnancy and birth.

Children, especially in this chancy world we live in, should get acclimated to the presence of death in the world. Being around pets allows them to recognize sickness and to learn methods of nursing and cure. It also gives the kids their first brush with death when a loved animal passes on. I have put this down as though it were entirely my original viewpoint. But, to be frank, much of these ideas did come from discussions with Barbara and Bill.

If the Williams zoo keeps growing, it's because Bill and Barb are too soft-hearted to live with. Bill Collins gave the kids two rabbits. Barbie at once went into a panic that they might multiply. She took them to the school zoo. In exchange, the teacher gave her a little banty hen. Later, Barbie was all shook up when she learned that both rabbits had disappeared! However, the chicks became the mama of two, one of which was a rooster.

Bill was working on “Assignment Underwater” at that time and had to get up at five a.m. He had no trouble getting up, because the rooster woke him at four. Barb and the children somehow slept through the cacklin’ and cussin’ that went on. Each morning, Bill left a note saying, “Kill that rooster!” But Barbie just couldn’t have it done. Finally, she told Bill to do it himself. That was the last he mentioned it. Finally the rooster died of natural causes.

As I’ve said before, visiting my friends has become an impossibility with my present schedule. My friends have been very kind and understanding. They know I’m caught these days between rehearsals, shows, and my gallery, my orchid growing and a few other activities, all of which are vital to my profession and state of well-being. So they usually compromise by coming to my home in groups, which is easier on me than entertaining them one couple at a time.

One of the reasons I often look forward to the day when I exit “Perry Mason” and its heavy work schedule and become Raymond Burr again. I plan then to pick up the many outstanding rainchecks on invitations from friends like the Williamses. When I do, I estimate I’ll sail into the free almost over night for three solid years and I’m likely to get richer from that than from my art gallery.

I believe Barbie has mentioned her interest in art. I enjoy talking to her about it. She really could be a first-rate sculptor or painter, if she gave her full time to it. On set, she sketches constantly and has molded an excellent head of the chief hairdresser. She and Bill make regular trips around the art galleries and they’ve bought several paintings from mine.

There are people who think Barbara being a model is more attractive. I don’t precisely know how a star should act, but if behaving with tact, dignity, sprightliness and quiet joy and appreciation of all she sees and hears is not Hollywood, then more actresses should act as Hollywoodish. They would seem more alluring and prettier. Barbara and Bill could be big spenders. I suppose, and live in a mansion in Bel-Air. But they prefer the more modest atmosphere of San Fernando Valley and using their money to invest in real estate which will benefit the family and give them security. They will never face the panic that strikes some stars who, when their careers begin to wane, find themselves in debt and over their heads.

I’ve been asked from time to time about Barbara the actress. She is far better at what she says Delia Street would suggest. Barbie appeared with me in a play for charity. She played my daughter, a teen-aged girl in pigtails. I opened my eyes. She was magnificent. Bill was also in the play and did an equally expert job.

In the show, Perry and Delia are supposed to be married. This is supposed to toward each other, though he never has time for following up this affair of the heart. It’s now going on five years and still no romance. Barbara announced one day that, when she met Bill Williams in “West of the Pecos,” it was love at first sight and I didn’t wait five weeks before I made up my mind I’d marry him if he asked me,” she said. “And I made up my mind he would ask me.”

As her true self, Barbara wouldn’t have had Delia’s patient, resigned philosophy. “Why,” she explained recently. “Erle Stanley Gardner has been writing Perry Mason stories for over thirty years, and poor Delia still hasn’t had a whiff of a promise of marriage. It’s outrageous!” I must agree. Barbara is a very attractive and utterly feminine woman and I don’t think Perry Mason or any of his stories would have let Delia hang around that office thirty years without a proposal.

In conclusion, I’d like to add just this: “I don’t only love Delia Street. I love Barbara Hale Williams. She’s one of the most admirable women I’ve ever known. As the “great lawyer,” I should perhaps explain that I use the word “love” in its popular nuance of liking, respecting and approving.”

—The End

“Perry Mason” is now seen on Thurs., from 8 to 9 p.m. est, over CBS-TV.

LORETTA YOUNG

(Continued from page 27)

—wearing black wool dresses with the belt in front and things like that.

“But the producer didn’t want me in the show, I don’t think. That’s what my agent told me. He, the producer, said I was too young to play the role and that what they’d like was a girl about twenty-four—even though she was supposed to be eighteen in the show.

Then, finally, I got it. We did the pilot show in early January. My contract was signed and approved by the court and they told us we would start filming the actual show around the end of July.

I was very thrilled. I think Loretta Young is a beautiful actress and everything else that goes with success. My contract was good for five years.

“I’ve been in about five films, not big parts or anything, and I’ve done about seven ‘Day in Court’ TV shows, playing the juvenile delinquent who throws her parents out of the house or something.
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.

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to me and said, 'You can go to lunch. Be back at one-thirty.'

'I went home, thinking to dash out and shop, but when I got there, I found out about the other phone call. Ed Finney was away, but had left a message for me. He had called Diana, and she had gone out with a friend, and then called on my behalf and said, 'What's the situation? Do we have to buy the things that Miss Young chooses or not?'

'They said, 'Forget it. We've recast. Don't bother to have Portland come back.'

'I was sick. I was desperate. For just not buying some clothes, they had told me to go to lunch—and then they had fired me. It was a pretty poor excuse and they didn't even give me that excuse. I was just to go to lunch. They told other people that my mother had wanted me off the set. She wasn't even there.'

Portie drew a long sigh. "So there you are," she said. "It's just awful what they do."

A word from mother

Portie's mother spoke up for the first time then. "Since this has happened," Pamela Mason said, "I've been told that several people have had this trouble with Loretta—that you buy her sister's clothes or else. I suppose the reason that they pressured Portland and not the other was because the other children couldn't afford it. Portie had a five-year contract, but the others had only a seven-week guarantee out of thirteen weeks at a minimum scale. So they could hardly dash out and buy clothes imported from Italy. But I suppose they had died the day we were darned well should. Of course, I could have bought one or two, and Portland then could have been caught in the series for five years with her."

Portland broke in then. "Loretta does everything, she said. "It's fantastic. She was chosen for the wardrobe, she was doing everybody's hair. You do your hair and then Loretta says, 'Get the hobby pins.' Then she does everybody's hair. Then she helps the director direct. She helps everybody write new lines and then she says, 'No, I don't think you should have that line. I think you should.' She tries to do everything, and she's very nervous because she is always racing around fluttering and losing her temper very quickly."

"I want to have a career. But I don't want to have it at the expense of, well, of collusion—of buy this or else, you know. I really admire Loretta always. Loretta says this and Loretta says that." Then later Loretta comes up to you and is all innocence and guile. It's that you never show your true face to anything. That's all right when you are acting. You say what's in the script. But in a person, it's stupid. You have to be a person. It must be terribly embarrassing when you always have to be sweet and smiling, and when you must have center-stage or not be there at all."

"My dad did something once that was very, very funny. This special evening Diana Dors and her husband were here and six or seven others when Dad came in and sat down and just started to read a script. Daddy gets sort of dreamy after ten o'clock, because he gets up early and by eight he's out playing tennis or something. The rest of us just sat around, quite talking. Then Dad got up. He didn't do it on purpose, but that was what made it so beautiful. He went down to the end of the living room and he turned off all the lights. And then, he started right up the stairs!"

"Mummy came to the door then and she said, 'James, what's going on here?' He said, 'Oh, oh, I'm terribly sorry. Good night.' And he kept on going up the stairs, leaving us sitting there, watching him. He simply hadn't noticed that anyone else was in the room."

Pamela Mason (now split from James) said, "All actors are like that. Poor Marilyn was a perfect example of it. She had made all her dreams come true but she was alone in the world, actually. No message could get through to her. She was isolated on the desert island of success."

For the first time, I stuck in my ten cents' worth. I looked at the very pretty Portland. No matter what Loretta Young thinks, she has a beautiful figure, being five-feet-five and quite perfectly proportioned, and I said, "How do you think you'll avoid the desert island of success, Portie? Do you feel, right now, that your highly distinctive upbringing has cut you off from the average girl or boy?"

She said, with quick humor, "I receive messages, Morse code or something, and besides, I'm very glad of the upbringing I've had. Oh, sometimes I sit down and wonder very dramatically if I've missed my childhood. That's when somebody tells me that my acting has been very non-conformist. But when I really think about it, I've had as normal a childhood as anybody. I've been to school. I've had a lot of friends and stuff."

"I think maybe I've been given more poise, because I've skipped all that stuff where you sneer at your mother and pinch her or something and say, 'Yey, I want my own way.' I did go through it but I didn't go through it very long, because nobody else here did it. I didn't see my mother rushing up to my father and saying, 'Eek, you must buy me a diamond necklace' and all that sort of thing."

"So I grew up quicker. That's the idea, isn't it, to grow up?"

"I go out on dates when I get asked, but I don't get serious or anything. I'm a lousy girl at school, just awful. There was something printed about my being a 'straight-A' student, and the day after that appeared, all the kids in my class came in snickering. I'm B or C, but mostly D. And when they drove or everything else, I figure that if there's something you really want to learn, you'll learn it as long as you know where to get the information or where the encyclopedia is. What I'd like to know is how to budget a bank account and how to drive a car.

"I'm not allowed to have a license to drive yet, but I know how. I practiced on our Rolls, which is just marvelous because it's like driving a tank. It's as heavy as anything. I drove into the hedge a few times and I was confined to the grounds for a while after that.

How adjusted can you get?

"I think there is too much jazz about people's ages, anyhow. The boys I mostly am around are eighteen or nineteen, and some of them seem mere children and other future."

"Living with my brother helps me a lot even if he is only six. He's the most marvelous specimen, because he acts like a real man. He does things that men do. He does it with little-boy things like toy guns, but unless a thing is done his way, it's no good at all."

"If you want to go horseback riding because he wants to go horseback riding, then you are a heroine. But if you don't want, then you're a heel, and off with your head. All men act like that. They say do-it-my-way-or-else."

"Except my father isn't like that, because he's very quiet. He's quite an honest fellow and he doesn't order everybody around unless he wants to show he's the bigwig."

"Then he'll say, 'Go and do your homework.' I say, 'Nooooo,' just to hear what he'll say, because he gets so carried away with his picture of the perfect father and I'll-do-this and I'll-do-that, we'll-go-bowling and all that sort of thing."

"Nothing happens when you say 'nwo' to him because I add, 'You're just trying to throw your weight around.' Then he gets very offended and we start arguing. He gets very upset when you question him, but I notice that I eventually do go upstairs and do my homework, even if I do think it's a drag."

"So does this mean I am adjusted? My mother says I am. I know that I want to be. But I know that I would die if this lawsuit goes against me. It can't. It simply can't. I'll fight it to the death because I know I'm right. I told the truth and they didn't, and I'll fight Loretta tooth and nail. I have not seen her since I was dismissed, but she wrote me a note. It said, 'Portland dear, I'm so terribly sorry to have lost you. I'll miss you, dear, very, very much. Affectionately, Loretta Young Lewis.'"

"Sometimes, he told me to go to sleep at night, I wonder what she'd answer if I wrote and told her I'm right here and available?"

—RUTH WATERBURY

'The New Loretta Young Show' is seen over CBS-TV, Monday, at 10 P.M., EST.
to imply that the reason they're seldom seen together is that work (hers in Hollywood and his in New York) keeps them apart. Appearance's sake—this is all important to Loreta. She doesn't sob or scream or carry on in public. Her troubles are her own, not to be gossiped over in columns or trumpeted in headlines. And even when she goes to the corner store to pick up the evening paper, she looks as if she had just come out of the beauty parlor.

Then there's Lawrence Welk. His private life is his own, to conceal or reveal as he sees fit. You'll never find the kind of articles written about him by his children—with such lurid titles as "My Father Never Loved Me"—that you can find penned by the children of so many movie stars (often, for the sake of the publicity, with the star's encouragement). And Welk's wife, at his insistence, remains quietly in the background. "It's my job to run the business," Lawrence says, "and it's her job to supervise the home and the family's religious activities."

Equally insistent that a personal life be a private life is Carol Burnett. She doesn't deny the fact that she married Don Saroyan in 1955, parted from him in 1959, filed for divorce from him this year. But she doesn't expose the wounds of her unsuccessful marriage... And now, Carol is in love with a married man! For how she is handling this, see our story on page 58.

Of course, there's the simple fact that TV stars, if they're on the top of the heap, work more regularly and steadily than movie stars. There's no time for that "between-pictures" letdown, no time to break out and sow wild oats.

Ozzie and Harriet, for instance, and their sons Ricky and David, have been busy with the same family TV series for eleven consecutive years. Before that, Ozzie and Harriet had already put in a six-year stint on radio.

That's a lot of years, a lot of re-hearings, a lot of shows. The sheer exhaustion of this killing schedule is in itself enough to keep all the members of the Nelson family on the straight-and-narrow path of virtue, but of course there's another factor, too—love.

This year Ozzie and Harriet celebrate their twenty-seventh wedding anniversary. Their on-screen roles of husband and wife and parents fuse and confuse with their off-screen roles as the same, until it's difficult to see where life ends and art begins.

Ricky, speaking for his brother and himself, is grateful that his parents have "always trusted" them, and pay them the highest compliment of all by saying, "They listen a lot. They don't pry."

Arthur Godfrey has irritated the public by firing some of his "friends" and irritated authorities in charge of the airways by "buzzing" Teterboro Airport in his private plane, but he has never irritated his listeners and viewers by involving himself in scandal. Sassy, impulsive and sometimes a bit crude on the air, he is, nonetheless, more like

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a wicked-talking than a wicked-acting uncle. He's been talking so much (on radio and TV) for so long (28 consecutive years, with time out for hip surgery) that even in 1959 that it's no wonder he's had any time left to indulge in his favorite vice, flying, let alone anything else.

If you want further documentation of just how tough it is to be a TV star and just how little time he has for himself, consider the case of Vincent Edwards, Dr. Casey diagnoses his own troubles by declaring, "It's no picnic. I'm in every scene, every day, and every day I have to learn fifteen pages of dialogue with a lot of complicated medical terms. I have to memorize seventy pages of script. I get a. Shey Nelson, of course, to dinner. It's ten o'clock and I'm beat and want to go to bed—I have to get up at 6 A.M."

No time to be immoral with a schedule like that. No time, even, to be moral. Just time to work, eat and sleep.

Not that movie actors don't work as hard and as long—when they work: Up before dawn for makeup or wardrobe call; on set by nine and work through to five o'clock. But Vincent Edwards, for the next day's fittings and to make-up to take-off that day's face; home for a quick dinner; then hours of study of the next day's lines.

But there are the idle times between pictures and there are location trips, where, away from home, anything goes.

An actor is not before the cameras every day. There are long waiting periods during which the tension mounts and he may seek release in hard drinks or soft arms. As writer Joe Hyams pointed out, "A recent picture was filmed on an island for three months. It resulted in the breakup of four marriages, three of which were considered 'model' ones. One of them was that of a hairdresser who had an affair with a married actor."

Hyams wrote this B.C. (Before "Cleopatra"). What a footnote he could now write on the way that tension and boredom combined to play havoc with the personal lives of the actors in that epic!

A ban on sex

But there's more than the fear of unfavorable publicity and the pressure of long hours before the cameras to keep the TV actors on the virtuous path. The television star comes right into the viewer's living room and, in effect, is invited to join the family. The TV set itself is like a piece of "talking furniture," as essential to 47,000,000 American homes as the sofa or easy chair. (In addition, 5,500,000 homes have second sets, and there are 750,000 sets in public places.) The star's impact, then, is direct and intimate. He must not do anything, on or off the screen, that might offend any people in the homes he is permitted to enter. As Albert N. Harverstadt, general advertising manager of the Desilu & Gamble Co., has said, television programing policy must reflect "the moral code of the bulk of the American people," and ban sex.

suggestive dialogue, excessive passion and profanity.

TV taboos, therefore, are endless and apply to a performer's actions anywhere. Specifically prohibited in the National Association of Broadcasters' code of good practices are: "Profanity, obscenity, smut and vulgarity; disrespect for marriage; approval of illicit sex, drunkenness or narcotic addiction; excessive drinking or gambling; or performances that overstep the bounds of propriety, etc., etc.

Is it any wonder then that the TV actor, realizing that his off-camera existence is judged in terms of his on-camera personality, is afraid—even if he wants to say or do anything out of character?

Vince Edwards, fully aware of the "godlike kind of man" Ben Casey represents in the public mind, often declares, "I won't do anything to destroy the image."

The most successful TV stars, therefore, are the ones whose personal lives and professional lives are almost inindistinguishable. Lawrence Welk, who captures 30,000,000 viewers each week on his "Lawrence Welk Show" on ABC-TV and whose world-wide radio show is listened to by 90,000,000 more people, is exactly the type of person you can find front of and away from the cameras. Not only has he been married to the same lady for thirty years, not only is he a non-smoker, a non-drinker and a non-curser (except if you consider "shucks" a curse), but his troupe adhere to a rigid moral code: No drinking or smoking at work, no low-cut gowns for female vocalists, no frowning on camera, no troubles at home that they don't tell him about and allow him to arbitrate (he's proud of the fact that there's been only one divorce in his band since 1946).

But sometimes even such a pillar of morality as Welk incites the wrath of a still more moral viewing public. Once one of the Leonard sisters appeared in shorts on his show in a beach scene and Welk briskly sent them out of the film from his fans because the child—then only 14—had exposed her legs. It's not likely that such a slip will happen on Welk's program again.

Donna Reed admits that sometimes her make-believe role as Donna Stone, homemaker and mother of twins, in the real life role of Mrs. Tony Owen, homemaker and mother, seem interchangeable. And her fans wouldn't have it otherwise.

Donna is well aware that the stability of her own family life is a key factor in making her character likeable and believable. And it also keeps her happy—because she's willing to put the extra time and effort into balancing her "two lives." For the full story of Donna's problems, see page 39!

During the nine years (and more than 200 half-hours) which Lucy and Desi Arnaz played the parts of Lucy and Ricky Ricardo in "I Love Lucy," their personal and professional lives became so mixed together in the public mind that it was natural and obligatory in the months leading up to the birth of Lucy's real-life baby that the approaching "blessed event" be worked into the script. It was not surprising, then, that the millions and millions of viewers who had shared Lucy and Desi's joy at the birth of their child were shattered when later the same couple announced they were getting a divorce.

Lucy herself puts it this way: "I received 8,000 letters at the time of the divorce announcement. . . . They asked me to get back. I was painfully aware of the feeling the American public had for Lucy and their need for Lucy and Ricky as a happy family. The awareness held up my decision for a long time, until I couldn't allow it to do so any more. Lucy solved a lot of marital problems for our viewers and the idea of laughter in a hopeless situation worked for Desi and me for a long time also."

It is to Lucy's and Desi's credit that they tried hard to make a go of a "hopeless" marriage, and it is also to their credit that when the bust-up did come, they were able to get back. Lucy's and Desi's story is perhaps the most pathetic to incompatibility but unsympathetic to scandal, forgave and forgot.

Hot, hotter, hottest

In contrast to the intimacy and morality of what transpires on the TV screen, the motion picture screen presents "sexier" or "more mature" entertainment. As WCBS-TV film manager William Lacey explains it: "The TV audience has no protection against what comes into the home. You just turn the dial and there it is. A patron of the movie house plunks down money for the picture he wants to see. He has either heard about it or read about it. He is more or less prepared for what he is about to watch."

Having been a prominent movie producer explains it, "If people want to see clean, wholesome entertainment, they stay home and watch TV. When they go to a movie theater, they want something different. They want to be stimulated."


Some of these films are produced abroad; all of them reflect the realistic attitudes of the French and Italian filmmakers. If life imitates art—we have already seen how TV stars' private lives mirror their on-screen personalities—
it follows that the personal lives of movie stars of the 1930's reflect the immorality (or rather the immorality) of such sensational pictures. Many of these films dealing with loose or aberrant sexuality are shot in foreign countries whose moral codes may be far less strict than our own. Some American stars when overseas throw off all restraints in the spirit of "that's when in Rome do as the Romans do."

Brigitte Bardot is the supreme example of an actress whose on-screen misbehavior spills over into her off-screen antics. Typical of Brigitte's feelings about love and sex is her reply to leading man, Satyajit Ray, when asked to explain "I know how the charming of lovers becomes unbearable the day after the wedding!"

Marlon Brando is an American star whose offbeat romantic life matches his cinematic roles, except that even he falls short of Brigitte's scandal-ridden record. Beginning with his off-screen, on-screen, gone-forever affair with Josanne Mari- Ana-Berenger, his escapades shifted into high gear when he suddenly married Anna Kashfi, divorced her just as sud-
denly, and then participated in a running court battle for custody of their son. Somewhere along the way he mar-
ried in quick succession with Brigitte, the Mexican actress. More recently, Brando's name was again in headlines when Rita Moreno, with whom he'd had a spasmodic romance for a long time, took an overdose of sleeping tablets and then drove to Marlon's home, where she lapsed in a coma until the ambulance arrived.

Finally, the movie industry was conceived in passion (the first feature film, released in 1896, was called “The Kiss”—and that's all it was, a man kissing a woman) and is dedicated to sex (un-
clothed actresses have taken on-screen baths in tubs and lakes and rivers, and under waterfalls). Gary Cooper once confessed that it's impossible to feel uninterested when kissing an actress, and admitted to Emily to "there's a carryover." Illustration of the fact that Cooper knew what he was talking about is the way many Hollywood actors and actresses "carried over" their screen romances into real life.

But scandalous goings-on by movie stars just seem to enchant them more closely. When Brigitte, now 41, made headlines for twenty years with her marriages to Artie Shaw, Steve Crane, Bob French, Lex Barker and Fred May, and her tragedy-ridden affair with alleged mobster Johnny Stompa-
nato. But today the original Sweater Girl is more popular than ever. In fact, Lena and Ingrid Bergman now are

highly regarded by their peers. And though Hay-
ward, Ginger Rogers and Barbara Stan-
wyck have been married to a total of sixteen men—but their names outside of a movie house still draw the crowds.

Passion, however, is almost completely foreign to TV. One French commentator, after watching a whole even-
ting of television Westerns in which the heroes, without exception, escaped from the lure of beautiful women to the safety of their horses, finally exclaimed, "Vold! At last I understand American men. They're all secretly in love with horses!"

The last word appropriately is spoken by a lady, Donna Reed, and, in lashing out directly at the kind of scamy characters who are presented today on the movie screen, she is also indirectly judging the type of behavior that starts indulgences. "I'm fed up by here and Ingrid Bergman's Alaskan, amoral or sick women," Donna says. "Holly-
wood and Broadway haven't always been so absorbed with these misfits. Greer Garson, Norma Shearer, Irene Dunne all played strong, unsick women. But with the producers today it has to be "Butterfield 8." I just don't believe the public wants a diet of these sick females."

"Well, do you? —JAMES HOFFMAN"

VINCE EDWARDS

(Continued from page 32)

get married," Vince says. "It'd like it to be for keeps. All the way. I don't just fool with barbells or swimming. I work out to keep that, too, just to pass the time, but to learn. And when I get married, it's not going to be a whim of the moment. It'll have to be a serious thing, to take care of my wife, to raise my family right. And for that I have to be sure.

Sherry, it fibers the rumors about her and Vince with a spindly-like smile, knows this. She knows, too, that Vince will not be quite as bad a husband as she now fears. She knows he has a tender, even sentimental, side to his toughness. He will show it often, as well as his subtle sense of humor. His home will not be lavish, but there will be laughter. And he knows the meaning of responsibility. In the years of struggle he learned about the value of money and the hard price one pays for being short-sighted. The future Mrs. Edwards

will never go without because of his being careless with money. And she'll be marrying an expert cook, Vince picked up cooking by watching his mother back in Brooklyn. Not that he has any special recipes. "I just sort of put things together."

The kind of husband Vince will be may be glimpsed in his behavior today. The pattern is already set. He was with Sherry recently when a beautiful starlet stopped at their night-club table and began to flirt. Never one to miss the charms of a good-looking girl, Vince tried to parry her advances. But he kept an arm around Sherry. Finally the girl asked Vince to do the Twist with her. Vince glanced at Sherry and de-
liberately put his strong hand over hers. "Sorry," he said to the flirty-gertie, "but I've got to take things easy. I have to be in surgery early tomorrow."—EUNICE FIELD

Vince "operates" on "Ben Casey," as seen over ABC-TV, Monday, from 10 to 11 P.M. EST. He's also starring in the Columbia Picture, "The Victors"—

and records for Decca, as a singer.
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In a ravine seven miles from Corinth, below a narrow mountain path leading to the monastery a newly composed by sun and rain, has been identified as that of a tall boy about twenty years old.

Your hands are still trembling, so you make fists to still them. There are decisions to be made. You don’t for one moment believe that the body is Peter’s. But someone else might make sure. Bill Leonard, Norma’s husband, could go, but Norma will need him with her. Better that you go yourself. When you’ve made sure that the boy is not your son, you can start looking for Peter yourself. Maybe he’s forgotten how soon he’s at Yale.

You use your connections to reserve space on the next plane out; at the airport a few fellow-passengers recognize you, something you usually enjoy, but this time you hardly notice. You board the plane and find your seat. Automatically, you clasp the heavy buckle of your seat belt. Your heart fills with a throb, for the takeoff, you don’t hear them. Your mind is playing tricks, wandering in time and space. As the plane heads out over the Atlantic you are back in Chicago, where Peter was born, where you and Norma struggled so desperately to bring him up. He’s a little boy, your first-born. Sometimes you would look down at him, sleeping in his crib, and wonder: What is a son that he should pull so at a man’s heart, that he should make two grownups who should never have married determine over and over to try again?

Then the war came; you said goodbye to Norma and Peter and headed for the Pacific. For two years you had nothing of your son except Norma’s descriptions on V-mail stationery, and the few absurd, tender things she sent you from him—a lipstick印ed on your father’s marriage certificate, for the sake of your little boy, your first-born. Sometimes you would look down at him, sleeping in his crib, and wonder: What is a son that he should pull so at a man’s heart, that he should make two grownups who should never have married determine over and over to try again?

But Peter never stopped loving you. He was only a kid, but somehow he understood that if you were ruthless, you were most so with yourself; that if you probed too deeply into people’s secrets, it was out of a passion for the truth; that if you refused to spare others, you spared yourself least of all; that if you made enemies, it was because you refused to compromise; that even when you were driving hardest to the top, you never did anything you’d have to be ashamed of later. Pete looked at you with eyes full of love and said, “Dad, I want to be a newsman—like you.”

What is a son? A son is a baby to whom, at a boy’s age, you should try to forget that you’re not given, that he is given, and that you are his friend.

Your heart swells with sudden pride. You remember Pete two summers ago, covering the Republican and Democratic Conventions with you and his stepfather, Bill Leonard, who was there for CBS. God, you were proud of Pete then. Not an eye leer, not an idea, not a second, not a moment in which he handled himself. Excited, scared, sure—but he kept control of himself every minute. You remember his going out on the floor of the convention hall in Los Angeles for the Stevenson demonstration and coming back to you, shaking his head, saying to yourself: That made a lot of noise, Dad, but it’s all kids from the spectators’ gallery, they haven’t got the delegates.

Later, in Chicago at the Republican Convention, Bill Leonard told you that all the men at CBS News thought Pete had a future. An important executive said: “Mike, he’s everything a boy could be.”

The plane dawns. Below, the Atlantic rolls and swells. Your seat-mate is asleep. Fitfully, you sleep, too.

Hours later, the stewardess’ voice rouses you. “Fasten your seat belt, Mr. Wallace. We’re landing at Athens in a few minutes. Mr. Wallace, fasten your seat belt, please . . .”

You sit up with a start. Your mouth is dry. You look at your watch. Your hands are trembling again. The plane banks, and suddenly you see the fabled city, that ancient home of art and of liberty. You wait for the expected thrill, but it doesn’t come. Something cold and dark has gripped your heart.

The plane touches down, rolls finally to a halt. A car is waiting for you at the gate. You get in and begin the last lap of your journey. As the car speeds closer and closer to your destination, you think: I never spent enough time with him. I meant to, but I was always so busy. Still, Norma always said he saw as much of me as most boys see of their fathers these days. We were together part of every summer till this one, and we’re together this weekend. But was it enough? Was it?

You shake your head to drive away the sudden ache. You remember something Pete said when he was fourteen.

“Why do television programs always make living in a broken home seem so sad? I think it’s fine.”

I think it is.

Gratitude floods you briefly. You haven’t failed as a father. But in the future you’ll do even better. You’ll get up to Yale more often this fall. You’ll go to the football games with Pete. Two years from now you’ll see him graduate, and after that you can help him get started on his own newspaper. Not that you’ll pull strings for him; Pete won’t ask for that, won’t need it. Pete will make it on his own, but still, what son could mind a few tips from his dad who made it the hard way? Pete will appreciate a word of advice, of criticism.
you'll work together, you and Pete... 

Dear God, dear God. Don't let it be my son.

The car stops before an official building. You walk inside and you sense that people are glancing at you through averted, compassionate eyes. You look at the floor, at your hands, anywhere but at their eyes.

They lead you to a small bare room.

They draw back a sheet and very gently they ask you to look.

For one last moment you shut your eyes. Then you open them. You stare down.

And you know what you have known all along. The boy is Peter, your son.

Finally they let you go. You turn and stumble out of the building, into the bright Mediterranean sun. It is all over now. Past and present and future, all are one. You can never atone to Pete for what you saw, cannot share with him the golden promise of the future. Pete, your son, is dead. Later, you will ask yourself why, why Pete, why now, with his life before him, why should this senseless, brutal, hopeless thing have happened to your son.

But now you ask nothing.

You are Mike Wallace. You are hard as nails, but you turn your head from the morning sun and you cry.

—LESLIE VALENTINE

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EDIE ADAMS

(Continued from page 21)

their natural mother. She was demanding the girls on a legal technicality. What do the girls know of law? All they know and understand in their young minds is living with their mother.

For ten years, Ernie Kovacs' two oldest daughters had been Edie's daughters, too. Then, so soon after losing Ernie, Edie faced another tragedy. The girls' mother reappeared and asked the court to give them back to her. For long weeks, Edie had tried to keep them.

Now that it was over, there was no note of triumph in her voice. She had won but she knew, too, what another woman had lost. "I was ready to put up the fight of my life to keep my daughters," Edie told me. "When you love someone with all your being, you will battle to keep them in your heart.

"But in the case of the two girls, it is more than that. It wasn't just my love for them.

"In the truest sense, it was their happiness that was involved, and I tell you now that, without reservation, their peace of mind, their happy desires were more important than mine.

"If the girls for any reason had made it clear to me that they preferred to live with the first Mrs. Kovacs, it would have..." Edie faltered. She turned her head from me for a moment and then, forcing herself to be calm, she continued.

"If they had wanted it that way, I would have conceded."

She paused again for a moment.

"You know, it was when I realized that I would have given them up, that I knew I really loved them. Do you understand that?

"My fight was for them, not for myself.

"Contrary to what you might think, I, personally, have no emotionally active opinions about the first Mrs. Kovacs.

"But it was to their presence that I felt the girls, the shocking, almost traumatic impact her visits made on them, that drove me crazy.

"Here were two happy, beautifully adjusted, attractive girls I have known as my daughters. Suddenly, in a period of minutes, a woman visits them and they are hit so hard that they are in what seems like a trance. Gone is their laughter and that wonderful heart-warming sparkle in their eyes. They look shocked, frightened, no—it was the beginning of terror I saw in them. Why?"

The youngest Kovacs girl provided the answer with words similar to those that had stunned the courtroom to a hushed silence.

Tears skidded down Kippie's cheeks and her voice, although low, was firm, and she spoke with deliberation and in a tone drained of emotion. It was hard to believe that this thirteen-year-old girl was speaking of her own mother.

"Mother had explained to us very carefully that she [Bette Kovacs] had been given the right to visit us. And if this woman was our mother, real mother, I thought that she would ache to see us as any mother would. We understood how much our love meant to people.

"But I didn't know what to think when my real mother came into the room that first time, at our house."

Kippie breathed deeply and said, with effort: "I didn't trust her. I couldn't help feeling that way. I just couldn't. It came over me. And at the same time I knew I didn't want to see her because I knew I couldn't be nice to her, no matter how hard I tried.

"Bette Lee [fifteen] seemed to have the same reaction. But we had to be polite. We tried to talk. But when I saw that other woman, I remembered something I hadn't thought of before. It was a long, long time. How it was when we lived with her before in Florida. For two whole years. When she took us to Florida, she said it would only be a short little trip.

"I was afraid, I think, really afraid. I didn't like the house where we lived with her. There were rats under the house and the garage and they killed our kitten.

"But we tried to be nice. And we talked about things. I don't remember what we said, nothing important, and then that other woman said it was obvious to her that we had been taught to lie.

"Didn't she know that our mother and our father had always been terribly strict about telling the truth at all times— even if it meant getting punished?

"I think that's what I didn't like that other lady the most, and I could tell

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| 78 |
from the way Bette Lee looked at her, she felt the same way.  
"I couldn't take it anymore. No one could take it. Not even from my own mother. I couldn't think of her as my mother after she said things like that, that we told lies."

Reliable sources indicate that Bette Kovacs' first departure from Philadelphia and her husband Ernie and the girls was for the companionship of another man. And in this alleged incident that Philadelphia courts reportedly granted Ernie the custody of the girls.

Two years later, in 1953, Bette Kovacs returned to Philadelphia and, as the girls told the Los Angeles Court, took them back with her.

Ernie took legal steps to gain custody of the girls through a Florida court. A few days before the hearing, however, the late comedian brought his daughters back to Pennsylvania and did not appear in court. He had his daughters. That was all he wanted. The Florida court, in Ernie's absence, could do nothing but rule in Bette's favor.

"But those two years in Florida," Edie continued, "were, in my mind, a near catastrophe for the girls. I don't like to say it, considering what a marvelous pair they are now, but when they returned I couldn't believe what had happened."

"Their language was shocking and riddled with words of violence and profanities. They were almost uncontrollably self-centered. They ignored the knives, forks and table manners to eat with their hands."

"They quarreled often, and it was bedlam when they fought."

"Their tempers were instantaneous and with little reason."

"I remember one instance when they began throwing things. I don't know what started it. Bette Lee picked a teacup from the table and threw it straight at Kippie's head. It's a good thing her aim was poor."

"It was almost impossible to calm them down. When I did, I tried to explain to them that girls who expect to become ladies just didn't throw things."

"But now it was my turn to show amazement, in a way. Any woman knows what a long and tiring struggle it is to teach a tempestuous girl the meaning of kindness, generosity and gentleness. I looked forward to a long, hard siege of training. And with two girls, it appeared twice as difficult."

"Yet, as I pointed out the simple niceties of human behavior, I was surprised to find that Bette Lee and Kippie were listening intently!"

"Then Bette Lee replied—and remember, she was eight, Kippie was six—but Bette Lee said, 'All right. If it's wrong to throw things, we won't do it anymore.' In my opinion, neither of them knew or had been taught the normal courtesies ... their tantrums were not natural or the results of inherently disagreeable dispositions. They just didn't know better."

"It was no time at all that we were the best of friends. We went to church every Sunday and the girls joined the church choir. They just ate up operas, concerts and ballet and, on their own, asked for piano and ballet lessons. It wasn't work for them, it was fun."

Edie smiled. She was coming up from the memory of her recent depression. "You know," she said, "you'd never believe what turned out to be the most difficult thing for me with the girls. Know what it was? Helping them with their homework. Ernie was always my rescuer on that. He knew everything, and the girls and I used to shine at his intelligent and carefully worded explanations. I think I learned as much as the girls did."

"She stared at the floor. "It was a wonderful family with him, so full of laughter and—" she hesitated again. Then, looking up: "It's up to me now to keep this family as Ernie would have wanted it."

As Ernie would have wanted it.

Edie had kept the family together—Ernie's two oldest girls and young Mia Susan, the daughter he had with Edie, the daughter who is too young to remember her father.

But as I said earlier, though she had won, though the weeks of anguish were over, there was no triumph in Edie's voice. A friend explained that perhaps she was thinking of the loser, of the first Mrs. Kovacs.

There is little doubt, despite the legal ins and outs, charges and retributions, that Edie suffered an anguish which, in its way, was greater than the girls'.

Some observers, however, believe that it is the first Mrs. Kovacs who has, and will, grieve the longest (despite the new happiness all hope she will find in her marriage to a Florida rector—Larry Walter of Jacksonville—just after the custody battle)

"No matter what you can say of her behavior, no matter what you can point out about her not fighting for her children when Ernie was alive, you have to consider the fact that she is a human being. She is their natural mother and, as a woman, their loss will haunt her for the rest of her life.

"Can you imagine her feelings when she reads about her daughters in the papers?"

"Can you imagine the eagerness with which she will ask others of news of the girls?"

"Can you imagine the pain and torment she will go through as she gets the answers? For as long as she lives, she must carry her grief and it will never diminish. What she grieves for, her two daughters, are alive to everyone—but dead to her."

Edie and the girls will never forget their ordeal, but at least they can look forward to a new life. The memory will dim as they start again to be happy with each other.

"And we will," says Edie. "We must manage somehow to prove that our cause was just. Not just to a court of law—but to ourselves."

—ALAN SOMERS

Edie stars in several "specials" for ABC-TV this season—as also the motion picture, "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World" (a United Artists release).

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for her "mistake" in returning to the acting career she also loves.

It wasn’t easy. But, determined to be with them as much as possible, she arranged her work schedule accordingly. It didn’t demand her being at the studio everyday and, when she did go, she saw to it that she had time with them in the morning before she left for work, got home in time to have dinner with them—and to get the baby ready for bed.

Nevertheless, that first year, Donna found herself praying that the option wouldn’t be picked up—so she wouldn’t have to do it—until about eighteen months later that she found the energy and strength to do both her jobs, as mother and actress, in the way she felt she had to do them. About that time, she also realized that her children were not suffering from her absence. They were all well-disciplined and bringing home only one serious mistake in the show, she says, in the calm of her Beverly Hills home. "From the beginning, I wanted to let the audience know how old Shelley was supposed to be—and I was against letting her date. She was just fourteen, actually, but the impression given was that she was older. The writers argued against my idea and, on the show, Shelley was seen dating—even though she wasn’t going out with boys in real life. This, to me, set a bad example for the audience, and it’s a mistake I wish we hadn’t made. I know for certain I’d never have allowed my daughter to date at twelve!"

When Donna began the show, she was aware that her own children might feel some jealousy about those she had on TV, so she saw to it that they had every chance to visit the set and see what went on—particularly, the hard work involved. "Children, her three older children, knew from the first, exactly what Donna’s job was and had no concern about being displaced in her affections. Tony even decided he wanted a part on the show. Just recently, he got his first role—and about five lines—and was all excited about being an "actor."

For a short time, it seemed that the children were getting overly impressed about their mother’s stardom. To correct this, Donna purposely gave them fewer toys and fancy clothes than would be the case in even an average home. She and Tony also refused to be photographed in front of them, and they kept them out of the limelight, refusing even to have the children photographed unless absolutely necessary.

"It wasn’t that we were trying to hide them away from the public," Donna notes. "We were only giving them the privacy they were entitled to and really wanted. Fortunately, any wrong illusions they might have had disappeared. At school, they learned they were not in an exclusive situation—several boys and girls there had parents who were stars and none of them paid much attention to any glitter on the family tree."
As of now, Donna's youngsters intensely dislike the attention paid their mother as a star. Last summer, she allowed them to accompany her when she went back East on business. Her children watched as people rushed up to Donna and asked, "Aren't you Donna Reed?" Donna, of course, had to oblige with many an autograph. Finally, Tony said, "Mom, the next time someone asks if you're Donna Reed, won't you please say no?"

But, once the tour was over, they had their reward: Donna went with the children and Tony on the family's usual summer vacation. And when she isn't working, working, the radio is allowed to contact her about anything. This is the time Donna jealously guards for her family.

This they like!

As a result of her being on TV, the junior Owens have a whole new conception of Donna in one respect, at least—they have discovered she's a comedienne.

In one episode, Donna was supposed to have gone hiking with Jeff because Alex wasn't able to go. Weighed down with a typical pack on her back, she was sitting on a log. Then, when she started to get up, the pack was so heavy it threw her off balance and she did a neat back-flip over the log, feet flying in the air! This wasn't in the script, but the camera caught it, and it was decided to leave it in.

Donna's family loved it.

Another time, Donna had to teach Jeff how to box. Armed with an instruction book and appropriate paraphernalia, she went through the paces manfully. Donna's kids particularly enjoyed the scene when Jeff was supposed to wallow her good!

"It's amazing how children seem to love comedy," Donna grins. "I think anything that makes a mother a little less dignified is delicious to them. I'm glad we've had comedy in the show."

For Donna, nothing can supplant her role as mother. When she started on TV, she gave up all her social life so every spare minute could be spent with her family—as a matter of fact. Tony and Donna have gone away alone only once—on a hike.

"I never intended to get involved for five years," she says, in retrospect. "I'm not sure, even now, how I've managed to do all I have. But somewhere I've found the extra energy. Everything is better now—life is sweeter—and my children are happy, carefree, unspoiled.

"As for me, I think I've gained in understanding, too, by being a TV mother. The role has pinpointed things about motherhood that I might otherwise have taken for granted. It has definitely shown me important it is to be the right kind of mother."

"So it has been a mistake?"

"No, indeed!" she smiles warmly—then adds, with a mock sigh: "But when the show has run its course, I think I'll be happy to go back to being a mother without benefit of a camera recording my every move! I'll be watched closely enough by my own children. so I'll really have to be on my toes."

—Jack Holland

The Donna Reed Show is seen over ABC-TV, Thursdays, at 8 P.M. EST.

(Continued from page 49)

and winced. "It went through his left leg and into his right leg." And now Aladdin realized that it hadn't been a dream, after all.

She knew.

Her life was not like other men and women. He'd learned that the first time they met—a few years previously, in 1940. She had a mysterious knowledge that wasn't of this world—an extra-sensory, weird kind of perception. What had he heard it called? E.S.P. . . . extra-sensory perception. Something he had never heard of, but he heard it. Some- thing beyond reason itself.

He'd seen it at work in her before.

Without another word, he got out of bed, took a note-pad out of a dresser drawer, wrote down the time and date, tore off the paper and sealed it in an envelope. Then he placed everything back in the drawer.

She watched him, and understood.

But Aladdin couldn't sleep. Not for a long time. Suddenly the very air in the room seemed charged with foreboding. He thought of Bob, half-a-world away . . . and he didn't doubt for a minute that Bob had just been wounded.

Would he live? Would he die? If Louise had known, she would have spoken of it. He was sure. What she had known was frightening enough.

What were these strange powers that possessed her? Were they good . . . or evil . . . or uninteresting?

His mind went back to the first day they'd met. It was in a night club where she was singing. Since Aladdin was a violinist, he thought they might find each other interesting.

Interesting? Aladdin had only to take one look at this dark-haired beauty, with her deep, mysterious eyes, to realize that he wanted to marry her.

But that wasn't really the amazing thing about their meeting. It was something else, something so incredible he hardly dared think about it. He could hardly wait for her to finish her song and come to his table, where they were formally introduced. "I . . . I know this sounds strange," he told her hesitantly, "but I think we've met in a previous life."

Her eyes stared deeply into his, without a flicker of surprise. When she spoke, her voice was low and rich. "Of course we have," she said gently.

"We met in China . . . over a thousand years ago."

If it had been anyone but she speaking—or anyone but him listening—her
words might have been greeted with disbelieving laughter. But Aladdin didn't laugh. Hadn't he had the same feeling? He just hadn't been sure of the time... or the place... But that was it, of course—China. Hadn't he always been interested in Chinese art and culture? As he passed, they shared reminiscences of that other life. She would begin to describe a place she remembered... and he would complete the description, exactly as she had intended. Or he would start to recall a scene... and she would fill out the details in mind. That was wonderful.

In 1942, they were married, and their life was a happy one as Aladdin worked with various orchestras around the country. Neither was afraid to speak of the ancient memories they shared. After all, what was there to be afraid of? Now, however, that was different. His wife had felt pain for the pain of another person, many miles away. And for the first time, Aladdin was troubled. This strange awareness was something he couldn't share. He realized now that Louise's powers of perception were infinitely greater than his.

And he couldn't help being afraid for her.

The mystery in the envelope

Not many weeks later, Aladdin received a letter from Bob. It was strange—vague, almost cryptic. It said they wouldn't be home before long. Since the battle for the South Pacific was still raging, Aladdin knew there was something odd about the letter—but he and Louise just looked at each other and said nothing. It was enough that Bob was alive. She wondered at the time in Los Angeles, which was Bob's home, too. And, one night, they received a phone call. "I'm in San Francisco!" said Bob's voice. "I'm on my way home."

"Bob, that's wonderful!" Aladdin answered. "But... you're all right, aren't you?"

"We'll talk about it when I come home," Bob said evasively. "But don't worry... I'm okay now."

A couple of nights later, Aladdin and Louise gave a welcome-home party for Bob in their apartment. He seemed in excellent health, delighted to be home. He crossed his face and he seemed a little dizzy.

Louise asked him gently, "Bob, why don't you lie down? Your leg's bothering you, isn't it?"

Bob was obviously startled. "What are you talking about?" he said crossly. "I'm going to come into the other room."

"In the bedroom, she took the envelope from the dresser drawer and handed it to him. "Read what's inside."

He tore it open, took out the sheet of paper. His face turned white. "Where... where did you get this?"

So she showed him the envelope.

"But I can't believe it!" he exclaimed. "It's the time and the date when I was wounded—to the very minute. You see Louise, I was hit by shrapnel. But I didn't want to tell you—I knew you'd worry. It went through my left leg and into my right."

In the years that followed, other evidences of Louise's extra-sensory perception began to appear. She started reading the cards for her friends... yet she refused to read them for Aladdin. "I'm afraid of what I might see," she explained... and he didn't press her.

But Louise often read for a friend named Marge, and many a prediction came true. Then, one day, Louise read the cards to her for the last time.

"Now look, Marge," she said gravely, her face mirrored in her face. "You have a teen-age relative who is going to commit suicide. She'll do it tomorrow. Do n't treat it lightly. Call a doctor."

"Otherwise," she added ominously, "he will not live."

By morning, he was dead of polio.

When Aladdin's wife heard the news, she shuddered. "That's it. I will never read the cards again. When I start predicting death, I've got to go."

Aside from this frightening experience, their life together seemed happier than ever. Aladdin was hired to play with Lawrence Welk's band, went on television and was an immediate hit with audiences. He became a regular feature of the show, played his clarinet, did charac t er parts on drama programs. Things were going very well indeed, and Aladdin was grateful.

Then a musician friend of Aladdin's died suddenly. A short time later, Aladdin and Louise were sitting near a glass door, watching the rain. They saw their friend walk past, as real as life. They saw him again, on several other nights. They lost a dog—a pet of many years. It died, but was not gone. Many times, as evening fell over the San Fernando Valley where they now lived, the dog would come to the door and look in... as though waiting to be let in.

Neither Aladdin nor Louise attempted to understand these occurrences. They just accepted them. What else was there to do? Whether they were visions, or ghosts, they couldn't tell. All they knew was that they had them... that they appeared to be as substantial as flesh and blood.

The dark and lonely nights

Then, three years ago, Aladdin suffered a paralyzing kidney infection that had to go to the hospital. There were complications requiring at least two serious operations. Somehow he survived, but for weeks he couldn't use his legs. And then, just as Aladdin was learning to walk again, Louise fell ill. The doctor's diagnosis was definite—and dreadful: Cancer.

Within five months, she was dead.

Now began the most difficult time of Aladdin's life—far worse than his suffering in the hospital. Now he was alone, and life seemed empty and meaningless. His health was returning, the doctors had let him go home, but he
he felt weary...very weary...for there was nobody now to share the long evening that lay ahead.

Suddenly, a familiar figure appeared before him, but there was something mistaking who it was. His Louise had come back.

She spoke to him...gently, in the quiet tones he had come to love. What she said, he has never revealed to anyone. But surely she has told him that he would never be alone...that she would never leave him.

Not so long as love endures, and the heart remembers. —JAMES GREGORY

“The Lawrence Welk Show” is seen on ABC-TV, Sat., from 9 to 10 P.M. EST. The Welk group also records for Dot, Clean, straight...returned...managed...discovered...from the fans he had gained on “The Lawrence Welk Show.” They wrote to tell him they missed him and were praying for his complete recovery. They made him realize he was wanted and needed.

So, finally, he went back to work.

But, aside from his hours with the Welk band, life was bleak and lonesome. The nights seemed endless...until, one night, it happened.

Dusk was falling, as he sat alone in his San Fernando Valley bungalow. He

DICK VAN DYKE

(Continued from page 57)

Without Marjorie there would have been no driving need. I wouldn’t have had to make a living. We had so many tough times that if we hadn’t around to build my confidence and pick me up when I hit those tailspin depressions, I would never have lived through it.”

Although he occasionally “clowned around in high school,” Dick had no plans whatever for show business. Fact is, he had no plans for anything—period. His dad, a public relations man for a freight line, his mom and his kid brother Jerry, who is now a comedian, never encouraged him. Nobody, including Dick, ever figured this sad sack of 1945 would be a redhot TV star in 1962.

Nobody, that is, except Marjorie Willcott Van Dyke, who says, “I’m not at all surprised. I knew it straight along. I always said he had a lot of talent. He needed only confidence. In the early years when we were young, he had no security, no money, he lacked courage. That’s what I tried to give him.”

It all started in Danville High. That’s where he met Marjorie. However, prior to grabbing either a marriage license or a high-school diploma, Dick joined the Air Force.

“This was the beginning of why I never thought I’d make it,” sighs the lanky Dutchman. “Never thought I’d make success. Because even with the Air Force...I enlisted in ‘44, trained to be a pilot till the war was over, then they let me saw duty.”

In the last stages of Army life, Cadet Van Dyke transferred into Special Services. Still an amateur (junior grade), he was entertaining in service clubs when they tapped him to be a radio announcer for an Army program.

Since he’d done some announcing in high school, somebody handed him a script and, in the manner the Army often selects volunteers, barked, “You! Read this!” Then the somebody said, “Good. You’re hired.” That somebody who aimed Van Dyke at the road to fame, glory, and everything that goes with it, was Byron Paul, who subsequently worked for CBS and is today Dick’s manager.

In 1947, easygoing, mild-mannered Dick hit Hollywood—an event which Hollywood has mercifully forgotten. As
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WAYNE SCHOOL
own room quite calmly. A blase attitude about Daddy's doings has been replaced by obvious pride.

A family crisis

In January Dick's success hit both older boys in the form of their first theatrical crisis. Both were booked to appear on the show and promised equal parts and equal billing. As usual, everybody was riveted to the set at home. It's a family affair, since many of the situations are taken from their own real life. Naturally, they all watch.

"What a time we had that night," explained Dick. "I didn't realize Barry's part had been cut. The poor thing was heartbroken. He'd told all his friends he was going to be on. He raced into his room, locked the door and wouldn't come out. I tried telling him the similar situations I'd had, but it was no go. It was awful. I felt terrible. I mean, I know what it's like. That kind of disappointment has happened to me all my life."

And now that the disappointments are over, what has success meant to Dick? It's meant he's now able to retire his father. It's meant he's received S.O.S. calls from every single person he ever knew, and "it's meant spending five thousand dollars to convert the garage into a room where Chris can indulge his camera hobby!"

But he's lost one kind of tension and gained another. He's lost the nervousness which goes with insecurity and poverty—the fear of never being able to succeed and never knowing where the next dollar is coming from. And he's gained the nervousness that goes with security and comfort—the fear that someday all this will blow up and the worry about how you're going to keep what you've got.

"I get long these days when I do a show," he says. "You know that, every time you face a camera, there's a lot more riding on it than there ever was before. I find that whenever I'm about to do a show, my palms sweat. That never happened before!"

But that's what it's like a climb to the top. It takes getting used to. For Dick Van Dyke, it was a long climb and he likes the high altitude. Still, there are those nervous moments when he remembers that what goes up can also go down . . . those moments when he admits it isn't all edelweiss at the top.

CINDY ADAMS

"The Dick Van Dyke Show" is seen on CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 p.m., est. He also stars in Columbia Pictures' version of his Broadway hit, "Bye Bye Birdie."

window mannequins, which Julann always used for fittings when making her own clothes. Well, since we both had tiny apartments at the time, and since mine was the least tiny, Julann decided to move in with me. With her roommate. It was a riot—I'll never forget it—when Julann dragged her into my place that night. Julann had just married and made a wedding dress, the roommate wearing blue jeans!

"I asked Julann, 'Why've you got her dressed in that outfit?'

"Julann misunderstood a little bit. 'Yes, I know,' she said, 'I should have made her wear something nicer, Merv. But I'd packed everything good already—and the jeans were all I had left around.'

"As for my dog—well, this is where we thought the trouble was really going to start that night. Poochie's his name, and he's really half-dog, half-fox. Also, up till that time, he'd been used to living with me alone. And he didn't like the idea of some girl moving into his territory, at all—let alone a bride.

"Part of Poochie's territory happened to be my bed. You can just imagine what happened when Julann tried to get into it that night. Poochie's his name, and he's really half-dog, half-fox. Also, up till that time, he'd been used to living with me alone. And he didn't like the idea of some girl moving into his territory, at all—let alone a bride.

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"'Here Poochie, here nice Poochie,' he said, standing there in her brand-new white nightgown, trying to get him off the blankets. Then she'd ask, 'Merv, why are you just lying there? Why won't you help me? And stop that laughter!'

"'It's your problem, sweetheart,' I explained. 'He's either got to learn to obey your commands and respect you—or there'll be the devil to pay from here on in . . . so command, Julann.'

"'She commanded,' Or, at least, she tried. But he wouldn't budge.

"'Until finally, I've got a thought. She went into the kitchen and got some dog biscuits. She broke them in her hand, scattered them over the floor near the bed—a few here, a few there.

"'Now, Poochie,' she said, her voice very firm, 'come eat these. And when you're finished eating, you go on over there to that corner—and you sleep there. Understand. Comprenzez-vous?'

"'I hasten to add that Julann's plan—and her French—worked out fine; that Poochie got off the bed, and Julann got in finally."

"I hasten to add, too, that Poochie—the truant—is still with us, ignores me completely, and is now completely devoted to my wife . . .

"And so, anyway, we were married—and it's been a very happy and hectic life for us both ever since.

"For a while there, in fact, it was getting pretty hectic. "Life in New York can become a drain on people in show business. It's a never-ending round of get-togethers. We found ourselves on this treadmill of cocktail parties. And we didn't like it a bit.

"For a while, we tried spending as many weekends as possible on a wonderful farm we'd bought in New Jersey. But there was still Monday through Friday to contend with. And it looked as if we'd never get out of our big city rut.

The great test finally came the night we had a gigantic party in our apartment, for about 250 guests. It was a typical New York cocktail bash. With

MERF GRIFFIN

(Continued from page 29)
everyone having a great time, except use—the boy from San Mateo, California, and the girl from Ironwood, Michigan. Finally, at one point, Julann and I were lying on the bed with our heads together and whispering words of love. Suddenly, we realized that the farm needed us.

A couple of hours later, we were in the apartment. "We found out—and not to our surprise, either—that the party was still going full steam and that no one realized we had gone.

And we vowed, then and there, that we would become true country people again.

Except, we learned, there were a few things about country life that we'd pretty much forgotten.

That first night, for instance, Julann and I were lying in bed when we heard a bird singing—actually singing—not coughing, the way they do in New York.

"Isn't that pretty?" I said to Julann. 

"So clear," she said.

"I wonder what kind of bird it is," I said.

"Must be a Michigan robin," Julann said.

"No!" I said, 'that kind of monotone makes it sound more like a California oriole.'

"We lay there wondering for a while. "Until suddenly it dawned on us that our 'bird' was the phone off the hook. I'd forgotten to hang up after making that call to New York, and some wingless operator was buzzing for us to put the darned receiver back.

"Then—a few months later—there was that other time, when I found Julann painting our front lawn green. Painting it! I started to give her hell. But she stopped me short and explained that she'd sprayed some white weed-killer over it by accident—and, as she said, 'that looked just awful so I thought I'd better get it all back to its natural color.'

"There was the time, too, one midnight when I went to the refrigerator to make myself a snack—and found the thing swarming with a couple of thousand ladybugs. Julann, it seems, had ordered them by mail—something to do with organic farming. And they'd arrived. Julann had realized that she'd over-ordered by about 1700. She'd been a little confused. So she just put the excess ladybugs in the refrigerator where they could 'keep cool'—as she said—while she figured out what in the world to do with them.

"Still another time—it was mid-autumn. I remember—we were driving down a road near the farm. The New Jersey countryside is glorious at that time of year, and I was humming away happily with the beauty of it all. Except I could see from the corner of one eye that something was bothering my wife. And I asked her what that might be.

"All those pumpkins," she said, 'lying out in those fields'.

"What about those pumpkins?" I asked.

"It's so sad," Julann said, "to think that in a few weeks' time they'll all be spoiled, and wasted.'

"And that's how she got her idea—right there on the spot, a split second later—to pickle pumpkins.

I can say it without getting tongue-twisted: 'Did any idea how many pumpkin pickles we've jarred ever since Julann started pickling pumpkins?"

"Seriously, though, my wife is a wise and wonderful girl. She's a good wife—" I don't think there's any higher complement than that. She's a good mother, a great mother, to our two-and-a-half-year-old, Anthony Patrick.

"And, in time, when she feels that she's got the two of us under way, I think—I hope—she might even return to show business, at least on a once-in-a-while basis.

"When I was doing 'Tonight' last April, some of you may remember that Julann appeared on the show a couple of times. Without prejudice, I thought she was hilarious. I thought her greatest bit was the takeoff she did on Ruby Keeler singing something in the office. "Except, later—of these movies. Even Julann—shy as she can be—admitted later, that yes, she thought it was a pretty good bit, too.

"Except that the next day, back in the country, she went to do some marketing at the general store. And a few ladies who'd seem the show rushed over to her and said, "Oh, Mrs. Griffin, you sing beautifully.'

"As Julann told me that night, 'But didn't they realize that that's not my voice?' Then she paused a moment and said, 'Good Lord, I'm liable to bring back the old Ruby Keeler era single-handedly if I don't shut up!'

"Meanwhile, Julann's writing a cook book. It's called something like 'Recipes for the Expectant Mother.' And no cracks about the future generation, please.

"Actually, seriously again, my wife has always been interested in cooking. She cooks kind of like this:

"She'll be reading the Bible. She comes to the part about Barabbas going into an inn and ordering chicken made with wine and honey. So up jumps my wife, she runs into the kitchen, gets out the chicken, the wine, the honey. And when, at dinner, I ask, 'What's this I'm eating, dear?'—she looks at me deadpan and says, 'Chicken Barabbas, of course, darling.'

"As for me, aside from my life with Julann—and if I've talked about her a lot, why?—here's why: I feel that my life is her, and her life is me... but for as my life alone, my career, let me just say this:

"I feel that I've been a very lucky guy. I've enjoyed all the shows I've ever worked on—from that radio stint out in San Francisco right up until 'Play Your Hunch.' Enjoyed them enormously.

"I know I'm enjoying this new show of mine. I hope the audience enjoys it just as much as I do!

"I hope, in short, that it will always be a happy show.

"I, for one, am a mighty happy guy."

—Ed DeBlassio

"The Merv Griffin Show" is colorcast on NBC-TV, M-F, 2 to 2:55 p.m. est.
that of a gentleman, a direct contrast to his sloppy attire. I liked him immediately, but still, inwardly, I wondered how he could have Perry Mason's shoes. But as we worked on the show I became aware that here is a man who could do anything! After five years of close association, I can honestly say my first impression has been a lasting one: Raymond Burr is a great person, as well as a truly interesting one.

Proof of that is the many letters I get about him. It's natural, I suppose, that women, seeking information about Perry Mason, should write to his secretary and Girl Friday, Delta Street. For instance, Ray's realism has led quite a few secretaries to write me asking, "Do you mind not having regular office hours?" They want to know whether Perry Mason is a stern taskmaster. Others, maybe with recollections of their own experiences, ask whether Perry ever makes "passes" at me when we are alone?

I think, at this point, it would be a good idea to clear up any confusion regarding the identities of Delta Street, secretary, husband, actress, wife and mother. As Delta, I have no outside ties, no attachments, no great interests besides helping Perry win his cases. I live for Perry Mason. And my reward is not my salary, but the trust, reliance and occasional dependence this famous lawyer places in me.

As Barbara Hale, I am the second of two sisters born in DeKalb, Illinois. I'm married to Bill Williams (I call him "Will"), an actor who needs no introduction to TV fans who know his series, "Assignment Underwater," and we have three children—Jody, 15; Billy, 11; and Juanita, 9.

Between my obligations to the show and keeping my family happy, I'm busier than the proverbial bee. When the refrigerator breaks down at home, it causes a calamity because my job prevents me from getting things fixed as fast as they break. Sometimes I'm at the studio from seven to seven and, much as I love my work, this situation is not exactly elating to a husband and three children. Being a faithful Delta Street also interferes with P.T.A. meetings and keeping dental appointments.

As both Delta and Barbara, I think Ray is the living end. He is wonderful. As an actor, he is top notch, a bard in a thousand, in perfect voice and control, authoritative, but also thorough. He knows his lines and how to react to everyone else's lines so as to give them added values. He takes the trouble to continue studying, though the show is an unqualified success, and his knowledge of law and the courtroom is astonishing. If I were in hot water with the law or law-breakers, I'd as soon have Ray defend me as Perry Mason.

Ray finds out what's going on with the people around him and, when someone is in trouble, he immediately extends a helping hand. One crew member had his garden washed out by heavy rains. Ray overheard him talking about it. The next morning, several flats of plants were delivered to his door—a gift from Ray to help get his garden replanted. Another crew member knew Ray was going to Chicago. He jokingly suggested Ray call his family and say hello. Ray not only called but did so in person—spending two hours with the man's family.

It's sometimes amusing the way people react to the relationship of Perry and Delta. One lady told me that her children, five and six years old, showed her a picture of Ray in a magazine and said, "Look, it's Perry Mason ... but where's his mommy?" Mommy, to them, is me! Well, Ray talked to them a bit of humor, whipped that letter and tucked it to the bulletin board at General Service where we do our filming. The entire cast and crew took up the joke, and it was days before I learned why Ray and everyone else was calling me "Mommy."

Case of the missing sundae

Ray's gangs keep us all on our toes. There are times when he has me literally screaming. I never know what he's going to try next. Maybe I should give an example: Ray, with his the time we were all on a diet—Ray, myself, Bill Talman, Ray Collins, Bill Hopper and I. We were feeling right noble and lost no chance to let Ray know it. Well, he got his revenge soon enough.

One afternoon, in came a friend of mine carrying three huge, lovely, fudgy chocolate sundaes. (I still think Ray put her up to it.) I admit—I gazed at temptation, and I fell. My friend and I devoured two of the sundaes. That left one more. I had an inspiration; I'd pull a fast one on Ray. I sneaked into his cottage and stuck the third sundae in his refrigerator.

I arrived the next morning, ready to tease Ray unmercifully for succumbing to the ice cream. And do you know what I found? My dressing room was carpeted with twelve dozen grapefruit, a live chicken, an egg—and a sign with the word, "Think!" It was his gentle reminder that grapefruit and eggs were about all we were allowed on our diets.

Aha, I thought, I'll shake him up. I painted my face with lipstick dots, and ran to tell him I'd contracted chickenpox as a result of his leaving the chicken loose in my room. When I got to his place, he was gone and there was a sign saying, "Out investigating Case of the Missing Sundae!" Well, I nearly scrubbed my skin off, trying to get the lipstick marks off. But the shenanigans weren't through. Just before shooting began, I stuck the chicken into a box. Half an hour later, I went to my car and there was the chick—big as life.

I said to myself, "Why wouldn't Perry Mason do something like this?" So I bought two dozen eggs that night. Next morning, I hid them all over Ray's dressing room. Not a word was said all day, and I was beginning to think he hadn't noticed anything, which did seem strange. But the next morning when I arrived at seven, I had my answer. Cold fried eggs were strewn everywhere!

(Continued on next page)
Later, when we went into rehearsal, I pretended to forget my lines. Raymond asked, "What's the matter, Barbara?" I said, "Raymond, have you ever faced a mob of cold fried eggs glaring at you at seven A.M.?" He drew himself up as only Perry Mason can, when he has both law and righteousness on his side, and snapped, "Have you ever stayed up all night, frying a mob of eggs?"

Actually I'm aware, and so are the rest of our bunch, that Ray looks on these gags as a sort of morale-builder, a safety valve for the tensions that build up in the course of putting an exciting show together.

Mainly for that reason, I think, he has taken over the role of Peck's Bad Boy. I'm not the only one in our company who holds the theory that, any day now, he's going to tie a bundle of logs together and go sailing off into the sunset. And much as we'd like to bid him "bon voyage" during the times when he makes us the patisseries for his jokes, I honestly believe he'd all jump into the water and go swimming after him if he ever did sail off. Why? Because we love him—practical jokes, orchids, paintings and all. How empty our lives would seem without him!

I don't know what Ray's politics are, but I'm dead sure he'd make a winning candidate. He's both thinker and volunteer voter. As for me, I'd back him for any office on any ticket he stood on, that's the extent of my faith in him. If he's a good talker, he's an even better listener. People know this, and they bring him their problems, secret hopes, hobbies and frustrations, knowing he will give them his full attention.

His own number-one interest, of course, is his art gallery in Beverly Hills. At one time, I studied at Chicago's Academy of Fine Arts with the idea of becoming an illustrator of children's books or a portrait artist. Going to see the shows at Ray's gallery has become one of the joys of my off-stage, out-of-home existence.

A "small" party

My family and I have been guests at Ray's ocean-side home from time to time. It's a real treat to be included at one of his dinners. He's a fabulous cook, and his house has a kitchen anyone would envy. He usually holds his guest list down to six or eight, but I recall one time when he accidentally invited ten. Then he decided he might as well have a few more, and before he realized it, 130 were on the list. That was one party he had catered!

Dinners at his home usually start and end with a dip in his swimming pool. In between there are drinks, hors d'oeuvres (rarely less than twenty kinds), then some of Ray's specialties, such as: Abalone, stuffed with shredded shrimp and lobster, cheese and chives, then baked in light cream sauce with white wine, champagne and mushroom; beef fillets stuffed with ham, truffles and hard-cooked eggs, then topped with artichokes and simmered in beef gravy with Burgundy wine and tomatoes; many, many such delicacies!

This is followed by wonderful after-dinner talk, then those who desire take another dip in the pool or stroll down for a moonlight walk. Ray has been added to his collection of dogs, cats, a burro and about a dozen varieties of birds!

Ray's house is near Malibu Beach. It is not pretentious and probably from the outside attracts little attention. But, once inside, you know it is a home that is "lived in." He has a forty-foot living room with walls covered by paintings he has collected over the years; a kitchen-dining-room with a twelve-burner stove and a table that seats about eighteen; and three bedrooms. There is one item absent that might cause upheld eyebrows. Ray has no TV set! In fact, he has never watched himself perform as Perry Mason.

But to be a guest in his home is a great experience. No matter how many other guests there are, you somehow are made to feel that, if you hadn’t come, you would have been missed. Ray is a relaxed host, yet he is ever aware that you are there. Because he organizes so carefully, everything always runs smoothly, without strain on anyone.

What can I say about Ray in conclusion? All children, including my own, adore him. I recall the first time little Nita visited the set. Ray had picked her up and carried her around, pointing out various things of interest to a four-year-old. When he left, I asked her how she liked him. Nita's answer was, "Oh, Mommy, I love him. He has such nice fat eyes." I guess Nita isn't the only last or last woman to fall in love with Ray's big, mischievous but gentle eyes.

Ray says he is simply "being kind" to our children when he gives them baby alligators, snakes and hamsters as pets. Maybe he is helping them get closer to nature. But I hate to doots, as the Seeks say. Personally, I wonder if he isn't trying to give their mother a nervous fit! During the recent rains, my kiddies insisted their pets couldn't be left outdoors. So all Ray's gifts, plus the rest of the menagerie, were hauled inside.

Have you ever lived for a week with twelve guinea pigs, eight hamsters, three dogs, half-a-dozen pigeons, a snake, a cat and a skunk in your family room? Thanks to Raymond Burr "interesting" my brood in nature, I have.

As most people know, Ray is a widower, and leads a secluded life. His parents are still in his native Canada and his visits are not as frequent as he'd like. But I did have the pleasure of meeting them last year. I immediately realized that Ray was a composite of both. "He's a very nice man, your son," I told Mrs. Burr, who is a sweet, soft-spoken woman.

"I'm sure," she replied warmly. "We're very proud of him. You know, when he was a child, I used to say one day he's going to be a great actor."

Then his father, who has that same twinkle in his eye as Ray, said, "But I always wanted him to be a lawyer. Isn't it wonderful that, today, he's both?"

I agreed—it is wonderful. — The Eso
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